

"Great minds have gone before us. Great minds are with us. Our duty is to derive lessons from them; from the experiences they have had, from their contributions, from the simplicity that they demonstrate and have demonstrated and make our country better than how we found it, to make our country liveable, to make our continent more liveable..."

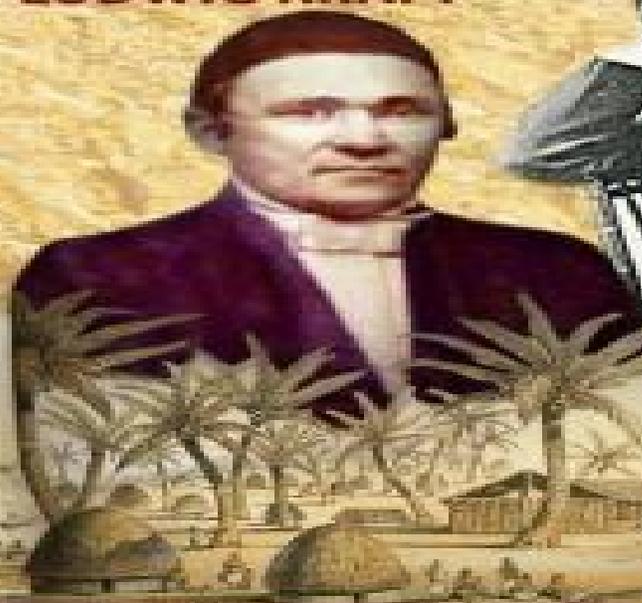
BY: HON. DR. RUBAKANA BUCURDA, PRIME MINISTER OF THE REPUBLIC OF UGANDA
(21ST APRIL, 2018., LAUNCH OF VOLUME 2 OF UGANDA GOD'S GENERALS)

KENYA

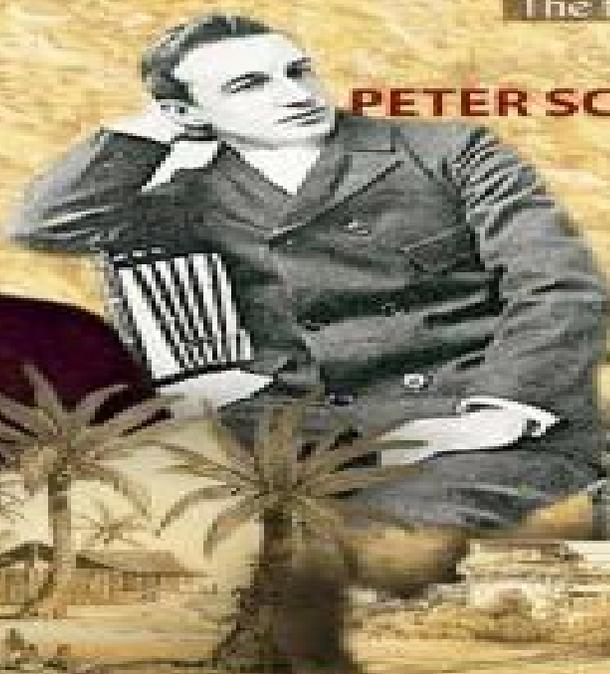
GOD'S GENERALS

The forerunners

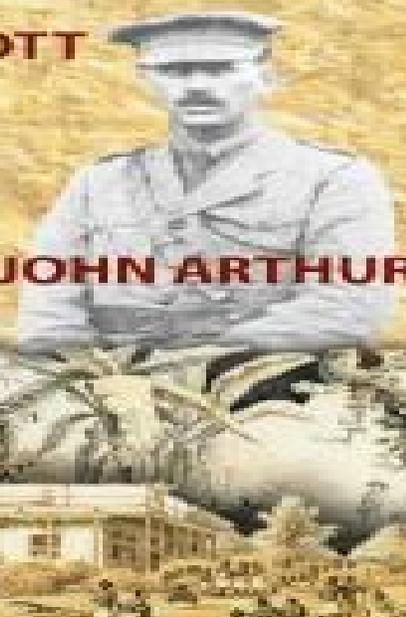
LUDWIG KRAPP



PETER SCOTT



JOHN ARTHUR



EDDIE SEMPALA

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BY JOHN THE BUKUNA BUCHENYI, PRIME MINISTER OF THE REPUBLIC OF UGANDA
(21ST APRIL 2016, LUNCH OF 100 YEARS OF UGANDA GOD'S GENERALS)

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GOD'S GENERALS

The face runners

LUDWIG KRAPP



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THE FORERUNNERS

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The forerunners

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eddiempala16@gmail.com
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taken from the King James
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Dedication

To the next generation of ministers
who desire to become missionaries.

Introduction

In 1856, when the great missionary, David Livingstone returned to England after his first exploratory journey, European interests were concentrated on the island of Zanzibar. Sultan Scyyid Said of Muscat had made Zanzibar an important trade center when he moved his capital there. By encouraging the cultivation of cloves, he had ensured that Europe and North America would be encouraged to participate in direct trade. While Zanzibar exported ivory, spices (including cloves), cowry shells, and slaves, she was in dire need of imports such as cloth, firearms and hardware. European and American commercial activities were thus concentrated along the east coast and there was no incentive to venture into the unknown interior.

If Western powers partitioned Africa during the Berlin Conference (1884/85), it is obvious that Christianity came to East Africa forty years before colonization. It has been suggested that the European invasion of Africa was prompted by economic factors that were brought about by the second industrial revolution. Although it is largely true, we ought to distinguish between the motives of merchants and traders and those of missionaries and philanthropists. They did not share the same objectives, for the missionary was motivated by the desire to preach the gospel, with liberating effects, but the trader was to a large extent influenced by the profit motive. Although the explorations of such pioneers as David Livingstone gave new impetus not only to the missionary cause but also to colonization, Christian explorers were more concerned about opening up opportunities for evangelization. If commerce and civilization were to accompany such a noble venture, these were seen as *Modus Operandi*, and not as an end in themselves.

The establishment of the British East Africa Protectorate and the building of the Uganda Railway, which was begun in Mombasa in 1895, reaching Nairobi in 1899 and Kisumu, provided an impetus for other missions to venture into the interior. The CMS has already established themselves in Taveta by 1890.

You will realize that Kenya, just like any other country in East Africa or Africa is what it is because of the work of Christian missionaries. This book will inspire all who desire to be missionaries and make a great impact in nations for the glory of God.

**John Ludwig Krapf
(1810 – 1881)**

The missionary explorer

Soon after the death of his wife Krapf made a journey to land of the Kamba, about 100 miles from Rabai, to establish a further station; but the journey ended in disaster. While he was travelling in company with a friendly chief, a superior force attacked the chief's party. The chief himself was slain, his followers scattered, and the missionary found himself abandoned by friend and foe.

There was nothing left for Krapf to do but to retrace his steps, and after much suffering from hunger and thirst, he at last

reached one of the villages of the Kamba in the state of complete exhaustion. He suspected that the villagers had designs upon his life, and so he stole away at night to travel to Yata, but the difficulties of the way, in which he advanced only six miles in three nights, determined him to return to the Kamba village and to surrender to the natives.

"Kill me if you will," he said, "but you must take the consequences."

John Ludwig Krapf, was born at Derendingen, near Tuebingen, on January 11, 1810. This was three years before another great explorer-missionary was born, namely David Livingstone, and it is a remarkable fact that Henry M. Stanley became acquainted with both of these missionaries in the Dark Continent, Africa. The little village of Derendingen is located in the foothill district of the Schwarzwald, or Black Forest, one of the most beautiful sections of Wurttemberg. His people were farmers, his father being regarded as wealthy. Incidentally he was most interested in giving his son as good an education as he could afford.

Many were his providential escapes in childhood from dangers which beset his path, from falling into the mill-stream which flowed through the village, from accidents with fire-arms, or falls from trees in the eager pursuit of birds' nests. The inborn evil name of the child was somewhat held in

check by a nervous susceptibility, and the consequent dread he experienced in witnessing the contest of the elements in storms, or which shook his frame at the sight of the dead and the grave, or even when reading or listening to the narratives of the torments of the wicked in hell. On these occasions Ludwig secretly vowed to lead a pious life for the future; though, childlike, he soon forgot the promise when the exciting cause had passed away, as is ever the case throughout life with the natural, unregenerated heart of man. Thus, but for an apparently trivial event in his boyhood, though in it he gratefully recognised the chastening Hand of the great Teacher, the evil of his nature might have choked the good seed with its tares, or destroyed it altogether.

When John Ludwig had finished the village school, he was sent on to the Latin school at Tuebingen. He was then only thirteen years of age, and the grammar school interested him greatly, as well as the classical languages, Latin and Greek, with which he became acquainted in this school. But his greatest interest was in maps and geography. While other boys preferred to read stories or to play games, little Ludwig would be sitting in some corner poring over a precious map which some teacher had given him, and he was soon acquainted with every continent, especially by the water routes. He often played a game with himself, according to which he would visit some foreign country, starting out from one of the harbors of Ger-

many and then making the voyage through the various bodies of water. He knew the chief harbors of the world so thoroughly that he was able to tell just what kind of shipments one might expect from any one of them. He became acquainted with a book of geographical description by Bruce, the title of which was "Journeys in Abyssinia." This he devoured with a great deal of concentration, so that he was familiar with every part of the African country long before he ever thought of visiting Abyssinia in the capacity of missionary.

When eleven years old Ludwig was so severely beaten by a neighbour for a fault which he had not committed, that it brought on a serious illness of six months' duration. Left to himself his thoughts dwelt much upon eternity; and the reading of the Bible and devotional books became his delight, particularly such portions of the Old Testament as recorded the history of the patriarchs and their intercourse with the Creator; and when he read of Abraham conversing with the Almighty, an earnest desire arose in his breast that he too might be permitted to listen to the voice of the Most High, even as did the prophets and apostles of old. If this reading resulted in nothing better, at all events it made Ludwig desirous to master the historical portions of the Bible.

Nor was this knowledge thrown away; for in the autumn of 1822, during the period of his convalescence, Krapf was in the habit of re-

peating to the reapers many of the stories of the Bible, so earnestly and vividly, that more than one of them would say to my parents, "Mark my words, Ludwig will some day be a parson."

The passion for missions is birthed

At the age of fourteen Ludwig expressed the decided wish to become a captain of a great ocean ship, and thus see other countries. His father was ready enough to entertain this suggestion, but when he made further inquiries concerning the expenses connected with naval training, he found that he would, after all, not be able to help his boy in gaining his heart's desire, and so the idea had to be given up.

His father, involved in some law proceedings, saw as it were in his mind's eye, in his son a rising lawyer capable of bringing these suits to a successful issue. With that ambition he took him with him to Tübingen in order to be examined by the rector of the Anatolian School. The rector Kaufmann gave Ludwig a Latin book to read, to test his familiarity with the characters of the language, which he had taught himself during his six months' illness, and pleased with the performance promised to place him at the bottom of the school, adding by way of encouragement that something might be made of his son.

The early morning always found Ludwig on his road to Tübingen with satchel on his back, in which besides his books were a bottle of sweet must and a great hunch of bread, which were to constitute his simple mid-day's meal, and which he quickly consumed between twelve and one o'clock, under the willows on the banks of the Neckar, in order more leisurely to devour his Latin grammar and Scheller's vocabulary, which he soon learnt by heart. In doing this, he was impelled by a desire to imprint as many words as possible on my memory; and in after-times, when he – gashed to acquire any new and hitherto unknown tongue, he found this by far the most desirable method of proceeding.

For a time this was his daily course; but such a frugal way of life could not long endure without injury to his health, and it was then arranged that he should return home daily to a hot dinner. This necessitated a threefold journey, morning, noon, and evening, from Derendingen and back again, but it laid the foundation of that strong health which during his career as a missionary he was to enjoy for so many years.

The head master of the school in Tübingen one day read to his boys a pamphlet on missionary work and on the spread of Christianity among the heathen. The pupils were afterwards to embody the chief points of this pamphlet in an essay. Ludwig had never before heard anything about missions, but the

earnest appeal made by this teacher so impressed him that he began to think about becoming a missionary.

When young Krapf had finished this work at the grammar school, the question was naturally raised what he wished to study next, upon entering the university. The discussion turned to medicine and to law. However, the boy stated that he preferred theology, his only fear being that he could not pass in Hebrew. Meanwhile he had been asking himself a very serious question, one which young people in any teaching position might well ask themselves, "How can I think of teaching others when I know so little of my Savior myself?" Thereupon he made up his mind to begin a very careful and systematic study of the Bible. All this served to keep him in contact with the Church and its work, and there can be no doubt that he was a true Christian at that time. More and more the determination grew in him to become a foreign missionary, to bring the gospel to people who had never yet heard of their Savior.

Ludwig's diligence met its reward, and at the end of six months he was at the head of his class; and before the close of the year was placed on the third form, the rector not considering it necessary that he should remain longer in the lower school. He was becoming a good Latin scholar, and speedily removed to the fourth form, where he became a Grecian, and rose to be top boy of the class, Ludwig's teachers expressing themselves well pleased

with his general conduct and progress. Yet even while everything on the surface seemed bright and full of promise, how joyless, how void of peace the heart!

Such perishable knowledge ill sufficed to hold his self-love, vain glory, and ambition in check; to yield true peace, or to regenerate a heart whose chief craving was after the imperishable—after its long-cherished desire of immediate intercourse with God!

Ludwig's countenance was still obscured and kept from him notwithstanding all his resolutions, as he wandered daily backwards and forwards between Derendingen and Tübingen, always to walk spotless in His sight, and to keep His image ever before him!

Whilst he was still on the lowest form, his father bought him an atlas of the world, and he wondered why there should be so few names of places put down in the districts of Adal and Somali in the map of Eastern Africa, and he said to myself, "Is there then so great a desert yonder, still untrampled by the foot of any European?

What, too, if it is full of hyaenas?" For of these he had just been reading in an odd volume of Bruce's Travels, which had been lent him by a bookseller in the town.

Ludwig's desire for travel was greatly fostered by the study of geography, and by reading voyages and travels, and when in my fourteenth year his future course of life was discussed in the family circle, he expressed

an ardent desire to become "the captain of a ship, and to visit foreign lands."

Much as his father would have preferred his being either a lawyer or a clergyman, he respected the evident bias of his child, and made the necessary inquiries as to the cost of apprenticeship and outfit, only giving up the scheme upon finding that the expense would be greatly beyond his means. This was a great disappointment to young Ludwig Krapf.

*The inducements to mission work
appear to me in a new light*

Ludwig now returned to Tuebingen, and once more faced the question as to the training, which he wanted to take up at that time. The University at Tuebingen in those days had an excellent reputation. The school had been founded in 1477, by Count Eberhard, the purpose being, as its charter puts it, "To help dig the foundation of life, out of which consoling and saving wisdom might be drawn from all ends of the world, for the quenching of the destructive fire of human lack of reason and blindness."

The University at Tuebingen in its early years, had been strengthened by the addition of another similar organization which had been located at Sindelfingen. During the century of the Reformation the University engaged the teaching of such men as Camerarius and Brenz. As a result of their labors the first building of the institution had to be

enlarged, in the year 1560. Since that time the University of Tuebingen had been known for its conservative theology, although the influence of pietism became strong during the second half of the seventeenth century. On the whole, the institution was still evangelical in its general character when Krapf entered, although some of the teachers then in office later became known for their critical position over against the Bible.

It seems that the impression gained during his stay at Basel kept Ludwig Krapf from accepting statements concerning the Bible, which did not agree with his earlier high opinion of the inspired Word. He passed his University examination with good success, and in 1834 finished the course in theology.

Meanwhile Ludwig's thoughts had often turned to mission work, for he could not get rid of his interest in foreign countries and in the great needs of pagans in every part of the world. All this was once more brought home to him when a cousin of his bearing the same name, entered the missionary institute at Basel. Nevertheless, the young candidate for the ministry determined to take up the work of preaching in his home country, after he had occupied the position of tutor not far from his home town. His argument was that he would be able to carry on work similar to that which his cousin would take up in non-Christian lands.

Evidently Ludwig was not yet firmly decided; his mind was still in a state of uncertainty. He accepted a call to a charge at Wolfenhausen, where the neglected condition of his parish and the work, which he was obliged to do once more, called his attention to conditions where the Gospel had never been heard. He began his work earnestly enough and seems to have been faithful in the discharge of his duties. But that he was still thinking of the foreign work is apparent from a letter, which he wrote at this time. The following statements reveal to us just what he thought – of the situation about the year 1835. He wrote: "The inducements to mission work appear to me in a new light. In the needs of my congregation I recognized those of non-Christians in a measure which affected me very deeply; in their sorrow I recognized the wretchedness of the heathen; the cry for help from my own congregation seemed an echo from heathen lands. The grace which I myself enjoyed, and which I commended to my own people was, I felt, for the heathen as well, but there may be no one to proclaim it to them. In this country, every one might without difficulty find the way to life; in those lands, there may be no one to show the way. Here, in almost every house the Holy Scriptures may be found; there, the Scriptures are only scantily distributed. This seems to me a powerful incentive to think seriously of missionary work."

Ludwig, commissioned missionary to Africa

The crisis came in 1836. At this time Krapf met a missionary by the name of Ejjelstedt. At about the same time certain utterances, which he made from his pulpit, gave offense, to the church authorities, and he was told that he must give up his charge at Wolfenhausen. At about the same time, also, the secretary of the Church Missionary Society of England made a trip to southern Germany, and to Basel. His purpose was to look for young men as recruits for his society, since the Basel Mission Institute, in the early days, supplied quite a few missionaries to that great English society.

For among men who at that time went out into heathen countries were workers like Pfaender, whose work concerned missions among the Mohammedans, Schoen, who worked in the tropics of Western Africa, and Klein, who was a pioneer missionary in Northern Africa. Krapf met the secretary of this society, and as a result, he once more entered the mission institute, if he had not even before this made application for admission, and in the following year, he entered the service of the society.

It so happened that a former student of the mission institute at Basel had been selected by the Church Missionary Society to go to Abyssinia, but he had died in the meantime, and so Krapf was asked if he would go in-

stead. Since he was now stronger in every respect and better equipped for the work than ever, he declared his willingness to go wherever his services might be needed, and so John Ludwig Krapf received his commission as missionary to Abyssinia (currently Ethiopia), in Northeastern Africa. This was early in 1837.

On February 6, 1837, that Ludwig Krapf said farewell to his native land. He travelled by way of Marseilles and Malta to Alexandria in Egypt. At this point, he took a riverboat to Cairo, where he wanted to gain further information concerning routes and equipment for the continuation of his journey. Leaving Cairo, he went eastward to Suez at the head of the gulf of the same name. Here he found a boat, on which he took passage for Massawa, an island off the coast of Eritrea, and the logical starting-point, for Abyssinia.

He had arrived in Alexandria in April, and in Cairo he had gotten his first glimpse of Africa's great curse at that time, the slave trade. In the slave market he found the poor creatures from the interior lying on the bare earth, without the slightest pretense at comfort. By day, they had to faint in the burning rays of the sun; at night they were placed in a stable without any covering except, at the most, a few rags around their loins. There they lay, young and old of either sex, often in unspeakable filth and misery, to be examined by buyers like cattle.

This first experience of slavery gave Krapf a new impulse to do everything in his power for the spread of the Gospel in the Dark Continent, as the most effective remedy for the miseries of its people. As he travelled from Suez to Massawa and met further sights of a similar nature, he was most deeply affected, while his determination to continue his missionary labors was strengthened from day to day. Leaving Massawa as soon as possible, he travelled to the highlands of Abyssinia, joining Isenberg and Blumhardt, at Adoa (Adua, Adowah). It was the hope of these three men that their united labors would bring new life to the Abyssinian Church, so that there would be a reformation and a purification, whereby it would become a missionary church. As was to be expected, the priests of the Coptic Church were not at all interested in having their customs and their religion changed. All the pleading of Krapf and his companions availed them nothing, for priestly jealousy so influenced the ruling prince as to cause him to issue an order that the missionaries were to leave his territory at once and go back to their own land.

Since the work in northern Abyssinia seemed to be definitely stopped, Krapf now resolved to make an attempt in the southern part of the country, in the province of Shoa. But a sudden illness compelled him to return to Cairo for a short time. After a time he made a second attempt to reach Shoa, arriving there in June, 1839. Isenberg

was with him at this time, but he returned to Egypt in a few months, leaving Krapf to labor alone. Although the king of this province now favored his work, the progress in Shoa was very slow and discouraging. As a matter of fact, the tribe of the Gallas, who lived somewhat south of Shoa seemed to be more ready to accept the Gospel than the nominal Christians of Abyssinia.

After about two years of work, Krapf was again compelled to leave the field of his labors, since there seemed to be no hope for the future. It was not that he was entirely discouraged, for he himself writes at that time that he could never stand before the judgment throne of God, if he would not make an earnest effort to bring the Gospel of Jesus Christ in all its purity to this part of Africa.

It seems strange that the faithful work of Krapf was not viewed with any degree of favor by the more intelligent men of Abyssinia, and that he did not receive stronger support in his ventures from the men who had encouraged him to make the great sacrifice. Nevertheless, he occasionally found a bit of satisfaction in hearing that missionaries in other parts of the world were received in an entirely different fashion, sometimes almost with eagerness, and that their work was appreciated.

Krapf's first work in Abyssinia had practically been without results. While the king

of this province was at that time not opposed to the work of the missionaries, the priests of the Coptic Church succeeded without much trouble in having their people ignore the missionaries or in making their work impossible. When Krapf left Shoa, he had two objectives in mind. He had been given to understand that two further missionaries had been commissioned to join him, having now arrived on the Abyssinian coast. His second reason for leaving Shoa at this time was to meet his future wife in Egypt.

Due to various circumstances, Krapf made the journey down to the coast on foot, which was not itself a very hazardous undertaking, because the roads down the eastern escarpment in all parts of Abyssinia are steep and dangerous. However, Krapf, with his customary energy, succeeded in making his way down to the place where he hoped to find his fellow missionaries. He suffered from robbery, from hunger, and from the fatigues of travel, all of which left him undaunted. Nevertheless, when he arrived at his destination on the coast, expecting to find Muehleisen and Mueller there, he learned that these two men had returned to Egypt. They did not possess the undaunted spirit of Krapf, but were like John Mark on Paul's first missionary journey, for we are told that this young man also forsook Paul and Barnabas when they were facing the perils of a mountain journey through a hostile country, returning to the comforts to which he had become accustomed.

Under the circumstances, and quite apart from his private concerns, Krapf found it necessary to visit Egypt, in order that if possible he might bring back the two brethren who had fled from the difficulties of their position.

Krapf gets a helpmate

The fact that Krapf was to meet the woman who had promised to become his helper in the great work caused his spirits to be buoyant and his mind to become even more keen and eager than usual. His marriage was frankly undertaken in the interest of his work, for he found that he could hardly do justice to certain features of his missionary labors unless he had a wife by his side. Rosine Dietrich had been engaged to another missionary by the name of Kuehnlein, but this man had died at Marseilles in 1837, Krapf had never seen her, but he had every reason to believe that she was full of courage and devotion to the cause. For this reason, he wrote to her frankly, explaining the circumstances and appealing to her to join him in the great work. Dietrich looked upon the entire situation in the same light as Krapf, and therefore agreed to meet him in Egypt. Accordingly, they were married.

In Alexandria, in September 1841, and Rosine Dietrich proved to be a loving, faithful, and steady helpmeet in all the difficulties and dangers of Krapf's missionary career.

It was after but a short furlough that Krapf and his wife set their faces southward to return to the field of labor, which the Lord had given them. Just what it meant to travel through this section of Africa, up the Nile and into the wilderness, at that time, may be seen from an account, which speaks in a very vivid way of the difficulties, which beset the traveler.

We read of a journey through this section of Africa: "After the first five days up the Nile we approached the big game country. Hundreds of hippos splashed in the shallows of the river. Whenever we rounded a bend in the river, we were apt to see dozens of pink noses and piglike faces turn toward us. They would sink almost immediately, then rise and peek at us; then sink again, rise and shake the water out of their ears and eyes, and peek and sink once more. One frolicsome fellow hurled himself clear of the water and dove like a fish. Considering his bulk this was no bad show of agility. And as for ourselves, we became more and more convinced that shooting these fat and inquisitive animals could not be called hunting.

"Water bucks, gazelles, and antelopes dotted the landscape. There was an infinite variety of horned animals. On every bank we saw crocodiles sunning themselves, lazy, deliberate fellows, who reminded us of pre-historic monsters. They were twice as large as our imagination had pictured them beforehand, and when we ran across them farther

inland, they stood up on really long legs and wobbled away with a good deal of speed. When they were near the water, they slid in with scarcely a splash. We saw storks and cranes, herons and hawks and eagles, and many varieties of ducks, pelicans, and scores of other birds for which we had no name. All day long flights of birds were passing overhead, and feathered conventions were assembling along the shores.

"The country so far was flat and dotted with trees. The soil was black and rich, and the natives evidently lived an easy life. No one has yet found a plan by which the native Africans may be induced to work. They seem to wish for nothing that is not free and under their hands. They wear practically no clothing, live in grass and mud huts, and find amusements in hunting, fishing, singing, frolicking about, and decorating their bodies. They have evolved a school of arts and decoration for the human body which certainly excites wonder. The variations are so plentiful as to amaze the newcomer to the country. They wear teeth and bone bracelets, metal anklets and nose rings, curious amulets and charms, and odd bits carved from ivory. Meanwhile the land and civilization languish."

Krapf and Rosine, together with Isenberg and Muehleisen, were fully determined to get back to the province of Shoa. Rosine was not in the least daunted by the prospect of spending her life among the rude people of Shoa, nor did she flinch from the dangers of

the way. However, the party found it, after all, impossible to return to Shoa. For when they arrived at Tajurrah (Tajara) in French Somaliland, they received a message from the ruler of Shoa forbidding Krapf to enter his dominions. This act, like the expulsion from Adoa, was due to priestly interference. Isenberg and Muehleisen now traveled back to Massawa, their intention being to reach Gondar, the Old Portuguese city in northern Abyssinia.

Surviving death

Krapf and Rosine now went to Aden, at the southern end of the peninsula of Arabia. Crossing the Red Sea once more, they landed at Massowa, and they began their journey to the interior, in company with a trading caravan, their destination being the province of Tigre, in northwestern Abyssinia. Rosine would not think of leaving the side of her husband, although she was in delicate health, and although she knew.

They sailed in an Arab vessel in November 1843. Nevertheless, strong headwinds and a heavy sea compelled them to return to harbor. Their boat sprang a leak in the storm, and they barely kept themselves afloat by baling with the saucepans and bowls with which Rosine intended to start housekeeping.

When they reached the entrance to the harbor of Aden, the land wind drove the ves-

sel back toward the open sea. There was no use trying to launch the lifeboat, for it could not carry twenty-five persons in a rough sea. When they were in the utmost extremity, and Krapf and Rosine had retired to the small cabin for a last prayer together. Another boat hove in sight, and Krapf asked its captain to take them on board; this he at first declined to do, and it was only by promises and threats that Krapf at last induced him to take him and his companions off the sinking vessel. No sooner had they been transferred, than their own boat capsized, and after a half hour it sank. So they were once more in Aden.

Arrival at the East African coast

It was then that Krapf carried out a commission to go to East Africa and begin work in that section of the continent. It was only eight days after his last distressing experience that Krapf and his wife set out from Aden again. After about five or six weeks of slow sailing around the eastern cape of Africa, from the Gulf of Aden to that of the Indian Ocean which is known as the Azanian Sea, they arrived at Takaungu, a small town north of the city of Mombasa. The British consul at Zanzibar welcomed Krapf and his wife and immediately set out to get them a letter of introduction to the coast chiefs from the Sultan of Zanzibar. It was a very quaint letter which served as his credentials, for it read as follow:

"In the name of God, the most merciful and compassionate, this letter comes from Said the Sultan, to all our friends, governors, and subjects, greeting. This letter is written for a Doctor Krapf, who is a good man and desires to convert the world to God. Treat him kindly; serve him what you can, and everywhere. This is written by order of your master."

Do not sorrow because of me

Krapf decided to make Mombasa his headquarters, and that in spite of the fact that this section of Africa at that time had a terrible reputation. The natives were reported as lawless, cruel, and violent. But Krapf was not to be dissuaded from his purpose. Rosine cheerfully went with him to Mombasa, and they chose a spot from which the first attempt to penetrate into the interior could be made. Unfortunately the season was an exceptionally bad one, and there was an unusual amount of fever during the rainy season. Krapf himself was very ill, and it took all the will power, which he had to fight his way back to health. Barely had he recovered when, in July, 1846, Rosine fell ill. The fever was all the more serious, as she was daily expecting to become a mother. A daughter was born; but a renewed attack of the fever brought her very low.

In prospect of death, Rosine was very much depressed in her mind, and she pleaded with her husband for some assurance that she

was truly a Christian. She prayed: "Oh my Savior, I am unworthy to have any place in Thy Paradise, but have pity on me, and give me a small corner at the edge of Thy glory that I may be with Thee." Her husband's words about the grace of God had a very consoling effect upon her, for he gave her the assurance: "Christ is as surely thine, as thou art mine and I am thine. Do not give way to temptations of the evil one. It is time to flee to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." With such and other words she was greatly strengthened. She said: "I have obtained grace and mercy from the Lord; He has looked upon me; I feel His presence as I have never felt it before." She then prayed aloud for East Africa, for the Sultan, for the natives and the mission work, and for her relatives. Repeatedly she asked God to incline the heart of the ruler, so that he might promote the eternal welfare of his subjects.

The next day Rosine appeared much better, but the following day she was once more in a very bad condition, and her husband himself was weak due to fever as to be obliged to leave her care almost entirely to servants. When Krapf had watched with her from midnight until dawn, he begged her to rest. However, she said; "No, there is plenty of time for rest. Now it is time for work." She called her servants, told them that she was dying, and that in the face of death she had only this to say to them that if they followed their Mohammedan doctrines they trusted in a delusion. "He cannot help you in the

hour of death, but Christ can and does." Then she turned to her husband and said; "Do not forget to speak to every one whom you meet about the great truths. Even if your words have no effect at the moment, they will come to their remembrance in the hour of death. Do not sorrow because of me, but work while it is day."

Rosine asked that her letters and diaries should not be published, for there was too much of self in them. She also asked her husband not to praise her in his letters home, because she was not worthy of praise, but to say that she, a poor, miserable sinner, had received forgiveness through the unmerited grace of Jesus Christ.

Shortly after her fever rose to such a point that her mind began to wander. On July 11th, she was somewhat better, and husband and wife could pray together. But on the 12th her fever rose once more. Krapf himself had a very severe attack, and only now and then could he drag himself to her bedside. Her end was one of great peace and of perfect submission to the divine will.

Rosine dies and is buried in Africa

So brave and steadfast was Rosine in her last hours that her husband was strengthened and confirmed in his purpose to devote his entire life to the missionary conditions. She asked him to bury her right here on the mainland of Africa, in order that the

sight of her tomb might constantly remind the passersby of the great object which had brought the servants of the church of Christ to their country. "Thus," wrote her husband, "she wished to be preaching to them by the lonely spot which encloses her earthly remains."

On the morning of July 13th Rosine breathed her last. Krapf himself could hardly get up from his bed. He saw her growing stranger to him every moment, her glassy eyes and chilling body, like a garment left behind, telling him only too well that she had gone. The future lay dark before him, and he would only too gladly have followed her.

On the next morning, a Sunday, they buried her. Krapf just managed to struggle over to the graveside. On his return, he found that his baby daughter also was ill. She passed away during the night, and was laid to rest by her mother's side. But Krapf, even in the midst of all these trials, found the strength to write, in a letter to the secretary of the Church Missionary Society: "Tell the committee that in East Africa there is a lonely grave of one member of the mission connected with your society. This is an indication that you have begun the conflict in this part of the world; and since the conquests of the church are won over the graves of many of its members, you may be all the more assured that the time has come when you are called to work for the conversion of Africa. Think not of the victims who in this glori-

ous warfare may suffer or fall; only press forward until East and West Africa are united in Christ.”

Translating the Bible

The loss of Ludwig Krapf's wife was for him a heartrending experience, but of vast importance for his future life, which now became fully consecrated to the service of God. The gravestone of his wife became one of the great cornerstones of the temple of God in Africa. As he recovered his strength, he continued his work, occasionally making short journeys from Mombasa to the mainland among the Nika, anxious to establish a mission station among this people, but especially to open the way into the interior of Africa, a thought that was always very prominent in all his plans.

Krapf's had to labor when he began his work in Abyssinia, and later in East Africa. It is characteristic of the man that he had hardly gotten to Abyssinia when he began to collect valuable Ethiopic manuscript, which he sent on to Europe. For this work, the University of Tuebingen, about the time when Krapf was refused entrance into Abyssinia for the last time, conferred the degree of Doctor upon him. It is just as characteristic of the man that he had been in East Africa hardly six months when he began his translation of the Bible into the widely-spoken East African trade language, the Swahili, and for two years he did little else but translation work.

He became acquainted with many of the languages and dialects of East Africa.

The work was completed in 1879. The printing being carried out at the Missionary Press of St. Chrischona, a missionary institute near Basel. We shall find that Krapf also assisted many other translators and revisers who were attempting to render the Bible or parts of the Bible into language and dialects of East Africa.

After the death of his wife, Krapf plunged into the work, which he had undertaken with all the energy of his consecrated mind. Abyssinia lay behind him, a bitter experience, but not without blessing, East Africa was yet an experiment.

In the southern part of the continent work had been done with intermissions for about a century, and on the edge of the Black Belt Robert Moffat was even then establishing his base for further progress into the interior of the Dark Continent, Krapf was all alone for a time on the Zanzibar coast. Men like Rebmann became his faithful assistants in the difficult work. East Africa extended no special invitation to the missionaries, and, as a matter of fact, the missionary labors of Krapf were not very successful in the first years.

Mission station at Rabai

When Rebmann joined Krapf, they decided to establish a mission station at Rabai Mpia, a

Nika village not far from the seacoast. In October of the same year, these two had so far finished a house as to allow their living in it, and Krapf remarked in a letter: "Every true friend of Christ's kingdom must rejoice over this mission, for it is the first step in the way to the heart of Africa. We have secured a position whence the unexplored regions of the interior can be reached and the ancient bulwarks of Satan assailed by the messengers of Christ."

It is at Rabai that Krapf built the first church in Kenya. The same place would act as a mission headquarters.

Krapf was inclined to be liberal in his gifts, because he argued that, although the missionary cannot ordinarily heal the sick and raise the dead, he can at least perform deeds of love, humility, patience, and self-sacrifice, so that the natives would almost be obliged to ask themselves: "How is it that the missionary submits to so much on our account, and does us so much kindness?"

Like many other missionaries, Krapf in the early period of his work thought it necessary to spend much time attacking the false beliefs and superstitious practices of the people. Consequently, the simple presentation of Christian truth and the salvation through Christ was somewhat pushed into the background.

Krapf was not the man to rest long in one station and to be contented with a gradual

building up of one congregation. He had ambitious plans for the extension of mission work in Africa, and he attempted several times to penetrate farther into the interior. He visited Usambara, to the southwest, in 1848, and the land of the Kamba the following year. In both places, he received a friendly welcome from the chiefs and the natives, and everything seemed favorable for the extension of mission work.

When twelve years of labor in Africa had passed away, broken by occasional trips to Europe, Krapf thought the time was come to make a longer visit in the home country, partly for rest and change, and partly to arouse a greater interest in African missions.

More missionaries added to the team

During his stay in Europe, he secured the promise of three further missionaries and three artisans to strengthen the African mission station. With the missionaries, he hoped eventually to place two stations farther into the interior, and by the aid of the artisans, he intended to carry out a plan which he had long had in mind, the establishment of a Christian colony.

When he left Europe, the outlook for mission work in East Africa was at its brightest. With him were two missionaries, Ptefferle and Dihlmann, together with three mechanics. Hut on reaching Aden, Dihlmaun who had scruples about connecting himself with

the Church Missionary Society, remained at Aden.

The next blow came when the little company of men arrived at Rabai, for Rebmann and Erhardt, who had previously fully agreed to Krapf's plans, were found to be opposed to further extension, without first laying a firm base of operations on the coast.

Disaster in the mission field

In theory, they were undoubtedly right, but Krapf thought that a disinclination to meet dangers and hardships was the chief factor in their opposition to his forward movement. There also grew up an unbrotherly estrangement between Rebmann and Erhardt, on the one side, and the three mechanics, on the other, resulting in much trouble to Krapf, who found it a difficult task to deal with both parties.

It was not long before the three artisans, together with Pfefferle were stricken with fever; of which the latter died after an illness of a few weeks; thus, trouble upon trouble seemed to fall on the head of Krapf. Yet he wrote to Dr. Barth in June 1851, the following noble, even prophetic words: "And now let me look backward and forward. In the past, what do I see? Scarcely more than the remnant of a defeated army. You know I had the task of strengthening the East African Mission with three missionaries and three handicraftsmen; but where are the mission-

aries? One remained in London, as he did not consider himself appointed to East Africa; the second remained at Aden, in doubt about the English Church; the third, Pfefferle, died on May 10th of nervous fever, into which the country fever had developed. As to the mechanics, they are ill of fever, lying between life and death, and instead of being a help to me and to Brothers Rebmann and Erhardt, look to us for help and attention; and yet I stand by my assertion that Africa must be conquered by missionaries; there must be a chain of mission stations between the east and west, though thousands of the combatants fall upon the left hand and ten thousand on the right.

. . . From the sanctuary of God a voice says to me, "Fear not; life comes through death, resurrection through decay, the establishment of Christ's kingdom through the discomfiture of human undertakings. Instead of allowing yourself to be discouraged at the defeat of your force, go to work yourself. Do not rely on human help, but on the living God, to whom it is all the same to save by little or much. Do what you can in the strength of God, and leave the result in His hands. Believe, love, fight, be not weary for His name's sake, and you will see the glory of God."

"Now when I heard this voice I could accompany my departed brother to the grave in the conviction that in spite of this the Lord's work in Africa must and will advance. . . . It does not matter if I fail entirely;

the Lord is King, and will carry out His purpose in His own time."

*Kill me if you will but you must
take the consequences*

Soon after the death of his wife Krapf made a journey to land of the Kamba, about 100 miles from Rabai, to establish a further station; but the journey ended in disaster. While he was travelling in company with a friendly chief, a superior force attacked the chief's party. The chief himself was slain, his followers scattered, and the missionary found himself abandoned by friend and foe.

There was nothing left for Krapf to do but to retrace his steps, and after much suffering from hunger and thirst, he at last reached one of the villages of the Kamba in the state of complete exhaustion. He suspected that the villagers had designs upon his life, and so he stole away at night to travel to Yata, but the difficulties of the way, in which he advanced only six miles in three nights, determined him to return to the Kamba village and to surrender to the natives.

"Kill me if you will," he said, "but you must take the consequences."

On the other hand, if they allowed him to live in peace, he promised to give them a portion of the property he had left behind at Yata. To this they agreed, and, after Krapf had reached Yata and made good his promise, he returned to the coast with some men

of the Nika tribe, arriving at Rabai after nine days' travelling, to the great joy of his fellow-laborers, to whom reports of his death had been brought. The following year he paid another visit to Usambara, but war having broken out, he was compelled to return without accomplishing anything toward the establishment of a mission.

Since his health now made another visit to Europe necessary, Krapf left Africa in 1853 for his native land. At this time, he also visited England, bringing to the committee of the Church Missionary Society glowing accounts of the lands through which he had travelled, and telling of the need of missionary work and of its possibilities. He declared that, while the East coast was unhealthy, the plateau country farther to the west had a delightful climate, and the tribes were friendly. He urged that the work of the mission be extended further afield.

Rebmann working along with Ludwig

The name, which is most often associated with Krapf's, is that of Rebmann, who was sent out to join Krapf in East Africa in 1816. He also was a native of Wurtttemberg and had been trained at Basel. When Krapf reported that a door had been opened to him among the Nika near Zanzibar, Rebmann became his helper.

Rebmann felt called to pave the way for missionaries to the people of central Africa,

where at that time a large interior lake was supposed to be. Like many contemporaries Rebmann and Krapf were touched by the enthusiasm of David Livingstone, born in 1812, who travelled to the interior of Africa, opening it up to 'Christianity and commerce', hoping to heal the 'open wound' of slavery and slave-traffic, and to find the enigmatic sources of the Nile.

At a time when Africans were in the shackles of slavery, traditional religions and Islam, Rebmann believed in God's plan for Africa. God's plan, not only for the Swahili, Nika, and Chagga people of Mombasa and its opposite mainland, among whom he worked, but also for the people of Lake Nyasa, more than 2000 kilometres from his Mombasa area. Rebmann never visited the land of the Nyasa people, present-day Malawi. He only had vague ideas about its location and extent. He and his colleague Ludwig Krapf and so many other explorers of his time had to wait for the discoveries of David Livingstone before they could adjust their dreams about one huge interior lake being the source of the Nile, to the reality of a chain of smaller ones, ending in the lakes of Malawi. However, his deficient knowledge and the enormous geographical distance did not prevent God from using Rebmann in the process of preparations for reaching out the Gospel to the people of Lake Nyasa. Rebmann was convinced that God had promised to use him as an instrument for initiating Christianity on the eastern coast and in the interior of Africa.

By the end of his work in Africa, when he had become practically blind, he continued to believe in God's faithfulness. 'God ist getreu' (*God is faithful*), that he wanted to proclaim at all places (*'an allen Orten'*).

In one respect Rebmann was the very opposite of Krapf, who was ten years older than Rebmann. While the older man was restless and energetic, with wonderful plans for the future, Rebmann was of a quiet disposition, but with a great tenacity of purpose. In spite of the great dissimilarity in their natures, the two men were drawn to each other, and Krapf, after two years of lone work, appreciated the presence and help of a fellow laborer very highly.

Whenever Rebmann accomplished an unusually bit of fine work, Krapf was only too glad to give him the full credit for his achievement. Rebmann was particularly interested in the establishment of schools, but although he made some very strong attempts, his success along this line was not very great. It was for this reason that Rebmann consented in a measure to the plans of Krapf, also in making the trip to Chagga in 1848, on which he first saw the snow-covered summit of Mount Kilimanjaro.

He was one of the first to reduce the language of the people of Lake Nyasa (present day Malawi) to writing, and the first to compile a dictionary of it into English. A proliferation of different names, differently spelled,

for the same language has contributed to the relative obscurity of Rebmann's work. He called the language 'Kiniassa', hence his book is entitled, *Dictionary of the Kiniassa Language*. Others have known the language as e.g. Kinyassa, Kinyasa, Kinyanza, Kinyanja, Chinyanja, and Nyanja. After 1968, it became generally known as Chichewa, although the name Chinyanja is still in use, especially in Zambia and Mozambique. For a long time Rebmann's Kiniassa dictionary remained unnoticed for those who knew the language only by other names. However, the origin of the Kiniassa Dictionary, which was printed and published in 1877, shows that Rebmann is one of the earliest fathers of Chichewa lexicography.

Rebmann dies

In 1855, Erhardt left Kenya due to poor health, and took his map with him. It was first published in the *Calwer Missionsblatt* in 1855, and then in the *Church Missionary intelligencer* in 1856.

Rebmann married a fellow missionary, Anna Maria, with whom he spent fifteen years doing missionary work in Africa before her death in 1866, and with whom he had a child (who died only days after his birth).

When Krapf was compelled to leave East Africa because of his health, Rebmann remained in the country, even though the success of his labors was not very great.

Whenever the natives were at war, he was compelled to flee. However, just as soon as peace once more settled in the country, he returned to his station.

When the outward success of his mission work was not in keeping with the labor expended, he devoted himself with all the greater energy to the study of the languages of this part of Africa. He completed a dictionary, which had been started by Ludwig Krapf of the Nika (Mijikenda) language, and a dictionary of Swahili. Rebmann further translated the Gospel of Luke into Swahili.

As time went on, Rebmann finally had the pleasure of gathering a small congregation and of kindling the fire of spiritual life all along the coast. But he had the misfortune of becoming totally blind, a fact which made it necessary for him to resign his charge. He returned to Germany in September 1875 for the first time in 29 years after being persuaded to do so by a fellow missionary who was working in the area.

Rebmann settled in the village of Kornthal near Stuttgart, close to his friend, Ludwig Krapf. Following the advice of Ludwig, Rebmann married the widow of another missionary from India, Louise. The marriage did not last long, as on October 4, 1876, Rebmann died of pneumonia at the age of 56.

Thus was the work established in East Africa, and one might very well apply to the labors of Krapf and his associates the words which

Livingstone sent out into the world when his career came to an end.

On his knees, he died

Krapf had worked in Africa quite steadily from 1838 to 1855. He was again in East Africa from 1861 to 1865, and then from 1866 to 1868. He would have stayed longer in each case, but his health had been undermined, and so he found it necessary to return to Europe in each case, lest he sacrifice himself needlessly. But this does not imply that Krapf was idle during that portion of the last twenty-six years of his life that he spent in Europe. He brought with him several old Swahili manuscripts, including copies of the Book of the Battle of Tambuka, the earliest Swahili manuscript.

His interest in the work of missions was not reduced for a moment. Besides, his evident ability in studying languages was a talent that could not lie idle. Since he had gained the knowledge of African languages and dialects, he felt constrained to use this talent in the interest of the work. He made his home at Kornthal, near Stuttgart, and there he proceeded with his literary labors with only such interruptions as have been indicated above.

The closing scene came on the first Sunday in Advent in the year 1881. During the afternoon of that day, Krapf had said to a friend; "I am so penetrated by the feeling of the

nearness of the Lord's coming that I cannot describe it. He is indeed near; Oh! We ought to redeem the time and hold ourselves in readiness, so that we may be able to say with a good conscience. Yea, come, Lord Jesus, as it will be glorious when our Savior appears as a conqueror, and His enemies have become His footstool. Then shall we both be permitted to see that our work for the Lord has not been in vain."

Krapf spent the evening until 9 o'clock in correcting proofs which had come from the printer, and then, after family devotion, visited his sick wife, leaving her with the words, "(Goodnight, dear mamma; the dear Savior be thy pillow, thy canopy, and thy night-watch." Then, with a loving goodnight to his daughter, he retired to his room and, as was his custom, he locked the door.

When Ludwig Krapf did not appear at his usual hour in the morning, his daughter called him though she received no answer. The fears of the household were aroused, and, when they made their way into the room, they found that he had passed away, as had Livingstone not many years before, while engaged in prayer on his knees. Such was the death of this great missionary-explorer of East Africa.

Peter Cameron Scott

Founder African Inland Mission

“Will you seek a life of self-glory and applause in the entertainment world, or will you dedicate your life to My service?” Peter Cameron Scott heard the voice twice as clearly as if God had taken a man's form.

...will you dedicate your life to My service?

Peter Scott had begun life in 1867, the child of Scottish parents who tried to teach their six children to love God. When Peter was six, two raw unordained Americans preached to a crowd of 3,000 in the City Hall, a few minutes' walk from the Scotts' home in Oswald Street. A teacher described how his dislike of the accent and informality evaporated as soon as he heard Sankey sing 'I am so glad that Jesus loves me'. Moody's preaching brought tears to his eyes. Throughout that year the Bible suddenly became alive to thousands of Scottish people as they discovered the astounding fact that God loves sinners, for they had believed he loved only saints.

The Scott family owned little of this world's goods and life became more difficult when sickness struck Peter's sister Annie. After her death, they decided to emigrate to Philadelphia. They joined a good Presbyterian church, where Peter's fine voice earned him a solo part in the choir and even brought a chance to sing on the stage.

Shortly following this he had an almost unheard of offer for one so young, of \$50 per

week and expenses met, if but consenting to sing upon the stage for public concerts. In a high state of exaltation, not with the thought of becoming prominent in the eyes of people, or attracting attention to himself, but that he might be able in a little way, through the remuneration thus received, to express his appreciation for all his dear parents had so willingly expended upon the cultivation of his voice, he hastened to carry the news home. His disappointment, however, can hardly be expressed when he was met with his parents reacted swiftly, "No son of ours shall use for a worldly purpose what God has given for His glory alone."

As he grew into young manhood, his conscience became a more formidable opponent than his parents become and cornered him one day as he climbed the steps of the Philadelphia Opera House to respond to an advertisement for chorus singers. A small voice seemed to pierce Peter's innermost being: "Will you seek a life of self-glory and applause in the entertainment world, or will you dedicate your life to My service?" Peter Cameron Scott heard the voice twice as clearly as if God had taken a man's form. He responded, "No Lord, I shall never go into such a place again". Soon after this experience, he yielded himself wholeheartedly to God.

The little preacher

Wishing to be independent at the age of sixteen, he took a position in a printer's office,

though he found it daily most humiliating and trying to his ambitious nature. But with a determination to succeed he smothered his pride and did all that was required, and after two years was able to secure what might be regarded as a most excellent opening for any young man.

During that clerkship in this latter office especially, God kept him most true to his principles, never being ashamed to stand up and openly rebuke sin among those who labored with him, and by so doing he acquired the name of "the little preacher." Through the failure of this house he entered another of a similar character, when among the workers there, a spirit of jealousy arose shortly afterwards. Some of the men decided one morning to play a joke upon him by accusing him publicly of stealing a dollar.

All day this miserable joke was kept up. With a speechless feeling of shame to think that anyone coming from such an honorable family as his could be thought guilty of such a charge, towards the evening the tension became so great though old as he was, the tears could not be prevented falling down his face. The men, upon noticing this and perceiving no spirit of retaliation, deeply repented, and confessed their part in the matter, and from that day perfect peace reigned amongst them.

Vowing to serve God

In 1887, at the age of 20, Scott's health became so impaired he was obliged to give up

business, suffering very intensely through a most serious affection of the kidneys, and finally was ordered back to Scotland. Although there was little hope for an ultimate recovery. In fact, he had doubts of ever looking into the faces of his family again as he bade them adieu and sailed away.

One day, kneeling down at the grave of his little sister at Janeville cemetery, weary and sick, after praying awhile, he promised God if his life was spared it should be His for service. From that hour his health began to improve, so that by 1888 he returned to Philadelphia and took up his work once more. But after a little somehow he forgot that vow. Only every now and then this verse of Scripture would keep repeating itself to his mind, "You are not your own, for you were bought with a price. So glorify God in your body." 1 Corinthians 6:19-20. How he longed to have it explained. And yet, though it created within many an anxious thought, the matter was kept buried in his own heart. Once he even tried to erase that text from his testament, thinking thus to quiet his conscience.

Soon his health again began to fail and being unable to attend to business, for nine months was on the invalid list once more. Instead of acting upon the former instincts, he returned to the place he had turned from for the purpose of enlightening himself regarding Christ as "the Healer," and through several conversations held with one of God's dear servants, he was led one night to kneel down in his room with his Bible for a guide,

to search into the possibility of accepting the Holy Spirit as his teacher, and to reign in his heart. By three o'clock that morning he rose, exclaiming, as he often stated since, these words: "The Lord is for the body, and the body for the Lord. Christ is the head of the Church, and He is the Savior of the body." Ephesians 5:23. At that moment the promise made to God in the little Scottish Cemetery came vividly back to remembrance, and once more, but without any reservation, he gave himself up to that God for life or death, and from that moment realized he was indeed no longer his own, but the property of Him whom he loved.

In March of 1889, he first listened to some teaching upon Divine healing, but not being in a spirit for prayerful investigation censured all who accepted this truth, and those who taught it, regarding them as a set of fanatics and deciding to have nothing whatever to do with such people.

As he was recuperating, he developed his idea of establishing a network of mission stations that would stretch from the southeast coast to Africa to Lake Chad.

Because he was unable to interest any churches in the idea (including his own), he captivated several friends in Philadelphia. In 1895 they formed the Philadelphia Missionary Council.

Impatient to start missionary work

During Scott's time of training for the work, he would spend from three to seven hours

daily at his old business, wishing to be responsible for every needed expense. Up at six in the morning starting at his work, though often down in the slums of Mulberry Bend during the night, working for the Master among the very lowest classes.

Instead of continuing the three years' course of training, as at first intended, God having so laid upon him the needs of Africa, he finally, after three weeks' further waiting for light, wrote to his parents in reference to it, giving in detail concerning the special leadings, but feeling at the same time he must also have their approval. The next mail brought a most beautiful letter from his dear mother (who not only had consecrated all her children even before their birth to the Lord for whatever service might bring the greatest glory to His name, but has since gone forth herself with her Godly companion and youngest daughter, to that same dark Continent, to there labor for Christ), the substance of which was, "The day you left home to go to College, going into my room, on my knees, I gave you up more than ever to the Lord, to go wherever He might call you."

This message acted like an inspiration, and the result was the presenting of himself at once with fourteen other students for Africa. After a somewhat lengthy examination he was the only one accepted. From that moment until he sailed, his life was used more than ever in the salvation of many precious souls, up and down town. One or two little incidents might be given out of hundreds. Dur-

ing a short service that was being held in one of the various sub-cellars in the lower part of the city, while others were singing, "Where is my Wandering Boy tonight," he quietly stole up to the side of a young man of about twenty years of age, and asked, "Are you that wandering boy?" The tears started to the fellow's eyes, and a few moments later he was born into the Kingdom, and it was discovered he was none other than the son of a Presbyterian elder, who had wandered away from God, like many boys of his age, step by step, until he had become almost hopeless.

Another night, seated on an old soap-box or deal table, with a crowd of drunken men and women about him, he spent hour after hour explaining in his earnest, straight-forward manner, as he had often done before to them, by the power of the Holy Ghost, the simplicity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, emphasizing the promise that "Whoever believes in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And though invariably listened to by these motley groups with most respectful attention (and who can tell what it will all mean later on for the glory of God?) one night one of the owners of a Cherry Street Dive entered — a very powerful man — and suddenly taking him by force, hurled him through the door, and when landed in the gutter, followed him out with abusive language. In reply, this brave boy simply handed him a tract, stating if he did not care to read it then, he might later on. This only had the tendency of infuriating him the more, and beside himself

with passion, he threatened to injure him badly if he would not leave the place. But when upon being informed that he had a right if he desired to put him off his own property, but had none whatever to interfere with anyone on a public thoroughfare, he was silenced, and this young disciple of God remained for some length of time afterward, distributing tracts from that gutter to everyone who passed by.

Sails for Africa

Africans were dying without knowledge of Christ and something had to be done about this.

In 1889 A.B. Simpson, the remarkable founder of the International Missionary Alliance, accepted Peter Scott into his training college in New York. The following year Simpson ordained him as an Alliance missionary.

November 27th, 1890, in company with his father and mother and sister Margaret, they started from their home in Philadelphia to New York for the final preparations previous to his leaving them, and though it was to the flesh hard to say "Good-bye" to the old home and friends, he felt it was most blessed to give up even those sacred ties with the knowledge of being called of God to go forth as His Messenger. At this time his older brother John — a most Christ-like character — was also preparing himself for the foreign field, and a few months later was looking forward to joining him in Africa.

His older brother John was also preparing himself for the foreign field and a few months later was looking forward to joining him in Africa but recurring fever marred the joys of fellowship. Worse was to come; his brother died, leaving Peter to construct a coffin and dig a grave. He felt very alone in Africa.

As he bowed his head beside John's grave the iron entered his soul. He resolved to give himself completely to the task of taking the gospel to Africa's people. He never mastered the language nor, apparently, led a West African to faith in Christ. Two years after his arrival, he became so ill that he had to be carried to Banana unconscious. It was evident to Peter that he would have to leave Africa himself or die, he was so sick with malaria. He went to England to recover. There he read about the mission work for others. Weak and depressed, he did not see how he could return to Africa.

During one month alone, shortly after this tremendous trial, he held 104 public services, walking over two hundred miles to accomplish this. He laughingly remarked in another letter: "My congregations are very scattered."

In one of these tours for God he gives a most touching description of what was accomplished after having preached Jesus for nearly two hours or more. A very old heathen man, having most attentively listened, came tottering up to where he stood, and

after asking a few most searching questions, became somewhat satisfied that the blood of Jesus could even cleanse away his sins, and while opening his heart to the Savior, closed his conversation by asking with deep pathos, in trembling tones (while the tears were glistening in his eyes): "Why didn't you tell us the story sooner; why didn't you let us know?"

Africa Inland Mission is birthed

Peter's strength returned slowly in London. Kneeling before the tomb of David Livingstone in Westminster Abbey, he read these words: Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring.

After his visit to the Abbey he had plenty of time to ponder the vision which he believed God had revealed. During these six months God especially laid the needs of East Africa upon his heart — night and day he was more or less waiting upon Him for guidance concerning His purpose in so doing, and almost every spare moment was spent in making most careful and prayerful researches as touching the coast and the interior of that part of the country. His thought was, if God so ordered, to open a line of Mission Stations along the mountain regions until reaching the shores of Lake Chad, which was nearly two thousand miles in the interior, in the region of the Sudan, where over ninety million people were still under the superstition of heathenism.

Scott's experience on the west coast convinced him that the east offered the best approach. He saw much unoccupied territory within two hundred miles of the Indian Ocean and could understand those who concluded that the priority lay there. But, comparing the coastal belt with the great untouched interior, he concluded, "We will leave this field to our brethren (the Church Missionary Society, the German Lutheran Mission and the English Methodist Society) and press forward towards the interior."

Scott read all he could about Africa. He became aware of Arab traders up the Nile into Africa's heartlands in search of slaves and converts. The new line of Christian outposts might halt that advance. Fifty years before, Johann Krapf of the Church Missionary Society also wondered how to stop that trade in slaves and wrote, "I used to calculate how many missionaries and how much money would be required to connect eastern and western Africa by a chain of missionary stations."

Studying the rudimentary maps, Scott noticed a mountain range sweeping through east and central Africa in a north-westerly direction towards Lake Chad along the line of his vision. The mountains attracted him for disease took a heavy toll of missionaries' lives in the low-lying areas. By living in the hills they might escape the fatal fevers. He hoped that Africans, more resistant to malaria, could be trained as evangelists and sent to the people on the plains.

He rose with renewed determination and hope. Physically fit again and strengthened by God's marching orders, Scott sailed for Philadelphia to plan the new thrust. His infectious zeal lit up his family, who wanted to get involved. He met an interested group of missionary enthusiasts, including Arthur Pierson and Charles Hurlburt, who not only shared his dream but also enlarged it.

In 1895 they established three organizations: Africa Inland Mission, Pennsylvania Bible Institute and Central American Industrial Mission. Although he surveyed part of Nicaragua in the spring of that year, Scott decided to devote himself wholly to the African venture while the Institute became the home base for the supporting Philadelphia Missionary Council and a school for training lay missionaries.

Back to Africa with a new team

When he went back to Africa, it was with a new team. On this day, October 17, 1895, the men landed at Mombasa, Kenya. Peter did not know it, but he had less than fourteen months to live.

Threading their way through the narrow streets they were jostled by Arabs in white robes, Swahilis wearing red fezzes, Indian women clad in brilliant saris, poor tribesmen wearing next to nothing and jet black slaves. They crossed a narrow strip of water to Frere Town, the training centre which had first served released slaves. Rev. H.K. Burns, welcomed the foreigners.

Safari and sacrifice

Scott had planned to travel inland immediately with the whole party, but he wrote "the Consul General forbid our so doing as the country has been very much disturbed of late by the uprising of a rebel named Mbarak, an Arab chief."

The only European company in town, Smith Mackenzie, offered to arrange transport for any travellers to the mysterious interior. Before dawn on November 11th the firm's drums summoned porters and travellers. The task of gathering 250 men together and linking them to their loads took the whole day. Peter Scott had to leave the three ladies of the party behind in Frere Town. His sister Margaret described her sadness at remaining.

The whole town was in a state of excitement. The loads and porters were scattered here and there, and the boys were flying from place to place. I had quite a nice dinner ready for them but everyone had lost his appetite and they did not do justice to it at all. As they walked down the path to the beach in the darkness and I stood alone at the place where they had been, I felt quite broken-hearted for Oh! I longed to be with them.

If the ladies had expected a quiet period of uninterrupted Swahili study, they were mistaken, for a few nights later they woke to the sound of gunfire. Mbarak was attacking Frere Town. Their hosts advised them to cross to Mombasa Island. "Hurrying through the darkness, meeting armed men at every turn

and unable to distinguish friend from foe, they reached a boat and were taken across in safety”.

Oblivious of the ladies' troubles, the five men were suddenly adjusting to blistered feet and aching limbs, to cruel insects that bit day and night, to perplexing contacts with strange people and to terrifying brushes with wild animals.

Willis Hotchkiss wrote of the night marches through the waterless Tara Desert, While daylight lasted there was the usual chaffing among the porters, as the long black line, like some gigantic worm, crawled slowly through the gathering dusk . . . there was no sound, save an occasional grunt as a weary porter shifted a load from head to shoulder or from shoulder to head . . . one after another would drop his load and, lying down beside it, fall asleep ... we brought up the rear and our job was to rouse the slumbering porters, help them lift their loads and urge them on. It meant death to stay there . . . from thirst or from prowling beasts, for we were now in a region infested by lions.

Malaria struck them hard when they were in sight of their goal, Nzawi Peak. For a week they lay on the rain-soaked ground, alternately shivering and burning, .but one by one we recovered, wobbled about for a while with shaking limbs and giddy heads, and then turned our faces toward the hills'. They had been walking for two months.

Scott stayed long enough at Nzawi to see the four men settled in a temporary grass home

and then set his fever-ridden frame to tramp back to Mombasa. Travelling light he made it in nine days, arriving in time to pick up a rifle and take part in the final rout of Mbarak.

He found Miss Reckling, one of the party, in difficulties. The fierce attack on Frere Town probably unnerved her. After helping her onto a homeward-bound ship, he returned to Nzawi with the other two. Back in Mombasa again in July, Scott welcomed a second party of missionaries which included his parents and another sister, Ina. He now set out to spread his team.

The Wakamba, conditioned to regard every stranger as an enemy, did not embrace the newcomers with open arms. They reacted sometimes as friends, often as foes. Al Sakai chiefs and armed warriors menaced them. Even with no knowledge of the language the missionaries understood the message - move on! The atmosphere was ugly. Scott responded with courage and humour: "I began giving them an exhibition of juggling, tumbling, balancing sticks and axes and knives in various ways, and I soon had them all howling with laughter . . . the handspring evoked much praise." Tension relaxed as the Wakamba responded by walking crab fashion bent over backwards. He added (perhaps allowing his usual cloak of humility to slip), "I was glad to be able to do all they did, and more too."

But Peter had not yet won their hearts. Although they rewarded his display of friendliness with gifts of milk, eggs, bananas and

a chicken, they came back a few days later, heavily armed, to insist that the missionaries depart. He wrote "I promptly told them that since they treated the white man so shamefully, 'I now command every one of them to clear out'". His display of authority impressed them. They departed and at about 2 pm returned with a fine ram and an apology, requesting him to stay and promising anything he might desire.

Peter Scott set himself to befriend both Europeans and Africans. His diplomacy led Sub-Commissioner Ainsworth to offer a fine site and a useful building at Kangundo. The powerful chief, who had recently rebelled against British rule, welcomed him to the new mission station with the gift of a bull and a milking cow. Kangundo, in fertile hill country and free from malaria, sub-sequently became the mission's first ongoing centre.

By the first annual meeting of AIM in October, he had installed missionaries in four locations: Nzawi, Sakai, Kilungu and Kangundo. He reported that he had walked 2,600 miles in the year. Opportunities abounded among the 500,000 Wakamba. "In humble dependence upon our God we have moved steadily forward, no doubt in our blindness making many mistakes for we are still human, like most other people, but we ascribe all praise to Him for anything that has been done which can bring glory to His Name and honour to His cause." None of the team had escaped fever, dysentery or dropsy and a serious affection of the heart and brain, but:

"we have been troubled so little that the attacks are scarcely worth taking notice of".

I want the arm of the Lord of Hosts around me

The attacks could not be ignored for long. He planned to accompany the fever-ridden McLellan Wilson back to Scotland and then proceed to America. But first he needed to make a final visit to Kangundo and on to Kikuyu to prospect for a new centre among that huge tribe. The burden of the lost multitudes weighed heavily.

On November 27th he watched old men sacrifice a goat. They prayed: "O God, send us food and rain, but let famine and sickness go far away. Preserve our cattle and our corn and give us a plentiful harvest . . . O God we love Thee and You love our people". Peter commented in his diary: "They have hazy ideas of God but, O how far from the truth! . . . Can we whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high, can we to men benighted the lamp of life deny? Here am I, use me in life or in death". They were his last written words.

On December 3rd malaria forced him into bed. He began passing the dreaded "black water". Next day, confused by fever, he asked his mother if she was ready to go with him and said "I am only waiting for you". "Let us go then", he mumbled. Mrs Scott humoured him, "Where to, Peter?" "To the eternal city", he gasped and then, raising his arm, he continued with his last breath "I want the arm of the Lord of Hosts around me".

Peter Scott triumphantly entered into the Eternal City on that 4th day of December, 1896 at Nzawi, where he was buried.

Following his death, the remaining missionary force was so immensely demoralised that – within the period of one year, they were scattered due to different reasons. Most of them returned home because of ill health, but a few others resigned from the Mission and took up work elsewhere, either with the government, or with private agencies. In the latter category, a case in point was that of the Mission's Assistant Superintendent, Fred Kreiger, who resigned from the AIM in order to start another missionary enterprise among the Kikuyu to the west.

Depletion of the missionary force

Out of the 14 members of staff who remained after Peter's death, only six were still with the Mission by December, 1897. These were, the Rev. Thomas Allan, Minnie Lindberg, Lester Severn, Jacob Toole, and Willis Hotchkiss. Even this small group was systematically depleted over the next few months. It started with Toole, who was ill and had to return to his home in Canada, but on his way to Mombasa, he died on 31st January, 1898, and was buried near where the Mombasa-Nairobi road meets the Tsavo River. Next, in February of that same year, Mr. Severn left for the USA, and on 4th March, 1898, Rev. Thomas Allan died.

This sad course of events left only three people in the work of the AIM. These were, Hotchkiss, Allan, and Lindberg, but all was not well as both the two ladies were ill, and in consequence of this, weak. After a decision was reached that they should return to America because of ill-health, Hotchkiss left with them on 6th March, to take them to Mombasa from where they would sail homeward. On this occasion, as he faced the frightening prospects of being left alone, he wrote to the home committee of the Mission in the USA, expressing his trepidation, but at the same time asserting his determination to press on with the work, even although alone. With the departure of the two ladies, the only member of the Mission remaining at his post in Kenya was Willis R. Hotchkiss, and as was later pointed out, "and he represented all that was left of the AIM in Africa".

As the number of missionaries decreased, the work was so adversely affected that due to lack of personnel, the missionary stations were closed down one by one until in the end, the only one remaining was that at Kangundo. The first station to be closed was the one at Sakai, in September, 1897, when Hotchkiss moved to Kilungu, with six missionaries left in the field. Then, when Rev. Allan died at Nzawi, that station was closed down, and the two ladies, Mrs. Allan and Miss Lindberg transferred to Kilungu to join Hotchkiss there. After seeing the ladies off at Mombasa, he returned to Ukambani, set-

bled at Kangundo, and eventually abandoned Kilungu).

A period of transition

Hotchkiss was alone from March, 1898, to November of the same year, when two new arrivals joined him. These were, Charles E. Hurlburt, the new General Director of the Mission, and Mr. William C. Bangert. While Hurlburt had only come for a few months to assess the work, Bangert had come to stay. In May, 1899, Hotchkiss resigned from the AIM, intending to return to America to organise a Mission to Kenya by his own denomination, the Friends Church. To this end, he departed from Kangundo, the sole remaining AIM mission station, on 29th June, 1899, and returned to America. This left Bangert as the only AIM missionary to Kenya until reinforcements arrived later that year. This Hotchkiss-Bangert era was a transitional period, separating the beginning uncertain and trying years of the past from the more settled, sure and prosperous years ahead.

The period which Hotchkiss and Bangert remained isolated in the Mission both individually and jointly, was one of the most trying for the people of the central parts of Kenya. From some time in the year 1897, to the early part of 1900, a combination of drought, famine, rinderpest, and smallpox descended on the region, all in epidemic proportions. In the same way in which Hotchkiss had served alone earlier, Bangert was on his

own from the time of the departure of Hotchkiss in June, 1899. The situation improved in October, 1899, when he was joined by two new people, C. F. Johnston and Elmer Bartholomew.

Because Bangert's health was failing, as soon as Johnston and Bartholomew were settled and established in the work, it was arranged that Bangert should return to the USA. In later years, although he desired to go back to Kenya, he was not allowed to since his health problems persisted. Around the same time that Bangert left for the USA, Lester Severn, who was in the original group of 1895, but who had gone back to the USA in 1898 due to illhealth, now returned to Kenya, this time in the capacity of Field Superintendent.

As the effects of the famine continued to be felt, many children were left without parents and became orphans. To help alleviate the suffering of these children, the three bachelors, Severn, Johnston and Bartholomew started an orphanage where they were soon in charge of 25 orphans.

Reinforcements and transfer to Kijabe

The earlier perseverance of Hotchkiss and Bangert, in turns, paid off when the missionary staff level improved considerably in 1901. Already by then, the Mission had Severn, Johnston, and Bartholomew. Now, those arriving included Hurlburt's family of seven, together with Rev. and Mrs. Lee H. Downing,

Miss Emily Messenger, and Dr. John Henderson. They travelled by railway from Mombasa and disembarked at Athi River. From there, they walked to the headquarters of the Mission at Kangundo, where they arrived by the Christmas of 1901. This meant that since 1897, this was the first time that the number of the missionary staff had exceeded six, and yet, there were more on the way. Although he visited Kenya briefly in 1898, and finally came there to stay in 1901,

Hurlburt was the General Director of the AIM since 1897, and remained in that capacity until 1925.

Once the Mission and its work stabilised following the arrival of the large group of 1901, two issues occupied the attention of the Mission's leadership.

One of these was the need to open new stations and expand once more. The other was that of finding a more suitable location than Kangundo for establishing the headquarters of the Mission. Among the issues which featured prominently in this search was that of the overall accessibility and the allied nearness to Nairobi. When the final decision was made, it was Kijabe, about 7,000 feet high, and to the west of Nairobi, which was chosen, largely because of its proximity to the railway line. With the decision made, Hurlburt moved there in early July, 1903, and was joined there by his family on 10th August. Towards the end of that same month, two new recruits, John Stauffacher and George Rhoad arrived at Kijabe. By this time, plans were already un-

derway for an AIM missionary staff conference. Stauffacher and Rhoad worked hard to help Hurlburt to prepare for this first Kijabe missionary conference, which took place on September 10-13, 1903. In a sense, it heralded the new era of progress, expansion, and stability in the AIM.

Mutira mission

The Mutira mission started by one Rev AW McGregor and his team began by opening of the Kabete centre in 1900, the Weithaga centre in 1904, the Kahuhia in 1906 and Tumu Tumu in 1906 (later taken over by Presbyterians); Mutira was set to start after Tumu Tumu in 1907-1908.

It refers to the area covering the entire Kirinyaga Central, Kirinyaga West and Mwea West districts of Kirinyaga County, together with Mbeere West of Embu County in the central region of Kenya. This area was evangelised by European missionaries from the United Kingdom, of the Church Missionary Society (hereafter CMS) in the first half of the 20th century. It is here that the CMS established a centre at Njumbi village, otherwise called Mutira in November 1912.

After passing through Mutira in 1907-08, and subsequently identifying the place

where they ultimately established a mission centre, McGregor and his missionary caravan moved on to Kabare and Kigari-Embu in 1908-09 and by 1910 managed to open the latter centres.

Despite difficulties, the missionaries significantly changed the socio-religious lifestyles of the local people.

Thomas M Meero (1874-1964) - The pioneer black missionary in Central Kenya

Thomas Meero came from Taveta District in the present-day Taita-Taveta County. He was a trained brickworker/carpenter, who was first invited to the church ministry of Church Missionary Society by Rev AW McGregor, the team leader. In turn, McGregor had hired him to build his houses as he opened various centres in central Kenya – where members of the Kikuyu community reside. Since the Mutira Anglican Centre began as an outstation of Weithaga Mission in Fort Hall District, the CMS team operated from there as they opened it. They also operated from Weithaga Station as they opened the Kabare and Kigari centres. In turn, Mutira (and Kirinyaga County as a whole) was then part of the Mbiri administrative district of the protectorate government since 1895, and later a British colony from 1920 to 1963. Mbiri was later renamed Fort Hall District in 1901 after the death of the first District Commissioner, Lt Francis C Hall.² Fort Hall was renamed Murang'a in 1963.

According to Sanderson Beck, John Boyes established a trading network in central Kikuyuland with the help of Karuri of the *Metumi* people (referring to inhabitants of the former Mbiri District), in 1898. Francis Hall selected a site for a fort at Mbiri in 1900. Late in 1902, the third fort in Kikuyuland was built at Nyeri. In 1904, the British fought the Ndia, Gicugu and Embu peoples, defeated them, and established Embu Station in 1906.

Thomas Meero also witnessed the brutal British conquest of central Kenya under Captain Richard Henry Meinertzhagen (1878-1967), where in 1904 an estimated 797 residents from Fort Hall, Ndia and Gicugu and 250 inhabitants of the Embu lands were killed. It is ironic that after this expedition Meinertzhagen penned his prophetic words in his diary entry for 18 March 1904:

I am sorry to leave the Kikuyu, for I like them. They are the most intelligent of the African tribes [sic] that I have met; therefore they will be the most progressive under European guidance and will be the most susceptible to subversive activities. They will be one of the first tribes [sic] to demand freedom from European influence and in the end cause a lot of trouble. And if white settlement really takes hold in this country it is bound to do so at the expense of the Kikuyu, who own the best land, and I can foresee much trouble.

As the colonial expeditions were taking place and forts getting established, Thomas Meero and other members of McGregor's missionary team concurrently continued with their missionary tasks. In light of this, Meero first reached Mutira via Fort Hall in 1907-08. As noted, he was part of McGregor's missionary team that came to survey the land where the Mutira Mission centre was to stand later. After the construction of the first grass-thatched Mutira church in October 1912, Meero, the pioneer black missionary in central Kenya, was first stationed in the neighbouring Kabare Mission centre.

In 1915, Meero left Kabare Mission and joined Mutira Mission as a full-time church worker. He was appointed church catechist/evangelist, where he reportedly served remarkably well. Within the first five months of his appointment, the number of students at the Mutira primary school rose from 14 to 40. Sadly, not much is known about his extended family in Taveta where he was born – over 800 kilometres from the Mutira Mission centre. In view of this, pertinent questions beg to be answered: Did they convert to Christianity with him in the early days? Was he keen to keep in contact with his lineage in Taveta? As a matter of fact, he settled permanently at the Mutira Mission centre, where he was buried upon his death, in 1964, in the church compound.

According to Meero's nephew, Joseph Mwangi wa Gatimu, Meero never returned to settle

in his ancestral land, Taveta, on the border-line of Tanzania and Kenya, from 1900 till his death in 1964. He however made three short visits to his kin at Taveta. In particular, he visited them during the great famine of 1918 (*Ng'aragu ya Thika* or "the Thika death") that had hit the country. The 1918 famine was caused by locust invasions of the farms where they ate all the plants in the area surrounding Mutira. In turn, this forced Meero to return to his ancestral land, Taveta, to look for food so as to feed his fellow mission workers at Mutira. Once they brought food from Taveta to Mutira, Meero's team went on with the mission work. Shortly after, heavy harvests were experienced in the area surrounding Mutira pastorate.

From Mutira in 1908, Meero with a team of European missionaries left for Kigari-Embu via the Kabare Mission centre. Mutira Mission could in fact have been established in as early as 1908, but because of the delay caused by land transactions and resistance by the locals, mission work had to start much later. Reportedly, the buying of land was completed in 1911, though work on setting up the church can be said to have started in earnest in November 1912, when the first resident European missionary, Rev Brandon Laight, was posted there.

Meero first entered mission work in Moshi, in today's Tanzania, in June 1890. As noted earlier, his ancestral home, Taveta, is situated on the Kenyan side of the border with

the Republic of Tanzania. Characteristically, a person on the border could visit either side of the border, provided he or she could find greener pastures in the respective areas. As it was Meero went to Moshi, Tanzania, and joined the Church Mission Society (CMS), which had already established a mission centre there. At Moshi Mission he was educated up to Standard Five. He also learnt carpentry and general construction work.

From these interactions with McGregor's team, he became very close to the European missionaries who had camped on the Taveta side of the Kenyan border. This friendship developed after their constant meetings during the weekends and holidays as Meero would from time to time visit his homestead at Taveta, where he would impress the European missionaries with his good command of the English language. In turn, the European missionaries saw a literate African who could be hired in the ongoing construction work. Upon his completion of studies and subsequent return to Taveta in 1892, McGregor urged him to join them as a member of the missionary staff. This ultimately happened. Certainly, it was unusual for missionaries to engage a black African, especially in the earlier period of the history of Christianity in Kenya and anywhere in Africa.

Marital challenges

In early 1900, Thomas Meero married a Taveta lady by the name Jessie Mbee. This

happened just as they were about to leave Taveta Mission to begin the first mission centre in central Kenya, namely Kabete in today's Kiambu County. Upon her marriage, Jessie became, by a confluence of history, part of McGregor's missionary team. She thus "enjoyed" her honeymoon in the course of their travels. After establishing Kabete Mission in 1900, they moved to Weithaga in Fort Hall District, currently called Murang'a County, in 1904. As fate would have it, Mbeele did not bear children with Meero. The lack of children from an African perspective was problematic to Meero as Africans attach much value to children. As such, this must have troubled them greatly, despite their Christian background. Indeed, the indigenous African society viewed childlessness as a punishment from God, probably after staid misdemeanour on the part of the couple. To this end, Jesse Mugambi says:

Procreation was very important in the African concept of marriage. A marriage in which children were not born was considered to be problematic, and sometimes a bride might be returned to her parents for such a reason. Polygamy was potentially allowed by custom, especially if earlier marriage did not produce children, or if the children born in earlier marriage were only girls. The birth of boys was considered very important, both for inheritance and for the defence of the community. It was also important as the means to perpetuate and expand family and clan.

As Meero and the European missionary team moved from Taveta to Kikuyu (1900), then from the Kikuyu centre to Weithaga (1904), from Weithaga to Mutira (1907-8) and from Mutira (1908-9) to Kabare and Kigari (1909), Jessie Mbeele accompanied the team. In fact, they lived in church compounds, as Meero was always termed as a black missionary who deserved the status befitting that of his European counterparts. To this end, Mbeele stands out distinctly as a fighter who worked hand-in-hand with her husband to liberate the people of central Kenya from harsh superstition, ignorance, disease and poverty. As her bones lie in an unmarked grave, probably in the Taveta District of Taita Taveta County, Mbeele remains an evangelist of the vast land of central and some eastern parts of Kenya. Her voice remains suppressed, but boldly written, probably, in God's register.

Even though her biological womb hosted no child to Meero and society at large, her ecclesiastical role bore more "spiritual" children than the couple could have ever had biologically.

Really, the mere reality that she supported Meero's ministry during the turbulent days of African Christianity in the early 1900s speaks volumes regarding her spiritual offspring. She thus became the unspoken mother of the unnamed spiritual children who were eventually born after the couple "touched" the places they visited. Because of her efforts, the inhabitants of these places were no longer in darkness; rather education,

Christianity, politics, businesses, good tarmac roads and infrastructural developments of the 21st century, among other things, are the by-products of this labour.

While at Kigari in 1910, Jessie Mbeele and Thomas Meero adopted a girl child. As they built various centres, they took her along to the Mutira Mission centre upon settling there in 1915.

During the great famine of 1915 in Taveta and other coastal parts of Kenya, Meero's niece, Edda Tundulu, left for Nairobi via the newly constructed Uganda railway (1896-1901), to look for her missionary uncle, whom she hoped could provide relief to her biting hunger. Upon reaching the Kabete Mission centre, she was surprised to learn that Meero had already left about ten years earlier. She was taken to Mutira in 1915 where Meero had just secured a full-time job as evangelist.

At the time, Edda, who was born in 1900, was about 15 years old. Thomas and Jessie brought her up just as they would have done their own biological child. Since she was physically small, she was renamed Edda Kanini (Kanini among the locals meant "The Small One") and was educated at the Mutira primary school up to Standard Four. She later married Nderi wa Kamindara in 1927 but later divorced after bearing four children.

After her divorce, Edda Tundulu went back to live with her uncle, Thomas Meero, who

in turn educated her four children. At school, their surname was Meero, though their biological father was Nderi wa Kamindara. Edda was fluent in Kiswahili and the local Ndia-accented Kikuyu language and was a committed member of the local Emmanuel Church of Mutira.

At the time of her death in 1991 Edda was living in the crowded Kagumo slum village and was buried in the church compound alongside her Uncle Meero. According to Edda's grandson, Joseph Mwangi Gatimu, Edda was a dedicated Christian, a Mother's Union member, and an established member of the East African Revival Fellowship until her death at the age of 91, in 1991.

Little is known about the whereabouts of Meero's adopted child from the Kigari Mission centre. However, according to Edda's grandson Mwangi Gatimu (interview 20 November 2012), she left Meero's house after a bitter difference with Jessie Mbeele. Reports have it that she left for the Gichugu division of Kirinyaga County, in the neighbouring Kabare Mission, where she married during her teenage years.

After staying at Mutira Mission for about ten years (1915-1925), Mrs Jessie Mbeele expressed her desire to return to their ancestral land, Taveta. This caused tension, disagreement and general disharmony in the house. Coupled with the fact that they had no children of their own, save for the adopted girl

child and Meero's niece, Jessie and Meero's relationship, as husband and wife, deteriorated from good to bad. In turn, this led to Mbeele's abandonment of her matrimonial home and subsequent return to Taveta where they had originally come from. Consequently, this marital disharmony complicated Thomas Meero's church ministry.

Apparently, his fellow church members isolated him. Thereafter, he was seen as "a divorced lay church minister" who did not deserve to work for the church. As a "wayward" brother who had "divorced his wife", Meero's previous training teachings began to work against him. His former students, turned church elders, felt he no longer had moral authority to stand as a servant of the Lord in the sacred ministry where family stability was a supreme requirement.

Weighed down by these saddening developments, Meero was forced to go to the Supreme Court of Kenya in Mombasa, in 1932, and file a divorce case in order to terminate his marriage to Jessie Mbeele. This request was granted in 1933 after he successfully convinced the court that their marriage was nonexistent, as Jessie had already deserted their matrimonial home, injuring him professionally in the process. He effectively convinced the court that granting the divorce was the only way that could allow him to remarry and thereby get back his job as the evangelist in the Mutira church.

In 1934, Meero married Milkah Kabuci, a Kikuyu from the Mutira area with wedding vows taking place in Embu Town. His best man was Hosea Mbui wa Ndegwa and the best lady was Esther Muthoni Mbui. Like Jessie before her, Milkah Kabuci did not bear any child. Milkah lived with Meero for 30 years (1934-1964). Born in 1905 and dying on 5 October 2009, Milkah lived for 104 years.

Meero's death

Thomas Mero finally died on 15 November 1964 and was laid to rest in the church compound in a grave near the Mutira nursing home that is currently under construction. Rev J Muturi conducted the burial ceremony. Although Meero had problems with his marriage, the church which he co-founded honoured and gave him a hero's burial within the church compound.

**John William Arthur
(1881 – 1952)**

Alliance of Protestant Missions

John William Arthur was the son of John W. Arthur, a Glasgow businessman of Firm evangelical Christian convictions. Arthur wanted to be a missionary from an early age. He was educated at Glasgow Academy and Glasgow University from which he graduated with a Bachelor of Medicine and Surgery in 1903. He graduated with the Doctor of Medicine degree in 1906. He was ordained (following a special short course in theology) as a minister of the Church of Scotland in 1915 and was married in 1921.

Medical missionary to Kenya

Arthur was appointed to the post of medical missionary at the Kikuyu Mission, British East Africa (Kenya), in 1906, arriving at the mission on 1 January 1907. He opened the mission's first hospital and became involved with its evangelistic and educational began work on the first school on the Kikuyu Mission Station within six weeks of his arrival in Kenya. One of the many Africans influenced by Arthur and the mission was Jomo Kenyatta, who was a student at the mission station school.

Arthur performed surgery on Kenyatta, when the later was still known as Johnstone Kamau. Kenyatta was a student in his early years in the mission, but the church demanded that if he went on to secondary school that he should join the church,

but Kenyatta refused and became a clerk in Nairobi. In later years, Kenyatta spoke warmly of the Kikuyu Mission station as the pioneer centre of Kenyan education.

Arthur's zeal and capacity for work led to him being honoured by the Kikuyu with the tribal name Rigitari ("Doctor").

Mission leader

Arthur succeeded Henry E. Scott as head of the mission on Scott's death in 1911 and served in that capacity until 1937. After a short course of theological study, he was ordained in 1915 and increasingly concentrated on ministerial matters rather than medical practice. He oversaw the mission during a period of notable growth: when he joined the mission staff, there were no baptised Christians among the Kikuyu people; by the time of his retirement, the membership of the Christian community in Kikuyu numbered nearly 11,000. The rapid growth in membership necessitated the building of the Church of the Torch which was completed between 1927 and 1933. The Church of the Torch is still one of the largest and most influential congregations within the Presbyterian Church of East Africa today.

Alliance of Protestant Missions is formed

Arthur came to be accepted as one of the foremost spokesmen of missionary opinion in East Africa and worked enthusiastically

for inter-mission co-operation. From 1907, an idea had been advanced to start a "missionary alliance". Following several initial efforts at forging missionary co-operation, Arthur arranged for a conference to take place at Kikuyu in 1913 for discussions on this subject. Subsequently, the Alliance of Protestant Missions was formed, although not until 1918, due to the intervention of the First World War. Arthur served as leader of the Alliance for several years. The Alliance was the forerunner of today's National Council of Churches of Kenya.

Championing education for Africans

Many colonialists were opposed to allowing Africans any education beyond the most basic level, taking the view that Africans were incapable of benefitting from education. Others felt that it was best only to give African Kenyans just enough education to make them useful as labour. Arthur strongly opposed this attitude. He believed that Kenyans (and indeed all Africans in British colonies) should be given access to primary, secondary and tertiary education. In the 1920s, he was prominent in the leadership of a group of missionaries and others who succeeded in convincing education not only for Kenyans, but also for Africans in all the colonies. Thus, in many ways, Arthur is one of the fathers of education in the whole continent of Africa.

The opening up of education to Africans naturally opened up all manner of possibilities for new institutions at Kikuyu. The Alliance of Protestant Missions initially hoped to start a medical college at the mission station. The colonial Medical Department objected to such an idea, so the Alliance determined to create a high school instead. From the early 1920s, Arthur had worked untiringly for the establishment of the school, often alone and often without missionary or government backing. In 1929, the high school was established, known as Alliance High School, and run under the auspices of the Alliance of Protestant Missions. Arthur served on the Board of Governors for the next 11 years, as well as being Secretary to the Board for one term of office and chairman of the board for two terms of office. Alliance High School soon became the premier African boys' school in Kenya. At the time of Kenyan independence in 1963, 10 of the 17 cabinet ministers in Jomo Kenyatta's government were AHS alumni.

Arthur's later life

Arthur devoted his last years in Kenya to building up indigenous church leaders, for the day that the church would become fully independent of missionaries. He retired in April 1937 and acted for a period as personal assistant at the Church of Scotland.

He returned to Kenya briefly in 1948 for the jubilee celebrations of the Church of Scotland.

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About the author

Eddie was called to ministry at 14 and started ministry when he was 15 years of age.

He is an Apostle, author church historian, researcher studying revivals in Africa and Asia. He models the way Dr. Roberts Liardon writes, presents and researches in his God's Generals.

He was ordained into the healing ministry by Dr. Daniel King.

He is the pioneer of Africa God's Generals research project. The purpose of this project is to documenting stories of ministers of God who have laid a standard for others to follow both in Africa and Asia. Their stories will be helpful in kindling fire for ministry among next generation of ministers.

Currently, he fellowships with Christ's Heart Ministries International, a church pastored by Bishop Isaiah Mbuga.

You can follow him on facebook: Africa God's Generals