

No. 20.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

NEWS FROM BAROTSI-LAND.

(Paris Evangelical Mission.)

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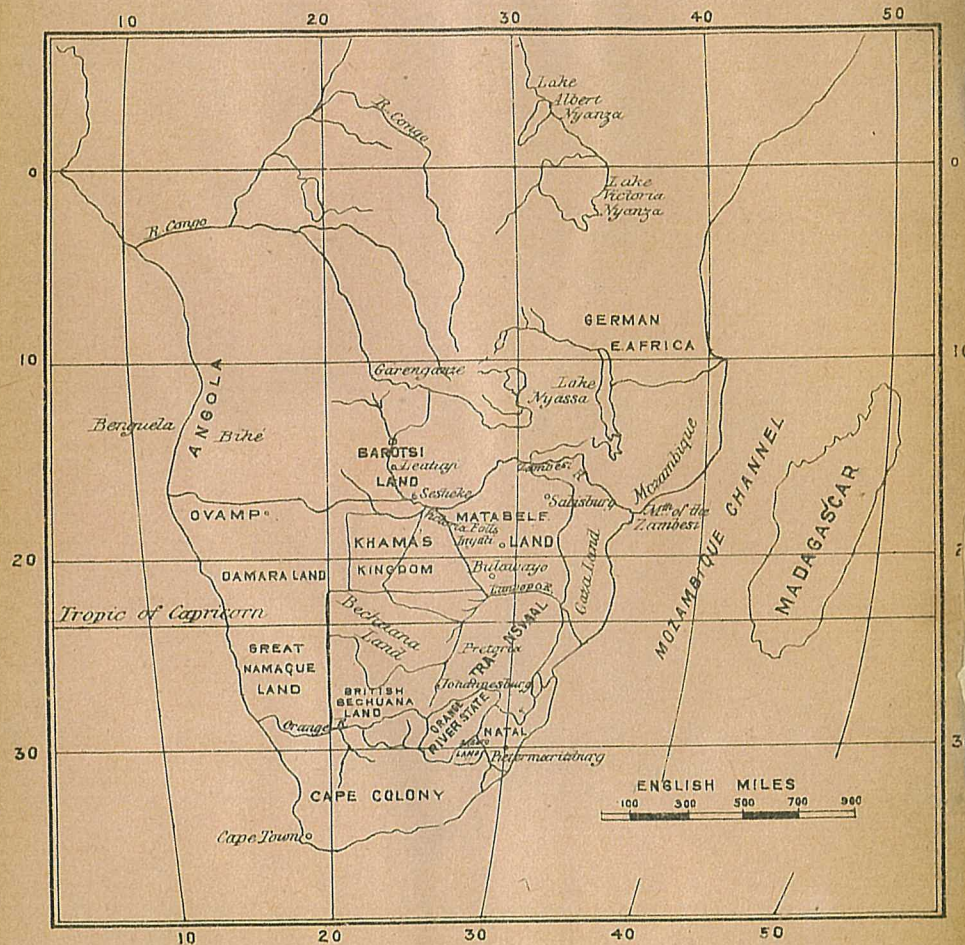
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THE BUILDING FUND.

THE BAROTSI MISSION IN DENMARK.



If not delivered, please return to the Hon. Secretary,
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Evangelical Mission to Barotsi-land, Upper Zambesi.

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News from Barotsi-land.

CHRONICLE.

1903.

11th May.—Birth of Jacqueline Volla at Lealui.

11th June.—M. Adolphe Jalla, M. and Mdme. Béguin, M. and Mdme. Berger, and Mdme. Kleinhaus leave Buluwayo for the Zambesi.

30th „ —Arrival of M. Burnier at Sesheke.

18th July.—Marriage of M. Champod and Mdme. Kleinhaus.

14th Aug.—Arrival of M. Coillard and Miss C. W. Mackintosh at Buluwayo.

Our present quarterly is again full of interest and value, containing as it does tidings from Basutoland, M. Coillard's first and fruitful field of labour; and from Barotsi-land, where scanty harvests have hitherto been reaped. All the letters here printed are worthy of careful perusal, and should prompt our friends and subscribers to more earnest and continuous prayer.

Some changes will be noticed in the membership of our London Auxiliary Committee. We have to lament the loss of dear Miss Kemp, who, after a long sickness and much suffering, departed to be with Christ on 9th of June last, and whose prayers for the Barotsi Mission will be missed: she was an earnest believer and a humble worker in the home field; a devoted follower of our Lord. Two names will be noticed of friends willing to serve with us in Committee and in prayer: Mr. A. Brauen, a Swiss gentleman now resident in London; and Mrs. MacKenzie, formerly (with her deceased husband) a missionary on the Congo, a cousin of Dr. Harry Guinness. Readers of this paragraph are asked to remember another member of our Committee, Mr. Hammond Chubb, who is in very weak health, and would value our intercessions.

J. E. MATHIESON.

LETTER FROM M. COILLARD.

Basutoland, 10th June, 1903.

TO THE FRIENDS OF MISSIONS,

The last news you received from me was from the Cape. The bulletin of my health—since unfortunately one must sometimes speak of oneself—is a hopeful one. The danger of a cataract is averted, and with prudence and care, and the inevitable drugs I may preserve my sight. You have blessed God for me and with me, I know it and feel it. The courage and strength with which the Lord guided me in the circumstances, and the peace in which He kept me, told—before I received any messages—that I was sustained by your prayers. How therefore should I refrain from making you partake in my gratitude, and in my hymn of praise—thus it is that in their pilgrimage here, the children of God are often “compassed with songs of deliverance.”

After one or two public meetings in Cape Town, my niece, Miss Mackintosh and I went to Stellenbosch in response to a pressing invitation. It is, as you know, an educational centre. Received here with the greatest cordiality by the professors, we had to face a fairly heavy programme—preaching on Sunday evening in English, in the Dutch Church before a sympathetic and numerous audience; special meetings for Students, for Young People, for Christian Endeavourers, for Girls, etc. It is an invigorating atmosphere.

From there to Wellington, of which the great Huguenot College, founded and directed by the pupils of Mary Lyon of Mount Holyoke in America, is one of the glories of our South Africa. This institution has developed wonderfully under the influence of Mr. Andrew Murray and the maternal direction of Miss Fergusson, the Fidelity Fiske of South Africa. Nothing has more contributed to the creation and development of a missionary spirit in our country than this admirable institution. One breathes it in everywhere, in the classes as well as in the meetings. They do not confine themselves within the walls of a denomination, they take a practical interest in everything done to advance the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ in our unhappy Africa. And this interest has gained every class, from the little ones in the kindergarten to the graduates who are recognized by their university robes.

We were present at the annual meeting of the Children's Missionary Society. It was very characteristic. Each child had received a penny the year before, and had to account in black and white for the use to which he had put it. One little boy had traded in firewood, and had added to it what he had earned by picking up acorns and singing hymns to an aged bed-ridden relative. A little girl had bought sugar and made sweets, with the price of these sweets she had bought a doll which she had dressed and sold. They had managed so well that these pennies had each produced from four or five shillings to three pounds. You can easily imagine the intense interest of our missionary meetings, an interest which crystallized later in the form of a Zambesia.

In this institution, studies are carried on as far as the university degrees of art and science; the buildings have been enlarged again and again. Now it forms a huge colony of girls from every part of South Africa, Dutch and British, who are all conspicuous for the air of liberty and happiness reflected in their every movement. So I am not astonished at the enthusiasm with which the old pupils, married women and mothers of families speak of their "Huguenot Seminary." To have been there is a bond between them—a free-masonry. There they imbibe a taste for study and a love of missions, and a good number of them have founded here and there in the Colony similar institutions, whilst others are themselves ardent missionaries. During the few days we passed in these delightful surroundings, we both felt we had received infinitely more than we were able to give.

Besides this immense institution we were also deeply interested in the beautiful work which our society began there by M. Bisseux, one of our first workers, and one of those "mighty men" whose names are only uttered with deep respect. This work which has been handed over to the Dutch Church has also developed in an astonishing manner under the energetic ministry of Mr. Pauw, M. Bisseux, successor.

From Wellington our itinerary led us to Worcester, this too is an educational centre, though a less important one than Stellenbosch and Wellington. Besides a high school and a college, there is also an American institution for girls, which like those already mentioned is overflowing, bursting its bounds and increasing. There, as at Wellington, the missionary spirit is developed to such a degree that a new Zambesia rose spontaneously out of Miss Mackintosh's meetings.

At the time of my former visit in 1896, I spoke to you of two institutions which are all the more interesting, because here in South Africa, one for the deaf and dumb, the other for the blind. There, too, as everywhere else, there is progress and extension. It is attributed chiefly to the war which has induced the Boers of the interior to send their children into an atmosphere more in accordance with their tastes. This infernal machine by which the devil does his work of destruction in the world, is an instrument of which God sometimes makes use. For the Boers of the province of Worcester it has been a source of prosperity. One of them recognised to the glory of God that in one year alone he had made not less than £1200 by his orchards and vineyards. And at the harvest thanksgiving the farmers willingly gave of their abundance. But this is not the only good which God in his wisdom has brought out of evil. Amongst the prisoners at St. Helena, in Ceylon, and in the Bermudas there was a great revival, and many were converted. Amongst those converted, more than two hundred of these young men have consecrated themselves to mission work amongst the natives in various ways; some as farmers and artisans, others as evangelists and missionaries. But the question was, what should be done with these young men on their return? A very difficult problem, but one which God solved in an admirable manner. An institution had to be founded; for this, funds and buildings were necessary. The funds were easily found; farmers are generous. Lord Somerset, one of the governors of the Colony, had in Worcester itself a country house with large gardens, called "The Drosdy." This was bought from the government for some thousands of pounds, and the missionary institute was established there without going one halfpenny into debt. The young men worked with their own hands to alter the outbuildings of this beautiful house, to build dormitories and studies, to put in order the gardens which had run wild, etc. At present, there is room for 150; the other 50, and probably others besides are waiting impatiently till they can be taken. Who would have believed it! "Out of the eater came forth meat . . . out of strength came forth sweetness." "This is the work of the Lord, it is marvellous in our eyes," Psalm cxviii. 23. What can be more inspiring than this circle, this audience of young men who hung on our lips and carried us away with the current of their ardent sympathy. At one of our magic lantern meetings I threw on the screen that admirable summary of the gospel, John iii. 16 in Sesuto, and asked if among my young auditors there was one who could read it. At least a dozen hands were raised at once, and to my surprise, one of them read it with a perfect accent, and translated it into Dutch and English. I stood at the door and shook hands with them all; they did it with such good will that my arm was almost dislocated. From time to time, struck by their physiognomies, I asked, "What is your name? Where do you come from? One said "Fourie, from near Leribe," another "Pick," a third "Senekal," etc.; all from the neighbourhood of my old station, and from families I had known formerly. They sent me a list afterwards of 22 who all spoke Sesuto perfectly, and all from the frontier of Basutoland, from Berea to Leribe. I was astonished. If, as the director of this college tells me, our visit has increased the missionary spirit, and strengthened the vocation of these young Boers. I can say that it has filled me with admiration, and I asked God, in prayer, if he would not send some of these young men to help us.*

We are now back at the Cape to receive the Jalla Beguin expedition. . . . Our friends dispute among themselves for the privilege of showing us hospitality. . . . One must have landed on African soil, wandered through the streets of Cape Town without knowing a soul there, have turned one's face towards the mysteri-

* Two have volunteered, and are already on their way to the Zambesi.—ED.

ous interior, girding oneself with courage and strength, in the appalling loneliness of a perfect stranger who is going forth alone into the unknown, in order to appreciate at its just value the wide and affectionate hospitality of our friends of the Cape; of Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright in the first place, who devoted themselves to us as if they had nothing else to do but to serve us, and whose house seems to be as elastic as their hearts; of Mr. and Mrs. Earp, who though they have already given one of their daughters to the evangelization of the East, have reserved a great place in their hearts for those who have consecrated themselves to Africa; of Dr. and Mrs. Sharp, of Mr. Dowthwaite, Mr. Lyons and of others besides, without forgetting Mr. Jeffreys who was devotion itself—and his excellent wife.

Africa, to new arrivals, is no longer a den whose gloomy entrance makes one shudder; it is the peristyle of a palace, decorated with flags and illuminated in your honour. The public meeting of welcome to our party took place in the Hall of the Y.M.C.A., which has taken us under its patronage, and there were other meetings of a more private character in all of which we felt the power of that current of sympathy of which we are the object; by *we*, of course I meant the Mission.

The shadowy side of this beautiful picture was that the climate was not in accordance with our sentiments. It is winter, and winter at the Cape is the rainy season, and the town became a swamp. An old Zambesian like myself felt like a fowl fallen into a pool; in vain I wrapped myself in my cloak and washed my feet, I yearned for the beautiful blue sky of Barotsi-land, and for the glorious sun of which we sometimes speak so much evil. In spite of all the care with which I was surrounded I caught an obstinate cold on my chest which resisted all medicines, haunted me for weeks, and turned into an attack of bronchitis which might have become serious without the opportune advice of a doctor.

The matter of the Building Fund has been taken up seriously by our friends of the Cape. Mrs. Cartwright, ill as she was, did a great deal towards it. It is a project which meets great sympathy. The executors of Cecil Rhodes' will headed the list with a subscription of £100, and they do not despair of bringing it up to a total of £1000.

The members of the Zambia were determined to make me the first beneficiary of this fund, and they wish to complete the sum which a Swiss friend has so generously put at my disposal for the same object. One of them had just imported a Norwegian house which he offered me at cost price, while one of our friends, a distinguished architect, elaborated plans for raising it on piles. It was a jewel of a house. "We wish you," they said to take a house with you; at your age no more is expected of you. Do not trouble about the cost, that is our affair. It was all very well to say, "do not trouble about the cost," but when I calculated the price of transport I did what I had already done in Europe, I gave it up. The Chartered Company has offered me at a nominal price an iron house, second hand, at Buluwayo. I shall see whether it will do.

But our European friends must not have any illusions about the advantages which the railway reaching the Falls will bring us. No doubt the transport from Buluwayo to the Falls will be less, but there will still be the waggon transport from the Falls to Sesheke, and from Sesheke to the Valley besides, of which the present price is 10/ and 22/6 per 100 lbs. respectively. * The railway will not change that. If it were not

(* As it is impossible to prepay these charges, it cannot be too strongly impressed upon friends of the Mission to exercise the greatest discretion in only sending things they are sure will be useful, and packing them as securely as possible, to avoid the grievous disappointment to a missionary of paying several pounds for the transport of a case of utterly useless or hopelessly ruined goods. Small parcels should be wrapped in several sheets of paper, one of which should be waterproof, and the whole sewn up in strong packing-canvas. Cases should be properly constructed, tin lined, and the inner tin covering soldered down.—ED.)

that the question of my dwelling will come up again next year, and that on its solution may depend some years of my ministry, more or less, I would not think again of this will-o'-the-wisp of a house, however useful it may be to those who succeed me. My eyes are concentrated more and more on the eternal dwellings where the Lord is gone to prepare a place, and where so many of our beloved ones have preceded us.

1st June to 8th July, 1903.

Here we are in Basutoland, my niece, Miss Mackintosh, and I. And, as you know, Basutoland is to me a second France; perhaps even something more. Here I began my career and passed the best years of my life. . . . It is a strange thing that by the grace of God, what survives of the past is not the little miseries of every day, the thorns and briars which scratched you on the way, but the joys and blessings, the wild flowers which we gathered from among the thorns and have carefully preserved. And if the shadows still come and mingle themselves with the rays of light it is only to make the picture of the past more real and beautiful, and to inspire you with adoration for the ways of God, and with profound gratitude. In fact, we all become optimists when we speak of the "good old days." Have not I too reached this point? . . .

After dwelling in detail upon each of the stations he visited and the friends he met there, M. Coillard goes on to speak of the widow of a devoted missionary who still lives near the scene of her labours, a centre of blessing to all around.

Dear friends, do not forget our widows, those noble women of Basutoland and the Zambesi, who, after having consecrated the best years of their lives to their husbands' work, have no longer the privilege of continuing in it, nor even of occupying themselves directly with it, after it has passed into the hands of others. The rent which is made in the life of a widowed missionary is a terrible one, and few can realize the bitter anguish of these severed lives, often, alas! neglected and forgotten. If there was any heroism in their active life, there is no less in their enforced, and in many cases premature retreat. I repeat, do not forget these noble women, our widows, who have laboured and suffered; do not neglect them.

We reached Leribe as the sun darted its last rays upon this peaceful station. The trees of the garden have lost their leaves, and only the eucalyptus remain green, and these have grown into giants. But these rays of light, struggling with the invading shadows, spoke eloquently to my spirit, as to my heart. Ah! all these years have passed like a watch in the night. . . . We only passed four days at Leribe, but four days well filled. I should have liked to spend more time here, to visit my former flock and to show my niece all the places which revive the past. . . . One figure I greatly missed was that of Nathanael Makotoko, my old friend of 46 years ago. It would be difficult to say all he has been for me. A few years older than me, he felt himself drawn towards the gospel, and while still a young man was eager for instruction in the things of God. This without doubt was the starting point of a friendship which has only grown with time, in spite of the malevolence of an egotistical and suspicious chief. He was Molapo's cousin, but on his conversion he renounced all the advantages of his position, and settled down on the station, where he shared all my external life, my journeys, my manual labours as also my literary labours in Sesuto. He worked independently of any remuneration and with the same enthusiasm as I did, at splitting the rocks from the mountain to build our beautiful church and our own house, or at correcting the fruits of my study work.

It was he who taught me the language, who initiated me into the private life of his people and was always a precious counsellor and a friend whose devotion stood every test. Our departure from Leribe was a grievous separation. On my former visit I found him aged, but still quite himself. On this occasion, after announcing his death prematurely while I was on the way, they told me he had fallen into his second childhood, so my joy was great when at our first interview I found him ill, no doubt, with alarming symptoms, but his mind clear, full of joy at seeing me again, and making the acquaintance of my niece whom he called "nake," "little sister." In greeting us he did not fail to find the beautiful words which were habitual with him in former times. "You have laboured and sorrowed, but you have cast down the net of the Gospel into the Barotsi country, at the word of Jesus." I went to pass a night at Hlotse to see him better, and tell him all the news of the Mission. Our last meeting was with him. On Monday morning as we started, a group of friends met in his courtyard, around him, and after having meditated on John xiv. 1 and 2, we took the Holy Communion together. We did not feel ourselves to be on the edge of the tomb, under the shadow of the wings of death, but rather on the threshold of eternal joy. None of us will ever forget this meeting, so simple but so blessed. Separation had no sting for us, so near and so certain did our meeting again appear. "What hymn shall we sing?" I asked him. His face lighted up "If you only knew what a Saviour is mine." When the hymn was ended he poured out his heart in a beautiful prayer, nourished by the promises of God. And we took leave of each other for the present, till we should meet again in the House of the Father.

F. COILLARD.

LETTER FROM M. BURNIER.

At last I write from Sesheke. I arrived here on 30th June in the afternoon, fourteen days after leaving the railway terminus, having had a splendid journey which I greatly enjoyed. I had four men with me, all good walkers and very obliging, and two horses who fulfilled their duties as saddle-horse and pack-horse very well. At the Wankie mines I was entertained with sumptuous hospitality by the Mining Company, with an invitation to profit by it as long as I like. I stayed there one day, and rested thoroughly for the continuation of my journey.

On 24th June, at sunset, we reached Musi-oa-Thunya,* and we admired the rainbow which is always to be seen there; we had heard the dull thunder of the cataract since the morning. On the 25th, we passed over to the left bank, I found myself at home again after 20 months absence. From there I knew every turn of the road and the time passed quickly. At Mapanda and at Kazungula I was recognized at once, and greeted cordially. On Tuesday I arrived at Moambi, and dismounted to shake hands with Litia: five minutes later I was here. The first person I saw was Madame Reutter, then her husband, then all the others. They all look well except Mdle. Glauser. Louis Jalla's hair has whitened somewhat, but otherwise he has not altered. Really one can hardly believe oneself at the Zambesi seeing them all so well. And another thing which is also hardly Zambesian is the garden, there are violets and geraniums there, and to-day Madame Reutter has sent me a box of roses and mignonette, and it ornaments the table on which I am writing to you. I have made and received several visits and am touched by the affectionate reception accorded to me by my former parishioners. They have not forgotten their "long missionary" and they let him know it. I am happy to think I shall remain here for I am very fond of these

* Native name for the Victoria Falls.—ED.

two villages—Moambi and Sesheke. We are expecting the news of the approach of the expedition every day; we shall then go down to receive them and bring them here. But I think, that with all the baggage, we can hardly start for the conference at Sefula in less than a month.

Whilst M. Burnier went on in advance, the rest of the expedition followed by bullock waggon. The journey was made under very favourable conditions, as M. Adolphe Jalla tells us, in a letter from Panda Mateंगा.

You will probably fancy that we are already on the banks of the Zambesi, but we shall not be there before the 7th or 8th of July, for we are only half way there, between Mbanji and Kazungula. We have fairly good tilted waggons, excellent teams, and a good staff, so that each stage was accomplished without too much trouble.

The road was much better than I thought it would be and so far we have had no lack of water, but the leader of our expedition likes to give his oxen plenty of halts in order to keep them in good condition. He is a Boer who fought in Delarey's commando, and has many things to tell us both sad and interesting. He readily consented to let us rest on Sundays.

We have not yet received the cases and various effects we had bought for the journey. Consequently we have been obliged, amongst other things, to buy provisions over again, and also certain cooking utensils, and to "mess" together. Our ladies have undertaken the superintendence in turns; some Zambesians help with the saucepans, kneading the bread, etc. We shared everything, both provisions and domestic talents, and practise, as far as possible, Christian Socialism.

We particularly enjoy our meals together and our evenings around the fire, with our pleasant talks, singing, and family prayers. Almost every day we set apart half-an-hour, an hour at the most, for the study of Sesuto. So you see that everything is going on well, from more than one point of view. The Lord has guarded, guided, and blessed us to this day. We have not had a single disagreeable adventure. Only one of our waggons, that of M. M. Vernet and Huguenin has been upset; we have hardly sustained any damages. And so returning thanks has always had its part in our worship.

I am going to send on a messenger to Sesheke to-morrow, from Paudamatenga, to announce to Louis our arrival at Kazungula. We shall also take the opportunity of sending off our letters, or perhaps we shall send them straight to the Falls, for we have to advise the Company's agents of our arrival in North Western Rhodesia, so that the officer who is entrusted with the Customs may come and see what we are introducing into the country. This is the first step towards the establishment of a Custom House at the Zambesi.

A more recent letter from M. Louis Jalla completes the above details and relates the arrival of the travellers at Kazungula and the marriage of M. Champod and Mdle. Kleinhaus.

On 10th July our friends arrived on the other bank of the Zambesi. Champod, Burnier and I had gone down to meet them. It is always so delightful to meet each other again at the Zambesi, and welcome our new brethren and sisters.

By Friday evening, the five waggon loads were on the left bank. On Saturday, an empty waggon came over, guided by men's hands. Kazungula is considered infected,

and the cattle may not come beyond Mambova. This complicates matters greatly, for everything has to be brought up there by canoe, and that doubles expenses. On Sunday, Beguin greeted and exhorted the people at the first service; I took the second. Yesterday morning at dawn Aaron came with his family and we began bringing the baggage over. This was the great day of the Champod wedding. The marriage took place in the chapel at 2 o'clock in the presence of a great concourse of people who were attentive and very much interested. At the request of the bride and bridegroom, Adolphe and I divided the service between us, and the hymns were sung in French and Sesuto. The wedding feast took place at 4 o'clock. Thanks to the ingenuity of our ladies, the table was very prettily decorated with foliage in place of flowers, and the improvised feast did our housekeepers great credit. The gaiety was general and did us all good, while the evening, spent round the fire under the starry vault, was a feast for the ears and for the heart. We had songs, recitations, duets for flute and guitar, and above all, delightful conversations.

This morning we sent off fourteen canoe loads to Mambova. To-morrow morning, we all hope to leave for Sesheke, leaving M. and Madame Champod in charge of the baggage left behind. I think that in a fortnight all will be at Sesheke. Then, after a few days rest we can all go on to Sefula to join in the Conference. Our friends are full of enthusiasm, glad to be at the Zambesi.

Adolphe is very well. He shares my tent and I enjoy our long intimate talks at the end of each day. We follow the same path, and the same Master has softened the trials of our life, and has taken all bitterness away from it.

Letters from the Field.

From M. LOUIS JALLA TO MRS. T.

Sesheke, 26th May, 1903.

. . . In a month's time we hope to see our dear friends from Europe in Kazungula. . . . Mr. Burnier will remain here during my holiday and journey home. But we are still far from being able to fill up all the stations this year, and it is a pity. Happily we have good news from them all. . . . If the journey to England did not do any harm to Lewanika, I am afraid it did not improve him either. He seems to have gone back exactly to the same sort of life as he led before. I hear he is now building six square houses for six of his wives. However impressive a journey may be, it has not in itself sufficient influence to change the heart of a heathen king. Lewanika is very nice in many ways, of a genial disposition in society, but he has always been a heathen, and a heathen he remains. . . . He is now setting all his people to procure for him as many living specimens as they can get of the fauna of his large country. His plan is to send to King Edward VII. a living specimen of every sort, if possible. But a great many of these poor animals die soon after they are caught. . . . Everything is going on as usual on this station. Pupils at the school are not so many now, only about seventy-five. Last Thursday, at the women's meeting in the town, I upset the minds of everyone when I said that we adore an ever living king, not comparable to any earthly king; for example, Lewanika, who would certainly die some day, and have a successor. The poor things, even Akanangisoa, do not at all like such a comparison. For them all, Lewanika of course is the *ne plus ultra* of kings.

The winter is now going on; nights are very cool already, but the sun is always burning in the middle of the day, and my geraniums are still in flower. I have just finished building a small house with two rooms and a separate kitchen for Miss Glauser. She slept in it yesterday for the first time.

Due north of the Falls the country is fast getting open to European influence. Government stations are established over 700 miles, right to the Congo boundary, at 200 miles distance from each other, or less. Hut tax will be collected this year. . . . I hope to leave here next January.

LETTER FROM DR. VON PROSCH.

Lealui, 6th April, 1903.

Let me give you, in a few words, some idea of my present occupations, which are somewhat different from what they were. From being rather too much of a stay-at-home on my station, I have become an evangelist of a very itinerant type. M. Coillard's departure necessitated my coming here to help dear Volla, who is still struggling with the difficulties of the language, which he is nevertheless mastering very satisfactorily. My other aim in coming to Lealui was no less important; I am trying to extend my medical practice, which, in consequence of the flood, I sometimes pursue at the Mafoulo* where the bulk of the population is concentrated around the king, sometimes here, among the slaves whom Lewanika has left here to guard the abandoned capital, whilst he himself goes off to hunt, or rather to massacre antelopes. During the week, mission work at Loatile is reduced to morning and evening prayer, and the instruction of about 15 children. So it is evident that I ought to employ my leisure in visiting such centres of population as are generally without a missionary, and I did so last week.

After holding two services on Sunday at the king's Mafoulo, north of Lealui, I left on Monday morning, at the same time as the king left for his hunting expedition further north still. I went to Mambumbu, an important post of evangelization, abandoned, alas! two years ago,† to the care of one of our best evangelists, Paulus. Except for the fact that twice during these two years he has allowed the station to be burnt down, he has given us entire satisfaction. The school was flourishing a year ago, and contained 200 pupils. It is true this figure was attained owing to the encouragement given by the king to schools. It was maintained some months, then, towards Christmas, 1902, was reduced to 80. So my grief was great, on my arrival the other day, to find the school only attended by a dozen children. There are different causes for this fact, but the real one, often given by the natives themselves, is the absence of a missionary. Although our Paulus is a good fellow in his way, he is only a black of these parts, despised by those with blue blood in their veins, an object of suspicion to the subject tribes who live in this region, and must we say it, subject to all the weaknesses of natives who have only recently emerged from the slough of paganism. Such a man, left to himself, cannot use his intelligence, awakened by education, and his prominent and materially superior position in order to improve them still further, the thorns and briars of the love of this world choke the divine seed here as elsewhere, even quicker here than with you, it is easy to understand. This is always the unhappy result of our scarcity of men. The proof of this state of things confirmed the necessity of my visit to Mambumbu, and my little stay there served to stimulate the zeal of every one, to call together as many people as possible to the services and to exhort them to

* Mafoulo, the plains where the cattle go to graze in summer.

† When Mr. and Mrs. Mann were forced to leave on account of their health. Mrs. Mann it will be remembered died on the journey, and Mr. Mann, to his great regret, has been obliged to give up all hope of returning to the Zambesi.

take fresh courage and persevere in their good efforts till a missionary should come to them.

On Wednesday, at sunrise we started, guided by a fine old Christian who is invested by the king with the authority of "School Shepherd," and knows the district where we were going to preach the gospel to the captives, heal the sick, and exhort the young people to attend the school at Mabumbu. At last we reached the valley forming an immense S, 12 miles long, bordered by forests, and partly covered at its farther end by fields of maize and manioc. On the borders, or half hidden in these plantations, are a number of hamlets, with huts of dried maize-stalks, with pointed roofs enveloped by the blue smoke which escapes through the grass with which we are covered.

A few urchins fled away, screaming at the top of their voices, and alas! women and even men sometimes do the same.

A man on horseback, black or white signifies no good. But my guide and I reassured them, inviting them to assemble next day "under the big tree where the king slept." Under this famous tree which everyone knows, the tent was pitched, and their white visitor would fain have stretched himself out, to rest for a few moments, but no! they came to greet him and sell him food for his porters. The flesh was weak, and groaned a little, but the spirit rejoiced.

We do not get too much of it at the Zambesi, so when we find ourselves welcomed, sought after, may I even say loved—we forget the rest, and seek to imitate the Saviour of men.

The former wife of the king, Elisabetha, brought a procession of matrons, burdened with all manner of complaints, and plump babies all suffering from their eyes or from digestive disturbances for which they will never try the best remedy—fasting—for Nametame is a district known for its fertility.

It was only at the sunset, brilliant but brief, that I was able to prepare my simple meal and soon the starry vault was stretched above us, and I rejoiced in the presence of the Lord.

The singing of a hymn closed this beautiful day. The next day people began to arrive early and we had a good audience, in the shade of the big tree, listening to the pressing appeal addressed by Jesus to Nicodemus, the man thirsting for righteousness. It was not till the evening I was able to visit Elisabetha, who had gathered in her courtyard four women, professing Christians, two recently gained by her influence. And when late at night I went up the hill on which the camp was pitched, this faithful Christian accompanied me with her procession of old women, some of whom were still asking for medicine.

Next day, Friday, a long ride, and on Saturday I returned to Lealui. I retain a very blessed recollection of a true missionary-week, and the conviction of the possibility and the urgency of a zealous work in a district like Mambumbu.

FROM MDME. REUTTER TO MRS. W.

Sesheke, 10th June, 1903.

. . . . What an excellent idea of yours to make pyjamas for our boys at your workmeeting. As most of the missionaries have boys in their service, these garments will be most welcome.* It is easy to provide for the few little girls in the Mission, those

* These garments were made from one of Butterick's patterns, of strong Oxford shirting, in various sizes, from a boy of 13 to a tall man. One breast pocket was made in the coat, and the initials "P.E.M." (Paris Evangelical Mission) worked in monogram on the collar. The most useful size will probably be one to fit a boy of 15.—Ed.

Mdle. Glauser has at Sesheke and a few at Nalolo. I have often heard our friends express a wish to have some suits for their boys, so you could have chosen nothing better. They generally wear a setsiba,* a shirt, a blouse, or a waistcoat if it is cold. They will be delighted at having a complete costume. It has also been a great happiness to my husband and me to hear the news about the portable houses. The answers to my husband's appeals are full of hope and promise. I hope that many will give more easily for such a useful object, necessary for health without which one can do nothing. And then how we shall rejoice with those who receive better houses. . . . While daylight lasts, my husband, besides attending to his numerous patients, is working at a little house destined for those he has operated on, and those whose cases require continued and conscientious care. This little house of incombustible wire-wove cardboard, insect proof, is an experiment, and if it succeeds it will be possible to make cheaper and more durable houses than our own model; they will also be much less troublesome to build than the kind made hitherto. The work has been rather delayed by my husband having to go to the Victoria Falls, three days journey from here, to visit a wife of the government agent at Victoria Falls who was dangerously ill. From here to Kazungula he went by canoe and from it to the Falls on horseback. He left the invalid fairly well, and came back after 10 days absence, which seemed very long to me though I was very busy, for sick people came just the same, 15 or 20 a day, and I had to do what I could for them while awaiting the doctor's return. He had a very comfortable journey; only the last night was disturbed—by hippos! They were chasing each other about quite near him, but he took his gun and the boys pursued them with torches and so succeeded in driving off these unpleasant visitors.

When all the luggage has been transported from Kazungula here, we all hope to leave for the conference which will take place in August at Sefula. We two are invited to stay with our dear friend Dr. Von Prosch, to our great joy. We shall all meet for meals at M. and Mdme. Bouchet's. I shall be so glad for my husband to have a holiday at last, after a year of continuous work in which he has not once "laid down his tools." On his return he will have to put up a big outhouse, for laboratory, operating-room, storehouse, spare room, etc. Then, he has ordered for the end of the year a second building which he will also put up himself at Kazungula, for the luggage of all the missionaries, who, with the advance of the railway will be constantly arriving. It is very important to have a safe shelter for their effects. My husband will put in iron trestles to preserve the contents from all damage by termites. This building will be the size of our little house and will contain besides, a little room for those passing through Kazungula. This was also a necessity, for the present room where they lodge is falling into ruins, and is the haunt of mice, mosquitoes and every kind of insect. You see there is always something to be done, and we are far from being idle. My husband has hastened to put everything on a proper footing to operate and work thoroughly. He has several operations in view, which he did not wish to undertake in the dark and dirty room which he has at present. Mdle. Glauser has just moved into her new house, built for her by M. Jalla's men. He has fortunately one excellent workman, who has been in the service of the Mission for some time, and has worked most successfully at the buildings. M. Jalla has only to mark out the building, give him the measurements, and superintend a little. Ours are still very clumsy, we often have to undo their work and do it over again, they can really only square off the logs and saw them; with these sections which have to be arranged very exactly, my husband

* Loin cloth of calico.

has to put in every nail. Still they are very willing, and we are very fond of them. We have two workmen, a little cook-boy of 16, and a boy who wishes to become an evangelist, he goes to school every morning and waters our garden in the afternoon. He too is a very nice boy, careful and conscientious, on whom one can rely to a certain extent, knowing that he will do his work well. He has been for 5 months with M. Cöisson who during his absence entrusted him to me. He takes great pains with his studies and I like looking after his progress. I also give my cook lessons, as he gets on better alone than in school where there are so many that his attention is distracted. I also have several young women who come to read or to learn to read, and so you see I have my own private school. Besides that I have to look after some of the sick people to save my husband unnecessary journeys, then there are visits and meetings in the villages, M. Jalla presides over these last. Thus the days pass very quickly, and in a month we shall have been a year here at the Zambezi. We are glad and thankful to be in such good health, as are also Mdle. Nicole and M. L. Jalla, who is now an old African resident, besides being of the vigorous Piedmontese race. Mdle. Glauser and M. Champod are much better and have grown stronger.

THE BUILDING FUND.

The Building Fund is still a matter of pressing importance, Our friends in Cape Town have taken up the matter with great earnestness and have already collected more than £3000 for it. The fact that Dr. Réutter's mosquito-proof house has hitherto proved completely successful is of pressing practical interest in South Africa, for, as Sir David Gill, the Astronomer Royal said in his opening address to the Science Congress which met at Cape Town in May this year, people are there dependent upon applied science for the very means of subsistence; food, water, transport, and freedom from disease, as well as for developing the mining and agricultural resources of the country. There is a sword behind them, driving them on to wrest nature's secrets from her. The Governor of the Cape, Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson has also given practical proof of his interest, not only in the question of the buildings, but in the Mission itself.

DENMARK AND THE BAROTSI-LAND MISSION.

We have received an interesting account from Captain Bertrand of a series of meetings held in Denmark in the spring, evoking general interest in the Barotsi Mission. Count and Countess A. Moltke, the Court Marshal and Countess d' Oxholm (the last named being President of the Copenhagen Zambesia), arranged a series of about twenty meet-

ings, public and private, in the most diverse surroundings. After delivering lectures to the members of the French Reform Church, to the Y.M.C.A., and to the Students' Christian Association, Captain Bertrand held a drawing-room meeting at the house of the Court Marshal and Countess Oxholm, where his audience included the American Ambassador, and General Silerius the Russian Military Attache.

2nd May.

Geographical lecture at the Officers' Club, before 300 officers of all ages and all grades, including General Hegermann-Lindencrone, the Inspector General of Cavalry, General le Maire and General Arendrup, who presided. The Mission to the Zambesi, which I introduce incidentally in this sort of lecture was very well received. Afterwards, during the dinner which followed, the names of M. Coillard and of Lewanika often recurred in conversation. General le Maire insisted on my being presented to the King of Denmark, and this presentation took place at Amalienborg. It will be difficult for me to forget the kindness shown to me by this venerable sovereign, eighty-five years of age. During a visit paid to the Castle of Fredensborg, the autumn residence of His Majesty, we had a missionary lecture in Count d' Oxholm's country house.

3rd May.

Missionary lecture at the Students' Society for Christians and non-Christians, where I opposed the Zambesi Mission to the pioneer free-thought movement, demanding, though without obtaining it, a debate. With God's help I try to use this special effort in favour of the Zambesi Mission to stimulate the work of missions to the heathen in general, and also as a means of evangelisation in our civilised countries, showing by facts that Christianity can lose nothing of its power nor its active force. In short, we must strive with *facts* against the subversive *theories* which are current in our day, and tend to lessen the influence of Christianity.

A sub-committee of the Copenhagen Zambesia was formed at Fredensborg under the presidency of Madame Harold d' Oxholm; and later on in the towns of Haslerod and Noestod. Between 12th and 24th May, meetings were held at the Bethesda City Mission in Copenhagen, at the School of Agriculture, in Lyngby, at the Non-commissioned Officers' Club in Copenhagen and at the Valby Mission Hall. Captain Bertrand was also invited to speak at a "Public Debate on Missions to Heathen Countries."

28th May.

I had the honour of a private audience with H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Denmark. Her Royal Highness kept me over half an hour, and I was able to speak at length of the Zambesi Mission—of the sufferings and difficulties of these heroic pioneers of the Gospel, but also of their victories! As I had been authorised to present H.R.H. with a English copy of my book "*In Barotsi-land*," I was able to add several numbers of "*News from Barotsi-land*," "*Nouvelles du Zambéze*," etc. The next day I had a private audience of H.R.H. the Crown Prince (brother to Queen Alexandra of England). I was asked many questions about Africa, which permitted me to bring in the subject of the Mission. The Prince told me that last year in London, he had met Lewanika several times during the coronation festivities, and that everyone, including

the King of England, had been struck by the transformation accomplished in his personality. The Prince added, "That is due to M. Coillard who has been his instructor." When the audience was at an end, the Prince said to me that if I returned to Denmark, I must come and see him. I was authorised to present a French copy of "*Au Pays des ba-Rotsi*," having presented the English edition yesterday, as well as a copy of "*En Afrique avec le missionnaire Coillard*."

I shall never forget the extreme kindness shown to me during these audiences. Last Saturday, I was invited to accompany Count and Countess A. Moltke to some relations of theirs at the Castle of Rosenholm. The day after my arrival, we had a missionary meeting for the members of the household, translated by our hostess. On Sunday, a missionary lecture at Saeby, a town in the north of Jutland. On Monday, I am invited by Count Schimmelman who has arranged for the evening a missionary lecture in the Castle of Dronninglund, and another in the town of Aalborg. My last one will be at Präesto in the South of Denmark.

I met at the house of some friends in Copenhagen, the famous Pastor Lohman of Berlin, who offered to organise for me,—probably next winter—a campaign of lectures in numerous German towns. In short, during my campaign in Scandinavia, which lasted four months, I held fifty public or private meetings: three new Zambesias were formed at Christiania, Stockholm, Copenhagen; besides seven sub-committees of the Copenhagen Zambesia in Denmark.

We have to announce the publication of an English edition of M. Burnier's charming album of photographic views, with explanatory notes, under the title of "*Barotsi-land Sketches*." It may be obtained from the Hon. Sec., price, 1/-—post free.

SALE OF WORK.

Mrs. Walser, Severn Lodge, Addison Road, West Kensington, hopes to hold a sale of work for the Barotsi Mission at her house in the spring; the exact date to be announced later on. Meanwhile she will be glad of contributions for it, including children's clothing, cushions, mats and bags of all kinds, lamp and candle shades, dolls, table-centres, &c.



List of Subscriptions and Donations

*Received by the London Auxiliary for the General Fund
since 1st July, 1903.*

(Subscriptions to *News from Barotsi-land* and Donations for special purposes not included.)

July 9.	Mrs. Mathieson,	£2 2 0
„ 14.	Miss Alice Kemp (collected by the late Miss Kemp), ...	2 5 0
„ 20.	The Rev. F. and Mrs. Paynter, ..	50 0 0
„ 31.	W. H. Beeman, Esq.,	5 5 0
Aug. 8.	Mrs. Browne,	1 0 0
„ 8.	Miss S. Law,	1 0 0
„ 12.	The Dowager Lady Hay,	10 0 0
„ 17.	Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs. Morgan and Scott,	13 10 0
Sept. 4.	Miss S. Buckland,	1 1 0
		£86 3 0

Subscriptions and Donations received for the Building Fund.

July 7.	Miss M. J. Higham,	£5 0 0
„ 9.	Miss Crum,	1 0 0
Sept. 4.	Miss S. Buckland,	3 0 0
		£9 0 0

Glasgow Auxiliary.

List of Subscriptions received for year ending 30th September, 1903.

1902.		
Oct. 1.	Archibald Colville, Esq., Motherwell, ...	£1 0 0
„ 30.	John Denholm, Esq., The Mains, Giffnock, ...	1 0 0
Nov. 11.	"Viator," Glasgow,	1 0 0
„ 17.	"O. O. C.," Glasgow,	5 0 0
Dec. 9.	"A. R.," Glasgow,	0 5 0
„ 10.	"B. W.," Wimbledon,	50 0 0
„ 12.	Misses West Watson, 7 Grosvenor Crescent, ...	0 10 0
„ 12.	Miss Kidston, Ferniegair, Helensburgh, ...	1 0 0
„ 15.	J. Galloway, Esq., Kilmeny, Ardrossan, ...	2 0 0
„ 15.	Malcolm Inglis, Esq., 2 Bute Gardens, ...	5 5 0
„ 15.	Mrs. Malcolm Inglis, 2 do.,	1 1 0
„ 16.	Mrs. Ewing, Balmenoch, Crieff,	2 0 0

Dec.	17.	Miss Lownds, 60 Eldon Street, Newcastle, ...	£0	10	0
„	18.	Mrs. Collins, West Balgray, Kelvinside, ...	0	5	0
„	20.	“E. G.,” Bothwell, ...	0	10	0
„	26.	Joseph Grey, Esq., Gateshead-on-Tyne, ...	2	2	0
1903.					
Jan.	9.	Lt.-Gen. Hon. B. M. Ward, Christchurch, Hants, ...	1	0	0
„	9.	Messrs. Bilsland Brothers, 45 Hyde Park Street, ...	5	0	0
Feb.	3.	P. S. Honeyman, Esq., 12 South Park Terrace, ...	1	1	0
„	6.	J. P. Maclay, Esq., 13 Park Terrace, ...	100	0	0
„	9.	W. A. Campbell, Esq., 9 Woodlands Terrace, ...	1	0	0
Mar.	12.	Mrs. Barbour, Bonskeid, Pitlochry, ...	5	0	0
„	24.	From “West Africa,” ...	2	2	0
April	15.	Miss Dunlop, Shieldhill, Biggar, ...	2	0	0
„	22.	“Dumfriesshire,” ...	5	0	0
May	13.	“T. B.,” Bridge of Weir, ...	2	0	0
„	23.	Miss Madden, Bedford, ...	1	1	0
June	4.	John Stuart, Esq., Laurel Bank, Partick, ...	1	0	0
July	7.	Mrs. W. B. Barr, 4 Park Terrace, ...	2	2	0
„	8.	W. E. A. Graham, Esq., 7 Royal Bank Place, ...	1	0	0
„	9.	Miss Mackinnon, Davaar House, Campbeltown, ...	5	0	0
„	23.	J. P. Payne, Esq., St. Leonards-on-Sea, ...	0	10	0
Aug.	4.	Mothers’ Meeting at Hamilton Palace Colliery, per Miss M. Moody, Bothwell, ...	0	10	0
„	24.	R. H. Hunter, Esq., Glentyan, ...	100	0	0
Sept.	16.	Alex. Rose, Esq., Richmond House, Dowanhill, ...	5	0	0
„	16.	James B. Smith, Esq., Stirling, ...	1	1	0
„	17.	J. C. Hunter, Esq., Glentyan, ...	5	0	0
„	17.	A. F. Peterson, Esq., 5 Hillsborough Terrace, ...	1	1	0
„	18.	R. Wilson Thom, Esq., 9 Woodside Terrace, ...	3	3	0
„	22.	Mrs. A. L. Bruce, 2 Rothesay Terrace, Edinburgh, ...	5	0	0
„	22.	Andrew T. Reid, Esq., 10 Woodside Terrace, ...	5	0	0
„	22.	Joseph Russell, Esq., Port-Glasgow, ...	1	0	0
„	22.	Robert Cochran, Esq., 7 Crown Circus, ...	1	0	0
„	23.	Francis Henderson, Esq., 47 Union Street, ...	5	0	0
„	23.	Mr. & Mrs. Jas. Mackenzie, 3 Queen’s Gardens, ...	2	2	0
„	24.	John Stephen, Esq., Domira, Partickhill, ...	20	0	0
„	24.	Dr. Henderson, Kilmalcolm, ...	0	10	0
„	30.	John Garroway, Esq., Rosemount, Cumbernauld Road, ...	0	10	0
„	30.	Robert Scott, Esq., Carluke, ...	1	0	0
„	30.	Wm. Ewing, Esq., 45 Renfield Street, ...	5	0	0
„	30.	Robert Anderson, Esq., 12 Princes Square, ...	1	0	0
			£371	1	0
Glasgow Zambesia, as per separate list, ...			42	10	0
Perth Subscriptions, ...			5	0	0
Helensburgh Subscriptions, ...			5	0	0
Aberdeen Subscriptions, ...			1	0	0
			£424	11	0

Glasgow Zambesia.

Subscriptions received per Mrs. John Stephen, and Mrs. R. H. Hunter, Treasurer.

“A wee drop o’ Sympathy,” ...	£1	0	0
Miss B. A. Alston, 24 Sardinia Terrace, ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Carfrae Alston, 9 Lorraine Gardens, ...	0	5	0
Mrs. John Anderson, 18 Park Circus, ...	0	10	0
Miss M. Barrowman, Park Place, Bothwell, ...	0	3	6
Mrs. James Bell, 11 Westbourne Gardens, ...	0	2	6
Mrs. John Boyd, Didsbury, Manchester, ...	1	0	0
Miss Blackie, 1 Belhaven Terrace, ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Blyth, 1 Montgomerie Quadrant, ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Robert Brodie, 23 Belhaven Terrace, ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Hugh Brown, 9 Clairmont Gardens, ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Collins, West Balgray, ...	0	5	0
John Crawford, Esq., 25 Highbury Road, ...	0	5	0
Miss Crichton, 8 Montgomerie Crescent, ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Currie, Lochiel, Bearsden, ...	0	5	0
Miss Dick, 12 Kelvin Drive, ...	1	0	0
Miss J. M. Donaldson, 2 Academy Street, Shettleston, ...	0	3	6
Mrs. Dunn, Vogrie, Gorebridge, Midlothian, ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Findlay, Clairmont, Winton Drive, ...	0	10	0
A Friend, per G. B. Waddell, Esq., Bothwell, ...	0	4	0
Mrs. D. Gardner, 4 Montague Terrace, ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Crerar Gilbert, Yorkhill, ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Leonard Gow, Hayston, Kelvinside, ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Robert Gow, Cairndowan, Dowanhill, ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Greig, 202 Renfrew Street, ...	1	0	0
Misses Harvie, 28 Buckingham Terrace, ...	2	0	0
Mrs. George Hunter, 14 Sardinia Terrace, ...	0	10	0
Misses Hunter, Glentyan, Kilbarchan, ...	2	0	0
R. H. Hunter, Esq., do., ...	1	0	0
Mrs. R. H. Hunter, do., ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Holms Kerr, 27 Park Circus, ...	1	0	0
Mrs. T. Kirkpatrick, 6 Montgomerie Crescent, ...	2	0	0
Mrs. D. Knox, 17 Kersland Terrace, ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Laidlaw, 6 Marlborough Terrace, ...	1	0	0
Master E. Maclay, 13 Park Terrace, ...	0	10	0
Miss L. Maclay, do., ...	0	10	0
Mrs. William M’Farlane, 2 Morris Place, ...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. M’Kerrow, 3 La Belle Place, ...	1	0	0
Mrs. M’Master, 1 Athole Gardens Place, ...	0	5	0
Rev. Colin Macvane, Brydekirk, Annan, ...	0	7	6
Mrs. Mirrlees, Redlands, Kelvinside, ...	1	0	0
Missionary Box, Glentyan, ...	2	13	6
Mrs. Pettigrew, 1 Wilton Crescent, ...	1	0	0
Miss Roxburgh, 15 Lynedoch Crescent, ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Inglis Scott, Tower House, Milliken Park, ...	0	5	0

Mrs. James Simpson, 9 Marlborough Terrace,	£0 10 0
"Sisters," Uddingston,	2 0 0
Mrs. Stanley, 30 Garturk Street,	0 5 0
Mrs. F. J. Stephen, Linnwood,	0 10 0
John Stephen, Esq., Domira, Partickhill,	1 0 0
Mrs. John Stephen, do. do.,	1 0 0
Mrs. Stewart, Woodbine, Uddingston,	1 0 0
Mrs. Stuart, Laurel Bank, Partick,	0 5 0
Miss Stuart, do. do.,	0 2 6
Miss Swan, 1 Clifton Place,	0 2 6
Miss A. J. Templeton, 2 Claremont Terrace,	0 5 0
Mrs. Waddell, Bothwell,	0 2 6
Mrs. Waddell, Sunny Bank, Bridge of Weir,	0 3 6
Miss Waddell, Apna Place, Uddingston,	0 2 6
Miss Watson, 8 Woodside Crescent,	0 5 0
Miss Amy Wright, Reres, Falkirk,	0 5 0
Mrs. Wyllie, 13 Woodside Terrace,	0 10 0
Bank Interest,	£42 6 6
	0 3 6
	£42 10 0

PERTH, HELENSBURGH & ABERDEEN SUBSCRIPTIONS
for Year Ending, 30th September, 1903.

Perth Subscriptions per Rev. Geo. Robson, D.D.

Dr. Stirling, Riversdale,	£2 0 0
Dr. and Mrs. Robson, Garry Lodge,	1 0 0
Peter Campbell, Esq., Lignwood,	1 0 0
Miss Young, Garry Lodge,	0 10 0
William Ross, Esq., 2 Comely Bank,	0 5 0
Charles Law, Esq., Balbraith,	0 2 6
Misses M'Ouhæ, 7 Gowrie Street,	0 2 6
	£5 0 0

Helensburgh Subscriptions per Mrs. Turner.

Mrs. Ure, Cairndhu,	£1 0 0
Miss Kidston, Ferniegair,	1 0 0
Miss Kerr, Ardgate,	1 0 0
Mrs. Gray, Glenoran,	0 10 0
Miss J. Kidston, Seabank,	0 10 0
Miss M. E. Kerr, Ardgate,	0 10 0
Mrs. Turner, Baranfrów,	0 5 0
Mrs. Gordon Ingram, Methilfield,	0 2 6
Miss M'Naughton, do.,	0 2 6
	£5 0 0

Aberdeen Subscriptions per G. Campbell Fraser, Esq.

Dr. Anne Mercer Watson,	£0 5 0
Mrs. Gray C. Fraser,	0 7 6
Miss Phoebe J. C. Fraser,	0 2 6
Gray Campbell Fraser, Esq.,	0 5 0
	£1 0 0

Upper Zambesi Mission.

FINANCE STATEMENT
For year ending 30th September, 1903.

Dr.		Cr.
To Balance from last year, £110 5 6		By Printing Reports, and Stationery, - - - £8 9 2
„ Subscriptions, as per list, 424 11 0		„ Postages, - - - - 2 1 2
„ Refund by London Auxiliary of cost of 3 dozen Reports, - - - 0 9 0		„ Amount remitted to Mr. Coillard, - - - 450 0 0
„ Interest from Bank, - 3 12 11		„ Balance on hand, - - 78 8 1
£538 18 5		£538 18 5

E. & O. E.,

GLASGOW, 30th September, 1903.

WM. EWING, *Hon. Treasurer.*

Barotsi-land Mission.—Glasgow Auxiliary.
SPECIAL BUILDING FUND.

List of Subscriptions received up till 30th September, 1903.

James Stevenson, Esq., LL.D., Largs,	£100 0 0
John Stephen, Esq., Domira, Partickhill,	100 0 0
R. H. Hunter, Esq., Glentyan, Kilbarchan,	100 0 0
"B. W.," Wimbledon,	50 0 0
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