

glad to have a teacher, and called out his head wife to hear the news.

Bernard started very well as teacher at Maguendi's place. He built his hut, and the chief sent his brother-in-law, and one of the indunas (or head men) sent his son to live with Bernard and be taught by him. There were two white troopers at the station belonging to the Chartered Company, and they made friends with him. On September 15, 1891, the Bishop paid him a visit, and dedicated his hut, and had a long talk with him. Then the Bishop had to go away and leave Bernard to live alone among these wild heathen people, no one to help him. One of the missionaries wrote in 1894 :—

"We intend giving the next six to eight months to the study of the language. It is generally allowed that Bernard, our catechist, is the best Mashona scholar there is. We are undertaking very cautiously the translation of the New Testament into Mashona." Bernard, the poor Bagagwambe boy, knew how to write Mashona better even than the English; he had the gift of languages.

The next year Archdeacon Upcher writes :— "I got a nice note from Bernard (catechist) to-day. He says: 'I wished for the Archdeacon to come down and have a talk with Maguendi about building a teaching house. The people are looking up. I get them from every direction. On Sundays the place is full of them, especially Maguendi's chief wife; she never neglects our Sunday.'"

Shortly afterwards the Rev. Douglas Pelly wrote :—

"Next afternoon, after a long hot walk, we got to Maguendi's, and had a warm greeting from Bernard and the people who are living at his station. There I stayed a couple of days, seeing Bernard's gardens, catechising his people, and paying a long visit to Maguendi.

"Bernard has worked well, and I found three men and three women, all anxious to be 'made Christians.'"

We had a happy Christmas, but a storm was gathering. A terrible cattle disease called rinderpest swept over the country, followed by the locusts. The fierce, wild Matabele, not understanding their troubles or the commands of their white conquerors, listened to the evil advice of their witch doctors, and the second Matabele war began, which is not yet quite ended. The Mashonas also joined in, and many a terrible deed was done. At Maguendi the witch doctors hated Bernard because he taught the people what was good. They knew that if the people listened they would soon not believe in them any longer, and on Tuesday, August 20, came a telegram flying to England to say that it was believed that Bernard had

been murdered at Maconi. It was too true. His fortune is the crown of martyrdom. He has laid down his life for the Saviour to whose work he had dedicated himself. He was one of the first to be attacked when Maguendi and his people broke out into rebellion.

The attack was quite sudden, and in a very few minutes Bernard, hacked about with spears and axes, was left for dead, and Mutkwa his wife taken a prisoner to the chief's kraal. But she must have thought that her husband was not quite killed, for as soon as it was dark, she escaped from the village and went down to where Bernard lay, and to her joy found he was still alive. Soon she had dragged him into the bush, brought water and washed his wounds, and given him food to eat, and before morning was back in the village, as she hoped, unnoticed.

For five nights she managed to reach the place where Bernard was hidden and to tend him. But on the last evening she was watched and followed, and suddenly the hiding place was surrounded by men, who quickly ended poor Bernard's sufferings with blows from their axes and knives.

Report says that the brave Mutkwa is still alive, and that within the last few weeks she has had a son, but of this there will be no certainty till the war is over. Bernard, so cruelly murdered, will never be forgotten by his many friends, and though he is dead his work and the influence of his life will live on, and many a future worker in the Mashonaland Mission will draw inspiration from the noble life and example of the native martyr, and the bravery of his wife, who so willingly risked her own life in her fruitless attempt to save her husband.

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Times of suffering are also times of spiritual growth; and so while we tell of the martyrs' death of the catechist from a far distant part of Africa, who laid down his life for Christ in Mashonaland, we can, on the same page tell of the first baptism in that land. The Missionary thus tells us his happy story:

"It was a happy party that set out one morning last June, towards the river close to the village of Umtali, in Mashonaland; for they were going to reap the first fruits of God's harvest in that dark heathen country. Shoniwha Kapuya, who had for four years shown his sincerity and real desire to become a Christian, was at last to be admitted into Christ's Church, and as the party marched along, many a prayer was offered that the new convert might have strength given him to keep the solemn vows he was about to make, and many a prayer too that he would be but the first of a great and ever increasing number of Mashonas to be won for Christ. At last the