

Crawford has marched, suddenly, into the clearing of the King's presence.

"Mavingo, Dan."—"Justification!")

"Kanyama, Mwane." (Only a tiny animal.)

Only a life time hidden away in the African bush. Only a life time of consistent seeking for souls. Only hundreds of those African souls saved by the blood of Christ. Only African churches founded and established. Only the whole Bible translated into a foreign tongue. Only a **kanyama!**

Dan Crawford's accomplished work was "just a tiny animal." He had expected to do more, much more. In these last years, many a time he discussed with me the work that he had hoped still to do for God in Central Africa. "And you, dear old boy," he would say, "you must be my Timothy."

About Dan Crawford there was no "shouldering the crutch to show how fields were won." His slogan for 1926 was "Hats off to the past, coats off to the future."

I met him first—it was in my imagination—when I was six years old. He had married my father's sister, Miss Grace Tilsley of Bath. The stories of "Uncle Dan" constantly heard in childhood constituted to me a definite call to go to Luanza as a doctor to lend a hand. "The dominant wish comes true."

Now, after twenty years of forward looking, at last here we are in the train rattling into Elizabethville whence we are to start on our long march to Luanza. It is nearly midnight. Uncle Dan is to meet us. We draw to a standstill, but he is not there. We wait nearly an hour for him. And the reason? There can be one only—and that Dan Crawford's rule of life. The Gospel first. "Give me the Gospel to the whole world," he often said, "and you can have all the rest." At that late hour of the African night and in that devil-darkened mining town of Elizabethville, he had been busy about his primary business—**preaching the Gospel.** Always that came first with him. He made it a rule never to let the day close without having dealt individually with at least one soul. No one ever came into contact with him and went away without the Gospel. This I saw to be so during the years that followed, while we lived

with him in Luanza during the last years of his faithful life of bush-Gospel.

The gift of tongues was upon him. As a translator, his work was preeminent. Not a few Africans have said to me "Konga Vantu!" ("Gatherer of the People" was his native name). "That one, does he not know more about our language than we do ourselves?" Of the New Testament, when it was read in their hearing, they would exclaim, "Our own tongue, verily our own, own tongue!"

Sometime ago the National Bible Society of Scotland published a revision he had made of his former New Testament. When the first of those beautiful red New Testaments with their splendid illustrations arrived in Luanza, his excited joy and his thankfulness in God were delightful to see. His manuscripts of the Old Testament are complete. They have still to be printed. \$10,000 would produce the edition and crown his life's work. "The whole Bible in every hut of the land" was his great objective.

The morning came, under the hot African sun, when, for the last time, we scrambled with him down the cliff to the shore of Lake Mweru. We were off to England; the Old Testament was to be engineered through the press. All the way down he talked plans for our future work together when, the Old Testament printed, we should have returned to Luanza.

The Lady of Luanza, his noble wife, was there. Miss Bryde from Australia was there. They edged toward the dug-out till they were standing in the water. With yearning he kissed each of our three children and they were carried abroad. We gripped hands as we said: "Good-bye—Good-bye. Till we meet!"

The African sun shone on his white hair as he bared his head. The wavelets of Lake Mweru lapped his feet. Round him were crowded his beloved Lubans. The paddlers began their endless chant. The canoe began to dance across the shallows. The sturdy upstanding figure of Uncle Dan, dearly loved figure in the knickerbocker suit, grew smaller and smaller and we caught our last glimpse

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