

in England, to which country he went after his physical strength could no longer respond to the suggestions of his gigantic intellect and the motions of his iron yet Christ-like will.

Such were the men who were destined to play an important part in the future work of bearing the Gospel torch into some of the dark spots of darkest Africa.

At that time the master mind of Livingstone was being expended upon that vast and gloomy territory. In 1856 the great explorer, after having laboured for sixteen years in Africa, suddenly appeared in England and, of course, became at once the hero of the hour. He appealed powerfully to England on behalf of Africa, and some enthusiasm, though not to any very great extent, was aroused. Though a Presbyterian, Livingstone felt the power and ancient status of the Church of England, and appealed to her universities for that help which he felt she should give as a powerful branch of the Church of Christ. In 1858 he returned to Africa somewhat crestfallen, as his mission seemed to have accomplished but little. Still he had left a spark of enthusiasm in England which was destined to be fanned into a flame. Dr. Gray, Bishop of Capetown, a man of apostolic zeal and fervour, visited England to keep alive the spark which Livingstone had kindled. The result was that in 1859 a meeting was held in Cambridge which led to the formation of a mission to Central Africa.

Strange to say, at that very time, quite unannounced and unexpected, Archdeacon Mackenzie arrived in England from Africa. He had gone there to advise with the home authorities before starting, what he felt ought to be done at once, a special mission to Zululand, and he found that the very society he could have wished for had been formed as if ready for him. Here, then, was the work, and here was the man. The work was that suggested by Livingstone; the man was Charles Frederick Mackenzie, and in every way he seemed thoroughly qualified for it. He was a ripe scholar and popular in his university. To a spirit naturally inclined to missionary work he was now able to add an experience sufficient to promise great usefulness in the future. He had acquired something of the language of South Africa, and knew pretty well the customs of the people, and besides he had wonderful faith in God, so humble and childlike as sometimes to be amusing, and so profound and sincere as to win for him the admiration of all.

The missionary meeting referred to was a large and enthusiastic one. Grand speeches were made, and many boastful things said about the prospects of future triumphs for the Church of God—all so easy to talk about and yet sometimes so difficult to achieve. It was easy for men living in sunny England, far away from the darkness of heathenism, to talk of the grand

work that was about to be done, but Mackenzie, fresh from the field itself, having been face to face with the foe, could not share altogether the enthusiasm of the hour. In the depths of his own humility he whispered to a friend, "I am afraid of this. Most great works have been carried on by one or two men in a quieter way and have had a more humble beginning."

Little did this good soul know at the time how bitterly this prophecy was to be fulfilled. But at all events Mackenzie was the hero of the hour. For nine months he travelled over England, speaking for missionary objects and winning, if not entire enthusiasm for the cause he advocated, at least deep admiration for himself and the work he had undertaken. A man of strong physical power, who had held his own in all manly sports and athletic exercises, commended himself and his undertaking to the ordinary English mind, and this, coupled with a deep spirituality of heart, had much influence with those who were full of Christian sympathy and love.

He left for Africa in October, 1859, and was consecrated on January 1st, 1860, "Bishop of the mission to the tribes dwelling in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa and River Shire"—a title long enough to indicate far more work than the great and good man was allowed to accomplish.

The newly consecrated bishop lost no time in starting for his allotted work. He had with him a small staff, clerical and lay, and with them a labourer and three native converts that had been trained at Capetown. They made their way to the mouth of the Zambesi, and there, at Kongone, they met Livingstone, on whom, it is needless to say, they relied greatly for advice and guidance; but, strange to say, the sagacity of the great explorer seemed to fail him, and the steps advised by him proved singularly unfortunate. He had at the time, for his own use, a small steamer called the *Pioneer*, which had been lent to him by Her Majesty's Government, and this he gladly placed at the disposal of the bishop and his party, with directions to take the River Roovooma, along which, by a south-west course, they might reach Lake Nyassa. But the river proved too shallow for the amount of water drawn by their boat, and they found that after three weeks' hard steaming they had only gone thirty miles; but at length, on May 1st, they began to ascend the Zambesi, and here the *Pioneer* had a better chance, but only for a time, for after a nine days' voyage they began again to encounter shallow water. The account of this voyage is full of interest, but at the same time sad enough. At intervals they had to stop and turn out into the woods to cut fuel for the steamer, which in itself would perhaps have afforded but amusement and diversion for them were it not for the deadly fever which in Africa