

Witchcraft to beat
Mau Mau killers

BRITAIN FEARS MAU
FIGHT IN

Blood-drin
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ARE DEAD

KENYA SITUATION STILL GRAVE
Church takes part in
Mau Mau rehabilitation

MAU-MAU MISSION

The Mau Mau . . . the most bestial
campaign ever thought up by human m

Death comes horribly
too slowly

The Mau Mau terror
a plot to rule
by massacre

new understanding in Kenya

"GROGS" AND
THE BISHOP DO NOT
AGREE ON MAU MAU

The Mau Mau problem . . .
IKUYU ARE 500 YEARS
BEHIND
HISTORY

by

KEITH
COLE

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MAU MAU MISSION



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MAU MAU MISSION

KEITH COLE

Limuru, Kenya.

Principal, St. Paul's Divinity School,



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PREFACE

In 1950, I was located by the Church Missionary Society to Kahuhia in the Fort Hall District of the Kikuyu Reserves. The task which I was given was the training of African teachers for the primary and intermediate schools of the various Protestant Missions. The fifty students were all Kikuyu, drawn from different places throughout the Reserve. When the Emergency was proclaimed in 1952, I was not only the Principal of Kahuhia Teacher Training Centre, but missionary in charge of the station, which consisted of the Men's Teacher Training Centre, the Women's Teacher Training Centre, a Girls' Boarding School with 120 boarders, a Boys' Hostel with 130 boys. There was also a very large primary school and a practising school on the site. The running of the large church was in the hands of an African clergyman and the church elders. In 1953, I was transferred to the Embu District, situated on the southern slopes of Mount Kenya, as Inspector of Protestant Mission schools for that area. Part of 1954 was spent in Australia on furlough, when the opportunity was afforded of writing this little book.

The book is written in a popular style with the use of a considerable amount of dialogue, which I noted down at the time or can subsequently remember. There is an obvious difficulty in using the names of many people still living and who are still threatened by the Mau Mau with torture and death. With their permission, however, I have chosen my three African Assistant Supervisors of last year as instruments through whom many parts of the story are told. The names of these three men are Eliphas Mburea, a Meru; Ephantus Njage (pronounced "jugi"), an Embu; and Jotham Ngure (pronounced "goori"), a Kikuyu. These men possessed considerable ability and proved to be staunch friends and true Christian brothers. Frequently my life was in their hands, but they remained faithful.

The purpose of this book is to give a picture of life among the Kikuyu — nearly all of whom are Mau

Mau — at the present time, showing how this diabolical movement has and is disrupting every aspect of tribal life; telling of the faithfulness of some of our Christians, who carried on in the midst of tribulation and persecution and torture; and to record the passing of some of those who “loved not their lives even unto death.”

The book is concerned with the Christians of the African Anglican Church, the indigenous church founded and undergirded by the Church Missionary Society. Doubtless, similar stories of faithfulness in persecution could be given by members of other missions working and witnessing in Kikuyu country. But such accounts must be left to them. We can only “speak that we do know, and testify to that we have seen.”

E. K. COLE.

Limuru,
Kenya, 1954.

1 INTRODUCING THE MAU MAU

1
“Tell me, Mburea, about this Mau Mau” I asked as we bounced over the corrugations of the road in my Land Rover one morning. We were on our way to collect fees in the western part of the District. “What does this Mau Mau mean?”

Eliphas Mburea fell silent for a bit and then, “Who knows? It is a secret name. No one seems to know much about it.”

“But surely it has some meaning. Come on, Eliphas. If we are walking together in this team, we must walk in the light.”

There was another silent spell as “Cole Scuttle” followed the winding road through the shambas dotted here and there with its groups of mud huts with their brown thatched roofs surrounded by little live hedges or low wattle sapling fences. Here was a shamba (garden) with several acres of millet, its black tops swaying gently in the fresh breeze, like the “busbies” of some deformed forest army. Next we rattled over the bridge spanning a sparkling trout stream as it splashed over the boulders in a headlong tumble from snow capped Kenya. We now pass acre after acre of maize soon ripe for harvest.

Mburea in his yellow shirt and blue trousers seemed lost in thought. He was a likeable chap. He was not usually well dressed and had occasionally to be reproved for being untidy. Nor was he good looking. But there was something about his buoyant optimism, his friendliness, his readiness to go the “second mile,” his generous nature, that made him so likeable.

After a while he said, “I have heard it said that it comes from Muumbi African Union, but who knows?” Muumbi, as I knew, was the Kikuyu word for the “Eve” of the Kikuyu tribe who had as her husband, Gikuyu. It was from this couple that the nine children

were born, the founders of the nine Kikuyu clans, according to Kikuyu mythology.

"What was that strike in Nairobi about, Mburea, in 1949?"

"The houseboys' strike? The servants wanted more wages. Do you blame them?"

"No," I said, "but don't tell my houseboy to ask for more wages because I can't pay more. Either he stays on the present rate, or goes home and gets no pay at all. The cost of living has gone up during the last five years in this country."

We pulled up at one of the old C.M.S. stations which now has no resident European and shook hands with the Africans there.

"Hullo, sir," came a voice from behind.

"Hullo, Jotham, how are you? How are your wife and children?"

Jotham was rather a gaunt faced fellow, hard working, conscientious. It took me several months to really get to know him properly and then he was a friend for life. He had been trained many years previously at Kahuhia in Fort Hall District where I had been Principal in 1952. He had been an outstanding headmaster and was just starting in the team in 1953. He was a shy man though one who never hesitated to speak openly and clearly when speaking of the rights of the teachers. He was straight-forward, and one whose opinion was to be respected.

"Hop in, Jotham, and collect some of these fees with us." The "Cole Scuttle" shuddered twice to the double slamming doors and off we bucked down the hillside and across the bridge.

"Jotham, Mburea is like a clam—"

"Like a what?"

"A clam."

"What's that?"

"A shell that shuts down when something touches it."

"What's been touching him?"

"The Mau Mau."

"This western part is getting bad, sir," said Jotham.

"Would you mind if I went and lived at the Police Camp?"

"Not if you tell me what Mau Mau means."

"It doesn't mean anything."

Then as we wound through the valleys and climbed over the hills, Mburea and Jotham carried on a long discussion in Kikuyu about the Mau Mau. I couldn't get it all, but it was clear that things weren't too good.

Try as I would from the old "athuri" (elders) in the villages, from the young educated men, from the church leaders and elders, I could get no meaning for the word, "Mau." It may be an onomatopaeic word depicting the gobbling grunting sounds of an animal eating in a hurry; it may be the initial letters of Muumbi African Union; it may come from the Mau Escarpment to the west of Kenya; it may be some esoteric word; it may be the transposed letters of the Kikuyu word "uma," meaning "to go out" or "get out."

"Who knows?"

2

"If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another and the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

Ephantus Njage was leading our Bible reading for the morning in our little office. Njage was an athletic type of fellow, well built, always neatly dressed, with a clean, open face. He was the least educated of the three members of the Supervisory Team, but one whose practical common sense and natural ability coupled with a keen sense of humour made him a worthy assistant and a delightful companion. At 8 a.m., the clerk, Mburea, Njage and myself would always gather for a few minutes to wait on the Lord, and to seek guidance for the day. We took it in turns to lead a few verses from Daily Light, which was followed with a word of explanation, and then a time of prayer.

"The Mau Mau join themselves together by the blood of the Muma, which is of the Bad One. We are joined together by the blood of Christ."

Later that day, we learned of the death of Ganthon and Rebekah in Fort Hall District, which had occurred on the previous Sunday night, the 18th January, 1953.

We were told how that just prior to their death this couple who loved the Lord and witnessed for Him by word, by life and by their Christian home, had given tea to a group of European police who were tired and weary after their search for gangsters in the area. With typical Kikuyu courtesy and true Christian charity they had invited the weary ones into their home. Later, refreshed, the party left. That night a gang came and accused them of being "Europeans" because they gave drink to the police and because of their testimony, took out their strangling ropes and murdered them. Their little child of two years was left unharmed by their side. I was not able to attend their funeral, but I understand that it was a time of quiet rejoicing as the Christians praised God for the two who had been faithful even unto death. "It was not like a funeral," said one of the African Christians, "it was more like a wedding; such was the peace and joy. Ganthon and Rebekah were married in this place, now they have gone to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb."

3

"I hear that you are going into Nairobi next week, sir," said Jotham one day in February.

"Who told you?"

"I just heard," replied Jotham with his enigmatic smile, white teeth gleaming momentarily against his brown skin.

"So what?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I'm sorry, Jotham, English is a difficult language."

"It is sure," said Jotham.

"Why did you ask me about Nairobi?"

"Will you take me so that I may buy a motor cycle?"

"Where are you getting the money from?"

"I was just going to ask you would you lend it to me."

"How much?"

"2,500 shillings."

"That's rather a lot, isn't it? Can't you pay something down?"

"800 shillings."

"How much off per month?"

"100 shillings."

8

"I'll think about it, but I don't want anything to happen to you, like it happened to poor old Gathoga from Fort Hall last year. Did I tell you about him?"

"No, sir."

"It was in July of last year that Gathoga — he's the chap that owned that duka (shop) near Kahuhia, you remember? — asked me to take him to Nairobi to do some business. I told him Nairobi was no good for fellows like him — fellows who were Christians and not ashamed to go to church and to testify to Christ. I told him the Mau Mau would kill him. He told me that he had relations in Nairobi who would care for him. After much persuasion I took him in and agreed to meet him the next day when we had finished our several tasks. The next day I went to the agreed meeting place and he wasn't there. I waited but he didn't come, and from that day to this he has never been seen or heard of again."

"I am sorry, sir."

"Yes, Jotham, and so was I, because I felt I was partly responsible for his going."

There was a pause for a while.

"Sir, if you could take Mburea in we could buy the cycle together and we could come back in the afternoon."

"It's a long way — 100 miles there and 100 miles back. We'll see."

A Kikuyu is persistently polite and politely persistent. Jotham in his quiet way, backed by Mburea's buoyant persuasiveness, gained for the former the required loan and for the latter a free trip to Nairobi and return. Praise God it was a safari free from trouble although they did not return till the day after going in. Throughout the year, Jotham, clad in raincoat, goggles and green beret over his fuzzy black hair, was to travel thousands of miles on his "picky-picky" up and down the Western Embu District, transferring teachers, inspecting schools, giving advice, sometimes living away from home night after night, always at the risk of his life.

4

We stood by the smouldering ruins of an intermediate school completed but two months earlier; four classrooms,

9

a workshop, three teachers' houses with their furniture, desks, tables, books. The Mau Mau had burnt it. It was with mixed feelings that we looked across the charred wood and blackened walls and then glanced up as everyone so frequently does as if drawn by a magnet, out over the trees to Mount Kenya, its snows glistening in the crisp air, with its fleecy halo of cloud crowning the bare rocks of its summit. Everything was so calm, so peaceful and grand and majestic in our surroundings. Only man was vile. A group of women passed, heads strained forward as they carried their burdens by means of the "mukwa," the leather thong passed over the forehead. They were talking to each other about the burning of the school, about the gangs, about the Mau Mau, about the evils of the Europeans. Their voices faded in the distance, to be lost in the calm, the sunshine and our thoughts.

This was the first school to be burnt. Would others go?

2

THE CUP OF THE LORD OR THE CUP OF DEVILS

"Jotham, the Mau Mau movement in the western side of Embu is getting worse."

"I have been telling you that for the last few weeks, sir," my friend with a smile politely reminded me.

"Europeans usually do not see things quickly, Jotham. We missionaries when we woke up in 1951 began to warn the Administration of something going on, but the Government suggested waiting and seeing."

"Haraka haraka haina baraka."

"That's Kiswahili, Jotham! 'More haste less speed.'"

Yes, that is so, but Europeans are often in a hurry over some things and go slow with others. Anyway, send out notices that on the pay day during the holidays I want to see all the teachers of your area. Anyone who does not come won't get his pay."

And so we had a baraza of all the teachers. In this area most had taken the oath. Some were sullen and stared moodily in front of them, some were argumentative, most were bland and suave, over-courteous occasionally almost to the point of being insolent. One of whom we had the gravest suspicions naively asked:

"What is all this about Mau Mau? What is Mau Mau anyway?"

"Haven't you heard of the Mau Mau," Jotham asked in mock credulity.

"I have heard rumours. I have even smelt it."

"The rat smells before he bites," retorted Jotham, his voice bitter with sarcasm.

We warned the teachers that they were employed by the Mission and had a loyalty to Christ and His Church; that their salaries were paid by the Government and that they had a loyalty to the State. The Mau Mau was anti-Christian and anti-Government. Some may have taken the oath through fear. Some may have

been forced. It was their duty to confess to the Government and confess to the Church and to the Supervisor. A day of reckoning was coming and they may lose their job and be imprisoned. The local European District Officer joined the group, borrowed a Bible and gave the teachers a message. This was new. Everyone sat up. It was not often that a Government Officer read from the Bible. "But anyway Christianity is only a European religion" one was heard to remark when leaving.

As we roared off in our Land Rover Jotham was angry. "They're Mau Mau. All of them. They listen to the Word of God but they don't hear. They think that they won't be found out. They smell Mau Mau, smell it! They smell it because they drink it."

Jotham did not often let himself go like this. "Keep it up, Jotham, we haven't heard anything like this for a long time." But Jotham with characteristic reserve changed the subject as we wound our way home along the red road into the sloping rays of the setting sun.

A few days later Mburea and I were out inspecting. As usual we fell to talking or exchanging yarns. We had gone about thirty miles when it happened. I can see it now.

Mburea's small face was lost behind his large moustache and open mouth as he roared with laughter. My sides were splitting but Land Rovers have a habit of bumping into trees if you don't steer them round corners. We got round—and nearly ran down a gang! They were dressed in raincoats and hats and wearing straggly beards and were walking in single file on the edge of the road.

"Gosh, Mburea, a gang," I gasped. The laugh died on his face. His face would have been ludicrous if the situation wasn't so serious. I felt the muscles of my stomach tighten.

"I'll try and get past," I muttered between my clenched teeth.

Fortunately the gang thought we were police and charged off in different directions into the nearby shambas, leaping into the air and jumping this way and

that, obviously expecting bursts of gunfire from us. As for us, the "Cole scuttle" jumped into action from 50-60 m.p.h. and shot off as fast as it could. I didn't know that a car could be so frightened. We couldn't remember until some time afterwards what we had been laughing about.

Later that day we arrived at a school where all the staff had taken the oath.

"What happened when you were given the Mau Mau?" I asked a rather shamefaced headmaster. He held his head and was reluctant to answer.

"Look here," I said, "You are either going to tell me about this or you are going to have great trouble. The Government know that you have taken the oath. We also know that you have taken the oath. So out with it."

I felt a bit of a bully but the terror of the oath itself and the fear of reprisals should the Mau Mau learn of the confession often makes the bewildered victim hesitant to come forward and speak. The toughness of the Mau Mau must be met with equal toughness, though tempered with the mercy and love of Christ.

"Well, sir, it was like this." And then followed his story of sordidness and sorrow. He told how one night a local gang had rounded his village up, men, women and children over the age of initiation. Of how they were beaten with the flat edges of a panga. He related how they were led to a place a few miles away, but he did not know where it was as his arms had been tied and his eyes blindfolded. Of how he came to the cleared place where the oath was being administered.

He did not want to go on. The poor fellow began trembling in terror and his mouth twisted with emotion.

"Tell me all," I quietly urged him. I knew that he was in terror. But I also knew that he was burdened in his soul and that burden would not fall away until he told someone and could not be removed until together we laid it at the foot of the Cross of Christ. It was always most apparent that the oath went right to the bottom of the souls of the Kikuyu, even though

they were educated and nominally Christian fellows. It seemed as if the perpetrators of this foul movement had allied themselves with Satan and had been given supernatural powers of darkness. Almost everyone with whom we spoke indicated to us a terror not just for life and what man could do.

"Sir, it was very bad," my informant wailed. "You, you a European do not understand." He pulled his rather grubby handkerchief out and blew his nose rather loudly. He then continued.

From his story and from many like stories we got to know something of what went on at a Mau Mau oath taking. It roughly followed this pattern.

A sheep or goat was slaughtered and its blood captured in a gouged out trough of the stem of a banana plant about one foot long and about six inches thick. The blood was mixed with earth showing how the land played such a prominent part in the thought of the people. Other gourds or calabashes were filled with the secret substances. The initiate was brought before the Administrator by two or three "askaris" (literally "soldiers") of the Mau Mau armed either with pistols, rifles or knives. He was sometimes beaten and then forced to say the oath after the administrator.

"I promise by the blood of this oath to denounce Christianity, otherwise this oath will kill me." He would then sip some of the blood.

"I promise by the blood of this oath not to send my children to Christian Missions or churches, otherwise this oath will kill me" and then another sip of the blood.

"I promise not to give money to Christian Missions or churches, otherwise this oath will kill me."

"I promise in company with four others to take the head of a European when called upon to do so, otherwise this oath will kill me."

"I promise not to obey the commands of the Government, otherwise this oath will kill me."

"I promise to give money when asked, otherwise this oath will kill me."

"I promise to say that land always belonged to the Kikuyu people, otherwise this oath will kill me."

After each clause blood was sipped.

The substance of the oath naturally varied with place and administrator and the particular Mau Mau needs of the area. It usually followed the above form and as far as we could see was usually sevenfold. The person to be oathed was then passed on to the Secretary who wrote down his name and then to the Treasurer who recorded his fee. This was a pre-determined figure and was quite extensive in some cases.

Should a person refuse to take the oath he was badly beaten and in some cases foully tortured. If he still refused to take the oath he would then be killed. Here is an article which appeared in the Embu District Gazette of February, 1954, a little paper for the Africans of the Embu District. This is a translation.

A BRAVE WITNESS FOR JESUS

This is a true story of a man of our Embu District. We have written it in his own words.

"I am a witness of Jesus the only Son of God who is my Saviour. Jesus found and saved me on 10/7/1945. During the time of trouble with the Mau Mau I had been much troubled by the oath administrator to take their oath. It now happened in the beginning of the tenth month, 1953, that I was cooking my tea in the morning after I had returned to my house from the place where I sleep at night. A gang found me and began to trouble all in the house. We were told we must go to the oath taking and I refused. Then I went and shut the house door. I laid my heart before the Lord Jesus and prayed Him to save me if He wanted me to witness for Him or to forgive that gang if they killed me. The gang had gone to get an axe on the other side of the valley and when they returned with it they burst open the door and took me out and beat me until they were tired of it. Then they tied my hands and my neck — I had already given up my body to be plagued as they wished because of Jesus. They dragged me along and through a stream like a dead man because I had fainted and tied me to a tree. Then they took turns to carry me to the oath taking.

When we got there they told me that I had no faults to cause my death except the following:

- "1. That I had refused to let my girls be circumcised.
- "2. That I troubled their hearts when I preached in the market.
- "3. That I informed on them when they had oath taking.

"So I was told that I should be killed after the oath taking, so I was taken along with my family and friends, but I said that I would rather die than take that oath, and on the way I kept praying in my heart. On the way one of them fetched a hoe to dig my grave. One saw some soldiers on the other side of the valley so we were told to hide. Then I was asked if I were now ready to take the oath, and I said 'No' because the oath I had already drunk was enough for me (inferring that, 'I who have drunk the blood of Jesus cannot drink the Muma'). I was told to lie down and when lying down they put a sword to my throat. But one said 'Now let's see how your Lamb of God you say saves you whether He can save you now.' They pulled me up and then saw the soldiers again and were afraid and said 'Lie down again the second time.' As for me, I slipped along to find a path to get away and I was helped to go $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to report to the District Officer, and so some of the gang were caught, but they had already made my wife and some others take the oath. I want to say that the journey to heaven is not easy (Acts 14:22, 'that we must through much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God').

"Even if I am given protection by the Government those gang men or another death may overtake me, but it will prove a great festival for me on my wedding day when I go to meet Jesus Who bought me out of Satan's bondage with His own blood. But I will never pray to those vain gods—our home is in heaven where there is no fear in the heart (Rev. 3:12: 'Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God and He shall go no more out and I will write upon him the name of my God and the name of the city of my God

which is new Jerusalem which cometh down out of heaven from my God; and I will write upon him my new name').

"1 Cor. 10:21-22: 'Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils; ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table and the table of devils. Do we provoke the Lord to jealousy? Are we stronger than He?'"

This is the end of his words. The article concludes with "How many folk are there as brave as this? Where are you?"

It was not infrequent for the taunts of the Mau Mau like those mentioned above, "Now let's see how your Lamb of God you say saves you, whether He can save you now," have been brought to naught. A Church elder well known to us all had such an experience. He was captured by the Mau Mau who tried to force him to take the oath. When he refused they put the rope around his neck to strangle him. "Nothing," they told him, "not even God can prevent you from being killed by us now." But their vain boasting was soon turned to no account when the police and the headman arrived and he was saved.

"Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils." To drink the Muma was to drink the cup of devils. What of those who drank of the cup of the Lord—communicant members of our African Anglican Church? How did they fare?

REVIVE THY WORK IN THE MIDST OF THE YEARS

The first planting of Christianity in East Africa was done by a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, Johann Ludwig Krapf. On January 3, 1844, he landed at Mombasa after having been compelled to leave Abyssinia. On July 13 his wife died and a few days later the newly born babe. With a courage that can only come with constant companionship with the living Christ, he wrote home these immortal words:

"Tell our friends at home there is now on the East African coast a lonely missionary grave. This is a sign that you have commenced the struggle with this part of the world: and as the victories of the Church are gained by stepping over the graves of her members, you may be the more convinced that the hour is at hand when you are summoned to the conversion of Africa from its Eastern shore."

He had an idea of a chain of C.M.S. missions starting from the eastern coast of Africa, through Central Equatorial Africa and joining up with those already established on the west coast.

"Though I also should have to fall, it does not matter, for the Lord is still King and will carry on and complete His cause in his own good time. The idea of a chain of missions will be taken up by succeeding generations and carried out."

I thought of his noble aspirations and indomitable spirit when I stood at the foot of his memorial on the island of Mombasa. The memorial is in the form of an obelisk some twelve feet high surmounted by a cross. Nearby are the two large and two small graves with cement tops.

"The victories of the Church are gained by stepping over the graves of her members."

We were experiencing the resurrection of the dry

bones of the Kikuyu Church through the blood of her martyrs who "overcame by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony and who loved not their lives unto death."

The Krapf monument is hard by the European Swimming Club, patronised by most of the Europeans in Mombasa. How few care to pause and think reverently what Christ accomplished through the labours of His servant. How few even realised that their very presence on the island was the result of his "labours above measure."

After two years Dr. Krapf was joined by another C.M.S. missionary, the Rev. John Rebmann, and these two intrepid soldiers of Christ laboured together for many years. Their remarkable journeys into the interior led to all the subsequent geographical and missionary enterprise in East Africa. Christian work however did not start in Kikuyu country until 1899, when the railway from Mombasa to Uganda, being constructed with the prime object of completely stamping out the slave trade, reached the spot now known as Nairobi. Here were vast tracts of uninhabited land with its herds of zebra, buffalo, giraffe and buck. Indian technicians on the railway were camped at this place and from these humble beginnings has arisen the city of Nairobi with its spacious hotels, stately buildings, magnificent Cathedral of the Highlands (the Anglican cathedral), and its twelve storey Church House, the C.M.S. building in Nairobi, built from the proceeds of the sale of old properties. There are about 110,000 inhabitants in Nairobi, made up of 60,000 Africans, 50,000 Asians and 10,000 Europeans. A popular form of amusement is to motor to the Nairobi National Park, one side of which is only three miles from the heart of the city, and see the wild animals living in their natural state.

"I saw seventeen lions today," burst out our nine-year-old Ruth as she rushed into the C.M.S. Guest House after visiting the National Park one day.

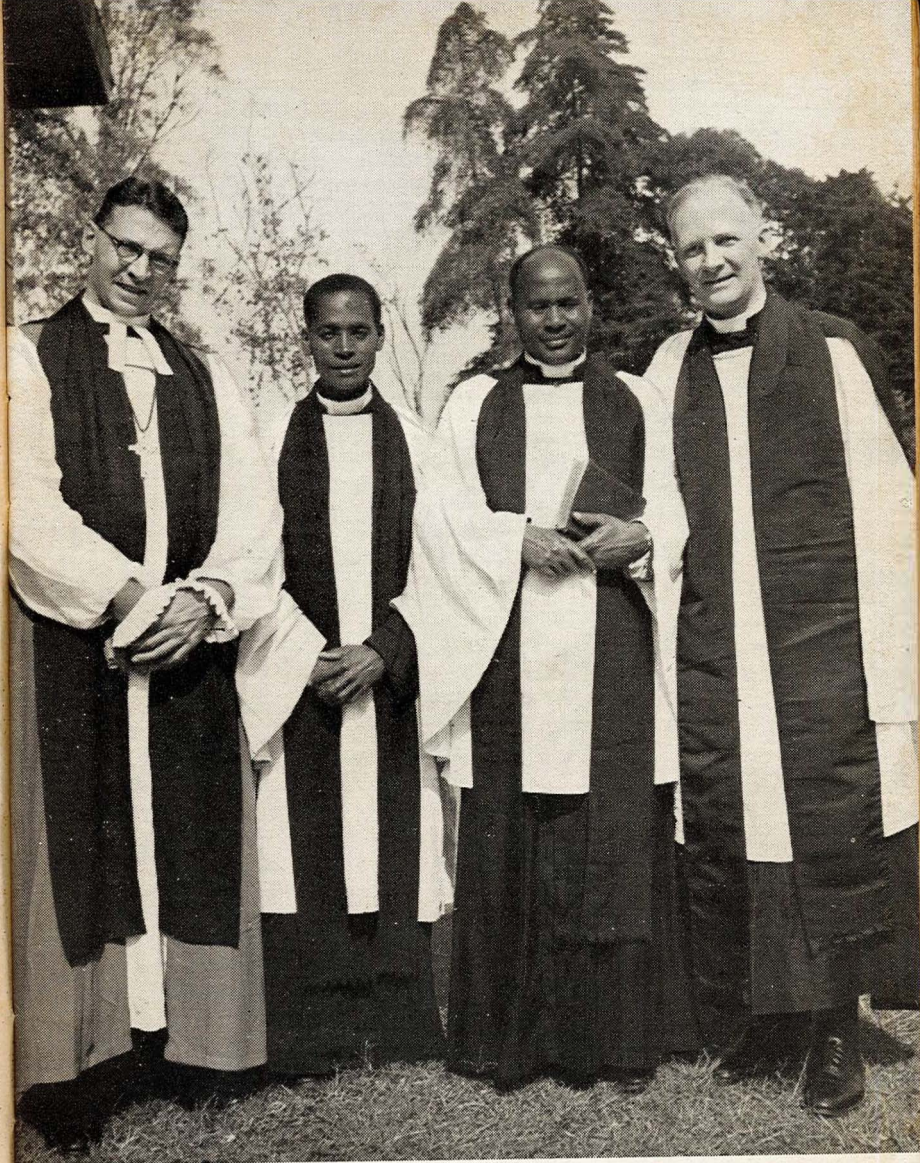
During the first ten years of the present century, Christian work flourished among the Kikuyu. Stations were opened up and the work was divided between the

C.M.S., the Church of Scotland and the Methodist Missionary Society. The African Inland Mission also had several stations. After a meeting at Kikuyu in 1913, Kikuyu country, as well as other parts of Kenya were divided for work among the various missions to prevent overlapping. The Roman Catholic Church naturally refused to participate in any talks on comity and went where she pleased.

In 1884 the Diocese of Eastern Equatorial Africa was formed, for which the Rev. J. Hannington was consecrated in that year. In 1897 the Diocese was divided into the dioceses of Uganda and Mombasa. In 1927 the Diocese of Mombasa was divided and the Diocese of Central Tanganyika was formed. In 1951, in the Kenya Mission of C.M.S., besides Bishop and Mrs. Crabbe, and the Coadjutor Bishop, Bishop and Mrs. Beecher, there were fourteen foreign and sixty African clergymen, fifteen foreign and 1,220 African Christian laymen, 28 missionary wives and 29 foreign and 255 African women workers. Few of the above are doctors and seven are nurses. In 1952 Bishop Crabbe resigned and Bishop Beecher was appointed Bishop of Mombasa by the Archbishop of Canterbury. He had been a C.M.S. missionary in Kenya since 1930, spending the majority of his time in Kikuyu country. Both he and his wife, who has lived all her life among the Kikuyu, can speak the language fluently.

We praise God that He raised up as our Bishop during the Emergency one who was completely "au fait" with Kikuyu language and thought. He is a friend of His Excellency the Governor, respected by the leaders of the Government and loved by his clergy, especially the Africans. They feel that in their Bishop, as their father in God, they have one in whom they can confide and one who will understand.

The Bishop has led the way in the Church's fight against racial discrimination. While there is hardly a European owned lodging house or restaurant that would allow an African to use it, even though accompanied by a European, the Bishop has thrown open his house to the Africans. It is quite rare for him not to have



Bishop Beecher; the Rev. Samuel Muhoro; the Rev. Obadiah Kariuku, R.D.; the Rev. Canon T. F. C. Bewes, Africa Secretary, C.M.S., London.



The Mobile Bookshop Unit, built chiefly for Mau Mau rehabilitation work, operating in one of the towns.

African guests as well as Europeans when he is home from safari.

Vigorous leadership in this way is not confined to social relations. The C.M.S. Guest House Board has passed that African Christians may be lodged there. In the beautiful Cathedral of the Highlands in Nairobi, only recently extended and renovated, there is no "special" place for the various races to sit. All mingle together. "All one in Christ." This is the only answer to improving race relations in Kenya, and racial discrimination is one of the fundamental causes of the Mau Mau.

When I first arrived in Kikuyu country in 1950, the Anglican Church throughout the whole of Kikuyu country was under the guidance of a European Rural Dean. During 1951 three African Deputy Rural Deans were appointed by the Bishop, each being guided by the European Rural Dean. In 1953 these three African Deputy Rural Deans became full Rural Deans and a European ceased to have this function in Kikuyu country. Several missionaries were appointed as advisers, but it was made quite clear to them by their Ordinary that their position was purely advisory and that the government of the Deanery was vested solely in the African Rural Dean who was answerable to the Bishop through the Archdeacon.

There was thus at the outbreak of the Emergency in Kikuyu country a reasonably strong Church, which was largely directed by the African himself. It was obvious, however, that many members of the Church were only nominal in their membership. Many had a name to live but were dead. Some who had been touched by the message of Revival began to meet the deadness of formalism by bringing a challenge of a living personal relationship with Christ and a deeper fellowship through bringing everything "to the light."

In most cases in Fort Hall District, those who resisted the Mau Mau were members of little fellowship groups of those who loved the Lord, those who had been saved by Him and who had a testimony. Not all those of the Revival stood out, but of those who stood out, most were of the Revival.

"Can I who have drunk the blood of Jesus, drink the Muma?" was often said as we gathered together.

The Revival Movement in East Africa first became evident in about 1936 after the Synod of Uganda discussed the following subject: "It is very necessary for all members of the Church and especially church workers to know in their lives the meaning of being 'born again.' Because it is not possible to change others until we are changed ourselves, all Christians are asked to examine themselves." The following four questions were posed.

1. Do you know salvation through the Cross of Christ?
2. Are you growing in the power of the Holy Spirit in prayer, meditation and the knowledge of God?
3. Is there a great desire to spread the Kingdom of God by example and by preaching and teaching?
4. Are you bringing others to Christ by individual searching, by visiting and by public witness?

Since that time through the enthusiasm of both Africans and Europeans the influence of Revival has spread throughout most of Uganda, Ruanda, Tanganyika and Kenya. Features of the movement often include the constant singing of a chorus "Tukutendereza"—"We Praise Thee," sometimes several times during the Church services, and separate fellowship meetings where open confession is made together with prayer and Bible reading. Unusual emphasis is placed on the Atonement and catchwords are "the precious blood of Christ," "being broken," "walking in the light," "the blood of the Lamb."

At various times the enthusiasm of some groups has passed the normal bounds of usual behaviour and singing has been accompanied with dancing, and in some cases immorality. The tendency often has been for the "fellowship groups" to become separatist and in some cases these have broken away from the established churches. Occasionally the organised church has been classed as the work of Satan, and the "challenge" has been made "come out and be ye separate." At times members have become

so exclusive as to consider that only those "saved" belong to Revival.

These things have caused many European and African Christians grave concern and they have treated their brethren in the Revival with suspicion. Some have even preached strongly against it. And yet the fact remains that in the present Emergency in the Fort Hall District where, out of 22,000 church members, only 800 are known to have resisted the Oath, the majority of these were the "ahonoku"—Revivalists. This has not been the same in the Nyeri and Embu Districts, where, due to different Mission policy and increased government protection, the situation has not been so desperate as in the early days.

We praise God for the witness of our Revival Brethren. For those not in the "fellowship" there comes the challenge of being continually broken at the foot of the Cross where the shed blood of Christ is ever present for cleansing: the call for complete consecration that the Holy Spirit may ever have free course to use the believer as a channel of grace: the acceptance that the Christian walk is a fellowship where sorrows and joys may be fully shared. For those in the "fellowship" there is the reminder that thoughts of others, criticism of church life, repetition of phrases, all these things must be made in the light of love. As St. Paul says, "For I say through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you. not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith. For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we being many, are one body in Christ, and everyone members one of another. Having then gifts differing according to the grace given to us. . . . Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love."

As was said once to a friend, "Let us not speak so much of how the Revival Movement is touching the Church of Christ but how Christ is reviving His Church, that the praise may be of God, not of men."

BE SUBJECT TO THE HIGHER POWERS

Mburea said to me one day, "You know, Sir, I was once an official of K.A.U. (Kenya African Union)."

"Were you, Mburea? When was that?"

"In 1948, I was a Secretary for one of the local branches in Nairobi."

"Why did you leave?"

There was a large grin which always twisted Mburea's little brown face with its wide moustache into a wrinkled brown ball, his shining black eyes glinting through a crevice in the contortion. "I saw the way that things were going."

"Tell me more about the activities of the Union?"

"The Kikuyu have been for many years the most progressive tribe in Kenya. They have always been very politically minded. Living near to Nairobi, it meant that the Kikuyu came into contact with Europeans more than any other tribe. Nairobi, as you know, is right on the edge of the Kikuyu Reserves, right next door to Kiambu District."

"Yes, I remember before the Emergency, how 'taxis' (native buses) used to stream into Nairobi, packed full of people with large bunches of bananas, boxes, bundles, vegetables, chicken coops, bicycles, all precariously stacked on the vehicles' roofs, swaying from one side to another, as they lurched along the bumping, winding red-dust road."

"Yes, many many Kikuyu came to Nairobi and saw there the tall buildings, the big hotels, the large garages where all kinds of new cars can be purchased, the wealthy shops where clothes and food and bicycles and books may be bought. 'Haya,' Sir, the Kikuyu found that the Europeans were very rich, and owned many things that they themselves wanted. But then, when they saw how much money things cost, and the small

amount they got from their maize or their cows or the small wages in Nairobi, they became very dissatisfied."

"In other words, they felt frustrated?"

"Yes, they did not have enough money, and they did not have enough land to produce more money. And, being poor, and badly dressed and unclean, the white man began to laugh at him. The European would make him work for long hours and give him little money, and then despise him as though he was not a proper human being."

A note of bitterness crept into Mburea's voice. He was a very understanding fellow, and was one of the few Africans who had the ability of understanding to some extent the ways of the European. He could see their good points, but also their bad ones. We were both silent for a bit. I felt a bit uncomfortable. British rule has brought the "pax Britannica," abolishing tribal warfare; has subsidised missionary, medical and educational work; has appointed Land Commissions, given social services, spent huge sums on agricultural development and research. But much remains yet to be done. And very little is being done to meet that deep longing in the heart of the African for a full fellowship on the level of true brotherhood. Often the European official's busy administrative life and the exacting demands of the European farmer's daily round, crowds out the most important factor so that it becomes a forgotten factor—human relationships. Mburea was but voicing that deep longing which is so often expressed by cultured Africans to-day: "We don't want economic development and social services and representation in Government only. We want fellowship."

Mburea then told of the Kikuyu Central Association which, through good means and bad means, had sought to right some of these wrongs. It was founded in 1922, but in 1942 was proscribed by the Government. "And here, Sir, was the origin of Mau Mau. The Kikuyu have recently become very secretive. We saw no hope in the situation. We turned to secret societies, to poli-

tical groups who through the bitterness of its leaders, began to plot to overthrow the Government."

"When was the Kenya African Union founded, Mburea?"

"In 1944. Many of the original members were Kikuyu, although it was for Africans of all tribes. It seemed to start off well, but then, like a bad disease, the movement became very bad."

"How many members were there in 1952?"

"It is thought that there were 125,000 Africans. And then, as you know, Sir, the Government has now proscribed the Union, which had Jomo Kenyatta as its President."

In another session of silence, one could only reflect on the sense of frustration that continually is being experienced by the Kikuyu. Those who sought to gain their ends by violence must be dealt with. There was no question as to the justice of the proscription of K.A.U., but it is sad and bad for the African, the underprivileged group, not to have any decent well-organised political organ through which they may genuinely express their grievances.

One answer lies in the vital African Christian getting into politics. To date most of our Churchmen stand aloof. "We are not of this world," is the invariable answer when challenged on this point. The obvious retort made in the love and patience of Christ: "Ye are the salt of the earth." This has not yet met with any great response.

In the Reserves lately, however, there is a greater demand for Christians who are Christian in every sense of the word to be chiefs. In 1953, three of our C.M.S. Headmasters were made chiefs in the Embu District. I spoke to one of my European friends about this and he was dismayed. "I would never recommend a saved Christian to become a chief; the temptations are too great." They are certainly great. Bribery is often the order of the day. Status in the tribe is measured by the pagan and nominal Christian in the number of wives and the wealth of the individual. Many gatherings have the traditional beer drinking ceremonies. But I am con-

vinced that there is something wrong with our Christianity if we cannot produce men who are able to take an active participation in the Government of their own people, however difficult it may seem, and however different the standards of contemporary officials may be. I am convinced, however, that there is nothing wrong with our Christianity but our attitude towards it and our participation in it. Through the long history of the British peoples, with its varying vicissitudes, the permeating power of Christ's Gospel has manifested itself at the very heart of legal jurisprudence, of medical lore and of local and national Government. Subjective standards may and do vary; but the objective law which has been the very warp and woof of British life, has remained a standard for the whole world. This leaven of the Gospel must be demonstrated in African social and political life also.

"What about Jomo Kenyatta, Eliphas? Do you think he is the one really behind the Mau Mau?"

"There is no doubt about it. Have you heard what the Kikuyu Creed is, Sir? 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, *And in Jomo Kenyatta, His only Son our Lord*'."

"Mburea, that's blasphemy."

"The Mau Mau is of Satan. They also take Christian hymns and replace Jesus with Jomo. They say that they have gone back to old Kikuyu religious ideas. In some ways, they have. In other ways, they have gone back to their Father, the Devil."

Jomo Kenyatta, or to give him his correct name, Mr. Johnstone Kenyatta, went to Cambridge University and spent 15 years in England and in Europe. He married an English girl. He had formerly been General Secretary of the Kikuyu Central Association, and on his return to Kenya in 1946, became Principal of the Kenya Teachers' College at Githunguri in the Kiambu District.

This College had been formed in the late 1930's to train teachers for the Kikuyu Karinga Schools Association and the Kikuyu Independent Schools Association, two Associations linked with the Kikuyu Orthodox Church and the Kikuyu Independent Pentecostal Church

respectively. These schools and churches sought to syncretise Christianity with the older Kikuyu religious customs, and were violently anti-white. Thus the Kenya Teachers' College became the Headquarters for the dissemination of anti-European propaganda. On the night of 22nd October, when the State of Emergency was declared in Kenya, Jomo Kenyatta was detained under Emergency Regulations and subsequently tried and convicted to seven years' imprisonment after a protracted legal battle.

One of the first actions of the Government, when the Emergency was declared, was to proscribe the Kenya Independent Schools Association, with 21,000 children on the roll. Later, many of these schools were re-opened under Government supervision. In some areas, the Government asked the various missions to take over certain K.I.S.A. Schools; but, while they presented a challenge to the African Anglican Church, we felt that we could do nothing effective unless we had several reliable Christian elders in the area, who would form the backbone of the School Committee.

On one occasion, we were invited by the Government to a "baraza" (conference) to discuss the re-opening of one such school, and Njage and I went. The District Commissioner was not able to be present as he had intended, and was represented by the District Officer and the Education Officer. When we arrived at the appointed place, a spot which was now notorious for the atrocities committed there, we were greeted by the Chief. We sat down on chairs next to the Chief, while the tribesmen of the area squatted on the ground. They were mostly dressed in European clothes, rather tattered and torn, and most wore hats. Some of the older men were dressed in blankets, and there was the continual exchange of snuff, and the application first to one nostril and then to the other, actions which, for any who have lived and worked among the Kikuyu tribe, will always be remembered. Then, right round the assembly stood the Embu Home Guard, each having a white arm band with the distinctive number of the wearer. These were invariably dressed in European clothes and armed with

spears, bows and arrows and swords. A few had rifles, and there were some regular Tribal Police dressed in their khaki shorts, red sweaters and red fez. All these T.P.'s were armed with old .303 rifles.

The speeches dragged on. The children must be educated. The K.I.S.A. sought to teach bad things. Should not the school continue, but be supervised by those who would give a good education to the children? Old men rose, spoke and sat. The Chief, with a big revolver in its holster at his side, spoke at great length. The folk, previously sullen, became interested. Then the bomb fell! "Why not open the school under the management of the Anglican Church?" This came from one of our few remaining faithful African elders. A vote was taken and the proposal accepted. The school was to be resumed under mission management. I hesitated. The area was bad. The whole population, except for a few families, were seriously disaffected. Later, the District Commissioner saw me. He was terribly bucked and frightfully enthusiastic. This was something new—from K.I.S.A. to Mission Management. I was not so sure. We had another meeting. Many came. But it was quite clear that there would be difficulties. The school site was perfect. There was one large playing field and an extensive area for school gardens; the classrooms were in two main blocks, but in a state of disrepair. There was a huge church with a corrugated iron roof; there were three teachers' houses. But the people had not changed. They had been fed on years of hatred to the European and his ways and bitterness against the missions and normal Christian teaching. I approached a keen Christian headmaster and told him of the challenge of the area. I felt he should not go at my dictation, but at the direct calling of God. His home was in the area, but his life would be in danger. Few might come to school. What of his promotion? He prayed about it.

"Bwana, I think that Jesus wants me to serve Him there," was his ultimate answer. And so he went. After a lot of propaganda, we got 20 children. Some children who lived in the area, but going to other schools, were

transferred there. Things went on just "uguo" (any old how) for several months. Then the children fell away. Only five came. Strange men with beards were seen on the area. A tribal policeman was badly beaten, his rifle stolen and he was sent away naked. A few murders took place. Gangsters from the forest seemed to use the area as a rest camp, coming down by night in twos and threes. Other atrocities occurred. The Security forces went in and "cleaned up" the area. And all through, this man carried on. I advanced him money to buy a bicycle, and each morning he would leave the mission station and wend his way through the silent, sinister bush tracks to teach the few—for the sake of Jesus. Sometimes, as we saw him go in the morning, we wondered if he would return in the evening. Then we got news of planned atrocities in the area. And with great reluctance we closed the school. It was foolish to sacrifice a valuable life and the lives of the five children—they were children of the only two remaining faithful families—when nothing was being accomplished.

The years of seditious propaganda of the Kikuyu Independent Schools Association at this school had done its damage, and for many years, here as elsewhere, the people will live in bitterness and hatred towards the about land?" Jotham was just the man to be asked this white man with no adequate education for their children.

5 BURDENS GRIEVOUS TO BE BORNE

In 1922, as we have seen, the first Kikuyu political organisation, the Kikuyu Central Association, was formed by a group of young intellectual Kikuyu who realised what had happened to their land. Their watchcry was, "We must be given back the lands which the white man has stolen from us." From that time right up to the present day, this has been the motto "Africa for the African." "The Europeans have stolen our land." It was repeated in large mass meetings; around the village fires at night time; by the old "cucu" (grandmother) as she supervised the cultivation of the gardens; by the ever-growing groups of unemployed young men.

"Tell me, Jotham," I said one day as we wound our way through the fertile fields and scattered villages near the forest line of Mount Kenya, "What is all this trouble question. He was a young man, educated, patriotic, with a keen sense of justice and an ability to know and understand the European, and a Christian.

"The White Man must first realise that the ownership of land is very close to the heart of the Kikuyu. He lives by what his wife (or wives) grows. His whole wealth depends on the amount of land he owns or is given permission to cultivate."

"The ownership and use of land according to Kikuyu custom, Jotham, seems very difficult to understand."

"Yes, Sir, it is, and I think much of the trouble of today is because in the early days, the European did not know enough about the old Kikuyu laws concerning land."

"Jotham, have I told you of one of my experiences at Kahuhia about taking a woman to hospital?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, here it is."

I was awakened one evening by a banging on the

front door. I looked at the clock: it was 1 a.m. I arose and slipped on a dressing gown. "Nu?" I enquired as I peered out the door to the shadowy forms of a man armed with a spear, and two women. They looked grotesque in the yellow flickering light of the lantern which one of the women was carrying.

"Bwana, come quickly. It is a birth. Things are not good. Please come." The courtesy of the request was overcome by the urgency of the situation.

"Bwana, you must take her to hospital. Please, at once."

I donned a few clothes, hastily covering the obvious lacks with a greatcoat, for the nights are cold. Then off we sped in the Land Rover, rattling across loose planked bridges which sounded unnaturally in the quietness of night, twisting through villages standing stark in the low moonlight, plunging through dry water-courses and eventually pulling up with a jerk outside a village. Here there was activity. Shadows flitted in the clearing, shadows moved by the door, a low bundle near the fire moaned in agony.

A quick, "Thank you, Bwana, for coming," and then a slow, laborious carriage as the sweating, torture-gripped soul is carried to the car, a tedious crawl to the hospital.

As I got back into bed the luminous dial of the clock showed 3.30. I was tired out but could not go to sleep. My face was cold from the night air; my thoughts were still with the night ride, with the sharp cry of pain when the car jolted; with cruel initiation ceremonies where the scars of the wounds inflicted at that time cause untold misery in labour and in many cases death, both to the mother and the babe.

We used to average in Fort Hall District about thirty cases of this nature a month, many of them at night time. But what of the times when there was no medical aid except the occasional excellent remedy, but usually the shocking treatment of the "mundu-mugo" (witch doctor)! What of the 30% of mothers dying a lingering death of pain and exhaustion as they brought forth their firstborn, and those five out of ten wee mites whose light was immediately extinguished forever at the hands of

filthy midwives. What of the thousands who succumbed to plague, to pneumonia, to smallpox. What of the hundreds who survived, but disfigured and maimed for life.

The Gospel of Light and Love has always been linked with the healing of the body with the aid of the whole man. The Kikuyu owe much to the selfless labours of the missionary and government doctors, sisters and midwives, and lately for the African doctors, dressers and nurses.

But these very acts of service and labours of love have raised problems. Thousands do not now die of plague and disease; infant mortality has dropped sharply. The Kikuyu tribe is increasing at a prodigious rate *and the land cannot support them*. The Pax Britannica is preventing population loss in tribal warfare; the doctor is saving life from disease and malpractice. The result, however, is that families are now too large to be supported by parents whose sole source of income, in many cases, comes from inherited land which is inadequate.

Then a further factor which causes the African to feel frustrated is the breakdown of the older tribal discipline with no adequate substitute. The city of Nairobi, with its opportunities for labour, has drawn tens of thousands of young Kikuyu men from the Reserves as houseboys, clerks and labourers. Some of these men make good, marry and live respectable lives in the town. Many, however, drift from job to job, or live on their wits, dwelling in tumbledown shanties where prostitution and all other kinds of evil is rife. Lately many have turned into paid thugs of the Mau Mau to carry out atrocities of torture and murder. In the olden days, standards of behaviour appear to have been far better than the present situation where there is little respect for the aged who formerly ruled the tribe by their Committee of Elders, and effected the necessary discipline.

Then there is the problem of the young men. In former times after initiation, these young men became the warriors and displayed their courage by acts of valour on the battle field against the Masai. If they survived, they received the adulations of the women; if they fell,

they were remembered with honour. Nowadays many of these young men have nothing to do. They receive a few years of education and then fall by the wayside, sometimes because of their own waywardness, sometimes because of lack of money to pay fees, sometimes because of inability to pass the requisite examinations. Without much education they cannot be employed as clerks with the government or the mission. Some get jobs as house-boys in the city or turnboys on the buses going to Nairobi, or labourers for Indians. Many are not so fortunate. They have no occupation. It is contrary to tribal custom for them to herd cattle, as this work is for the uninitiated boys; it is a disgrace to cultivate in the fields, as this is the work of the women. They become idle, loafers and wasters, quickly degenerating into thugs and thieves. It is from this group that the Mau Mau gangs in the forest have been largely recruited.

Then to all the young Kikuyu men, whether thugs or wasters or labourers or even highly educated, there is the vex problem of bride price. In the earlier days of the tribe, the family purchased the wife of the young man's choice by the payment of cattle. These transactions were effected only after protracted negotiations between the two families concerned, with many meetings and a great deal of beer drinking. The idea of the payment was a kind of marriage insurance. If the bride, who naturally lived in the village of the husband, was maltreated, she could leave and go to her own home, and the husband and his family would then forfeit the cattle. If the girl ran away without any good reason, the case would be heard by the elders and a judgment passed.

These days, with the terrific land pressure and the rapid growth of western ideas and the use of money, the bride price is often paid in cash or, in many cases, foregone. The Mau Mau thugs just abduct what women they want, but the idle waster and poor labourer will sometimes go into a lifetime of debt to buy the girl of his choice. However, in many cases, the girl just takes herself off to the towns to be the official or de facto wife of a town dweller without any marriage insurance

paid. Then as so often happens after some time, her husband is attracted by another woman and instead of returning to the Reserves, she remains in the city as a prostitute.

Among the more decent types, marriage is often anticipated. Under old Kikuyu custom, certain sexual play was allowed between young men and women with strict punishment (it is said) for a child out of place. These days, with no tribal restraints and punishments, it so often seems the order of the day for the marriage date of the couple to be determined by the girl's pregnancy.

All these things result in a sense of frustration. Many have no economic resources by which to live decently, to marry properly and to express themselves fully. The government and mission authorities and the Africans themselves, by education, higher wages, better housing, medical and social benefits, agricultural methods, are seeking to improve the material wants of the young men. But much still remains to be done, and the sense of grievance continues.

I once took Jotham into Nairobi and we had lunch with the Bishop in his beautiful home which is open to all races. Jotham was a bit nervous. Mburea and Njage had had more experience at this type of thing. Jotham had had very little training at manipulating knives and forks and the cutlery on the table in front of him seemed formidable. He watched me like a lynx and would use the same piece as I did. Unfortunately, I used the wrong knife at one stage and so did Jotham. In his kind way the Bishop, looking after his African friends, pointed out the correct knife. Jotham, covered with confusion, could only look at me with reproach as I hastened to point out that 'twas I who had led Jotham into error and we all had a good laugh.

The Church is trying to give a lead in the matter of social intercourse. There is supposed to be no "colour bar" in Kenya, but it is virtually impossible to take an African, though he be a graduate from Oxford and has mixed with folk quite freely in England, into a public

European-owned restaurant in Nairobi or in any other main town in Kenya. One can sympathise up to a point with the proprietor, knowing of the possibility that occasionally he may get an unclean or unsuitable African. But the issue seems quite clear. Unless the European is prepared to treat decent Africans accustomed to social intercourse in a courteous way, and ever seek to raise more Africans to have full social intercourse and fellowship with him, then he can only expect over the years to have increasing trouble as the African becomes more educated and more socially self-conscious.

As Miss Margery Perham in "The Times" recently wrote: "The conclusion must be that Britain and her colonists have not only a duty but an overwhelming interest in working with and not against the awakening African desire to catch up quickly with the rest of the world. If, in the psychological situation, which threatens in Africa, this growing desire is opposed, or even too grudgingly met, Britain and the other colonial powers may find one day that they have nothing less than a delinquent continent upon their hands."

Further, as professing Christian people, it is our Christian duty under the constraining love of Christ to realise our common brotherhood under our common Father, to whom we all pray as "our Father" and seek to have deeper fellowship in that light. Otherwise this sense of frustration will find expression in further acts of brutality and wickedness, as is being experienced at the present time when so many educated, as well as the uneducated, have been caught up in this movement.

MAKE YOUR PEACE WITH GOD

The sense of frustration and grievance has taken such a hold over the Kikuyu people that it is estimated that at least 95% of the population over the age of 14 years, both male and female, have "drunk the Muma." Further about 80% of our church people, baptised and confirmed members of our Anglican Church, have also sworn by this pagan oath to denounce Christ. This is not just the fault of the European missionaries, African clergy, elders and teachers, though all will confess that had they known the extent to which this movement was to go they would have laboured more abundantly and in some cases preached the Gospel more faithfully. No. For many they "had a name to live and were dead," they had not experienced Christ in a living vital way; they had not known the power of His resurrection; they were not conscious of the peace of His Presence in the daily Christian walk.

Many took the oath through fear, many under torture, many just because they wanted to. It is not the church's task to judge, it is the church's commission to "seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for His children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved by Christ for ever." Our task is to go and seek and save those who are lost and bring to them the message of reconciliation. As St. Paul in his first letter to the Corinthians says:

"Knowing, therefore, the terror (R.V. fear) of the Lord, we persuade men . . . for the love of Christ constraineth us: because we thus judge, that if One died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him that died for them, and rose again . . . Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God," or as Dr. J. B. Phillips puts it, "Make your peace with God."

Unparalleled opportunities for ministering the Gospel

of Reconciliation to those who have taken the Mau Mau oath have been given to the missionary, the African padre and to any who love the Lord in Kikuyu country at the present time. The grace of forgiveness and the power of the precious blood of Christ have become living realities. Here is the story of one of our African teachers who found in Christ the peace of sins forgiven.

This man had been brought up in a Christian home and had been taught in a Christian school. He was baptised and given a Christian name to go in front of his Kikuyu name. Despite all this, he married according to native custom and only some time afterwards decided to marry in the church. This was a sin and he became increasingly conscious of it.

The Mau Mau came and as a Christian he resisted it. A gang came to his house, beat him and carried him off to a Mau Mau ceremony. He was beaten further and told to take the oath. He said "No." He was then choked into unconsciousness and was insensible for about a quarter of an hour. When he regained consciousness he was again told to take the oath, and again he said, "No." He was then beaten once more and a pistol aimed at him. "We will kill you if you don't take the oath." He was about to say "No" when, as he related it to me, his previous sin of marriage came up before him, a sin of which he had not truly repented. And he took the oath.

Immediately afterwards he felt very ashamed but decided to keep quiet and to tell no one. He became miserable. He could not do his work properly. He still continued to go to church (against Mau Mau instructions) and the words of the Bible seemed to "cut at him" as he said. Yet he refused to confess to God and his friends.

After visiting the school several times, I could see that he had taken the oath, so I prayed that God would give me the right words to say. After a little time he told me all. "What a relief to tell you all, sir," was how he concluded. Then came the ministry of the Word — "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavv laden, and I will give you rest" . . . Peter denied but Peter was forgiven . . . The place of our forgiveness

is at the foot of the Cross . . . "lovest thou me more than these" . . .

Together we asked God to forgive and together we praised Him for the load being lifted. We praised Him too for a Gospel that had power to heal, and for a Book that speaks of victory over human weakness in the lives of men.

Another case was that of one of our African carpenters. He was on fire for Christ and a man who had a testimony. His work did not need supervising. He was a "fund" — one well taught in his subject and one who worked faithfully during the hours appointed for him. He was a delightful fellow, a real brother in Christ and a true friend.

During the year a vacancy occurred for an African carpentry instructor in one of our schools in an area seriously disaffected by the Mau Mau. There was no one to send except my friend and yet I hesitated. Should he be sent down he would, in all probability, be killed. Yet in fairness to the Government who supplied the finance for the teachers' salaries, I felt he should go. I worried over the matter until one of my African brethren reminded me:

"Bwana, worry is a sin!"

So my brother went down. Every few weeks I visited the school to see how things were getting on. I remember that it was about September that I went to the school where he was and asked him how he was getting on.

"Last night I slept down in the bush down there," he said, pointing with his chin. "The night before I slept up that big tree. The night before way down there 'Ku-u-u-ria'. The night before in a hut," pointing in the opposite direction.

The Mau Mau were after my friend and we prayed earnestly for him.

Two days before I left I saw him coming across the football ground. I felt my heart go out to him. His hands hung down, his eyes were on the ground, his face was convulsed as he slowly made his way to my house. I waited till he came. After our greeting he said:

"Bwana, I have a great burden on my heart."

"Yes, my brother, I see that you have."

"Bwana, I have drunk the Muma." There was a long pause while he endeavoured to master his emotions. I remained silent and in silence prayed that the God of all comfort would comfort my friend.

"They caught me, Bwana, and beat me but I was determined that I would not take the oath." I could see he had been beaten. "They said 'Drink the Muma' and I said 'No.' Then they beat me again, Bwana." There was another long pause as once again the memory of the torture sought to find expression in emotion. The once happy shining face was now twisted with grief, a thing terrible to see.

"They said again 'Drink this' and again I said 'No'.

"Then they sneered at me, Bwana, and they said, 'If you don't drink the oath we will get your wife and torture her to death'."

Many Kikuyu consider that their wives are lower than animals. We praise God, however, that among the really vital Christians there is a growing sense of love and fellowship in marriage as the couple find their fellowship in Christ. Such was the case of this man and his wife. They were dear to each other.

"Bwana, what could I do" was his awful cry.

"My brother, I don't know what I would do if I had the same test," and then we spoke of the things of Christ. How He lifts burdens, how He forgives sins, how He saves to the uttermost. As we spoke my friend got peace. As he departed with his "Tigwo ni thayu" — the farewell, "stay in peace" — he left, a man with a new hope and peace. He had known before the joy of sins forgiven. He now realised this afresh in a deeper way. Perhaps he had thought as Peter, "Though all shall be offended, yet not I," and the loving Saviour had allowed him to be tested in the fiery crucible that he might become more broken and lean more on His Saviour and not on himself. He went away a humbler man, but in the peace of Christ, a more living witness of His grace.

YE SHALL BE WITNESSES UNTO ME

One of the members of the staff of Limuru Divinity School, the joint theological training centre for the clergy of the Anglicans, Presbyterians and Methodists in Kenya, is the Rev. Samuel Muhoro. He is a Kikuyu and suffered much at the hands of the Mau Mau. Here is his story given in his own words.

"I was hesitant to write about our experiences, those of my wife and myself, in case people should think what wonderful people we are! Better that they should see what a wonderful Lord the Lord Jesus is! Then I remembered how I have been helped myself by the witness of others, e.g., Stephen's. I am sure the Lord allowed these terrible things to happen to me because He wanted others to be helped to salvation by the witness I would give.

"I thank God for the power to endure which He gave us because it must have been given just for that time, to enable us to speak to those (who came to attack us) in friendship — surely He was overruling and guiding us to speak His words. For example Jesus said, 'Don't be anxious as to what you will say because the Holy Spirit will tell you what to say before those who accuse you.'"

"*My and my wife's ordeal:* On Friday night, 13th February, at 2 a.m. we were deep in sleep, at any rate, I was. My wife, however, heard some people outside saying, 'Samuel, Samuel, Samuel' but I didn't answer as I was fast asleep. Sarah tried to wake me without success, and when they realised I was not answering, they began to break the door down. Their last blow woke me up with a start but after a little the Lord restored His peace to me for I had prayed that night that He would be my guard.

"When they had got in my wife opened the bedroom

door for them and in came two, each with two pangas in his hand. They were just young fellows but we didn't recognise them as they were wearing overcoats and were speaking in English and Swahili as well as Kikuyu. We asked them, 'What do you want?' They replied our money and quickly, or else we should die on the spot. Then they asked for the keys of our boxes and cupboards and began opening them and searching through everything. While this was going on I was struck three times with a panga and the blood was pouring out like water, so that I couldn't see properly what they were doing as the blood was blinding my eyes. My hands had been tied behind my back with a girdle of my wife's and I was sitting on the edge of the bed. One of them kept on cutting me for a long time with no respite while the other kept passing out all our belongings to those outside who were many in number, women as well as men.

My shoulders and arms were covered with wounds and even now I cannot walk properly because of a wound on my right heel where the tendon was almost completely severed. When they had finished with me, they went to my wife and cut her on the head asking why she had laughed while they were cutting me. She explained that she just felt no anger for what they had done, whereupon they inflicted her with a deep gash on her head and snapped her little finger on the left hand, even yet it isn't right.

"All this time we talked with them in a friendly way and explained that our work was preaching the Gospel so that people should come to know Jesus and be saved, white and black alike.

"When they started saying 'Wasn't it you who refused to co-operate in the good work we Kikuyu are trying to do these days? So now you will learn what sort of people we are!' Whereupon they redoubled their efforts and beat us all over our bodies. Finally they wanted me to agree to take their oath under force, but I told them 'No, I have drunk the blood of Jesus and it was sufficient for me.' At Jesus' name they continued to beat me and even increased their ferocity. This went

on for some time, and after each refusal to take the oath they laid about me without ceasing. In the end they pierced my waist at the back with a sword so that I thought they had cut my kidneys and cried out 'Lord' in a loud voice. 'Why are you calling on the Lord?' they asked me; but when I did not answer they did not beat me any more. I felt almost finished at this stage because I had lost so much blood. Then, after this beating they took some of our blood and smeared it over our lips. When I tasted this and realised it was blood I started vomiting until I reached a stage of utter exhaustion. At this they took me and stretched me out on the bed, cutting the cord that bound my hands together and leaving me free. Just then our smallest child began to cry and they asked Sarah 'Do you want this child killed? Don't you know we are murderers?' Sarah answered 'No' and they told her, 'Well then, shut her up.'

"At this point they made as if to go away, so Sarah asked them to give her one blanket please to cover the child; they asked her 'Which one?' and she replied, 'Any one at all.' So they threw one over to her. I too, asked 'and what shall I cover myself with?' and they said 'We have already given your wife one, how can we give you one too?' However they suddenly had an idea; after a while they brought my surplice and threw it over me where I lay.

"After they had gone, taking everything we had with them except our underclothes we began to pray for them, for they had said to us, 'We are going now, so don't forget to pray for us!' We told them this was our work and we would be careful to do so, so that the Lord might help them and bring them to salvation. Their last words were, 'Sleep well, and be glad in the knowledge that you will be kept by the Guardians of Homes who come from Mount Kenya!'

"As we lay there Sarah and I had peace in our hearts but our bodies had been badly handled. What amazed us and set us praising God was that all the time we were being hacked up we felt no pain at all, nor did we show any sign of grief or despair. Looking

back we were sure it was the Lord's work and that it was He alone who had saved us from death for no man had told them not to kill us. Even had they killed our bodies we knew our souls would have been untouched. Furthermore we rejoiced that our children had been spared as they had been looking on and watching all that was being done, but because of their great fear they stayed quiet. With such thoughts we praised the Lord who had delivered us, and then prayed for our attackers that God would forgive them as they did not know what they were doing. We really meant this and had they turned back and asked us for a cup of tea we would have been quite willing to try to get it for them. It is quite possible that since then we have met with these people and greeted them in the Lord's Name, for we did not know nor even now do we know who they were. We believe some of them have been stricken with guilt and shame for the things they did and that one day they will be saved. Finally we prayed that the brethren might come to hear of this soon and bring us help. After this, we rested in the Lord despite the pain we felt in our bodies.

"That same night — as we learnt later on — the woman who used to sleep in our house with us (she was my brother's wife) had been beaten with the flat side of a panga and then left. Ten minutes after the attackers had disappeared from the house this woman got out and saw them leading in the direction of Andrew Kaguru's home. This man was a brother in the Lord and a Catechist in the Church of Kiruri. He was full of courage and used to go round everywhere with me witnessing to salvation before Mau Mau adherents. At times he even told them that he had no fear of death so that he not only refused the oath but even added 'and if anyone wants to kill me because of this, they will find me in my home.'

"When the gang reached his house they broke the door in and catching Andrew's wife they hacked her all over until she was almost half dead. Then they took hold of Andrew himself and leading him outside they chopped him up in the most savage way, for they were

filled with anger and hatred towards him. Even when his wife was being attacked and crying out that 'these people would kill us' Andrew had told her 'Sh-h-h, Alice, stop crying. Let them do to us whatever they like.' Later they tied a wire round Andrew and dragged him off like a sheep to the slaughter. He left behind five children, and another was born later who was in his mother's womb on the night when they were attacked.

"The next place the gang went to was about another mile and a quarter on, the home of a school teacher. During the attack this man was able to escape and ran three miles without stopping, leaving his wife behind in their home. On arriving at the police station he told them what had happened, whereupon they set out with him and went to his house. There they found no sign of his wife but his children were still there and these were sent to another teacher's house nearby. None of them knew a thing of what had happened to us nor Andrew.

"I heard the police car passing on the way to the teacher's house and suggested to my brother's wife (who had since come back) that she should go and tell them. But both she and my wife were afraid, thinking it might be a car belonging to the gang, and as I could not move myself much, we left it with the Lord and rested in Him. However, a cup of tea refreshed us very much, cooked by my sister-in-law. She had not been very badly hurt, and was able after tea to bandage me up a bit where the wounds were deepest.

"Early next morning Andrew's wife and child came to tell me what had happened. When I heard their knock I told them to come straight in to the bedroom, and when they did so I asked 'What of Andrew, is he alive?' The answer was 'No, everything is over. He was killed last night.' 'God be praised even for this,' I said, 'Andrew has reached heaven before us.'

"I then sent two children, one of them Andrew's, to the police station to let them know about ourselves. They explained everything to the Inspector in charge and when he heard he and his friends realised that this was serious and wished to inform the Administration

immediately by wireless. It was found, however, that the wireless was out of order, so instead they set off for another police station not far away which took them near to Weithaga where the C.M.S. have a large mission station, about sixteen miles west of Fort Hall. Here they succeeded in getting a wireless message through to police headquarters. In this way the missionaries and the Rural Dean who were all at Weithaga got word of what had happened to us. They came without delay to my house and found my wife and I in peace though our bodies were still in pain. We greeted one another with joy though they looked a bit sad but when they saw that we ourselves were joyful they too began to rejoice and to praise the Lord together with us.

"Before these brethren had arrived my mother and others from our village came in great distress crying, 'these bad people have done terrible things; can they ever be forgiven?' I told her that they would if they repented and that she must stop crying because she had found us alive, and even had she found us dead she ought to give thanks that we had gone to heaven. Anyhow these brethren had brought a dresser with them with medicine and he treated us and bandaged up our wounds. While this was going on the Rev. Obadiah Kariuki and Rev. N. Langford Smith, together with the police went off to see Andrew's corpse, Andrew's wife accompanying them. They found that he had been savagely slashed with pangas and what horrified them most was that there was no blood on his corpse at all; it is thought that these gangsters drank all his blood because they are known to like drinking the blood of 'saved ones' especially.

"After being treated and bandaged—we were taken to hospital, I and my wife, Andrew's wife and the teacher's wife in Mr. Smith's car. This woman, the teacher's wife, had been found the next morning, she had been badly beaten and by God's good luck was strong enough to get better."

This is not all Samuel's story but space forbids any more. Praise God for His faithful servant! Praise God for His grace which gives the power to overcome.

FOR THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS

Although during the present Emergency many have forsaken Christ, and are being challenged by the words of St. Paul "Make your peace with God," we praise God for those who have stood firm in danger, distress, torture and in some cases, death. Their testimony is a challenge to the whole of the world. The final words of our Lord before He ascended into heaven were "And ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." The Greek word for witnesses in New Testament Greek is "martures" from which we get our English word "martyr"—one who bears witness to the truth by his death. I have already told of Ganthon and Rebekah, and of Gathoga, who "overcame by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony (Greek marturion) and who loved not their lives even unto death." In this chapter we are exhorted to "take the shoes from off our feet for the place whereon we stand is holy ground," as we consider others in different parts of the Kikuyu Reserves who for the testimony of Jesus were faithful unto death.

Our first picture comes from Fort Hall District and it is about Edmund Gikonyo. The story is told by one of our missionaries in that area.

"Edmund was called out of his house on Wednesday night, the 22nd April, 1953, by men purporting to be police, who shot him with a pistol . . . I first came to know Edmund well last July, when most of his family, including his wife and son, his neighbours and friends and fellow teachers all took the oath, but he refused. He was threatened by Mau Mau adherents who said, 'If you don't take the oath, we will kill you.' He replied, 'Every man has to choose which world he wants: you have chosen this world, but I have chosen the world of Jesus and His Kingdom. Come

and kill me if you like and I will go to him . . .'

"Edmund's wife told me how deeply moved she was by his last words. He said four things. First, he called his brother to come and help, but he had taken the oath and didn't come. Then he said, 'Lord forgive them, for they don't know what they are doing.' Then again, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' and finally, 'It is finished'."

In a report of his flying visit to Fort Hall District, Canon Bewes gives the following account.

"Kaguru, one of the evangelists, was attacked and was brutally murdered. His wife was beaten and injured. A teacher was so cruelly beaten that his teeth were knocked out, and yet when I saw him recently he was full of joy—even full of fun—with nothing but a deep sense of compassion and love towards those who had attacked him. One girl was so badly beaten that she was made deaf; a woman was hung up by her neck from a beam, but she went on singing hymns till she became unconscious. One of the clergy said to me, 'There is nothing to be afraid of; our times are in God's Hands and when we die we will go to be with Him.'

"There is a Christian chief who has had four different attacks made on his life. Once they tried to drown him, once he was shot at. He has been attacked with knives, his hut has been set on fire. I took a photo of him with a gun in one hand and his Bible in the other. 'Government has given me this gun to carry,' he said, 'but my real weapon is this Book'."

Our next picture comes from Nairobi, and is described by our Mission Secretary. His communication is dated the 16th May, 1953.

"It is with sad regret I have to tell you of the shooting of Wilson Muiruri. Wilson was getting on in years and leaves a widow and one son. He was caretaker and verger of the C.M.S. Church, Pumwani. On Sunday evening after the Communion Service he stayed behind to clear the church and put away the Communion things, so that he came out at about 6.45 p.m. Two men were

waiting for him and two shots were fired. He managed to reach the door of his house and fell dead.

"There is no obvious reason why he was chosen. It may be that being a Thika man (and he had spent most of Sunday at Thika and returned in the early evening) he knew too much of what was happening, or he may have been approached by some of the Mau Mau people at Thika and it was felt he might give information. No one, so far, has given any light on the matter. The two men responsible for the shooting shot an Arab shop-keeper immediately afterwards and both men got away.

"Wilson was one of the 'brethren' and at the funeral, a large number (about seventy) men and women turned up at Nangata. Once again the note of joyous thanksgiving was evident that another had 'gone to be with the Lord'."

Our third picture comes from the Embu District where the full force of the Mau Mau storm and its persecution was felt in Embu District in August, 1953. Mburea, Njage, Jotham and I made out a report on the situation which was dated 31/8/1953 and sent to the Bishop. Here is an extract:

Reuben Kinyua—C.M.S. Dispenser at the old C.M.S. Mission Station at Mutira—murdered in his house on the night of the 23rd August.

Gideon—Leading School and Church Elder—made Headman as he had not taken the oath—murdered on the 20th August.

Gilbert Nyamu—a duka owner—loyal Christian who had not taken the oath—was killed and shop burned in August, 1953.

Mungai—School and Church Elder—refused to take the oath under torture on the night of 22nd July—later died in hospital.

John Kahuki—Church and School Elder—keen Christian and preacher—was taken to the forest in August and has never returned. Believed to be killed.

Henry Ng'ati—Church and School Elder—brother of

John (above)—was taking *Nyambura*, daughter of John Kahuki, aged fourteen, back to school on 9th August—both disappeared—both keen Christians—both are thought to have been murdered.

Wilson Muruiki—good Christian—took Bible classes and church services—in June a gang broke into his house—he was asked to deny God but he refused—he was tortured and killed.

This gives some idea of what was happening in the Church in Embu District. Behind each death is the horror of strangling ropes or the pistol, of pangas, of disembowelling, of mutilation after death. With each is the glory of:

"Who are these who are arrayed in white robes and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God and serve Him night and day in His temple."

I went to Reuben's funeral (he is the one mentioned first on the enclosed list). His best friend was the local Chief who had been Assistant Supervisor with Mburea the year before, and because of his organising ability and Christian stability of character, had been appointed a chief. It was pathetic to see Reuben's little wife with her six little children. "We were very happy," she told me, and broke down. At that moment her old father arrived and upbraided her severely for her tears. "What? You, the daughter of a Kikuyu, should show tears before others and especially those who are not of the tribe." She stopped weeping—her tears were reserved for those silent, lonely, watches of the night.

We waited for some time while the grave was being dug. There was a large crowd of people, quietly chatting in groups, but the reserve was not without hope. The Chief had arranged a large number of Home Guards as the area was bad and a gang of about 100 Mau Mau terrorists was in the vicinity.

"How was he killed?" I asked the Chief. With a tired gesture, he threw down the piece of grass he had

been chewing—a favourite habit among the Kikuyu. "The gang came about midnight and said that they were police. He opened the door and they shot him with a pistol. They ransacked the house and took loot. They also went up to the church and stole the Communion cloths and vessels and registers, obviously after more names for people to torture and murder." The Chief's face grew taut with emotion as he grasped me by the arm.

"Mr. Cole, I mean to get that gang."

He did a little while later, although they nearly got him when they attacked his camp.

In the bright sunshine in the garden of his home, according to Kikuyu custom, surrounded by armed men, the old retired African padre, his white hair, black face, white cassock and black scarf, lovingly committed the body of Reuben to his final earthly resting place "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Following the death of Mungai mentioned above, Mburea and I had a long talk to an Elder, a great friend of Mungai, who himself was attacked.

"The gang came to my house and said, 'We are police, open the door.' I said to them, 'If you are police why do you come with bare feet?' They realised that I knew that they were the bad people of the Mau Mau and they started to whisper among themselves. As for me, I knelt down and prayed God that if it were His will, that He should save me. They then began to break down the door, so I went right inside and closed the inner door. They also broke down the door of the house of my wife and beat her very much. Then they tried to break down the inner door but I pushed a spear at them from above. They stopped and whispered together. As for me, I again prayed God that He would save me. They then tried to throw firewood at me from above, but I pushed again at them with my spear. But the firewood hit me in the head and on the leg. They whispered again and then went away, saying that they would come back again and kill me. As for me, I have now come to live in the police camp here."

Here are extracts from subsequent reports sent by us from Embu to the Bishop:

"On the night of Monday, 21st September, a gang came to the village of Ephantus Kiura, Headmaster of Salvation Army Manyatta, killed him and also his brother's wife."

"On the night of the 12th October, a gang in Kyeni location was responsible for the burning of six schools and churches."

"On the night of 7th November, a gang attacked the camp of Chief Fausto, of Kyeni Location, killed him and Samuel, a keen Christian, the local Senior Agricultural Instructor, and made off with seven rifles."

"About the middle of the month (November), Mucira Nahashan was killed and his corpse left in C.M.S. Kigari with a note to say that on the 25th the gang would return and murder all Africans and Europeans on the Station."

"Shem Njiru, the leading Elder of A.A.C. Mbukori, has disappeared and it seems certain that he has been secretly done to death."

"Murder of Timothy Munjuga. This keen Christian man was a leading Elder of A.A.C. Kiriari. He disappeared near the end of the month and we have been told that he was murdered with pangas . . ."

"Dishon Wari, a church Elder from Kianjuki, attacked but escaped—a Home Guard with him missing."

"Erasto Kamwana, a church Elder, of Kangaru, attacked at home at night and very badly cut about and left for dead."

And so the reports went in. Many names have not been listed here. Of the passing of some we knew nothing. Of the manner of the death of many we could only but hazard. Hours of torture, jeering and mocking by men given over to all kinds of bestiality, humiliation of all kinds—and then the final release of death. But they have gone to join that noble army of martyrs, and their joy and exceeding reward is described in Revelation.



A Sunday School class at Kahuhia.



Women members of the congregation at Weithaga.

"And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus and for the word of God: and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.

"And we also bless Thy holy Name for all thy servants departed this life in thy faith and fear; beseeching thee to give us grace to follow their good examples that with them we may be partakers of thy heavenly Kingdom. Grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate."

ONE BODY IN CHRIST

Weithaga is one of the oldest C.M.S. missions in the Kikuyu Highlands, having been established in 1903 by Rev. A. W. McGregor. The mission station, with its three European houses, offices, old meeting room and church, and school, are as a city set on a hill which cannot be hid. From the top of the hill, one looks out to the west to the Aberdare Mountains, rising to a height of 13,000 feet, and to the north-east across the ridges and valleys dotted with brown villages and green gardens, and dark green forests threaded here and there by the red dust roads out to the magnificence of snow capped Kenya, some 30 miles away.

This has been the acknowledged centre of Anglican mission work among the Kikuyu people over the period of 50 years. Even now, when the Kikuyu area is divided into three Rural Deaneries, occasional meetings are still held at this centre.

It was, therefore, fitting that this should be the place chosen for a memorable meeting in January, 1953, when Canon T. C. F. Bewes, Africa Secretary of C.M.S., London, brought a message of comfort from the Archbishop of Canterbury. African representatives from the various Pastorates (parishes) in the three Deaneries, together with their padres (clergy) totalling about 40, were present. Then there were the 22 European male and female missionaries, together with our Bishop, the C.M.S. Secretary for Kenya, and Canon Bewes. It was wonderful to hear the Bishop pray and give the devotional address in the Kikuyu language. He had been a C.M.S. missionary for many years among the Kikuyu tribe and, as we have seen, is acknowledged to be an authority on the language. Indeed, a Kikuyu-English dictionary has been written by him and his wife. How the Africans love to hear a white man speak in their own language. It makes them realise that the European has gone to the trouble to learn, and is one with them.

Then Canon Bewes spoke. He read out a translation of the Archbishop of Canterbury's address. Here it is in English.

"Canon Bewes, one of the Secretaries of the C.M.S., is visiting the Kikuyu Christians to express to them the sympathy and concern felt for them by the Church of England. I am happy to send through him a personal message to all within the fellowship of our Saviour Jesus Christ. Terrible tribulations have fallen upon you; many of you have had to suffer grievously, and some have died as faithful witnesses to the Christian duty of upholding law and order, and rejecting the ways of violent men. The Church in Kenya has been tested in the fire of affliction; and indeed, some have been found faithless; but in every affliction the disciples of Christ shine out with the light of His strength and truth, and He has been found among you, a true Saviour indeed. God be praised for your steadfast faith and courage.

"From England there goes out a constant volume of prayer to Almighty God that you may be upheld in all perils; kept true to the Christian Faith in all temptations, and that you may find God's peace even in the middle of your suffering. May He lead you and your whole Kikuyu people and all the citizens of Kenya, back into the ways of quietness and peace, and we pray that with the return of mutual trust and confidence, all may go forward together for the good of the country and of all races within it. *Geoffrey Cantuar.*"

Then a message from the General Secretary of C.M.S. (Dr. Max Warren), which was translated into Kikuyu, put onto a gramophone record, was played. Canon Warren emphasised the point—necessity to pray for those who had gone aside and taken the Mau Mau oath.

"We have also continually remembered in our prayers those who have found the way too difficult and have turned aside from their Christian profession—who have said and done things by which they have denied Christ. These brethren need your prayers and ours. The Apostle Paul warned all Christians with the words, 'Let him that thinketh, he that standeth take heed, lest he fall,'

and he said this in order that we might all be humble at the foot of the Cross—the only place where any Christian is ever safe.”

It was a stirring time. I looked around at the group of faces eagerly listening to the words. Most of the padres were getting old and their white curly hair stood out in quiet contrast to their brown features. Some of the representatives were showing signs of the strain; a few bore the mark beating by the Mau Mau, but on all faces there was peace. This was the peace and power of Christ the Risen Lord. “My peace I leave with you, my peace give I unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you,” passed through my mind.

Then I thought of the wonder of the Church, the body of Christ. Things were fairly tough in our part of the world just at that time. Weithaga and Kahuhia had a large group of refugees who had fled for protection and fellowship. Reports of beatings, murders, torture, rape and arson were commonplace. We tended sometimes to feel that we were battling on alone. Yes, we realised the presence of the Saviour but we had forgotten that we were members of a world-wide Church, and in many countries faithful people were praying for us and for the faithful African Christians who were bearing the brunt of the attack. This meeting brought this matter very clearly to our notice. The head of our Church of England had sent us a message. We knew that C.M.S. in England were concerned with our plight, but we knew now of their grave anxiety, because they had sent out one of their representatives with £7,000 as an Emergency Relief Fund. The fight was not ours alone. There were others—many others—who were bearing with us the burden. We in service, they in the faithfulness of persevering prayer and giving. We remembered those immortal words of St. Paul in his letter to the Ephesians:

“There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and in you all. But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ. . . . And He gave some, apostles; and some prophets; and

some evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; Till we all come in the unity of the Faith and of the Knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.”

At this meeting we were handed a letter in Kikuyu issued by the African Rural Dean and Secretary and the Mission Adviser, which was distributed to all members of the African Anglican Church in Fort Hall. Here is a translation:

“To all Members of the African Anglican Church,
Fort Hall District.

“We who are writing to you are your fellow Christians and your leaders in the Church in this district. We feel it is our duty to ask you to think very carefully and very honestly before God, about the troubles that have come to this land because of the Mau Mau Society and its oath. We know that very many of you have taken this oath. We know there are very few now who have not taken it. Many are trying to hide, and pretend they are still loyal followers of Jesus Christ. But that is not possible. ‘You cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils’ (1 Cor. 10:21), and let us be quite sure, this society of Mau Mau is not African: it comes from Satan. It is evil. It is against Jesus Christ and His Church. No true Christian can belong to it. Any Christian who takes this oath is denying his Lord and denying his faith.

“Now, we know that many of you have taken this oath because of fear. But fear is sin and is not an excuse. Those who have done so must repent and be cleansed, and come back to God. God’s Word says, ‘Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy on him’ (Is. 55:7). God cannot forgive us unless we repent and give up our sin. He cannot forgive us while we are hiding our sin. ‘If we say we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth. . . . If we confess our sins, He is faithful

and just forgive us our sins.' The way of forgiveness is to repent and confess our sins, and to accept the cleansing of the blood of Jesus Christ.

"Are you willing to do this? If you are not willing, then we must warn you that you must face God's judgment of sin. 'The time is come that judgment must begin in the house of God' (1 Peter 4:17). Do not deceive yourselves by thinking you can hide. God knows where you are. Most other people know where you are, too, and your sin is sure to find you out. If you are willing, pray to God, and confess to Him; then go at once to your padre and tell him too, and he will help you to put things right and come back into the fellowship of the children of God in His Church.

"We are called to a wonderful fellowship. It is a fellowship of love, and light, and truth and joy. It is a fellowship of forgiveness. It is a fellowship of service. 'Our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ' (1 John 1:3). Have you left that fellowship? Then God calls you to come back. He wants you to come back now—to-day, before it is too late. Will you hear His voice and obey Him?

"You cannot continue to stay between two opinions. You must choose one way, or the other. God's way, or Satan's.

"Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out' (Acts 3:19).

"We are your friends, who love you in the Lord Jesus."

This message of the Africans is for the whole Church with the challenge to return to God and forsake the ways of Satan. We must all choose one way or the other. God's way, or Satan's.

LET US RISE UP AND BUILD

"Why do you think we Kikuyu people are having all these troubles, Sir?" Njage asked me one day as we sat down in a quiet place to have our lunch. We were sitting near quite a large waterfall where the brown water was pouring in cascades into the rock-fringed pool below. Nearby were the remains of an Indian miller's home. The grain grinding mill was still working, but the house was a mass of burnt rubble. The Mau Mau did not like having him there. Perhaps they thought that he would give the government information about their night activities in the area. Anyway, his house was burnt down.

"The Lord Jesus Christ did not promise his people freedom from trouble, Njage," I said, "but peace and power in persecution. You remember what He says in the words of His Book in John, 'These things have I spoken unto you that in Me, ye might have peace. In the world, ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world'."

"I think that God is punishing the Kikuyu," Mburea interjected. "They do not believe in Jesus. Many don't go to church. A little while ago our people thought that Christianity just meant going to church, wearing European clothes and being able to read and write. We have now learnt that Christianity is much more than this. It means to follow Christ, and to be daily cleansed by Him."

"The Europeans seem to be at the bottom of it all," Njage murmured.

"You've just reminded me of something that I have read, Njage. 'Whether we like it or not, throughout Asia and Africa the Christian faith and the Christian Church are emotionally linked with European domination'."

"There is more in it than all this," Mburea said. "It is Christianity against Satan. At the same time, Jesus is testing His Church. What are the exact words about fire and buildings?"

"Let's look them up. Here in Paul's first letter to the Corinthians we read, 'But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon. For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble: Every man's work shall be made manifest: For the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire: And the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is'."

"We are certainly getting enough burnings of schools," said Njage. "I hope we can get around to building more out of stone with mabati (corrugated iron) roofs. What about bringing this up at the next D.E.B.?" (District Education Board.)

"We have already discussed it and are hoping to do something about it, Njage. Behind all this murder and torture and burnings of homes and schools, there is the cleansing fire of the Lord Jesus Christ. He is building a better Kikuyu Church. There may not be quite as many people coming to church, but they will be better for this. I remember having many troubles in my own life at one stage, partly because of my own sin and partly because of others. I put down in my Bible a date opposite to those words in the Book of Proverbs, 'When He hath tried me, He will bring me forth as refined gold.' When I look back on those experiences now, I can see how God was helping me and cutting away some of the bad things in my life. Jesus talks about a grape vine and says, 'I am the vine, ye are the branches. Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit, He taketh away: And every branch in me that beareth fruit, He purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit.'"

"Talking of branches, Sir," said Njage, "we were just talking with that old man over there and he tells us that some years ago there was a huge serpent that lived in the waters here. The old man says that no one has ever seen how long it is, but its head would come out of the water and eat anything as far out as the branches of this tree. It must be about ten feet away. The old man also said its body was thick like this tree."

The tree was about twelve inches in diameter.

"Did not the Kikuyu once worship the 'Nyamu ya thi' (snake), Njage? What was it called?"

"These black snakes were called 'ndamathia' and the worship of them Itwika. Once about every six years a feast was observed in their honour, when cattle, sheep, bees and honey were brought to the river. The members of the Itwika Society would go to the river blowing sacred horns and then the snake was supposed to float on the river. He was given a feast and would get drunk on the beer. Some hairs of the neck were then supposed to be extracted to be employed as charms, and after a great banquet on the river, the company marched back singing their 'Itwika' song. In formally accepting Christ, we denounce the worship of Ndamathia."

"And is it not true that as true Christians we must follow Him Who gave that old serpent Satan a death wound on the Cross? We must denounce the hidden works of darkness and rise up and build. Look at the ruins of this hut. They are like the ruins of the lives of many Kikuyu to-day, and like the lives of many Europeans if they were tested the same way. They have built the wrong way."

"We must build schools of stone," said Mburea.

"And lives that will be like stone 'buildings,'" said Njage.

But how? That was the question. We had our mission schools run by Africans and inspected by the European Supervisor of the district. A more personal supervision and a deeper pastoral ministry was required, and we were trying to do our best here. But then there were the large numbers of misguided people whom we just weren't touching. They did not come to church, and it seemed impossible for the padre, the local African clergyman, to move too freely among them. It was too dangerous. The obvious answer was a church on wheels. We talked this over in our various councils, and the upshot was an experimental tour for two months of a three-ton van, provided by the C.M.S. bookshop, fitted with a personal address system, gramophone records, a strip film projector and other Christian literature. Some of this literature is free and some of it is for sale.

Here is part of the official report on its activities:—

"The van has done a two-month experimental tour in Kikuyu country with a European trained in Rural Science, assisted by an African mason carpenter who is on fire for the Lord—John—and by the African pastor in whose parish they were travelling.

"Close touch was maintained with administrative officials and security officers, so that the whereabouts of the van was known.

"Although much of the time it was in the most dangerous areas, where ambushes and attacks are common, they never encountered any trouble or suffered any mechanical breakdown.

"Almost everywhere they met with a warm reception as they travelled, ministering to isolated Home Guard posts, chiefs' camps, trading centres, or the new compulsory village settlements that are being set up. People, bound by paralysing fear, afraid to associate directly with the Church, were reached by the public address system. In some places the Gospel had not been preached once during the past 18 months. Many an isolated Christian, making a courageous witness day by day, was encouraged by the fellowship and by the link with the great world-wide Church that bears him up in prayer. Not a great deal of literature was sold, because there is little money to spend, but an encouraging number of Testaments were bought. The van is painted a distinctive cream colour with the slogan in bold letters, 'New Ways of Living in Christ.' The approach is generally with music first and a short message. In addition to the traditional message of salvation, stewardship of the soil, honesty in business, Christ in the home, Christian citizenship and similar applications of the Christian message to the everyday life of the tribe are given. Almost everywhere the team were told, 'Come again soon'."

By the generosity of the government, three other units are being purchased and fitted out. One will specialise on the needs of women, one will go to the European settled areas to work amongst the labour, and the third will release the present van to go to backward coast areas. Thus, the Church is seeking to arise and build by means of these "Churches on Wheels."

Another positive approach in building a new church

out of the ruins of the old is being made at the Athi River Detention Camp. Here, about 1,200 of the roughest, toughest, hard-boiled Mau Mau convicts are in gaol. These are "hard-core" Mau Mau adherents.

To a group of Christians they presented a challenge. For the betterment of the country, the criminal must be segregated. But what of the criminal? And what of the criminals' criminal associates? A concentration of the disease in one place makes the disease worse. What was the Christian Church doing for them? Were they not souls for whom Christ died? Should not some measure of rehabilitation be done for them?

The little group, Africans and Europeans, talked it over and then approached the government. The government were pleased to co-operate. So there went to the detention camp at Athi River a Christian team convinced that Christ could give these desperate men an answer to their longing, a peace to their souls.

In the team is David Waruhiu, son of the late Senior Chief Waruhiu. His name Waruhiu means, when literally translated from the Kikuyu (wa—"of," ruhiu—"the sword"), "of the sword." And the old senior chief was truly one "of the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." He had been a Christian for nearly fifty years and had Bible reading and family prayers both morning and night. When the Mau Mau came, he had a mass meeting of the members of his district. It is estimated that about 30,000 people attended. He told them that to take the Mau Mau oath was to deny Christ, and gave them a different oath—that from the Bible, "Thou shalt have none other Gods but Me."

The Mau Mau did not like this. One day he was being driven home in his car on the outskirts of Nairobi. His car was stopped by a large fawn-coloured Consul. An African jumped out and came up to the chief and asked, "Are you Waruhiu?" When the chief answered in the affirmative, the man pulled out a revolver and shot him dead. The old senior chief had given his life for the government to whom he was loyal, and to the Christ Who had been his Master for many years.

Yet his son David seeks to bring the Gospel of peace to the members of the very movement which had so foully

murdered his father. "They killed my father, but I have not the Spirit of vengeance," is what he says. So, day after day, he labours at Athi River where the Church seeks to rise and build again the walls of a newer and better Jerusalem.

Where there is now no Church where once there was, the Church on Wheels brings the message of peace; where members have fallen into gross sin, she goes out seeking in such places as Athi River to bring back those sheep that are lost; where her members are bound by paralysing fear, she seeks to give the message, "As I was with Moses, so shall I be with thee. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." The Church carries on. She wrestles not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. In Kikuyu country she has been sorely tried, but she carries on. She cannot be overcome. Those stirring words of the Founder and Master find echo among the Africans to-day, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

I shall never forget one Sunday morning. It was cold and miserable. A heavy mist had enveloped Kigari mission station like a damp, dripping blanket. The tall trees stood as silent sentinels keeping watch over a ghostly city. The smoke from the refugees' houses, where about 300 souls had fled for refuge from the Mau Mau, hung heavy in the moisture-laden air. I moved around trying to get warm. I checked over the car. The Archdeacon and I were to go down to one of the outlying pastorates of the Embu Rural Deanery. But who could become enthusiastic on a morning such as this! Cold, dark, dripping, dismal. Then a chance looking up to Mount Kenya's summit, some ten miles away. High above the mist, the snow reflected with dazzling whiteness the sun shining in all its glory on the 17,000 ft. peak. The black rocks jutting out through the snow glistened in the clear air. The sky was pale blue, tinged with orange. I stood entranced at the sheer beauty of the mountain bathed in sunlight and gasped with pure delight at the glorious contrast it painted from our bleak station. And here was an introduction for my message for the day.

Our destination, the Karungu Pastorate, had been suffering grievously. Many of the church members had taken the Mau Mau oath—some in fear, some willingly, some to go with the crowd. Others had refused, as Christ meant more to them than their very lives, and were undergoing hardship and danger. Some had been murdered and joined the "noble army of martyrs." The Archdeacon stayed at an outcentre, while I went on and preached in the main church. The church was full. I told them what God had shown to me that morning. They listened with great interest, for Mount Kenya or "Kenyaga" had been in their old religion the home of "Ngai," the Creator of all things. Their forefathers had experienced in a dim, clouded way, what David had been moved of God to acknowledge:

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help.

And now in a new and living way the changeless mountain spoke of the living Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, the Mountain of the house of the Lord, the One Who wipes tears from all eyes. Amid the sorrows and suffering of their desperate situation, the beauty of Christ was there to be seen, if they would but lift up their eyes. God the Holy Ghost spoke to us that morning. With tears in his eyes, the padre who was at the time passing through deep waters said, "God has helped us very much to-day."

That night at 11 p.m., five churches and six schools in the area were burnt down, including the Primary and Intermediate School attached to the church where I had preached. The church had a roof made of flattened kerosene tins and corrugated iron, otherwise it, too, would have suffered a similar fate. The Mau Mau have now burnt 32 schools out of 80 in Embu.

Just prior to this, I had taken the Bishop to Karungu so that he might have the annual confirmation service. Five miles before arriving at our destination, an African came to me and said, "Bwana, do you know that two of our schools and one belonging to the government near Karungu, have been burnt down by the Mau Mau last night?"

I told the Bishop of the gang activity in the area, but he said we should carry on as normal. When we arrived, I gained permission from him to go to the scenes of atrocity instead of staying with him. Just as I was leaving—I had a few “shauries” (matters for discussion) with the local folk—I popped into the church. The Confirmation Service was just starting. The church was full. In the front sat the confirmees, about 40 in all, 25 being women and girls dressed in white. In front of them sat the Bishop and on either side the African clergy, their shining black faces standing out in bold contrast to their white surplices and black scarves. Here was the quiet dignity of things being done decently and in order; here was the peace of the presence of Christ; here was the sign and symbol of the out-stretched arms of the Heavenly Father giving the Holy Spirit to those who truly repented and asked Him for it.

Njage and I left after a few moments. Five miles away we came to the charred, smouldering ruins of what had been a church and school. We talked to the small group of dispirited and bewildered Elders. Then on to another site, three miles away. Here the same blackened ruins standing stark in the bright clear sunshine.

“I think we should see the government school, Njage.” So off we went. And here were mangled, charred corpses. The 25 school guards had locked themselves in the classroom the night previously. A gang surrounded the building and set fire to it. Those who escaped the fire were killed with pangas. All Njage and I could do was to bow our heads in silence. Here Satan had done his worst. Here was typified the evil and the horror and the suffering and the torture and the death, as the very powers of hell had been let loose. Our minds went back to that peaceful confirmation scene and we were garrisoned in our hearts. “The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth,” and we took courage to build again the waste places. The adversaries were there as in the case of Nehemiah of old, but girded with the sword and the trowel and his indomitable courage and unbounded faith. we made his words our own.

“The God of Heaven, He will prosper us; therefore, we His servants, will arise and build.”

11 MORE THAN CONQUERORS

The challenge of the hour lies in the summons to self examination. Large numbers of Kikuyu gave outward assent by word to the Church's call to repentance and faith. In the hour of testing, however, many were weighed in the balances and found to be wanting. They had not a living knowledge of the redeeming love of Christ. This is expressed by a missionary as follows:

Within the last fifty years the full blast of western secularism has been felt in East Africa. Bewildered, baffled, beaten, the African has turned by the hundred thousand to Christianity as a new way of life. But only a fraction of these have seen that Christianity is not just a substitute for their old pattern of living but a revolution which calls for a new beginning in every man whatever his race.

The heart of the Gospel is the personal encounter of God with man and man's response to God's invitation. The response through grace involves a complete turning away from self to God. It means a new birth. “That which is born of the flesh is flesh; that which is born of the spirit spirit; marvel not that I say unto you, ye must be born again.” These words were spoken to the earnest, thoughtful, intelligent Master of the Church of Israel: they are still the words of Jesus to people of all lands and of all Churches everywhere. There is a need to re-emphasise this great truth. And there is a need for a fearless testimony, a fuller grasp of that Spirit of Paul which is the Spirit of God. “I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.”

The challenge comes for a deeper fellowship of all races in Christ. God hath made of *one blood* all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth. and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation. The basis of true fellowship lies in the realisation that “all have sinned and come

short of the glory of God," that all need cleansing and that cleansing in the blood of Christ knits all together in a common fellowship. Here is a picture given by Miss Margery Perham, a visitor to one of the Kikuyu mission stations, as portrayed by her in an article in "The Times," on April 22, 1953.

"I have stood on a mission station on a hill-top looking over this glorious country, striped with sun and blue cloud-shadows, stretching away northwards between the long ridge of the Aberdares and Mount Kenya. It was hard to believe that, as the sun went down, gangs in the forest, and even apparently innocent farmers in those huts, were preparing to set out not only to murder Europeans but to burn alive or hack to death their own neighbours, their wives and children. And, whereas European farms are now, so far as possible, armed, barricaded and patrolled, and less than a dozen have been murdered, the Africans, scattered in their huts, which are perfect traps and funeral pyres, can hardly be defended and have fallen in hundreds to the assassins. Most of them died, moreover, not by accidental fate, but because they chose ostracism, hatred, and the ever-present fear of a horrible death, by a deliberate refusal to take the Mau Mau oath.

"Why do they do this? I saw one reason when, as darkness fell, I went into the mission house. Here were some of the African clergy and teachers who had come with many other Christian refugees—for this is one of the worst Mau Mau areas—as some measure of protection. It is little enough, as they have forsworn the use of arms and go out to their churches and schools each day on their bicycles, marked men, to carry out their work. There were empty chairs in the room, for their casualties have been heavy. The priest on my right had been seized and slashed repeatedly—this by well-dressed young men talking English—and asked at each cut to deny his faith and say that Christ was a European. Six others were killed nearby, and he was left for dead, one terrible gash still visible in his head. Opposite sat another man, weak and limping from torture. Yet all looked calm, confident, even happy.

"It was almost startling to look at Kikuyu faces lit with friendly and intelligent response after the visible shadow of suspicion and hate that I had seen upon faces in Nairobi and along the road. The Senior African, the Rural Dean of the area, led us in prayers for the country, for all races, for the growth of fellowship among them, and not least for their Mau Mau enemies. . . ." Another picture, this time of practical fellowship, comes from a description of Canon Bewes:

"No Mau Mau adherent will sell food to a non-member. This means in practice that Christians are often unable to buy food in the market. While some Christians who have refused to join Mau Mau have been directly attacked, and even killed, others have had their crops and stores destroyed in an attempt to force them to surrender.

"So they are now helping one another in new ways. When one of them is about to kill a bullock he notifies all the Christians for miles around. Within twenty-four hours he has usually sold the whole carcase. I actually attended a fellowship meeting, at the end of which announcements like this were made: 'I am preparing charcoal, so bring your sacks for it on Wednesday.'

"I was reminded of Acts 2:42-47: 'Having all things common' may well have meant this kind of sharing of the necessities of life."

Inter-racial fellowship has been fostered by the response of the predominantly European congregation of the Anglican Cathedral in Nairobi to the appeal of the Provost, when over £1,000 was collected for the relief of the Kikuyu church. This money has been subsidised from time to time by gifts of food and clothing as the need has arisen. Many more missionaries are following the lead of the Bishop and throwing open their homes to their African brethren. The challenge is that this lead be maintained and emulated by many more, not only those naming the name of Christ, but those also who believe in the established British policy of the freedom of all men whatever their religious beliefs. The Mau Mau is the expression, certainly in a wrong way, but nevertheless an expression of the deep longing of a

rapidly developing people to the right of self expression, the right to live, the right to fellowship. In the words of one of our missionaries:—

"Looking back it seems to me that much of our work in Africa has been based on the idea that we are shaping the course of events for the future. No doubt there has been much truth in this: but it is dangerous. What is so evident now is that Africa is in the grip of forces which do not submit to control, and respond only in part to leadership. What are these forces? A passionate desire for material progress with education as its means: the frustrations of dawning national consciousness: envy, and so hatred of the white possessor: intemperate self confidence and ambition and so on. If we missionaries try to control or direct these things we are both wasting our time and inviting disaster. Such direction as may have effect must come from within, and herein lies the immense significance of the Anglican Church. Our job is to stand alongside our African brothers."

A further challenge comes from the Africans' passionate anxiety to own and develop land. The cry of the Mau Mau has been, "The European has stolen our land." But the rights and wrongs of land ownership should not obscure the objective fact that there is not enough land for African use in the Kikuyu reserves. A Land Commission is being appointed to investigate the problem, irrigation schemes for arid areas are being modified. But when these are met, there comes a further challenge so adequately expressed by a friend:

"Over a long period the Churches have failed to take up the challenge of the old tribalism to provide a Christianity that is part of the warp and woof of everyday living. It is only recently that the Churches have shown any major concern about the very fundamental relationship between Christianity and agriculture. And what have we to say to the town African about a Christian pattern for living? Nor has our failure to come to terms on the subject of inter-Church relations helped at all."

This is being met to some extent at St. Paul's Divinity School. There is now on the staff a European agriculturalist—a graduate in Agricultural Science from Cam-

bridge University. The Christian's duty "to save the soil" as "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," is brought before the candidates for Holy Orders in a practical kind of way.

The challenge of a divided Church is being met, but much more has yet to be done in this sphere. The challenge comes from the Lambeth Conference of 1948.

"The conference calls upon all churches of the Anglican Communion to seek earnestly by prayer and by conference to fulfilment of the vision "of a Church, genuinely catholic, loyal to all truth, and gathering into its fellowship 'all who profess and call themselves Christians' within whose visible unity all the treasures of faith and order, bequeathed as a heritage by the past to the present, shall be possessed in common and made serviceable to the whole body of Christ." It recognises that "within this unity Christian communions now separated from one another would retain much that has long been distinctive in their methods of worship and service." At Limuru we commence in 1955 a joint theological faculty in which African clergy from the Anglican, Methodist and Presbyterian Communions are to be trained together. This will be the culmination of a five-year experimental period which has worked out quite satisfactorily.

Linked with unity of worship comes the challenge for a specifically African form of worship for the use of the African. We praise God for the priceless heritage of the English people—the Book of Common Prayer, embracing liturgical forms from the earliest Christian times. But it is an English heritage and essentially European. Those who have had to attend week by week and year by year Anglican services which use hymns translated from English into Kikuyu but retaining the English tunes and the Prayer Book with its Canticles sung to English chants, realise that something is lacking. Few if any wish to break hallowed connections with our ancient Church of England; the challenge is adaption of parts of the service for African use, so that the worship will be a true expression of African emotion and thought in the Spirit.

Then there comes the challenge of those who have stood firm in times of tribulation. A feature of their attitude is their joy and positive use of tribulation as experienced by St. Paul.

"We glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience experience; and experience hope: and hope maketh not ashamed because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost." This is illustrated from this letter dated July 13, 1953, sent by some of the Kikuyu Christians in Fort Hall district.

"We Christians at Kahuhia, who have been saved by Jesus Christ from the power of sin and Satan, are happy when writing this letter to express our unspeakable gratitude for your great kindness which you have shown to us through your gifts.

"We have received the things you sent for our help with great pleasure. They have been reaching us at the time when most of our brothers and sisters have been in great need for them. Praise the Lord.

"Although you are not with us here so as to share with us our bodily sufferings, we do feel that you are sharing our troubles with us spiritually. This reminds us of the words in Romans 12:9, 12, 15.

"Although there are many troubles which make many people think that it is a very unhappy time, we have found it to be the time of the greatest blessing in the Christian history in the Kikuyu country.

"We send our sincere greetings and thanks to the other European Christians who have been sending things for our help, too.

"May God bless us all,

Your fellow Christians."

Finally there comes the tremendous and searching challenge of those who were faithful unto death. Are we prepared to give our all to Christ? Would we be prepared to die, perhaps to the accompaniment of torture, for His sake? There is a note of victory coming from Kenya to-day echoing the words of our Lord and Master: "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation,

but be of good cheer I have overcome the world." This note of victory is evident throughout the writings of John. In his first Epistle we read: "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Then in the Apocalypse: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me on My throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with My Father in His throne." The Kikuyu martyrs "overcame by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony: and they loved not their lives even unto death."

We read also in Revelation that "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." We are living in what Reinholt Neibhur describes as "the end of an age." We are living in days of great moment, in days which challenge us to adventure more for the sake of Christ. History is being made before our eyes. It was Paul Tillich who made the observation that "Jesus Christ gives meaning to history." It was Nicholas Berdyaev who said "history is not only the plan of divine revelation, it is also the reciprocal revelation of man himself: that makes history such a terrible and complex tragedy." As Communism continues to gain influence, and Mahomet increases his converts, and scientists develop more deadly weapons of destruction, and the vast mass of the newly awakening coloured people sway the destiny of nations, there comes the dynamic challenge to faith and the triumphant note of courage and victory of the Kikuyu, echoing words of Paul: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril or sword?

"As it is written, for Thy sake we are killed all the day long, we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

"Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him Who loved us.

"For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

AMEN.

*The Rev. Keith Cole, M.A.,
B.D., Th.Schol, an Aus-
tralian, has been a C.M.S.
missionary in Kenya, East
Africa, since 1950. This
book will take you right
to the heart of the cour-
ageous witness of Kikuyu
Christians in the face of
Mau Mau terror.*