

# MISSIONARY HEROES COURSE

LIFE STORIES OF GREAT MISSIONARIES FOR  
TEEN AGE BOYS

ARRANGED IN PROGRAMS

---

---

## FRANÇOIS COILLARD

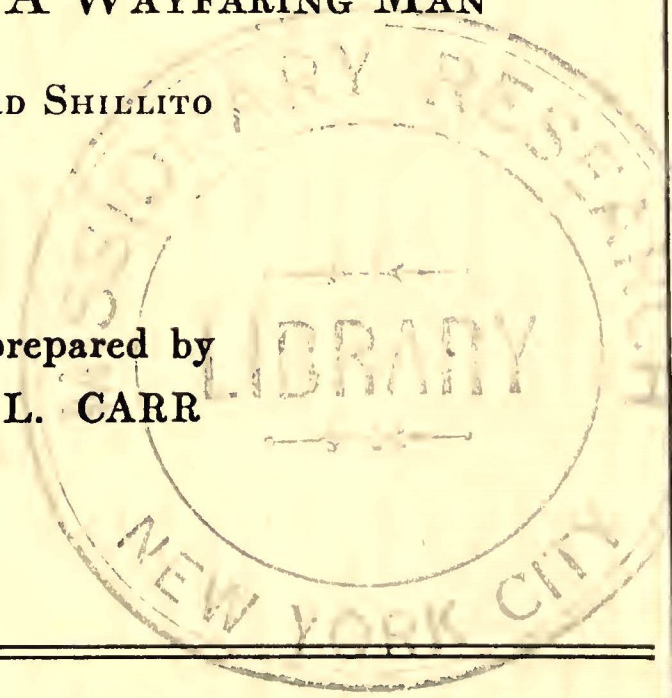
Pathfinder on the Upper Zambezi

SOURCE BOOK

“FRANÇOIS COILLARD, A WAYFARING MAN”

*By* EDWARD SHILLITO

Program prepared by  
FLOYD L. CARR



---

---

BAPTIST BOARD OF EDUCATION  
DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONARY EDUCATION  
276 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

# FRANÇOIS COILLARD

*Pathfinder on the Upper Zambezi*

SOURCE BOOK

“FRANÇOIS COILLARD, A WAYFARING MAN”

By EDWARD SHILLITO

BAPTIST BOARD OF EDUCATION  
DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONARY EDUCATION  
276 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

## O U T L I N E

	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY STATEMENT .....	2
PROGRAM FOR MEETING .....	3
LIFE SKETCH .....	4
LIFE INCIDENTS .....	7

*Programs based upon "FRANÇOIS COILLARD, A WAYFARING MAN"*  
*by EDWARD SHILLITO*  
 Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

### FOREWORD

THE *Missionary Heroes Course* for Boys meets a real need. It is a series of missionary programs for boys based on great biographies which every boy should know. Courses Number One, Two and Three are now available, each providing programs for twelve months, which may be used in the monthly meetings of boys' groups. Other courses are in preparation and will be issued for subsequent years.

It is suggested that the leader purchase two copies of each booklet; one to be kept for reference and the other to be cut up to provide each boy with his assigned part. Some may prefer to purchase one booklet and typewrite the parts for assignment. In order to tie together the life incidents as they are presented by the boys, the leader should master the facts outlined in the biographical sketch and read carefully the volume upon which the program is based. These volumes are missionary classics and may be made the basis of a worthwhile library of Christian adventure.

Boys are keenly interested in stories of adventure and achievement and it is hoped that participation in the programs will lead many of the boys to read these great missionary biographies. Attention is called to the thirty-five other life-story programs now available for Courses Number One, Two and Three, listed on the last page. The books upon which these programs are based may be loaned through public libraries or purchased from the American Baptist Publication Society and other book-selling agencies.

Portraits of these missionary heroes are also available for purchase at fifteen cents a copy or \$1.50 for each set of twelve.

While these programs have been developed to meet the needs of boys' organizations of all types—i. e., Organized Classes, Boy Scouts, Knights of King Arthur, etc.—they were especially prepared for the *Royal Ambassadors*, a world outlook organization for 'teen age boys originating in the southland and since adapted to the needs of the Northern Baptist boys by the Department of Missionary Education. We commend these materials to all lovers of boys.

WILLIAM A. HILL.

## PROGRAM FOR MEETING

1. Scripture Reading: Psalm 91:1-16. Note especially verse eleven: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." After twenty years of achieving work at Leribé, the Basuto Christians asked the Coillards to lead them in opening up a new field for Christian conquest. To "pull up stakes" in mid-life and leave a prosperous, established work for a life of wandering and pioneering meant heroic sacrifice. On the day when their answer must be given, a friend, who was unaware of the crisis, read aloud the 91st Psalm. When the eleventh verse was reached, Coillard and his wife looked at each other and the decision was made. (See the story in detail in "The Missionary Heroes of Africa" by J. H. Morrison, pages 226-227, and a reference to it in "François Coillard, A Wayfaring Man," by Edward Shillito, pages 116, 124.)
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn: "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." For twenty years, Coillard endeavored with great earnestness to win King Lewanika of the Barotse to Jesus Christ. Like Pilate, for a full score of years he dallied with the question, "What shall I do then with Jesus?" Though his favorite hymn was "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," he never made the supreme decision. (See Chapter XII, "The Soul of Lewanika," pages 186-206 of the book by Edward Shillito and the excerpt taken from pages 199-200, 203-204, 205 printed in the item No. 13 in this program.)
4. Introduction to the Life Story\* (based upon pages 13-17 of Source Book by Edward Shillito and the brief sketch in this booklet).
5. The Widow's Brave Fight and High Purpose. (Pages 17-18 of the above book.)
6. His Decision to Become a Missionary. (Pages 23, 29, 35-36.)
7. The Chief Under Whom He Labored. (Pages 58-59, 65, 109-110.)
8. His Isolation and Marriage. (Pages 61, 69, 70-71, 73.)
9. His Method of Presenting the Gospel. (Pages 66-67.)
10. The Open Door North of the Zambezi. (Pages 125-126, 133, 145, 161-162.)
11. Rebuking the King's Foraging Expedition. (Pages 171-172, 173-174, 174-175.)
12. The Death of Christina Coillard. (Pages 184-185.)
13. King Lewanika Halts Between Two Opinions. (Pages 199-200, 203-204, 205.)
14. The Closing Days. (Pages 225-226, 228-229, 230.)

\*The leader should master the brief summary given in this booklet and read the book "François Coillard, A Wayfaring Man," by Edward Shillito, upon which this program is based. A very readable short sketch is found in "The Missionary Heroes of Africa," by J. H. Morrison.

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF FRANÇOIS COILLARD

François Coillard, destined to follow in Livingstone's footsteps, was born on July 17, 1834, at Asnières-Les-Bourges, a village in central France. When only two years old, the father's death left his mother, known in the village as "Mother Kindness," in straitened circumstances. When fourteen, his schooling was interrupted and for a time he became an apprentice to a gardener—his life story in this respect paralleling that of Robert Moffat.

In 1855 he read Moffat's "Twenty Three Years' Sojourn in South Africa" and he wrote in his diary: "Here am I, O God, make of me what shall seem good to Thee." It sealed his boyhood purpose to become a missionary. His mother's consent was won and his studies were shaped to fit him to become, like Moffat, "One of God's Gardeners" in South Africa.

The autumn of 1857 found him on his way to South Africa, not "In His Majesty's Service" but "In the Savior's Service." Upon the declaration of peace between the Boers and the Basuto people, he was assigned by the Paris Missionary Society to establish a new station at Leribé. His station was in the northern part of Basutoland and lay midway between Natal Colony and the Orange River Colony. The region was exceedingly picturesque and was termed "The Switzerland of South Africa."

For three years he toiled at Leribé alone, under the most discouraging conditions. He was forty miles from the nearest mission station and there was not a single Christian in the whole district. The chief of the district was Molapo, once a professed Christian but now an apostate and hostile to the faith. The coming to South Africa of Christina Mackintosh, to become his bride, is one of the great romances of missionary annals. They were married at Cape Town on February 26, 1861. "Never," said Madame Coillard to her husband on her wedding day, "never will you find me between you and your duty; wherever you have to go, be it to the end of the world, I shall follow you." The life story fulfilled the word.

Seventeen years of achieving labor at Leribé now pass in swift procession. They are busy with the establishment of a school, the translation of the Scriptures, the writing of hymns, the building of a home and the erection of a church. The first converts were baptized in 1861 and after a time, a nephew of the supreme chief

of Basutoland, Nathaniel Makatoko by name, proclaimed his faith and became a tower of strength. By 1877 the church in Basutoland had come to such strength that they determined to send evangelists forth to establish a new mission.

The Basuto Christians asked the Coillards to take charge of the new enterprise. Such a proposal, after nearly twenty years of strenuous service, and when all preparations had been made for the first furlough to Europe, constituted no small challenge! As "good soldiers of Jesus Christ," they finally consented to accept the appointment. For the greater part of the next ten years, "the Christian Vortrekker and his heroic wife lived in an ox-cart, a veritable church on wheels.

Those ten years were testing years, indeed. After a year's "trekking," Lobengula, King of Matabele, refused admission into the Banyai country. Next they turned to the Barotse people in Upper Zambezi, who spoke the Basuto language, but their king, Lewanika, also refused admission. After a journey to the "base" at Leribé and two years spent in Europe gathering funds, at the age of fifty, he again faced the uncertainties of the Zambezi field saying: "I am a soldier, my marching orders are signed; I obey and start; if I fall, others will take my place." This time King Lewanika gave grudging assent to their settlement at Sefula, on the Upper Zambezi River.

They soon discovered that King Lewanika had little interest in Christianity but merely hoped to gain material and political advantages from their residence. They were not only in jeopardy through the changing whims of a despotic ruler but were appalled by the horrors of African barbarism—the cheapness of human life, the curse of slavery and of the slave-trade, the poison ordeal to establish guilt or innocence, intertribal warfare, and polygamy with its attendant evils. As both Prophet and Evangelist, François Coillard faithfully witnessed to King Lewanika. With the passing years, the King moderated the severities of his rule and cooperated in making Barotse Land a British Protectorate. But he never made the longed-for decision to lead the Christian life.

In the fall of 1891, François Coillard faced a great sorrow. After knowing years of frail health, Madame Coillard began rapidly to lose ground. He proposed a journey home to Europe but she replied: "No, life is too short and our work here too extensive. Let us remain faithfully at our post." Finally, she was stricken with African fever. The Sunday before her death, she was able to attend the Church service and was cheered by hearing Litia, the son of King Lewanika and the heir to his throne, make his public confession of faith in Jesus Christ. Quietly on October 28, 1891, the gate to eternal life opened for her as she slept.

Though sorely stricken, Coillard continued to "carry on." When urged by his friends to retire, he replied: "My heart is still young, but the old tent is wearing out. I should like to have wings to travel about the country and publish the Gospel News." He had once written to a friend: "My great, *great* desire is not to live a day longer than I can work." That wish was fulfilled and he passed away at Sefula, the base of the Central African Mission, in the midst of his labors.

Edward Shillito closes his admirable life of François Coillard with this pen picture:

"Under a great tree near Sefula, where François and Christina loved to picnic, there are two crosses which mark their last resting place. On a stone between the two there is inscribed in French:

" 'To live, is Christ.' "

## INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF FRANÇOIS COILLARD

*Reprinted from "François Coillard, A Wayfaring Man"*  
*by Edward Shillito*

*by permission of the Publishers,*  
*Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., New York*

*The Widow's Brave Fight and High Purpose. (Pages  
17-18 of the above book.)*

He was born on July 17th, 1834 (at Asnières, near Bourges, France), the youngest of eight children. His father had a position of comfort, but when the boy was two and a half years old he died, leaving his widow at fifty years of age in grave straits. To meet the obligations to which her husband had pledged himself—good-natured, easy-going as he was—she had to sell almost all she had and live in a tiny cottage. She was a noble woman, rich in patience and courage, and in the homely wisdom which owes little to books; and her love never failed. She was known in the village as "Mother Kindness" (la Mère Bonté).

In the cottage she had preserved out of the wreck her beds—so high that a chair was needed for the ascent—her wardrobe, a trunk, a kneading-trough, each with its history. The cottage had a large fireplace, a small window, a little stable for a cow and a goat, a loft for the corn, a hen-house, a cellar, and a barn shared with the neighbors. Mother Kindness had left to her a little land, some vines, and a meadow. But these had to be cultivated, and harvests were poor. In this battlefield, she fought a brave fight for her boy. "It is no disgrace to earn our living," she would say; and every morning she went out to labor among the vines. Sometimes at nightfall after a hard day, the boy would hear her sobbing in the dimly-lighted room. They were alone; the older members of the family had left for service, and to enter upon the bitter struggle for bread, and Mother Kindness had to fight her own battle to keep a home for her boy. Everyone in the district knew of her struggle, and no one was more respected than she. It was in an atmosphere of toil and want that Coillard spent his childhood, but that atmosphere was softened by the strong and patient love of his mother.

For a time the struggle ended in defeat; Mother Kindness had to leave Asnières to take a post as housekeeper and farm-wife at

Foécý, fifteen miles away. François was six by this time, old enough to mind the turkeys: "I read to myself in the fields, for I could read already and I read and re-read the only book I possessed—one of the Gospels." After two years, however, enough money had been saved to allow the mother and her boy to return to Asnières. It was important to go back for the boy's sake since there was a good Protestant school in that village, and she had dreams already of seeing him in the ministry. The French Protestant Church has many historic links with the Scottish kirk; and the longing of the Frenchwoman for her boy to be a minister was one that Mother Kindness shared with many a Scot's mother. But if François was ever to reach the pulpit, he must have the schooling which Asnières could give.

*His Decision to Become a Missionary. (Pages 23, 29, 35-36.)*

When Samuel Bost, the missionary, came to speak in the village chapel, and showed certain idols worshipped by the heathen, François said, "How splendid to be a missionary!" From that time the idea was never entirely lost. It is not uncommon to find the impulse to be a missionary where no definite Christian decision has yet been made. The wish to be a missionary sometimes comes before the wish to be a Christian. There are many disciples waiting for a master. . . . .

In after years it was recalled by Coillard that on the last Sunday he spent at Asnières, an appeal was made for the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society. That Society was busy upon the task of calling the youth of the Church into its service. After the sermon he spoke to his mother of the possibility that he might be a missionary; the appeal had gone like an arrow to his heart. "My child," said Mère Bonté, "become what you like but not a missionary; you would be lost to me." It was not at the time more than a momentary wish; to be a missionary was in his eyes to be an apostle, and he had not the presumption to imagine that he was of the stuff out of which apostles are made. His fancy dwelt rather upon the quiet life of a scholar with an income enough for him to take care of his mother. . . . .

The call to missionary service was not long in coming. That might be expected from the nature of the plot of his life. Nothing had ever seemed to him comparable to the career of a missionary. Once when the appeal was made, he had thought it presumption to accept it. Now, so far as he was concerned, he had no alternative. The thought of his mother was the chief hindrance. There was a clash of loyalties; the voice of his mother seemed to call him one

way and the voice of God another. But, when at first his mother withheld her consent, he set before himself two months as a time limit; during that time he would give himself to prayer and urge her no longer; if, at the end of October, she still withheld her consent, he would regard this as a mark of Divine guidance. Her consent came on October 31st, just in time. "I had hoped," she wrote, "that you would be my staff in age. But, after all, it is not for myself I trained you." In the fulness of his joy, Coillard knelt down and cried, "Here am I, my Saviour; do with me as it shall seem good to Thee." His missionary vocation was sealed.

*The Chief Under Whom He Labored. (Pages 58-59, 65, 109-110.)*

At the court of Moshesh, which he visited after the conference, he met for the first time with Molapo, the son of the Chief. Since this man is to play so important a part in Coillard's life, it may be well to describe him.

He was about forty years of age with a face showing much of the ability and the cunning of his race. It is important to remember his age. At forty an African is older than an European of the same age; his life has taken its character; it is hard to change.

Chief Molapo's clothing left mainly the impression of ochre and grease; and his body also was stained with ochre. A round, black hat completed the picture. He appeared at first a little confused, and Coillard did not receive any favorable impression from his first interview. Molapo had been trained in the Christian faith; he had been baptized and received into the Christian church; and he had turned back to paganism. There were many chiefs who came into Coillard's life but this man was to be for years his neighbor, under whose rule he would live; and he was forty years of age and an apostate, the hardest of all souls to move. . . . .

This home he dedicated by inviting his people to partake of an ox which was killed for the occasion. Molapo came with all the village. Coillard first thanked all his friends who had helped him to make the bricks and cut the grass and rear the building, and he did not forget to point the moral by telling the story of Babel. Hymns were sung and prayer offered. Molapo spoke words of welcome to the moruti (teacher), "one of our nation"; and even called upon his people to abandon their evil ways and be converted. This was not unlike Molapo, who almost with one breath would curse the Christian Faith and commend it to others. . . . .

On the 15th he went to Molapo, and as a Hebrew prophet would have spoken he addressed the chief:

"My master! I have not come to chat, but on business. This

village is my village; here I am neither a stranger nor a thief. Moshesh himself set me here, and when I see that you are setting fire to it, how could I be silent? When I think of you, son of Moshesh, two things appall me; the first is that you make yourself the servant of Satan, by publishing throughout the land that whoever dares to come to divine service will be your enemy and you will take away his cattle; the second is that you do not scruple publicly to trample under foot the Sabbath; if I tell you of a Church Festival for that very day, the Sabbath, you hold a feast of circumcision at the house of Motta-koula. You take the wool to market on the Sabbath and you hold your levies on the Sabbath. That appalls me and I ask you whether there is no Gamaliel among your counsellors to prevent you from making war upon God?"

Molapo answered by lashing out at the laws of the Synod, at the Christians, at Nathaniel, cursing them because they would not work for his concubines.

### *His Isolation and Marriage. (Pages 61, 69, 70-71, 73.)*

Several missionaries came with Moshesh himself to install Coillard in the new mission station. Then he was left alone. "Few young missionaries," wrote Mme. Mabile, "have had a lonelier life or one of more entire self-sacrifice than his during the three years he passed there alone, before Mme. Coillard came out to him—surrounded by an entirely heathen population, hearing nothing from morning till night, and often all night through, but the wild shouts, the din of their heathen dances, their drunken brawls. His food at that time consisted of native bread with thick milk and pumpkin. I remember him spending days knee-deep in water, cutting the reeds with which to cover his first little cottage. At that time there was not a single Christian in the whole district with whom to hold Christian fellowship." . . . . .

It was in Paris that François and Christina first met; Christina had taken a post there as a governess. She had been brought up in Edinburgh and when she learned to say, "I believe," she, too, was thinking of Africa. It was Robert Moffat whose story had moved her as it had moved François. No one can measure the influence of Moffat upon his own generation; this was due not only to his adventurous and patient service, but to the power which only a few possess, to tell the story. But when the way to Africa was closed, Christina went to Paris, and, as it proved, to Africa by way of Paris. Madame André-Walther, as we have seen, had a hospitable salon in that city, where clergy and students and others were welcome; it was in that home in 1857 that Coillard first met his future wife. She was a charming and radiant being; and in the

warmth of her Parisian friendships "her social nature expanded like a flower . . . Those who knew her in later years with shattered health and nerves, could never realize the brilliance of her youth." . . . . .

For missions; for the missionary! But not for François yet, the trembling, sensitive heart that needed her! He, too, though the thought of her never left him, could see no way of advance; his departure could not be delayed. He thought out his position but reached no definite conclusion. Old hesitations returned; ought a missionary to be married? He could not be sure of the Divine Will for him. He had, however, not been long in Africa before he wrote through Mme. André for the hand of Christina. But much to his distress he received a refusal. Her family did not approve; her friends thought that in Africa she would be lost to the world in which she had taken her place in Paris.

Christina had had a premonition from the beginning that Coillard was the man of her destiny; but meeting with opposition from all sides she yielded, it is said, for the only time perhaps in her life. Coillard, too, received much good but conflicting advice; M. Berger was assured that if Coillard was to find the wife whom the Lord had appointed for him he must first forget that he needed a companion. But Mme. Daumas in Africa with a smile told him to write again. He wrote again, but only after two years, during which he endured solitude and much sorrow of heart; and this time she replied that in a few months she would come to share his life. . . . .

Christina and François were married on February 26th, 1861, in the Union Church at Cape Town, by the Rev. A. Faure of the Dutch Reformed Church. They entered upon a union that seemed perfectly planned. Each was the complement of the other. The Scots girl, with her brilliant gifts and her strong, practical sense; the Frenchman with his sensitive and tender nature, waiting for the companionship of heart and soul which she brought. They were everything to each other; and till the hour when he laid her to rest, there remains but one story for the two. From the outset they had not loved each other less because they had regarded their lives as belonging always to their Saviour.

It is fair to say that Coillard would never have been able to endure the uncertainties and the long delays of his life, the disappointments and failures, had it not been for the firmness and courage of Christina, who never shrank back from any hazard. She, too, would have counted it sufficient honor to have her name written beside his in the annals of the Church of Christ in Africa.

## *His Method of Presenting the Gospel. (Pages 66-67.)*

There are many ways of approach down which all missionaries must move into the pagan heart: upon these we need not linger. It is enough to say that the Frenchman brought all his instinct for style in language into his Sesuto preaching. His fellow-missionaries report that he became the master of a beautiful and telling speech in his adopted country. He preached to his neighbors; mounted on horseback he rode out to stations which he established in outlying districts; he sat in the khotla (council house) and took his part. But his chief distinctive contributions to missionary method must be noted. He was never a poet as he understood the ideal of a poet; but he had the soul of one who sings and to his new people he gave many translations and songs still dear to the Basuto Christians. Not only did he give them hymns but he would prepare for them snatches of song to be sung as they ploughed and reaped. The African loves to improvise as he does his work. Sometimes if he is carrying a traveller he will invent merry descriptions of his personal appearance, not always flattering, and sing the hopes that he has of his next meal at the end of the journey. One such ditty is preserved by Mr. Masefield in "*Multitude and Solitude.*"

Jualapa is near. Yes, Jualapa is near. Not like Marumba

We will eat meat in Jualapa. Much meat. Much meat.

The men of Little Belly will eat meat in Jualapa.

Coillard, knowing this habit, would write little songs of the seasons, which his people learned to sing and still sing to this day.

But the student of methods will be impressed most of all by the fact that Coillard made great use of fables in his teaching.

"26th March 1860. I preached upon Luke XIII. 1. I recounted the fable of the Grasshopper, the Ant and the Bee imitated from *La Cigale et la Fourmi*. It seemed to produce some effect, for after worship groups were formed in which they repeated what I had said.

"14th October 1860. I have been busy with translation and with the correction of the MS. by M. Dyke upon Joshua. I have composed or imitated three fables, the fourth is unfinished: the Grasshopper, the Ant and the Bee; the Serpent and the Tool; the Noble and his Fool; the Olive Tree and the Reed. I make the verses easily enough: it remains to be seen what the value may be of the voice of my music. I shall submit to M. Jousse a piece which I should like to send to Moshesh: the Noble and his Fool. This subject pleased me, and inspired me to such a degree that I did it with one stroke of the pen before lunch. But beware! Poetry seeks to encroach upon my duties!"

The rendering of these fables is reported to be perfect; chil-

dren learn and play them still; there is no more sure test. Poetry and song were for Coillard two rungs in the ladder by which he drew nearer to God.

*The Open Door North of the Zambezi. (Pages 125-126, 133, 145, 161-162.)*

The door into Banyailand was closed and barred. The door of nearly every Zulu tribe was shut against those who came from Molapo's territory. But even while they were at Buluwayo the missionaries heard of a tribe north of the Zambezi where the Basuto language was spoken. That was to them a clue. What if they were called to carry the good news to another people speaking the tongue with which they were familiar? The exiles from that tribe said: "Why do you not come to us and save our nation?" It was from Barotse-land that they came. Like the first enunciation of a theme in a symphony, the word "Barotse" was heard. . . .

When the messenger came back from the Supreme Chief at the end of October, he brought a polite but firm refusal. Lewanika indeed expressed his desire to see the missionary, but not yet; by the June of the following year it might be possible; his town which he was building would then be finished. Coillard had therefore with sad heart to abandon for the present the hope of establishing his mission beyond the Zambezi. . . .

Five years later, while they were in Khama's country, Lewanika sent a message to Khama: "The one we are looking for is M. Coillard; I am told he is on his way hither, and I ask you as a favor to help him so that he may come as quickly as possible." . . .

It still remained to fetch Christina from Sesheke, so, despatching the wagons by road, Coillard went by canoe. Christina and Francois made their journey together in the wagon—a delightful experience. She had a horror of rivers; and would rather run the risk of a most perilous journey by road than dare the river. It was a new wedding journey for them; they adorned their wandering abode every day with fresh bouquets of flowers. Before them now was the hope of finding at last a home. It was now 1887 and for ten years they had been without any settled abode. Now they were, as they loved to think, on their way homewards. When they arrived at Sefula, they found the harvest gathered and the famine over.

With his escort of musicians and clowns, Lewanika came to greet Christina; gloomy in private, he was chatty and gay in public. Not Lewanika only but crowds of people surrounded them. They could find little rest, but they were happy.

"Each morning we say on waking: And we are at Sefula! If

it rains we get into the shade and repeat with thankfulness—We are at Sefula.”

From January 1887 the Barotse Mission dates its foundation; and here ends another period in the lives of Christina and François.

*Rebuking the King's Foraging Expedition. (Pages 171-172, 173-174, 174-175.)*

While the school was beginning, and other plans were shaping themselves, it had not been well with the people. Economic necessity was pressing upon them. The king's hunt had failed; the floods were low and therefore on the temporary islands there were fewer antelopes cut off by the waters from escape; and this meant the threat of famine. During the revolution there had been a wholesale butchery of cattle; and to a legacy of impending famine, Lewanika had returned. There was only one way out of their distress; and soon the ancient cry grew louder, “To the Mashulumboe!” These were their weaker neighbors, whose cattle they and their fathers had often raided, and once more the Barotse looked covetously to a raid upon them. When the favorable time between January and June came, in 1888, there was much talk of the war; Lewanika was inclined to give the signal, because in this way he might win popular favor. . . .

The Queen Mokwae arrived for the service and the wives of Lewanika. After they had taken their seats on the mats, the service began. The text was “And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world and men loved darkness rather than light.” On the next day, Lewanika desired Coillard to attend at the Council. The members were divided, but the greater number were for war. Coillard himself spoke home truths to the Council; and for this reason, and perhaps because the omens were unfavorable, the decision of Lewanika in the end was against the raid. Coillard went home, but two days afterwards he heard that the king was making ready for war.

The war-drums throbbed through the night. The king visited the sacred tomb of Katonga, and on this journey he drew near to Sefula, where Coillard set out to meet him. With the army was the prophetess always ahead of the vanguard! She had a power like that of the dervish to work the warriors into a state of frenzy. She carried the horn containing the war-medicines and nothing could be done without her. “What a rabble! It would roll on like a snowball, thieving, pillaging without control. Terror goes before them, destruction accompanies them, and desolation follows them.” There was nothing to be done but to warn the king

and to preach judgment to him, as Coillard and Aaron, the Basuto evangelist, did faithfully. The prophet could only stand before the king and bid him remember the law of God which he was setting at defiance. The king was not at ease: "I am driven to it—driven to it!" he cried. . . .

The army came back after five months, a time in which the land was as the land of Israel in the time of the judges: "there was no king, and each man did that which was lawful in his own eyes." Mokwae led the victorious host with troops of women singing the praises of the king, while the men acclaimed the queen. At the king's command the crier proclaimed an assembly. The prophet-missionary preached from the words, "God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." In plain language, he denounced the expedition as mere brigandage. Lewanika had a present of oxen ready for the missionaries, but he was left in no doubt what was their mind, and the present was not given. The king and his tribe had plundered; their hands were red with blood; like a Hebrew prophet Coillard spoke for the oppressed.

### *The Death of Christina Coillard. (Pages 184-185.)*

The time had come for Coillard to meet a sorrow which had often threatened him and now had to be endured. Christina was very ill; in her delirium she cried out, "My darling, they are slandering you!" But she lived long enough to see the worst over. Two weeks before her death Litia professed his Christian faith; and not many days after, a message was received from Queen Victoria recognizing Lewanika's treaty with the company, and assuring him of an honorable protectorate.

The same word came to Coillard now that came to another of the prophets: "Son of Man, behold I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke. . . . So I spake unto the people in the morning; and at even my wife died." Christina had been failing in health; but till the end she was the same faithful helper, true to her vow that always the work of Christ should be first. "For her all is peace, but for me what a terrible solitude! Keep Thou near me!" Christina had always been fearful of rivers; she never overcame her horror and would rather face the perils of a pathless forest in a wagon than the terrors of the river. But she passed the last of rivers in peace; and she

"At rocky bed and current deep  
Shall never more grow pale."

François remained. But the memory of her must not hinder him. He was left wounded in spirit and lonely, but faithful to their trust. (Date of death, October 28, 1891.)

*King Lewanika Halts Between Two Opinions. (Pages 199-200, 203-204, 205.)*

The king was like a man whom a current was carrying away; to save him Coillard would lay hold upon him and even wound him.

One day a messenger brought a word from the king that he was not coming to worship.

“He is not coming!”

“No.”

“Why? Is he ill?”

“No! But he said if you asked the reason, I must say ‘For nothing.’” Such a studied insult wounded Coillard. He saw how the king was calling a *corvée* to rebuild his harem; he seemed to be drifting out of his reach. Coillard felt he must make another and desperate attempt. He was ill at the time; he seemed crushed. The thought of the king and his accursed harem filled his mind night and day. He wrote his thoughts in a letter which he himself read to the king:

“It is God who has established you the shepherd of His people. Men are the cattle of God, the nations are His flocks. Kings are His shepherds. Then, in the name of this God, who is your Master, I come to demand of you in what way you are fulfilling His mandate today. Have you not yourself dismissed and “eaten” (i. e., confiscated the cattle and the people) of one of your principal chiefs, because on a certain occasion he had abused his power and oppressed his people? What does your Master say to you concerning the way in which you tend this nation which is not your property but His? Do you believe that you have the right and the power to impose such crushing burdens on the whole nation? . . . My friend, do not allow the flatterers who surround you to deceive you. The truth—a disagreeable truth—is that among the people there is great discontent and murmurings. . . . Where are the kingdoms of Lobengula, of Kangombi, of Motianivo, of Mosili and of others, who shut their ears to every warning? You are alone, as a hut in the midst of a village in ruins. . . . You are my friends; you respect the missionaries; you favor the schools, and you say, ‘I love the things of God as you know well; what more do you ask of me? Myself?’

“Yes! Yourself, for Jesus said: He who is not with me is against me.”

The appeal made an impression on the king. He was frightened; he trembled: “What can I answer? What can I say? I am the guilty one.” The Gabmella thanked Coillard. A long silence followed. Coillard prayed and departed; he was exhausted and being

now an old man and frail in health, he had a night of fever. But he had played once more the evangelist and prophet to the king. . . .

Lewanika never took that last step for which Coillard had waited. He lived till 1916; he was honored both by the English residents and his people. He lived to see his land rid of many abuses—of sorcery and lawlessness; and far away from Europe, in that country once a land of blood, he took his part in the Great European War. To few chieftains was it given to see his land during his lifetime swept in so orderly a fashion into the orbit of Western civilization. During his later years he was Christian in sympathies and proved in many ways the friend of the missionaries, but he never made the decision for which his friend had prayed and agonized.

As he lived, so he died. There had been a contest for the innermost sanctuary of his soul; the outworks were won; but not the citadel. The power of paganism is like the power of the forests in Africa. It sweeps back upon the land where it is cleared. It is jealous, watchful, sleepless; in this man it seemed to prevail. Through what scenes of struggle he passed who can conjecture? It has not been given to many to have so consistent a force bent upon their redemption as the eager love of Coillard. He was a restless, eager fighter, a match for the jungle if any man can be. For years the fight went in his favor; but the forest crept back. Was it for a mere technical distinction that Coillard was fighting? Was it sufficient to make a composition with the pagan heart—give him the harem and some of the customs of his fathers, on condition that he remained a social reformer? . . .

Lewanika was gathered to his fathers. He was now among the deified kings; before his tomb offerings would be laid. The man whose favorite hymn was, "What a Friend we have in Jesus," sleeps among his own people and his tomb has become a sacred place. Among the monuments of the earth which kindly wonder at the sorrow and tragedy of our human lot, there can be few more pathetic than the last resting-place of Lewanika.

### *The Closing Days. (Pages 225-226, 228-229, 230.)*

Leribé was visited for the last time. There his friends flocked around him in his Ebenezer; and four hundred partook of the Holy Communion with him. But one figure, Nathanael, was missing. They reported that he had fallen into his second childhood; but great was Coillard's joy, when he visited him, to find his spirit peaceful and radiant. They took the Sacred Feast together on the threshold of eternity. Separation did not seem bitter to them now.

“What shall we sing?”

His face lit up: “Sing, ‘If you knew what a Savior I possess.’”

The song being ended, the old warrior prayed; and the two friends parted. In the annals of the Church in Africa, this knightly Basuto will always live with Coillard; he had many on his roll who fell away but Makatoko endured to the end.

Coillard’s last journey up the Zambezi to his station was made in storms. It was the time of the rains, and tempest followed tempest: the goods were moldy, his luggage damaged, canoes were overturned and many of his belongings lost. For a man of sixty-eight, seasoned traveller though he was, these hardships were not easy to bear. Nor did the mission bring him much relief to his spirit. In the opening of 1904 he was sick in body and troubled in mind; the least exertion exhausted him. “The tabernacle is growing old and I feel it.” No longer was he able to rally his forces, as once he had been able. The Ethiopians troubled him gravely, led as they were by the evangelist Willie whom he had trusted and loved. Coillard in his absence had written to him, imploring him not to work at Lealui but to seek a new field, in which his former friends would be able to work in harmony with him. He answered by an insulting letter: If it had been an enemy, Coillard could have borne it, but this man was one of his own household. . . .

To some Apostles of the Faith there has been granted a quiet eventide in their own country, surrounded by tender and grateful friends; with their children and their children’s children around them, they have spent the last watch. Such an end came to Robert Moffat and to Eugène Casalis. To others no respite is permitted. Martyn, Livingstone, Chalmers, and a great host of modern apostles enjoyed no quiet evening. They died in harness. Coillard had prayed that this might be his lot, and he had his prayer. Shortly before his last sickness he wrote that in three years he would have finished fifty years in Africa. His career was behind him now; he wished he could begin it anew, but with all his accumulated experience! But so long as he was free to serve his Lord among his Africans, he would not choose any other lot. . . .

At the head of his last wishes he had written these lines in 1903:

“On the threshold of eternity and in the presence of my God, I solemnly bequeath to the Churches of France, my native land, the responsibility of the Lord’s work in Barotseland, and I adjure them, in His Holy Name, never to give it up—which would be to despise and renounce the rich harvest reserved to the sowing they have accomplished in suffering and tears.”

Coillard died on May 27, 1904 with a faith undimmed in the

ultimate triumph of Christ, but with a heart oppressed by the failure of so many of his hopes. In 1921 there was an assembly of the Barotse—two thousand in number, with the representatives of the British Protectorate and the merchants; the King Litia, who is a Christian, was presenting to the assembly the new Prime Minister. These were his words:

“What was our country? A little land, unknown, delivered over to disorder and anarchy, hastening us to ruin. If we have not perished, to whom do we owe it? To the missionaries. You have been instructed by them. That which is important for us to do above all things is to hold fast to the gift which has saved us, the Gospel of God. It is that which has given us peace. It is the Gospel which has made us live.”

Under a great tree near Sefula, where François and Christina loved to picnic, there are two crosses which mark their last resting-place. On a stone between the two there is inscribed in French:

“To live is Christ.”

# SERIES OF PROGRAMS NOW AVAILABLE

## *Course Number One*

JAMES CHALMERS, Martyr of New Guinea  
JAMES GILMOUR, Pioneer in Mongolia  
WILFRED T. GRENFELL, Knight-Errant of the North  
ADONIRAM JUDSON, Herald of the Cross in Burma  
ION KEITH-FALCONER, Defender of the Faith in Arabia  
DAVID LIVINGSTONE, Africa's Pathfinder and Emancipator  
ALEXANDER M. MACKAY, Uganda's White man of Work  
HENRY MARTYN, Persia's Man of God  
ROBERT MORRISON, Protestant Pioneer in China  
JOHN G. PATON, King of the Cannibals  
MARY SLESSOR, The White Queen of Calabar  
MARCUS WHITMAN, Hero of the Oregon Country

## *Course Number Two*

CAPTAIN LUKE BICKEL, Master Mariner of the Inland Sea  
WILLIAM CAREY, Founder of Modern Missions  
ALEXANDER DUFF, India's Educational Pioneer  
MARY PORTER GAMEWELL, Heroine of the Boxer Rebellion  
FRANK HIGGINS, Sky Pilot of the Lumbermen  
RAYMOND LULL, First Missionary to the Moslems  
GEORGE L. MACKAY, Pioneer Missionary in Formosa  
JOHN K. MACKENZIE, The Beloved Physician of Tientsin  
ROBERT MOFFAT, Friend of the African  
JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON, Martyr Bishop of the South  
Seas  
J. HUDSON TAYLOR, Founder of the China Inland Mission  
JOHN WILLIAMS, Shipbuilder in the South Seas

## *Course Number Three*

HENRY G. APPENZELLER, Pioneer Linguist in Korea  
JOHN E. CLOUGH, Kingdom Builder in South India  
FRANÇOIS COILLARD, Pathfinder on the Upper Zambezi  
GEORGE GRENFELL, Explorer of the Upper Congo  
W. BARBROOKE GRUBB, Pathfinder in Paraguay  
SHELDON JACKSON, Builder of the New Alaska  
THEODORE L. PENNELL, Pioneer on the Afghan Frontier  
WILLIAM A. SHEDD, The Moses of the Assyrians  
ALBERT L. SHELTON, Martyr Missionary of Tibet  
DAVID W. TORRANCE, Medical Missionary in Galilee  
HORACE G. UNDERWOOD, King's Counsellor in Korea  
ANDREW YOUNG, Representative of the Great Physician in  
Shensi

*Booklets 25 cents each*  
*A reduction of 50 cents allowed if set of 12 Booklets*  
*is purchased*