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IN

UGANDA & EAST AFRICA

BY

ALFRED R. TUCKER

MEM. OF OXFORD AND DURHAM, HON. LL.D. CAMB.

BISHOP OF UGANDA

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

AND A MAP

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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IN
UGANDA & EAST AFRICA

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ALFRED R. TUCKER
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PRESENTATION
COPY

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TO

MY WIFE

'Whence but from Thee, the true and only God
And from the faith derived from Him who bled
Upon the Cross this marvellous advance
Of good from evil? as if one extreme
Were left, the other gained.'—WORDSWORTH.

PREFATORY NOTE

ALTHOUGH this work touches, not infrequently, upon events having to do with the political, material and spiritual history, advancement, and development of Uganda and East Africa, it does not profess to be a complete record of them. It is simply a story of Episcopal Missionary life and work in Equatorial Africa. It has been put together in the midst of many distractions—distractions inseparable from the conditions of a life such as that which it has been my lot to live in the wilds of Central Africa during the past eighteen years. I trust that this may be held sufficient to excuse the rough, and I fear often disjointed, way in which my narrative is presented to the reader.

I acknowledge with gratitude the help which I have received from the study of the publications of the Church Missionary Society—that society to which Uganda owes so much,—the works of the Rev. R. P. Ashe, "Two Kings of Uganda" and "Chronicles of Uganda"; Mrs. Harrison's "Mackay of Uganda," and that very interesting work by Ham Mukasa, "Uganda's Katikiro in England." My warmest thanks are also due to the Rev. E. Millar for much valuable assistance gladly rendered.

A. R. T.

September 1908.

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EIGHTEEN YEARS IN UGANDA AND EAST AFRICA

BOOK I

INTRODUCTORY

CHAPTER I

THE COAST DISTRICTS

'What we win and hold is through some strife.'

E. H. King.

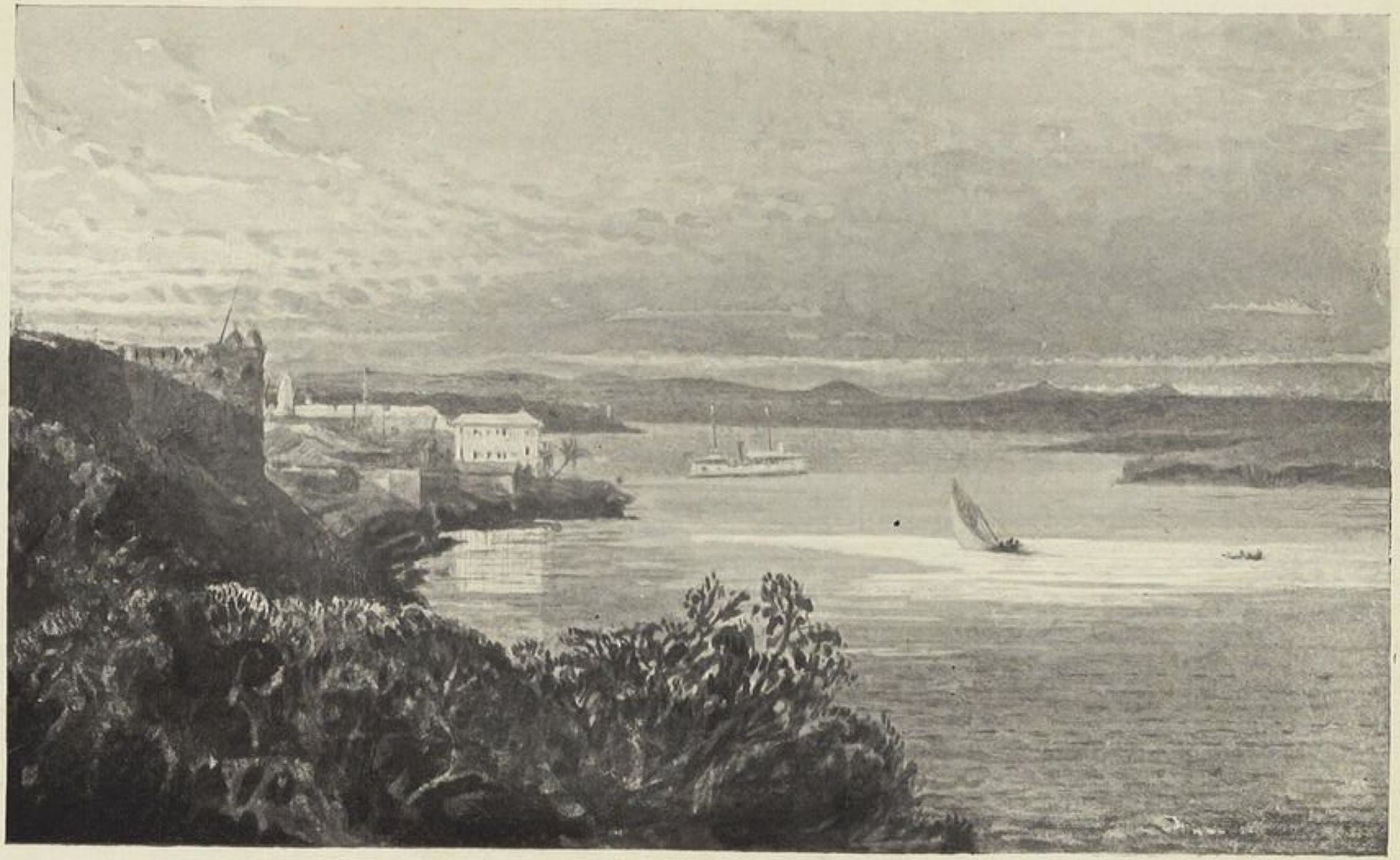
It will be necessary, for a proper understanding of the story which I have to tell, that I should sketch, in roughest outline, the history and circumstances of the Church in Uganda and East Africa, previous to my being called to its oversight.

January 3, 1844, was a notable day in the history of East Africa; for it was on that day that Johann Ludwig Krapf, a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, landed at Mombasa, and the work of the Church of Christ as one knows it in these latter days had its beginning, in those regions.

A few months later, viz., on July 13, the first Christian grave was dug, and the remains of the devoted wife of Krapf were laid in their last resting-place. "Tell our friends at home," wrote the bereaved husband, in oft-quoted, and ever memorable words, "that 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."

Space would fail me, were I to attempt to tell in detail, the varying fortunes of the Mission thus inaugurated. Suffice it to say that Krapf laboured on at his post till 1853, laying patiently an enduring foundation, translating, evangelising, and exploring. In 1846 he had been joined by a fellow countryman, John Rebmann. A move was then made inland, and Rabai, which has since become one of the most important and prosperous of the purely native towns on the coast, was founded. Then came a remarkable series of journeys, which were destined, in the providence of God, to have an important bearing on the opening up of the whole of Central Africa. In 1848 Kilimanjaro was discovered. The countries of Usambara and Ukambani were explored, and a large amount of information was gathered as to the far interior. At this juncture Erhardt joined the Mission, and in 1855—two years after the retirement of Krapf from the field, he gave to the world in his famous map, the startling information of the existence of a great inland sea—the sea of Ukerewe, as it was called. An immense stimulus was thereby given to the work of exploration. Livingstone, Burton, Speke and Grant, vied with one another in their earnest devotion to the cause of scientific discovery. One expedition followed another in rapid succession until at last, in 1858, Speke actually stood on the southern shore of the Victoria Nyanza. Four years later, viz., in 1862, the Nile "was



MOMBASA HARBOUR

the Wanyika and Giriama countries. One courageous worker after another bent his back to the burden. The Rev. W. S. Price was succeeded by the Rev. J. A. Lamb; then came Menzies. Then Binns took charge of the work and made it to a large extent his own, and that which it is to-day. What it is to-day is the fruit of much suffering, toil and self-denial. It would be difficult indeed to do justice to the self-sacrifice, and self-denial, of the noble band of those who labour in the sacred cause of Missions in the coast districts of tropical Africa. An enervating climate saps day by day the vital energies, and almost every spring of action, save one. And yet, in spite of all, the work goes forward. Fever may come, weakness, depression—but never does weariness of the work find place, although weariness in the work often does. The supreme motive of Missions, love to God and man, lies beyond climatic influences and energises triumphantly, in spite of mere physical weakness and depression; and this has been the secret of the persevering labours of those, whose names—like those of Krapf, Rebmann, Binns and Taylor—are indelibly identified with the history of the planting and growth of Christianity on the East Coast of Africa.

CHAPTER II

UGANDA AND THE INTERIOR

'The Past is a story told,
The Future may be writ in gold.'

It is now time to turn from the coast to the interior, and to attempt to trace briefly the course of events which led to the unfurling of the banner of the Cross in Uganda.

The discovery of the Victoria Nyanza, as the source of the Nile, was the first link in the chain of events which led to the Church of Christ occupying its present position of vantage in the far interior, of what had for so long ages been regarded as an impenetrable fastness. Then twelve years later came Stanley's visit—a visit fraught with the most momentous consequences, little realised at the time. A man of acute observation he saw at once great possibilities, both for the country and people. On November 15, 1875, appeared from his pen a remarkable letter in the *Daily Telegraph*, in which he challenged Christian England to enter in and evangelise the land. This letter had a strangely eventful history. A young Belgian, named Linant de Bellefonds, was in Uganda with Stanley, and to him it was entrusted. He was journeying to Europe by the only practicable route open at the time. On his way north his expedition was attacked by the Bari tribe, and he himself murdered, and his body thrown out. Some time later a punitive expedition, sent to inquire into his death, discovered the body still clad in the high

knee boots he was wearing at the time of his death, and in the boots, thrust in at the last moment, was Stanley's letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, challenging Christian England to evangelise Uganda. It was forwarded to General Gordon at Kartum, and by him sent home. The challenge was accepted. An anonymous donor offered at once to the Church Missionary Society £5000 for the commencement of a mission. £15,000 were quickly forthcoming. Arrangements were soon in progress. Volunteers came forward, including Shergold Smith, Alexander Mackay, and C. T. Wilson. On April 27, 1876, the party sailed, and a month later were gathered at Zanzibar, and preparing for the march into the interior. It was arranged to plant a station in Usagara, on the borders of Ugogo, to serve as a sort of half-way house in the great journey of eight hundred miles to the Victoria Nyanza. Mpwapwa was the spot selected. It was to serve, however, not as a mere rest-house, but as a centre for the evangelisation of the regions around. The work has proved difficult—hard beyond expectation, but it has never ceased since that day in 1876, when the party for the Lake bade farewell to the one who had been chosen to initiate it. It would be going beyond the scope of this work to enter into the details of the long and perilous journey which lay before the devoted band of missionaries in their venture of faith. Suffice it to say that it was not long ere Mackay was sent back, first to Mpwapwa, and then to the coast, suffering from fever and dysentery. At the coast, however, his recovered health enabled him to devote himself to the duties incidental to the supply of the needs of those in the far interior. In the meanwhile the party for the Lake had overcome the difficulties of the Mgunda Mkali (Terrible Forest), and the passage through the almost unknown countries of Unyamwezi

and Usukuma, and on January 29, 1877, two of the number, Wilson and O'Neill, found themselves on the Lake shore. Shergold Smith and his namesake, the Doctor, were delayed until April 1. Six weeks later Dr. Smith, who had been suffering acutely from dysentery, passed away, and his remains were laid to rest at Kagei on the margin of the Lake.

'A life laid down, not lost.'

In the midst of difficulties and perplexities innumerable, messengers arrived at Kagei from Mutesa bringing an invitation to his kingdom. With hearts cheered and encouraged preparations were hastened on, and Shergold Smith and Wilson started for their goal. On June 30 it was reached, and the capital of Uganda was entered. The reception accorded to the Missionaries by the king was most encouraging. An attentive hearing was given to the message of the Gospel. Apparently a deep impression was made. Everything looked bright and hopeful. The clouds, however, were gathering, and the sky was soon to be overcast. After a brief stay in Uganda, Shergold Smith deemed it needful to return to Kagei, leaving Wilson alone "to hold the fort." Five months later the latter was startled with the sad tidings of the murder of both Smith and O'Neill in the island of Ukerewe. The exact facts of the tragedy will never be fully known. It is certain, however, that in sheltering an Arab trader, who had fallen out with Lukonge, the king of Ukerewe, they had met their death. The situation seemed now a very hopeless one. Mackay was at the coast, and Wilson the solitary Missionary in Uganda. But it is ever "darkest before dawn." The news of the death of Shergold Smith and O'Neill stirred the hearts of many at home, and three men under training at the College of the C.M.S. at

Islington, were moved to offer themselves as a reinforcement for the depleted ranks of the Mission. These, together with a medical missionary, Dr. Felkin, through the kind offices and ungrudging assistance of Colonel Gordon—then Governor-General of the Sudan—were enabled to travel by way of Kartum and the Nile. The journey was a long and trying one. The heat at Suakim was so intense that one member of the little band was invalided home. Uganda however was ultimately reached by the remainder of the party in February 1879. In the meanwhile Mackay had joined Wilson. Thus the early months of 1879 saw a strong band of seven missionaries gathered in the country of Mutesa.

A time, however, of fierce struggle was at hand not only with the forces of heathendom and Mohammedanism, but sad to say, with the emissaries of a Christian Church—the Church of Rome. It is hard to speak in terms of charity of the actions of a Church which, with the whole of heathen Africa before her, deliberately sets herself to oppose the efforts of another Christian communion to evangelise and save the outcast and downtrodden. As though anxious to prove that she held the Christian religion rather than the religion of Christ, with eyes open, and with solemn protests sounding in her ears, with the same ears deaf to the "cry as of pain" proceeding from countless millions of souls lying in heathen darkness—with the one fell purpose of opposing Protestantism, rather than heathenism—the Church of Rome in the year 1879, commenced that career of aggression which was destined to bear such bitter fruit in the days to come.

In the whole history of Christian Missions there is no sadder story than the bewilderment of Mutesa and his Court on the appearance of Lourdel and his superior

to oppose, and if possible, defeat the efforts of Mackay to bring them to a knowledge of the Truth.

Let the latter tell the story. Thus he wrote: "M. Lourdel knew well that it was our custom to hold service every week at Court: and he and his superior came and sat down beside me and did not leave until they had fulfilled their intention to oppose us.

"'All kneel now and join devoutly in the amens.' The gentlemen of the French Mission sat on their chairs, however, during prayers and somewhat distracted the general attention by their doing so and by their mutual talk in French, although in whisper.

"We were not interrupted by them, however, until prayers were over and I began to read the Scripture. I had read only the first verse when Mutesa, in his usual abrupt style, called to a coast man present to ask the Frenchmen if they don't believe in Jesus Christ, why don't they kneel down with us when we worship him every Sabbath. Don't they worship Jesus Christ?

"M. Lourdel was the spokesman. He became all at once very excited and said, 'We do not kneel because we should thus show that we were not Protestants, but Catholics; we do not join in that religion because it is not true. We do not know that book, because it is a book of lies. If we joined in that it would mean that we were not Catholics but Protestants, who have rejected the truth, for hundreds of years they were with us, but now they believe and teach only lies.'

"Such was the drift of his excited talk in a mixture of bad Arabic, Swahili, and French. Mutesa endeavoured to give the chiefs some idea of what he had been saying and then asked me what I had to reply. I felt that the moment was one requiring great coolness and great firmness, for my opponent's excited state might prove

contagious, while his repeated denunciation of me as a liar could not easily be disproved on such an occasion.

"I endeavoured to give the court a simple account of the history of the Church, and why she had left Rome. I stated as clearly as possible that our authority was the Word of God only, that the Romanists had the Pope as their head, while we acknowledged one head—Jesus Christ. I had also to smooth matters by saying that we had one belief in many things—One God—one Saviour—one Bible—one heaven, and one law of life.

"But my friend would have no terms of peace. There was one truth, and he came to teach that we were liars! We were liars to say that they worshipped the Virgin Mary, we were liars to say that they regarded the Pope as infallible. The Pope was the king of religion in all the world. He was the successor of Peter, who was the successor of Christ. The Pope was the only authority to teach the truth in the world. Wherever we went to teach lies the Pope sent his messengers to teach the truth. If what he said was not true he would die on the spot, &c. &c. Never did I hear the word mwongo (liar) so frequently used.

"I could not but feel sorry for the king and all present. This feeling of hopeless bewilderment made them say, every white man has a different religion. 'How can I know what is right?' Mutesa asked. They went home and so did I. It is with a heavy heart that I think of the trouble now begun. But it is the great battle for the Truth, and the victory will be God's. I have taken up the one solid ground that we must ever fight on and for—Christ the sole Head and His Word the only guide. It is with all our might that we must now labour to give the people the Scriptures in their own tongue, and teach them to read and understand them. Where will Popery be then?"

"Christ the sole Head and His Word the only guide." Noble words, Oh! thou valiant soldier of the Truth. Well indeed didst thou play thy part! Rome may seek to wash her hands of the guilt of turning away into darkness and despair, those precious souls groping after light, but the responsibility is hers and no amount of protestation of truth, or accusations of lying, can ever rid her of it.

True to his policy of giving the Baganda the Scriptures in their own tongue, Mackay threw himself heart and soul into the study of the language. Within nine months of his arrival in the country we find him engaged in translation work. As with all his undertakings so in this, thoroughness was its chief characteristic. His translation of St. Matthew's Gospel can scarcely be improved to-day.

With increased opportunities of giving instruction came increased opposition, not only from the French Roman Catholics, but from the Arab Mohammedans, who had already secured a firm footing in the country. With what sagacity Mackay met the arguments of the latter may be judged from the following extract from one of his letters dated October 5, 1879:

"The subject of polygamy was talked on for some time. I told them that I fully recognised the difficulty of the case, but said we also should go in for many wives were it not that the plain command of God was against it. They declared that polygamy had nothing to do with religion. I asked their chief advocate: 'How many wives have you?' 'Four.' 'Why not five?' They knew this to be an injunction of their creed and could not answer. They then maintained that religion was a thing of pure belief, and had nothing to do with matters of life. I asked: "Then why did you not join the chiefs and me in food which the king sent out to us just

now ?' They were floored again and Mutesa and the whole court laughed heartily at them."

Lubare worship, the ancient religion of the country, not less than Mohammedanism and Roman Catholicism, was indisposed to yield the field without a struggle. Very graphically does Mackay tell the story of his conflict with the powers of darkness, as represented by this superstition—a conflict the issue of which was apparent defeat. It seems that the Lubare—the spirit of the Lake—personified by a being called Mukasa, was expected to be able to cure the king of a sickness from which he had suffered for some time, but it was necessary that the king should be taken to see the Lubare. It seemed to Mackay that so decided a step being taken by Mutesa as to go to see the witch and be cured by her sorcery would tend powerfully to increase the hold which the waning superstition had on the people. He therefore determined to bring things to an issue. He thus writes on January 7, 1880:

"One day at court I introduced the subject of the Lubare and had a long conversation with Mutesa. He joined heartily in considering the matter and translated all I said to his chiefs. I put it that if the Lubare is a god then we worship two Gods in Uganda—Jehovah and Mukasa, while if the Lubare is only man, then there are two sovereigns, viz., Mutesa who had repeatedly ordered the traders to be supplied with canoes, and Mukasa who refused to allow the canoes to start.

"The result of this talk was that next day an order was sent to Gabunga—head chief on the lake—to send away all the traders at once whether Mukasa consented or not."

So far all went well. But later the matter came to a crisis. The old heathen chiefs exerted their influence,

both with the king and Namasole (queen mother), and at a formal assemblage at court, the former yielded. "It was," says Mackay, "the hour and power of darkness." The king gave in: "We shall have nothing more to do with either the Arab's religion or the white man's religion, but we shall return to the religion of our fathers."

The result was that the readers ceased coming for instruction as usual, except one or two. The work seemed to be at a standstill. But neither the courage nor the faith of the Missionary failed. "The planting of the Cross in Uganda," he writes at this juncture, "has been an arduous and expensive undertaking and although two and a half years' work shows no more fruit than a seemingly unanimous rejection of Christianity, yet the work must not be given up in a hurry.

"The present deathblow to the Christian creed may be only the prelude to a glorious resurrection of it. Yes darkness must vanish before the light; and the triumphs of Christianity in the past more than warrant our assurance that it will triumph here—perhaps in a future very near."

A sure word of prophecy! Abundantly has it been fulfilled. But not immediately was the change to come. "Patience must have her perfect work." Persecution, sorrow, sickness and death were to test and try, ere the silver could come forth pure and without dross.

Slowly the work went forward, the reading being mostly in secret, as also indeed was the instruction. The old religion had its day with the king, and then came his professed conversion to Mohammedanism. Months passed by—months of weary waiting for the freedom for religious teaching which never came—at least in Mackay's day. Intrigue followed intrigue—petty persecution and attempts on the part of the

Mohammedans to get the Europeans driven from the country.

At length came the first-fruits. Mr. O'Flaherty—whose arrival in Uganda in March 1881, with the returning envoys whom Mutesa had sent to England with Mr. Wilson, was a much needed reinforcement—was privileged a year later (March 18, 1882) to baptize five young men. Almost simultaneously a sixth, who had accompanied Mr. Pearson to the coast, was baptized at Zanzibar, by the Universities Mission. This young man, Henry Wright Duta, was afterwards destined to play a prominent part in the work of the Church. Thus did the Christian Church in Uganda have its beginning. The seed had been sown, had taken root, and was now springing up. It was but a tiny plant, but like the mustard seed of the parable was destined to increase and grow until shade and shelter were offered to multitudes of souls.

At this turning-point in the history of the Mission a strong party of reinforcements was gathering in England under the leadership of Hannington (destined to become the first Bishop of E. E. Africa). E. C. Gordon and R. P. Ashe were of the party. It was not, however, until twelve months later that the latter arrived at the scene of his labours. Hannington, after enduring much hardship and sickness, was obliged to return home, whilst Gordon was located at the south of the Lake, with Blackburn and Wise. For some two and a half years Mackay, Ashe and O'Flaherty were the only missionaries in Uganda. But it was a time fraught with momentous consequences, both to the Church and country. In October 1884, Mutesa died and was succeeded by his son Mwanga. In June of the same year Hannington was consecrated Bishop of E. E. Africa and five months later started for his diocese.

The accession of Mwanga was happily free—owing largely to the influence of the Mission—from those terrible scenes of slaughter which were customary in Uganda on such occasions. But jealousy of the growing influence of the Mission, and fear of any diminution of his absolute power, gave the rein to the king's innate savageness. At first merely banishment, imprisonment or flogging was resorted to, as the most effectual means of staying the progress of Christianity. These failing, cruder methods were resorted to, and three of the Readers, Seruwanga, Kakumba and Lugalama, on July 31, 1885, were seized and put to death after being cruelly dismembered and tortured. The following is the account given by Mackay of the tragedy:

"Two who escaped, reported that they had been taken with Kakumba and Ashe's boy, as also Seruwanga, a tall fine fellow, a baptized lad whom Mufta (the leader of the hostile party) had caught; and Duta's wife Sarah and her child, to a place outside the capital; that Seruwanga, Kakumba and Ashe's boy had been tortured by having their arms cut off and were then bound alive to a scaffolding under which a fire was made and they were slowly burnt to death. Mufta, and his men mocked them, and bade them pray now if Isa Masiya (Jesus Christ) would rescue them from his hands. The dear lads clung to their faith, and died rather than deny their Lord and Master."

So far from the progress of the work being stayed by this cruel persecution it went forward increasingly. So much so was this the case that on July 26, 1885, a congregation of one hundred and seventy-five souls were gathered together at the Mission for the worship of God, and some thirty-five communicants partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; so true is it that

'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.'

CHAPTER III

BISHOP HANNINGTON, ETC.

'Life's task well done
Life's race well run
Life's crown well won.'

LET us now retrace our steps to the coast districts of East Africa, to which our attention is once more drawn by the arrival of Bishop Hannington (whose consecration has already been referred to) at Freretown, on January 24, 1885.

The work at the coast had grown greatly in the ten years during which the struggles and trials which have already been narrated took place in the far interior.

The freed slave settlement at Freretown was now firmly established, and many of the rescued slaves after careful training, had already been baptized. Schools had been established, and industrial and agricultural pursuits set on foot. The Rev. W. E. Taylor was giving himself both to evangelistic work and that study of Kiswahili in which he now so greatly excels. Downes Shaw was another missionary whose labours belong to this period. Ishmael Semler, George David, and W. H. Jones were the native workers in Freretown, Giriama, and Rabai, respectively.

In 1884 a terrible famine desolated large tracts of the interior. Teita, Ukambani and Giriama were the countries which suffered most. Children were sold into slavery. The Arabs and Swahilis, ever ready to take advantage of such times of distress, drove a brisk trade

A BIT OF THE OLD FORT, MOMBASA

in slaves, many of whom, through the activity of British cruisers on the coast, found their way to Freretown.

It was in these circumstances that the first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa entered upon his work, in the beginning of 1885. His energy both in thought and action showed itself in every department of the work. Visits were paid to Zanzibar, Magila and Teita. In Teita a mission had been at work for some time, and was being bravely carried on in the face of great difficulties, by Mr. Wray. Chagga, the country of Mandara (a man of much force of character), the Bishop was also enabled to visit, and afterwards to make such arrangements as led, ultimately, to the planting of the Cross of Christ on Kilimanjaro.

It was not long ere the thought of the possibility of reaching Uganda by what is now known as the northern route, through the Masai country, began to occupy the mind of the Bishop. He thought, not merely of the direction and healthiness of the road, but also of the possibility of being able to open up the countries of the Masai and the Wakavirondo, to the Gospel of Christ. Everything seemed to point to the feasibility of the project. The Bishop knew nothing, of course, of the tales of the German annexations at the coast having reached (as they did very speedily) the ears of the king and chiefs of Uganda. Nor did he know anything of the superstitious dread of the approach of white men from the eastward, entertained by Mwanga and his counsellors.

There are few stories in the romance of Missions which are of more absorbing interest than the story of Bishop Hannington's last journey. It is an oft-told tale, but one that can never be worn threadbare. With wonderful foresight, and marvellous courage, the whole enterprise was carried through, almost to a successful issue.

That it failed was due entirely to circumstances altogether beyond the Bishop's control. It is impossible to think of that gallant soul setting forth on his mission alone, forcing his way through unknown countries, across deserts, through forests, over mountains, overcoming the savagery of fierce tribes, by mere force of will, with a song upon his lips, a smile upon his face, without a thrill of admiration and the conviction in one's heart, that although a noble life was closed in a moment of apparent failure, yet it was a failure out of which success and victory must ultimately spring.

On July 23, 1885, the start was made from Rabai. The native deacon, W. H. Jones, accompanied the Bishop, and was of great service from first to last. It is from his account that we have been made acquainted with the details of the journey which ended so disastrously. Teita was passed, Ukambani entered, and the Bishop sent home his last letter. Then came a long silence broken on January 1, 1886, by a telegram from Zanzibar, as follows:

"Bishop Hannington who left Mombasa in June last, in order to find if possible a new road to the Victoria, which will obviate the long detour by Unyanyembe, has been seized by order of the king within two days' march of Uganda. The latest report is that the king has given secret orders to have the Bishop executed."

It seems that after overcoming innumerable difficulties from the Wakikuyu and Masai, Kavirondo was reached on October 11. On the following day, leaving Mr. Jones and one hundred and fifty men at Mumia's, the Bishop started alone with fifty porters and a native guide, lent him by the chief of Kwa Sunda. All went well, until Luba's in Busoga was reached. There the whole party were made prisoners, and word sent to

Mwanga, with a request as to what was to be done with the white man and his followers. Eight days of suspense and then came the order—death !

The touching story of that waiting time is told in the precious diary recovered some time after the tragedy. It tells, in simplest terms, the events of each of the anxious days of waiting—days passed in weakness and weariness, but yet in faith and hope. Then came the supreme moment when with the courage of a hero, and the bravery of a true man of God, the Bishop met his fate, bidding his murderers tell the king that he died for the Baganda and that he had purchased the road to Uganda with his life. And so "he fell on sleep."

> 'Call it not death, it is but life beginning
> Life from the burden of the flesh set free.'

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CHAPTER IV

THE PERSECUTIONS OF 1885-1886

'After the old-fashioned potter's wheel has joined the shapeless clay, the vessels are dipped in a bath of glaze and then baked in fire to fix the colours; an extra baking is required for gold.'

In the meanwhile events of the deepest interest were happening in Uganda. The printing press was doing its work. Many of the Baganda were learning to read. The Church was growing. A Church Council was formed. The future, notwithstanding the jealousy and suspicion of the king, was bright with hope. It was, however, but the lull before the storm. Mwanga had heard of the German annexations at the coast. Many of the chiefs had warned the king, saying, with reference to the Missionaries, "These white men will eat the country." "No!" was the reply, "they will not begin in the interior—they will commence at the coast. When I hear that they have eaten the coast then I shall know that Uganda is in danger." Following upon this came the report of the approach of Thomson, through Kavirondo and Busoga. He, however, retraced his steps and the alarm in the king's mind passed away. Then unhappily came the story of the approach of the Bishop, and all the old suspicion came back, with renewed force. The Missionaries sought to put the matter in its true light before the king, but in vain. The Bishop arrived at Luba's, and messengers were sent by the chief to know the king's will concerning him. At first Mwanga was disinclined to resort to extreme measures.

But the advice of his evil counsellors prevailed, and the order was sent to put the Bishop and his followers to death. Every effort was made by Mackay and his companions to get the fatal order rescinded, but in vain, and as we have seen on October 30, 1885, it was carried out.

The rubicon was crossed, and henceforth, the king set himself to root up the growing power of Christianity. For some time the missionaries were in extreme danger. "What if I kill you," exclaimed Mwanga, "what could Queeni do? What could she or all Europe do?" There was, however, an Almighty power swaying the young tyrant, and his cruel hands were stayed, so far as the Missionaries were concerned. The young converts, however, felt the full force of his fury, and the Persecution of 1886 burst forth. Inconceivable almost were the tortures inflicted upon some. Clubbed, dismembered, burnt—thus they passed to their reward—the crown of martyrdom, Three members of the Church Council were put to death—one of them Robert Munyaga, had his limbs cut off, one by one, and roasted before his eyes. In order to confirm the faith of the persecuted the following letter was printed and circulated by Mackay and Ashe.

"*People of Jesus who are in Uganda*

"Our Friends,—We your friends and teachers write to you to send you words of cheer and comfort, which we have taken from the epistle of Peter the apostle of Christ. In days of old Christians were hated, were hunted, were driven out, and were persecuted for Jesus' sake, and thus it is to-day.

"Our beloved brothers, do not deny our Lord Jesus and He will not deny you, in that great day when He shall come in glory. Remember the words of our Saviour

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how He told His disciples not to fear men who are only able to kill the body; but He bade them to fear God, Who is able to destroy the body, together with the soul, in the fire of Gehenna.

"Do not cease to pray exceedingly, and to pray for our brethren who are in affliction, and for those who do not know God. May God give you His Spirit and His blessing! May He deliver you out of all your afflictions. May He give you entrance to eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

"Farewell! We are the white men! We are your brethren indeed who have written to you!"

(On the other side of the leaflet is 1 Peter IV. 12, to the end of the chapter.)

A more touching or affecting document is not to be found in all the records of Christian missions. It did its work. The faith of none wavered. Nay, it waxed stronger, so that even in the full tide of persecution, candidates for baptism presented themselves. Mr. Ashe tells the story of one named Kiwobe who had asked for baptism. "Do you know what you are asking?" I said to him. "Manyi munange ("I know, my friend"), he replied. "But," I said, "you know if you say you are a Christian they would kill you." Again he said the same words, "I know, my friend." "But, I said, "suppose people asked you if you were a reader, would you tell a lie and deny it and say no?" He replied "Ndiyatula munange" ("I shall confess, my friend"). Mackay and I both thought him worthy of the rite. So he was baptized, there and then.

Ah! it is not persecution that the Christian in Uganda need fear; but the subtler tests and trials which come in times of prosperity and ease. The persecutions of 1886 left the Church in Uganda stronger than ever.

May God grant that she may pass as scathless through the days of sunshine as through those of black storm and tempest!

'For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blessed,
Alleluia!

'Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might,
Thou Lord their Captain in the well-fought fight,
Thou in the darkness drear their light of light,
Alleluia!

'O may Thy soldiers faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold,
Alleluia!'

Slowly the fires of persecution died down, and in August 1886, Ashe was allowed to leave the country. Thus Mackay was alone and remained so for nearly twelve months. In the meanwhile the intrigues of the Arabs went on unceasingly, until at length the king yielded, and Mackay was ordered to leave the country It so happened that Mwanga had heard of Cyril Gordon's presence in Usukuma, and being struck with the idea of having a namesake of Colonel Gordon of Kartum in his country, asked that he might be sent. Thus it came about that Mackay found refuge at Usambiro and Gordon entered Uganda in July 1887.

While these events were happening in Uganda, the name of the Rev. H. P. Parker was submitted to the Archbishop of Canterbury, as one fitted to fill the vacant Bishopric oi Eastern Equatorial Africa. His consecration followed on October 18, 1886. Six weeks later we find him at Freretown entering upon the labours of his charge. Rabai, Teita and Chagga were each in

turn visited. Then came the overland journey from Rabai to Mamboya. There were now three stations in Usagara and its borders, Mamboya, Mpwapwa and Kisokwe. At these places Blackburn, J. C. Price, H. Cole and A. N. Wood were all hard at work. After a short stay in Usagara the Bishop moved on to the far interior, visiting Uyui (where Douglas Hooper was located) on his way to the Victoria Nyanza. Here in December of 1887 a Missionary Conference was held. Ashe, who had made his way back to Africa, had brought with him a notable recruit in the person of R. H. Walker, who was destined to play an important part in the development of the work in Uganda. These, together with the Bishop, Blackburn, Hooper, and Deekes, made up a body of seven Missionaries. The situation in Uganda was discussed, and it was decided to write a letter in the name of the Bishop, asking in friendly terms for liberty to preach the Gospel of Christ. This was done, but it greatly annoyed the king, who, on reading it covered it with ashes, as a sign of war. Eventually, however, he seemed to soften and asked that another Missionary might be sent. It was arranged that Walker should go. In the meanwhile sorrow upon sorrow came upon the little band at the south end of the Lake. Douglas Hooper was engaged in planting a Mission station at Nasa—a spot selected by the Bishop himself, who had promised to return thither at Easter. Day after day did Hooper go to the highest point, overlooking Magu Bay, for some sign of the boat bringing the promised visitor. Alas! he never came, but instead a messenger, to say that the diocese was once more bereaved of its chief pastor. It seems that after a short illness, Blackburn, on March 12, 1888, had passed to his rest. A fortnight later the Bishop himself was seized with a virulent attack of bilious fever.

Remedies were unavailing, and in less than twenty-four hours he, too, passed away. He was buried the same night, his remains being laid by the side of those of Blackburn—there to await the dawning of the Resurrection morning.

"As we returned from the graveside," wrote Walker, "the dawn was visible in a streak of crimson and gold in the east, assuring us that though the west looked dark and gloomy as our path, yet a bright future was in store for us as the sun rises."

The gentle and saintly character of the Bishop had won the love and esteem of all with whom he came into contact. The diocese was immeasurably poorer by the loss of his wise, gentle but yet firm, guidance, but immensely richer by his noble example of self-sacrifice and self-denial.

On April 9 Walker left the south of the Lake for Uganda, starting from the Bay of Magu. Eight days later he reached his destination. The king received him with great and unprecedented honour, and for a while all went well. But the tyranny of Mwanga was raising against him a host of enemies. If his father Mutesa chastised his people with whips he certainly chastised them with scorpions. He planned the wholesale destruction of the readers of all parties, Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Mohammedans. They were commanded to follow him to the Lake shore. There he sought to entice them to enter canoes, the paddlers of which had been instructed to leave them on a certain island, where they would be starved to death. The plot failed. The readers refused to embark and returning to the capital, organised the first revolution, by which Mwanga was driven from his throne. It was entirely successful. The king fled from his kingdom

and took refuge with the Arabs of Magu, where he became virtually a prisoner.

The great chieftainships in Uganda were divided between the Christians and Mohammedans, and Kiwewa was proclaimed king. Liberty of religious teaching was conceded. The Christians came out from their hiding-places and for a while great progress was made. But alas! the enemy was at work and things once more tended to disorder. The Mohammedans were dissatisfied with their share of the great chieftainships, and determined to make a desperate effort not only to secure the supreme power for themselves, but also to crush once and for all the ever-growing influence of Christianity. The attack was a very sudden one, and was attended with complete success. On October 12, Walker and Gordon were seized, and together with the French priests, were after some delay taken to the Lake shore, and ordered to embark. They had previously been robbed of almost all their possessions. The parting injunction given to them was:

"Let no white man come to Uganda for the space of two years. We do not want to see Mackay's boat in Uganda waters for a long time to come. We do not want to see a white teacher back in Uganda until we have converted the whole of Uganda to the Mohammedan faith."

Shortly after leaving Uganda a disaster happened to their boat—the *Eleanor*. A hippopotamus broke two holes in her bottom. She filled with water and turned over. Five boys were drowned. With much patience, and no little skill, Walker managed to repair the vessel, and after a perilous voyage, the south end of the Lake was reached and shelter found with Mackay at Usambiro.

It seemed to many in England that the Mission in

THE QUEEN MOTHER OF MWANGA

Uganda was at an end. So it was for the time being. But that was of comparatively little moment. The Church survived, and hope refused to die. The leading Christian chiefs had either been slain or driven from their offices. The latter, with nearly all the baptized Christians, took refuge in Nkole, a country lying some two hundred miles west of Mengo. There they found time and opportunity to enter into communication with their friends at Usambiro. Mwanga managed to escape from his Arab gaolers at Magu and took refuge at Bukumbi—the French Roman Catholic station in Usukuma.

In the meanwhile another revolution had taken place in Uganda. Kiwewa was not found sufficiently subservient to the will of his Arab masters. He was accordingly deposed, and after a brief struggle, murdered. He was succeeded by Kalema, another son of Mutesa and half-brother to Mwanga.

The latter, calling upon all Uganda to join him, made his way to the Sese islands, and eventually to the islands of Bulinguge in what is now known as Murchison Gulf. From this place Mwanga wrote the following appeal to Mackay:

"BULINGUGE,
"*June* 25, 1889.

"*To* MR. MACKAY,

"I send my many compliments to you and to Mr. Gordon.

"After compliments, I, Mwanga, beg of you to help me. Do not remember bygone matters. We are now in a miserable plight, but if you, my fathers, are willing to come and help to restore me to my kingdom, you will be at liberty to do whatever you like.

"Formerly I did not know God, but now I know the

religion of Jesus Christ. Consider how Kalema has killed all my brothers and sisters. He has killed my children, too, and now there remains only we two princes (Kalema and myself). Mr. Mackay, do help me. I have no strength, but if you are with me I shall be strong. Sir, do not imagine that if you restore Mwanga to Uganda he will become bad again. If you find me become bad then you may drive me from the throne, but I have given up my former ways and I only want now to follow your advice.

"I am, your friend,

"(*signed*) Mwanga."

Of course, it was impossible to render anything like material help to the king, but it was felt that the flock of Christ needed the teaching of the Missionaries. It was therefore arranged for Walker and Gordon to go at once to Bulinguge, where they met with a hearty welcome from the Christians. Meanwhile the two Christian parties on the mainland, had organised their forces, and, placing them under the command of Apolo Kagwa, advanced to do battle with Kalema. A complete victory was gained, and on October 11, 1889, Mwanga once more entered his capital. Gordon and Walker of course returned with the king. The Mission station at Natete was a wreck, but a new site was obtained on one of the lower slopes of the hill of Namirembe (the hill of peace). Here work was recommenced and for a time all went well. Kalema, in February 1890, was finally defeated, and shortly afterwards died of small-pox. Mohammedanism was practically at an end for the time being.

Then commenced the struggle between the French and English parties, which afterwards led to so much division and disorder in the country. A certain Dr.

Carl Peters, connected with the German East African Association, had broken through the blockade at the coast, and made his way in a characteristic fashion through what is now known as British East Africa to Uganda. Immediately after his arrival, he produced a treaty for the king's signature by which Uganda would place itself under the protection of Germany, and this, notwithstanding the fact that he had been disavowed by his Government. The French priests strongly advised the king to accept the protection of Germany, and sign the treaty: the English Missionaries and the Protestant chiefs, on the other hand, advised the contrary course. It seems that the British East Africa Company, which had been founded some two years previously, had sent two of its agents into the interior with the object of securing the co-operation of the native chiefs in its aims. Mr. Jackson, the leader of the expedition, had some time before (December 15, 1899) opened up communication with Mwanga. He sent him, from Kavirondo, one of the Company's flags and stated that if he would accept it he would by so doing place himself under the Company's protection, and that the company would help him. Mwanga accepted the flag. It seemed, therefore, to the Katikiro (Apolo Kagwa) and the other Protestant chiefs, that Mwanga was already pledged to the Imperial British East Africa Company. They therefore held aloof entirely from any participation in acceptance of Dr. Carl Peters' treaty, and, in fact, advised its rejection. Dr. Peters, however, was not to be denied, and the treaty was signed. He immediately afterwards left the country with all possible despatch. In April 1890, Mr. Jackson and his colleagues arrived in Uganda, and at once entered into negotiations with the king with a view to his placing himself and his country under the protection of the East Africa Com-

pany. This was violently opposed by the French priests and their following, and led to endless discussion. In the end it was agreed that Mr. Jackson should return to the coast, taking with him representatives from both parties, in order that an exact understanding might be gained as to the actual position of the company, and its right to submit a treaty for the king's signature. It was also agreed that Mr. Jackson's colleague, a Mr. Gedge, should be left behind with the larger proportion of the arms and ammunition.

While these things were occurring in Uganda, Mackay was continuing his labours at Usambiro, in the interests of the work so dear to his heart. That his policy of giving the Baganda the Scriptures in their own tongue was as pronounced in 1889 as two years before is shown by the following extract from a letter written on December 28. He says: "To aid in multiplying our efforts, we must aim steadily at presenting the Word of God to the people, and push forward every means of enabling them readily to read it for themselves." Alas, he was not long to share in this work of faith and labour of love. Six weeks later he was taken ill, and in three or four days passed away. The loss of Mackay was the heaviest blow that had yet fallen on the Mission. His faith, his courage, his zeal, his intellectual capacity, his untiring industry, combined to form one of the most remarkable characters of the age in which he lived. It will be long ere the impress which he left on the lives and characters of the Baganda will be effaced. It will be longer still ere his noble example of devotion to the highest ideals—of courage in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties—of self-sacrifice and self-denial—ceases to stimulate, and inspire, and to urge men on to a participation in the noblest of noble enterprises—the seeking to bring to a saving knowledge of

the truth those "sitting in darkness and the shadow of death."

Such, in roughest and briefest outline is the history of the planting and growth of the Church of Christ in Uganda and East Africa up to the year 1890. It was at this juncture, and in these circumstances, that the call came to me to take up the work that had fallen from the hands of Bishops Hannington and Parker. It will be easily understood with what trepidation, and feelings of weakness, and utter inability, one accepted the responsibility and responded to the call. The nature of the call, however, the sacred character of the claim, and the sure promises of God—the promise of both the Presence and the Power—were sufficient to resolve all doubts and calm all fears. The decision was made on March 8, 1900—one month after Mackay's death—and six weeks later, St. Mark's Day, came the service of Consecration in Lambeth Church, and the solemn responsibility of shepherding the members of Christ's flock, scattered through the wilds of Eastern Equatorial Africa, was given into my hands.

BOOK II

PLANNING AND PLANTING

CHAPTER V

EARLY DAYS

'The food of Hope is meditated action.'

WORDSWORTH.

WITH the solemn words of the Consecration Service pronounced by the lips of the saintly Archbishop Benson ringing in my ears, I started on St. Mark's Day (April 25) 1890, on my way to East Africa.

The hour of parting from those near and dear had come and gone. The last "good-bye" had been said. The last flutter of a waving handkerchief had been responded to, and I was alone, in the blackness of a stormy night at sea, crossing from Dover to Calais.

The loneliness of a three weeks' journey to Mombasa gave one abundant opportunity of thinking over the work, which, with all its difficulties and unknown possibilities, lay before me. Although I had made up my mind to attempt the journey to Uganda, I was not at all clear as to how or when I should get there. Very little was known of the position of affairs in that disturbed kingdom. The later facts narrated in the previous chapter were not yet known in England. Mwanga, however, as we have seen, had been driven from his throne, and had taken refuge with the Arabs at the south end of the Victoria Nyanza. Subsequently,

with the aid of the combined Christian forces, the Mohammedan power had been broken, and Mwanga restored. Whether his restoration was based upon anything more substantial than the varying chances of war, was uncertain. Time alone would tell. The Missionaries (Walker and Gordon), it was believed, had entered Uganda with the returning king. Nothing definite, however, was known as to their movements. One thing, at any rate, was to my mind quite clear, and that was, that Christianity in Uganda, in spite of adverse circumstances, was fast becoming a living power in the political and social life of the people. The testimony of Mr. H. M. Stanley, published early in January 1890, left no doubt on this point. He told how, in passing through Nkole, on his way to the coast, he came upon a large party of Christian Baganda, who had been driven from their country by the victorious Kalema. After drawing attention to the fact of their being possessed of Gospels and prayer books in their own tongue, and the deep interest which they evidently took in their reading, he thus wrote to his friend, Mr. Bruce, a son-in-law of Dr. Livingstone:

"I take this body of native Christians in the heart of Africa who prefer exile for the sake of their faith to serving a monarch indifferent or hostile to their faith as more substantial evidence of the work of Mackay than any number of imposing structures clustered together and called a Mission station would be. These Africans have endured the most deadly persecution—the stake and the fire, the cord and the club—the sharp knife and the rifle bullet have all been tried to cause them to reject the teachings they have absorbed. Staunch in their beliefs, firm in their conviction, they have held together steadily and resolutely."

As one pondered these words, forming such a striking and independent testimony to the reality of the faith of the Baganda Christians, one could not but call to mind the tragic days of 1886, when first one and then another of that little band of converts laid down his life rather than deny Christ, his Saviour. One also felt that, come what might, succour must be carried, if it were at all possible, to the distressed infant Church of Uganda.

Happily a little company of Missionaries had preceded me to Mombasa, and were waiting there for some indication of the divine purpose, as to their future sphere of work. Douglas Hooper, whom last we heard of at Nasa, had formed a plan for working on simpler and more economical lines than hitherto had been found practicable, or thought advisable. Pilkington, Baskerville and Cotter had joined him. Their idea was to break up new ground, and to advance, if possible, as far as Ulu, in the Ukambani country, with a view ultimately of pushing on to the Lake, by what is now known as the northern road. This party, I felt convinced, must be a party to go forward with all possible speed to Uganda—but by the southern road.

This, and many other projects, one turned over in one's mind as one journeyed on towards Mombasa. Brindisi was reached in due course, and the voyage on board the P. & O. *Ballarat* commenced. The highlands of Crete soon came into view, and passed away into the blue distance, as we sped on towards Port Said. At Aden it was necessary to tranship into a coasting-steamer running to Mombasa and Zanzibar. The captain was on shore when I went on board, but at about 3 o'clock he joined the party sitting about the saloon deck. After greeting his passengers he seemed to get somewhat impatient, as he walked up and down the deck. At

length he broke out as he passed towards the stern, "I wish this blooming bishop would make haste and come on board." I meekly asked, "What bishop do you mean?" "Why, Bishop Tucker, of course," was the answer, "unless he makes haste we shan't be off before dark." I hastened, of course, to let him know that his expected passenger had already made his appearance and that, although clad in light tweeds, I was, nevertheless, of the "clerical persuasion" as the captain, afterwards, in his apology, spoke of the cloth. We became capital friends and many a kind service did he do me in after days.

The voyage from Aden to Mombasa has been so often described that I dare not enter upon another description of it. I will only say that the eternal blue of sea and sky was the same as ever. The same surges of the monsoon broke over our bows as we plunged our way southward—the same flying-fish—in fact, all the features noticed by a long generation of travellers were noted by ourselves. Only at Mombasa was the monotony of the voyage broken; and here most agreeably. Of all the towns on the east coast of Africa, Mombasa is at once the most picturesque and the most interesting. After a tedious voyage of some eight or ten days from Aden, nothing is more delightful and refreshing to the eye, wearied with the eternal blue of sea and sky, than the bright, fresh green of the rocky margin of this eastern isle. A narrow channel leads to the landlocked harbour. On the one hand as you enter is the mainland, covered as far as the eye can reach with many palms in almost every stage of growth. On the other hand lies the island and the ancient town of Mombasa, or Mvita, as it is more correctly. Its population in 1890 was probably some 25,000. It is made up of men of all nations and kindreds and tongues. Arabs and

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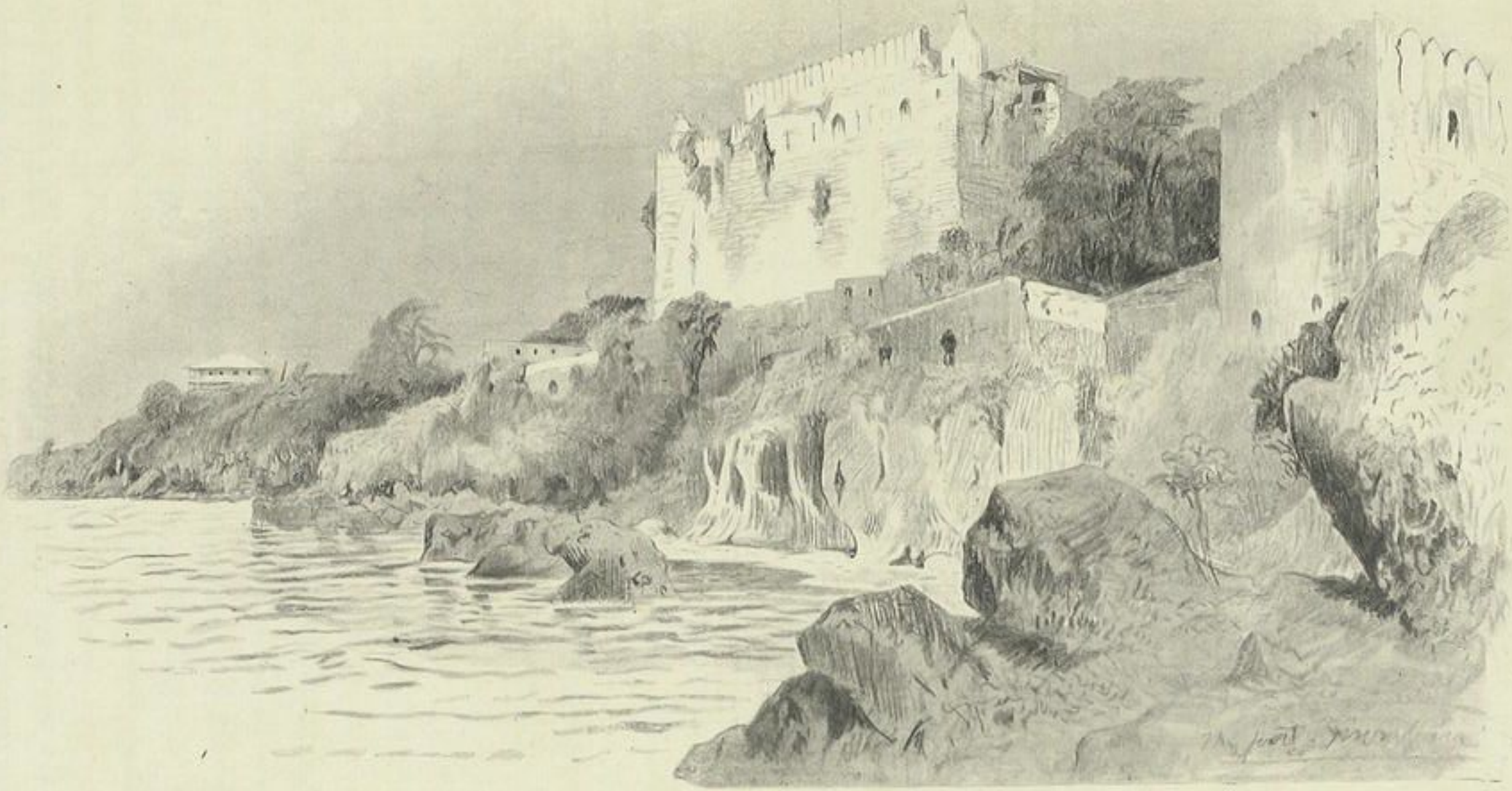

THE FORT, MOMBASA

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Jambo!" ("How do you do—how do you do?") of the school children who were drawn up in a long line on the shore to greet me. Binns and Pilkington, I found, had gone on a journey to Chagga, and had not yet returned.

Freretown is a charming spot. Its beauty almost defies description. Here, are giant mango trees, casting a delightful shade far and wide. There, are tall and graceful palms, gently swaying their feathery tops in the fresh breeze of the south-west monsoon. Dotted here and there are the huts of the rescued slaves—once in the lowest depths of degradation, but now rejoicing in the light and liberty of the Gospel of Christ. Each house has its own shamba, or garden, which, as can readily be imagined in a tropical climate in which vegetation grows with the utmost luxuriance, quickly gives evidence of the industry or idleness of the occupant. Yonder are schoolhouses and dormitories, used in the training and education of some two hundred boys. There is the church, capable of accommodating some five or six hundred worshippers. And further away, on rising ground, overlooking the creek, is the ladies' house, and dormitories with accommodation for some hundred and fifty girls. Nestling among the trees over there is the house of Ishmael Semler—the native pastor; and down there, on the shore, not far from where we landed, are the workshops, where lads are trained in the arts of smithing and carpentering. Altogether, the settlement is very complete, and gives evidence of a good work long in progress.

To my great joy, shortly after landing, I heard that a party of four new men was even then on the way out from England, and would arrive at Zanzibar by the June French mail. I was also told that Stokes, the well-known trader and caravan leader, was then in Zanzibar, and would probably be in a position to

provide porters for the journey to the Lake. As an interview with him was important I determined to visit Zanzibar at the earliest opportunity, with the object of making some definite arrangement with him for the journey.

The most uninteresting work of unpacking and rearranging one's belongings, a conference of Missionaries, an ordination examination, and the Ordination itself, on June 1 (Trinity Sunday), filled up a very busy three weeks. Then came the journey to Zanzibar on the notorious steamship *Juba*. I say notorious, because its reputation as one of the most terrible ships for rolling that ever was built, is known to every voyager on the east coast. How can I describe the horrors of that night at sea, during which we battled against the south-west monsoon on our way to Zanzibar? It is impossible! The very memory of it makes one shudder. However, "the darkest night has a dawn" and day-break revealed to the miserable passengers on the *Juba* the low-lying coast of the island of Zanzibar—under the lee of which we were soon running. Interest in the beauty and novelty of the scene which swept past us like a moving panorama, as we glided along, caused us to forget our miseries, and to look forward with something like cheerfulness to our arrival at our destination. It was not long before that city came into view. At first it seemed like a city of palaces rising out of the sea—fairy-like in its white, blue and gold tints. A closer view, however, dispelled many of the illusions which the distant prospect conjured up. But still, Zanzibar from the sea is, and always will be—with its white houses, its picturesque dhows lying at anchor, and shipping of every rig and nationality—a scene of singular and surpassing beauty.

I was to be the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Euan

Smith at the agency, and a boat from H.M.S. *Conquest* took me on shore. The welcome accorded to me by my host and hostess is one of those happy memories which one cherishes more and more as life goes on. Their kindness and helpfulness one can never forget. My visit from first to last was one of unalloyed pleasure.

The city of Zanzibar is a marvel of oriental picturesqueness. Its narrow and tortuous lanes form a labyrinth in which, unless very careful, you soon get lost. As in Mombasa, so in Zanzibar, Hindus, Banyans, Parsees, in fact, representatives of almost every nation under the sun, crowd the narrow streets and market-places. The Arab in his black or red "Joho"—the Swahili in his white "Kanzu"—the women flaunting in their "Visuto," flaming in all the colours of the rainbow, form a picture ever varying in its light and shade, and yet one which leaves a definite and almost indelible impression on the mind.

The shops and booths with their awnings, under which sit cross-legged, the sickly-looking Hindu—or the more robust-looking Swahili—chaffering and bartering—are quaint, and striking in their outline owing to the glint of dazzling sunlight on the canvas and the deep, dark shadow below.

The air is heavy with the scent of cloves which are one of the staple products of the island. Every scent, sight and sound speaks of the East, and Oriental life.

Stokes, I found, was at Sadaani on the mainland, but hearing that I was anxious to see him, he came over. In half an hour, with the assistance of Douglas Hooper, who had accompanied me to Zanzibar, all arrangements were made for our journey to the Lake, and a start fixed for an early day in July. Being in frequent communication with Uganda, Stokes also kindly undertook to forward a letter which I had written to

the king (Mwanga). The following is a copy of this letter:

"ZANZIBAR,
"*June* 11, 1890.

"*To* MWANGA, KING OF UGANDA, *with compliments.*

"Having been called, in the providence of God, to be Bishop of the Church of Christ in East Africa, I now write to you, as one desiring to see you, and proposing shortly to come unto you.

"I come with all goodwill and kindness in my heart. I desire only your good and the welfare of your people. I am your friend. And because I am your friend I am anxious that both you and your kingdom should enjoy the blessings of the Gospel of Christ. I am therefore bringing teachers with me. They love your people as I do, and are your true friends, as I am. We believe that you will welcome us, and do all in your power to help us in our work of teaching, and so making your people happy and prosperous.

"But what is the use of saying more now, when I have so much to say, and hope so soon to see you?

"Trusting that this letter may find you in good health

"I remain, with many salaams,
"Your true and faithful friend,
"(*signed*) ALFRED,
"Bishop. E. Eq. Africa."

I felt that it was absolutely necessary to write to Mwanga before entering his country. I also felt the necessity of saying as little as possible, and yet at the same time adopting a perfectly friendly tone. Some critics may think it too friendly, considering the fact that he was the murderer of my predecessor. I did not, and do not forget Mwanga's crimes, his persecutions

and wickedness. Neither did I forget the circumstances of his life—his training in the midst of heathen darkness. It was impossible for me to adopt the same tone towards him as I would towards a man sinning against light and knowledge.

It was at this juncture that an important event happened in the political world, namely, the promulgation of the Anglo-German Treaty, by which Zanzibar came under British protection, and Uganda was recognised as within the sphere of British influence. One may criticise various details of the treaty and wish that this or that had not been given up—as for instance, the countries of Kiziba, Karagwe and Ruanda on the west side of the Victoria Nyanza—but, taken as a whole, the agreement was a great triumph for the Marquis of Salisbury's diplomacy. The abandonment of German claims to a protectorate over Witu and the countries adjacent, was no doubt the compensation given for the British surrender in the west of the Lake. In like manner Heligoland was doubtless the price of Zanzibar. A useless, if not an actually dangerous possession, was exchanged for the metropolis of East Africa !

The treaty came as a surprise to all in Zanzibar—Germans and British alike. To the former it was a great disappointment, so far as personal interests were concerned, but on the whole the national and imperial instinct prevailed, and the acquisition of Heligoland was held, as a German said to me, to be " worth it all."

To the British, the treaty gave unqualified satisfaction. The Missionaries of the Universities Mission especially were loud in their expression of thankfulness at an arrangement which so manifestly tended to further the interests of humanity and religion in East Africa. That Uganda was not to pass into foreign hands, but was recognised by Germany as within the

sphere of British influence, was to the little band of Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society gathering for an advance into the interior, a subject for great joy. The British Government no doubt felt that to give up into the hands of some other European power a country so identified as Uganda, with all that was noblest in the national character, and identified, too, so closely with the work of the national Church—to say nothing of its political and economical importance as guarding the sources of the Nile—would be an unpatriotic thing to do. That they rightly interpreted the national sentiment was proved some two years later, when the proposal to retire from Uganda so moved the heart of the nation that an outburst of popular feeling took place, such as had not been witnessed for at least a generation.

An opportunity being afforded of returning to Mombasa, through the kindness of Captain Winsloe of H.M.S. *Brisk*, I availed myself of it, and on June 13 found myself once more at Freretown. The four recruits, Messrs. Hill, Dunn, Dermott and Smith, had already preceded me. There I found awaiting me seven men gathered together for the journey to the Lake.

The next few weeks were very fully occupied. Tents were got out and put in order. Mosquito nets were rigged up, with the kind help of the ladies of the Mission. Loads were packed and weighed. Cooks and tent-boys were engaged. Everything, in fact, as far as possible was made ready for the road.

Another ordination on June 22, when three out of the four young men received Deacon's Orders; a Confirmation at Rabai, when 147 candidates were presented; another at Freretown where fifty received the laying on of hands; a State visit to the Liwali, governor of Mombasa, and a tramp through the island with

Dr. Edwards, with the object of choosing a site for a projected hospital, filled up the remainder of my time.

Thinking it would be an advantage to my party to be somewhat in advance, I availed myself of a kind offer from Captain Henderson, of a passage to Zanzibar, in H.M.S. *Conquest.* We had a very solemn service in the little church, with the administration of the Holy Communion. The same day (June 25) at half-past four we steamed out of Mombasa harbour, and at six o'clock the island, with the Rabai hills beyond, had melted away into the grey mists of evening.

The Consul-General and Mrs. Euan Smith were as kindly and hospitable as ever, and warmly welcomed me on my arrival. I found to my great disappointment that Stokes would be unable to move from Sadaani until July 10. In these circumstances I telegraphed to Douglas Hooper not to bring his party in the S.S. *Mecca* as had been arranged, but in the S.S. *Juba*, which was due in Zanzibar on July 8. In many respects the delay was useful to us. Hooper himself was down with fever, and Pilkington had not entirely got over the weakness following an unusually severe attack. I found a good deal to do in Zanzibar in the way of final preparations.

On July 3, I was accorded an interview by the Sultan of Zanzibar. He received me most courteously, and made many inquiries as to my proposed journey. Coffee was served, and then sherbet. The reception room was crowded by the principal Arabs in their picturesque and almost gorgeous dress, jewelled dirks, &c. Before leaving, the Sultan volunteered to give me a letter to Mwanga, and one also to his Arab subjects on the mainland. The following is a translation of the former which reached me a few days later:

"*From* H. H. SAYID ALI BIN SAYED, Sultan of Zanzibar, *to* SULTAN MWANGA BIN SULTAN MTESA, of Uganda.

"20 *Elkadeh*, 1307
"8 *July*, 1890.

"I have to inform you that our friend the Right Rev. A. R. Tucker, Bishop of the English Church is coming to you. He is one of our best friends. What I wish from you is, that when he reaches your place, you may receive him well and with full respect, and prevent any one doing him an injury. We wish to hear from him on his return that he was very well received and treated by you, because he is one of the best of our friends, and whatever good you will do to him will be considered by us as if the same good were done to us by you. Let it be known to you that the English and ourselves are all one. This is what we wish from you. Please let us know if there be anything which we can do for you.

"Written by his order,
"His slave,
"ABDUL AZIZ BIN MOHAMED."

We were going forth on our long journey, neither depending upon, nor trusting in, the arm of flesh, nor courting the patronage of the world, much less that of a Mohammedan potentate; but when such help as this was given to us spontaneously we looked upon it as an answer to prayer, and as help not lightly to be despised or cast aside.

'God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.'

CHAPTER VI

THE START

'A journey is a short life-time.'
SWAHILI PROVERB.

JULY 10, the day fixed for our departure from Zanzibar, dawned at last.

According to arrangement, Douglas Hooper and his party had arrived from Mombasa on the 8th, in that delightful roller, the S.S. *Juba*. A recruit named Hunt—a good man and true—had joined us from the ranks of the Imperial British East Africa Company. The whole party thus consisted of nine Europeans.

As H.M.S. *Redbreast* was going over to the German coast, the admiral (the Hon. Sir E. Fremantle) kindly arranged for us all to go in her. This saved us the horrors of a passage in the Arab dhow, which took our donkeys and heavy baggage.

One of the most remarkable features of our expedition to the Nyanza, was the interest it aroused amongst the officers of the fleet stationed in Zanzibar waters. Just before weighing anchor, a hamper of good things came on board with the following letter from the captain of the flagship *Boadicea* (The Hon. A. Curzon-Howe). "Accept," he wrote, "the very good wishes of our officers for a safe and successful journey, with every blessing and prosperity attending it. We shall all look forward to the good news of your safe return, after a most prosperous and successful journey, and only hope we may be here to welcome you back." I

also received other letters, written in a similar strain, from other officers.

As we steamed out of the harbour on H.M.S. *Redbreast*, the senior naval officer signalled, "A happy return to you," to which, by the captain's permission, the answer was made on my behalf, "Many thanks."

I should imagine this to be the first instance on record of a ship bearing a Missionary party being so greeted, as it passed through a fleet of ships of war.

Gradually the island of Zanzibar was lost to view in the grey haze of distance, as the ship's head was turned towards the African coast. It was not long, however, before the announcement was made "Land in sight!" With eager curiosity we crowded the quarter-deck of the *Redbreast*, to catch the first glimpse of our encampment. Alas! to our landsmen's eyes there was nothing but haze and mist before us. Gradually, however, a long, low line came into view. Then faintly we could make out a palm tree or two breaking the monotony of the horizon. A white speck became visible a little later. It was the fort on which, with our glasses, we could just make out the German flag flying.

Owing to extensive shallows, it was necessary to anchor some two miles from the shore. The boats were got out, and ourselves, boys and baggage quickly transferred to them.

We found Stokes and two or three German officers waiting to greet us. Our tents had already been pitched, within fifty yards of the sea. The shore was very low-lying and hardly healthy, one would think. Still, as we hoped to start in two or three days at the most, we scarcely gave it a thought. Further away from the sea, at distances varying from a quarter to half a mile, some 2500 Wanyamwezi porters were encamped. These men had come down to the coast,

under the leadership of Stokes, and would each carry back a load weighing some seventy pounds. They were mostly fine, stalwart-looking men. Some had brought their wives, who cooked and carried the cooking utensils and food—often no light burden. The scene was a very interesting one. "Wangaruka! Wangaruka!" ("Good morning! Good morning!") was the salutation which greeted us as we walked in and among these simple, kindly people. Many were swaggering about, in all the glory of a few yards of white calico floating in the wind as they walked. This had been served out to them as the wherewithal to buy their food. Others had cloth—"posho" (as it is called)—wrapped about their heads as a turban or folded round their waists as a loin cloth. Others, again, were simply clad in skins. All apparently were armed with spears, bows and arrows, or antiquated muzzle-loaders, which Stokes had served out to them without powder or bullets. They were to have the privilege (a highly prized one) of carrying them until their destination was reached.

Little tents of calico studded the plain. In the midst were innumerable fires, at which cooking was going on more or less all day. Millet or Indian cornflour appeared to be the principal food of these people. This was made into a stiff porridge called "ugali" or into a thinner mess called "uji." A relish (kitoweo) was usually (when the porter was able to afford it) eaten with the "ugali."

These 2500 porters, we found, were divided into fifteen camps and companies. For instance, there had been assigned to us for the porterage of our loads some three hundred Wasukuma. These men were in charge of a "nyampara," or head-man, named Simba (lion). Under him were five or six subordinates who had charge of companies. Four or five or a larger number (ten or more

not infrequently) messed together. These smaller companies also had each its head. It was each man's duty in turn to cook for his fellows, draw water, and fetch firewood.

Thus the whole caravan was organised, and was able to render obedience to the will of one man. On this occasion, of course, the leader was Stokes, and his the will that governed this multitude of wild, untutored savages.

It was a great disappointment to learn shortly after our arrival at Sadaani that it would be impossible to start for at least a week. However, we made the best of the inevitable by perfecting our arrangements for the march, and organising our camp routine.

One day we were startled by hearing a loud explosion, and wondered as to the cause. A little later a crowd of Wanyamwezi came to us bringing with them three or four wounded men. It seems that whilst wandering on the shore they had picked up a bomb-shell, which no doubt had been fired at the time of the bombardment by the German fleet, some few years previously. Wondering what the curious sphere could be, they commenced to hammer it. The result, of course, was an explosion, and the wounds we saw before us. Dermott and Dunn took the cases in hand and in the end succeeded admirably. The arm of one man had to be put in splints, the fingers of another amputated, and a third had to be strapped up more or less all over his body. The skill displayed in this operation was highly creditable to the young amateur surgeons, and proves the wisdom of training young Missionaries in the use of surgical instruments.

In the midst of all this a great sorrow came to us, in the serious illness of Hill—one of the emergency party. He was not well when we left Zanzibar, but

hoped that the change to the open-air life of the mainland would restore him. This, unhappily, it failed to do, and he rapidly grew worse—suffering both from fever and dysentery. Hooper, in our extremity, volunteered to cross over to Zanzibar and if possible bring back Dr. Wolfendale, of the L.M.S. The doctor, on his arrival, advised the removal of the patient to Zanzibar. This was done, and most tenderly he was nursed in the admirable hospital of the Universities Mission. For three days he lingered, and then on Sunday, July 20, he passed away.

Unconscious of our loss (the news did not reach us till a week later) we started on July 21 on our long and weary march of nearly 800 miles to the Lake. There was, of course, the usual struggle amongst the men for the lightest loads. Two or three would seize upon a very light one, and the strongest would probably get it. Thus the weak ones found themselves condemned to carry the heaviest loads. Happily Simba, our headman, was a man of character and determination—as well, also, of experience. And in the end, conflicting interests were amicably arranged.

And so the start was made. It would be tedious in the extreme to trace minutely day by day the progress of our caravan, as it slowly wound its snake-like form through the long grass of the lowlands, up the bare hillside of Usagara, across the scorching plains of Ugogo and through the leafless forests of Unyamwezi: the story of a single day's march is practically that of every day. The scenery varies, but the march continues, the sun shines, the rains fall, but still we go on, and the routine is ever the same.

It was much like this. At 4.30 A.M. there is the drum beat which rouses the cooks, and preparations are made for breakfast. In the meanwhile packing goes

on, and at 5 o'clock breakfast is supposed to be ready—more often it was not. Then follows a short service, hymn and prayers. At a quarter to six every one begins to move off. Loads have been shouldered, and with wild shouts the porters take their place behind the kilongozi (leader)—who is generally decked out with feathered head-dress and a scarlet blanket. With beat of drum the march is commenced. It was always necessary for the Europeans of the party to start in good time, otherwise there was the difficulty of passing a thousand or two porters walking in Indian file. The only other alternative was to creep along behind them, at the rate of two miles an hour.

Ten or twelve miles, generally speaking, was the limit of the day's march. Sometimes, of course, when water was scarce on the road, even twenty miles were done in the day. Usually, however, camp was reached by us at about nine or ten o'clock. The porters would begin to make their appearance about 11 or 12 o'clock. How eagerly we watched for those carrying the canteen or lunch basket, the kettle, &c.! Tents were pitched as soon as possible and preparations commenced for the midday meal, which frequently did not make its appearance until three or four o'clock. The fact is, we made a great mistake in arranging for the whole party to mess together. We had only one cook with an assistant, one huge kettle, which took an hour or two to boil, instead of several small ones. The result was such a delay in the serving of meals that hunger and faintness were almost our daily lot. A Bible reading in the afternoon was in our programme, but lack of time often compelled its omission. Our evening meal was supposed to be about sunset. Then came evening prayers with our boys.

From sunset till about nine o'clock was generally

the noisiest time in camp. Men were sitting about the fires, many cooking, others smoking, and all talking. Sometimes a song with a chorus was indulged in. Then probably the head-man, Simba, would give directions for the next day's march. At any rate, this was the time chosen for an harangue to the men. They would sit round in a circle and he would commence with a short sentence. Then a man on the other side of the crowd would give a word of assent and so on until the speech was ended. Then every one listened for the sound of Stokes's drum. If it gave what is known as the "safari" beat, or the beat for the march, it was known that the caravan would leave as usual in the morning, and there would be a responsive roar from 2000 throats, prolonged for two or three minutes. Then gradually men composed themselves for sleep and silence crept over the camp—a silence broken only by the ecstatic cry of some wretched bhang smoker, of whom there were many in the caravan—or the howl of some wild beast seeking its prey.

It was a weird sight, the great camp at night—with its almost countless fires, and bright gleams of light and black shadows in telling contrast, the stacks of loads, the white tents, the moving forms of wild-looking men in every imaginable combination—then almost imperceptibly movement ceasing, first one and then another lying down to rest until at length the huge encampment was almost as still and silent and as weird as a city of the dead, where

> 'Wrapped in silence so deep and still
> That one could hear, like a sentinel's tread
> The watchful night wind as it went
> Creeping along from tent to tent
> And seeming to whisper "All is well."'
>
> Longfellow.

CHAPTER VII

THE INTERIOR

'He guided by paths that I could not see
By ways that I have not known;
The crooked was straight and the rough made plain
As I followed the Lord alone.

'I praise Him still for the pleasant palms
And the water springs by the way;
For the glowing pillar of fire by night
And the sheltering cloud by day.'

ANNA SHIPTON.

THE first notable event that broke the monotony of the march was a sad one—the serious illness of Baskerville. An obstinate fever with a high temperature soon pulled him down. On arriving in the Nguru valley, about fifty miles from Mamboya, we decided to take him to the French Mission, some few miles off the road, and leave him there until we could send A. N. Wood from Mamboya to his assistance. Accordingly, we all said "good-bye" to him and, with Douglas Hooper in charge, he was carried off. It was a sad parting, but, as we thought, a necessary one. However, two days later, as we were encamped at Mto Mawe (stony river) a letter came on from Hooper, to say that as the Frenchmen had such wretched accommodation, and no medical comforts, and, moreover, as Baskerville had taken a turn for the better, he had decided to bring him on to us. A few hours later he was brought into camp, and to our great joy, with every sign of returning health

upon him. He quickly improved, and by the time he arrived at Mamboya was quite well again.

On August 5, I made up my mind to go on in advance of my party, and endeavour, if possible, to reach Mamboya, so as to have some days there to prepare both for an Ordination and Confirmation. Bishop Parker on his last journey had promised to ordain Wood as priest, and also to hold a Confirmation on his return from the Lake. Alas! he never came back. With the object of trying to arrange for these services I went on ahead. I had with me my two servants, Robert Livingstone, who had served both Bishops Hannington and Parker, and Terasaki and four men—three porters and a guide.

We left camp at 6 A.M., and marched steadily for three hours. With the exception of one or two parties of men, who were driving into hiding herds of goats and flocks of sheep (fearing the German soldiers, of whom there were twenty in Stokes's caravan), we saw little or nothing of the natives. At nine o'clock we rested for the purpose of cooking our food and generally refreshing ourselves. At once I despatched our guide with some cloth with which to buy fowls, but to my great disgust and annoyance I saw nothing more of him for three hours. In the meanwhile, Kioge, another of my men, had disappeared, and, to add to my troubles, it came on to rain heavily. I managed, however, to get the things under shelter, and sent Robert in search of my missing men. He was successful in finding my guide, to whom, as forcibly as possible, I expressed my indignation. I told him, that as Kioge had not turned up he would have to carry his load. To this he made no demur, rather to my surprise, but on looking round soon afterwards, I discovered, to my dismay, that he was nowhere to be found. I concluded that he

VIEW FROM THE TEITA HILLS

had finally bolted. However, in a few minutes he reappeared, and with him the missing man. Rather than carry the load he had found the man.

At 4 P.M. we resumed our march. It was now fair; the clouds and rain having cleared off. Our way lay through somewhat difficult country. However, we got on fairly well, and finished up by crossing a river and pushing and driving our way through a dense cane brake. Thus our camping-ground for the night was reached. Our fire was lit and wood and water brought when darkness fell. It was nine o'clock before I was able to turn into my hammock. In order to travel as lightly as possible, I had left my tent behind and brought with me a swing hammock with a waterproof awning. Curiously enough, my first night in Africa without a tent was the first night on which rain fell.

It was truly a miserable night. We were encamped in a woody dell which, apparently, from the yells and cries which broke the silence of the night, was a very home of wild beasts. The men, for safety's sake, if for no other reason, kept the fires fairly well alight during the night. As for sleep, it was impossible. At length, at 4.30 A.M., the rain having ceased, I gave the signal to prepare breakfast and strike camp. The dawning of the day was indeed a cheering sight. How delightful the glory and brightness of the light after the darkness and gloom and horrors of the night!

At 6 A.M. we started once more and for six and a half hours marched unceasingly. This long march was necessary on account of the absence of water, our path lying across a "pori" or waterless desert. Having got through this, and passed through two or three dry watercourses, at 1 P.M. we reached Magubika. Here we halted for the purpose of cooking and resting, preparatory to the final march to Mamboya, which I was

anxious to reach that night Kioge (one of the culprits of the previous day) had fallen behind, and as he was carrying the food there was nothing for it but to wait patiently for his arrival. After an hour and a half of weary waiting he turned up, and Robert at once set about preparing lunch.

Whilst waiting I had inquired of the natives our distance from Mamboya. I was told that it was an hour and a half or two hours. On hearing this I allowed things to go pretty easily, thinking that there would be no difficulty in reaching the Mission Station in daylight. However, the guide startled me all at once by saying that he did not think it would be possible to reach Mamboya that night. Immediately I jumped up and cried, "*We must!* Get ready!" I added: "Let So-and-so carry my box and the rest can follow as soon as they can pack the camp things." I was determined to reach Mamboya for two reasons—first, my bedding had got wet with the rain on the previous night—and secondly, rain was even then threatening.

We started at once and for a while all went well, but at last it became quite clear that the guide had lost his way. This involved anything but a pleasant prospect. We were without food, water, lights, bedding, in fact, without any creature comforts whatsoever, with night close at hand, and wild beasts in considerable numbers around us. We struggled on, however, and happily came across a native who directed us to a path which led apparently to a steep mountain pass. This we climbed and had the satisfaction of looking down into the valley of Mamboya. This satisfaction was somewhat disturbed, as I saw that after descending into the valley we should have to climb some 2000 feet before reaching the Mission Station. However, we knew our whereabouts and that was something. So down into the

valley we went, at headlong speed—across the plain—more slowly—and up the mountain side—very slowly indeed—reaching our destination just before darknes set in.

Oh! the pleasure of throwing oneself down into a comfortable chair! And then the cup of tea which my kind host, Mr. Wood, quickly provided; how delicious! To say I was tired would be to understate the case. I was done up. However, rest quickly restored me, so that when the rest of the party arrived two or three days later I was myself again.

And now what shall I say of Mamboya? It is surely one of the loveliest spots on earth. We found ourselves in the midst of flowers and plants which speak as only flowers can speak of England and English homes. Around were mountains grand in outline and beautiful in colour. Far away in the distance, telling of heights unclimbed and valleys untrodden by the foot of European, there rose line upon line, peak upon peak—hills and mountains in endless range.

The sunsets at Mamboya I shall never forget. One especially is engraven in my memory:

> 'Oh! 'twas an unimaginable sight
> Clouds, mists, streams, making rocks and emerald turn;
> Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky
> Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed
> Molten together and composing thus
> Each lost in each, that marvellous array
> Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
> Fantastic pomp of structure without name
> In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped.'
>
> WORDSWORTH.

The Mission house was a substantial structure built of timber and mud. It stood in a lap of the hill down which a stream of beautiful water flowed. Above the

Mission house the hill rose abruptly several hundred feet, and below, it sloped away some 2000 feet to the valley beneath.

The native villages are mostly on the hills—some of them in almost inaccessible places. The first idea in the choice of a site for a native village is security from the attack of enemies. Fertility of soil and proximity of water seem to be almost minor considerations. As countries become settled and there is security for life and property, the tendency of the native is to leave the hills and build in the fertile valleys. This change is now coming about in Mamboya. But at the time of which I write few people lived in the valleys.

The church is finely situated on the shoulder of one of the mountain spurs. On the Sunday it was crowded with an attentive and apparently intelligent congregation composed mainly of Wa-Megi. The women were mostly dressed in coloured cloth, and the men in grease and greasy cloth, the original hue of which it would be difficult to discover.

The Confirmation I decided to postpone until my return as the candidates had not been sufficiently prepared. The Ordination I suggested should take place at Kisokwe, as Cole, who was in charge there, was also a candidate for Priests' Orders, as well as Wood. I invited the latter to accompany me as far as Kisokwe.

Every member of the party greatly enjoyed our short stay at Mamboya and was more or less the better for it.

Our path now took us over the Rubeho Pass, 5300 feet above sea-level, to Mpwapwa. Here it will be remembered a Mission station had been planted in 1877 by the first party for Uganda—a substantial Mission station had been built—with church and schools. The whole, however, was burnt down by Bushire the Arab chief, in 1888, when he was in rebellion against German

authority. It was a pitiable sight the ruin of the once flourishing station. The work, however, I found was going forward and the living Church growing. J. C. Price, one of the most devoted Missionaries who ever laboured in Africa, was in charge, and living a most self-sacrificing life.

One day only was spent at Mpwapwa. We then went on to Kisokwe—some eight or nine miles further. Here we found Cole and Beverley at work, and most successfully. The former place is on the great caravan road to Tabora, and is important as the meeting-place of roads. The latter lies in a secluded valley some few miles off the road and is a singularly beautiful spot. One could not but think of Wordsworth's description of a somewhat similar scene, as our guide went before us:

> 'He led us toward the hills
> Up, through an ample vale, with higher hills
> Before us, mountains stern and desolate;
> But in the majesty of distance, now
> Set off and to our ken appearing fair
> Of aspect, with aerial softness clad
> And beautified with morning's purple beams.'

On August 24, the Ordination service was held, when Cole and Wood received Priests' Orders. Later in the day twenty-five candidates were confirmed. These services were held in the presence of large and attentive congregations. We greatly enjoyed the few days spent in this lovely spot and were physically the better for it.

On the 25th the journey was resumed. The march was not a long one—only to Chunyo—eight miles away. Whilst passing through a small belt of forest one of our porters was speared in the back and his load of cloth stolen. Wagogo were, I believe, the thieves. This

was a disagreeable reminder to be careful and keep a sharp look-out.

Our camp was pitched in a bare and sandy plain. The night was without exception one of the most wretched that it has ever been my lot to spend in Africa. About sunset the wind rose, and for nine hours raged continuously. We were covered with dust and sand, whilst our tents every moment threatened to come down about our ears. Not one of us had a wink of sleep all night long. As we were to make a long march through the "pori" or waterless desert the next day it had been arranged to start at 3.30 A.M. At two o'clock, therefore, I gave the signal to prepare for the journey. The wind a few minutes later dropped in a remarkable way, and we were enabled to pack and prepare breakfast in comfort. Still it was five o'clock before breakfast was over and all were ready for the twenty-five-mile tramp. Most providentially the day was cloudy and so we marched with considerable comfort. None but those who have experienced it can understand what it is to have a burning sun beating down from above and scorching heat rising up from the ground, at one and the same moment. This happily we were spared in going through this "pori." We marched for six hours without a halt. Ostriches, buffaloes, and antelopes of various kinds, were seen in considerable numbers. After cooking some food with the water which we carried with us, and resting an hour, the march was resumed and in two hours camp was reached. The water, alas! was brackish. It did very well for porridge, but with tea it was almost undrinkable. Still we had to drink it and were not unthankful. It is wonderful what things you take kindly to when there is no alternative.

We were now in Ugogo—which is, indeed, a weary

land—a land which seems stricken with a curse—even the forests are leafless and bare. Here and there out of the sandy plain there rises a conical hill 200 or 300 feet high—probably volcanic in origin. About these hills huge boulders have been tumbled almost in a wild disorder. Here is one 40 feet high at least, and there is another 30 feet, and so on. How grateful their shade!

> 'The shadow of a mighty rock
> Within a weary land.'

Of a truth, with the exception of these few hills and rocks, the country is a sandy waste. The inhabitants of the few villages we came across have to dig deep down into the earth for water. Some of these holes are 30 feet deep. They were our only hope of water. How eagerly one looked down into their depths as we came across them. Our second march in Ugogo was distinctly more trying than the first, still we held upon our way, upborne with the hope of fresh and sweet water. This happily we found as we halted at Mizanza.

Whilst resting here the startling information was brought to us that an Arab caravan of some five hundred men had been absolutely destroyed by the Wagogo, men, women, and children, being alike massacred. The whole of the country ahead was said to be disturbed. After this of course we went forward more cautiously. What followed can best be described by an entry in my Journal of September 9. It is as follows:

"The air for the last few days has been full of war and rumours of war." Saturday night was a night to be remembered. After we had pitched our tents near Unyanguira and were preparing our meal, we were startled by hearing that two of the German soldiers in

Stokes' caravan had been murdered in a village hard by, whither they had gone with cloth to buy food.

"Some time previously—that is almost at the time of our arrival here—I informed the German officer, Lieutenant Siegal, that I had seen a number of Wagogo marching off from a neighbouring 'tembe' (village) with shields and spears—apparently in military order. He seemed to attach no great importance to this fact. To my mind it seemed an indication of the state of the country around. After-events proved the correctness of my surmises.

"The moment the news arrived of the murder of his men, Lieutenant Siegal called his remaining soldiers together and marched off with the object of bringing in the dead bodies, together with the arms and ammunition with which the men left the camp. In about an hour's time he returned bringing in one dead man. The other body he was unable to recover

"One of the men died very nobly. When he left the camp he received strict orders that on no account was he to fire on the natives—no matter what the provocation might be. When he approached the village he held his gun in his left hand and his cloth in the right. He said: 'I have come to buy food.' The natives threatened him with their spears. He answered: 'I am not going to fight with you. My orders are to buy food and not to shoot. You can kill me if you like,' and held out his arms. Immediately half a dozen spears were plunged into his body. He fell in obeying orders as nobly as any soldier ever fell in battle.

"The other poor fellow had no rifle, and immediately took to flight. He was pursued for half an hour through the 'pori' by these Wagogo bloodhounds and fell pinned to the earth by a dozen spears. The spot was indicated to us by the gathering vultures.

"The lieutenant also informed us that the country was swarming with armed men in full war-paint, and that war was evidently intended, and that in all probability an attack would be made upon us some time during the night.

"We at once set about making as good disposition of our men and loads as possible. At the moment they were actually in as bad a position as they could possibly be—scattered about in little camps all over a wide plain. Word to concentrate was sent round and soon we had the Wanyamwezi camped all around us. Unfortunately our force was divided. Stokes, with several hundred men, was some miles in the rear. Messengers were sent off to him with information as to the serious aspect of affairs. (We afterwards learned that these runners did not leave the camp until four hours after the order had been given to them.) The German officer in command had only seventeen soldiers left. It was true that they were armed with breechloaders, but it was a force altogether insufficient to deal with the mass of men which filled the country in front. Our trust however, was in the Lord God Omnipotent. We placed men to watch during the night, and committed ourselves into the hands of our Keeper—'the Keeper of Israel who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth.' I could not help being struck with the evening portion of 'Daily Light' which I read as I turned into my tent, 'Watchman, what of the night.'

"I slept soundly from nine until four o'clock in the morning. Seven hours' sleep was a very fair night in such circumstances. The lieutenant was of opinion that if an attack came it would be about half an hour before sunrise, say at about 5 A.M. We were on the alert, but happily no attack came, and as the sun rose above the level of the plain we felt that

through the mercy of God we had escaped a great danger.

"A little after eight o'clock on Sunday morning Stokes arrived and I felt at once that, humanly speaking, things would be arranged. He is a man of great influence with the natives—a man who keeps his word with them and who never ill-treats them. Besides which he has travelled up and down and through this country for years.

"He at once sent out men to try and get hold of a native through whom communications could be opened up and the matter arranged. In this they were successful, and in an hour or two negotiations were commenced. The chief of the country disavows the action of his people. The men, he says, were killed contrary to his orders. This disavowal is most satisfactory as it puts a different complexion upon the matter. The death of these men was therefore murder and not an act of war. Stokes thereupon demanded that the murderers be given up for punishment. Whether this will be done or not it is impossible to say. I cannot help feeling myself that the chief is merely excusing himself and trying to put the best possible aspect upon the matter. There is no doubt in my mind that the Wagogo would destroy us, if they could, as completely as they have destroyed the Arab caravan. What they fear is the presence of the many white men. When they came into camp they said: "What can we do against a hundred Wazungu" (white men)?

"*September* 10.

"I am thankful to say that all danger of a collision with the Wagogo seems to be over. The chief has sent in the murdered man's rifle and ammunition but declares his inability to produce the murderers, as they have

fled out of his country. He is willing, however, to pay blood money in ivory and cattle. He says 'he has no cause of war with us and desires peace for himself and people.' I believe myself that he fears our strength (although we Missionaries are quite unarmed), and that had we been a small caravan he would have smashed us up without mercy. However, 'All's well that ends well.'"

Thankful to God for a merciful deliverance we went on our way—up the escarpment and on to Muhalala. Here preparation was made, in the shape of stores of food for an advance through the "Mgunda Mkali" (terrible forest).

CHAPTER VIII

THE GOAL WON—UGANDA

'So he bringeth them unto their desired haven.—'

PSALM cvii. 30.

THE "Mgunda Mkali" is a forest dreaded by all caravans, and reasonably so. First of all it is very nearly a hundred miles from one side to the other; and in the second place there is so little water and food to be had, that the burdens men have to carry are increased almost to breaking down point. The consequence is that almost every day, in every large caravan, men faint and die. The road is littered with the skeletons and skulls of those who have fallen.

In addition to all this, certain parts of the forest are infested with "Ruga-Ruga," that is to say, forest robbers. These wretches hide in the bush and watch for the weak and weary men of the caravan who are lagging behind, and pounce upon them with spear and hatchet with deadly effect. Of course, their object is plunder—the loads carried by the porters.

The term "forest" must not be understood to imply anything of the nature of an English forest, with great oaks or beeches, and beautiful glades and glorious foliage. There was little or nothing of this in the Mgunda Mkali at the time of the year of which I write. But rather one great monotony of leafless trees, all having the same grey or purple bark. Here and there, one saw a few foliage trees, but otherwise there was nothing to break the dreary aspect of the forest march. There was no

life of any kind to be seen. In the plains we had seen giraffes, antelopes, and other kinds of game. But here all was dead—dead—dead—to all outward appearance; no water, no living creature—scarcely a sign of life.

Well, as I have said, we entered the forest. For several days all went well until the "Ruga-Ruga" made known their presence by spearing two men to death, and very nearly killing a third by fracturing his skull with a hatchet. Of course, the loads were carried off, and the thieves untracked and untraced.

On Saturday, September 20, we reached the Ututuru Wells. These wells are narrow and the shafts deep—some seventy feet. According to our custom we arrived first at the camping-ground, and were able, with the assistance of our tent-ropes, to get sufficient water for our use before the arrival of the huge caravan itself. The scene on its arrival is one that will never fade from my memory. There were three wells to supply 2500 men.

The struggle for the water was terrible, not that the men fought—they did not do that. But the crowding the well tops and the eager pressing into vacant places almost amounted to a fierce struggle, terrible to witness. In the course of the day three lives were lost by men losing their foothold, and falling headlong down the well. All night long the crowding continued, and when morning dawned there were yet men with their thirst unquenched. How often I thought of the Saviour's words, "Whosoever shall drink of this water shall thirst again, &c." Oh! that we could see even the faintest trace of a thirst for the water of life.

Although we had drawn an abundance of water for our baths and toilet use, we felt it would be utterly impossible to use it for such purposes. It was therefore distributed to the boys and porters.

The next day was Sunday. How gladly would we have spent it in rest and quiet! But it could not be. We were bound to hurry on. The food of the men was getting exhausted, and the absolute necessity of getting through the forest in a given number of days was heavy upon us. A six hours' march lay before us, and then the prospect of water and rest amidst palm trees and shade.

The journey was a trying one, but accomplished without accident. The only incident worthy of note was the arrest of a suspicious-looking native by Stokes. We met the fellow in the forest standing by a path, without a load and with gun and spear and water-bottles; suspecting him to be one of the Ruga-Ruga, Stokes promptly secured him and had him brought into camp.

The other incident was the disarming of about eight natives whom we met on the open plain. They were certainly very suspicious-looking individuals. Their spears were taken from them and they were told that on coming into camp and giving a satisfactory account of themselves they could have them back again. In each case, I am glad to say, our suspicions were unfounded, and the men were able to clear themselves.

On September 25, that is to say nine days after entering the forest, we arrived at Ekungu, which is a place literally flowing with milk and honey. Of the latter luxury we bought a bucketful for a few hands of cloth; corn, fowls, goats, oxen even, were to be had in abundance. The consequence was there was general feasting throughout the camp.

After leaving Ekungu we entered at once another forest, but much smaller than the Mgunda Mkali, but still both food and water had to be carried. It was in this forest that we enjoyed a most happy service of Holy Communion, in the early hours of Sunday, Septem-

ber 28. The memory of it is with me still. The quiet, the coolness, the freshness of the early morning air, the circumstances of our gathering in the heart of an African forest—but above all, the precious promises of our Beloved Lord and Master, realised in His glorious presence and gracious gifts, all combined to render it a service never to be forgotten, and ever to be thought of with thankfulness and praise.

Usongo was reached on October 5. This was Stokes' home—the place from which the great caravan started on its way to the coast, and the place where it was to be broken up. We were to go on to the Lake with Simba and his Wasukuma—whilst Stokes remained to pay his men and store his loads—in fact, wind up the affairs of his caravan.

The Chief of Usongo, Mtinginia by name, we found to be a man of great influence. In appearance he reminded me of a black Yankee if it is possible to imagine one. He was dressed in European clothes, and wore a wideawake hat. His somewhat long face was decorated with a short billygoat beard. His wives received us most hospitably, bringing us fruit and curdled milk for our entertainment.

We spent three days at Usongo, and then commenced the last stage of our journey to Usambiro. At Nera I started to go ahead of my party in order, if possible, to hasten preparations for our passage across the Lake—Dermott accompanied me. It was a rapid journey of some four days, through Usukuma. The country was flat and uninteresting, and one would think, in the rains, mostly under water. On reaching Urima, however, the character of the scenery changed, and we found ourselves at times, either ascending rocky hills, or plunging down into valleys studded with bits of scrub or forest. At length on Friday, October 17, at about

three o'clock in the afternoon, we found ourselves labouring up a steep hill near to which on the further side, we were assured by our guide, was our camping place. On reaching the crest of the hill a glorious view met our gaze, one that filled us with thankfulness and praise. The Victoria Nyanza, gleaming like burnished silver, lay before us. As far as the eye could reach east and west, there was the flash of waters reflecting the blazing afternoon sun. Dark woods and rocks filled the middle-distance, contrasting vividly with the glory of the Lake beyond.

Solemn thoughts filled the heart as one stood there gazing seaward. One thought of the past—of all those who had gone before—who, not counting their lives dear unto themselves, had given up all for Christ. There they were lying, Mackay, Parker, and Blackburn—just over the creek, westward; and there, eastward, in a lonely resting-place lapped by the murmuring waters of the Great Lake, Smith, a single and simple-hearted missionary who had consecrated his medical skill to the service of the Master. But further still one's thoughts wandered—to Ukerewe, where Shergold Smith and O'Neill laid down their lives and whose graves "no man knows unto this day"—to Busoga, where the lion-hearted Hannington fell, and in falling purchased the road to Uganda.

> 'Measure thy life by loss instead of gain.
> Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth.'

From Busoga one's thoughts naturally flew to Uganda, and one called to remembrance the struggles of bygone days—the hopes and fears, the first-fruits, and then—the fires of persecution, the noble confession of the martyrs, and the death struggle with the forces of Mohammedanism.

Thoughts of the past naturally led one on to speculations as to the future. What would it bring forth? But in a moment they were checked. The thought of God's gracious dealings in the past gave birth to the prayer—

> 'Keep thou my feet! I do not ask to see
> The distant scene, one step enough for me.'

And so we passed on to our camp!

Early the next morning Jordan's Nullah was crossed in a rotten dugout, which threatened every moment to go to the bottom. Two hours later we were greeted by Deekes and his boys at the Mission station of Usambiro. Our long tramp of 800 miles was at an end.

Glad as we were to be once more under the shelter of a roof, we were not filled with enthusiasm at our environment. The Mission station was surrounded with a high boma of logs intended as some sort of defence against the evil disposed. A wilderness blanched by the scorching rays of the sun lay outside and trended down towards the creek some two miles away. Stunted, leafless trees added but little life to the dismal aspect of the scene. Behind the station the ground rose gradually to a rocky hill near which the chief villages lay.

The Mission station itself having been the work of Mackay, was, of course, well built. There was the mission house—there the workshops—over there the printing house, and away yonder the cattle kraal. To see Mackay's tools lying idle and rusting in the workshops—the forge with its dead embers—the lathe motionless, was a pathetic and touching sight. But still more touching was it to wend one's way to the little burial-place some distance off, and to stand by the graveside of the three who lay there—Mackay,

Parker, and Blackburn. Crosses had been erected over the graves of the two latter—a shield over that of the former. We little thought, as we stood there in reverent silence, that within one short month two of our number would be laid by the side of those for whose life and death we imperfectly tried to thank and praise God.

'Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.'

It was a great disappointment to us not to find the boat at Usambiro. Walker having heard of our approach, and knowing that there was insufficient accommodation for the passage of the whole party in so small a craft, started ten days previously for Uganda with the object of sending back canoes with all possible speed.

At least a month's delay was before us. In these circumstances I determined, in company with Hooper and Deekes, to pay a visit to Nasa—some hundred miles away.

The start, on October 22, was anything but pleasant. We had sent our men on ahead with the tents, and told them that we would follow in the afternoon when the sun was less fierce. Instead of going round by the head of the creek as the men had done, we decided to cross it, and so save ourselves two or three hours. But oh! the boats in which we crossed! They were so full of holes that we could only keep them afloat by constant baling; and then on landing we were obliged to walk in the reeds which were lying on the surface of the water. It was like walking on the waves. Certainly one was able to realise something of Peter's experience in walking upon the water. And then the mosquitoes, oh! how they teased us!

After marching for three hours we came to the village agreed upon as the place of meeting. But alas, no men, no tents, no food. We went on to the next village, but still no camp. Hunger and thirst were heavy upon us. "Let us try just one other village," I said, "and if the men are not there we will go no further." Happily there we found them—all fast asleep. We soon roused them up and in half an hour were discussing a supper of roast fowl and potatoes. Both in Urima and Usamau we found the natives shy, but at the same time full of curiosity, and anxious to get a sight of the white men. They crowded round our tents, but at the slightest unexpected movement on our part they would run away like a flock of sheep.

At only one place (Mazanza) had we any difficulty with the chiefs, and then an attempt was made to exact "hongo" from us. Hooper had gone on ahead, and I was alone with Deekes. After lunch the chief made his appearance with a crowd of his followers—all armed with spears. After the usual greetings ("Wadira") a demand was made for so much cloth and so much wire. I answered that I had neither one nor the other. I was then informed that I should not be allowed to proceed on my journey unless it were paid. The men standing and sitting round were told by their chief to come in the morning, and prevent me taking down my tent. I told the chief that I was a man of peace, and that I should certainly not fight with him, but that if he made any attempt to prevent me proceeding on my way I should send to the German officer at Usongo and tell him of this conduct. I saw in a moment that this threat produced an effect on one section at least of the followers of the chief, and a warm discussion took place. I was unable to understand what was being said, but it was quite easy to see that our friends were not all of

one mind. But notwithstanding this, the chief's last words to his followers were, "Come in the morning and prevent them from taking down their tents." And so they moved off and we were left alone.

An hour or two afterwards I developed fever—my first attack in Africa—temperature 102°. I promptly went to bed and passed a sleepless night. We had arranged to start early so as to avoid the heat of the sun. At 3.30 A.M. therefore I roused the camp and at 4.30 we were ready for the march. My temperature had risen to 103°, and there was a four hours' tramp before me. Not a pleasant prospect. However there was no help for it, and so with a blanket thrown round my shoulders I started. Our departure happily was unopposed by the natives. We made as little noise as possible and very soon were beyond their reach.

The march into Nasa I shall never forget—with a heart beating like a sledge-hammer I struggled on for three weary hours. At last I sat down and rested a few minutes—then crawled on again, helped along by sundry pulls at my water-bottle. Finally I had to give in. I said to Deekes, "I can go no farther." We were then not far from the Mission station. He therefore sent forward a man to ask Hooper for a hammock. In the meanwhile two men attempted to carry me. But as I was not a featherweight, being close upon thirteen stone, they very soon gave up the attempt. At length Hooper's men made their appearance. I was put into the hammock, and in half an hour I was at the station at Nasa. On the third day my temperature went down, but left me terribly weak.

Nasa is beautifully situated. Standing with your back to the station you have a glorious expanse of water stretching from east to west, right before you. The mountains in the island of Ukerewe rose up in the

distance on the left, whilst away to the right stretched the distant shores of lower Kavirondo. In the more immediate foreground, towards the east there is the dark rich foliage of a great forest, whilst close at hand and stretching down to the water's edge, is beautiful tropical vegetation of a varied character in the midst of which, here and there, rise the conical roofs of native villages. At the back, where the mountain rises abruptly for several hundred feet, it is rocky and steep. Here and there, however, right up to the summit there are trees of some kind or other. Altogether the situation is a very beautiful and apparently healthy one, and appeared to me to present many opportunities for missionary work.

After seeing the chief and making arrangements for the transfer of the Mission from Usambiro to Nasa, another attack of fever bowled me over. This delayed our return to Usambiro for some days. But at length, although too weak to walk, a start was made, Hooper walking, I in the hammock. Gradually one's strength returned, and in reaching Jordan's Nullah once more I was able to walk. It was near sunset when we crossed—Hooper and I without either our men or boys. Darkness came on sooner than we expected and it was not long ere we discovered that we had lost our way. We were without matches, food or water. There could be no sitting still—on we must go, and on we went, crashing through bushes and thorns and occasionally hearing a low growl of a wild animal, as it crept away into the dense jungle. Our chief protection was our voices. We kept up a loud conversation as the best means of frightening wild beasts. At length, after three or four hours' wandering, we came upon a native village and shouted loudly for some one to guide us. But no! not a soul would move. The solitary individual who

at length made his appearance merely indicated the direction of our path. No amount of cloth offered as a bribe would induce him to stir abroad. He was afraid of the leopards he said.

Once more we started on our way and after blundering on for another hour, reached a village which I recognised as being not far from the Mission station. Here we were more successful, and as we were known to the people one young man was induced to act as our guide.

As we went along he suddenly startled us by observing: "One of the Wazungu died to-day."

"One of the Wazungu at the Mission station?"

"Yes."

"Which one? What was his name?"

"Ah! I don't remember his name—but it was one of the newcomers."

This was, indeed, a blow! Who could it be? Was it Baskerville, or Pilkington, or who? We could but walk on in silence. At length we reached our destination. It was close on midnight. We had been six hours doing a two hours' march. A shout! and the place was roused, and then all was told. Hunt had died after six days of fever. Dunn and Baskerville were even then down with fever. Pilkington had been ill but was now better. Nearly all the men and boys in the station had been ill and many were still on the sick list.

It was a sad tale to which we listened, as, well-nigh exhausted, we sat down to rest after our long tramp in the dark. But we had not come to the end of our sorrows. The next day Pilkington was seized with strong fever. Then later I myself went down. All this while Dunn was hovering between life and death. At length, on November 21, he passed away about midnight.

Those who were well thought me too ill to be told the sad news, but as the day advanced, I heard distant voices singing in Swahili the hymn,

> 'For ever with the Lord,
> Amen, so let it be;'

and I knew at once what it meant. They were laying the remains of dear Dunn in their last resting-place.

In a few days fever left me and ophthalmia supervened, so that to weakness was added blindness. Realising that it would be impossible for Hooper and Baskerville to receive Priest's Orders for a long while, should one's weak and debilitated condition succumb to any fresh attack of fever, I determined to ordain them as soon as possible. Arrangements accordingly were made, and on December 1, in the little church at Usambiro, they were solemnly set apart for the office of the priesthood.

Able to see a little with one eye and scarcely able to stand, I got through the service with difficulty. Just as I was repeating the words of the benediction, I sank down in a momentary faint.

The boat has come! was the joyful exclamation that greeted us a few days later, as we returned from a short afternoon stroll. We called for our glasses and sure enough—there she was coming up the creek under full sail. By this time we were mostly convalescent, although Pilkington and I were still very weak. The arrival of the boat put new life into all the party, and preparations were at once made for our departure.

On December 4 we said "good-bye" to Deekes and Dermott and started for the Lake shore. I was carried in a hammock, Pilkington and Baskerville were just able to walk, and nothing more. The boat was but small, and with our boys, loads and the sailors, left

little room to spare. However, crowded as we were, we were only too thankful to make a start, and to be at last afloat upon the Lake.

The change of air had a wonderful effect upon us, and we rapidly gained strength.

Our progress was slow. Head winds prevailed for the first ten days. We would start from our camping place on an island or lake shore at sunrise with a fair wind. For an hour or two all would go well. Gradually, however, the clouds would gather astern—then they seemed to creep round upon our beam, and in a little while a strong head wind would come down upon us. There was then nothing for it but to run for the shore, and our day's journey was at an end. On one occasion we had an exceedingly narrow escape from going to the bottom. The wind was fair, and we were making good progress. On the port side the mainland was just visible, whilst on the starboard bow there was an island about two miles away. The captain was evidently making for this island, although it was only ten o'clock in the morning, and we had practically the day before us. We ordered him to keep out in the open. He answered that a storm was brewing and that it would be wise to seek the shelter of the shore. Thinking we knew better, we told him to get back at once in his proper course. Very reluctantly he obeyed. Little by little, however, the clouds crept round upon our beam and in a short while it became black and threatening on ahead. Then all at once we noticed a dark line on the water fringed with white, which every moment got nearer and nearer. Realising what it meant, Hooper shouted "Loose the sheet." It had, however, been tied to the gunwale. Before it could be loosed the storm struck us with terrific force, and we heeled over to the blast, shipping a great deal of water. The wind roared, but

the sail was fast. Happily the canvas was rotten and in a moment was split from top to bottom. The ship righted and we were saved. Everything was hauled down, the mast lowered and the oars got out. Still the storm raged with a deluge of rain, and on we went we knew not whither. For an hour we battled with winds and waves, and then gradually it commenced to clear and land came into view. Cheered and encouraged the men put their backs into the work and in another hour we were safe on shore. Ultimately we found that we had lost way by some ten miles since starting in the morning. This was a warning to us not to interfere with the captain's discretion.

On December 17 we reached Bukoba, on the eastern shore of the Lake. Here we found Emin Pasha encamped. He received us very kindly and did everything in his power to assist us, sending us goats and bananas. He paid me a long visit on the day following our arrival, and as he spoke English remarkably well, I found him extremely interesting. He told me quite plainly that his main object in coming up country again so soon after his deliverance by Stanley, was to secure Uganda for German influence. The promulgation, however, of the Anglo-German treaty had been a great blow to him and had shattered his plans.

"Then," I said, "you are not going on to Uganda, now?"

"No," he replied, "were I to go now, it would be thought in Europe that I had some political motive in going. But," he added, "if when you get to Uganda you find there is trouble there, and will send down to me here, I will gladly come and help you."

I smiled inwardly, and thanked him for his kind offer.

A few more days and we were on the shores of Uganda,

and commenced to see something of the earnest desire of the people for instruction. When they heard we were missionaries they crowded round us and pleaded hard both for teachers and books. Very happily Pilkington by this time was able to speak Luganda. He had made the most of his opportunities both at Freretown and on the road. Three Baganda who had travelled down country with Stanley had joined our party at Freretown. One of these, a man named Nuwa Kikwabanga, Pilkington found very helpful in his study of Luganda. It was oftentimes most amusing to see Nuwa on the road trying to get out of Pilkington's way, hiding behind porters or loads. Not that he was unwilling to teach all he knew, but Pilkington was so brimming over with enthusiasm and energy that poor Nuwa had little rest. Thus it came about that by the time we reached the shores of Uganda, Pilkington was able to speak and preach to the people in their own tongue.

We were now among the Sese Islands, and scenes of more exquisite beauty it is impossible to imagine than those which daily and hourly met our gaze. Luxuriant foliage even to the very water's edge, with creeping plants and flowers, is one of the most striking features of the island scenery.

> 'And we came to the isle of flowers
> And their breath met us out in the seas,
> For the spring and the middle summer
> Sat each in the lap of the breeze;
> And the red passion-flower to the cliffs,
> And the dark blue clematis, clung,
> And starred with a myriad blossoms,
> The long convolvulus hung.'

Here and there rocks project and add intensity to the richness of the colouring, as the cold grey contrasts with the warm red of the soil or the bright green of the

leafage. Hippos were very numerous in the shallow waters of the bays, and here and there one would see a crocodile or two basking in the sunshine, or just sliding off a rock into the water as we passed by. Bird-life abounded. The Nile goose, the kingfisher—the great fish eagle with a six-feet spread of wing—dippers of various kinds were most commonly seen by us. Although consumed with impatience to reach our destination, yet our daily progress was a daily delight over which we gladly lingered.

At length, the morning of December 27 dawned—the last day of our long voyage of three and twenty days. It was somewhat hazy, but fine. Whilst passing the Island of Bulinguge, we saw a solitary figure, dressed in white, standing on the shore and beckoning to us. We put in and found an Arab, chained to a log of wood. He told us that he was the last of the Arabs in Uganda and that Mwanga, having beaten him, had sent him to the island of Bulinguge, and that he was chained in the way we saw, by the king's orders. We also learned that the country was still greatly disturbed, and that Captain Lugard had arrived a few days previously from the coast. The poor man begged me to intercede with the king on his behalf, and if possible get permission for him to return to the coast with me. I promised to do my best for him. Half an hour later we landed at Munyonyo—the king's landing-place—and at once pitched our tents in which to wait for the men, donkeys, and hammocks which Hooper, who had walked over the previous day from Entebbe, had promised if possible to send down to us.

At about eleven o'clock the donkeys arrived, reaching us through the kindness of Captain Lugard. As I was carried in a hammock, and was still suffering somewhat from ophthalmia, I saw little or nothing of the road to

Mengo or the capital itself. All I remember is being bobbed about in a hammock for about two and a half hours, and then being warmly greeted by Walker and Gordon as I got on to my feet outside the little mission house which was the centre of our work in Mengo.

Our long and weary journey was at an end and at last we were in the capital of Uganda.

MENGO, THE CAPITAL OF UGANDA

CHAPTER IX

UGANDA: ITS MORAL, PHYSICAL AND SOCIAL ASPECTS

'What is true at last will tell.'—TENNYSON

BEFORE narrating the course of events which happened during my stay in Uganda, it will be well, I think, that I should give my readers a rough sketch of the moral, as well as the physical and social aspects of the country, as it presented itself to me at that period upon which the course of my story is now about to enter.

The material and moral development of Uganda is an interesting study, and one which is not without its lessons both for the philanthropist and the Missionary, Its various stages have with tolerable clearness been marked on the page of the nation's history.

There is, of course, much that is legendary in the national story, much that is purely conjectural. With legend, however interesting (and some of the legends of the Baganda are intensely interesting), and with conjecture however probable, I do not propose to deal. My idea is rather to take things as I found them in 1890, or as others have found them during that comparatively recent period in which Uganda has been a subject of interest to the outside world, and to try, as far as possible, to convey an intelligible idea of its present condition, and to indicate, as far as may be, those causes which have led to its occupying its present position of importance in the Christian world, and also in the sphere of politics.

To trace out the various causes which have led to this or that particular feature showing itself in the national life, or impressing itself on the national character, is not so difficult as might at first be supposed. Four influences have apparently been at work in developing the Uganda of to-day. The first is that of the ancient national religion Lubare worship; the second that of Mohammedanism; the third Christianity, and the fourth is that influence which is invariably exerted by Great Britain as a civilising power, whenever and wherever she sets up a system of government, for the protection of those subject races which from time to time are brought within the sphere of her influence, and which it seems to be a part of her mission to raise in the moral and social scale.

Lubare, the Crescent, the Cross, and the Union Jack have played, and are still playing, their part in the development and making of Uganda. Let me try to show as briefly as possible the particular influence which each of these forces has exerted in the national development, and also at the same time endeavour to indicate to what extent the future is likely to be shaped by them.

Lubare worship is the most ancient religious influence of which there is any trace in Uganda. It has certainly played an important part in the evolution of the nation as we find it to-day. What it was, and whence it came, it would be hard to say. There are features in it, dim and misty, it is true, but which nevertheless at times lead one to suppose that it was once—possibly ages ago—in contact with Christianity. For instance, a day of rest for man every seventh day, is not an unknown idea in many parts of Uganda where Christianity has never penetrated. A month of rest, too, for the land every seventh month, is held in many parts to be a rule regu-

lating the cultivation of the soil. A ceremony not unlike baptism is observed when young children have oil poured upon their heads and a name is given to them. It acknowledges a supreme being—Katonda, the creator of man and of the world. But other deities as well have claimed the allegiance of its votaries—such as Mukasa, the god of the Lake, and those controlling thunder and lightning, small-pox, &c.

Lubare worship was the established and endowed religion of the country. Of its nature Mr. O'Flaherty, writing in 1885, says: "Lubare is not a cold, bare, unmeaning system of devil worship, as some have represented it to be, but rather an attractive service calculated to fill the heart of the simple-minded native with awe and wonder and to captivate him with its charms. It is a system having its symbols and sacrifices —its temples and its trophies—its priests and its priestesses as well as its doctors of divinity, or rather of Satanity. It is strengthened by history and tradition, and backed up with power. It is a mixture of Alexandrian Gnosticism and ancient Egyptianism in which Lubare incarnate takes the place of Christ and the whole system the place of a corrupted Christianity."

That an Egyptian influence has been at work in Uganda is I think certain. Evidence of it may be seen in the make and shape of the musical instruments of the country, in the reed work of the houses, in the form and build of the canoes on the Lake. The prow of the latter especially seems to be very clearly of Egyptian origin. The Uganda canoe is very impressive in the silent testimony which it bears to the comparatively civilised condition of the people. It is a wonderful contrast to the shapeless dugout which creeps along the shores of Usukuma in the south. A traveller, let us say, is voyaging northwards across the Lake having

seen with pity, not perhaps unmingled with contempt, the miserable parody of a boat which contents the sluggish-minded Wasukuma, when suddenly he sees to his amazement darting over the waters on a bright breezy day a large fleet of canoes; some of them are manned by thirty or forty paddlers. They seem to fly over the waters like living creatures. Whence came they, and who are the men able to plan, build, and propel such things of beauty—of comparative power? These men are Baganda and their craft are these canoes which in their beauty, speed and strength speak, to my mind, so eloquently of that ancient Egyptian influence to which I have referred.

But an even more striking testimony to the influence of some ancient civilisation (whether Egyptian or Abyssinian I know not, more probably the latter) is the complex system of unwritten law, and of national government, which from time immemorial has prevailed in Uganda. The system is roughly speaking feudal. The great territorial chiefs own allegiance to the king as their overlord. Under these again are smaller chiefs, all holding their land on a service tenure, and all alike liable, at any moment, to be called out for military duty.

Doubtless such a system of law and administration, rigid and unyielding as it is, has had a considerable moulding effect on the character of the Baganda. It has produced men in the upper or governing class with minds of their own, but at the same time its effect has been the very reverse upon the lower classes—the tillers of the soil—"bakopi" as they are called. All independence of thought and action has been stamped out, and the result is a dead level of dependence.

Whilst this political system is still surviving the changes which in recent years have passed over the

country; its doom is sealed, its passing knell has been rung and in a few short years it will be numbered among the things which once have been. Lubare worship in like manner is passing away. It has done its work—a work to human sight altogether unmingled with good, but yet in the overruling providence of God it has had its share in the formation of the national character. Mohammedans commenced the task of undermining its power—a task which is fast being completed by Christianity and civilisation.

I turn now to the consideration of the effects of Mohammedanism on the development of Uganda.

When Mohammedanism, as represented by the Arabs, first made its appearance in the country it would be hard to say. The date is one of those matters of pure conjecture with which, as I have already stated, I do not propose to deal. Suffice it to say that it had already established itself in the country when that veil, which for long ages had hidden in mystery the Lake sources of the Nile, was drawn aside and Speke and Grant stood upon the shores of the Victoria Nyanza. It was also a more or less active force at the time of Stanley's visit, three-and-thirty years ago. In Mackay's time, as we have already seen it was a considerable factor in the situation with which he found himself face to face, on his arrival in Uganda in 1877.

What was the nature of its influence? What have been the results of that influence upon the native mind, character and life? How has Mohammedanism affected the development of the country? These are all questions of the deepest interest. Nor is it difficult to find an answer to them. Materially, without doubt, the country has benefited largely by intercourse with the Arabs. The standard of living has risen. Men's ideas on matters of dress and food have been influenced very

largely by Arab notions. Wheat, rice, guavas, pomegranates, paupaws, mangos, and other fruits, owe their introduction to the same source. Certainly till the year 1889 the connection between the Arabs of Zanzibar and those in Uganda was a very close and intimate one: the influence exerted was a very real one both materially and morally. In Africa the material advance of a people is frequently more or less indicated by a moral advance and is often an indirect cause of it—unless, of course, it degenerates into unlicensed luxury, in which case the movement is downward and not upward. In Uganda material progress so far has had the effect of strengthening the moral fibre. It has given the Baganda a dominating influence among the surrounding tribes, and this has developed faculties which have told, and are still telling, on the development of the country.

But besides this indirect influence, which is by no means difficult to trace, there has been unquestionably at work the subtle but yet more direct influence of the teaching of Islam—an influence operating more exclusively, and very forcefully, on the realm and sphere of the moral life. And yet it is, I think, true to say that Mohammedanism as a religious system has as yet taken but a comparatively slight hold upon the people. Whether this is due to its not appealing as such so powerfully to the Uganda mind as to the minds of many other African tribes, which have come under its sway, or whether a conjunction of circumstances have operated as a barrier to its progress, it would be difficult to say. Probably both causes have been at work. The Baganda mind is eminently practical. Its tendency is to reject that which does not commend itself to reason. It wants to know the why and the wherefore. Possibly it is on this account that Mohammedanism, with its

unreasoning dogmatism, has hitherto failed to obtain any great hold on the Baganda as a people.

But still, as I have suggested, Mohammedanism as represented by the Arabs has left its mark on Uganda, and that a very ugly one. It could scarcely have been otherwise considering the fact that Islam and slave trading were in the old days (and are still) practically convertible terms. It is almost incredible the extent to which the traffic in human flesh and blood had reached, at the time of the downfall of the Arab power in 1889. "The worst of men," said Mohammed, "is the seller of men." Had he included in his denunciation the buyer of men, almost every Arab that ever entered the country would have shared in his condemnation. Alexander Mackay, writing in 1881, on the condition of Uganda states the case against the Arabs thus: "I may safely say that the king of Uganda keeps a fresh force of six thousand men, without a month's intermission, all the year round engaged in the openly avowed act of devastating the neighbouring tribes, merely for the sake of slaves. Mutesa is the greatest slave hunter in the world and he carries on his mischievous raids on the strength of guns and power brought up country by the Arabs—prices thus: 'One musket two slaves—one red cloth one slave—100 percussion caps one female slave, &c. &c.'"

Again, in the matter of strong drink the influence of Islam or rather of the Arabs has been of a demoralising character. Contrary to the precepts of their creed, they introduced into Uganda the art of distilling ardent spirits, and the evils resulting have not been small. One has striven earnestly to discover some redeeming feature in the influence which Mohammedanism has exerted on the Baganda, but absolutely without success. Slave trading, with all its horror—drunkenness with all its disgraceful accompaniments—and luxury with all its

disintegrating and demoralising effects upon Society—immorality of all kinds, have been its distinguishing features. If anything good has resulted from its presence in Uganda it has been in spite of its influence, and not in consequence of it.

While all this no doubt is true, it would be very far from just to ascribe to Mohammedanism, as we find it in the Koran, the evils that have resulted from the presence of the Arabs in Uganda. Just as nominal Christians, when freed from the restraints of civilised society, oftentimes bring discredit on the religion which they profess, so the Islamites of Central Africa have "let themselves go," to use a common expression, and Mohammedanism is credited with the consequences.

That anything of good in human nature, as we find it in Uganda, should have survived such influences as those exerted by Lubare worship and Mohammedanism as represented by the Arabs, fills one with hopeful anticipation for the future. Lubare worship has already silently, although sullenly, retreated into the remote districts of the country, and without doubt is destined ere long to perish.

Mohammedanism ran its course, as we have seen, until 1889 when the crash came. In 1877, the Cross entered the field, and from that time onward, the Crescent has had to do battle for existence. At first it was a war of words. But Islam takes to the sword sooner or later. Plot followed plot, revolution followed revolution, until final defeat came, and the Arabs, with the exception of the one I saw chained to a log of wood on the island of Bulinguge—were expelled from Uganda.

They left behind a certain number of converts among the Baganda, strong enough to form a political party with sufficient vitality to disturb the peace of the country on more than one occasion, as we shall see in

the course of our story, but so ill instructed in the elements of their faith as to suggest a doubt as to their possessing any religious convictions at all.

Uganda truly has suffered through long ages of darkness and profound moral gloom. What with the cruelties and bloodshed connected with the Lubare superstition—the tyranny of the kings and great chiefs—and the immoralities and slave trading tendencies of the Arabs, the lot of the Baganda has been a piteous one. But brighter days were now dawning. Christianity with all its beneficent teaching was now planted in the land. How the seeds were sown—how they germinated and took root we have seen. The growth of Christianity, and its marvellous extension, I propose to describe in the pages which follow. Interwoven in the fabric of that story will be seen threads of another colour and of a different texture. They belong really to the fabric of the State, whose administration at this period passed in a large measure into the hands of Great Britain. As in all human affairs, so in this work of administration, often entrusted to the hands of novices and amateurs, there has been failure, intermingled with success. The high calling of Great Britain has not always been kept in the forefront by her agents. They have not always realised that

> 'It must be done by both,
> God never without me,
> I never without God.'

I pass now from the moral and spiritual to the physical and social aspects of the country. So much has been written about Uganda and its people that it is difficult to say anything new. My story, however, without at least something on these two subjects would be incomplete. I must therefore, even at the risk of repeating

what others have said, attempt to give, at any rate, a rough sketch of both.

First then, as to the country. It has been variously described—at one time as "a swamp and desert"—at another as "a treeless country without any marked features"—"a jungle with a succession of swamps," and so on. It is needless to say that such sweeping statements have no foundation of fact to rest upon. Some of the most beautiful forests to be seen in Africa are to be found in Uganda. I have sat down to rest in many a dell fairylike in its charm of beauty. I have wandered in glens beside which Shanklin Chine or the Fairy Glen at Bettws y Coed are prosaic and commonplace. It is true that there are swamps in Uganda, but not such as the word in its ordinary acceptance conveys the idea of to the mind. They are really streams of running water, in which the Papyrus plant (kitogo) flourishes. But even these so-called swamps have a beauty of their own, for those who have eyes to see. The papyrus plant in itself is a most beautiful object, and to see a mass of papyrus waving their feathery tops in the gentle breeze is a sight not easily forgotten. Most of these river swamps have now been bridged. The traveller, therefore, as he makes his way through them will appreciate their beauty in a way which he was very slow to do in the old days, when he was plunged up to his waist in water.

The general aspect of the country is that of undulating hills—some peaked, others flat-topped—but all more or less broken and varied by clumps of trees—banana plantations or rocks of the archaic period peeping out here and there.

Uganda is not a country of cloudless skies. The consequence is that the atmospheric effects are often very beautiful. Sunrise and sunset effects are especially

GOING THROUGH A SWAMP IN UGANDA

marvellous in their glory and splendour. Sir Gerald Portal, in his account of Uganda, particularly noticed this and wrote as follows:

"Truly the magnificence and brilliancy of the visions I have gazed at standing spell-bound on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, have an overpowering glory, an almost defiant loveliness unrivalled by the transcendental delicacy of colours when the sun sinks into the desert sands behind the great Pyramid at Cairo, or by the weird beauty of the scene so often gazed at from the terraces of the Villa Medici at Rome." *

Although rain falls in almost every month of the year, yet there are two distinct rainy seasons. The heavy rains usually fall during the months of March, April and May—the lighter or latter rains in September and November. The average rainfall is probably some 60 or 70 inches per annum.

The temperature is by no means excessive. It has a range of from 60° to 85° Fahrenheit. The mean temperature is probably somewhere about 75°. A fire in one's house in the evening is often a great comfort. Mosquitoes abound near the Lake shores, but the capital is tolerably free from them.

I pass from the country to the people. The Baganda, as a people, give evident token of a mixed origin. They vary extremely in shades of colour from the deepest black of the peasantry ("bakopi") to the tawny brown of many of the higher classes. The cast of countenance too varies greatly. There are the squat nose and thick lips and low forehead; there are also the thin lips, the straight nose and high forehead. All, however, are distinctly negroid and their language Bantu. The higher type of countenance is probably due to an admixture of Bahima blood.

* "The Mission to Uganda," by Sir Gerald Portal.

The Bahima, many of whom are found in Uganda, are the cattle-keepers of Central Africa; their origin is probably to be traced to the Gallas. The Banyankole of Busagala and the Watusi of Unyamwezi and Usukuma are no doubt descended from the same stock. Many of the Baganda chiefs in the old days took Bahima women as either wives or concubines, hence the lighter colour and the higher type of countenance in the upper classes in Uganda.

The national dress of the Baganda, now rapidly being displaced by the calicoes of Manchester and Bombay, is the barkcloth. This cloth is made from the bark of the Mutuba tree (a species of fig). This is stripped off, and beaten out with mallets and dried in the sun, all fractures are then carefully sewn together, and the whole when finished presents almost the appearance of a woven fabric. It is a beautiful terra cotta in colour. The men usually wear it over the right shoulder, tied in a huge knot, something after the fashion of a Roman toga. The women, to whose use the barkcloth is rapidly being confined, wear it fastened round the waist by a band of the same material, or one of white linen (bufta). The whole effect, whether worn by men or women, is extremely picturesque.

It is a common idea that the African, and especially the Muganda, is a lazy fellow and will not work, unless he is compelled to do so. I am not at all sure that the Englishman is more ready to work without compulsion than the Muganda. A few years ago Mika Sematimba visited England and learnt something of the conditions under which the English working classes exist and labour. "You English," he remarked, "are as much slaves as we Baganda. Your stomachs compel you to work, our masters compel us. Where is the difference?" There is a good deal of truth in our friend Mika's observation.

And yet the Baganda are, up to a certain point, a hard-working people. The women cultivate the gardens and raise the food for the household, plantains, potatoes, beans, Indian corn, &c. &c. Most of the gardens are thoroughly well kept and give evidence of untiring industry.

The men, too, have their work. They build and repair the houses, put up the fences, this latter involving never-ending labour. Then there are the barkcloth makers, smiths—and these smiths turn out excellent work, their forgings of knife blades being quite equal if not superior to the forgings of Sheffield, basket makers, potters, tanners, shield makers, mat makers and so on. No, the Baganda, in my opinion, are no idlers. Considering how easy it is to live in Uganda I am surprised that they work as hard as they do.

The political divisions of Uganda ("sazas") at the time of which I am writing were as follows: Kyagwe, Singo, Kaima, Budu, Bulemezi, Butambala, Kitunzi, Busuju, Kyadondo and Busiro. Besides these the kings of Uganda claimed sovereignty over Busoga, Koki, Toro, Nkole, Kiziba and even Bunyoro.

The chiefs of the sazas or "earls," as Mr. Ashe calls them, were appointed by the king and exercised almost autocratic power in their several provinces. Besides these "Abamasaza" there were several great officers of State, who exercised considerable powers, and who took part in the deliberations of the Lukiko, as the king's council is called. There were the Katikiro, or Prime Minister, the Kimbugwe (master of the household), the Kauta (chief cook,) Kibale (the king's legal adviser), Gabunga (the admiral of the fleet of canoes), Mujasi (the chief of the soldiers). The whole organisation of the country, as I have already suggested, was most elaborate and must evidently have been the growth of centuries.

It was never, I am convinced, evolved from within. It has come from the outside; from whence it is hard to say, but most probably from Abyssinia.

The houses of the Baganda are mostly of the "bee hive" shape and built of timber, reeds and grass. Those of the chiefs are large and well built, divided internally into compartments by curtains of barkcloth. A fence ("kisakate") of reeds generally surrounds the chief's establishment, which usually consists of the principal dwelling-house, women's houses, boys, guest and cook houses. Opposite the principal entrance a large open space called the "embuga" is kept clear of weeds, and is some indication of the rank of the chief. A very large "embuga" is the outward sign of the residence of an "owesaza" or chief of a county. The peasantry ("bakopi") live in the midst of the plantain gardens and have merely a few feet of cleared space in front of their huts.

The problems connected with the relations of capital and labour with which the European is so familiar were unknown in Uganda at the time of which I am writing. The payment of wages was a novelty, little appreciated, and hardly understood. The peasant rendered to his chief as a matter of course the labour of his hands. The chief thanked his dependents for their services as those who served him willingly: "Mwebale, Mwebale banange" ("Thank, thank you, my friends") was his greeting, as he went among them, as they laboured at house or fence, "Awo munange," ("How kind of you my friend") was the answer.

I well remember hearing of a Missionary who tried to get a house built by paid labourers who found that the only men in the country who would work for him were those who had the misfortune to be in debt. On visiting the building, to view the progress of the work,

A HUT, UGANDA—EVENING

the missionary neglected to thank his workmen. He was reminded by his men of his neglect, "But," he pleaded in excuse, "I pay your wages, why should I thank you?" Then came the answer: "Was it ever known since the world began that a master refused to thank his men?"

The fact is this thanking of the labourer is one of the great features of the social life of the country and one which it is possible to regard with unfeigned pleasure. You see a man mending the road—"Webale munange," "Thank you my friend," is your greeting to him. You see women cultivating in the gardens—"Mwebale kulima banange" ("Thank you my friends for cultivating") you cry as you pass by. In the same way you thank men for building their houses, for repairing their fencing, in fact for all work which is regarded as a benefit to the community.

Another social characteristic is the way in which congratulations are offered to every traveller on his arrival at his destination. "Kulika lugendo," "I congratulate you on your journey"; or if it has been by lake, "Kulika nyanja" ("I congratulate you on escaping the dangers of the lake") is the greeting with which you are saluted on arrival. If it has been hot, "Kulika omusana" is the salutation which is equivalent to a congratulation on escaping from the dangers of the heat. There are many other equally expressive greetings, all of which leave upon the mind a deep impression of the innate politeness of the Baganda.

Coupled with this politeness there is, as would naturally be expected, a certain amount of refinement in the households of the upper classes—a refinement which is not altogether lacking in the manners of many of the "bakopi." In the houses of the former, highly dressed skins, and beautifully made mats, are stretched on the floor giving

an air of comfort as well as of taste. Should you call, "mubisi"—a drink made from the juice of ripe bananas —or water, is offered to you in a little golden-coloured gourd, placed on a tiny mat of red barkcloth and covered with a deliciously fresh green banana leaf. Later perhaps coffee berries are passed round, very much as sweetmeats would be offered in more civilised countries.

Music is another prominent feature in the social life of the Baganda. A large variety of musical instruments testify to their fondness for music. Flutes, horns, drums, harps, dulcimers, are all to be met with in great variety. Every little goatherd has his flute. Almost every other man who walks along the road is playing on a reed flageolet. If he is carrying a burden on his head it makes no difference; he tries to make his load lighter with music. Harps, beautifully made, are twanged on all the roads about Mengo. In a word the sound of music of some kind or another is in your ears from into the morn till dewy eve," aye and very often far on "early "stilly night."

It must not, however, be imagined that the life of the Baganda is one of continual sunshine and innocent pleasure. There is a dark—terribly dark and seamy side to that life which to outward seeming is so light and joyous. There is the sensuality, the drunkenness, the debauchery, the cruelty to which it is impossible to blind one's eyes and which in 1890 had been practically untouched, so far as regards the great mass of the people, by Christianity or any other civilising force.

This, however, was the sin, this the wickedness, these the forces of evil, with which the Church of Christ as represented by the Church Missionary Society commenced, as we have seen in 1877, a life or death struggle.

For thirteen long and weary years, by patient toil, by persevering effort—in weakness and distress the work

of sapping up to the walls of this great fortress of Satan had been going forward. Now advancing, now driven back, never, however, losing hope "but strong in the Lord and in the power of His might," the soldiers of the Cross had battled on until at last, in the providence of God, the hour had come for the storming of the outworks of the stronghold, and the release of thousands from the bonds of sin and Satan.

CHAPTER X

THE MISSION IN 1890

'With aching hands and bleeding feet,
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone,
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done;
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

UGANDA in December 1890 was like a volcano on the verge of an eruption.

Mr. Jackson, it will be remembered, had left for the coast some months previously, taking with him the Baganda envoys. He had, however, left a representative behind him (Mr. Gedge) who was hardly the man to deal with the complicated condition of affairs with which he was confronted. It was quite clear that a man of action was needed in Uganda. With the hour came the man. Captain Lugard arrived on December 18, and immediately (as he tells us in his graphic work "The Rise of our East African Empire") presented to the king and chiefs a treaty for signature. This led to violent opposition on the part of the French priests which manifested itself in the attitude of their followers. The Anglican Mission recognising the fact that Captain Lugard was a properly accredited agent of the I.B.E.A. Company and that Uganda had been declared as within the sphere of British influence, very naturally advised their adherents to cast in their lot with one whose

coming promised to give not only peace to a long distracted country, but also civil and religious liberty.

The treaty was signed on December 26. The original copy, signed by Mwanga and retained by him, is now in my possession. It was, some two years later, picked up in the streets of Mengo and used as a cover to a book, having doubtless been thrown away on the signing of a new treaty in 1892.

It might have been supposed that with its signature would come peace, and quietness, in the land. It was far otherwise. The settlement of the question as to whether the treaty should be signed or not seemed to be the signal for setting on foot every kind of intrigue. The air was charged with the electricity of war. Plots, and counterplots, seemed to be the order of the day. One never knew what an hour or even a moment would bring forth.

On the second Sunday after my arrival a shot was heard, from apparently about a quarter of a mile away, while the service in church was proceeding. Immediately the whole congregation sprang to its feet, arms were seized, and a rush made to the open space outside the Mission. It was thought that war had broken out. It was, however, but the accidental discharge of a porter's muzzleloader. The incident, however, gave one an idea of the highly charged condition of the political atmosphere.

The questions under discussion were totally inadequate to account for the state of tension which existed between the various parties—particularly the Bafransa (French) and the Bangereza (English) as the adherents of the Roman Catholic, and Protestant Missions were respectively called. These questions were mainly concerned with evictions from gardens (byalo), looting, and the snatching of medals with supposed miraculous

powers with which the French priests decorated their followers. To suppose that these were sufficient to account for the state of barely veiled hostility which existed was to mistake the effect for the cause. The malady was much more deeply seated. In diagnosing the disease it was necessary to look beyond the immediate locality of the abnormal conditions.

For centuries Roman Missions have been semi-political agencies—at any rate they have been identified with the political interests of the nations that have sent them forth. In the sixteenth century Spain and Portugal were cases in point. In the nineteenth century France, which at home pursues a policy of secularisation, abroad makes use of the power of the Roman Church in forwarding her national interests. "Why," asks a great living authority on Missions,* "have Roman Catholic missionaries been hated in China, in Annam or Tonkin? Because of their connection with French politics." Tahiti, Madagascar, Japan and the Congo tell the same tale.

I do not say that national interests were the primary cause of the action of the French priests in Uganda. They were not. They were however, the secondary cause. The struggle which the Fathers initiated was primarily with the object of gaining the supreme power in the country in order to advance the interests of their Church. This very naturally was resisted by those who were in prior occupation of the field, and who knew, from the teaching of history, that Rome in power means death to religious freedom. It was but another phase of that same contest which for centuries has been waged in almost every part of the world—the struggle against the domination of the power of the Papacy. In a word, the struggle on the part of the Protestants was one for existence.

Of course it may be replied, And was it not so on the

* Mr. Eugene Stock.

other side? The answer must be in the negative. There could have been no intention of crushing Roman Catholicism by the use of the secular arm, for the simple reason that any such action would have been a denial of Protestant principles. The very genius and essence of Protestantism is liberty. The Roman Catholic is intolerant upon principle; the Protestant, in spite of his creed. Liberty as opposed to submission, the natural intelligence of man as opposed to the corporate sovereignty of the outward and visible Church—these were the sharp antitheses which were dividing Uganda; and between them—and not between any special and detailed conclusion—such as evictions from gardens, looting, &c., lay the essential and irreconcilable antagonism—an antagonism which Rome was determined, rather than fail, to put, as in many another country, to the dread arbitrament of the sword.

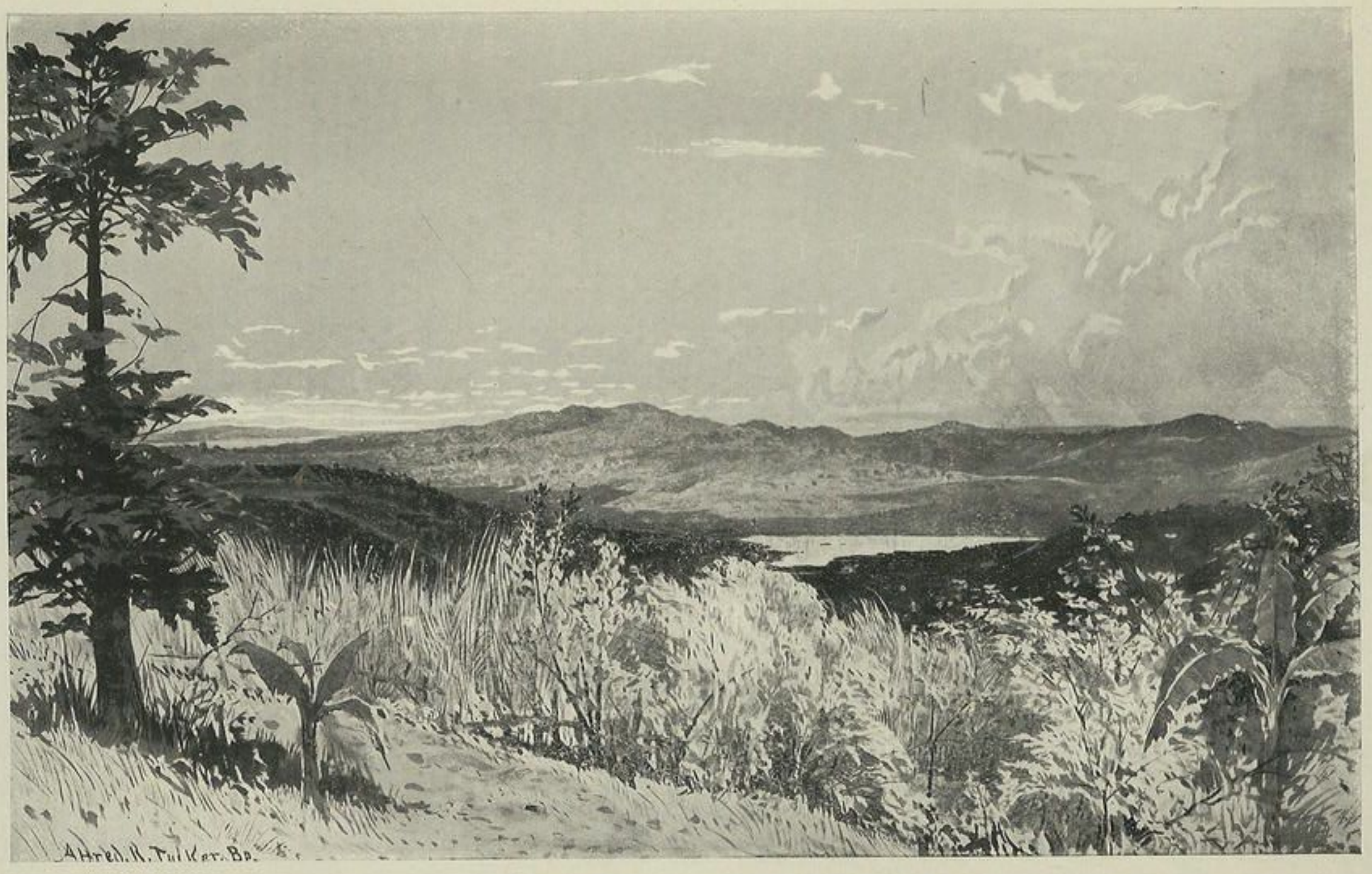
On Monday, December 29, accompanied by the whole Mission party, I paid my first visit to the king. At about 9 A.M. he sent word to say that he was visible, and half an hour later we set off. As we drew near the hill of Mengo, on which the royal residence is built, a messenger met us whose duty it evidently was to conduct us into the king's presence. It was with the greatest interest that I looked forward to seeing Mwanga—a man of whom one had heard so much, and in whom so many hopes and fears were centred. We passed through a number of enclosures the entrances to which were guarded by gatekeepers and their friends. Armed men were gathered here and there as we advanced, until, as we got quite close to a gate made with reeds, that separated us from the king's enclosure, trumpets were blown and drums beaten. The gate was thrown open and we advanced.

The king had been seated in the midst of his court, which was held in a circular-shaped house, but upon our

arrival he rose up to greet us, shaking us each by the hand. Our chairs, which our boys had brought, were immediately arranged on the king's right hand, and we sat down, being very careful not to put our feet on the king's carpet, which would have been regarded as a great offence against politeness. Seated on a mat immediately to the left of the king was Apolo Kagwa—the Katikiro. Several other chiefs were present—indeed the Baraza was crowded. Mwanga was dressed in a white kanzu, over which he wore a European waistcoat and jacket. He made various inquiries as to our journey, and also as to our respective ages—occasionally interjecting remarks to his chiefs as to our appearance—the colour of our hair—our size, and so forth. In my diary I find the following entry with regard to this interview. "The impression the king gives one is that of being a self-indulgent man. When he knits his brows, as he does not infrequently, his aspect is very forbidding." During the whole of the time we were there he kept giving his hand either to the Katikiro or to some other chief nigh at hand who had pleased him with a remark.

At length I inquired whether he had read the letter of the Sultan of Zanzibar which I had sent to him. He replied that he had not, as it was in Arabic and there were now no Arabs in Uganda to translate it for him. Fortunately I had an English version with me, which Mr. Gordon was able to translate into Swahili, which the king understood perfectly.

I had intended bringing one or two presents for the king—not on the old scale—but as a simple acknowledgment of his courtesy in sending canoes to Usambiro for our loads, these, however, had not arrived when we left. His failure to keep his promise recoiled on his own head as the presents were at Usambiro waiting for the



THE KING'S LAKE FROM NAMIREMBE

canoes. No canoes appearing, no presents were forthcoming. I told the king the cause. He seemed quite angry with those about him who were responsible for the delay. At any rate he asked several questions in a sharp manner.

The atmosphere of the reception room was oppressively close. We were not sorry, therefore, when the king rose up from his seat as a sign that the audience was at an end. Instead of retiring by the rear entrance as usual, he followed us to the front of the Baraza, not I think as a matter of courtesy, but in order to inspect us a little more narrowly, and to view our height with which he seemed particularly struck.

Shortly after this, on January 2, there burst upon us an alarm of war. At earliest dawn there was apparently great excitement in the neighbourhood of the Mission station. Men came in, one after another, to say that the Bafransa were gathering in large numbers on the king's hill, armed and ready for the fray. This gathering apparently had been going on all night long. The Bangereza, hearing of this ominous movement, collected their forces on and about the hill of Namirembe. An attack, we heard, was expected any moment. It appeared that an order had been sent out by Captain Lugard, the object of which was to get back the guns which had been lent to both the Christian parties in their contest with the Mohammedans. The Bafransa had got it into their heads that they alone were to be disarmed and that thus they would be at the mercy of the opposing party. In these circumstances I wrote a hasty note to Captain Lugard, asking if I could be of any service in calming the people, and offering to go and see the king, and the Roman Catholic chiefs on the hill of Mengo. He wrote back to say that he would be very grateful if I would do as I suggested. I at once asked Mr. Gordon to

go with me to the Lubiri (Palace) in order to suggest to the king and chiefs that each party should in turn lay down a certain quantity of arms, and that the Protestants should, as a proof of good faith, be the first to lay down the specified number.

We sallied forth, and found ourselves in the midst of a great crowd of armed Bangereza in a high state of excitement over the events of the past night. They were greatly surprised to hear that we proposed going into the very midst of the so-called enemy on Mengo hill. We did our best to calm them and succeeded in no small degree. On reaching the Lubiri we were at once admitted to the king's presence. We found him in the midst of an excited court, talking over affairs. We had been advised not to speak first, but to let the king have every opportunity of saying what he had to say. His manner was very different from that with which he greeted us when we first visited him. He is a great coward and was depressed and moody to a degree.

After some conversation I inquired the cause of the excitement, and was told of the supposed plot to disarm the Bafransa. I ridiculed the idea, and made my suggestion as to the surrender of the arms. It caused a deep silence to fall on the assembly. The chiefs, however, gradually found their voices, and in a short while the hubbub was resumed, the subject of discourse of course, being my proposal. After some time it became clear that the Roman Catholic party were unwilling to push things to an extremity, and to my great joy I heard the order given by the Kimbugwe—the head Roman Catholic chief—that the arms were to be given up. This being all that we desired we soon took our leave, greatly thankful for so happy a conclusion to our embassage.

There is an ideal mission which may be described as

the ideal of the average traveller, who from time to time attempts to pose as a critic of Missions. This ideal consists in comfortable dwellings after the English model, in which such birds of passage as the critic may find a temporary resting-place—a good kitchen garden from which cabbages, potatoes, tomatoes, &c., may be obtained for the replenishment of stores, the ability to provide trained cooks, and tent-boys who may be kicked, cuffed and sworn at at will. Alas! all such marks of Missionary success were altogether wanting in the Mission in Uganda, as I saw it, on my arrival in Mengo on December 27, 1890. Instead of the comfortable dwellings after the English model, there were two or three grass huts, which Walker in one of his letters compares in point of size to his father's coachhouse at home. Cabbages, potatoes, &c., were minus quantities; and as for trained cooks, had they existed (which they didn't), the question in their minds would have been not how to cook, but what to cook, almost the only available food being goats' flesh and plantains. The traveller who wrote of the luxurious living of the poor Missionary, who in his desire to be hospitable had set before his guest (who afterwards so cruelly criticised him) almost his only pot of jam and box of biscuits, would have found it extremely difficult to support, from the circumstances of the Mission, his pet theory as to the life of luxury lived by Missionaries. I doubt whether the whole Mission could have produced a pot of jam, and certainly nothing finer in the way of biscuits than "hard tack" and those extremely "weevilly."

I do not deny that there are advantages attaching to good houses in a Mission—a good kitchen garden—good and well-trained servants. These are all most useful adjuncts to a Mission. What I venture to disagree with, is the conclusion which is often drawn from the

sight of them—that their existence is a proof of a successful Mission. You may find all these elements present in a Mission and yet that Mission be an absolute failure. I have known more than one such instance. On the other hand all these and many other adjuncts may be lacking, and yet the Mission have in it all the elements of a glorious success. It cannot be too often or too strongly insisted upon that the *first work of a Christian Mission is to Christianise not simply to civilise.* Christianity can never be evolved out of civilisation. Civilisation, in its best sense, follows in the wake of Christianity. The former touches but the mind and body. The latter elevates and ennobles the whole being of man—mind, body and soul.

This, then, being the end and object of a Christian Mission, it seemed to me that notwithstanding the absence of many external signs of prosperity—an absence to be accounted for by the distracting conditions under which the work had been carried on for several years—yet that work had in it all the elements of a true and lasting success—a condition of things not fully realised by the friends of these Missions in the homeland.

Early in the morning after my arrival I was aroused from my slumbers by the murmur of voices. It seemed as though a continuous stream of people was flowing past the house. I inquired the cause of it, and learnt that although the sun had only just risen, yet these people were on their way to church (it was Sunday morning). Not that it was the service hour; that was not till nine o'clock. But there were some two hours of precious time eagerly looked forward to, given up to definite teaching in class of the fundamentals of Christianity; some four or five hundred men and women were thus being daily taught.

At nine o'clock—the hour of service—the drum was beaten. The classes were all broken up, places were taken, and everything set in order for Divine worship. It was a remarkable sight which met my gaze as I entered the church and took my place. The church itself was not a grand building. It was only built of timber, reeds and grass. Owing to various additions made from time time as the work grew, it had gradually assumed a cruciform shape. The roof was supported on palm poles, and although roughly put together was certainly picturesque. The walls were of reeds neatly sewn together, with a threading of dark coloured bark. The men were seated on mats and stools on one side, and the women on mats on the other. Here on my right hand was Apolo Kagwa the Katikiro—a baptised Christian—here on my left was Zakaria Kizito, a chief of Budu, There was Sembera Mackay and Henry Wright Duta and in front, a great crowd of apparently earnest worshippers, and eager listeners. Some thousand souls were gathered together inside the church, and outside about the doors and windows.

The whole assembly seemed to be pervaded with a spirit of earnest devotion. The responses, in their heartiness, were beyond anything I had heard even in Africa, where there is very little of the whispered responses so common alas! in England.

The impression created by this never-to-be-forgotten service was greatly deepened by personal contact and intercourse, both with the Christians and those under instruction with a view to baptism. The one cry was for books and instruction. Of books, happily, I had brought with me from Zanzibar some seven loads—mostly New Testaments, and portions of the Scripture in Swahili—a language understood and spoken by many Baganda. Exclamations of joy "Nsanyuse! Nsan-

yuse!" "I am glad, I am glad!" broke from the whole circle of my hearers as I told them the good news. Of books, however, in the vernacular there was but a limited supply. Two complete Gospels and part of a third had been translated and printed. One of the great needs of the Mission evidently was a man, able and willing, to give the whole of his time to translational work. Mackay, whose translational work like all he undertook was of a high order, alas! had been taken from us. "God buries his workmen but carries on his work." With the need came the supply. Mackay had been taken, but Pilkington was given. There he was, an instrument "throughly furnished" for the work which lay before him. Young and strong—full of enthusiasm, a first-rate classical scholar, in entire sympathy with the work, and possessing that rare and most precious quality of concentration in purpose—he was an ideal workman—the very man, it seemed to me, to give to the Baganda—as one divinely appointed to the task—that priceless gift, the Word of God in their own tonuge.

On the way up country I had had many a talk with Pilkington, and found that it was as much his hope as mine that at no distant date the Baganda might possess the Scriptures. In entrusting to him the work of translating them I thus wrote:

"Uganda,
"*January* 18, 1891.

"My dear Mr. Pilkington,

"It seems to me to be clearly pointed out by Him who never leaves His Church without guidance and direction, that the special work to which you are called is translational and linguistic. In entrusting to your care this important part of the work of the Mission I do so with the utmost confidence, believing that the Word of God will have in you one who as a Christian will

handle it with holy reverence, and who as a scholar will translate it with accuracy."

Right well was that confidence justified. A programme of work was sketched out—the Scriptures, the Book of Common Prayer, a Hymn Book and a Grammar for the use of new Missionaries—all of which in the merciful Providence of God, he was able to complete ere the call came, "Come up higher."

But besides this thirst for knowledge and instruction, the Baganda seemed to me to possess not only a peculiar aptitude for teaching, but a singular desire to engage in it. No sooner was a reading sheet mastered than at once the learner became a teacher. It was the same with the Gospels, every fact noted, every truth mastered, was at once repeated to groups of eager inquirers. It was a most touching sight to see little groups scattered about here and there in the church, each of which had in its centre, a native teacher who was himself at other times in the day an eager learner. Here, I thought to myself we have on all hands a material which, in the providence of God, may have a mighty influence on the work of the Church in the days to come. I inquired of Walker and Gordon as to the qualifications of the best of the native workers, with the object of setting them apart publicly for work as Lay Readers. The names of six were suggested. These were, Henry Wright Duta, Mika Sematimba, Sembera Mackay, Paulo Bakunga, Zakaria Kizito, Yokana Mwira.

The first of these, Henry Duta, was perhaps the best known. He had accompanied Mr. Pearson to the Coast in 1881, and had been baptized early in 1882, at Zanzibar by the Universities Mission. He shared with his fellow Christians in all the perils of the persecution of 1885 and 1886, as well as in the exile in Nkole. He afterwards

became Pilkington's chief helper in his translational work.

Sembera Mackay was peculiarly dear to both Walker and Gordon. He was a native of Busoga, and was the first of those under instruction in Uganda to confess his belief in Christ as his Saviour, and to ask for Baptism. On October 8, 1881, he brought to Mackay a letter written by himself "with a pointed piece of spear grass and some ink of dubious manufacture." It ran thus: "Bwana Mackay, Sembera has come with compliments and to give you great news. Will you baptize him because he believes the words of Jesus Christ?" He was baptized, with four others, on March 18, 1882. He, too, had passed through all the troublous times of persecution, and in 1886 was elected a member of the Church Council. He had refused a chieftainship in order to be free to work as a Church teacher.

Mika Sematimba was baptized in 1883. At first his thirst for knowledge led him to the French Mission, but being dissatisfied with only getting oral instruction, he was induced by the influence of H. W. Duta to attach himself to Mackay as a pupil. He, too, became a member of the Church Council, and in 1887 Mackay, in writing of him, calls him "our diligent reader and counsellor."

Paulo Bakunga at the time of my arrival in Uganda was keeper of the late king's tomb. He was evidently a man of solid worth—a member of the Church Council, and a diligent teacher.

Zakaria Kizito was another member of the Church Council and a prominent chief in Budu under the Pokino, Nikodemo Sebwato. It will be remembered how he acted as leader of the deputation of exiled Christians who visited Stanley, on his arrival in Nkole. It was from him that the great traveller heard the story of the

persecution in Uganda—the revolution and downfall of Mwanga and the accession to power of the Mohammedan.

Yokana Mwira held the chieftainship of Muwomya in Budu and was baptized in 1883. He thus describes his feelings to O'Flaherty on learning the truths of the Gospel: "I am," he says, "like a man travelling in a mountainous country. He climbs and passes ridge after ridge with pleasure, but as he surmounts he looks before him to the heights beyond, each one loftier than those he has passed. He becomes impatient and wonders to himself if he will ever surmount the last. But there is one great difference. The traveller in his desire hastens from the summit of one ridge to descend, in order to climb another height, thence he hastens on till he climbs the last and highest. Not so I. When I climb I like to lie on the top and rest, and enjoy the others before me. Yes, I like to rest, and drink of the fountains that gush forth as I climb. Oh the pleasure of reading and thinking upon those delightful books and of meditating on the wonders of the Son of God becoming man to save men from Lubare!"

Such were the men whom I proposed to license as lay evangelists. Already they had laboured, and God had blessed their labours. It seemed to me, therefore, only fitting that those whom God had first called and blessed in their work of faith and labour of love, should receive the formal sanction of the Church to their work. My hopes with regard to them extended far beyond our immediate surroundings. The first great need of the Mission, as I have already indicated, was that of the Scriptures in the vernacular. That had already been provided for, as far as possible, by Pilkington being set apart specially for linguistic and translational work. The second great need, as it seemed to me, was a native ministry. It is a truism, but yet it cannot be

repeated too often, that if ever Africa is to be won for Christ it must be by the African himself. A climate like that of Central Africa must be always more or less dangerous to European life. The strongest can only hope to endure it for a few short years. How needful, then, if Africa is to be won for Christ, that the men best fitted to endure the conditions of life in such regions should be raised up for the work—pastoral and evangelistic—of the ministry; and who is so fitted for such conditions of life as the African himself?

Again, no foreigner let him live as long as he may—as long as the allotted span of a human life—can ever hope to acquire that knowledge of the native character—the native mind—manner of thought—aspirations and cravings—which the native himself possesses as a part of his very being, and without which it is impossible to present the truths of the Gospel with fullest effect. No! Again I say our hope for Africa (under God) must be in the African himself.

A true native ministry cannot be manufactured. It must grow. Already in Uganda the first shoots were making their appearance. They needed to be cherished, tended, watered. Whose work was this to be? Walker was evidently the man. At my request he undertook the charge. How wisely and faithfully he laboured and how happily he succeeded will be seen in the course of our story. In the meanwhile, in setting apart these lay evangelists for their work, my hopes ran high. "My object," I wrote in January 1891, "is to form a band of young men who shall be trained for teaching work, with the ultimate object, if the Lord so direct, of the fittest being ordained for the work of the ministry. The Baganda have a peculiar aptitude for teaching. So sanguine am I with regard to this project that I shall be greatly disappointed if within a very few years we

do not have not only a large body of native lay evangelists scattered over the land, but also the foundation of a zealous native minstry."

Sanguine as I was, I little thought that eighteen short years would see in Uganda a native ministry numbering some thirty-two priests and deacons and some two thousand five hundred lay workers "scattered throughout the land." And yet so, in the gracious providence of God, it was to be, as we shall see in the course of my narrative.

The question as to how far it might be possible for the two Missions to settle points of difference arising from time to time between their respective adherents, had for some while been engaging my attention. As I have already suggested, these differences were but symptoms and not the cause of the disease. The true and only successful method of dealing with an ulcerous disease in Africa is a twofold one—a medicine for internal use, which really affects the cause, and an outward application. Any attempt to deal with the points of difference to which I refer and which were not only daily and hourly annoyances, but which also threatened the peace of the country, could only be of the nature of an outward application. The true remedy—one that could really touch the seat of the disease—was a strong and settled Administration. To build up such a Government must necessarily be a work of time. In the meanwhile, was no attempt to be made to stay the spread of the inflammation? Surely to seize any and every opportunity of composing differences which were not only disgracing our common Christianity, but threatening the very peace of the country was not only a Christian duty, but a debt which one owed to humanity itself. Had I made no such attempt I should have felt myself eternally disgraced. Even at the risk of failure, and I am bound

to say I felt by no means sanguine of success, I felt that something must be done. I therefore invited Père Brad, the French Father Superior (Mgr. Hirth the French Bishop I had passed on the Lake on his way to Usukuma), to meet me and talk the matter over. He responded immediately, and for two or three hours we talked over the questions in dispute. He said that the Protestants were making a claim on the great island of Sese on which for some time the Roman Catholics had had a station. I pointed out that most of the canoes on the Lake came from Sese, and that unless we had a share of the island it was almost impossible to get canoes, and that consequently communication with the south end of the Lake was rendered extremely difficult, not merely for the English Mission—that was a very small matter comparatively—but for the Protestant Baganda. I then went on to suggest that as this was a question which particularly appertained to the functions of the administration, it should be referred to Capt. Lugard for settlement, and that we should bind ourselves to do our best with our respective adherents to get his decision—whatever it might be—carried into effect. To this, after some discussion, Père Brad agreed. He then went on to complain of certain Roman Catholic chiefs being turned out of their estates (byalo), asserting that it was on account of their religion they had been evicted. I said I was prepared to abide by the decision of an impartial arbitrator, and that as he had agreed to refer our claim to a share of Sese to Captain Lugard, I would, on behalf of the Protestants, agree to refer this matter also. The "Father" then went on to set forth certain cases of looting Roman Catholic gardens, and of the loss suffered on this account by many of the followers of the French Mission. I answered, at once, that all such wrongdoing was most reprehensible, and that if he

would send me a statement of losses I would not only make them good, but do my utmost to get the guilty parties punished. He then enlarged upon the iniquity of certain Protestants of the "baser sort" whom he charged with snatching the "miraculous medals of the Virgin" from the necks of the adherents of the French Mission. Of course I replied at once that all such actions were greatly to be condemned. At the same time I intimated that many of our people complained of being robbed of their books by Roman Catholics, when quietly walking along the road. This of course was no justification for medal snatching. The one act was as much to be deprecated as the other. I promised to do my utmost to put down all such wrongdoing, and declared my intention of publicly denouncing it in church. Lastly, and perhaps most important of all, I suggested that when any cause of difference arose between the two parties, we should, if possible, meet together for the purpose of agreeing as far as might be on a *modus vivendi*. To this Père Brad gave a ready assent.

Thus our conference came to an end. It promised well; but I fear not much came of it. Upon whom rests the responsibility of its failure I cannot say. In spite of my critics, who on the one hand have enlarged upon my weak credulity and folly in supposing that there could be any honour or honesty of purpose in the French "Fathers," and on the other who have attacked me for venturing to intrude into the domain of politics, I am thankful that the conference was held. There is no action of mine at this period of my first visit to Uganda to which, at the time of writing, I look back with more unalloyed satisfaction. It was an honest attempt to deal with one's fellow Christians of another communion, in something of the spirit and teaching of our common Master. The responsibility of its failure,

if failure there was, must rest upon other shoulders than mine. But

'Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed;
Not all who fail have therefore worked in vain;
For all our acts to many issues lead;
And out of earnest purpose, pure and plain
The Lord will fashion in His own good time
Such ends as in His wisdom, fittest chime,
With his vast love's eternal harmonies.'

CHAPTER XI

"THE GROWING CHURCH"

'And not by eastern windows only
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs, slow, how slowly,
But westward look, the land is bright.'

A. H. CLOUGH.

THE power of the Church in Uganda lay, not in its numbers, but in its spirit. Its baptized members in January 1891 were scarcely more than two hundred. But though a little band, they were spiritual men and women, and therefore strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Uganda, one felt, was a place sanctified by the presence and work of the Holy Spirit of God. That Spirit was evidently moving on the face of the waters.

I have sometimes been asked questions as to the spiritual experiences of the Baganda—whether there was much conviction of sin or soul agony previous to the reception of the truth. I cannot too strongly protest against the notion, which many good people seem to entertain, that every soul must of necessity pass through the same spiritual experiences. Let us not forget the story of the little girl, who when asked, "And how about the slough of despond?" replied, "Please sir, I didn't come that way."

Can it be supposed for a single moment that one brought up in Christian England—with a Christian training—with the sound of the Gospel ringing in his

ears week in week out, and who has sinned against light and knowledge almost all his days, when at length his conscience is touched, his eyes are opened and he sees himself as God sees him—a sinner—and his Saviour as the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether Lovely One, will have the same spiritual experience as the poor heathen soul who has never heard the name of Christ until the wondrous story of his life and death is told to his listening, straining ears in the moment of acceptance? No! it is impossible. The one, we can easily understand, will be stricken to the very dust with remorse at the thought of his ingratitude, his rebellion, his wilful disobedience—his lost opportunities and wasted life. His soul agony will be more than pen can picture or words describe, "Depart from me for I am a sinful man, O Lord," will be the cry of his agonised soul. The other one, we can as easily believe, will be filled with joy at the thought of the great deliverance wrought for him, and of the glorious privileges in which by grace he is permitted to share. With the simplicity of a little child he accepts the offer of salvation. "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."

Such was Sembera Mackay's testimony in his letter to his teacher on his conversion, already quoted, "I come with great news. I believe the words of the Lord Jesus." And such I doubt not would be the testimony of many of the Baganda converts on being asked for their experiences. Joy is a very real feature of their spiritual life. It beams from their faces. It manifests itself in all their intercourse with their teachers as well as with one another. "Well, Apolo," I once said to one of our native evangelists who has been most blessed in his work, "what is the difference between these and the old days?" "Oh! it is the joy," he exclaimed with a beaming face. "I had no joy in life then, but now it is

all joy." Dear fellow! I could well believe it, for a happier Christian never praised his Lord.

And so the work of building the living Church went on.

> 'No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung,
> Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.'

The Divine Spirit was working in silence, changing men's hearts, transforming lives, comforting sorrowers, kindling hope in darkened bosoms, washing scarlet souls white as snow.

At length, on January 18, came the first Confirmation service when some seventy men and women received the laying on of hands. It was a time much to be remembered. During the previous three weeks daily classes conducted by Walker, Gordon, Pilkington and Hooper had been held. Every candidate had been thoroughly prepared and tested, and it was with no little joy, and with a very thankful heart, that I administered to them the solemn rite to which so many had for so long been looking forward. Among these were the Katikiro, Nikodemo Sebwato (the Pokino), Zakaria Kizito, H. W. Duta, Batolomayo Musoke, Yairo Mutakyala, and others, who in more recent days have taken a prominent part in the work of the Church.

I cherish no more sacred recollection of my life than the memory of those solemn services on January 18, in the morning the ordination, when Baskerville and Gordon received Priest's Orders, and in the afternoon, when those seventy men and women publicly renewed their baptismal vows. The still silence of the house of God broken only by the rustle of the leaves of the banana trees outside, and within by the gentle tread of the bare feet of those who came forward to receive "the laying on of hands"—the circumstances of bygone days still fresh in all our memories, circumstances which told

of the steadfast faith and noble endurance of those soldiers of the Cross—the circumstances of the days in which all were then living—the latent hostility of thousands around which might at any moment burst forth into the flames of war—the conviction that, tested and tried as those seventy had been in the fierce fires of persecution, weighed in the balance and not found wanting, here was a spiritual force and power which must tell in the future development of the Church—all these considerations combined to inspire me with feelings of sacred awe, and to bow me down before the Majesty of the Most High, in thankful adoration, prayer and praise.

The increase of the Mission staff necessitated the creation of some sort of organisation for the formal transaction of the business of the Mission. I therefore called together a conference of Missionaries and recommended the formation of a Finance Committee with Walker as Secretary. This suggestion was adopted and carried into effect.

Among other matters which came up for consideration was the great need of books in Luganda for the use of the 2000 readers, whom we calculated were attached to the Mission. Our press at Usambiro—the same which had done such good work in Uganda in the old days and which Mackay had taken with him to the south end of the Lake—could only turn out a very limited amount of work. It was felt that a strenuous effort must be made to get from England as soon as possible, a large supply of the only three works already published, viz., St. Matthew's Gospel, Prayer Book with Hymns, and the first reading book, called the Mateka, because it contained the ten Commandments (Lug. Mateka-Commandments). We decided to order 4000 copies of St. Matthew, of the Prayer Book with Hymns 4000 copies, and 10,000 copies of the Mateka.

It must not be supposed that while all this work was being done—these conferences and services held, one was brimming over with health and strength. It was far otherwise. My eyes were still painful and "fever almost every other day" is the record in my diary. Still one managed to struggle along realising the closeness of the connection between earth's need and heaven's grace. "As thy days so shall thy strength be."

In the intervals of sickness and work, several interesting places were visited. Among others the spot where the martyrs suffered in 1886. It was a dismal scene—a low lying piece of swamp ground, with reeds, rushes and papyrus growing around. Yonder was the stem of a blasted palm-tree. It had evidently been struck by lightning; and over there were the remains of a hut which had fallen into ruin. Away to the left one caught a distant glimpse of Mengo hill—cold, dark and gloomy-looking behind us rose the banana-clad slopes of Rubaga. The croaking of frogs alone broke the solemn stillness of the scene.

We asked our guide whether he had known any of those who had suffered. "Yes!" he replied, he "knew most of them; but one was a very dear friend" (Muganda wange), almost a brother to him. "Were you a Christian then?" I asked. "No!" was the answer, "but my friend often talked to me about Jesus Christ, and besought me to become a disciple; but I hardened my heart." "But what led you to become a Christian at last?" "Munange (my friend), it was because my brother died for what he believed to be true. If he had not died I should never have been a Christian. How could I refuse then?" "And how did he die?" "My friend, first they speared him, and then they burnt him," was the answer.

"First they speared him and then they burnt him."

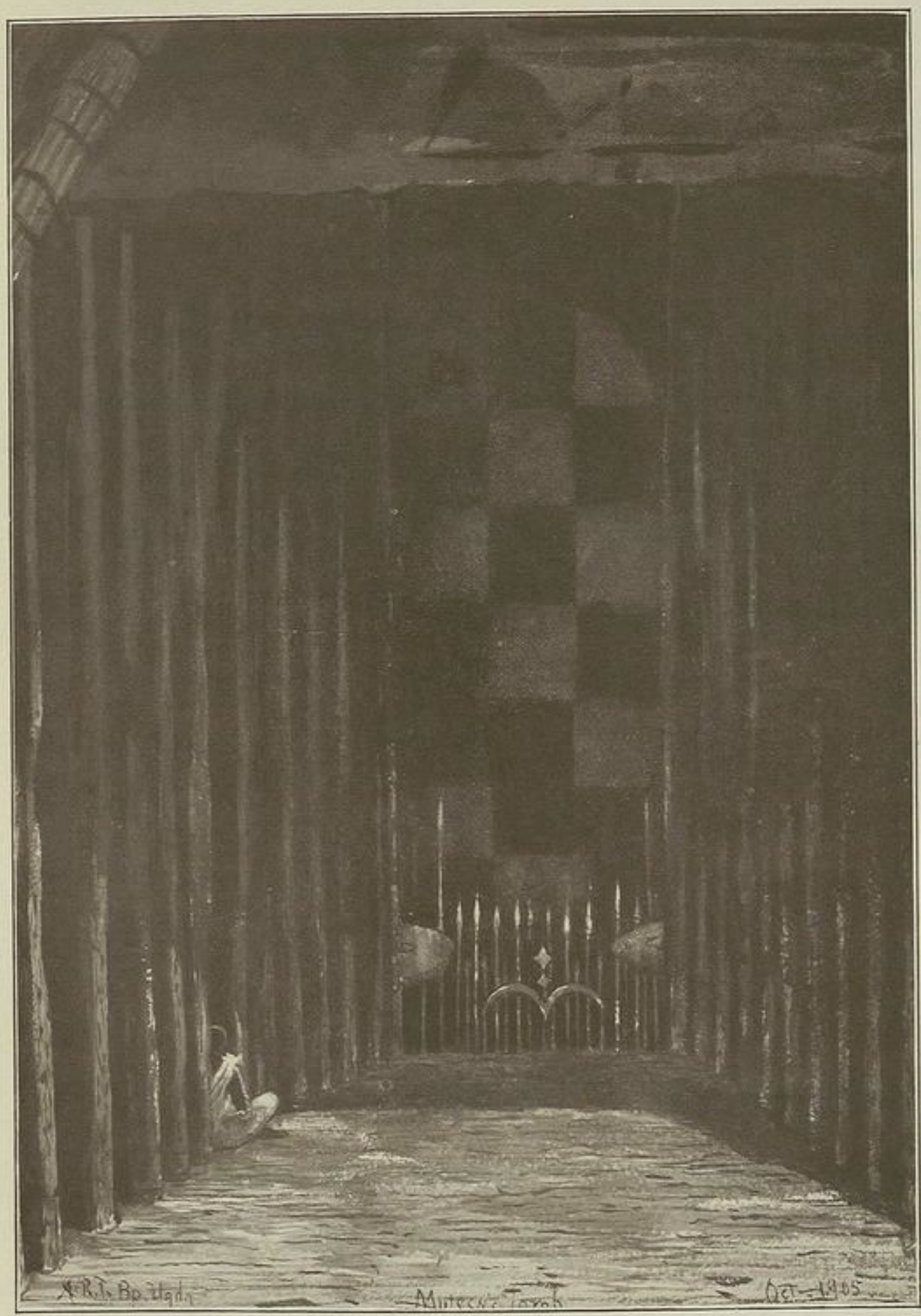
What a pathetic summing up of that death scene by that lonely swamp! The impression that it made will never fade from one's memory so long as life shall last.

And who was this that thus endured this twofold agony? Was it one who had been trained from infancy in Christian truth, who had spent his manhood in battling for the faith once delivered to the saints, and who now in all the fervour of a matured belief and the power of a lifelong conviction laid down his life rather than deny his Saviour? Nay it was but a simple lad who had lived his short life in the heart of heathen Africa. But one day there was unfolded to him the story of the Cross. He believed it. He accepted Christ as his Saviour. With the faith of a little child he clung to Him and died rather than deny him. The story of a short life, but yet a full one! To the eyes of men it was the merest fragment of a life, but

'This is life—to pour out love unstinted.'

The weakest and the humblest, who are similarly faithful, will stand at last complete in Him. This lad was faithful unto death, and so won his crown of life.

A few days later we visited Kasubi, partly to call upon the Nalinya (the Queen Sister under Mutesa) and partly to see Mutesa's tomb. The Nalinya sent word out to say that she was too ill to see us. We therefore walked over to the tomb, not far away, where I spent a very pleasant hour sketching. The building is a very remarkable one, and has about it a good deal of savage grandeur. It is a perfect cone built of timber and reeds, and thatched with grass. Having only one door for light and ventilation, it is both dark and close. A double row of poles makes a sort of aisle, which is strewn with a beautifully fine grass. A fence of copper-headed



MUTESA'S TOMB, UGANDA

spears encloses the tomb, which is covered by a red bark-cloth. On either side hangs a copper shield. Suspended from the roof and forming a background is a huge screen of white and dark blue cloth sewn together in large squares in a sort of chessboard pattern. The "dim religious light" imparts an air of gloom and mystery to a scene which is at once both weird and striking.

In connection with the tomb a complete household is maintained, as though Mutesa was yet alive. It seemed to be a very stronghold of heathenism which nothing but divine power could ever break down.

Meanwhile the whole country was in a miserable condition. Many gardens had fallen out of cultivation owing to the wars, and food was consequently scarce. The plague had broken out, and whole districts were almost decimated. A cattle disease had swept away almost every head of cattle in the country. Distrust, uncertainty, perplexity and jealousy filled men's hearts and minds. Captain Lugard, it was clear, had a very difficult task in hand. With miserably inadequate resources it was almost impossible for him to take an independent line. Nor would it have been wise for him to do so. He was a stranger, knowing nothing of the language, nothing of the manners and customs of the people. It was therefore absolutely necessary for him to seek the advice and assistance of those who for many years had been the trusted friends and advisers of the men who were now in power.

The Missionaries have never disguised the fact that they did advise their native friends and adherents. In my opinion it would have been a grave dereliction of duty had they refrained from doing so.

In considering the question of Missionaries "mixing themselves up with politics" as it is called, due weight must be always given to all the circumstances of the

case. As a general rule it may be laid down that Missionaries should hold aloof from interfering in the politics of the country in which their lot is cast. But there are conceivable circumstances where such interference becomes not only a duty but an absolute necessity. A question may at any moment crop up involving the violation of the commonest dictates of humanity. In such a case it would always be the duty of the Missionary, wisely to cast in the whole weight of his influence on the side of humanity, justice and Christian duty.

In Uganda at the time of which I am writing, the necessity laid upon the Missionaries was so obvious that it is difficult to understand how any one could have questioned not only their right but their duty.

Let me try to put the case very simply. For thirteen years the English Missionaries had lived and laboured in Uganda. One great fact they had sought from the very beginning to impress upon the minds of the people, and that was, that in coming to the country they had no selfish end in view—that they desired but the good of the people. They succeeded in gaining their love and confidence. One day a drum-beat is heard—a caravan arrives at the head of which is an Englishman. The natives go to see him. They have a long interview with him at which the conversation is carried on through an interpreter. The result is that the Baganda turn to the Mission for advice. "Here is a man," they say, "who says he is an Englishman—is it so?" The answer is "Yes!" "He also says that he represents a great company—is that true?" "Yes!" "He wants us to sign a treaty with him—we cannot understand it. What shall we do? Will you explain it to us and advise us what to do?" The answer is "Certainly we will"—and they do so.

This is the whole case of the so-called interference of Missionaries in the politics of Uganda. To contend that it was the duty of the Missionaries to send away these Baganda friends, and to refrain from giving them advice in such circumstances, is too absurd for discussion. Had they sent them away without advice, Captain Lugard's treaty would never have been signed and possibly the whole history of Uganda would, from that day forward, have run on different lines. In all probability it would have become a dependency of the French Republic or an appanage of the Imperial crown of Germany. At any rate, the head waters of the Nile would have passed into other hands than those of Great Britain.

The whole question is really one of confidence. The Baganda will always seek advice from those in whom they have the most confidence. If the rulers of Uganda wish to keep the natives from seeking advice and counsel at the Mission station, they have only to set themselves earnestly to win their affection and confidence. That done the battle will be won and thenceforward the Mission station will know politics no more. What a happy day that will be! "Politics," declares Pilkington, in 1894, "how I hate them," and so say we all. It is no pleasure to dabble in politics in Uganda. Personally I loathe them. I never see a number of Baganda chiefs with a crowd of followers coming to my house but what my heart sinks within me and I groan aloud. Nevertheless, when my counsel is sought, I always give it and always intend to do so. It is a duty I dare not shrink from however unpleasant it may be. At the same time, my advice very often takes the form of counselling our native friends to place themselves unreservedly in the hands of the Administrator. One is always thankful when it is possible to do this. But there are adminis-

trators and administrators. Some inspire confidence, others do not. I need say no more.

The new Missionaries were now settled in, and were hard at work studying the language. Baskerville and Gordon had been ordained, and the lay evangelists set apart for their work. The seventy had been confirmed—a Finance Committee appointed, and a Secretary nominated. A *modus vivendi* with the French Mission had been agreed to, and a conference held among ourselves. It therefore now seemed to me that my work in Uganda for the time being was done.

It is true that the needs of the work at the coast and Usagara might have enabled me to stay on a few months longer. But the key of the situation, so far as the work of the Church was concerned, was no longer in Uganda. It had shifted to the homeland. It appeared to me absolutely essential that the Church at home should not only be made acquainted with the true dimensions of the wonderful opening in Uganda, of which she was but ill-informed, but also, if possible, roused to a sense of her responsibility in the matter. A letter is but a poor substitute for a personal appeal. I therefore determined, even at the risk of being misunderstood, to return to England as soon as possible. Arrangements for recrossing the Lake and the journey down country were soon made. My programme was to confirm at Mamboya, visit the coast stations, and then make my way home—in May or June—and if possible be out again in November at the latest.

My farewell visit to the king was an informal one. I saw him, not in Baraza but in his own house. He was anxious to know when I proposed to return, and suggested one or two presents which I might bring him when next I came to Uganda. I told him that I was leaving my fellow missionaries in his hands, and that I trusted that

he would do his best both for their comfort and safety. This he promised to do. I then took my leave. My visit was somewhat shortened by a feeling that I was in for another attack of fever. This proved to be the case, and on getting back to the Mission I was obliged to go to bed. It was, however, only a mild attack, and in a few hours I was able to shake it off.

The next day (January 21) was fixed for our departure. This was widely known, and crowds came to say "good-bye" as shortly after sunrise Hooper and I started on our way to the Lake shore. "Weraba munange, Katonda akukume bulijo" ("Good-bye my friend, may God daily take care of you") was the cry which greeted me on every side as I shook hands with first one and then another. A large number of the more prominent Christians—such as the Katikiro, Nikodemo, Zakaria and Paulo accompanied us for something like an hour along the road. At last we said "farewell" to our warm-hearted friends, and Hooper and I were alone, to continue our journey to Munyonyo —the place of embarkation. On arriving at about nine o'clock we found that there was no wind, nor any prospect of a favourable one till the next morning. We therefore pitched our tents, and spent the day in one of the loveliest nooks on the Lake shore. We had been warned by our boatmen to be prepared to start at early dawn. Shortly after four o'clock, therefore, the camp was roused and the order given to prepare breakfast. At 5.30 A.M. we were ready.

The gloom of night was giving place to the light of day. The purple flushing of the dawn was brightening into living gold, when all at once upon the stillness of the morning air there broke upon our ears a sound which thrilled us through and through. What was it? Hooper and I looked at one another. Hush! It was

the voice of one engaged apparently in earnest prayer. It came from a hut, dimly visible through the morning mists, in a banana plantation hard by. Then there came the voices of others as though in response—the familiar Lord's Prayer and the "Grace of our Lord" and then silence! In a moment or two more we heard similar sounds on the further side proceeding from another hut. Still the voices were those of souls pleading at the throne of grace. We seemed to be circled round with prayer the prayers of those who a few short years before were sunk in all the darkness and degradation of heathenism.

And this was our farewell to the shores of Uganda—a fit ending to a memorable visit. Was it any wonder that we embarked with hearts full of thankfulness and praise? What wonder if we looked forward into the future and seemed to see it gilded and brightened with the glory of the Sun of Righteousness who—even as the great orb of day before us which was then flooding the land with its splendour—was rising with healing in His wings?

CHAPTER XII

THE RETURN JOURNEY

'He led them forth by the right way.'
PSALM cvii. 7.

THE return voyage across the lake was a long and tedious one. Light and head winds prevailed. Sometimes at the close of the day we found ourselves farther from our destination than when we started. It took us seven days to reach the French Mission station on Sese—a journey in canoes of three days.

On February 5 we found ourselves once more at Bukoba where Emin Pasha had made his camp. He received us very kindly, and provided us with stores for our journey in the shape of goats and bananas.

Shortly after leaving Munyonyo I noticed several tusks of ivory on board the boat and inquired as to their ownership. The captain, a Swahili named Hassani, told me that it was his property. We asked how he got it. He fenced with the question for some time. At last it came out that he had got it in exchange for guns. These guns, it appeared, he had taken to Uganda in the Mission boat on its recent voyage. He had done a little smuggling on his own account. Before leaving Usambiro I had received a formal notice from Emin Pasha that all boats in German waters must submit to be searched at Bukoba.

When calling there on our way to Uganda I inquired whether he wished to search our boat. "Oh no," he

replied, "you are sure to have nothing contraband on board." As a matter of fact, Hassani's smuggled guns were on board. It was only owing to Emin's kind consideration for us that they were not discovered and confiscated. At the conclusion of our inquiry I told Hassani that he had forfeited his ivory and that I should hand it over to Emin Pasha on our arrival at Bukoba. This I did and told Emin the story. He thanked us for what he called our "honourable conduct" and assured us that he trusted us entirely. We parted with mutual expressions of goodwill—we to continue our journey to the coast—he to start on his fatal expedition in the course of which he was so ruthlessly murdered. I never saw him again—nor did any other European, except Dr. Stulhmann, his secretary, who accompanied him a short distance on his way.

On February 15 we managed to reach Bukumbi on the Usukuma coast and landed our mails. Two days later to our great relief we arrived at Usambiro.

Now came the work of gathering a caravan together. A drum was sent out into all the villages round about, in order that by its "safari" beat the people might know that there was a caravan going to the coast. On hearing it they would throng out of their villages with eager inquiries: "Who is going to the coast? Is it the white man? Is he a kind man? What will he give us?" and so on. The drummer, on such occasions, would usually return with a crowd of followers—some anxious to carry loads to the coast—others wishful simply to follow in the white man's train, as a protection. It was no uncommon thing for a missionary to have twenty paid porters and two hundred unpaid followers. The great advantage to the traveller in this arrangement was that on a porter falling sick there were twenty men to take his place. Or, if the traveller

fell sick himself, there were always porters at hand to carry him. The men who did no work paid their own way down country by selling tobacco or spades of their own manufacture, which they carried with them. The main object of porters and followers alike was to get to the coast and to carry back a load for which usually good wages were paid.

Thus our caravan was made up. Having finished our packing and arranged for the abandonment of Usambiro as a Mission station, and the occupation of Nasa in its stead, we said good-bye to Deekes and Dermott, and on Monday, February 23, started on our 800-mile journey to the coast.

Our men were a wild-looking lot, but cheerful and kindly in all their intercourse with us, except on one notable occasion, when they actually mutinied. It was at Nera in Usukuma. We arrived at about 8.30 A.M., and decided to give our men an hour or two of rest and ourselves some breakfast. At eleven o'clock we gave the signal for starting, but instead of the cheerful response to which we had been accustomed, there was a dead silence. Khalfan, who was Hooper's head-man, told us confidentially that the men had discovered that there was a great brew of pombe (beer) going on in the village hard by, and that they would absolutely refuse to go on, until at any rate, the morrow. This, of course, meant a drunken orgy and the possible unfitness of many to travel. Prompt measures, it was evident, must be taken. The men were told to shoulder their loads. But no one moved. We then gave the order to stack the loads. As this looked like camping for the day and a surrender on our part, it was obeyed. We then told our head-man that all the cloth which the porters had received in part payment of their wages and which many were wearing, must be given up, as

the men had refused to complete their contract, and we had decided to dismiss them. "We have plenty of food," we added, "and intend to wait here until our friend 'Stokes' (Mr. Stokes) sends us some more porters." This was, indeed, a startling development for them. Very reluctantly and piece by piece the cloth was given up. Dismay, it was apparent, had seized the whole band, and a deep impression had been made. When the last piece of cloth had been surrendered we told them that they might all go about their business. We had done with them—very sadly they turned away. In a little while I noticed that they were holding a council under a tree near by. I knew what it meant—victory for us. We tried to appear quite indifferent and turned our backs towards them. In a few moments the council was broken up, and the head-men came to say that they had done wrong, and begged to be allowed to take their loads again. This with affected indifference we consented to. The loads and cloth were given back, and in less than half an hour we were once more on the road.

We made a very rapid journey—doing on the average twenty miles a day. Usukuma was soon left behind and Unyamwezi entered. The country was very dry and uninteresting. The daily "grind" of twenty miles was very treadmill-like in its dull monotony. Tramping, resting, eating, and sleeping constituted the "daily round, the common task." Occasionally a more or less exciting incident would enliven the march, but not very often. On leaving Usongo after having enjoyed a two days' rest, we determined to do a double march. We had, however, miscalculated the distance and sunset found us at least two hours from our destination. We were in the midst of a wide plain—without water, without food. The men were tired and so were

we. There was nothing for it but to camp until the moon rose about 3 A.M. About midnight I was aroused from my slumbers by shrieks and yells of the most unearthly character. Then came the sound of men apparently rushing about in wild disorder. I thought to myself, "Well, here is an attack, at any rate," and sprang out of bed and strove to find my boots in the darkness. In another moment my tent was rushed, and almost came down about my ears. I tried to find the entrance, but found myself as in a net. In another moment the shrieks and yells were changed to peals of laughter. Full of anger and wonder I shouted vigorously for my boy Livingstone. On his making his appearance, I inquired the cause of the uproar. He could scarcely contain his laughter but managed to get out the one word "punda" (donkey).

Bit by bit the story was told me. It seems that, owing to the complete absence of trees or even stumps of trees, the donkeys had been tethered to boxes (a most insane thing to do) and that one of them, moving and discovering a box at his heels got frightened and rushed through the camp dragging it after him; the other donkeys got frightened and stampeded in the same way. This alarmed and roused up the sleeping porters and the cry of "Buffaloes" was raised. It was thought that the camp was being charged by a herd of rushing buffaloes; hence the shrieks and yells. On discovering the true cause, the shrieks were exchanged for laughter.

Greatly relieved, but not in the best of tempers, I turned in once more, but not to sleep. At 3.30 A.M. the camp was roused, and we went on our way.

Just as we entered the Mgunda Mkali, the rains came on, and once or twice we were well drenched, but generally managed, by starting early, to get into camp

before the daily downpour. Muhalala was passed, and Ugogo entered.

How should we fare at Unyanguira where we had so much trouble on the way "up country," was the question we asked ourselves more than once. As we drew near the well-remembered district we decided to march right through it, without a halt. We also arranged to camp as near its border as possible, on the night previous to entering it. This, happily, we were able to do. At earliest dawn we were astir, and soon Unyanguira was entered. We marched well together and all on the *qui vive.* As we drew near the chief's "tembe" (village), a man with a spear and shield stood at the junction of the paths and indicated to us by a wave of the hand that we were to turn off on to the road leading to the village. As the man stood, blocking the path, I simply turned aside for a moment and then, having passed him, continued on the main road. The whole caravan followed, and the Mgogo was left standing, looking after us in blank astonishment. Not until Unyanguira was three hours behind us did we think it wise to halt. Refreshed by an hour's rest, on we went again, and by nightfall were far beyond the reach of pursuit.

On March 19 we arrived at Mpwapwa and were warmly welcomed by Price and Beverley, the latter of whom came over from Kisokwe specially to see us. Then on again—over the Rubeho Pass, and Mamboya was reached on the 23rd. Here a Confirmation had been arranged for. This took place on the following day, when some twelve candidates were presented and confirmed. Hooper was suffering from fever, so that it was impossible to leave until the 26th.

The rains were now upon us, and a rapid journey to the coast was needful if we would escape flooded rivers

and heavy roads. We therefore hastened on, and in seven days did the journey that had taken three weeks some seven months before. Only twice were we obliged to swim the rivers, and on both occasions in the Nguru valley. Magabika was passed and Simbamweni. At length, on April 1, to our great joy the cry was raised, "Bahari! Bahari!" ("The sea, the sea!") and there it lay stretched before us, gleaming like gold in the afternoon sun. The next day Sadaani was reached, and a dhow requisitioned for our passage across to Zanzibar, where we arrived on the morning of April 3. Thus the journey that had taken us five months and a half in going up country, was happily and safely accomplished in ten weeks.

Captain Henderson, of H.M.S. *Conquest*, which happened to be in the harbour, refused to believe his orderly, who, knowing me by sight, had reported to his captain that I was in a shore boat coming on board. "Nonsense," he exclaimed, "the Bishop is a thousand miles away!" However, I soon proved my identity, and was most warmly welcomed with an offer of a passage to Mombasa on the following day, of which I gladly availed myself.

At 8.30 on Sunday morning April 5, we dropped anchor in Mombasa harbour. At once we went on shore just in time for the morning service. A happy service it was of thanksgiving and Communion.

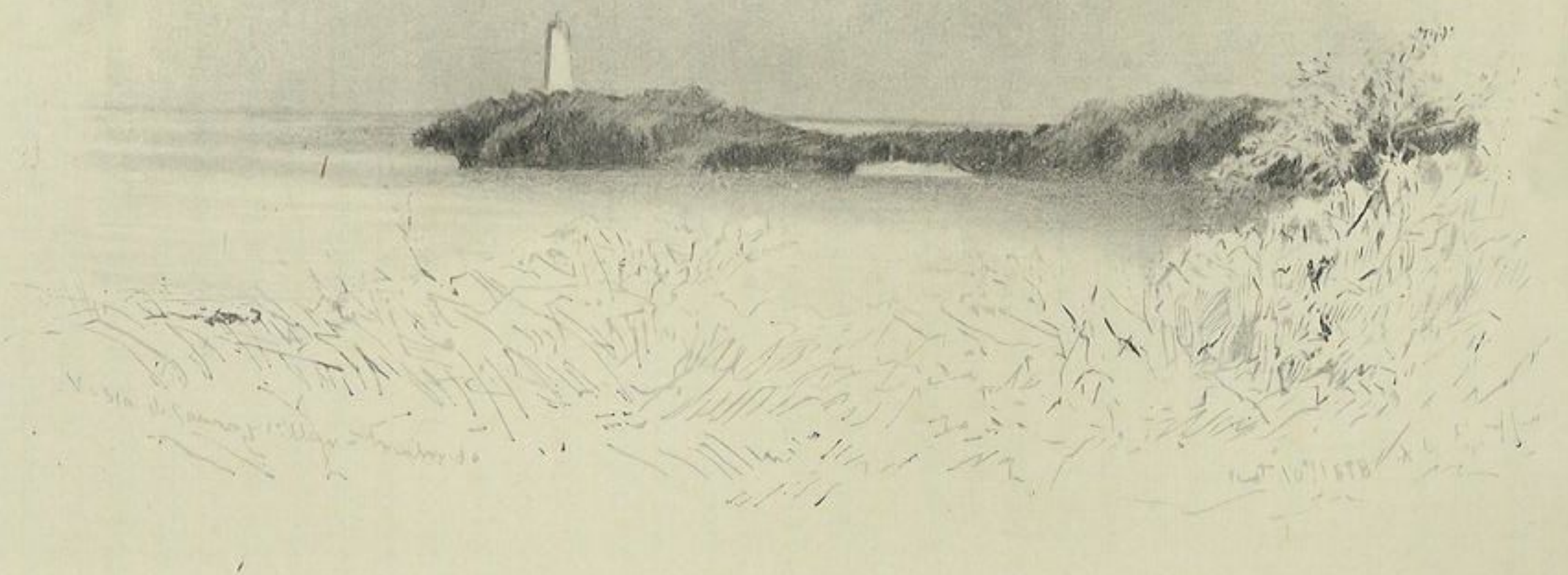
On the way down country, as we toiled along, visions of rest would occasionally occupy the mental retina. How delightful on reaching the coast to be able to take it easy for a little while! Instead of getting up at four o'clock one need not rise till six. And then for a while there will be no more tramping, no more of the suffocating heat of the jungle and the long grass but rest—rest—rest! Alas! for human weakness and the

vanity of human hopes! No sooner were my loads unpacked than a message came from Jilore, near Malindi, to say that both Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Smith were seriously ill—the former with blackwater fever. Dr. Edwards at once volunteered to go to their assistance, and as I was anxious to see something of the work at Jilore, I decided to accompany him. The administrator, Mr. G. Mackenzie, very kindly lent us the S.S. *Henry Wright*, which some twelve months before had been purchased from the Mission by the Company. We made a night voyage of it, starting at five o'clock in the evening and arriving at Malindi a little while before daybreak. As the monsoon was with us, our passage was a fairly comfortable one.

Malindi is an open Arab town, with a few stone houses, which are whitewashed, and a large number of mud huts, roofed with the leaves of palm-trees (makuti). Its ancient foundation is attested by Vasco da Gama's pillar, which stands, like a sentinel, on a point at the southern extremity of the bay.

The Liwali (governor) greeted us very kindly and promised to get us porters without delay. It was past ten, however, before we got off. An eighteen-mile tramp was before us. The first part of the journey lay through cocoanut plantations; the sun was hot, and the air still and close. At midday we halted for lunch. Alas! our men were nowhere to be seen. We waited and waited, but in vain. At length we were reduced to the necessity of begging some food at a cottage hard by. They gave us a fowl and a little rice. The latter we cooked in a native pot, and the former we broiled over the fire on sticks. Just as we had finished our men turned up.

It was now hopeless to expect to get in before dark. However, we stuck to our task. Night fell upon us in



VASCO DA GAMA'S PILLAR, MALINDI

the forest and progress became slow and difficult. At length a light was seen a little way ahead at the bottom of a steep declivity. We blundered down and found ourselves in the midst of a camp of Baluchi soldiers. The river was just beyond. We were told that it was utterly impossible to cross until the morning as it was in flood. The Mission station was only half an hour further on. There there was food and shelter; here there was none. However, we were compelled to make the best of it. I made my bed on a sort of reed shelf in a grass-thatched shed, and Dr. Edwards found his resting-place on some sacks of meal. About midnight a heavy downpour of rain roused us from our slumbers. The roof leaked like a sieve. The rest of the night was spent under an umbrella.

At the first streak of dawn we called up our men and made a move towards the river. It was fordable, we were told, but no one would lead the way. The river it was pleaded, was swarming with crocodiles. "There is one," was shouted as we reached the bank. And, sure enough, there was an immense creature right in front of us. The stream was swiftly gliding past on its way from the Sabaki to the great backwater. Here and there were trunks of trees being carried along by the swift-flowing current. And there, breasting the tide and apparently immovable, was the largest crocodile I had ever seen. We called for a rifle, but before it could be brought the creature had disappeared. However, we fired in the hope of frightening it, or any others which might be in the neighbourhood.

We asked the natives to lead the way across the ford, which they knew well. They one and all flatly and promptly declined. They shivered at the very thought. There was nothing for it but for us to go to the front, although knowing absolutely nothing of the

ford. We were soon stripped and, with a stick in each hand—one, with which to feel our way along the bottom, and the other, to beat the water—we slowly advanced, the natives following closely behind. The water in places was up to our armpits. It was a strange procession! With our followers splashing and shouting with all their might, we passed through in safety, and reclothed ourselves on the further bank. Half an hour later we were at the Mission station. We found Mr. and Mrs. Smith rapidly improving, but the doctor felt it imperative that they should at once be removed to Mombasa. It was therefore arranged to start the next morning. In the meanwhile, I was able to look round the Mission. A little community, I found, was rapidly springing up round the station, and several men and women were under daily instruction with a view to baptism. A school was in full swing, worked by native teachers from Freretown. It was truly delightful to hear the hum of children's voices as they conned their lessons, and then to see them burst forth to their play, and romp as only African children can, was a sight to be remembered.

Everything seemed to promise well. But the mosquitoes! They were simply a terror. One could only marvel at the endurance of our devoted workers who so uncomplainingly submitted to the torture which must be their nightly lot, and thank God for such Missionaries.

The journey back to Malindi occupied the whole of the following day. We found the *Henry Wright* with steam up, and just before sunset anchor was weighed.

But how shall I describe the horrors of that night? It passes the power of language. Bravely the little boat battled against wind and wave. Now plunging down into the trough of the sea—now being swept from

stem to stern as she rose to meet the oncoming surge. At one time her screw revolving in mid air as though it would fly into atoms; at another labouring in the swell and rush of the waters. It seemed as though the elements must gain the victory and we be driven back. But no! slowly we won our way, and at dawn found ourselves within sight of Mombasa and at eleven o'clock were safely anchored in the untroubled waters of the land-locked harbour.

The remainder of my time, previous to the departure of the mail for England, by which I had arranged to travel, was taken up with a visit to Rabai, a conference with Missionaries and a general looking into things.

One of the most interesting features of the revived work in Mombasa was the commencement of a hospital just outside the town. Through the kind offices of Sir C. Euan Smith, the Sultan of Zanzibar had presented the Church Missionary Society with a large shamba or plantation of cocoanut palms. Here, Dr. Edwards had begun to build wards for the sick and also a house for the doctor. One felt thankful that at last a definite effort was being made to reach the thousands of Mohammedans of one of the most bigoted towns on the east coast of Africa, who, humanly speaking, can be reached in no other way than by a medical Mission.

On April 27, I embarked on board the good ship *Ethiopia* for England. Thus twelve months of almost incessant toil but of deep joy, of no less deep sorrow and of mercies innumerable, came to an end.

Gradually the low-lying coast faded from sight in the haze of evening. The sun went down, and in the full sweep of the south-west monsoon we were borne upon our way to the homeland.

CHAPTER XIII

UGANDA SAVED

'He hushed the storm to a gentle whisper
And the billows kept silence.'

PSALM cvii. 29. WELLHAUSEN.

THE white cliffs of old England never gleamed brighter, nor did the hedgerows and gardens of Sussex and Kent ever look fresher, or sweeter, in their tender spring foliage, than on that sunny afternoon in May (23rd) when with long journeyings over for a time, London with all its hurly-burly, and rush and turmoil of life, was reached.

The first few weeks after my return were occupied with urgent appeals on behalf of the infant Church of Uganda. A meeting of welcome in Exeter Hall on June 2, organised by the Church Missionary Society offered an opportunity not to be lost. A great gathering of warm-hearted friends of the cause of Missions came together to hear of the wonders of God's grace wrought in the far-off country of Uganda. Hearts were stirred, and no fewer than seventy offers of service resulted from that and similar appeals made at Cambridge, Birmingham, and other great centres. Things were looking bright and hopeful for the days to come, when all at once came a "bolt from the blue." The "Company" it was rumoured was about to retire from their position in Uganda. Instant inquiry resulted in the confirmation of our worst fears. The Board of

Directors had apparently been disappointed in their expectation of Government assistance in their enterprise. Their application for a guaranteed interest on the capital needed for the construction of a railway into the interior, had been unsuccessful. Hitherto the shareholders had taken out their dividends in philanthropy. This, however, could not last. Expenses were increasing by "leaps and bounds." The occupation of Uganda especially was a heavy drain on limited resources. Retrenchment was absolutely necessary. Uganda must go! It was true that a treaty had been entered into with the king and chiefs, by which in a very solemn fashion the Company's protection was guaranteed. It was equally true that the abandonment of Uganda would in all probability involve the destruction of the work of the Mission, and imperil the lives of all the Missionaries. The Arab power would once more reassert itself, and slave raiding and trading, with all its attendant horrors, would flourish again as in the old days. The directors acknowledged that such would doubtless be the result of the withdrawal of their representatives and forces. But they pleaded that there was no alternative. It was with them purely a question of £ *s. d.* If the Government would assist them—they would stay. If not, withdrawal was the only course, as they were at the end of their resources. It soon became quite clear that nothing was to be expected from the Government. A meeting of the Board of Directors was held, the result of which was the despatch of an order to Captain Lugard to withdraw.

Instant action was necessary if a terrible disaster was to be averted. The Government disclaimed all responsibility. What was to be done? We seemed to be in a position of utter helplessness. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." In His good providence an

effectual course of action was already shaping itself. Together with several warm friends of the Mission and one of the secretaries of the C.M.S. I was staying at a country house in the Highlands, when to our great delight it was told us that Sir William Mackinnon's yacht was steaming up the loch. He was coming to call on our host. It was not long before the subject of the crisis in Uganda was under discussion. Sir William explained to us the situation, and showed us how utterly impossible it was for the Company, in the then condition of its finances, to continue without assistance its hold upon Uganda. And then came a definite proposal. "Uganda is costing us £40,000 a year," he said. "Help us to raise a sum of £30,000 and we will undertake to continue in the country for at least another year. If you will raise fifteen thousand pounds I will myself give £10,000 and will try to raise another £5000 amongst my friends." This was our first gleam of hope. Time, we felt, was everything. Public opinion must be aroused. The case for the retention of Uganda, we felt, was overwhelmingly strong. Of the facts and merits of the case the general public knew nothing. Information must be spread abroad. For this, time was everything.

It was of course impossible to apply any portion of the funds of the C.M.S. to such a purpose as that suggested by Sir W. Mackinnon. A special appeal was therefore prepared, and circulated amongst the friends of the Mission. The Committee met, and the situation was discussed at length. A memorial to Her Majesty's Government was adopted. Then came the ever memorable meeting of the Gleaners' Union on October 30, when, in response to an earnest appeal and a plain statement of the case—the nearness and greatness of the peril—the friends of the Church Missionary Society rose to the occasion, and by their self-sacrifice, and self-denial

practically saved Uganda. "One friend present offered £5000, another wrote "my four freehold plots of ground shall be given for Christ—a gold watch—a bag of rupees, a promise of £500, and several others of from £50 downwards, were among the other gifts." Altogether, more than £8000 was subscribed that night. Before a fortnight had elapsed the £15,000 was raised, and a telegram was sent by the directors to Mombasa to be forwarded to Uganda, by special runners, countermanding the order for withdrawal.

Breathing-time was thus gained and an opportunity offered of enlightening and shaping public opinion, of which it stood greatly in need. Into this most necessary work public men, of all schools of thought, both in Church and State, who had any knowledge at all of the subject flung themselves with an enthusiasm and ardour which boded well for the results. Church conferences passed resolutions—the Presbyterian bodies in Scotland empowered their conveners to sign memorials—protesting against the proposed abandonment, chambers of commerce and the various geographical societies expressed very decided opinions.

But perhaps the most striking feature in this expression of national feeling was the way in which men of opposite political opinions came together upon one common platform, for the purpose of strengthening the hands of the Government, and of protesting against what (it was felt) would be little less than a national disaster and dishonour. Such a representative gathering was that held in Durham on Nov. 2, 1891. "Never," for so runs the record in the local paper—"in the modern annals of the city of Durham has such an assemblage been seen as that which filled the Town Hall under the presidency of the Mayor. The unique feature of the meeting was its universally representative character.

The whole city was there in person or by representation. Every shade of theology, every political colour might be seen side by side, both on the platform and in the hall. The Mayor was supported on one side by the Unionist Dean, on the other by the Gladstonian M.P. Canons of the Cathedral, Nonconformist Ministers and parochial clergy were side by side. The President of the Conservative association jostled the leading Radical. University Dons and city tradesmen sat in the same benches."

Never for a generation had the heart of England been so stirred as at this particular juncture. It was not merely that a band of Missionaries in the centre of Africa was in danger—it was not that the results of years of self-sacrificing Missionary work would be lost—it was not a feeling that a great opportunity for the amelioration of the condition of the long downtrodden races of darkest Africa would be thrown away—nor was it even the thought of the opening up of markets for the products of Manchester and Birmingham, which gave vitality and force to the remarkable expression of public opinion which characterised the autumn of 1892. Each and all of these considerations had weight, no doubt, with different sections of the people. But with the great mass of the population it was a conviction that the national honour was bound up with the retention of Uganda, and that at whatever cost England's plighted word must not be broken, which gave such point and power to protest and representation, and which led ultimately to a reconsideration of the whole subject by Her Majesty's Government—an interesting instance of Government being led by people rather than people by Government.

During the earlier stages of the discussion of this great question—a question in which were involved (though

few realised it then) the issues of the imperial idea which has since taken such a hold upon the national mind, Lord Salisbury was in office. It was clear that whilst he was in hearty sympathy with us in our view of things, he was hardly in a position to pledge himself to any particular line of action. A general election was impending, and it was extremely doubtful what the result of an appeal to the country would be. I was, however, particularly anxious that this retention of Uganda should not become a party question. The future of slavery in Central Africa was bound up with it. Whatever Government was in power would have a responsibility with regard to it of the gravest character—a responsibility which could not die with an outgoing Government, but which would be inherited by any succeeding one. With the object, therefore, of lifting the whole subject above the sphere of party politics I put myself in communication with Mr. Gladstone, at whose request I submitted my views in writing. The result was that I received from him an assurance that "so far as he and his own immediate followers were concerned (for others he was unable to answer) the subject would not be dealt with on party lines." It is true that on more than one occasion after this pledge had been given Mr. Gladstone spoke—and that strongly—against the proposed retention of Uganda, but it is equally true that he never voted against it. On the motion for the sum needed for the railway—a motion on which the whole question was fully discussed—whilst speaking vigorously against the proposal, he declined to vote either way and walked out of the House.

I am aware that a charge of depending on the "arm of flesh" has been made by certain "critics of acridity," in consequence of the strong line taken by myself, and other friends of the Mission as to the responsibility of

the Government at this critical juncture. But no charge could be more unfounded. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that in the whole history of Christian Missions, that in Uganda stands out beyond all others in almost solitary grandeur, as a venture of simple faith and trust in the Great Unseen Head of the Church.

When in 1876 the challenge to Christian England to enter Uganda with a view to its evangelisation was accepted by the Church Missionary Society, there were those who protested. They declared that it was "too much of a venture of faith—that to plunge a thousand miles into the interior of Africa, into regions almost unknown and utterly savage, with practically no material backing, was rashness beyond all precedent." But the answer given then, and subsequently, when from time to time similar criticisms were indulged in, was the simple statement "the ear of faith has heard the call of God and obedience demands that, at whatever cost, the venture be made."

The venture was made. Missionaries from time to time went forth carrying their lives in their hands, knowing what the risks were, and prepared to face them without looking for protection from any earthly power. No one for a moment thought of appealing to the British Government when Shergold Smith and O'Neill were murdered on the island of Ukerewe, or when Bishop Hannington was done to death in Busoga, or when, during the persecution, the Missionaries lived in constant peril, or at the time when, stripped of all their property, their houses burnt or destroyed, they were ultimately driven from the country. All this was regarded as part and parcel of that treatment which every Missionary who ventures into savage or uncivilised lands must be prepared to endure. It was endured, and that without complaint.

But how came it to pass that that which could be faced without a murmur in 1888 must be protested against in 1891? If an appeal to Government was wrong in the earlier circumstances what made it right and proper at the later period? It was the appearance upon the scene in 1890 of the British Government as represented by the I.B.E.A. Company. By treaty with Germany Uganda had been recognised as a sphere of British influence. Her Majesty's Government had delegated its powers of influence and functions of Government to the "Company" by the grant of a Royal Charter. Under its terms Captain Lugard entered Uganda in December 1890, and concluded a treaty with the king and chiefs, by which the protection of the Company was solemnly pledged. It was this act and this instrument which altered the whole complexion of affairs. When Messrs. Jackson and Gedge entered the country in the spring of 1890, the only party in the State that welcomed them, was that attached to the Anglican Mission. When Captain Lugard arrived it was still the same—suspicion and distrust from all but the Protestants and from them a warm welcome. They not only accepted the treaty proposed by Lugard, but exerted all their influence in order to procure its acceptance by the king, and also by the Roman Catholic and Mohammedan parties. The result of this was that they were compromised in the eyes of their fellow countrymen. They were henceforth identified with the British name and power. By siding with the "Company" and its representatives they incurred the hatred and hostility of all the other parties in the State.

It was in these circumstances and within six months of the solemn execution of this treaty that the "Company" proposed to leave the country, and abandon to their fate those who had trusted them and identified

themselves, at the peril of their lives, with its interests.

It will thus be clear that the case for an appeal to the British Government was not one for the protection of the Missionaries. It is true that their lives were in danger and that on the departure of the "Company's" forces they would probably share the fate of their adherents. This fact was made known to the Government, as one of the considerations to be borne in mind, but it never constituted the main ground of appeal. That was an appeal for righteous dealing with the Baganda. It seemed to us that a plain breach of faith was contemplated in the proposed abandonment of Uganda and its people. It was, we held, not open to the Government, after having through their agents compromised, in the eyes of all the hostile parties in Uganda, the adherents of the Anglican Mission, to abandon them to their destruction. The "Company" was doing the work of the Imperial Government, and that Government, it seemed to us, was as much responsible for the action of those to whom in Uganda they had delegated their authority as they would be for the action of their servants in Downing Street. They were therefore bound, we contended, by every consideration of good faith, honour, justice, and righteousness to fulfil the pledges made by their agents.

It was this view of the case, without question, which prevailed, and which led ultimately to the shouldering by Great Britain of the "White Man's burden" in Uganda, and the redemption of those pledges, a violation of which would have been not merely a national dishonour, but a national disaster because a dishonour.

It was not a faithless fear lest the strong right arm of Him who in the days of persecution and trial had preserved us and our work, should fail us, that moved us to

take the line we did in this controversy. It was a strong conviction that having a special and peculiar knowledge of the facts of the case, it was our plain and simple duty to make them known, and to say without reserve what we believed would in the natural course of events be the result—bloodshed and anarchy—of withdrawal from Uganda. We felt

'At least that silence here were sin.'

There was also a feeling of jealousy for the honour of the nation, and the good faith of our fellow countrymen that led us to protest against the violation of the terms of a treaty while yet the ink was still fresh upon it. We dared not

'Even by silence sanction it.'

Our faith in Him who had sent us forth with the promise of His Presence, and the assurance of His blessing was never stronger than in the dark days of 1891 and 1892, when the fate of Uganda was trembling in the balance. All were prepared to share the lot of their converts, whatever it might be. Their attitude of mind was that of the Psalmist:

'The Lord of Hosts is with us.
The God of Jacob is our Refuge.'

Happily there were men in the councils of the nation who, realising that "the path of duty is the way to glory" "dared to make a stand for the right" and—Uganda was saved.

'Some love England and her honour yet.'

BOOK III

CRISES—POLITICAL AND SPIRITUAL

CHAPTER XIV

AFRICA ONCE MORE

'A man that looks on glasse
On it may stay his eye,
Or, if he pleaseth through it passe
And then the heaven espie.'

GEORGE HERBERT.

WHILST these discussions were taking place in England events were marching forward in Africa. It was evident that a speedy return to the field was necessary. Preparations were soon made, and on December 2 I left London, after an eventful five months' sojourn in the homeland; and three weeks later found myself once more in Mombasa. 23 Dec 1891

2nd Term

There travelled with me a goodly reinforcement of Missionaries—six men and three ladies. Five men under the leadership of Mr. Ashe had already preceded us. Thus within six months fourteen fresh workers were added to the staff already in the field—a happy augury of a harvest of souls at the due time of reaping.

Before starting for Uganda I was anxious to visit Chagga and Jilore and also to organise, if possible, an effective Mission in the town of Mombasa. Six months at least would be required for this work. In the intervals of travel it would be possible to perfect the

arrangements for the journey to Uganda, which I proposed should be by the northern road *via* Kikuyu Kavirondo and Busoga.

On January 24 I held my sixth Ordination, when Crabtree, England and Burt were ordained—the two former to Deacon's Orders and the latter to Priest's Orders.

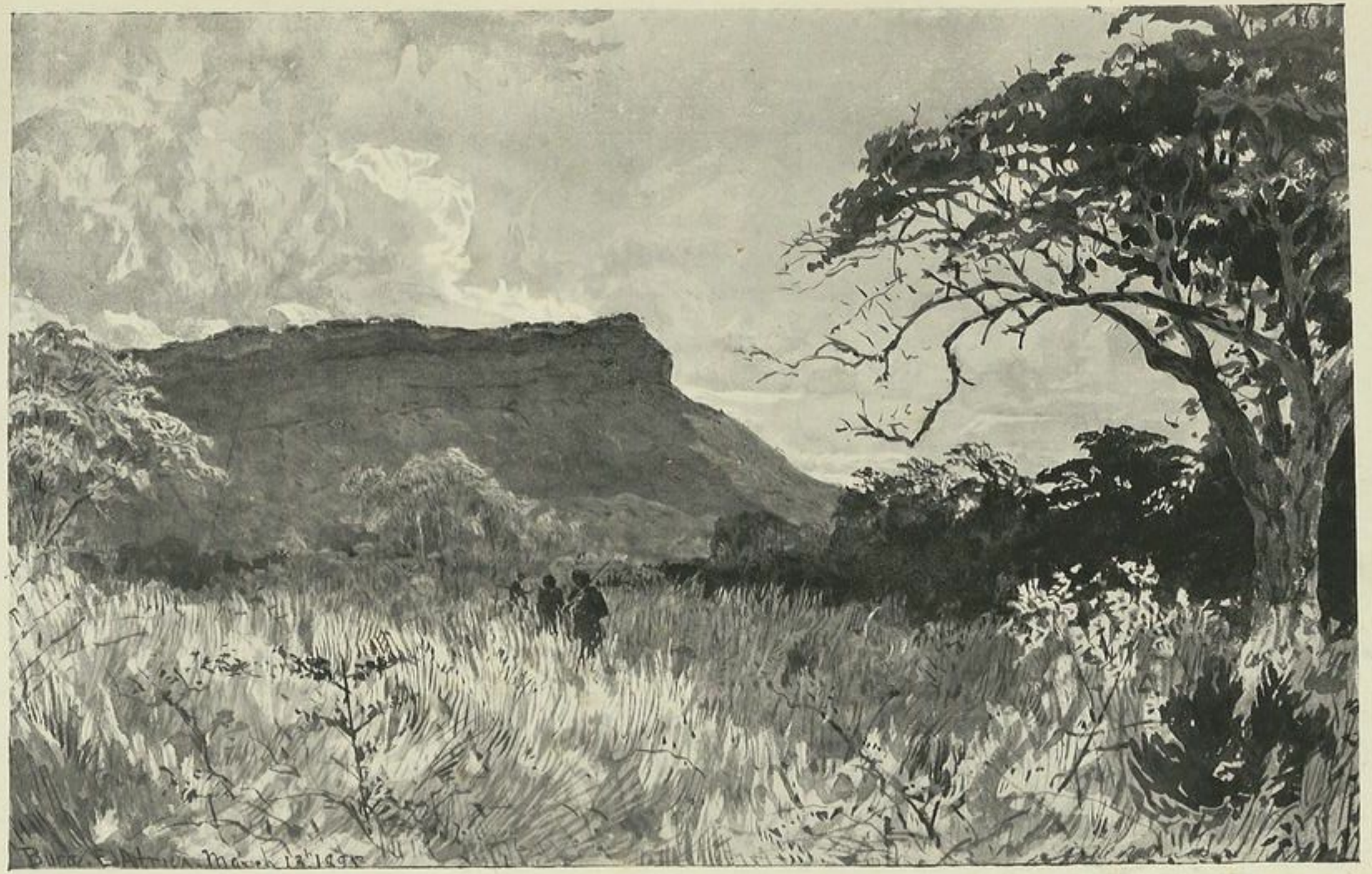
The day following Mr. Binns and I started from Freretown on our way to Chagga, some two hundred miles in the interior. At Rabai, our caravan was got together and final preparations made.

Marching through the coast districts is not an exhilarating exercise. The air is heavy with a close, damp heat. Of shade there is little or none. The soil is sandy and reflects the blazing rays of the noonday sun so painfully, at times, that one longs for a few minutes' respite—if only from the veil of some passing cloud. Sometimes it is vouchsafed, and the relief is indescribable.

After leaving Samburu, thirty miles from Rabai, our path led us on to higher ground and the air became much fresher and more invigorating, so that we marched with a fair amount of enjoyment.

On January 29 we reached the Taro rocks on the borders of the much-dreaded desert. From Taro to Maungu, the next camping-place, a distance of forty miles, there was no water to be found, except in the rainy season. It was therefore necessary to cook before starting, and to carry as much water with us as possible. Happily we found the rock holes at Taro fairly full, and the water in tolerable condition.

It was a dreary march across the desert. We started at 3 A.M. and till the dawning of the day tramped without intermission. Occasionally we heard the weird cry of some night bird or the gruesome yell of a hyena. But otherwise all was still. From time to time, however,



BURA, BRITISH EAST AFRICA

the leading porter would give warning, with a sharp word or two, as to a hole in the path or the stump of a tree which might trip the unwary. But this only served to make the silence of the solitude around the more impressive. At sunrise a short halt was made, and then on we went again until our camping-place was reached. A meal, a rest, a sleep, and then on again until at length, eleven and a half hours of tramping over, Maungu was reached. The last hour of the march had been a very trying one. The sun was overpoweringly hot and the path most eccentric in its windings. At one moment the sun was full on our faces—a few minutes later it was almost on our backs—so much had the path changed its course. There was no possibility of cutting across the diameter of the curves. Thick thorn bushes lined the path on either side. All this while our course was trending upward, until, as we drew near our goal, it became a stiff climb, so steep, indeed, that many a half-exhausted porter broke down completely.

Our surroundings at Maungu were wonderfully beautiful. The vegetation was most luxurious. The *Euphorbia candelabra* was abundant, whilst the larger forest trees were numerous and grand. Our view in one direction was bounded by the Teita Hills, in the other, dimly through the haze we discerned the Ukambani mountains, far, far away. Immediately between us was the waste of the Taro plain, over which we had so recently passed; stunted thorn bush, and dry and scorched grass, were its most conspicuous features. Of animal life there seemed to be literally nothing.

The next day we pursued our way towards the Teita hills. The scenery, as we passed round their base, was very grand. Some of the crags rose to a height of something like 1500 ft. above the level of the plain,

and in some places the summit overhung the base. Our camping-place was a very dream of beauty. As there was an abundance of water, animal and bird-life was very apparent. We could see the monkeys playing in the branches of the trees, and hawks wheeling about in the air above, told of the presence of smaller birds invisible to us.

One very striking fact connected with this part of the country which we noticed was, that though we had marched nearly a hundred miles from the coast, we had not seen a single native hut. We had passed through the cultivated fields of the people, but the houses were all high up among the hills, or hidden away in the forests. Fear was no doubt the cause of this. Fear of the Masai; fear of the Wakamba; fear of the Wataveta. In Africa one tribe fears the other, and tries as far as possible to live out of sight, in the most inaccessible places possible. Of course, this makes Missionary work very difficult, and itineration very arduous and exhausting for the Missionary. Since the government of the country has passed into the hands of Great Britain, and English officials are responsible for its peace, there is a very marked tendency on the part of the people to come down nearer to the valleys than formerly. This tendency, as time goes on, will become more marked, until, ultimately, the valleys will become the centres of population, and in God's time, of Christian teaching.

The Wateita are not an attractive race. They are extremely dirty, ill-formed and ill-featured. Their hard life among the hills and their struggle for existence seem to have crushed and weighed them down in the scale of humanity. There is a cowed and hopeless look about them which is inexpressibly touching and piteous. Our Mission amongst them had hitherto done little

beyond dispelling fear and inspiring confidence. This, however, was no small achievement. It was one due to the patient continuance of Mr. Wray in his work among them, in the face of great discouragement.

The Mission house was high above our encampment—some 800 or 1000 ft. As the work had for a season been suspended, we refrained from climbing the hill, preferring to do so on our return journey.

On February 4 we left our camp at Mitate and commenced to climb the hills which shut us out from the Serengete plain, on the further side of which lay Taveta. The views were glorious. The mists rolling about the crags and mountain peaks gave a mystery to the scene which, to our imagination, heightened the grandeur of our surroundings. The air was cool and bracing, and one felt as though treading the moors and fells of the "North Countrie" in the dear homeland. On descending into the valley we came upon streams of water, and rich vegetation, in the shape of tall grasses eight feet high, banana trees, and sugar-canes. Binns had gone on in front, and I followed by tracing his footmarks. Especially I noted that when the paths divided he had taken the one to the left. Unfortunately I failed to see that after traversing this path for some little way he had turned back and taken the one to the right. I thus missed him, and for some time continued on the wrong path. Meeting some Wateita I inquired the way. At once, in the most friendly fashion they offered to guide me across the valley on to the right path. Unhappily they did not consider that I was not so lightly clad as themselves. Through reeds, brake and scrub we went, splashing through water and being drenched by the heavy dew resting on the tall grass which came down upon us like rain. Still we made our way in the right direction, until at

last, we came to a mass of jungle that seemed altogether impenetrable. But the natives were equal to the situation. They took out their knives, and in a few minutes had cut a way that brought us into the open and a few minutes later into the right path. Following this for a couple of miles I overtook my companion in travel, who I found was resting under the shade of a tree.

The day following, the moment came to which we had been looking forward for so long—our first sight of Kilimanjaro. Who can describe the scene which burst upon our view when, after an hour or two's walk in the early morning, we crested a hill and the plain of Serengete lay before us ?

It is almost impossible to picture such a scene of exquisite beauty in mere words. The blue azure of the sky, the last mists of night still clinging to the hill-sides, the gradations of distance as the foreground merged itself into middle space and one lap after another of the great plain (alive with game of infinite variety) trended away into what looked like fairyland itself painted with the purest tints of silver grey and gold. The whole, overlooked by the giant mass of Kilimanjaro itself, crowned with a glittering coronet of silver illumined by the rising sun, combined to form a picture of surpassing beauty and absolutely defying description —a picture that seemed to be more of heaven than of earth.

Throughout that and the following day, in ever-varying beauty, was this glorious vision before us: and then came one of those striking contrasts for which Africa is famed. The silver and the gold of Serengete were exchanged for the solemn brown and green of the deep, dark shadows and recesses of the great Taveta forest, with its giant trees and network of tropical

creeping plants. Blazing and blinding sunlight gave place to an almost dim twilight as we passed the fortified gates of the forest and found ourselves in the depths of its "imperial bowers." Grateful was the shade, but still more welcome was that rest which, after twelve days of incessant travelling, we found in the little grass hut which Steggall's thoughtful kindness had provided for us.

Steggall, the missionary in charge at Mochi, on Kilimanjaro, had been able, by periodical visits to Taveta, to gather around him a number of forest lads. In this work he had been greatly helped by a young man, who had come very closely in contact with him, and who, after a very thorough course of instruction, had embraced Christianity and been baptized. This youth, Yokana by name, it was my happy privilege to confirm at a special service on February 7.

The contrast between Yokana and his heathen friends and relations who hung about during the progress of the service was most striking. Here were a number of swaggering young warriors—naked—smeared from head to foot with an evil-smelling compound of grease and red earth—carrying shields and spears and in all their doings aping the manners and customs of the Elmoran of the Masai. Sensuality and self-indulgence were written large upon their every feature. And here was one clothed, and in his right mind—with something of heaven's sunshine shining in his soul and beaming out in happy joyous countenance. Yes! it is true—as the Bishop of Derry sings,

> 'Grace kindles a light on the dusky face—
> Wicked and gloomy the others were
> Here were peaceable kindly, fair
> Hopeful, innocent, strong and free—
> The change is a miracle plain to see!'

Such miracles, sight-gladdening to many a weary labourer, are the crown of all true Missionary effort—a blessed fulfilment of the Divine promise—"Greater works than these shall he do because I go unto my Father."

The temptation to visit the crater lake of Chala was too strong to be resisted. It was only some three hours away. Tuesday, February 9, was, therefore given up to this most interesting excursion. The Wataveta seemed to know very little about the lake, and to be very superstitious with regard to it. It is a remarkable sheet of water surrounded by a high wall of rock and without any apparent outlet. It is about two miles long, and whent he walls of rock cease to rise abruptly out of the water very steep banks clad with dense wood and jungle take their place. We had a magnificent view of Kilimanjaro as we stood upon the brink of the crater and looked across to the further side. But gradually the mists rolled their way across its flanks—rose higher and higher until at last Kibo, its highest point was lost to view.

On February 11 we left Taveta for Mochi. After breaking camp our way lay through a dense forest of the most wild and weird description. Trees a hundred feet high were all around us—some straight as a dart, others gnarled and twisted, interlaced with flowering creepers and india-rubber vines. Fallen trunks of trees spanned the numerous streams. By these we crossed. Very slippery they were, often necessitating feats that would have done no discredit to Blondin. At length we emerged from the forest and found ourselves once more on the open plains, bound for Kilimanjaro. There in front of us it lay in all its solemn grandeur as, some three hours later, we camped for the night.

On the following morning at 5.45 we were once more

KILIMANJARO, THE PEAK, KIBO

astir, and a steady climb brought us at about nine o'clock to the Mission station, where we were most warmly greeted by Dr. Baxter.

Mandara, King of Chagga, the troubler of the Mission in the early days of its history, was now dead. He was a man of great force of character, and shared with Mutesa of Uganda and Mirambo of Unyamwezi the reputation of being one of the greatest rulers of his day in Eastern Equatorial Africa. His son Meli, who had succeeded him, was from all accounts a poor weak creature, who was easily led by the more ardent and forceful characters about him. I was very anxious to make his acquaintance, and on Monday, February 15, accompanied by Dr. Baxter and Steggall, bent my steps towards his enclosure. I took with me as presents a suit of white drill, a couple of very gaudy Austrian blankets, a pair of shoes and a box of soap.

The king's palace was situated much lower down the mountain than the Mission station and on another hill—a deep valley lying between. The descent into this valley was very rugged and steep, but the ascent on the further side was fairly easy. On reaching the king's compound we halted, and a message was sent forward to say that we were waiting to see the king. In a few minutes our envoy returned, and informed us that Meli was too poorly to come to us but that we might go to him. We therefore advanced towards a low doorway which could only be entered on hands and knees. On making the passage we found ourselves within a smaller compound than the first containing a small house built in native fashion of mud, roofed with banana leaves. On entering we found the young king with a number of companions, young men about his own age sitting about him. He greeted us in a friendly fashion and seats were set for us. That assigned to me was a folding chair of a

very slender description. I sat down with forebodings of disaster. In a few minutes my worst fears were realised—smash went my chair and down I went to the ground. The fall, however, was an easy one, and I soon got a more substantial seat on the top of a box.

After exchanging greetings, Meli was anxious to know the news at the coast. He inquired whether I had heard anything of a supposed attempt by the Germans to depose him and generally to crush his people. I was able to calm his fears and to assure him that as long as he was loyal to the Germans so long he would be safe—that he might trust them entirely to deal fairly with him, but that any attempt to play them false would lead to nothing but disaster. I then passed to other topics and dwelt especially upon the object of our work—the welfare of his people in bringing them to a knowledge of Him whom truly to know is life eternal. My presents were produced and apparently gave great satisfaction. After a few more words our interview came to an end and we retired.

I was not particularly struck either with the king or his surroundings. He appeared to me to be an extremely weak character and to be more or less under the thumb of one or two of the senior young warriors about him. There was a squalor about the "palace" which told of drunkenness and debauchery. Not a single man impressed me with any feeling of confidence.

The day after our interview with the king we started on a three days' journey to Merangu, a State in an easterly direction, but still upon the mountain slopes. Our march was entirely by mountain paths over passes of the most romantic character. It was hard work for the porters—but they marched manfully. As we passed one ravine after another, and crossed innumerable streams rushing down the mountain side, we were able to

see something of the marvellous system of irrigation adopted by these mountaineers, which has made the slopes of Kilimanjaro a very garden of fertility. With great labour and infinite skill tiny watercourses have been cut in all directions on the mountain slopes. By this means the water, which would otherwise run to waste down rocky ravines, is drawn off and carried far and wide in its fertilising mission. The supply is shut off or turned on at will by means of floodgates and locks. Sometimes the water is carried over rock or deep depressions by means of tree trunks hollowed out so as to serve as pipes. The whole work is a marvel of skill and ingenuity—a triumph of patient labour.

We were most kindly and hospitably received by the French Fathers at Kilima. Nothing could exceed their courtesy and helpful kindness. They were not of the same society as the French Fathers in Uganda, and I may add were evidently of a different spirit. We greatly enjoyed our brief stay with them and parted with mutual expressions of respect and goodwill.

The main object of our journey was to visit Meliare the chief of Merangu. He received us kindly, and expressed a wish to be taught, promising a ready welcome to any Missionaries whom we might send. It was clear, however, that material good was the great advantage which he expected to derive from the presence of English Missionaries in his country. Feeling at any rate that we had paved the way for the entrance of the Gospel into the populous state of Merangu we thankfully went on our way to the German station and paid our respects to Baron Bülow, the Acting Commissioner. He showed us round the well-arranged station with its well-cultivated gardens. Nor did he neglect to point out the guard-rooms and gallows. The latter, from his own account, evidently played an important

part in the government of the Wamerungu and Wakilima.

On the 19th we retraced our steps to Mochi. The next day was Sunday—a day much to be remembered; when the first two converts were baptized. The service was a striking one. The first part took place in the Church, and it was there that I preached. Then the congregation adjourned to a large pool of water just outside the Church. This pool is formed by a stream having its source high up in the mountain side and for purposes of irrigation is conveyed by an artificial channel past and through the Mission premises. There, in the presence of the boys of the Mission, our men from Freretown, most of whom are Christians, and a number of the Wamochi—these two lads went down into the water and were baptized, receiving the names of Thomaso and Samwili. It was a touching scene and one that will never fade from my memory.

This brought our visit to Mochi to a close, and on the following morning (February 21) after bidding our brethren Mr. Steggall and Dr. Baxter farewell, we started on our return journey to the coast. On the 23rd we reached Taveta, and on the following day at 2 P.M. started on our way across the dry and parched plain of Serengete. Our march was entirely uneventful until just before camping for the night we met a caravan of Swahilis going towards Taveta. They were evidently traders, for their men who were mostly Wateita were laden with iron wire for barter with the Masai. They inquired as to there being any water ahead, and then we separated. Before dawn we were once more on our way; but two or three hours later we were overtaken by some of our Swahili acquaintances of the night before. They told a very startling story. It seems they were camped about an hour's march from us. Just before

sunrise, however, as they were preparing for the march, a great horde of at least a thousand Wateita came down upon them. Their porters being also Wateita at once threw down their loads and commenced an attack upon their masters. They were evidently in collusion with the enemy. Three men were killed almost immediately, and the Swahilis, seeing that they were hopelessly outnumbered, abandoned everything and sought safety in flight, and eventually with us. We told them of course that they might stay and journey on with us—a privilege of which they were not slow to avail themselves. The march was then resumed.

On March 4, we found ourselves once more at Rabai. Our journey from first to last had been an unqualified success. No accident—no sickness—no special difficulty had marred, or even dislocated, our plans. It was on this account the more distressing to find on our return to the coast, that nearly every one in the Mission had in turn been down with fever. Sadder than all was the news telling us—first that Redman, who had only recently started for Mamboya, had died on the hill of Ndumi near Sadaani, and then that Pratley had also passed away at Kisokwe. Thus within two short years no fewer than eight * of our little band of workers (of whom six were new men) had been taken from us by death.

The evangelisation of East Africa was indeed costing us dear. But the door had been flung wide open—the way was marked out for us clearly and distinctly—and above all there was the "beckoning hand." There could therefore be no hesitation—no drawing back—no doubt or fear. The promise could never fail of its fulfilment:

> 'In due season ye shall reap
> If ye faint not.'

* Cotter, Hill, Hunt, Dunn, Miss Fitch, Greaves, Redman and Pratley.

A very busy time at Mombasa and Freretown followed our return to the coast. The organisation of the new Mission on the island was the first work to be taken in hand. After diligent search three houses, all in the main street, were acquired. Alterations were soon taken in hand, and arrangements made for an early occupation. All this while the hospital buildings were making good progress under the wise and untiring supervision of Dr. Edwards.

Then came a call to Jilore on the Sabaki river. I had promised Douglas Hooper to hold a Confirmation there before starting for Uganda. Mrs. Hooper had been staying at Freretown for the benefit of her health. She and Burt who had also come down from Jilore to recruit, with Paulos, a catechist, were of the party that accompanied me as we embarked on board the S.S. *Juba* on March 25.

It so happened that some weeks previous to this two Galla girls—rescued slaves—had been handed over to the Mission for Christian training by the Administrator. The freedom papers of these girls were all in regular order. As they had never been subject to coast influence we considered that it would be a wise course to take them for their training to the Mission station at Jilore, which is altogether free from the evil of coast influences. They therefore were added to the party. About 10 A.M. we started and for a while all went well. But soon came a most unpleasant interruption to our quietude. It seems that there were a number of Somali chiefs on board. They had been to Zanzibar, to try to recover some blood money which they contended was due to them by certain individuals. They had failed in this, and were returning to Kismayu, and not in the best of tempers. Suddenly one of these men caught sight of the eldest of the Galla girls—almost a young woman—

and immediately claimed her as his slave. I was resting on the poop at the time and the representative of the I.B.E.A. Company at Kismayu, who was on board, came and called me. He told me that these Somalis were greatly excited and that there was nothing which so stirred them as questions affecting their slaves.

Of course a shauri (talk) was held immediately. The girl was brought and the Somali chiefs came to the conference. An interpreter was called, and the whole question was gone into. The girl without doubt had been a slave in the Somali country. She was stolen by an Arab named Abdullah, and shipped on board a dhow at Kismayu, for the Pemba slave market. However on the dhow appearing at Wanga it was seized and this girl released with papers of freedom bearing the seal of the I.B.E.A. Company. Of course with these papers in her possession no power on earth could make her a slave again. I therefore absolutely declined to give her up. The Company's representative was in a difficulty. He had to do with the Somalis, and was travelling with these men back to their country. Of course their excitement was most awkward for him. He told me that they were almost ready to put a knife into him. He therefore asked me whether I would allow him to take this girl on to Kismayu, he promising not to give her up unless he were satisfied that these men had a legal claim to her. To this proposition I gave an emphatic "No!" The girls had been entrusted to my care and it was absolutely impossible for me to give them up to any one. But I offered, if it would relieve him of his difficulties, to give these Somalis a written document to the effect that I had possession of these girls, and that when required by the Administrator I would produce them in open court. This offer was accepted, and at Malindi we all went on shore, I taking good care that

the Galla girls went in the same boat with me. I was determined not to lose sight of them. In the Company's office the paper was written out, and an hour or two later, after bidding good-bye to our fellow passengers, I started with Mrs. Hooper and the Galla girls for Jilore. I may add that these girls are now baptized Christians, and have been happily married.

My brief stay of some four days at this centre of Missionary work was a very happy one. The work at that time was not a large one, but an intensely real one. There had been gathered together a little band of as true, earnest and devoted Christians, as could be found in Africa. They were nearly all Wagiriama and had not been in contact with coast influences. There was a simplicity in their life and character which was very delightful.

1892 On Sunday, March 27, I held a Confirmation in the little church. There were ten candidates—five men and five women. They were all earnest and devout. I had talks with them the day previous and satisfied myself that they had all been thoroughly well taught. Mr. Hooper seemed to have poured out his whole soul in seeking to bring these souls to a full knowledge of the truth.

On Monday the 25th I examined the school in Scriptural knowledge and found that the instruction had been very thorough. Visits to the villages around took up the remainder of my time, and on Wednesday the 30th I said farewell to the little flock at Jilore and started on the return journey to Freretown, some seventy miles away. I was far from well. I looked forward to the tramp through the Giriama country with no little dread. The first four hours' march was accomplished without difficulty. A slight attack of fever then showed itself. It was evident that I must rest and yet equally

clear that I must get to Deida that night. I flung myself down under the shade of a tree—and drank freely from my water-bottle. Perspiration soon made its appearance and then came relief. Another struggle and Deida was happily reached at sundown.

A restless night followed and at dawn the journey was recommenced. The sun was very fierce, and as the path for a considerable distance ran through a leafless forest, where there was very little breeze and the path itself of soft white sand—the heat was almost intolerable. Painfully I dragged one foot after the other. The temptation to throw oneself down under the shade of the smallest bush was hard to resist. At last I said, "I will go no further until the sun has set." The awning of my tent was put up and under its grateful shade I spent the day. My resting time, however, was not an altogether pleasant one. Every now and again I was roused by drunken men passing by. We were on the high road to Rabai, where and in the surrounding districts, an immense number of cocoanut palms are grown. From these an intoxicating drink called "Tembo" is made. This drink is in great demand in the Giriama country and is one of its great curses. Men carry into Rabai immense gourds filled with Indian corn. They exchange this for "Tembo" and carry it back to their villages often thirty or forty miles away. Drunkenness is to be seen all along the road. I saw several men lying helpless by the wayside. I was told that not long before a man thus lying helplessly drunk in the road was attacked by a little army of biting ants called "siafu." They got into his ears, his nostrils, and his eyes, and ultimately picked his bones after they had killed him. A more terrible death it is impossible to imagine. It is to be hoped that this native drink traffic may ere long come under Government control.

Towards sunset I gave the order to pack, and as the sun went down the moon rose so that we were able to prolong the march until 8 o'clock P.M. At 2.30 A.M. we were once more on the move. I was determined to do no more marching under such a scorching sun. The men grumbled a little at being disturbed so early; but I knew that when the sun was up, they would be very thankful that the march was over. And so it proved. For five hours we tramped. Gradually the darkness grew less, and signs of dawn appeared. Then uprose the sun, but before it had much power the march was over and we were comfortably encamped on a shady hill with a pleasant breeze blowing in our faces. There we stayed till 4 P.M. when we started once more. At six o'clock we were at Rabai, and two hours later at the landing-place on the creek where the boat which was to take us up to Freretown was waiting for us. We at once embarked and before midnight our journeying was over, and wearied mind and body were wrapped in deep, calm sleep.

CHAPTER XV

OUTBREAK IN UGANDA

'On the Gold Coast of Africa, the clouds are said to be the Creator's veil; the stars the jewels on his face.'—MAX MULLER.

IN the midst of all the journeying and pressure of work incidental to the development and extension of the Mission in the coast districts, one's thoughts often turned to Uganda and its people. One knew that the situation was full of peril. The struggle between the French and English parties for the supreme power in the country was still going on. Intrigue was the order of the day. The British Government had not yet declared itself. That very uncertainty was one of the great elements of danger. The future was *all* unknown. For many weeks there had been no news from Uganda. The mails were few and far between. What tidings would the next one bring was a question often in one's thoughts.

1892 Thursday, April 21, was a day much to be remembered. It was ushered in by heavy storms of rain. No early morning service was held. The weather was too rough. The temperature fell to 75°. "Ware" chill and fever! It was a day for wraps and closed windows. At 3 P.M. the weather cleared, and shortly after the sound of footsteps and the warning "hodi!" told of the arrival of a visitor. It was Captain Eric Smith of the Life Guards.* He had come over from Mombasa with a message from the Administrator, Mr. Berkeley. Alarm-

* Now Colonel Eric Smith, C.B.

ing intelligence, it seems, had reached him to the effect that war had broken out in Uganda, and that Ashe and young De Winton had been killed. Mwanga was said to be in Budu, collecting an army with which to attack the capital, which was still in the hands of the Company. The road to the coast by way of Busoga was blocked. This was the gist of the Administrator's message. To say that it was alarming was to say little. It filled one with dismay. The conviction that nothing could be done only increased one's sense of anxiety. If one could but have started for Uganda, the relief would have been indescribable, but it was impossible. Of porters there were none. There was no hope of starting until June at the earliest. In the meanwhile what of the Mission and the Missionaries? Where were they? Alive or dead? What of the converts—the little flock—the work? Had everything gone to wreck and ruin? These were some of the questions which forced themselves irresistibly into one's mind, during the waiting time which followed Captain Smith's visit.

1892.

In a few weeks came the relief of knowing that the report of the death of Ashe and De Winton was false. War it is true, had broken out, but it was practically over. The capital was safe—the Missionaries were alive and well. Mwanga—the king—however was a fugitive. He, it seems, had cast in his lot with the French party, and had taken refuge with them in Budu. The situation was full of anxiety, but unquestionably the Company's forces and the English party were the victors, and the masters of the situation.

It is not difficult, at this distance of time, to get a clear and dispassionate view of this critical period in the history of the making of Uganda. Disputes have died out and passions have cooled. The air has been so cleared of the fogs of misunderstanding and misrepre-

sentation, that it is tolerably easy to see the facts which sixteen years ago, party strife and political rancour hid from our view.

One result of this is that the action of the prime mover in the events of January 1892 stands out to-day before the world fully and completely vindicated. I refer to Capt Lugard. His position was an extremely difficult one. He had to reconcile conflicting interests—to compose the jealousies of the various parties in the State—to uphold the authority of the Company—to see that justice was done as between man and man, party and party, and above everything to preserve the peace of the country. How he performed his task is now a matter of history. I myself have never wavered in the opinion that there are very few men, situated as he was, who would have acquitted themselves as he did—in circumstances of trial and difficulty sufficient to daunt the bravest—with courage—in the midst of perplexities and entanglements in which few men could have steered a true course—with wisdom—with regard to all that was right and just—with general steadfastness of purpose and aim which seldom wavered, however tempting the allurements to turn aside to meet the exigencies of the moment.

Opinion on Lugard's action

The troubles which came to a head in January 24, had long been brewing. French and Roman Catholic ascendency in Uganda was the fixed aim of the French priests. They were determined in one way or another to bring it about. In May 1891 the Mohammedans were defeated and the Protestant power was the only obstacle which stood between the Frenchmen and the realisation of their hopes. That the removal of this obstacle was the cardinal point in their policy was revealed by Père Achte in a letter written at this particular juncture, and published in Europe. "The fight with the Mohamme-

1892.

dans was hardly over," he wrote, "before it became needful to begin another and far more arduous battle with the Protestants. It seemed to us to be the most opportune time to make an energetic forward movement towards the extension of Catholicism; and stirring up the dogmatic zeal of the Catholic chiefs, I shall inspire the Catholic army with courage."

The forward movement was undertaken—arms were smuggled into the country, hidden away in bales of calico. The king was won over—the army worked up to the requisite pitch of courage—all was ready—a pretext alone was needed—a spark with which to light the train. In such circumstances an explosion could not long be delayed.

Lugard saw what was coming, and strove his utmost to avert the catastrophe. He even went so far as to appeal to Mgr. Hirth the French Bishop, begging him to do his utmost to influence his followers in the direction of peace. But in vain. It is not too much to say that the question of peace or war was actually in the Bishop's hands—a word from him, and war was impossible. It was never spoken, and so events moved on to their final issue and the crash came.

On January 22nd, a Protestant was murdered in the streets of Mengo in open daylight. Justice was demanded—and refused. Lugard took the matter up. He was insulted, defied and threatened. It was evident that the French party had made up its mind for war. An attack might be made at any moment. It was essential that measures should be taken to secure the position of the Company and the safety of the European Missionaries. Arms and ammunition were served out to the most trustworthy of the English adherents and protection offered to the Missionaries of both Missions. So confident were the French priests of the issue of the

impending conflict that the proffered shelter of the Fort was declined. It was there however that the English Missionaries found a refuge.

The fight began by an attack upon the Katikiro's men who were gathered on the lower slopes of the hill of Mengo. The English party replied by an offensive movement in the direction of Rubaga. The rattle of musketry soon became general and from one point and another, flames burst forth as the French forces were driven from their position. Clouds of smoke obscured the landscape and prevented any general view of the operations being obtained. It was clear, however, that an attack upon the Fort of Kampala was to be made. On the broad road leading from the king's hill the hostile forces were gathering. The Katikiro and his men were compelled to retreat before superior numbers. Their retirement was in the direction of Kampala. Lugard watched anxiously the movements of the force threatening the Fort. The maxims were ready. As the rush came the word of command was given "Fire!" It was the signal of victory. The attacking force was scattered in a moment—and headlong flight ensued as Capt. Williams, at the head of the Sudanese, sallied out of the Fort and charged the retreating "" Bafransa." The men of the Katikiro and Pokino reformed under the shelter of Kampala and then joined in the pursuit. From Rubaga as well as from Mengo the enemy was driven far away down to the Lake shore at Munyonyo. Hastily embarking in any canoe that came to hand the king and his followers sought refuge on the island of Bulinguge, not more than four hundred yards from the mainland. In the meanwhile the work of destruction went on at Mengo. Countless houses were fired—and flames and rolling clouds of smoke told of widespread destruction and ruin.

Thus the "forward movement" was not only checked but crushed. The victory was complete, but it had been dearly purchased. Sembera Mackay, one of the licensed readers, set apart for the work of an evangelist on the occasion of my first visit to Uganda, had fallen in the fight. He was one of the ablest and most deeply taught of our Christian workers—a man of real spirituality of life. His loss was almost irreparable. Two other members of our Church Council had been wounded—one of them dangerously. The losses on both sides were lamentable. The Bafransa, of course, suffered most severely. The French Mission station was destroyed. It was a rallying-point in the conflict. It had been built as a fort with loopholes and had been manned by Roman Catholic Baganda, who made a determined resistance. A black Hausa doctor who fought in person was shot dead as he was in the act of firing. The French priests, however, were rescued by Lugard and hospitably entertained by him at Kampala.

One of the difficulties of the situation created by this outbreak and subsequent defeat of the Bafransa was the flight of the king. He had taken refuge in the first instance on the island of Bulinguge. Here he was joined by Mgr. Hirth who had promised Captain Lugard to do his utmost to persuade him to return to his capital, but who, instead, exerted all his influence in the opposite direction. On being driven from the island by Captain Williams both the king and the Bishop made for Budu with all haste. Here the former became practically a prisoner in the hands of the Bafransa.

A distinguishing characteristic of the Baganda is an intense loyalty to the kingship. However bad the king (Kabaka) may be he is an object of veneration and reverence and must at all costs be obeyed. He may rob—mutilate, or destroy, but still he is the king, and

can do no wrong. Even to disobey his messenger (mubaka) is to disobey the king, and to be disloyal.

Bearing this characteristic in mind the anxiety of the Bafransa (French) to retain, and the Bangereza (English) to get possession of the person of the king will be readily understood. The English party might be in possession of the capital, but as long as the enemy retained the king in their midst, the power was with them.

Lugard immediately entered into negotiations and exerted himself most strenuously to persuade Mwanga to return to Mengo. He even offered to reinstate the French party in all their former offices, and to forget the war if only the king might be permitted to return. But in vain. Mgr. Hirth's influence was the restraining force. What open negotiation, however, by the British authorities could not do, subtlety and craft, in which certain of the Baganda are adepts, was able to accomplish. Stefano Kalebwani and Batolomayo Musoke, two Protestant chiefs who were on very intimate terms with the king, set their wits to work The result was a cleverly devised plan of escape. The king had been on an island near the mouth of the Kagera river, but had left it and had gradually worked his way northward, on the mainland. Here with Stefano's assistance he was able to give his guards the slip and to cross over to Sese, whence his course to Mengo was clear. "He looked," says Mr. Baskerville, "on his arrival on March 30, very dirty, with scrubby beard and unwashed garments—a very wreck of majesty, in an evident state of fear and trembling." There was nothing however to be afraid of. Lugard and the English party were only too glad to see and welcome him.

There was now a prospect of a settlement of the country. A new treaty was signed by the king and chiefs, by which Uganda once more was solemnly placed

under the protection of the Company. The Company by its terms was as firmly pledged to promote its civilisation and commerce, as to its protection. A fresh distribution of the great chieftainships followed. Kimbugwe —a Roman Catholic, who had taken a prominent part in the attack on Kampala—became Pokino as the chief of Budu is called. Nikodemo, who had been Pokino previous to the war, became Sekibobo, chief of the great province of Kyagwe; Simei Kakungulu, an extremely able member of the English party, became Kimbugwe; and Zakaria Kizito, Kangawo, or chief of the great province of Bulemezi. The three provinces (small in area) of Butambala, Kitunzi and Bùsufu were given to the Mohammedans. The net result of the rearrangement of the chieftainships was naturally a great gain to the English party. The Bafransa had played for a great stake—the whole country—and had lost. It was but just that they should pay the penalty. "I emphatically state," says Capt. Lugard in his official reply to the charges of the French Government, "that it was the Catholic party who entirely and of purpose provoked the war." It was not a question as between Protestants and Roman Catholics. It was rather a question as between the Administrator and the Roman Catholic or French party—or as Captain Lugard put it on his official report: "It was *not* a matter of *Protestants* and *Catholics*, but simply of those who would obey the Administration and those who defied it."

Let this be remembered by those who affect to see in their troubles an *odium theologicum* more than usually untempered by Christian charity, the question in dispute at the time of the outbreak of the war was not a theological one. It was simply this, "Shall Uganda be ruled by England through the Company or by the French priests through Mwanga?" These two con-

flicting interests and forces joined battle on January 24, and the result was, as we have seen, the complete defeat of the latter.

During all this time the work of the Mission was of course a good deal interrupted, but on the whole it went forward. Ashe and Walker had a very narrow escape from a position of grave danger. Hearing in Budu of the outbreak at the capital, and finding themselves in the midst of a hostile population, they had attempted to make their way by a circuitous route to Mengo. The difficulties in their path were tremendous. Thousands were travelling with them—men, women and children. Rivers, swamps and forests were before them. Behind them was the enemy pressing on their rear. They were nearly cut off by a large party of Bafransa, making their way from Kyagwe to Budu. Assistance was sent out from Mengo by the Katikiro, but only reached the refugees when the danger had passed. It was with much thankfulness that the Missionaries in Mengo greeted their brethren on their arrival safe and well on February 8.

With the resettlement of the chieftainships, and the return of the king, a quieter condition of things ensued. Instruction in the Mission went forward vigorously and candidates for baptism offered themselves in ever-increasing numbers. On Easter Sunday, April 17, sixty 1892
souls were baptized. On the following day the king sent word to say that he wished to be "Omuprotestanti dala dala"—*i.e.*, a real Protestant. His use of the adjective in his message evidently had reference to his former application to be admitted into the catechumenate. That message had reached the Mission in the midst of the crisis which culminated in the catastrophe of January 24. It had been considered, and the answer returned to the king was that "in so far as the matter was a political

one the Missionaries had nothing at all to do with it." Then it was that Pilkington sought out the king and pleaded with him on behalf of his soul's welfare. "I asked to see him alone," wrote Mr. Pilkington, "as I had things to speak of which I thought he would rather hear in private. He turned out all his chiefs, keeping one man only with him. I then explained what we thought of his proposal to turn Protestant. I told him that his soul was of no more value in our sight or in God's than the meanest of his subjects and that we wanted *real* not nominal Protestants. I reminded him of his father Mutesa's opinion that the English had the truth. I began this by saying, 'Your father, Mutesa, was a clever man,' to which he answered the single word 'Kitalo,' which means a marvel. I finally told him to do what he believed God wished him to do."

This extract from Mr. Pilkington's letter written on December 28 explains the king's use of the word "real." It also shows how the Missionaries at the very crisis of events declined (although expressly asked to do so by the king) to meddle in the politics of the country. But above all it shows how they were enabled to resist the temptation to compromise, when the spiritual character of their embassage was in question. From a worldly point of view it would have been an enormous advantage to have had the king merely as a nominal Christian, but no! Christ's kingdom is not of this world. The temptation, thank God, was resisted—and there later comes the message, "I want to be a *real* Protestant." Poor Mwanga! He was yet far from being a *real* Protestant. He would not make up his mind to part with his darling sins—and so he remained for the time a heathen—although having an intellectual apprehension of the way of salvation.

Constant accessions to the ranks of our hearers made

the church too small for the accommodation of the crowds who Sunday by Sunday found their way thither. It was therefore decided to build a new and much larger one on the summit of Namirembe Hill (the hill of peace). This work was taken in hand with great enthusiasm and prosecuted with the utmost vigour.

In the meanwhile the work of teaching was carried on in the old buildings. Reading was fast becoming a popular passion. The demand for books was incessant—far beyond our power of meeting. In the month of June a consignment reached Mengo, and Mr. Baskerville thus described the scene which ensued on the boxes being opened. "Talk about sieges—if ever there was a siege it was yesterday, and this morning it seems likely to be renewed tenfold. I gave out on Sunday that the Gospels of St. Matthew would be sold on Monday morning. I was roused up before it was light by the roar of voices, and after dressing hurriedly, sallied out to the —I had almost said—fight. Close to my house is a slight shed used for the cows to stand in during the heat of the day. This was barricaded, keeping the people outside, but barricades were useless—in came the door and we thought the whole place would have fallen. In ten minutes all the hundred Gospels were sold. We now returned for some breakfast. I had just opened another box which I strongly suspected to be books, and I found beautiful little reading books, arranged by Samwili when at the coast, about 800 in all. Here was a find! I had barricaded my house front window and we sold through it—the doctor selling to the women in another place. Now was a scrimmage and shells came pouring in. I have in the house six or seven loads of cowries. In the evening we opened two other boxes which proved to contain prayer-books and large wall reading sheets. I am now going to try to get some breakfast before we

1892.

begin selling: [*A little later*] We have survived and taken 36,000 shells for the prayer-books. But I should think a thousand or more people are waiting about each with shells wherewith to buy a book, but we have none to sell."

Such scenes were a happy augury of the days to come.

1892. On July 31 the new church was opened for divine worship. Exactly 3731 souls, including the king and Resident, were present at this memorable service. Mr. Pilkington read to the congregation the following letter addressed by myself to the Church of Uganda:

"Freretown.
"*March* 11, 1892.

"*To the Church of God in Uganda,*

"Brethren beloved in the Lord,

"I have in my heart very happy thoughts of my visit to you last year. I think of your loving welcome, your kind hospitality, your brotherly love for those who came with me into your country to preach Christ and Him crucified. And now all that I hear of you—your faith and love and zeal in the Lord's service only increases my joy and thankfulness and makes me long for the time when I shall see you once more face to face. And indeed I hope by God's goodness and mercy to see you very shortly and to bring with me those whose hearts (as the hearts of those now teaching in your midst) are full of love to you and who desire to give their lives for the cause of Christ in Uganda. I earnestly ask you to pray that God will bless us in our journeying and that He will bring us to you, not merely in health and strength but in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.

"And now brethren beloved, farewell! Unto God's

gracious mercy and protection we commit you. The Lord make you to increase in every good word and work. The Lord make His face to shine upon you. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you and give you peace now and for evermore.

"I am, yours faithfully and affectionately in Christ Jesus Our Lord,

"ALFRED R. TUCKER.

"Bishop E. Eq. Africa."

Thus, although far away in the coast districts, one tried to keep in touch with the loved flock in Uganda. The work was manifestly prospering.

"And the Lord added to the Church daily such as were being saved."—Acts ii. 47.

CHAPTER XVI

LIFE AND WORK AT THE COAST

'I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right
But only to discover, to do
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.'

JEAN INGELOW.

THE reinforcements for Uganda were timed to arrive at Mombasa in June, but from all the information I could gather it seemed very unlikely that we should be able to start on our way until at least a month later. The waiting time was a time of hard work broken by intervals of fever more or less prolonged—two visits to Zanzibar and one to Shimba.

Among the tasks entrusted to me by the Church Missionary Society, was the very onerous one of inquiring into the dormitory system as it existed at Freretown and of reporting the result of my inquiries to the committee. This inquiry involved the examination of a number of witnesses and occupied a very large amount of time. My conclusions were certainly *not* favourable to the continuance of the system.

"Home is the cradle of eternity." The family is a divine institution, and the nearer, it seems to me, we approach to it in our arrangements for the housing of those children, who by the loss of parents or other misfortunes, have been placed in our hands as guardians——the nearer we shall be to the ideal, and the more truly successful in our work.

The practice of herding together under one roof a large number of children, and more especially African children—with supervision—which from the necessities of the case—circumstances of climate and other causes—must always be more or less imperfect, is to my mind a dangerous one. But further than this, and apart altogether from moral considerations, it has I think been proved by results that the type of character produced by the system is not favourable to independence in action or robustness in the general tone of the life.

I have had opportunities of comparing from this point of view the characters of those trained in the institution and those brought up in the freedom of life. The contrast is most striking. In difficult or trying circumstances the one is a lad of resource—the other is helpless almost to the point of imbecility.

I well remember, whilst on a journey, having with me two or three boys trained in the institution, and also a lad who had lived the home life. Camp was reached, a storm was brewing. There was a prospect of a drenching for all of us. I had my umbrella and mackintosh. But what of the boys? Those trained in the institution sat down on a log of wood in utter helplessness to await whatever might come. The village boy, on the other hand, immediately set to work to cut sticks and grass with which to build himself a hut in which to shelter from the storm. In a few minutes it began to take shape, and as the pattering drops told of the coming downpour, the last touches were being put to the thatch. "Why," I asked the idle ones, "do you not build yourselves a hut?" "Bwana (Sir), we do not know how," was the answer.

More or less this utter helplessness and dependence in times of difficulty and perplexity are characteristic, not merely of the boys but also of the girls, trained in

such circumstances as I have indicated. The remedy, it appears to me, is to adopt, so far as is practicable, the boarding out system. This of course is only possible when you have, as in Freretown, a Christian community around you. Where no such community exists the institution should, in my opinion, be regarded not as a permanent condition of things—not as the ideal—but only as a temporary expedient.

About this time affairs in Kilimanjaro were in a very critical condition. The Wamochi had never taken kindly to German rule. Its severe discipline and exact methods of order were absolutely alien to the native mind and manner of life of the wild tribes living on the slopes of the great mountain. Friction consequently from the very beginning had characterised the relation between the governed and their rulers. Dr. Carl Peters, who for a while was Acting Commissioner, was not, to say the least of it, a success as an administrator. He was succeeded by Baron Bülow, who, during his brief term of office, was hardly more successful than his predecessor, though doubtless more sympathetic.

Steggall, our Missionary in charge at Mochi, occupied an exceedingly difficult position. He was well known to Meli, the chief, and his people. They trusted him and not infrequently consulted him. He on his part had taken one line from the very beginning and had never swerved from it—the line of absolute loyalty to the German Government. In season and out of season he had striven to reconcile the Wamochi to German rule. But in vain. Things went from bad to worse, until at length, on April 26, a marauding German soldier was killed in the little State of Kirua under the authority of Meli. This brought matters to a crisis. Baron Bülow gathered his men together and marched against Meli.

The attack was rashly made—without adequate preparation or forethought. The result was the complete defeat of the German force and the death of Bülow and his subaltern, Lieutenant Wulfrum. After this there could be but one possible conclusion to the affair—the submission of Meli, either voluntarily or in consequence of a crushing defeat by an overwhelming German force which was certain, sooner or later, to be brought against him. One happy augury for a peaceful settlement was the presence on the mountain of Captain Johannes. He arrived shortly after Bülow's defeat. Kindly, sympathetic and just, he was the very man for the work in hand. If any one in the German Administration was able to bring matters to a successful conclusion it was Captain Johannes.

During the period of negotiations which followed the arrival of this able and high-minded officer on the mountain, Mr. Steggall laboured incessantly in the cause of peace—toiling, to and fro, between Mochi and the German headquarters at Merangu—footsore and weary—sometimes alone, or attended only by a single boy—but always unharmed—so well-known and loved was he by the natives. But this position of mediator was galling to the German authorities. His very safety was a reflection upon themselves. No German unarmed or unattended by soldiers dared venture a hundred yards from the Fort—whereas Mr. Steggall was free to travel anywhere in perfect safety. The position was intolerable. The prestige of Germany was suffering. The Mission must go. It was in these circumstances, many of them unknown to me at the time, that I received on September 6, the following telegram from Sir Gerald Portal, the British Consul-General at Zanzibar.

"German Government both here and in Europe have made further strong representation on the subject of

support given to natives at Mochi by the mere presence of Mission. No further specific accusations are made, but German Government announces that they have decided, for the sake of their prestige, that the English Mission cannot be permitted to remain at Mochi. If the Mission will at once spontaneously withdraw from Mochi it is invited to settle in any other part of the German sphere, and even at Merangu on Kilimanjaro. If the Mission do not withdraw spontaneously the Government state that it will bring trouble and war in all that district. Please telegraph to me fully whether you will accept the German offer. I need hardly point out that a peaceful and friendly solution is greatly to be desired.—Portal."

To this startling communication I replied, by telegraph, drawing attention to the accusation of disloyalty which had been made in the German press, and asking for a withdrawal of all such imputation as a preliminary to the friendly considerations of the proposal of the German Government. Sir Gerald's reply was in the following terms:

"German governor answers that he has never made any accusations and therefore cannot retract any. He has authorised no statements in the press. He is unwilling to make preliminary negotiations but simply offers free settlement elsewhere in case of quiet and spontaneous withdrawal of Mission. I would add my own opinion that it is most desirable to settle this question spontaneously. I am given to understand that by this means only can serious war be avoided, and that if Mission withdraws to Merangu or else where further military operation will not be thought necessary. A peaceful settlement is also desired by Her Majesty's Government. Please telegraph answer.—Portal."

To this further communication there could be but one

answer. The alternative of peace or war for the Wamochi was in the most ruthless and cruel fashion thrust upon me. It really amounted to this: Maintain your position on Kilimanjaro and we will make war upon the people whom you profess to love; retire and we will leave them alone; peace is assured. Could I hesitate? The very existence of the people for whose welfare we were on the mountain was at stake. One might protest against such an alternative being put before one, but as to the necessity of coming to an immediate decision there could be no question, and so the following telegram was sent:

"In order to save the Wamochi from the war which is threatened in case the Mission continues in its present position in Chagga we, at the request of the German Government, and the express desire of Her Majesty's Government undertake to attempt what may prove to be a most dangerous and difficult task—that of withdrawal; reserving to ourselves the right of claiming compensation for the value of our Mission buildings, which are nearly new, and also the cost of removal and any loss which may be incurred in the operations.—TUCKER."

In fulfilment of the undertaking contained in this telegram I at once despatched special runners to Mochi with a letter addressed to Mr. Steggall from which the following is extracted:

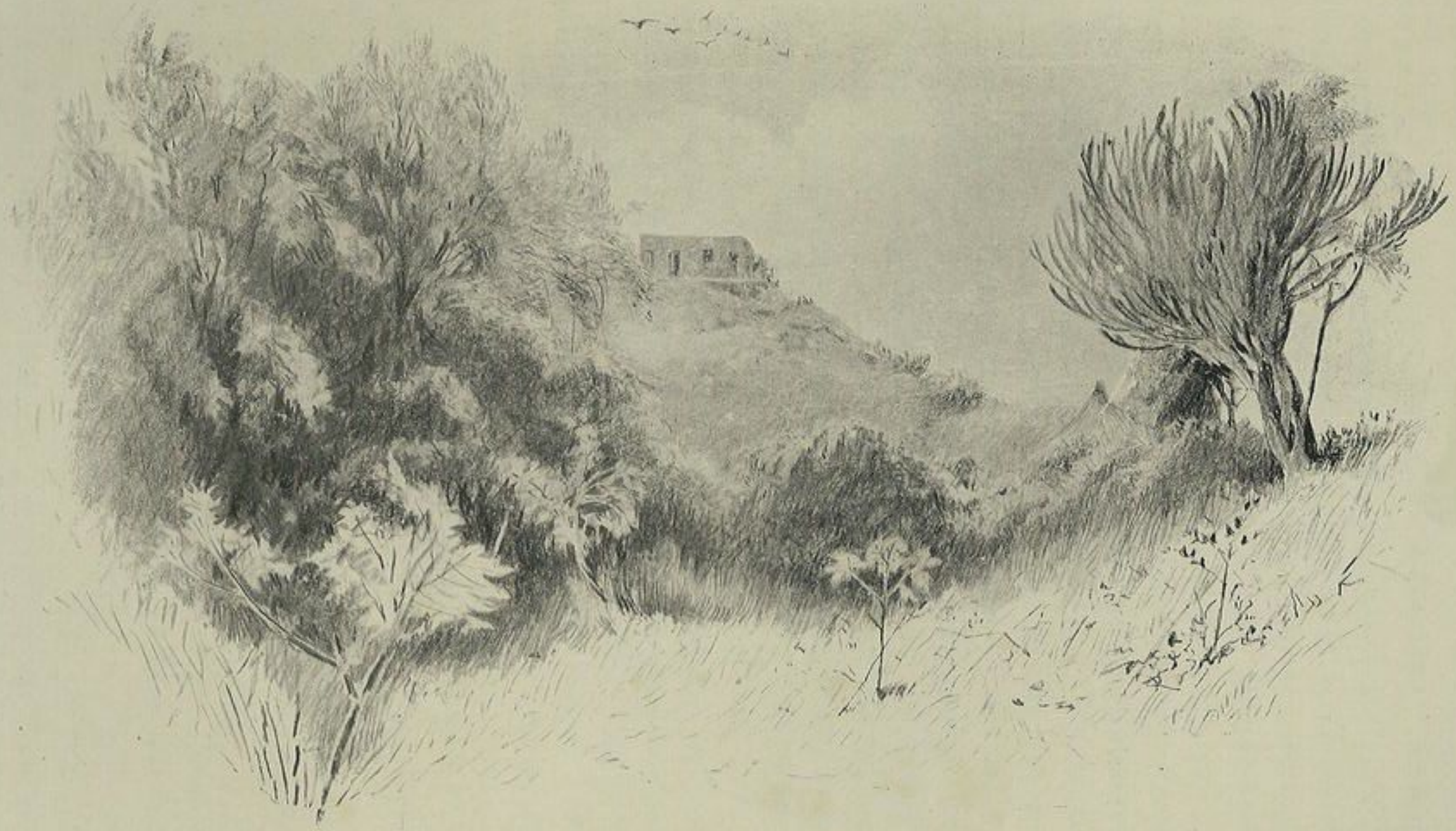
"*Sept.* 8, 1892.

"Most reluctantly and with a heart full of grief I have consented to the withdrawal of the Mission from Mochi. When the alternative was put before me, 'Withdraw your Mission or we will make war upon Mochi,' I felt that there was no choice. On what ground the Germans can make our presence a pretext for making war on Mochi I do not know; but there we have the plain state-

ment of their intention. On the other hand we have the equally plain statement that on our withdrawal further military operations will not be thought necessary. In these circumstances, without attempting to go into the question of reasons or motives for such a course of action on the part of the Germans, we have decided to withdraw our Mission from Mochi. Of course there will be no thought of taking up work in Merangu or any other place within the German sphere. I have therefore formally to request you to take such steps as you may deem necessary, and at once, for the withdrawal of our Mission."

Thus the Mission which seven years before had been commenced with so many hopes, and had since, with so much self-denial and self-sacrifice, been carried on was finally closed. The Missionaries retired to Taveta, making what had hitherto been an out-station the centre of widespread evangelistic and Missionary enterprises.

Whilst these events so closely affecting the very existence of the Mission on Kilimanjaro were happening in Africa, the question as to the retention or abandonment of Uganda was still being hotly discussed at home. 1892 On March 4, by a majority of 98, a vote of £20,000 for the railway survey was carried in the face of strenuous opposition. No definite statement, however, was made in the course of the debate as to the intention of the Government with respect to the situation which would be created by the retirement of the company's forces and representatives from Uganda on December 31. A general election was impending and the return to power of the Unionist Government was a matter of extreme uncertainty. In these circumstances, and in view of the fact that I expected shortly to be starting for Uganda with a large party of Missionaries, I felt constrained to make a further effort to get from the Government some



THE MISSION HOUSE, TEITA

sort of pronouncement as to their intentions. I therefore addressed a letter to Sir Gerald Portal at Zanzibar. I reminded him of the fact that the I.B.E.A. Company had definitely made up its mind to retire on December 31. What in these circumstances would the Government do? Would they take any steps for the preservation of law and order? If not a great responsibility would rest upon me as to advice to be given to the natives on being left to their own devices and resources. I reminded him that some two years before Emin Pasha, when at Bukoba, had proffered assistance in case of necessity—disorder and danger in the country. Supposing Great Britain on December 31 deliberately abandoned Uganda, and civil war and anarchy plainly stared us in the face, would the Goverment disapprove of my action in advising the Baganda to appeal to the Germans to come in and preserve the peace of the country? I reminded Sir Gerald that I had no special love for German rule, but that I greatly preferred it to bloodshed and anarchy, and if the alternatives were ever before me, I would choose the former rather than the latter. How would the Government view my action supposing I advised the Baganda to make the same choice, and how would they view the action of the Germans in accepting our invitation to enter the country when deliberately abandoned by Great Britain?

From what I knew of public opinion in England I felt persuaded that the Government would never sanction such an invitation being sent to the Germans. I felt equally certain that they would never allow the Germans to enter Uganda and undertake its administration. Such a refusal would be practically a statement, although not in actual words, of their purpose to administer Uganda. To say: "We will not preserve law and order in Uganda, neither will we allow any one else

to do so," would be to take up an impossible position—an absolutely untenable one. It would be a "dog in the manger" policy which would be greeted with derision and scorn in every chancellery in Europe and which, by a single breath of public opinion, would be swept away in a moment. I must confess that I waited with a good deal of anxiety for Sir Gerald Portal's reply. Nor was it long delayed. He had telegraphed to Lord Salisbury, and on June 19 wrote to me as follows:

"Zanzibar.
June 19, 1892.

"My dear Bishop Tucker,

"I referred to Lord Salisbury the points raised in your letter of the 16th inst. with regard to the line to be followed by you in Uganda on the retirement of the company's forces.

"I have now received his Lordship's answer to the effect that the Germans will certainly not be at liberty to undertake any occupation of the British sphere. The future course of Her Majesty's Government will be largely affected by the financial view of the next house of Commons whose action cannot yet be predicted.

"Believe me, to be
"Yours sincerely,
"(signed) G. Portal.

"To the Right Rev. Bishop Tucker, Mombasa."

This letter contained all that I wanted. To say that I was delighted would be but feebly to express my extreme satisfaction. I had got possession of a plain and definite statement that the Germans would not be allowed to enter Uganda with a view to the preservation of law and order, on the retirement of the I.B.E.A. Company. It followed, therefore, on the lines of reason-

ing already suggested that in some way or another—how was a minor point—Great Britain would make herself responsible for the peace of the country. This was all I was anxious about. The controversy might rage in England and the people imagine a vain thing—it mattered not—the future of Uganda was assured and one was able to look forward to the future with confidence and hope.

And so the preparations for the journey went forward. Loads were made up—weighed, and marked—a contract with the Company was entered into for their conveyance to Uganda by way of Kikuyu and Kavirondo. A thousand details filled up every nook and cranny of time. It was a great refreshment, in the midst of all the excitement of political controversy and the rush and bustle of business connected with the projected journey to the Lake, to be able to meet one's fellow Missionaries from time to time for prayer and the study of the Word. Such opportunities were afforded by the English service on Sundays, the midday prayer meeting and the Wednesday evening Bible reading.

It was a very special pleasure to be permitted to preach on board the various men-of-war which from time to time visited the harbour. No matter which ship, the *Boadicea*, the *Conquest* or the *Racoon*, the welcome was always the same—warm and hearty—and the hearing patient and sympathetic. Ministering to the sailors of the Fleet on the East Coast of Africa will always be one of my happiest memories.

And so the days and weeks sped their course, and the time drew near for our departure. Many unforeseen delays—but especially the lack of porters—had hindered the progress of our preparations. July had passed into August, and August into September, before we could actually fix the day for starting from the coast. Things

were about ready when on September 21 I received from Sir Gerald Portal the following startling telegram.

"Zanzibar,
"*Sept.* 21, 1892.

"*To* Bishop Tucker, Mombasa.

"I am directed by Her Majesty's Secretary of State to inform you that Her Majesty's Government, hearing that you are determined to start for Uganda, consider that you and your party proceed there on your own responsibility and at your own risk.

"Portal."

This was indeed a bolt from the blue. What could it mean? Was the Government really going to adopt the "dog in the manger" policy and abandon to anarchy and ruin the fair kingdom of Uganda? Was it possible for them to stand by and watch from a distance the murder of English subjects, and calmly to forbid such a neighbour as Germany to go to their rescue? Impossible! They might be able, by such a telegram as that which I had just received, to wash their hands of all responsibility with regard to myself and those travelling with me; but what of those already in Uganda? Had they no responsibility with regard to them? They could not order them to leave the country. I had already informed the Government, in the following terms, that we intended to hold our ground:

"It may be assumed," I wrote on June 16, "as an *absolute certainty* that not one of our Missionaries will think of retirement on the withdrawal of the company, and I am happy to think that when that moment comes I shall have an opportunity of sharing whatever fate may befall them. To hold our ground is our plain and

simple duty—nothing more—and with God's help we intend to do it."

The fact was a general election had recently taken place in England, and Lord Salisbury's Government had been beaten at the polls. Mr. Gladstone was now in office and had taken in hand the Uganda question. It was clearly necessary, for the information of the new Government and also of the general public at home, that I should state, in replying to Sir Gerald Portal, in the plainest possible way, the facts of the case—our intentions and our view of the responsibility of Her Majesty's Government. We could then, having committed our cause to God, and having done all that was possible, humanly speaking, for ourselves—go on our way with the fullest confidence as to the issue, and believe that whatever might betide us, all would be well. I therefore sat down and at once addressed the following letter to Sir Gerald:

"MOMBASA,
"*Sept.* 21, 1892.

"*To* SIR GERALD PORTAL, C.B., K.C.M.G.
Her Majesty's Consul-General, Zanzibar.

"SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your telegram of this day's date, in which you inform me that Her Majesty's Government consider that I and my party proceed to Uganda on our own responsibility and at our own risk.

"Allow me to say in answer, and I say it with all due respect, that if this intimation implies that Her Majesty's Government disclaims all responsibility for the safety of the English Missionaries in Uganda, should that country be abandoned and given up to civil war, and anarchy, then such disclaimer in my opinion, does not relieve Her Majesty's Government of such responsibility.

Personally, I shall be most happy to relieve Her Majesty's Government of all responsibility for my own safety: but I have a duty to discharge with respect to those Missionaries who hold my licence, and who, in virtue of that licence, are now working within my jurisdiction in Uganda, and that duty obliges me to say that should the Imperial British East Africa Company retire from Uganda at the present juncture, and the country be abandoned, and given up to disorder, and the lives of our Missionaries be sacrificed in consequence—then upon Her Majesty's Government will rest a very heavy and solemn responsibility.

"Let me not be misunderstood. I deprecate, in the very strongest terms, the idea that Missionaries in penetrating into savage and uncivilised countries should look for, or expect, aid and protection from their home Government. No proposition could be more preposterous: no contention more absurd. But if the Missionaries have no right (and clearly they have none) to compromise the home Government, on the other hand the home Government, I maintain, has no right to compromise the Missionaries. And this, I submit, Her Majesty's Government has done with respect to Uganda.

"Fifteen years ago our Missionaries entered Uganda, carrying their lives, so to speak, in their hands, never looking for, never expecting, Government protection. In course of time Her Majesty's Government granted a Royal Charter to the Imperial British East Africa Company, in which it delegated to the Company its powers of influence and functions of Government within the sphere of British influence. In virtue of the powers entrusted to it under that charter the I.B.E.A. Company made its appearance in Uganda some two years ago. Its representative at once (on December 26, 1890) entered into a treaty with the king and chiefs. That

treaty has now been superseded by another signed on March 30, 1892. In both treaties, but more especially in the latter, the Company is pledged, in the strongest possible terms, to protect the king and people, and to maintain its position in Uganda.

"Naturally, the adherents of the English Mission supported the English Resident in the exercise of those powers entrusted to him by the English Government, through the I.B.E.A. Company. The result was that they incurred the hatred and hostility of all the other parties in the State.

"To tear up the treaties which have been signed, after having thus compromised the English Missionaries and their adherents, and in the faith of which the latter were led to cast in their lot with the English Company: to break pledges given in the most solemn manner; to repudiate obligations entered into with deliberation and aforethought; and then to disclaim all responsibility for the consequences which must inevitably ensue, would be to my mind, to adopt a course of action that I dare not at the present moment trust myself to characterise, and one that I cannot believe would ever be sanctioned by any Government of Her Majesty the Queen.

"I have the honour to be, Sir.

"Your most obedient and humble servant.

"ALFRED, *Bp. E. Eq. Africa.*"

Such was the letter in which I strove to make our position clear. That it was warm I admit, but not warmer than the circumstances demanded. Vast issues were at stake. The future, not merely of Uganda, but of Central Africa, was trembling in the balance. It was not a time for speaking "with bated and whispering humbleness" but in plain, decided, and definite terms. Whether it had any influence upon or bore any part in

the consideration of the final settlement I know not. All that I know is that, having thus delivered my soul I felt immensely relieved, and free to bend all my energies in final preparation for the start for Uganda, five days later.

The delays in our getting off had been many and tiresome, but they had not been without their compensating advantages. The men who came out in June had become somewhat acclimatised and had been able to pick up a little useful knowledge of Swahili. The grace of patience had been cultivated, and the spirit of thankfulness had been given an opportunity of displaying itself. Had we started two months earlier, as was originally intended, it would have been impossible for me to walk a step of the way. I was suffering then from ulcers on my legs and was almost too lame to put my feet to the ground. Besides all this, through the delay I was able to arrange for the new work in Mombasa—to acquire three houses for the workers, and a site for an Hannington-Parker Memorial church. In one word all was in train for a thorough, and, with the blessing of God, a far-reaching work. I extract from my journal the following account of the last hours at the coast:

1892 "On Sunday, September 25, I preached a farewell sermon in the church at Freretown on Phil. iv. 7. 'The Peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep (sentinel) your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.'

"On Monday at noon, a solemn and happy service of Communion was held and the Hannington Memorial service of plate given to the Diocese by the members of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, was used for the first time. In the prayer for the Church militant, we specially thanked God for Bishop Hannington's work, life, and death, as we thanked Him for all His servants departed this life

in His faith and fear. The Communicants numbered thirty-three.

"At 3 P.M. the Company's steam launch, lent to us for the occasion, was seen steaming up the harbour, towing the Administrator's boat. He, with a few friends, had come to see us off. Our school-children and teachers were gathered on the shore. There we knelt and I offered a few words of prayer, commending those whom we were leaving behind to God's gracious care and protection, and giving ourselves into His hands for the journey upon which we were embarking. And then at 3.30 P.M., amid the singing of hymns by the children and the 'good-byes' and cheers of our friends, the steam-launch, with ourselves on board started, towing our Mission dhow, containing our men and loads. The children on the shore ran round from point to point to see the last of us, shouting their farewells.

"It was a deeply touching moment. The unknown future, with all its wonderful possibilities, lay before us. The friends and work so familiar to us at Freretown we should see no more for many months—some of us not for years—and some possibly never again. It was as much as one could do to gulp down the lump that arose in one's throat, and restrain the rising tears. However, with thankful hearts that we were permitted to start on such an errand as ours, we waved our last farewell, and then as a party we were alone steaming up the beautiful creek to Rabai."

'A wealth of love and prayer behind
Far-reaching hope before.'—STOCK.

Started from 26 Sep 1892
Returned Dec 23 1892

CHAPTER XVII

SECOND JOURNEY TO UGANDA

'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth.'—PSALM cxxi.

THE Missionary band thus speeded on its way into the interior, consisted of Dr. Baxter, Messrs. Millar, Leakey, Fisher, Crabtree, Nickisson, Gunther, Forster and myself. We had with us some 250 porters and a large number of pack donkeys. The latter were in charge of a Somali named Mohamed Gassi—a very intelligent and capable man.

Our journey as far as Teita was by the old familiar caravan track—through Rabai, Samburu, Taro and Maungu. Water was very scarce, and both man and beast suffered in consequence. At Teita we turned in an easterly direction skirting the base of the mountains —past Ndi and Mbuyuni until the Tsavo was reached. To be encamped on the banks of a rushing river was indeed a delightful experience—a very rare one in East Africa. We sing about "Afric's sunny fountains" rolling down their "golden sands" but rarely do we ever see them. More often than not we have to dig in the "golden sands" in order to find the "fountains." However, it was far otherwise at Tsavo. There was the river fed by the snows of Kilimanjaro rushing past us in all its living freshness—bright and sparkling in the sunlight—deep and dark in its shadows. Its music was indescribably sweet after the appalling and oppressive

silence of the wilderness through which we had lately passed. The banks were clad with wild date palms in the branches of which monkeys seemed to play all the livelong day. It was an ideal resting-place.

In order to refresh the weary and footsore porters we decided to stay here two or three days. On Saturday, October 8, just as we were closing our Bible reading, the firing of guns on the opposite bank announced the arrival of a mail from the coast. At once there was a rush for letters and the latest news. The first letter I opened was one from Mr. Berkeley giving me the important information that H.M. Government had decided to come to the assistance of the Company to enable them to hold Uganda, at any rate until March 31. The date of evacuation was thus postponed three months.

On the face of it, the gain was not much—the evil day was only postponed. But to those who had any experience of politicians and their ways, it was quite clear that the advocates for retention had gained the upper hand, and that a way was being found for the permanent occupation of the country—the party for abandonment was evidently being let down gently.

I was also informed by the Administrator that Captain Macdonald, who was thought to be on his way to the coast, had been ordered to Uganda for the purpose of holding an inquiry into the causes of the outbreak of January 24.

The mail men rested for a while and then continued their journey. Early the following morning two of them staggered into camp wounded and covered with blood. As they sank down exhausted they gave utterance to the one word—full of meaning and significance—"Masai." Their wounds having been dressed by the doctor, and their inner man refreshed, they told their tale. It was to the effect that after leaving us on the

preceding day, they had travelled some twelve or fifteen miles and then camped. At night, they kept no watch but had all gone to sleep. About midnight they were attacked by a party of Masai warriors who were evidently on the warpath. They alone had managed to escape, the rest they believed had been killed.

Later in the day two men from Machakos came into camp with a somewhat similar story. They also had formed part of a body of mail men, who had suffered a like disaster. They were on their way to the coast, and after cooking their food were resting when a number of Masai, who had been seen hovering about during the day, made a rush at them with their spears. One of the mailmen was killed, and his bag taken from him. The other fired his rifle and killed the Masai who was making at him.

Thus two mail parties—the one going north and carrying the orders for the retention of Uganda—and the other coming south—had been attacked and destroyed within a few miles of us. The news was most alarming. Forty armed men with three days' provisions were at once sent out in search of the lost mail. The next day, however, they returned and reported the discovery of the remains of the bags. They had been burnt. Nothing was left but charred paper, a few buckles and a lock.

On October 12, we left Tsavo, and as we heard that there was no water ahead at Kinani, we turned off the direct road and marched along the river bank, until we struck the Athi, into which the Tsavo empties itself. We saw traces of the Masai, but gathered that they had crossed the Athi with the intention of raiding a part of the Galla country. Our men were much alarmed at the evidence of the presence of these redoubtable warriors. A "boma" of thorns was made each night round our camp, and sentries were posted, who were

required every few minutes to shout to each other that all was well. This was for the purpose of letting us know that they were awake.

After travelling along the banks of the Athi some little distance, we turned abruptly westward, and by a Masai path made across country in the direction of the main road. We hoped to strike it at Mtoto Ndei, where water is usually to be found, even in the driest season. It was a long and weary march. As the sun was unclouded, the heat was great, and the men felt the weight of their loads very much. When the sun was at its height, we crept under the shade of a tree by the wayside, for rest and refreshment—then on again. Tramp, tramp, tramp for three long hours. The sun was setting and darkness was coming on, still no sign of the old road or of water. The caravan was a long way in the rear, creeping along slowly. One or two Masai were seen by those in advance, evidently scouting. All at once, and without any previous indication of its existence we were on the old road, and knew that within half an hour we should be at camp and near water. Never were weary travellers more thankful than we, at the safe conclusion of our journey. At 6.30 P.M. we were in camp and resting upon the welcome bed of mother earth.

Whether the caravan would arrive that night was doubtful. Darkness had come on, and the path was a difficult one. Dr. Baxter, however, was in the rear and happily had a lantern and matches, and so was able to show the way. We in camp sent out men from time to time to fire guns and bring on any of the porters who might be in advance. At length at 11 P.M. we heard in the distance the welcome sound of the drum, and half an hour later the head of the caravan made its appearance. The men, who in the earlier part of the day had been a good deal scattered, closed up as the shadow of

evening fell, and thus the whole caravan, to our great delight, came into camp in a body. Many of the porters—poor fellows—were dead beat. They had been eighteen hours on the road. With the utmost cheerfulness, however, they cooked their evening meal—and soon after, one and another rolled himself in his blanket and was fast asleep. And so the long and weary day came to an end.

> 'Be the day weary,
> Or be the day long,
> At length it ringeth to evensong.'

From Mtoto Ndei we marched to Msongoleni, and then on to Kibwezi, where the Scotch industrial Mission was at work under Dr. Moffat. This Mission had been started by Dr. Stewart, of Lovedale, in 1891, but so far little or no impression had been made upon the Wakamba in the districts around. The Missionaries, however, were full of hope. They gave us a most kindly welcome, and did all in their power to further us on our way—lading us with an abundance of good things in the shape of fresh vegetables and fruit.

Two days' march from Kibwezi, at a place called "Kambi ya Kiboko," we came upon fresh traces of the Masai. Some ten days before they had overwhelmed and looted a Swahili caravan as it lay encamped on the river bank. It was a shocking sight which met our gaze as we came unexpectedly upon the scene. Here were skulls and bones—telling of the slaughter of the sleeping coast-men—there were burnt mats and broken calabashes, signs of destruction and death were to be seen on every hand. Vultures hovered about most significantly and unpleasantly. The odour of the place was sickening. We hurried on our way—thankful that no necessity obliged us to camp anywhere near.

At Nzoi, where we arrived on October 20, we were in the very gateway of Ukambani. Behind us was a howling wilderness, before us a fertile and prosperous country, thickly inhabited and apparently with a healthy climate. Food was plentiful and cheap, there was, however, a great lack of firewood. Timber was scarce. This was no doubt the reason why the Scotch industrial Mission preferred to settle at Kibwezi, where woods and forests are a marked feature in the landscape.

Whilst resting at Nzoi Captain Macdonald, of the Uganda Railway Survey, arrived on his way to the coast. Fortunately, I had with me Mr. Berkeley's letter telling me of the decision of H.M. Government to help the Company, to retain Uganda at any rate until March 31. Incidentally he mentioned the fact that Captain Macdonald had been ordered to Uganda. This letter I showed to the captain, and he at once made up his mind to turn back. Before starting he very kindly wrote me out a description of the road, and the places at which wood and water were to be found.

Past Kilungu, we journeyed on towards Machakos. The water difficulty was now a thing of the past. Its superabundance, not its scarcity, was our embarrassment. For hours we marched in the river bed up to our knees in water. At one moment we were climbing over rocks, at another plodding through thick sand—then splashing through the "sunny fountain"—for which, here at any rate, we had not to dig. Emerging from the river bed, we clambered up the steep hillside, and then, plunging down on the further bank, found ourselves once more in the rocky ravine through which the flood from up country forced its way to the lowlands. Higher and higher we mounted, until at length Machakos was won, and a three days' rest entered upon.

Machakos in 1892 was a fortified post of the Company,

in charge of Mr. Ainsworth, who had entered into very friendly relations with the Wakamba and had gained a very wholesome influence over them. Whilst the porters were resting and supplies for the onward journey were being gathered in, I made use of the opportunity to visit some of the outlying villages. Evola, on the further side of the mountains which towered above the valley of Machakos seemed to me to present a very, favourable field for Missionary work. It was more populous than Machakos and food was much more abundant, and the people seemed ready to welcome Missionaries.

On our way back from Evola we climbed to an elevation of nearly 8000 ft. above sea-level. In one direction Kilimanjaro was clearly visible, and in another the snow peak of Kenia glistened gloriously in the glowing sunshine of the bright November day. In nearly all the hollows and depressions on the mountain tops we found a good deal of cultivation going on. The people were evidently numerous in these mountain fastnesses. The air was fresh and invigorating.

The Wakamba are a fine, stalwart race. They have frequently done battle with the Masai and held their own. Cattle-breeding seems to be their chief occupation, not, however, to the exclusion of corn-growing. Their country is a magnificent one, with great possibilities for the agriculturist and cattle-rearer. As we passed through it, we could but echo the prayer of Krapf that Ukambani might speedily be won for Christ.

Leaving Machakos on November 3, we passed through some beautiful forest country, and then emerged on to rolling plains alive with great herds of big game. Here were hartebeests—there wildbeests in great battalions stood gazing at us as we slowly passed on our way to Kikuyu. The Athi river was crossed—with its pools, the haunt of "hippos" and its rocky banks, the bask-

EVOLA, NEAR MACHAKOS

ing and browsing places of the rhino—several of which we saw dotted about here and there. On the outskirts of the Kikuyu forest we came upon a scene sad and sickening in its tokens of accumulated misery. Hundreds of skeletons of Masai were lying about in all directions. Deserted kraals were dotted about here and there, and around them skins, broken calabashes and household utensils of all kinds covered the ground. Their homes had been broken up by small-pox and starvation. The cattle plague had carried off vast numbers of the flocks and herds of the Masai, and as they are not cultivators of the soil their only means of subsistence was gone—and starvation claimed its victims by the thousand. As we gazed upon such scenes, which told as no words could tell of human misery and suffering, we could but pity with all our hearts a people which, although guilty of much bloodshed and violence, was yet possessed of very noble qualities, and which by the threefold affliction of plague, pestilence and famine was being more than decimated.

Kikuyu was like a garden of Eden compared with some of the country through which we had lately passed. Flowers were to be gathered in handfuls—bracken, blackberries, wild strawberries, reminded one at every step of the homeland. Streams of fresh living water crossed our path at frequent intervals as we made our way, on November 6, towards Fort Smith, the headquarters of the Company in Kikuyu. We were most kindly and hospitably received by Captain Nelson, who had been with Stanley on his great journey through darkest Africa. A more generous-hearted man never lived. It was to us a great grief to hear that some few weeks after our departure he died of dysentery.

Our stay in Kikuyu were days of refreshing. The cool bracing air (we were 6500 ft. above sea-level), was

very invigorating. The nights were cold, but huge blazing fires at our tent doors tempered the keenness of the air. The population is large, but somewhat scattered. The shyness of the people was very largely to be accounted for by the way in which they had been treated by irresponsible travellers, whose conduct seems to have left an indelible impression on their minds.

The Wakamba for personal decoration seem most partial to brass wire, which in large quantities they coil around their arms and legs.

The Wakikuyu, on the other hand, mostly affect iron wire and beads. Of the latter the women are very fond.

Being very anxious to see what opportunities there might be for Missionary work in Kikuyu, I took advantage of Mr. Purkiss going to buy food for our caravan to visit a chief named Wandengi. This entailed a journey of some four days in the direction of Mount Kenia. The march was a delightful one. Sometimes one seemed to be travelling over the Sussex downs, at others climbing the Westmorland fells, then passing through the Yorkshire dales. Nor did the fact of one being in the tropics undeceive one. The climate was almost English. The fresh breezes and sharp showers that from time to time swept over the country reminded me of April in the temperate climate of home.

Old Wandengi, the chief, greeted us most warmly. He is a man of remarkable presence and evidently exercises a good deal of authority over his people. Our business of food buying was most successful. We had brought with us some two hundred men as porters, to carry back our purchases. They camped round us in the form of a square, and prepared themselves to spend a pleasant time. With the early dawn we were up and about, expecting the arrival of men, women and children with food for sale. But the morning was cold and raw—

a heavy mist hung over the landscape. Evidently, until the sun dispersed the clouds, there would be few sellers. However, at 8 A.M. a few people made their appearance, and as the day rapidly improved—the numbers of those crowding into camp greatly increased. Very soon, large numbers were gathered round the buyers. Business soon became brisk; prices, a string of beads for a measure of flour. With every hour of the day until 4 o'clock, this remarkable scene continued. The next day the same thing went on. The only interruption was the war-cry raised in some distant villages, as a body of Masai warriors passed within sight. At 4 P.M. we had purchased nearly 20,000 lbs. weight of food—flour, beans, Indian corn, &c.,—quite as much as we could carry away—and the market closed, and the following day we started on our way back to Fort Smith.

At length all our preparations for the onward march were complete. We were about to plunge into an almost unknown country. No food for our porters could be purchased for seven-and-twenty days. It was therefore necessary to form a depot some days ahead. This was done and some 150 loads were sent forward and planted down on the shores of Lake Naivasha. In addition to this every man had a twelve days' supply served out to him. Moreover seventy donkeys were laden with two loads each. Our plan was roughly this. On reaching Naivasha, we calculated that five days' rations would have been consumed. These five days would then be made good from the depôt. On the seventeenth day, ten days more food would be distributed from the loads carried by the donkeys. This, we felt sure, would be sufficient to last until Kavirondo was entered, where food could be purchased. Losing the path, or delay from any other cause, would of course disarrange all our

plans, and endanger the safety of the caravan. The utmost care, however, was taken to provide against all eventualities, and humbly commending ourselves into the loving care and keeping of our Heavenly Father, we started on November 14, for the far interior.

On the following morning we found ourselves on the edge of the Kikuyu escarpment looking down into the great Rift Valley. It was a wonderful sight that met our gaze as we stood there. Nearly 1500 ft. below us, was the great depression in the earth's surface which runs for an immense distance right through this part of the great continent. Dimly through the haze we could make out the outlines of the hills on the further side, up which we must climb ere we could see aught of the great lake for which we were bound. There in a more northerly direction was the volcano of Longonot and the Nek over which we must travel on our way to Naivasha. The whole aspect of the country was grey—heightened here and there by glints of sunlight on some green bank or scorched and arid plain. The descent into the "valley of winds" as the Kedong has been called, was by no means easy. For the unencumbered pedestrian it was hard enough, but for the heavily laden porters and donkeys it was very difficult work. However, all was happily accomplished and at about 11 A.M. Missionaries, porters and donkeys were all comfortably encamped by the side of a beautiful stream. Thence our way lay past the second Kedong and over the Nek of Longonot from the crest of which Naivasha in all its glorious beauty was clearly visible—into the country of the Masai. Our reception by these redoubtable warriors was characteristic. As we emerged from the mountain pass by which we gained access to the valley in which lies Lake Naivasha, we saw in a moment that our entrance into Masai land would not pass

unchallenged. About mid-way between ourselves and the lake we saw a knot of figures, which we knew at once to be Masai, but whether they were El-Moran (warriors) we were ignorant. However, in a little while our doubts were resolved. As they came near us we saw by the sunlight glinting on their spears that they were warriors. Their shields and other warlike trappings were soon revealed. On they came without the slightest hesitation until they were within a dozen yards of us.

Then they stuck their spears in the ground and commenced to question us. They were magnificent specimens of humanity. Some of them were certainly 6 ft. 3 in. and more in height. Their limbs shining with grease, looked like burnished bronze. They were savages—but noble-looking savages—as they stood there questioning us in all the assurance of physical power. "Where had we come from? Whither were we going? Were we traders? Had we wire? Would we give them some?" and so on,—until the main body of our caravan came in sight. Seeing its length, and no doubt estimating its powers, they concluded their catechism and courteously signed to us that we were free to proceed on our way.

Groups of antelope—Grantii and Thomsonii were quietly nibbling the grass in all directions, while further away herds of zebra were clearly to be seen. It seemed a very paradise of game. It was not long before the crack of our rifles awoke the echoes of the hills. On reaching the margin of the Lake thousands of waterfowl rose screaming into the air. The amount of bird-life on the lake and its shores was prodigious.

Soon the Rabai head-man, Peter Ndengi—came to greet us—glad enough indeed was he to see us. For nearly a fortnight he had been holding the fort in a little thorn "boma" on the borders of the Lake. The

depôt of food for the onward journey was safe, and the men well, with the exception of one who was down with dysentery and almost *in extremis.*

No sooner were we encamped than large numbers of Masai men and women, old and middle-aged, made their appearance with fire-wood and donkeys for sale. The latter we were especially anxious to get. Many of our own had died, and we were anxious if possible to replace them. To such sore straits were these poor people reduced, that they were willing to sell their donkeys for an amount of flour valued at one penny of English money each. We would gladly have given them more, but we had it not. It was most pitiable to see these starving men and women, many of them little better than living skeletons, moving about our camp. It was impossible to help them, and apparently hopeless to expect them to help themselves. Their case seemed to be without remedy. We could only leave them praying that better days might soon dawn for them. The nomadic habits of these people, more than their warlike tendencies, make their Christianisation one of the most difficult problems that confront us for solution in East Africa.

A Missionary, at first (supposing he were able to gain their consent to his living and settling among them as a teacher), would be obliged to adopt their nomadic life, move as they move and settle as they settle. The only way, it seems to me, in which the Masai can possibly be attached to the land, would be to teach them the value of the cultivation of the soil. It may be that the starvation which devastated the country at the time of which I write—through their entire dependence on their flocks and herds for the means of subsistence—will drive the lesson home in a way which nothing else could do.

From Naivasha we journeyed on to Lake Elmenteita and then to Nakuru. From the latter of these two salt lakes to the river Lilwa—some seventeen miles, our path was literally through herds of zebra, sometimes on the right of the path—sometimes on the left. Rolling, grassy plains were traversed hour after hour. At length the trees bordering the river came clearly into view, and in six hours after leaving camp in the morning we were making the passage of the stream. And so we travelled onwards day after day—always delightfully—for were we not bound for Uganda? Sometimes, it is true there were long and wearing marches—sometimes thirst and hunger—sometimes with heat intense and cold trying—but still everything soon forgotten—and each fresh experience doing its part in fitting us for further exertion.

Equator Camp was left behind and the ascent of the Mau escarpment commenced. Soon we reached the Eldoma ravine, one of the chief difficulties on this line of route to Kavirondo. It appeared to us about 200 ft. deep and the path very steep on both sides. The gloom and darkness, relieved here and there by a glint of sunlight, was most weird and striking, after having marched for hours in the blazing sunlight. The rocks and lichens with which they were clothed were singularly beautiful—the grey of the one contrasting with the bright green of the other. The rushing of the water in the depths below was music to our ears as it is to the ears of all African travellers. The wild confusion of the whole scene filled one with awe and wonder, and as we were able to make our way amidst it all, we were filled with thankfulness and praise to God, for having made us a path through such a wilderness.

We were now encamped 8000 ft. above sea-level. Still our path trended upward, through a dense forest,

by an old Masai cattle-track. Now and again we came upon some trees of immense size—the generality of the timber was large—but some of the trees were simply gigantic. Occasionally we came upon an opening in the forest and could look around. The scene was grand in the extreme—the solemn stillness almost oppressive—a stillness broken by the fall of some great tree. What brought it down I know not—but we could hear it crashing through the branches of the surrounding trees as it came with an awful thud to the ground. Higher and higher we climbed—now descending into a little valley of trees—then rising to a higher level, until at last the forest came to an end, and we stood in the open grass land on the top of Mau, nearly 9000 ft. above sea-level. Thankful indeed were we as we realised that our greatest difficulty on the way to Uganda had been successfully surmounted. But not yet were we at our camping-place. We continued our way, and as we descended the gentle grassy slope in front of us, I saw a stick standing upright in the ground with something white on the top of it. It was a letter. A strange place truly in which to find one! It was from Captain Macdonald, who was about a fortnight ahead of us. He wrote to say that a load and a half of iron wire had been abandoned and hidden in the rushes hard by. We looked about but could only find one coil. The rest had evidently been found by native hunters and carried off. Our camp was reached at length and in due course the whole caravan arrived—all well!

So far, our porters had given us very little trouble. They were in splendid condition, and marched magnificently. One or two, however, at this stage of our journey were a great anxiety to us. They had had their proper and an ample portion of food given them, some days previously, but instead of taking care of it they had

gorged themselves with one or two huge meals, and consequently were almost starving. One fainted on the road from sheer hunger. As for ourselves, we were fast coming to the end of our resources as regards meat. We had killed our last sheep when most providentially I was able to shoot a very fine hartebeest, and Mr. Nickisson a little later added another to our bag. And so our table in the wilderness was spread.

On December 4, we reached the junction of the Nakuro with the Baringo road—and four days later found us at Kwa Sakwa, in the midst of a large population and food of every kind in the greatest abundance. A great crowd of people came out to meet us as we drew near. In the first group was the old chief Sakwa himself, after whom the town is named. He was very cordial in his greeting and certainly very striking in his appearance. Whilst his followers were nearly all in a state of complete nudity, he himself was arrayed in a gaudy many-coloured dressing-gown. He had several coils of brass wire round his neck and on his head he wore a red fez cap.

Our porters after their hard fare of the past three weeks, gave rein to their appetites and simply revelled in the abundance of flour, beans, and poultry, which the natives brought for sale.

On December 9, we arrived at Mumia's. Our coming was expected and so there were great crowds of people with heavy burdens of food standing ready to greet us. Every ant-hill, and there were many in those parts, was crowned with three or four burly young warriors in full war-dress or rather undress. Spears, shields, feathers—grease and clay alike had their share and did their part in furnishing forth the show. Mumia the chief—the son of Sakwa of the dressing-gown-came with a crowd of young lads to welcome us immediately on our

arrival. He professed the utmost friendliness, but his sincerity was more than doubtful. He appeared to be in the hands of a group of Swahili traders, who were exploiting him for their own benefit. These men are a great curse to the up-country tribes. Their influence is most demoralising. They spread corruption wherever they go. More or less, at the time of which I am writing, they were engaged in trafficking for slaves. Mumia's sixteen years ago was a place of great importance to Swahili and Arab traders. Caravan routes from the far interior converged to this point. It was a meeting-place for all sorts and conditions of men. From a moral standpoint it was, and, I fear, still is a very sink of iniquity. Not that the Wakavirondo are an especially moral people—far from it. As regards morals they compare unfavourably with the surrounding tribes. But the Arab and Swahili influence has dragged, morally, the people of Mumia into the very dust.

It was a place of very special interest to our Missionary party. It was here that Bishop Hannington left the greater part of his caravan while he himself went forward with some forty followers to Busoga; and it was here that W. H. Jones and the remainder of the men waited until the tidings came of the Bishop's murder. It was to Mumia's that his remains were secretly conveyed by the Kavirondo lad, who had acted as his guide, and where they were ultimately found and buried by Mr. F. S. Jackson.

Whilst talking with the chief, it occurred to me to question him as to the Bishop's sojourn with him and his subsequent journey to Busoga. Oh! yes, he remembered the Bishop well. He had lost a thumb. He remembered the circumstances of his going forward to Busoga—his attempts to dissuade him from his

venture—his giving him a guide—his efforts to assist him—all this he enlarged upon. "And where were his remains?" I asked. Ah! that was more than he could tell. He believed that Bwana Jackson had taken them to the coast, at any rate he knew nothing about them.

Failing with the chief, I turned to his follower, the young man who had been the Bishop's guide on his last journey. "Do *you* know," I inquired, "where the remains lie buried?" "Sijui Bwana" ("I do not, sir"), was the ready answer. I felt that both master and man were lying, and turned away with a displeasure which I was at no pains to conceal.

On my way back to my tent my coat sleeve was plucked from behind. Turning, I found the young guide at my elbow. "Bwana, I know where the Bishop's bones are." "Where?" I asked. "Here in the village," was the answer. "Do you know the spot?" "No, but there is a man in the place who buried them—he knows." "Bring him to my tent," I said, "and quickly too!" This he undertook to do and went away. In about half an hour he came back, and with him was a man whom I recognised as one of the chief's most prominent followers. He was perfectly frank and open, and told me of the part he had taken in laying to rest the remains of the Bishop. He undertook to guide me to the spot. In company with Dr. Baxter —our guides leading the way—I returned once more to the village. Through the euphorbia fence—down one alley and up another we went—twisting and turning in all the intricacies of a labyrinth, until at length we emerged into an open space with a small bush in the centre, and several huts in a very tumble-down condition around. "Here," said our guide, striking the bush with his foot, "the bones lie buried."

It was a solemn and effecting moment as we stood there at that hallowed, and yet unhallowed spot—a spot unblessed by any ministering servant of Christ, but yet consecrated and hallowed by the presence of the remains of him who with the courage of a hero, and the noble self-abnegation of a true man of God, counting not his life dear unto himself, had laid it down in the service of his Divine Lord and Master, whom he had loved so well and served so faithfully.

Nor was this all. Above us was the bright blue sky, flecked here and there with fleecy clouds. Around us was the heathen village—the moral and spiritual darkness in vivid contrast with the physical light and glowing radiance of the fierce African sun. There were huts half tumbling down, from the doorways of which the ghostly visages of wretches smitten with that most loathsome of diseases, smallpox, peeped in questioning bewilderment. There the trees—their leaves whispering in solemn conference—swayed hither and thither in the breezes of the eternal summer. The singing of the birds, the bleating of the goats—the hum of busy life not far away—all combined—the sights and sounds—in making an impression on the mind as ineffaceable as that made upon the soul by the circumstances of the work and Mission—the life and tragic death of him whose remains lay at our feet.

It was evident that the chief regarded the presence of the Bishop's remains in his village with a great deal of distrust, if not absolute fear. To leave them there was plainly quite impossible. I therefore determined to take them on with me to Uganda, and to lay them finally to rest, with the service of our beloved church, in the burial-place at Mengo.

Mumia, while still denying all knowledge of the

whereabouts of the remains, readily gave me permission to dig for them, if, as he said, I knew better than he where they were. At six o'clock the next morning the men set to work, and after about an hour and a half digging came upon the box of which we were in search. It had evidently been disturbed in its resting-place for it was lying at an angle, instead of horizontally. The lid was broken and bore other marks of having been tampered with. Doubtless, an idea had got abroad that ivory had been buried, and an attempt had been made to get at it. Covering the box with a cloth, Dr. Baxter and I reverently carried it to my tent, where, later in the day, an examination was made, by us, of its contents. Of the identity of the Bishop's remains there could be no doubt. The skull was in a very perfect state of preservation and it was easy to recognise its contour made familiar to us by drawings and photographs.

10 Dec 1892
The box was found by me after all had gone to breakfast
A B Fisher

In a bed of sweetly scented dry grass in a tin-lined box given by Fisher, we carefully and reverently laid the loved remains, covering them over with the sweet grass which reminded one of the hayfields of Old England. We then closed the lid, and secured it for the onward journey to Uganda.

It was a great grief to us that we were unable to at least initiate Missionary work in Kavirondo. We found the people most friendly, and very willing to be taught. Our force, however, was too small, and the call to Uganda too loud, for us to do more than simply send to the Church at home a statement as to the greatness of the opportunity—the vastness of the need and our views as to the weight of responsibility resting upon those, who, whilst they were in the enjoyment of spiritual privileges, even to the extent of luxury, were yet by their lukewarmness, if not utter indifference,

denying to these poor heathen the Bread of Life. It was thus I wrote at the time when telling of the open door.

"Can nothing be done for Kavirondo? If only Christians at home could see us surrounded by swarms of these poor ignorant people, and unable even to promise them teachers, they would surely have pity on us and them, and provide the men and means for this vast field and this most blessed and Christlike work."

We were now ready for the final stage of our journey. The vast crowds of unevangelised heathen with whom we had come in contact since our arrival must be left behind. They might remember us as the brethren of the white man who had been murdered in Busoga, and wonder whether we would share his fate. We should certainly often think of and pray for them—longing for the time when they should come to know Him whom truly to know is life eternal. The River Nzoia was crossed and our course steered for Tunga's village, where we arrived on December 13.

Early on the 15th, Kavirondo was left behind, and Busoga entered. No natural boundary separates the one country from the other, and yet they contrast most strikingly. In Kavirondo, even to the very border of Busoga—the people are unclad, and retain without perceptible modification their natural peculiarities, manners and customs, as well as their purity of language. Within a few miles—with no river intervening, no forests or even mountain ranges—you come upon a vastly different people—the Basoga—clad from head to foot—speaking an entirely different language, and living a life in which the social manners and customs have absolutely no resemblance to those of Wakavirondo. One marvels how each tribe is able in the circumstances, to retain its own peculiarities and individuality.

Kavirondo is mainly a corn-growing and cattle-rearing country—and open as to its general character. Busoga, on the other hand, is a country of plantains and bananas—with a good deal of forest land broken up here and there by rolling hills and sluggish swamps. Its air is certainly closer and damper than that of Kavirondo, which is fairly fresh and dry.

As we had been greatly refreshed by our rest at Mumia's we marched with a good deal of vigour, and not unfrequently giving expression to our thankfulness for the wonderful mercies and blessings vouchsafed to us since we left the coast, in "Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual songs, making melody in our hearts to the Lord." It was little wonder, therefore, that the people ran together in crowds to greet and watch us as we marched past, singing at times a favourite hymn.

On December 16, we reached Wakoli's. Here we had hoped to meet Mr. F. C. Smith, but he had left some three months previously for Uganda. For some short while he was in the greatest possible danger of losing his life. On paying a visit to Wakoli, he was accompanied by a Swahili speaking Muganda, of whom he knew little or nothing. On approaching the chief, this man had fired his gun once or twice by way of salute (in spite of Mr. Smith's injunction to the contrary). The last shot glanced up from the rocky ground, and mortally wounded old Wakoli. The Muganda was seized and instantly put to death, a fate which would most certainly have overtaken Smith, but for the chief's direct interposition. "The white man is my friend," said the dying man, "do him no harm." It was a merciful escape from a very great peril.

Wakoli had been succeeded by his eldest son—a drunken sot—whose sole delight in life seemed to be either to soak himself with drink, or else to deaden his

mental faculties by smoking "Njai" or Indian hemp. He came to see us immediately on our arrival, and presented us with a couple of fine goats. He was dressed in a bright-coloured cloth, which looked like chintz without glaze. I explained to him the object of our journey, and the nature of our work. He professed great willingness to help us, and readiness to receive teachers. But his sincerity seemed to me more than doubtful.

After leaving Wakoli's letters reached me from Uganda, expressing the hope that we might arrive in Mengo in time for Christmas. We therefore determined to go on in advance of our caravan, and by forced marches to attempt to accomplish a six days' journey in half the time. Forty strong and vigorous men were chosen to accompany us with very light loads of necessaries. On the morning of the 20th, we started on the first stage—the River Nile. The march was a long one, but the day was cool—a grey day—hardly a gleam of sunshine, and yet there was a luminous brightness which cheered and stimulated, as we swung along oftentimes at the rate of four miles an hour. About noon as we crested a high hill we caught our first glimpse of the great lake—the Victoria Nyanza. It was a fairy-like scene—the waters were perfectly still, and here and there reflected the wondrous beauty of the jutting headlands and islands which seemed to melt away into mists and silvery haze. Instinctively we halted, and for a moment gazed in solemn silence upon the scene, which for so many weeks we had so longed to see. Then with a common impulse we broke forth into the doxology—

> Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
> Praise Him all creatures here below,
> Praise Him above ye Heavenly host,
> Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.'

RIPON FALLS—THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE NILE

Then on we journeyed, down one hill and up another, until at length about three o'clock the roar of the waters at the Ripon Falls burst upon our ears. Half an hour later we were upon the banks of the great River Nile, feasting our eyes upon scenes of the most exquisite beauty. Yonder was a school of "hippos" plunging about in a bay on the further side. Here were water-birds in infinite variety, some on rocks—some diving—others swimming—some perched on trees, bending with their weight to the water's edge—others darting and skimming through the air. Up aloft was a great fish eagle watching its chance. There was a huge crocodile lying apparently asleep on the surface of the water, but nevertheless moving quietly against the stream. It was a scene of wonderful variety—rocks—trees—sky—water—birds—beasts—and fishes—in a word Heaven and Earth combining to form a picture, perfect in all its parts.

Several large canoes were drawn up on shore ready to ferry us across the river. Before sunset the passage was made and we were encamped on the shores of Uganda. Next morning we started before sunrise. A march of eighteen miles was before us—of swamps there were not a few, mostly unbridged. Splash! Splash! we went through them—swamp or river—it was all the same to us—nothing at this stage of our journey seemed a difficulty.

Our next camping-place was on the hill of Banda—one long day's march from Mengo. Kindly greetings met us at almost every turn of the road. Ripe bananas and cooked plantains were continually offered and pressed upon us for acceptance. At Banda Samwili Mukasa and a deputation from the church in Uganda met us. They had brought with them a letter of welcome from the Church Council. It was very delightful

to see the joy of our African brethren, as I introduced to them the various members of our party as those who were to live and labour in their midst. "Mukulike kubo!" *i.e.*, I congratulate you on your journey. "Mwebale banange!" ("Well done, my friends.")

At earliest dawn we were astir and a little after sunrise commenced our march into Mengo. The journey was a long one—but that was nothing to us. We were "as hard as nails" after our three months of continual tramping, and out-door life. At first the sun was hot, and then suddenly the day changed, and there was a heavy downpour of rain. But what cared we? A few more miles and we should be with our friends and fellow workers.

We were, of course, expected, and many letters of greeting were brought to us from time to time, as we drew near to our destination. Few people, however, were about as we entered Mengo. The rain had driven them to seek the shelter of home. Messengers from the Sekibobo and Katikiro, brought letters of greeting. The latter also sent a horse on which to ride into the capital. At about 4 P.M. our long and weary journey was over, and we were at

'The haven where we would be.'

It was, indeed, a wonderful experience on which to look back! Through almost unknown countries, strange peoples and savage tribes—in perils from the heathen—in perils from wild beasts—across rivers—over mountain ranges—through forests—by night and by day—in weariness and painfulness—in watchings, often—in hunger and thirst we had journeyed for three months—without sickness—without accident and in the fulness of health, and strength, we had been brought safely to our journey's end.

As we thought of these things, we could not but connect the end with the beginning, and call to mind how, ere we started on our way, we had knelt upon the seashore, and humbly asked for the blessing and keeping of the Keeper of Israel who neither slumbereth, nor sleepeth. He had indeed kept us, He had been our shade upon our right hand, so that we were smitten neither by sun nor moon. He had preserved us from all evil, He had preserved our souls, our going out and our coming in. Was it any wonder therefore, that our first act on arriving was to join together in a service of thanksgiving and praise ascribing to God—as alone was due—the praise, the power and the glory ?

CHAPTER XVIII.

UGANDA IN 1892-3

'The Future does not come from before to meet us, but comes streaming up from behind over our heads.'—RACHEL LEVIN.

THE year 1892 was dying. Its closing days are full of happy and yet solemn memories. The meeting with our loved native friends—the members of the growing Church will linger long in my memory. Their courtesy—their joy—their warm-hearted greetings, I can never forget. How they thronged my house from morning till night! Their "guest presents," too, were all generous, and genuine tokens of the sincerity of their welcome and the warmth of their affection. It was worth while coming from the ends of the earth, to receive such a welcome.

And then that memorable service on Christmas Day—how the thought of it thrills one even now, although busy and eventful years have sped their course. The old church, in which in 1890 I had preached to a congregation of something like a thousand souls, had been replaced by a new one built by the Baganda themselves on the summit of Namirembe Hill. On Christmas Day, in this remarkable structure, the roof of which was supported by the trunks of some five hundred forest trees—most of them brought from long distances, there was assembled a vast congregation of some five thousand souls. It was a thrilling moment when I stood up to preach to this great multitude. The solemn stillness, the rapt attention—the earnest devotion of these dusky men and

women, filled one with awe and wonder and compelled the realisation of the fact that that with which one was then face to face was nothing less than the work of the Holy Spirit of God. Surely such a scene so unique in its characteristics, and so vital in its bearings on the truest interests of Uganda, had hardly ever before been witnessed in the Mission field since apostolic days.

If these are happy memories—as indeed they are—those associated with the laying of the remains of Bishop Hannington in their last resting-place are intensely solemn. The fact that these remains were actually with us in Mengo had been kept a profound secret. I was anxious that nothing should reach the ears of the king save through ourselves. At the earliest opportunity Ashe went to see Mwanga and told him the whole story plainly and simply. He explained what we proposed to do—namely to bury the remains outside the great church on Namirembe Hill. He told the king that so far as we were concerned the past would be forgotten and forgiven, that we believed that he had acted ignorantly, and that he repented him of the evil. This he assured Ashe was the case. He not only gave his permission for the Bishop's remains to be buried in his country, but also, in order to show publicly his sorrow for the past, promised to attend personally the funeral service.

This was far beyond anything we could have hoped for. Arrangements were made at once for the funeral ceremony, which was fixed for eight o'clock on the morning of December 31.

The morning dawned bright and sunny. A large congregation were gathered together in the Church on the Hill of Peace (Namirembe)—the Missionaries, the members of the Church Council, the lay readers and the clergy assembled at my house, in which the remains

had rested since their arrival at Uganda. The receptacle, in which they lay covered with beautiful terra-cotta coloured back cloth, was carried by members of the Church Council slowly and reverently up the steep path which led to the church. There I met the procession, which with difficulty had made its way through the dense crowd of onlookers.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life saith the Lord" rang out amid the death-like silence as we passed within the church portals. Onward to the chancel we slowly paced, and there the sacred burden was laid down. The psalm, the lesson—that glorious utterance of resurrection hope, and then I spoke to the people. There was the great congregation before me, silent and wondering, there the British Resident and there, wonder of wonders, the King, the Persecutor and Murderer.

Rough notes of my address lie before me. From them I extract the following:

"Beloved,—We are met together here in this house of God to listen to His word and to worship Him, ere we lay the remains of the first Bishop of the Church in these lands, in their last resting-place.

"The body of the believer is the temple of the Holy Ghost. Whenever the soul is taken by God to Himself it is our custom (and it has been the custom of the Church throughout all ages) with honour and reverence to lay the remains in that dust from which they were taken. And so we thank God that to-day he has given to us the remains of the dear Bishop whom we loved so well. We thank Him because now, in the presence of this Congregation, with the service of the Church, we may with all reverence and honour lay these remains in the grave. There they will rest until the dawning of the Resurrection morning.

"Beloved Brethren, You remember the word of the Lord: 'A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you.' Christ's love to us is to be the measure of our love one to another.

"The Bishop did not forget that command and counted not his life dear unto himself. He gave his life for Uganda. He loved you, and died in seeking to bring you to a saving knowledge of Christ as your God and Saviour. To-day we thank God for all his servants departed this life in His faith and fear, but especially do we thank and praise Him for his servant Bishop Hannington.

"This day is not only a very solemn one but a very happy one.

"As we lay the remains of the Bishop in their sleeping place we are glad to think that the sorrows and trials and misunderstandings of past days are all now at an end. We rejoice that it is so. We thank God that it is so. From this day forward they will be remembered no more. The past is all forgiven—freely, fully and entirely forgiven.

"This service here to-day is a sign of that full and free forgiveness. We all meet as brethren around the grave of this dear servant of God. We know what he would have wished—the things of past days to be no more spoken about. We will not look back, therefore, upon the past. We will look forward to the future. 30th Dec 1892

"This is the last day of the old year. To-morrow will be the first day of the New Year. With the passing away of the old year there will be the passing away of all remembrance of past sorrows and troubles. With the dawning of the New Year there will be nothing but the looking forward to joyful, peaceful happy days.

"And so, as we tread the churchyard path, let us do so

with thankful, praiseful hearts. The past is buried—as these remains are buried. We look forward to the future—to the time to come—a time when that which is sown in dishonour shall be raised in glory, when that which is sown in weakness shall be raised in power—the time when this corruptible shall put on incorruption. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written 'Death shall be swallowed up in victory.'

"Until that time comes let the life and work and example of Bishop Hannington be a stimulus to us all. Let his devotion, his love, his self-denial, his zeal inspire us to follow him as he followed Christ.

"The Lord be with you and His peace be upon you!"

And so the sacred burden was once more taken up and we wended our way in solemn silence to the grave-side near the western entrance to the Church. There with the Christian on the right hand and on the left, with the heathen crowds beyond—the Bishop at the head and Mwanga the murderer at the foot—the remains of his victim were solemnly committed to their last resting-place.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Thus this dramatic scene, ending the tragedy of the Bishop's death, came to its close and we turned away leaving the sleeping one to take his rest.

> 'Father in thy gracious keeping
> Leave we now thy servant sleeping.'

And so there in peace upon the highest hill in Mengo—Namirembe, the Hill of Peace—all that is mortal of the lion-hearted Hannington rests until

> 'The day break and the shadows flee away.'

Very nearly two years had passed away since my previous visit to Uganda. It was therefore with the

greatest interest that I looked forward to an opportunity of seeing something of the work and of comparing the present with the past. Nor was I long left in doubt as to the wonderful advance which the Church had made in various directions, and that notwithstanding the troublous times through which she had passed. The Church of Uganda seems to thrive best in times of storm and tempest.

Besides the striking and significant fact to which I have already alluded, namely the vast increase in the number of the congregation gathered together for worship in the great Cathedral Church—a fact which really pointed to a great increase of adherents generally throughout the country—there was an equally significant fact which challenged attention the moment we entered the country.

I refer to the largely increased desire to read and to possess the Scriptures. Reading seemed to have become the one great dream of the people. Every day of the week, early in the morning, great crowds were in the habit of coming together for instruction. Books, however, were few and far between. Not infrequently half a dozen readers might be seen sitting round a single volume. Hence it has come to pass that in consequence of sometimes reading on one side, and sometimes on another, many of the Baganda can read a book as well upside down as the right way up. I had brought with me from the coast more than 8000 portions of Scriptures.

When the news was noised abroad the delight of the people was indescribable. Daily my house was besieged with would-be purchasers. We were obliged, however, to disappoint them until arrangements could be made for an orderly and systematic sale. Millar, who took this work in hand, thus describes his experience:

"The eagerness for books is enormous and very surprising, as it is not a sudden rush and then all over, but day after day, day after day, the stream goes on. Last year it is calculated that about 20,000 reading sheets were sold. This year, *i.e.*, since December 27 last, the sale has been over eleven thousand (Mr. Millar wrote in April 1893). On February 18, we sold 500,000 cowries to the Company, *i.e.*, about £112. This was all from the sale of books in seven weeks. The sale has been 7271 books of all kinds—an average of over 660 books per day. This includes 4521 large and 131 small reading sheets—441 St. Matthews and 162 of the other Gospels and 35 copies of the four Gospels and Acts."

Happily Pilkington had been able to give his almost undivided attention to translational work. The whole of the New Testament had been completed and was under revision. It had as yet only been published in separate portions. The revision had been undertaken in view of a publication in one volume. The policy of giving the people the word of God in their own tongue was being pressed vigorously forward. Upon this we based our hope of a permanent work in Uganda and of combating the errors of Rome.

A third indication of progress was the great increase in the numbers of those who were giving themselves up to the work of teaching. The greater part of the elementary instruction was being carried on by voluntary native workers. It will be remembered that in January 1891 I had publicly set apart and licensed for their work six earnest Christian men as lay evangelists. How had these men fulfilled their ministry? What progress had they made in the spiritual life? How had they prospered in their training? Did they show any marked ability likely to qualify them for higher service?

These were questions which I was not slow to ask on my arrival in Uganda. The answers were most satisfactory and encouraging and at once brought the further question of an ordained native ministry within the range of "practical politics."

The number of candidates for baptism—the even larger number of catechumens, and the literally enormous number of those who might be described as adherents or hearers, but who, in all probability, would ere long seek admission into one or other of the former classes—were facts full of intense significance. They simply compelled one to face the great question of the shepherding of the flock. It was clear that a few short years would see immense numbers gathered into the Church. How were the sheep to be tended—the sacraments administered—the work of an organised church to be done? By a native Ministry or by one imported from abroad? That was the question which at the beginning of 1893 presented itself to me for consideration and decision. There could be no dallying with it, no postponement—it must be settled then and there.

What a comfort under such circumstances to remember that Christ is the Great Head of the Church, that He rules and governs, and that when he places his servants in positions of authority He does indeed teach and instruct them in the way that they should go! Cheered, therefore, and sustained by the thought of the Divine governance, and remembering, also, that Christ of God is made unto us Wisdom as well as sanctification and redemption, I faced the question of a native ministry. "What are the essentials," I asked myself, "of the ministers of Christ in the circumstances in which we find ourselves at this present moment in Uganda?" Is great learning essential—a knowledge of the Classics—an ability to read the Scriptures in their

original tongues—a knowledge of English—are these qualifications indispensable to the native of Uganda ere he can exercise, with the Church's sanction, the functions of a Christian minister in his own country and among his own kith and kin? However valuable such acquirements may be, and God forbid that I should undervalue their importance, I dared not say that they were indispensable in the circumstances of the times of which I am writing. To regard them as a *sine quâ non* would be to postpone indefinitely all hope, not merely of a native ministry, but of any ministry at all for the sheep which were being daily gathered into the fold of Christ. It was difficult enough to get ordained men from England for Missionary work. To obtain them for pastoral work would be an impossibility. The alternative, therefore, to be faced was simply this: "Shall these precious souls whom the Lord is saving and daily adding to the Church be left without the under-shepherds' care—without the administration of the sacraments—or shall they have the ministry of those who, although they are doubtless from many points of view ignorant—without learning, knowledge of the Classics or of English, are yet true men of God, men who, because they love their Saviour, desire to serve Him, and who know what it is "to do justly—to love mercy and to walk humbly with their God."

In coming to a conclusion in this great matter so intimately bound up with the best and truest interests of the Church, I adopted the line of regarding that which was possible as essential. It is possible I argued, even in this early day of the Church's history, for Christian men to know that they are spiritually alive. It is possible for them to know something of what is required of a minister of the Church. It is possible for them also to desire to devote their lives and to conse-

crate all their powers to the service of their Lord and Master. It is possible for them to be "wholesome examples of the flock of Christ, to be obedient to those placed over them in the Lord, to be gentle and patient and loving and true—in a word to manifest the fruit of the Spirit in both heart and life."

Were there any such men in Uganda possessed of such qualifications as these? To doubt it was to doubt the reality of what was before our very eyes. There were those moving in and out daily amongst us whose faith in Christ had been tested and tried in times of fierce persecution, and whose lives had for years past been given up to the service of their Master. Such men were those who two years previously had been set apart for their work as lay evangelists. They had given full proof of their ministry—they knew their Bibles. They knew something of their Prayer Book—something of Church order and history. Surely these were men, who, having earned for themselves a good degree, in the lower office, might now be prepared for the higher office and ministry of Deacons, in the Church.

I thought so then and I think so still, and therefore, early in the New Year, I laid the matter before the Church Council in Mengo, explaining at the same time that it was their responsibility, as well as mine, to come to a decision in the matter. I could not ordain without their co-operation. They represented the Church, and upon them would rest the responsibility of maintaining those whom they presented to me for ordination.

The matter was discussed, the responsibility accepted, and a list containing the names of fourteen men whom the Church Council considered fitted for the office of Deacon was submitted to me for approval. With the advice of the Missionary body I selected the following seven with a view to their ordination on Trinity Sunday.

Zakaria Kizito, Nikodemo Sebwato, Henry Wright Duta, Yonasani Kaidzi, Tomasi Semfuma, Yairo Mutakyala and Yokana Mwira. The five months which would elapse before their ordination was to be spent in close preparation. Mr. Pilkington agreed to take them through the Articles, Mr. Roscoe to instruct them in the Prayer Book and Church History, and I arranged to take them in Pastoral Theology.

Thus this important matter was arranged. The final step was taken—the Rubicon was crossed—there could be no looking back. We were committed to the great work of building up a native ministry, and that on the simplest lines. Had I not ventured to take the simplest and most primitive view of the Christian ministry, its beginning at this early stage of the Church's life in Uganda had been impossible. In not requiring from my candidates for ordination at this particular time, education—in the popular sense of the term; in ignoring considerations of station in life—distinctiveness in dress; in doing nothing to remove the ordained man from the condition of his people; in leaving him, in fact, a native among natives, I was aware that I was exposing myself to a good deal of criticism. There are those who will not believe that a candidate for ordination is fit for the ministry unless he has been trained in a college, and is decked out in cap and gown—that a clergyman is not a proper one unless he is dressed in black with a white tie and silk hat. Such persons, I realised, would regard with something like dismay the type of cleric for whom we were making provision in Uganda at the beginning of 1893, and be unsparing in their criticism. But this I was prepared for. I believed, and still believe, that many of the mediæval accretions and nineteenth-century adjuncts of the ministry, are not merely superfluous but positive

hindrances to the advancement and development of what are called Native Churches. Given true spirituality and holiness of life—a knowledge of Scripture—a true apprehension of the functions of a minister of Christ—an earnest desire to serve Him with entire consecration of heart and life, and I am prepared in the Mission field to dispense with cap and gown, the black clothes, the white tie and the top hat. These latter we can do without but not the former. Had these been lacking in Uganda I dared not have gone forward. Nothing can make up for a lack of spiritual power. That Church is in a poor way which in the matter of influence is dependent on mere externals or on such energy as mere intellectual attainments impart. Nothing can supply the place of that force which lives of personal holiness and consecration exert on all with whom they come in contact. As a recent writer has said: "We cannot anticipate or analyse the power of a pure and holy life; but there can be no doubt about its reality and there seems no limit to its range."

Let it not be supposed, however, that I underrate the value of education or that I am arguing in favour of ignorance, at the expense of learning. All that I am doing is to express the opinion that in the Mission field it is often-times a mistake to refuse to admit to the ministry of the Church men otherwise qualified, on the ground that they do not possess a sufficient amount of what is called, and often wrongly called, education. If to-day the necessity were laid upon me (as was the case in Uganda) of choosing between a ministry fitted and equipped with what I have already suggested as essential, but yet without that education which is generally regarded as a *sine quâ non*, or on the other hand a condition of things which practically left souls untended and uncared for—then without hesitation I

should choose the former and reject the latter. It is a mistake, I venture to think, to refuse to use an instrument in many respects well fitted for its work simply because in other respects it is imperfect. The mistake is the greater when it happens that the rejected instrument is the only one available.

A further indication of progress which pressed itself upon my notice immediately on my arrival in Uganda was the deepened sense of responsibility evidently entertained by the members of the Church Council with regard to their office and work. The influence of the Council or "Lukiko," as it is called in Uganda, had greatly increased both in Church and State. Its meetings were held at regular intervals every Saturday morning—and minutes were taken of its proceedings.

This Council, it will be remembered, had been established during the troublous times of 1884–5. The dangers threatening the Church were many and great. There was a possibility of the Missionaries being driven out of the country. Who, then, would continue affairs? Mackay thus answered the question writing early in 1885:*

"We have for some time been laying our heads together trying to devise some practicable form in which we might be able to carry out the C.M.S. recent instructions as to Native Church organisation. Now the time seemed to compel us to act. Ashe and myself are fully agreed that these recommendations are excellent, and further, that they contain really the key to extension. Instead of the European Missionary being merely a centre around which all the work must revolve, unquestionably the more we can get the Native Christians to take up this work themselves, the more rapid and real will the growth of the work be, rendering it some-

* 'Mackay of Uganda.'

thing living whether Europeans are present or not to aid."

"We fixed upon some half-dozen of the more staid and advanced men who have, besides, a respectable standing among their fellows, and who can each collect in his house on Sunday half a dozen to a score of the baptized Christians in his neighbourhood. All the Christians meeting in any one centre to form one body and to have an equal voice in admitting catechumens—the Elder being a sort of senior among them."

This, then, was the beginning of the Mengo Church Council. The European Missionaries were eventually driven from the country, and we are able to gather, from the letters of Mackay, Ashe and other Missionaries what a real help the council was to the body of Christians left behind. Many of these had sought safety and shelter in Busagala (Nkole). In June 1889 Gordon thus wrote from Usambiro:

"Many in England will be glad to hear that all the members of the Church Council escaped death at the time of the murderous attack upon the Christians. It appears that most of these had gone with the body of Christians to Busagala. One of the Elders, called Nikodemo, had been chosen by the Christians to be their ruler and to represent them and their cause at the court of their heathen king. He is supported in his difficult post by the other members of the council, whose names are Henry Duta, Paulo, Samwili, Sembera Mackay, Tomasi Semfuma, Zakariya, and Mika. The members of the Church Council are mostly elderly and their words have great weight with their younger brethren."

Later we hear of trouble breaking out in Busagala

between the Protestants and Roman Catholics—the strife on one occasion nearly leading to open conflict. This, however, Mr. Gordon goes on to tell us was "happily avoided and the parties pacified by members of the Church Council."

It was this "Council" which I found in existence on my arrival in Uganda in 1890, and which, in a letter to Walker on leaving the country, I asked might be strengthened and its functions developed as far as possible.

"It will be our wisdom," I wrote in January 1891, "to develop the Church Council, and to make its members realise that theirs is the responsibility, the work of organising the Church, and of evangelising their fellow countrymen. Let us consult them in everything and make their meetings times of real conference, one with the other, on the pressing questions of the day."

In thus writing to Walker I was, as a matter of fact, spurring a willing horse. No one saw more clearly than he the possibilities which resided in such a body as the Church Council, and the great advance on its sense of responsibility which I noticed on my arrival at Mengo in 1892 was due in a large measure to his wise and sympathetic fostering care. Hence it was that I found the Council engaged in discussing such subjects as the marriage question—hearing cases involving Church discipline—sending forth teachers and evangelists into the Kiziba country, and considering the best means of extending the work of the Church in Uganda itself. And how had this fostering care, which had borne such fruit, been exercised? Not by sitting on one side and saying in effect "This is how you should act"—"This is what you should do"—"This is the line you should take"—But rather

by sitting *with* the Council as one of themselves —discussing everything with them—showing in every act and word that the Missionary was one with themselves.

In training native Christians in the art of self-government it is a tremendous mistake to hold aloof from their organisation—and this for the simple reason that if the work of the European Missionaries is carried on outside the limits of the native Church, there must be an outside organisation. In that case the native Christian will not be slow to realise that the outside organisation is the one which really settles whatever questions may be under discussion in the Church, and that their own organisation is more or less a sham. No interest will be taken in it. The work will be done in a perfunctory fashion and the whole thing will be more or less a failure. The Mission field, I doubt not, can show many such failures.

To my mind the true attitude and spirit of the Missionary towards those to whom he goes is included in the words, "Forget also thine own people and thy Father's house." Let him therefore throw in his lot absolutely with the natives, identifying himself as far as possible with their life, work and organisation. Let him submit himself to the laws and canons of their Church. Let him not say to his fellow Christians, "Go that way or this, do this or that," but rather, "Let *us* go this way or that, let us do this or that;" and the result, in my opinion, will be a real training of the native Church in the art of self-government. A real interest will be taken in the work of the governing body, which will then become a reality and not a sham. As the Church gains in strength, in knowledge, and in wisdom, the body of Missionaries will diminish in number (it was never

intended that their position should be regarded as a permanent one), their voice in the councils of the Church will become less and less loud, until at last the Missionary element will disappear altogether and the native Church will stand alone.

CHAPTER XIX

A TANGLED SKEIN

'Fallen threads I will not search for. I will weave.—'
G. MACDONALD.

THE political situation in Uganda at the beginning of 1893 was far from satisfactory. Captain Lugard had returned to England leaving Captain Williams, R.A., in charge. His position was one of extreme difficulty. The daily worries incidental to such a position as his —a position of authority and yet without adequate means of enforcing that authority—the uncertainty as to the ultimate retention of the country, difficulties connected with the Sudanese, their maintenance and discipline, the strife of parties—Protestant, Roman Catholic and Mohammedan—all combined to make Williams' position a far from enviable one. Strained relations existed between the camp and the Mission—the result very largely of mutual misunderstanding. The Bafransa, or Roman Catholic party, were clamouring for a readjustment of the settlement of April 5, 1892. They contended that they had been unjustly treated and that more territorial chieftainships had been promised to them than had actually been assigned to them; that their isolation in Budu prevented them from taking any part in the government of their own country; that they had no road to the capital, and so forth. The Protestants, on the other hand, denied that any promises had been made to the Bafransa as to further territory, and charged them with being in veiled rebellion, that they

refused to work for the king or to pay their due share of the tribute. The greatest offence, however, of the Bafransa in their eyes and especially in the eyes of the king was their continued retention of the persons of the two young princes—heirs to the throne—at the French Mission station of Bukumbi at the south of the Lake.

It was in these circumstances that Captain Williams, shortly after my arrival, consulted me as to a reopening of the questions in dispute with a view to a final settlement. He represented to me that the Bafransa were smarting under a sense of injustice, and that unless some concessions were made to them they would never settle down. "It was worth while," he said, "to sacrifice something for the sake of peace."

I agreed that every effort should be made to preserve the peace of the country, and expressed the opinion that if it could be proved that there had been any breach of faith in the settlement of April 5, 1892, the Protestant party would be more than willing to see the matter set right, even at the cost of considerable territory. I suggested, however, that inasmuch as one of the points which Captain Macdonald, who was then in the country, was inquiring into by order of the Government was the justice or injustice of this very settlement, it would be well to wait for the result of his inquiry. I further stated that in my opinion concessions to men in virtual rebellion was a disastrous policy to pursue and that the Bafransa should prove their loyalty by working for their king and paying their taxes. All this I afterwards set out in the form of a memorandum, to which on January 11, Captain Williams replied in a similar form. Although unconvinced by his arguments I nevertheless agreed to go forward, and on January 14 I held a conference with the Katikiro and a number of the principal chiefs. I was glad to

find that they showed a disposition to adopt a conciliatory attitude. Two points however, were regarded by them as indispensable preliminaries. First, that the proposed settlement should be regarded as absolutely final, and second, that the two young princes—sons of Kalema and heirs to the throne—should be given up to their legal guardian, the king. These granted, they were prepared to make considerable concessions in the matter of territory.

Later in the day Captain Williams and Major Eric Smith called upon me, in order to hear the result of my conference. Both agreed that all parties should be bound in the closest possible manner to regard the proposed settlement as an absolutely final one. They expressed, however, grave doubts as to whether the French priests would consent to surrender the two princes into the hands of the king, and suggested as a compromise that they should be brought to Kampala, the Company's station, and trained by the French priests until they were ten years of age at least.

To this I agreed, and hopefully awaited the result of a reference of the proposal to the French Bishop. Alas! I knew not the ways of Rome. On January 17 Captain Williams informed me that all negotiations were at an end. The French Bishop, on being approached on the matter of the young princes, had stated that it was impossible for him to accept this joint proposal of the Administration and the Protestant party, inasmuch as the matter had been referred to the Vatican, and was therefore out of his hands.

Thus the whole of these negotiations were wrecked and the question of peace or war in the country passed into the hands of the authorities at the Vatican. The king felt most keenly on this question of his nephews. His legal rights as guardian were being violated in the

most flagrant way by foreigners. According to native law there was absolutely no doubt as to the position occupied by the uncle of children whose father is dead. He stands precisely in the same position as the actual father. He is addressed as father by the children, and is in the fullest sense their guardian.

The legal aspect of the question was well stated by Apolo Kagwa, the Katikiro, in Uganda, some six weeks later when the case had entered on another phase. In a letter to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs dated April 18, 1893, he thus wrote:

"I the Katikiro of Uganda who decide all lawsuits desire to give you this explanation. According to our law when a man marries a woman and they have children—the children are the man's because the woman is a slave and every single thing she has is his. . .

"Well, the matter of Mwanga's children whom he gave to Monseigneur to keep, is similar. Had Monseigneur been a Muganda I should have decided the case in Mwanga's favour, for Mwanga is Kalema's heir. Mwanga is in possession of all Kalema's daughters; well then, why should he not have his sons? So Monseigneur ought not to hold Mwanga's children because he only gave them to him to keep because of the war in Uganda. Were Monseigneur a Muganda and I were to adjudicate in the case, and were he to refuse I should apprehend him, and give him over to Mwanga, and he would put him in the stocks until such time as he gave him his children. But I have no power against Monseigneur and he has hidden away the children at Bukumbi. So I have written that you may understand how the case stands, that you may tell him to give Mwanga his children. Monseigneur has no ground for refusing the children. He says to Mwanga, 'First give

me a piece of the country and then I will give you the children.' Well, this is not right. These are my words.

"I am your friend,

"(signed) APOLO KATIKIRO."

Mwanga himself now wrote at the same time to the Secretary of State pleading earnestly for the restoration of his nephews to his guardianship. After stating how they came into his hands after the death of his brother Kalema, and how, on the outbreak of war in the country, he gave them to the French Bishop to take care of he went on to say:

"When the war came to an end and I came back to my country I asked Monseigneur for my children, but he refused to give them to me and told me to buy them. 'Give me a piece of country,' said he, 'and then only will I give them to you.' Well, sir, this is why I am writing to you, that you in Europe may thoroughly understand my case. You see how Monseigneur has made my children absolutely like slaves because he wants me to buy them from him. Well! What right has a man—a guest who came to visit me—when I gave him my children to take care of and afterwards ask for them again, to refuse them to me? Monseigneur is not their father, nor are they his relations, nor are they French. So I write to you, that you may settle this case for me.

"I am your friend,

"(signed) MWANGA

"*King of Uganda.*"

Of course the policy of the French Bishop was easily to be understood. The king had no children and one of these boys must in course of time succeed him. A Romish king upon the throne would be an enormous advantage in the propagation of the faith, and in the

extension of the political influence of France in that central region of the great continent of Africa. Having got the boys he meant to keep them. It will be noticed, in both the letter of the Katikiro and in that of the king, that there was one condition on which he was willing to part with them—an increase of territory. As the latter baldly put it he was prepared to sell them for territory. The king rightly refused to treat his nephews as slaves and appealed to the British Government. Even the British Government failed to get them restored to their country. Nor was it until a year or two later, when Colonel Colvile the Acting Commissioner, took the bull by the horns, and issued a proclamation, which was affixed to the gates of the king's palace, (Lubiri) annulling the rights of succession to the throne of the young princes, that the French Bishop yielded the point and allowed them to return to Uganda.

The whole case is but another illustration, among many that might be given, of the policy which Rome pursues in carrying on her Missionary enterprise not merely in Uganda but in many another country of the world. Japan and China, as well as Uganda, are notable and melancholy examples of the way in which she seeks, by illegitimate interference with the political affairs of the country in which her lot is cast, to bend everything to her will in seeking to establish the Kingdom of that Lord, whose great desire it was to make clear to all his followers, that His Kingdom is not of this world.

Such a policy is not only inconsistent with the teaching of our Lord, but it is also, in consequence of that very inconsistency, in the very nature of things foredoomed to failure. It is the policy of a Church which is losing if she has not already lost her faith. It is the policy of sight and not of faith. It is the virtual

repudiation of all that wondrous provision of spiritual power with which the Great Head of the Church has endowed her, and which He has placed at the disposal of those whom He sends forth, and who go forth, in simple faith and trust, to make disciples of all nations.

All this while Captain Macdonald had been holding the inquiry which he had been ordered by H. M. Government to make into the causes of the war of January 1892. It was an unfortunate circumstance that Captain Lugard, the prime mover in the events of that memorable period in the history of Uganda, the responsible man, the man whose conduct more than that of any other was called in question, was in England at this particular time. It was equally unfortunate that a junior should be commissioned to investigate matters which, although not technically formulated as a charge, really amounted to an inquiry into the conduct of a senior captain. It is difficult to understand how the Government of the day could bring itself, not only to sanction, but actually to order, this inquiry to be held. Captain Macdonald obeyed his orders, like the good soldier he is, and held the inquiry. It was no doubt conducted with all that fairness, that scrupulous conscientiousness, which is so marked a feature in Captain Macdonald's character. But he must have felt that its conclusion could at the best be but lame and impotent. Upon the Government, and not upon Captain Macdonald, must rest all responsibility for the injustice of holding an inquiry which practically amounted to trying a defendant in his absence—giving him no opportunity of cross-examining witnesses or of making any defence whatsoever.

The report was never published. It was regarded "as a secret paper." Whether Captain Lugard was

condemned in it I know not. All that I know is that he was not only acquitted at the bar of public opinion but also in the opinion of those men of leading in the later administration of our country who have, in the public interest, advanced him from one post of responsibility to another, until now he holds the high and honourable office of Governor of Hong Kong.

The Anglican Mission took no part whatever in the inquiry. Many wild statements and baseless charges had been made by irresponsible writers in the public Press in England with regard to the attitude and actions of the English Missionaries during the troublous times under review. On inquiring, however, whether any charge had been formulated which would require an answer I received from Captain Macdonald under date of January 20 the following significant reply: "There have been no charges advanced, nor do I know of any entertained against the C.M.S." Thus we were content to allow matters to pursue the even tenor of their way. We hardly knew when the inquiry commenced, and were equally indifferent to its progress, and altogether unaware of its termination.

The last day of January was full of excitement. News reached us of the despatch of Sir Gerald Portal's special Mission to Uganda. Mr. Berkeley, the Administrator of the Company, was said to be with him on the road. The termination of the Company's rule was absolutely fixed for March 31. What did it all mean? That the Company would retire was certain, but would the British Government take its place? That was the question which we debated amongst ourselves till we were weary. The *Times* correspondent, who brought us the news, could shed no light upon the subject. All that we could do was to possess our souls in patience and await the unfolding of events.

In the meanwhile several attempts were made by Captain Williams to reopen negotiations between the parties, with a view to a settlement. Nothing, however, came of them. On February 9 Captain Williams returned from "chastising" the Bavuma islanders and at once suggested the reopening of the question. Feeling, however, that the whole situation was changed in consequence of the expected arrival in March of Sir Gerald Portal, I declined in the following letter to have anything to do with any fresh negotiations:

"NAMIREMBE,
"*Feb.* 10, 1893.

"DEAR CAPTAIN WILLIAMS,

"I have carefully thought over your proposal that we should discuss the arrangement of the country with a view to a provisional settlement of the points of difference between the parties, and have come to the conclusion that in any way to anticipate the action of her Majesty's Commissioner would be, for many obvious reasons, most inadvisable. I must therefore ask you kindly to excuse me taking any part in any negotiations you may see fit to set on foot.

"Sympathising with you in the object you have in view,

"I remain, Yours sincerely,
"(signed) ALFRED, *Bp. E. Eq. Africa.*

"*To* CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, R.A.
"Commanding in Uganda."

It appeared to me that to disturb the country by the discussion of such a burning question as a redistribution of the great chieftainships would be, in view of Sir G. Portal's expected early arrival, a most unwise proceeding. Even were an agreement to be arrived at it

might not meet with the Commissioner's approval and the whole thing would have to be fought out over again. What the country needed above everything was rest from political discussion.

The arrival of the *Times* correspondent, already referred to, was to us an event of considerable interest and significance. It was a straw on the stream indicating the direction of its flow. It was evident that Uganda was occupying a large place in the public mind at home, and that the great English newspaper intended to maintain its leading place as an informant and framer of public opinion on the Uganda question. The *Times* had done much for Uganda and evidently intended to do more. Its correspondent occupied a position of extraordinary opportunity, tremendous responsibility, no little peril. Would he realise it ?

When a special correspondent is one amongst many his power is strictly limited. He does his very utmost to get at facts and to convey the most accurate impressions to the minds of his readers of all that he sees and hears. He aims, above everything, at truth. Apart from his own instinctive search after truth, for its own sake, he knows that a dozen other men are engaged in the same quest, and that nothing but the strictest accuracy and the truest impression will escape adverse criticism and serve both his own interest and that of his paper. But when it happens, as in Uganda, that he is alone and altogether without the controlling influence of his fellows he is master of the situation. He becomes an autocrat, one to whom men bow down, a man to be feared, a man to be propitiated, a man to be won. He wields a power altogether out of proportion to his own individual capacities and abilities, a power that can only be safely entrusted to a man of the very highest calibre in intellectual and moral attainments, a

man who regards his work as a solemn trust, who can neither be browbeaten, cajoled, or in any way unduly influenced.

That the *Times* correspondent in Uganda in 1893 was the ideal man fitted in all these respects to occupy such a post of tremendous responsibility and opportunity will, I think, scarcely be claimed for him even by his best friends. That he failed to realise his responsibility and to rise to a sense of his opportunity was more his misfortune than his fault. The circumstances of his environment—the state of parties, the relations between "the camp" and the Mission, were such that only the man whom I have already described as the ideal correspondent could have held on his way uninfluenced by the petty jealousies and rivalries of the hour and have fulfilled his mission in the spirit of him whom the poet has described as a

> '. . . . tower of strength
> Which stood four square
> To all the winds that blow.'

This fact, however, did not absolve me from the duty of criticising some of his statements penned at this particular time with regard to the Anglican Mission. Erroneous or misleading statements concerning the country, its people, or its parties were to me matters of comparative indifference. I could employ my time much more profitably than in noticing them. But when reflections upon the work and conduct of the Missionaries appeared in a paper like the *Times* as the conclusions of an unprejudiced and responsible correspondent, there was no alternative but at the earliest possible moment to seek, through the same channel, to refute them. This through the courtesy of the *Times* I was able to do some few months later in a letter which, with that fairness and scrupulous impartiality which

has made the *Times* the greatest newspaper in the world,—they promptly published.

All this while the work of the Church was being pressed forward with the utmost vigour. Mr. Forster, who had travelled up country with me from Mombasa, had become Mission printer. He was highly skilled in the art of printing and his work at this particular juncture was of the utmost value. Reading sheets and Catechisms were worked off the press with extraordinary rapidity, but still, work as hard as we might, it was impossible to supply the demand. We had sent for the larger press used by Mackay in his later work at Usambiro and were eagerly looking for its arrival.

Confirmation classes were being carried on daily, and on February 9 I was able, to my great joy, to hold a Confirmation service, when seventy-five adults received the laying on of hands. More than 300 had been under instruction with a view to Confirmation but it was thought well to postpone the rite to a later date in the case of the larger proportion. Candidates for baptism, too, were pressing forward in large numbers. On February 5 twenty-eight men were baptized, making nearly sixty who had been admitted into the Church since my arrival. The work amongst women, too, was going forward. The wives of several members of the Church Council had had classes assigned to them, and were actively engaged in teaching younger women and girls.

So far as Mengo, the capital, was concerned, the prospects were of the most cheering and encouraging character, and this in spite of the rancour of political controversy and almost daily alarms of war. But how about the country, the many counties of Uganda absolutely untouched? Could nothing be done to extend the work of the Church into the regions beyond?

This question we debated amongst ourselves over and over again. As usual in such cases light upon it came from the Church Council. Nikodemo Sebwato, who was Pokino (ruler of Budu) on the occasion of my first visit to Uganda, had recently, under the new settlement, become Sekibobo (chief of Kyagwe). He was most anxious that work should be commenced in his county as soon as possible, and begged the Church Council to suggest it to us. The proposal was accepted with alacrity, and on February 13 I left Mengo, in company with Baskerville and Crabtree, in order to select a site for a Mission station.

Some five miles from Mengo we crossed an arm of the Lake in native canoes, and two days' easy marching brought us to a place called "Ziba," where we had been strongly recommended to seek for a suitable place for a centre of evangelistic work. The chief, Timoteo Nkangi, was a bright, earnest Christian. After a day spent in tramping from one hill to another—from one garden here to another there—we finally settled upon a spot under the shadow of a great crag over which the main road from the Nile-crossing to Mengo passed.

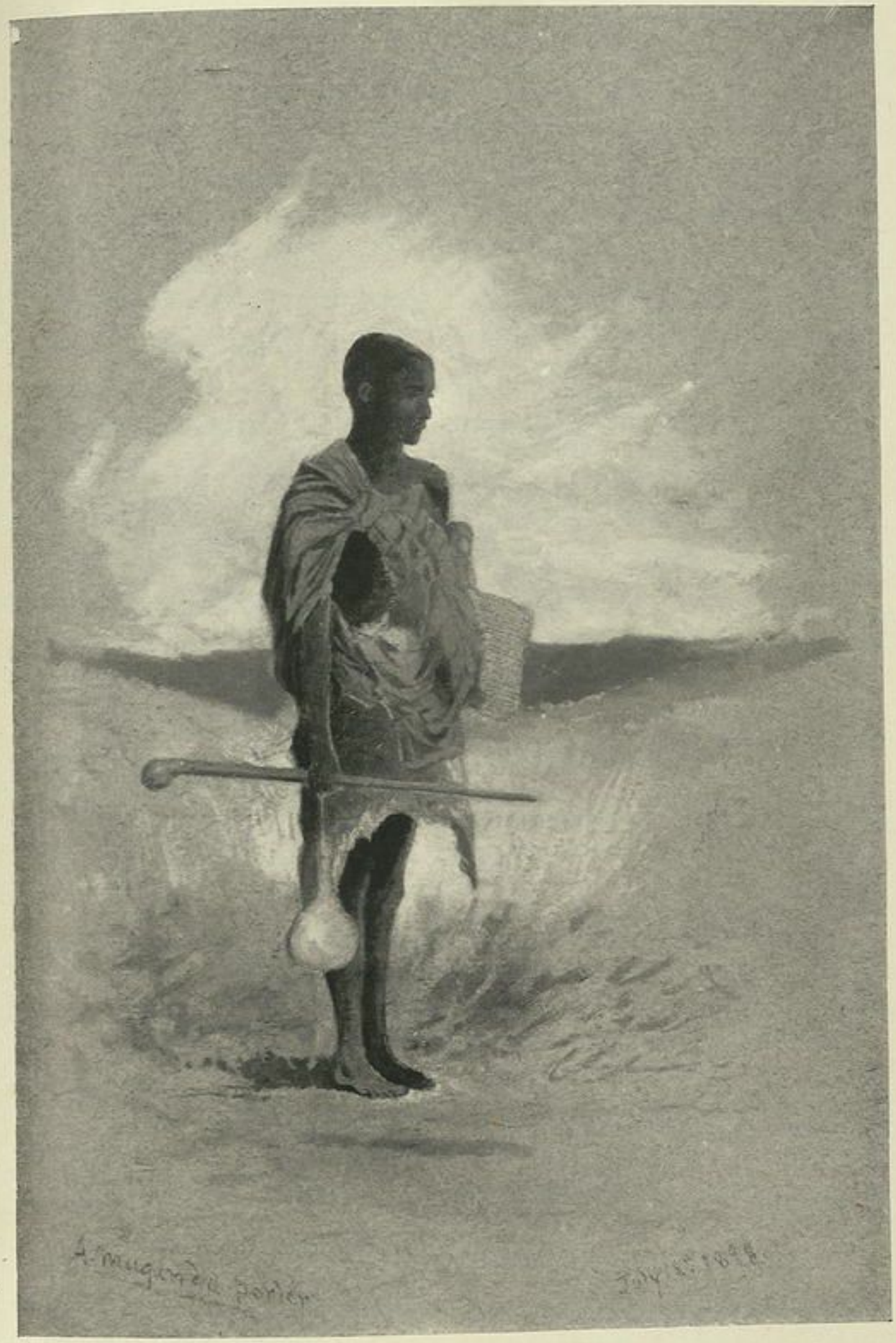
Here our first out-station was planted. The people were numerous, the situation healthy, the water pure and abundant and the food unlimited. Everything pointed to a prosperous future. Leaving Messrs. Baskerville and Crabtree in possession, I started on February 17 on my way back to Mengo.

I spent the night in the house of a Christian man named Luka. He was not at home, but the members of his family received me with the utmost cordiality and entertained me with lavish hospitality. It was a very touching and significant sight to one who, like myself, was anxiously watching for signs of the up-springing of anything at all approaching family life—

which in our own country is such a mighty power for good—to see how at eventide the household was gathered together by beat of drum for family worship. The absence of the master of the house made no difference. His son took his place in reading prayers. Young men and maidens, old men, women and children came trooping in from all sides and joined both in prayer and praise. At earliest dawn it was the same, the prayer drum beat and then the hum of voices, the hush, the one voice leading, the many responding, and then the loud "Amens."

On the 18th I found myself once more at Mengo. In my absence Captain Williams had made a fresh attempt to compose the matters at issue between the parties but had failed. There was nothing for it now, therefore, but to await the arrival of Sir G. Portal. In the meanwhile I set myself the task of compiling a catechism for the use of candidates for Confirmation of whom a large number were now daily under instruction. In it I dealt with the slave question, the duties of chiefs towards their people and people towards their chiefs, the marriage question, divorce—questions which to a people just emerging from the darkness of heathenism were all of the greatest interest and were daily being discussed in the ever-widening circles of Christian fellowship.

The intervals of work were filled up with one or two attacks of fever—and sundry conferences with the chiefs on political matters. These conferences were the greatest trials of my life. I never saw a troop of chiefs and their followers coming up the road to my house without groaning aloud. As I have already suggested, politics we abhorred. But it was impossible to refuse to give advice in matters affecting the welfare of the whole nation. This indeed, the welfare of the



A MUGANDA PORTER

people, was the *raison d'etre* of our presence in Uganda. The Officers of the Administration, so far, had failed in gaining their confidence. They had yet to win the way to their hearts. That was a work of time. In the meanwhile events were moving forward rapidly to a crisis. The arrival of Sir Gerald Portal was shortly expected If his Mission was to be a success his position, his functions, his relation to the sovereign, the people and Government of Great Britain, must be fully explained. All this meant pains, patience and time. But still it was worth while. The end in view was peace; and at all costs that must be secured; and so the conferences went forward and the way was prepared for that *modus vivendi* which some two months later was arranged.

CHAPTER XX

A HOPEFUL OUTLOOK

'It is only the principles of Truth, Goodness and Right which are to last for ever.'—GOULBURN.

THE "Balozi," as the Consul-General in common parlance was called, was almost a mythical personage to the great mass of the population. They would talk of him almost as they would talk about the Great White Queen beyond the seas, as a being of whom they had heard but never expected to see. When, therefore, the news arrived that he had actually crossed the Nile, and was within a few days march of the capital the public excitement knew no bounds.

On the morning of March 17, the day of Sir Gerald Portal's expected entry into Mengo, vast crowds were gathered together on the slopes of the hill of Kampala, on the crest of which stood the Government station. From time to time messengers sent by various local chiefs came running in with news of the progress of the Consul-General and his party. Now they are at Musalosalo's, now at the third "mutala" (hill), there on the crest of that distant hill is the advance guard. Down they come in a long white, thread-like stream. Hark! there is the sound of the drum; the excitement grows. Pages bearing the greetings of the king, the Katikiro, and the other great chiefs, are sent off at full speed, with their white flowing garments fluttering in the breeze as they run; the scene is full of life. Now the chiefs advance to meet

the coming guests. The returning pages, with the greetings of the white men, rush breathless to the feet of their chiefs and deliver their messages, and then rising, start off once more with renewed salutations to the coming strangers. Thus a continuous stream of greetings flow to and fro, until at length, at about a mile from the capital, Consul-General and chiefs meet.

In company with Captain Raymond Portal, who had arrived in Mengo the previous day, I had gone out to meet Sir Gerald and my old friend Mr. Ernest Berkeley, and stood by, as the chiefs came forward to welcome to their country the representative of the Queen.

The scene was picturesque and striking in the extreme. Dense masses of the Bakopi (peasants), clad in red bark-cloth, lined the road on either side. Chiefs arrayed in snow-white garments, their followers in a variety of costumes, a bodyguard of Baganda soldiers with Snider rifles were grouped in the immediate vicinity of the Consul-General, who was mounted on a bay horse which the king had sent out for his use. Then came the travel-stained officers of the staff—Colonel Frank Rhodes, Major Owen, Captain Arthur, Lieutenant Villiers, Mr. Berkeley and Dr. Moffat, all looking thoroughly well and keenly interested in the cordial if somewhat boisterous welcome accorded them. "Mutyano!" resounded on all sides. "Mutyano! banange!" ("How do you do my friends!") "Mukuleke banange!" ("Congratulations my friends.") For a short while nothing was heard but such mutual greetings and expressions of goodwill from all sides, and then a move was made for the capital. In half an hour with drums beating, flags flying, and the shoutings of the crowds gathered together outside, Kampala was entered, and the long and weary journey of 800 miles from the coast was over.

The first question of course which engaged the attention of Sir Gerald Portal was that of the retention or abandonment of the country. The Company's rule would terminate on March 31. If evacuation were to follow arrangements for withdrawal must at once be commenced. If, on the other hand, it was decided to hoist the Union Jack on the hauling down of the Company's flag, the organisation of an effective Administration would become a matter of pressing importance. I had several conferences with Sir Gerald and stated pretty plainly what my views were. I did not disguise from him my opinion that widespread disaster and ruin must inevitably result from any abandonment of the position, which in so formal a fashion had been taken up by Captain Lugard in the treaty of December 1890. The following letter was my reply to a request from Sir Gerald for a statement of my views in writing:

"NAMIREMBE,
"*March* 30, 1893.

"DEAR SIR GERALD PORTAL,

"Should Her Majesty's Government decline to undertake the expense and responsibility involved in the administration of this country, it is my firm conviction that the consequences that must inevitably ensue would be most disastrous. In my opinion nothing in such circumstances could possibly be looked for but immediate war and anarchy.

"1. There are as you know three latent conflicting forces at the present time in Uganda—the English, French and Mohammedan parties. The moment the present controlling power is withdrawn these forces will start into life and come into immediate collision. The result will be that the lives of the English Missionaries will be endangered if not actually sacrificed (it is utterly

impossible for us to withdraw) and the work of the Mission wrecked.

"2. The English (or so-called Protestant) party will stand strictly on the defensive, but it will in all probability have to meet the attacks of both the French (or so-called Roman Catholic) and Mohammedan parties.

"3. Should the latter party ally itself with Kabarega of Bunyoro and the Sudanese of Toro—a not at all unlikely contingency in the circumstances—they would sweep everything before them and the whole population, whether Protestant, Roman Catholic, or heathen, would be dominated by a power which would mean the practical enslavement of the people, and the effacement of all the civilising influences at present at work.

"I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"(signed) ALFRED, *Bp. E. Eq. Africa.*"

Although Sir Gerald hid his own opinions on this question of the hour behind an official reticence which I admired and respected, yet it was not difficult to gather, from the drift of his questions in the course of conversation, what his views really were. It was therefore without any surprise, but with a great deal of thankfulness, that I heard it announced that on April 1st, on the Company's flag being formally hauled down, the British flag would be as formally hoisted. But just before the dawning of that long looked-for day, an event occurred which, although absolutely unconnected with the Company's administration, yet shed a lustre upon the last day of its rule in Uganda. I refer to the signature, on March 31, by forty of the principal Protestant chiefs, of a declaration expressing their purpose to give freedom to their slaves. The question of slavery had

for some considerable time been agitating the minds of several of the more earnest and thoughtful among the Christian chiefs. It was inevitable that it should be so among men who were students, as these were, of the word of God. They frequently discussed the subject among themselves and with the Missionaries. At length a demand for the surrender of a runaway slave belonging to a Mohammedan, who had taken refuge with a Christian chief, named Batolomayo, brought the question to an issue. Batolomayo refused to give up the slave. What was to be done? The matter was referred to me. My first question to them was, "What is the law of the land? Does it recognise slavery?" The answer was "Yes!" Then I said: "You have no option. You must give him up. You must obey the laws. But," I added, "if you think the law a bad one I should advise you to get it altered." They went away, but a few days later they came back to me with a request that I would tell them what my views were upon the question of slavery generally. "Meet me in the Church," I said, "at three o'clock and I will tell you what I think is the teaching of Scripture upon the subject." They met me there—some five and twenty or thirty of the more earnest and intelligent of the chiefs. It was not difficult for me then, with the open Bible in our hands, to show them what the law of God required. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." It was easy to show them who their neighbour was, by pointing them to the parable of the Good Samaritan. Nor was it then difficult to point out to them how utterly inconsistent with a gospel of love was the subjection by force of one man to another, and the buying and selling of our fellow creatures. Ere we parted we knelt in prayer together and asked for divine guidance, in order that a right conclusion might be arrived at with regard

to such a supremely important matter. They went away once more, and on March 31 there was signed and brought to me the following declaration embodying their determination to abolish slavery absolutely.

"Sisi waprotestanti wakubwa wote tumekubali kushika desturi hünjema ya kiungwana. Tumekubali kuwafungua na kuwapa huu Kabisa watumwa wotek Na hapa majina yetu wakubwa."

1. Katikiro.
2. Kakungulu.
3. Sekibobo.
4. Mukwenda.
5. Kago.
6. Mugema.
7. Kaima.
8. Kangao.
9. Mulondo.
10. Mujasi.
11. Mukabya.
12. Kauta.
13. Sebugulu.
14. Muwanika.
15. Muwambya.
16. Muwuliriza.
17. Batolomayo.
18. Muwanga.
19. Sabaganzi.
20. Mulema.
21. Mukubankwata.
22. Munoka.
23. Sabalangira.
24. Magembi.
25. Namuwama.
26. Omubanda.
27. Munakulya.
28. Luimbazi.
29. Munywa.
30. Nzige.
31. Mukubira.
32. Senkezi.
33. Muyonjo.
34. Kanyonyi.
35. Muyoza.
36. Lukanika.
37. Mukokiro.
38. Kibale.
39. Luwekula.
40. Musalosalo.

Translation.

"All we the Protestant chiefs desire to adopt these good customs of freedom. We hereby agree to untie and to free completely all our slaves. Here are our names as chiefs."

This document, which is still in my possession, I prize as one of my most precious treasures. Its signature is, to my mind, one of the greatest triumphs to which Christianity can point either in primitive, mediæval,

or modern times. It was not a sudden impulse, but the result of long and patient teaching, even from the earliest days. It will be remembered how Mackay explained to Mutesa and his court the wonderful mechanism of the human body, and how earnestly he pleaded that beings so marvellously constructed might not be bought and sold like trade goods. This teaching was not long in bearing fruit. Later, when a chief had been condemned by the king to pay a fine of so many cattle and goats and *women*, the Christian chiefs in the council objected, saying, "We are quite willing to pay sheep, cattle and goats, but not women." The king yielded and the full penalty was not exacted. That in itself was a great triumph, but the declared purpose of forty of the greatest chiefs in the country, formally set forth, was an infinitely greater one. It was the enunciation of a policy. Henceforth it was possible to reckon on all that was best and noblest in the land as being on the side of progress and freedom. It meant the breaking down of the prejudices and customs of long ages, barriers to the progress of the Gospel. It meant light as well as liberty—the realisation of the Brotherhood of man as well as the Fatherhood of God.

> 'That God, which ever lives and loves—
> One God, one law, one element
> And one far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves.'

The morning of April 1st dawned bright and clear. Kampala was a busy, bustling scene. The administration of the Company was at noon to be handed over to the British Government. As twelve o'clock drew near the garrison was paraded, and took up its position on the three sides of a square, having the flagstaff in the centre. "Lower away" was the order as the hour struck. Down came the symbol of a rule which, what-

ever its shortcomings may have been, had done good and useful service. With a general salute and flourish of trumpets the Union Jack was run up and the administration of her Britannic Majesty's Government became an accomplished fact. Whatever difference of opinion there may have been amongst us as to whether the British flag would ever be hoisted in Uganda there was, and could be, none as to its continuing to fly. The withdrawal from the Sudan and the abandonment of Gordon had taught the British nation a lesson. She would never, we were persuaded, sanction a second abandonment, a second Kartum. No! The British Government had come to stay.

This point decided, the next question which presented itself for settlement was that connected with the differences between the "Bafransa" and the "Bangereza" Could a *modus vivendi* be discovered? Sir Gerald Portal felt that the best hope of arriving at an understanding lay in working through the two Missions. It was impossible for him, with the limited forces at his disposal, to impose his will upon both or either. His only hope of success was in bringing the two Missions into line with himself and making them his allies. Apart from the Missions he was helpless. Their influence over their respective adherents was all-powerful. Moreover it was a perfectly legitimate influence. This was acknowledged even by the *Times* correspondent.

"There is no doubt," he wrote, "that the Missionaries exert great moral influence on the country—much more than many would imagine. This is indeed only natural when we consider the thorough insight which they have into the affairs of their people and how completely they are in touch with them by reason of the many years spent in their midst."

That Sir Gerald Portal recognised this and acted

upon it was a proof of his wisdom and foresight. He grasped the situation in a moment and came frankly to the Missions for their assistance. He told me plainly that without my help he had no hopes of arriving at a settlement. Would I assist him? Would I meet the French Bishop and talk matters over with him? I assented and gladly promised to do everything in my power to facilitate the attainment of the object of his Mission. The meeting with Mgr. Hirth was arranged and fixed for April 7th. Sir Gerald has described, in picturesque language, this memorable meeting. I have never been able to admit its accuracy. It is true that the conference lasted for some three and a half hours, but that we "were at it hammer and tongs" for that length of time is a mere figure of speech. That we were improperly described as "two angry Bishops" Sir Gerald himself, if pressed upon the point, would, I am persuaded, have admitted. From the moment when I shook hands with Mgr. Hirth, on meeting, until, on parting, we went through the same ceremony, not one single angry expression did I allow to escape from my lips. In his official report to the Government Sir Gerald Portal spoke of the "conciliatory tone" which I adopted throughout these negotiations. How are these two statements to be reconciled? The fact is, the latter was penned officially with a due sense of responsibility and in circumstances when every word was weighed, the former was contained in a private letter intended merely to amuse and entertain, and ought never to have been published. Sir Gerald, I am sure, would have deprecated its publication no less than I do.

The French Bishop's first demands on behalf of the Bafransa were wholly inadmissible. He asked for the whole of Singo, Kaima's country, Sese, and the office of Katikiro. This latter claim, of course, meant the

turning out of his office of our old and valued friend Apolo Kagwa—an utterly impossible thing to do. That the great province of Singo could be given up I also felt to be impossible, and plainly stated my conviction that unless Mgr. Hirth was prepared to yield on these two points our conference had better come to a close. With regard to the island of Sese, I would only yield, I declared, on condition that the unrestricted use of canoes was secured to the Bangereza. Trade around the shores, and at the south end of the Lake depended upon freedom to use the canoes which were almost entirely under the control of the Sese chiefs. This freedom Sir Gerald promised should be secured. Kaima's country I felt must be surrendered in order to give the Bafransa that access to the capital which was necessary if they were to take their share in the Government of the country. After a long debate Mgr. Hirth agreed to accept the district of Bwekula in lieu of the great Province of Singo. Sir Gerald Portal then suggested, as a compromise, that there should be two Katikiros, two Mujasis (or heads of the soldiers), and two Gabungas (or heads of the canoes). I quite agreed with him that so far as the judicial functions of the Katikiro were concerned, it was inadvisable in the then unsettled condition of the country, that Roman Catholic lawsuits should be determined by a Protestant Judge. I was quite willing, therefore, that a Roman Catholic should be appointed who should adjudicate in all matters affecting purely Roman Catholic interests. I objected, however, to his having the title of Katikiro, on the ground that it would lead to misunderstanding and difficulty. Mgr. Hirth pressed the point very strongly and I ultimately yielded. I saw no difficulty in the appointment of a Roman Catholic Mujasi and Gabunga on the understanding that none of the estates in the possession of

the Protestant holders of these offices was to be given up to the Roman Catholics, and that the unhindered use of the canoes was secured to the Protestants. There was one point yet remaining to be discussed, and that was the surrender of the young princes. I plainly told Sir Gerald that unless this were agreed to by the French Bishop, I should be unable to press upon my friends any of the concessions already assented to. The feeling of the Protestant chiefs on this point I knew to be very intense, and that it would be utterly hopeless to expect them to grant any concession until this most important question had been settled. Upon this, at any rate, there could be no compromise. I therefore left it entirely with Sir Gerald Portal to argue it out with Mgr. Hirth, which he did at considerable length. Ultimately Sir Gerald carried his point, and the thing was settled. The various points agreed upon were formally set forth in a paper which was signed by all present.*

All that Mgr. Hirth and I pledged ourselves to do under this agreement, was to press these arrangements on the adherents of our respective Missions. We had no power to carry them out. We could only advise their adoption.

Before separating Sir Gerald Portal made an attempt to get the two bishops to come to an agreement as to separate spheres of Missionary work. I made it quite clear at once that, so far as the Anglican Mission was concerned, such an arrangement was quite impossible. The Frenchmen were intruders. They had followed us to Uganda in spite of entreaty, warning and protest. The responsibility for all the troubles that had followed that indefensible act of intrusion must rest upon the heads of those who had been guilty of it. We could not

* Notwithstanding this settlement, the princes were not restored to their country until a year or two later, after their right of succession had been annulled by Colonel Colvile's proclamation (see p. 248).

curtail the area of our efforts. We claimed freedom to go anywhere and everywhere. Our commission from our Lord to preach the Gospel to every creature forbade any such arrangement as that suggested by Sir Gerald.

The French Bishop, without attempting to defend the intrusion of his Mission into our sphere of work, declined with equal definiteness to bind himself to confine his efforts to one area. He declared that the Vatican would never sanction such a proposal.

All that this further discussion resulted in was a statement on my part, and on that of Mgr. Hirth, as to what our *intentions* were. The latter stated that he had no intention of working *eastward*. I, on my part, said that whilst I had a great desire to extend our work to Toro, my forces were wholly insufficient and that at present I had no intention of going *westward*. This statement was misinterpreted by Sir Gerald as an agreement and reported to the Foreign Office as such, whereas it was merely a setting forth of our *intentions*. I may add that no document on the subject was ever signed. Three days later I called together the principal chiefs of the Bangereza party for a conference on the subject of the proposed concessions. They met in my house, the Katikiro acting as their spokesman. Their principal objection to the proposed settlement, I soon saw, was to the double chieftainships. The whole proposal was almost incomprehensible to them. "Two Katikiros!" they exclaimed in amazement, "then are there two kings?" It was an impossible idea to them, two Katikiros and only one king. Was the French bishop to be the new king, they asked. It was quite clear that they had the greatest possible objection to the proposal, and would only agree to it under protest. This view of the case I represented to Sir Gerald and confessed my own agreement with it. He of course

was far too clear-sighted not so see the difficulties inseparably connected with it. At the same time it appeared to him to be the only possible solution to the problem of how to reconcile the Bafransa to the predominance of their rivals, the Bangereza. He was, however, able to stipulate that Apolo Kagwa should be regarded as the senior Katikiro and in all State functions should take precedence of his colleagues. *

Not easily was an agreement arrived at. Days were spent in negotiations. At length, on April 19th, I called the chiefs together and placed before them the draft treaty which had been prepared by Sir Gerald Portal. I explained all its provisions, and especially made clear to them the reason why there appeared in the instrument no clause as to the surrender of the young princes. "This treaty," I said, "is between the king and chiefs of Uganda and the British Government. The French Bishop does not sign it, neither do I. Mgr. Hirth has pledged himself to the Consul-General in another document to give up the king's nephews." With this explanation they were satisfied. We then knelt in prayer (we were assembled in my house) and asked God's blessing upon what was about to be done. We prayed especially that there might be a real treaty of peace, and that brotherly love and mutual goodwill might take the place of all the envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness that had disgraced the past. Then rising from our knees the treaty was signed, and henceforth the Katikiro and Bangereza chiefs were committed to a policy of conciliation and peace.

I wonder whether, in all the history of diplomacy, there is any record of a treaty having been signed in

* I may say that experience has shown that the objections raised to this curious idea of double chieftainships were well founded. Some seven years later, under the settlement of Sir Harry Johnston, the whole thing was abolished and Apolo Kagwa acknowledged as Prime Minister or sole Katikiro.

similar circumstances? How dramatic those circumstances! The scene, the heart of savage Africa, a Missionary's house; the actors, the Missionary Bishop, the gathered chiefs—many of them accustomed to wield the weapons of war from their youth up, familiar with scenes of bloodshed and cruelty, once, and that very recently, sunk in all the degradation of heathenism, but now having been brought out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel of Christ, desirous of showing forth something of the character of their Saviour in their dealings with those with whom, but a little while before, they had been engaged in a life or death struggle. These men, prostrate before God pleading for guidance as to the signature of a treaty by which, for the sake of peace, they gave up much which was rightly theirs. Surely such a scene, so striking in its significance, so dramatic in its incidents, speaks as no words can do of the reality of that work which the Holy Spirit of God had been doing in the hearts of some of the leading men in Uganda.

CHAPTER XXI

EXTENSION AND CONSOLIDATION

'Leave results to God.'—E. B. Browning.

Although politics at this time were absorbing a good deal of our attention, and no little of our energy, still the work of the Mission went forward. The classes on Namirembe Hill were in full swing and daily growing in numbers. The printing press was continually at work, the sale of books was fast becoming phenomenal, cheering reports were coming in from the new out station in Kyagwe, and calls to occupy other large centres of population were continually ringing in our ears.

For some time our eyes had been fixed upon Mitiana, the capital of the great county of Singo, as a centre to be occupied as soon as possible. Early in February I had arranged for Fisher and Gunther to proceed thither. Captain Macdonald, however, appealed to me to delay taking any definite step until the question in dispute between the two parties had been arranged, and a *modus vivendi* agreed upon. I yielded to his wishes, and extension to Singo was postponed. The signature, however, of the treaty already referred to removed the embargo and opened the way for the contemplated advance.

Pilkington joined the two men already designated for the work in Singo, and on April 20th they started on their journey. It was not long before letters came

telling of the great opening before us. Men and women in large numbers were coming forward for instruction. Books were in the greatest demand. "Mitiana" wrote Pilkington, "is more like Mengo than any other place I have seen in Uganda. Pray come and see for yourself as soon as you can be spared from those dreadful politics."

Daily conferences with the chiefs, and almost hourly correspondence with Sir Gerald Portal, occupied the greater part of my time. Things, however, were quieting down, and on May 9 I found myself free to respond to the call to visit Singo, with a view to selecting a site for a Mission station. It was in the midst of the rainy season. The swamps were full—the storms incessant—the mosquitoes innumerable. The discomforts of the journey, however, I will not dwell upon. I will only say that it was a very real relief to find myself, on May 12, at Mitiana—and comfortably sheltered beneath the hospitable roof of the Mukwenda—the great overlord of Singo.

Singo was formerly one of the most prosperous of the great counties of Uganda, but in recent years it had been the battlefield on which the national rivalries between Banyoro and Baganda had been fought out. The Mohammedans, too, had cruelly desolated it. As a consequence many of the great gardens had fallen out of cultivation, and the general aspect of the country was depressing in the extreme. In and around Mitiana, however, the population was numerous and the gardens in consequence well kept.

On a hill some ten minutes walk from the Mukwenda's enclosure it was decided to build our Mission station. Halfway down the hill was a spring of deliciously cold water. Dense woods filled the ravines and valleys, through which rushing streams found their way to

Lake Wamala some four or five miles away. This lake, stretching east and west as far as the eye could reach, and dotted with islands, was a marked feature in the landscape. Beyond it, in the far, far distance lay the mountainous region of Kinakulya, through which passed one of the main roads to Bunyoro.

Leaving Fisher and Gunther to lay the foundations of what we trusted would be an enduring work, Pilkington and I started on our return journey to Mengo on May 16. The weather was very stormy, the swamps fuller than ever, especially the great Mayanja. With rain falling in torrents, mosquitoes biting with what seemed a peculiar ferocity, we made our way across this great swamp up to our necks in water. Sometimes we were walking on a thick bed of undulating papyrus, at others we were almost swimming and yet unable, through the masses of vegetation around us, to strike out. We could simply plunge, and splash our way through, dashing the mosquitoes from our faces with one hand, whilst clinging to the papyrus with the other. At length we were through, and tramped on in thick mud, with lightning playing around and thunder crashing overhead and then rolling on until it died away in the distance beyond.

On May 19 we were once more at Mengo. Everything was going forward as usual. Dr. Baxter, however, had heard of Captain Raymond Portal being ill on his way in from Toro, and had started at almost a moment's notice to meet him, taking medicines and supplies of invalid food. The next day Captain Portal was carried in to Kampala evidently very ill. Seven days later, to the great regret of the little English community, he passed away. His manly bearing and generous, kindly nature had won the hearts of all. Our sympathy with Sir Gerald at this bereavement, in the

LAKE WAMALA, UGANDA

most trying circumstances, and with a heavy burden of work and responsibility resting on him, was very deep and real. It drew us nearer together.

Trinity Sunday morning, May 28, the funeral service took place, and the remains of as gallant a soldier as could be found in the British Army were laid in their last resting-place.

This day, so sad and sorrowful in its beginning, is yet a day that must be for ever associated with feelings of heartfelt gratitude and thankfulness to God. Hardly had the echoes of the farewell volley fired over the soldier's grave died away, when the great drum boomed out as the signal for the commencement of a service in which the first Deacons of the Church of Uganda were solemnly set apart for their high and holy office.

For a whole week the work of examination had been going forward. Roscoe, Millar, Crabtree, and Hubbard were candidates for Priest's Orders, and Henry Wright Duta, Yairo Mutakyala, Yokana Mwira, Yonasani Kaidzi, Nikodemo Sebwato, and Zakaria Kizito were the candidates for Deacon's Orders. One other native candidate had been put forward, but I felt it well to postpone his ordination to a future occasion.

It was with feelings of the most profound gratitude to God that I took my allotted part in this service. As one after another of our native brethren came forward to receive the laying on of hands, it was with difficulty that one could restrain one's emotion. These men, like some of the disciples in the early days of the Church, were "unlearned and ignorant," wise, however, in the things of God. They had been tested and tried in the fires of persecution, and had laboured for years in the service of their Lord—without pay or earthly reward. And now the call had come to them to engage in higher service. And so they were set apart to execute the

office of Deacon in the Church of God, committed unto them "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

At the afternoon service ten evangelists were publicly licensed for their work. They had all been recommended to me by the Church Council—a recommendation endorsed by the whole body of the Missionaries. For a long while they had been engaged in Church work either as evangelists or teachers. It was but fitting that they should receive the authority of the Church to take such part in her services as they were permitted to do and to preach as need might arise.

It is an interesting fact that on this particular day (Trinity Sunday) at the request of the learned and Missionary-hearted Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott) from whose diocese three years previously I had been sent forth, intercessory prayer was being offered in the great Cathedral of St. Cuthbert on the banks of the Wear on behalf of the first Deacons of the Church of Uganda. What a stretch of history does this incident suggest! What thoughts as to the oneness and continuity of the Church are we inspired with at the mere mention of such places as Iona, Lindisfarne and Durham, reminding us, as they do, of such men as Columba, Aidan and Cuthbert, names so suggestive of trials and vicissitudes, as well as glories and triumphs, of the Missionary work of the Church. Well might one be cheered by such reflections, and look forward with hope into the future, reckoning it a not impossible thing that at no distant day there might go forth from Uganda, as from another great Missionary base like Iona or Lindisfarne, men of God willing to spend and be spent, to be anything or nothing, so that glory might come to the name of their God in the regeneration of

the tribes yet sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.

Sir Gerald Portal's Mission had now come to a close. The British flag was now flying in Uganda. An Administration had been formed. A treaty with the king and chiefs had been signed. Captain Macdonald had been placed in command, and as Acting Commissioner was to represent the British Government, until a decision had been arrived at as to the ultimate fate of the country. Nothing more apparently remained for Sir Gerald to do but to make his way to England and submit his report to her Majesty's Government.

On Monday, May 29, he came to say "Good-bye." He was to leave the following day. We spent nearly an hour together, talking over the affairs of the country. He was most kind in acknowledging any assistance I had been able to render him in the fulfilment of his Mission. He then asked me whether I would walk with him to look at his brother's grave, as he was anxious to have it cared for in his absence. We climbed the hill and passed to that corner of "God's Acre" where Bishop Hannington and Raymond Portal's remains lie side by side. Sir Gerald just said a few words as to what he would like done and then with folded arms stood rapt in silence. He was evidently deeply touched. "Let us have a few words of prayer for the loved ones at home," I whispered. We knelt together, and then, with the shadows of evening stealing over the scene and deepening the impression made by the solemn circumstances of the hour, I commended to the consolations of Him who is the "God of all comfort and the very consolation of Israel" those in the homeland, especially the father and mother—bereaved (though they knew it not) of their dear one. And then with the word of blessing, "The Lord of Peace himself give you Peace always

by all means," we rose from our knees, grasped one another by the hand and parted.

I little thought, as I said "Good-bye" to Sir Gerald, that some six months later, when at home, I should receive a summons to what proved to be his deathbed; and yet so it was to be. After enduring all the toil and dangers incidental to such a journey as that to Uganda, and back by way of the Tana river, he was stricken down in London by typhoid fever, and on January 26, 1894, passed to his rest.

The time had now come for me to turn my steps towards the coast. My work in Uganda for the time being was at an end. My programme had been completed to the smallest item. Many questions of difficulty were awaiting settlement at Freretown. It was clearly necessary that I should get there with as little delay as possible. Nasa must be visited and also the Usagara Mission. I must needs therefore journey through the German territory. Canoes were ordered to be ready on June 1. Greatly to my surprise on the morning of the appointed day came the news that they were awaiting me at Munyonyo—the king's landing-place. The order was at once given to pack, and in a few minutes all was bustle and confusion. At nine o'clock a start was made for the place of embarkation. There was a great crowd of chiefs and people to see us off. The procession through Mengo was remarkable. The Katikiro, Sekibobo, Kangao, Mulondo, and Kago, marched with us for a long distance, several of them even going as far as the Lake shore. Their evident affection was most touching. I was very sorry to leave them, and they, I believe, were equally sorry to part from me and Dr. Baxter, who was my sole travelling companion. At 3 P.M. our farewells were said, and half

an hour later we were well on our way to Entebbe our first camping-place.

Writing at the time, I thus summed up my five months work in Uganda:

"My work now, for a time at least, is at an end. God has indeed been good to me in giving me health and strength for all that has come upon me during the past five months. How much has happened since December 23, the day of my arrival in Uganda! More than 10,000 Gospels have been sold, and 25,000 copies of other books and reading sheets—total, in five months, 35,000. How fruitful of results for the future is this one fact! Three Confirmations have been held and 141 candidates confirmed. Three Ordinations have also been held and nine deacons and four priests have been admitted to Holy Orders. One hundred and fifty three adults have been baptized and fifty-three infants. Ten lay evangelists have been set apart and licensed. Two new stations have been opened—one in Singo and the other in Kyagwe. Visits have been paid to each of these places. A lasting peace, I trust, has been made with the Roman Catholics, and, lastly, the Mission of Sir Gerald Portal has come and gone and slavery has practically been abolished. For all this I humbly thank God. My stay has been a very, very happy one. It has been a time of anxiety and trial in many ways, but still a time that has brought untold joy to my heart and soul. I can only now pray, on leaving Uganda, that God may be pleased to own and bless all that has been done in His name and graciously to pardon all that has been done amiss or left undone."

CHAPTER XXII

FROM THE LAKE TO THE SEA

'He must be very shortsighted, indeed, who cannot see, in his own experience, many instances of his having been led by paths that he did not know.'—Archbishop TEMPLE.

"THE only trouble on the horizon is a possible one with the Mohammedans. They will neither work for the king nor pay taxes."

It was thus I wrote on May 30, the eve of my departure from Uganda, to the Rev. H. E. Fox, my commissary in England. I little thought, however, when penning these words that in less than a fortnight that little cloud would gather and a storm full of the perils of war would burst upon the little band of Englishmen, Missionaries and officials, then holding the Fort in Uganda, and yet so it was.

The possibility of an alliance between the Sudanese soldiery and the Mohammedan Baganda suggested in my letter to Sir Gerald Portal of March 30 (quoted on page 387) was, as the event proved, no remote one. No sooner had the treaty been signed, which gave to the Bafransa an increase of territory, than the Mohammedans put in a claim for a similar concession. They were already in possession of the three provinces of Butambala, Busuju and Butunzi. Neither on the ground of numbers nor of influence could they justly claim more. Before leaving the country Sir Gerald Portal gave them distinctly to understand, that any increase of territory was out of the question. This announcement stirred

up a great deal of discontent and dissatisfaction, and led no doubt to negotiations being entered into with the Sudanese at the head of whom was Selim Bey. He, it is clear, gave some assurances of co-operation. It is difficult otherwise to account for the insolent attitude taken up by the Mohammedan Baganda in the king's Baraza.

On June 4 information was brought to Roscoe by the Katikiro and Sekibobo to the effect that Selim Bey had sworn on the Koran to assist with all his force any organised movement for resisting the British authority. This was at once communicated to Captain Macdonald who took instant action. He advised the king to call together all his chiefs—Protestant, Roman Catholic and Mohammedan, and formally order them to build for him. This was done, and the former obeyed immediately, but with the exception of a few small chiefs, the latter (the Mohammedans) declined to put in an appearance. Messages were sent to them to the effect that unless obedience was rendered within twenty-four hours strong measures would be resorted to. Within a couple of hours an answer was returned which pointed to an unconditional surrender. "We will work for the King" were the actual words of the message.

The prospect brightened, and things began to look a little more hopeful. Several days passed by without incident. The king's large outer fence was measured and a position allotted to each of the three parties for rebuilding. Even the Bangereza began to think that all would be settled peaceably. Intrigue, however, was doing its work, and on June 17 the crisis came.

Roscoe was at the early church service when the following note was put into his hands from Pilkington:

"Come down quickly. Captain Macdonald is here with serious news. Don't tell the people."

A mutinous letter, it seems, had been received by Captain Macdonald from Selim Bey. It was to the effect that he (Selim Bey) had brought back the Mohammedan Baganda into the country and must be consulted on matters referring to them, and if Captain Macdonald forced them to work, or sent the Protestants to attack them he would look upon it as done to himself and assist them.

This was all very serious. Macdonald had already taken some action. Captain Arthur had been sent for from Busoga and Reddie from Entebbe. He called upon the Missionaries as British subjects to go to his assistance at the fort and aid in putting down the mutiny. His plan was to disarm if possible the Sudanese before they could possibly cast in their lot with the Bey. The Missionaries were to assist in this operation whilst the Katikiro was to get his forces together as quickly and as quietly as possible.

"At one o'clock," writes Roscoe, "we started for the Fort, Pilkington, Foster and I. We did not tell our boys anything as to what was happening, but I placed the Mission servant in my house to guard the stores, and gave him secret instructions how to act in case of necessity. When we reached the church on the top of our hill (Namirembe) we could see the people had already heard something was going to happen. Men were rushing to arms in every direction, but without any noise, quite different to the usual excited crowds who call the names of their chiefs as they go."

The native officers of the Sudanese contingent had meantime been summoned, and told that the Bey had mutinied. Did they intend to join him or would they be loyal to the British Government? They one and all professed their loyalty. So far so good. This was the news that greeted the Missionaries on their arrival, and

as Reddie had not yet come in from Entebbe, Macdonald determined to do no more that day. In the meanwhile, however, Mbogo (brother of Mutesa), titular head of the Mohammedans, and Juma, a leader of disaffection, were secured. A third hostage for the good behaviour of the Mohammedans was afterwards obtained by Captain Macdonald from Natete their headquarters.

The following morning Macdonald decided to disarm the Sudanese. His coolness and courage were at this juncture conspicuously displayed. His plans were laid with the greatest skill. Maxims were placed in positions commanding the parade ground. The Zanzibaris were mustered and all the Europeans armed and given posts of consequence to keep and guard. The Sudanese were then paraded on the ground covered by the Maxims. The situation in a few words was explained to them and then the word was given, "Let those who are for Selim Bey stand where they are, those who are loyal turn to the right." Happily every man turned to the right, and the danger was practically over. Had there been the slightest sign of resistance, the Maxims would have opened fire, and it is safe to say that not one mutineer would have escaped. The next order "Ground arms" was immediately executed, and the men were then marched off, and the arms placed in safe keeping.

Shortly after the Sudanese had been disarmed the Katikiro came galloping in on his horse to Kampala to say that the Mohammedans had attacked the Protestants at the foot of the hill of Rubaga, and that the conflict was still going on. Orders were at once given to clear the country, but before the Katikiro was able to get back to the scene of operations the Mohammedans were in full flight. About five-and-twenty of our people were wounded, five of whom ultimately died.

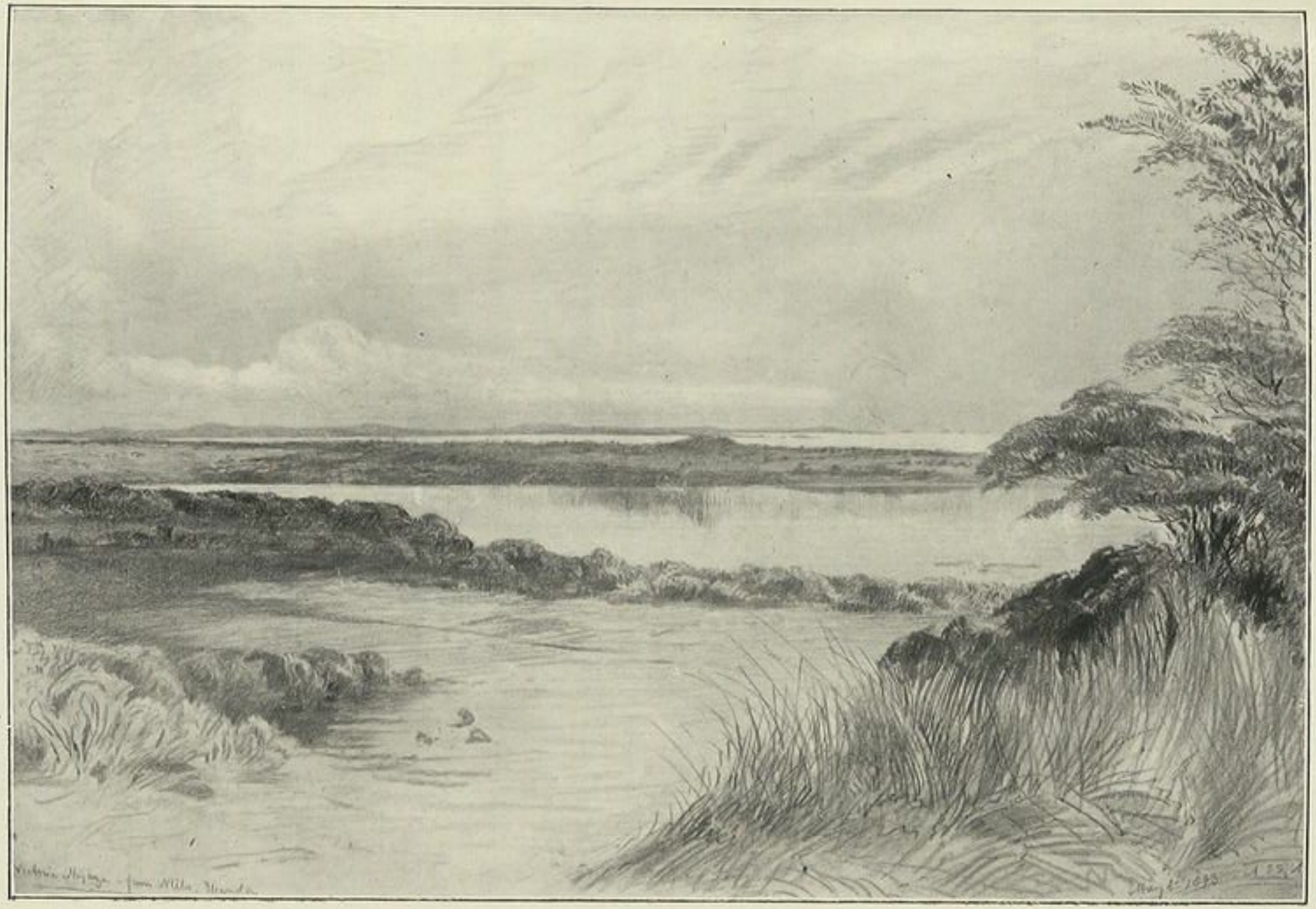
Thus the Sudanese soldiery at Kampala, and the

Mohammedan Baganda had been disposed of. It only remained to secure Selim Bey and the Sudanese at Entebbe eighteen miles away on the Lake shore.

On Monday, the 19th, whilst waiting for the arrival of Captain Arthur from Busoga, it was reported to Macdonald that a body of Sudanese had left Entebbe and were on their way to join the defeated Mohammedan Baganda. Later reports however came in to the effect that they were marching on the capital. For an hour or two all was excitement. What could it mean? Scouts were sent out whilst preparations were set on foot to give them a suitable reception. At length a small body of armed men, marching in by no means a warlike fashion, made their appearance on the parade ground and laid down their arms. They were thirty all told. They had come from Selim Bey to say that he was loyal and had given up all idea of joining the Mohammedans.

In the afternoon of the same day Captain Arthur arrived from Busoga. Macdonald was now free to deal with Selim Bey. He therefore started early the next day for Entebbe, taking with him as large a force as could be spared. Leaving, however, the main body in the rear, he went on ahead with six men, and immediately on arrival called the Sudanese together, ordering them at the same time to lay down their arms. They complied at once saying (somewhat unnecessarily) that it was also the wish of Selim Bey. The Bey's sentry was removed and a guard placed over him. The next day he was brought to trial, degraded from his rank and sent as a prisoner first of all to the island of Nsazi, not far from Entebbe. Later it was decided to deport him to the coast, but he died on the way thither.

Thus through the discernment, courage, and skill of Captain Macdonald a serious danger—one, indeed, which



ENTEBBE, UGANDA

threatened the very existence of the little English community and the continuance of the British rule in Uganda—was met and overcome. The part played by the Anglican Mission (the French Priests took to flight and did not return to Mengo until the danger was over) was thus acknowledged by the *Times* correspondent—a by no means friendly critic. "The English Missionaries likewise deserve the warmest thanks for the important services which they rendered upon this occasion."

All this while we (Dr. Baxter, Hubbard, and I) were making our way across the Lake to Nasa. Our progress was very slow. Winds and waves were against us. Sometimes the sun was scorching in its intensity. At others we were being swept along by what can only be described as a tempest. In the face of head winds we could but run for the shore, either of an island or of the mainland. At Serinya, to our great delight, we found a number of readers and many others who were glad to buy the books which fortunately we had brought with us.

From the south end of the great island of Sese we decided to run for some point as near the German station of Bukoba as possible. It meant a long pull of some thirty-five miles. We started just before sunrise. The morning was fine but there was a stiff breeze against us. However, we persevered for about an hour and then the "Mubaka" (king's messenger) who was in charge of the canoes suggested that we should turn back. One of the canoes was in difficulties—"it wanted," he said, "to see the bottom." The fact was it was too heavily laden in the bows. A quantity of bananas were thrown out and we proceeded on our way. After paddling for about four hours land hove in sight, but it was a long, long way off. Hour after hour passed by, the sun went down, darkness came on, and the land was still far away.

It is difficult to convey any adequate idea of the weirdness of being out on this great Lake in the heart of Africa at night, in a frail canoe sewn together with fibre—the waves dashing over the bows, and five-and-twenty dark-skinned paddlers labouring apparently for dear life. You seem to feel then nearer to the unseen world than in any other circumstances of life. Possibly you are lying down, looking up into the heavens sparkling with a million gems. You think of the lines in "St. Agnes' Eve":

> 'She bursts her starry floors
> And strews her lights below.'

Yonder is the Southern Cross—and yonder other constellations, familiar to the night traveller in the tropics. You marvel at their glory and then you give yourself up to thinking of Him who "Spreadeth out the heavens and treadeth upon the waves of the sea—who maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the South, who doeth great things past finding out, yea and wonders without number." Such a midnight voyage is a wonderful experience, never to be forgotten.

At length "the ship-men deemed that we drew near to some country" and slowed down. Then there was the looking out for rocks or benighted "hippos" both very real dangers around the Lake shores. All were happily escaped, and shortly after midnight, after eighteen hours paddling, we were "at the haven where we would be."

And so we voyaged along day after day, now in sunshine and now in storm, until at length, on June 17, Nasa was reached and we were welcomed by Mr. Nickisson who, in company with Mr. Ashe, had left Mengo on March 3, the latter being then on his way to England.

The next four days were spent in getting together

our porters for the journey to the coast, and in visiting the neighbouring villages, in which we hoped sooner or later to carry on evangelistic work. We were able to interest the head men of these villages in our enterprise, and to get them to promise their cooperation. Hubbard, who had travelled with us from Uganda and who had by this time acquired a good working knowledge of the language, I was glad to leave in charge. He had already gathered round him a band of willing workers from Uganda. Several hundred children were under instruction in the schools and everything seemed to be prospering.

On June 21, Dr. Baxter and I said good-bye to our friends at Nasa and at 9.30 started on our 700-mile tramp to the coast. I have already described the road, and the difficulties incidental to such a journey. It would be wearisome to repeat what is already familiar. Suffice it to say that we swung along day after day, doing the various stages at an unexampled speed. On July 1, we arrived at Usongo, 150 miles from Nasa. Here we rested a day, and then on we went once more, doing the next 160 miles in eight days, footing it every step of the way, through the "terrible forest" (Mgunda Mkali) to Muhalala, and then on through Ugogo—"that terrible Ugogo" as Pilkington used to call it—to Kisokwe, where a three days rest was indulged in. The work of the Mission was inspected and then we journeyed on to Mpwapwa, seven miles away, where a joint Confirmation service was held, when thirty-three candidates, of whom twenty-two came from Kisokwe, received the laying on of hands. At Mamboya, fifty miles away, another confirmation had been arranged for. Over the Rubeho pass, therefore, we climbed, and on the third day after leaving Mpwapwa Mamboya was reached. The confirmation was held on the following

day, and on July 28 we started for the Coast, and in six marches the entire distance (150 miles) was covered —an average of twenty-five miles a day.

It was with no little thankfulness to God for having kept us so marvellously by the way, that we bade farewell to our faithful porters who had kept up so wonderfully with us on the road. Had it not been that each load had two, and sometimes three, porters to carry it in the course of the day, such a journey had been impossible.

Embarking at Sadaani on an Arab dhow bound for Zanzibar we arrived there on August 4, and to our great delight found Walker, Gordon, Sugden, Rowling and Fletcher upon the point of starting for the mainland on their way to Uganda. The Missionary body was increasing, ecclesiastical questions would certainly crop up from time to time, and in the absence of the Bishop difficulties might ensue. An Archdeacon would be an immense help to me in supervising the growing work, and who so fitted to fill the post as Walker, the senior ordained man in Uganda, beloved by all, looked up to by all? With his usual modesty and self-abnegation he shrank from my proposal that he should be the first Archdeacon of Uganda. It was only when I had shown him what a relief it would be to me, and what a help to the work, that he consented. This matter happily arranged, I bade the little band of Missionaries "God speed" and embarked for Mombasa, where I arrived after nearly eleven months' absence on August 6.

It was a great joy, on looking round immediately after my arrival, to see how during my absence the work had grown. It was not going forward as in Uganda by leaps and bounds, but there was steady progress, it was clear all along the line.

In Mombasa itself, this progress was most marked, Six ladies were at work visiting from house to house among the Arab and Swahili women, and carrying on a more or less regular instruction of such women and children as found their way to the Mission house.

The Rev. W. E. and Mrs. Taylor, with Mr. and Mrs. Wray were also at work in Mombasa. At Kilindini, on the south side of the island, two native Christians, I found, had been carrying on a very useful work among the 300 freed slaves settled there under the auspices of the Company. This I was able to hand over to the care of Mr. Wray, under whose supervision it soon assumed considerable proportions. By the end of October there were 131 candidates for baptism—56 men and 75 women.

Taylor, besides carrying on a very important translational work, had organised a series of evangelistic services in the market-place and other outdoor centres of public assembly. There, oftentimes among fish, flesh and fowl—piles of country produce, and the cries of native auctioneers, in a motley crowd of Swahilis and Swahili-speaking people from the up-country tribes, would he and his helpers bear witness to that Gospel which, while it is the power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth, is to the Greeks foolishness, and to the Jews a stumbling-block, but to them that are called—Jews, Greeks, and Mohammedans—Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God. At first there was a good deal of opposition on the part of the more bigoted of the Mohammedans, who never failed to gather round the preacher on these occasions. But gradually patience gained the day and a hearing was won—interrupted possibly at times by a good-humoured "Taylor, don't make innovations," or "That will do for to-day, Taylor, come again to-morrow."

While there were no conversions to point to among the Arabs or Swahilis, it was evident to the most casual observer that a change was coming over the great mass of the people. The whole place was being leavened with Christian truth. The seed was being sown which, we could not but believe, was destined in days to come to bring forth fruit in many a heart and life.

The new hospital had been opened, and a far reaching work, under the superintendence of Dr. Edwards, was in progress. The principle of mutual help among the patients was the line taken from the beginning. If a man was suffering from diseased feet he used his hands for the benefit of those who were sick in other ways. If the trouble was in the hands his powers of locomotion were enlisted in the service of the community.

As I saw such evidences of advance on all sides and remembered that two years before there was not even a Christian Missionary living in Mombasa, I could but thank God and take courage.

At Freretown a quiet, steady work was going on. A new stone dormitory for girls had been opened and was almost full. At Rabai, I found large congregations gathered together, and the schools—the boys under Burness and the girls under Miss Tobin—both prospering. The outstation of Changombe and Kisimani were being worked by five native catechists, all earnest and good men, who were being trained by Fitch, who I was glad to find in charge of Rabai.

It was perhaps however at Jilore that I saw the most marked advance and the greatest promise of a future harvest of souls. A week after my arrival at the coast I started for this interesting sphere of work—the scene of the devoted labours of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Hooper. No steamer was available for the journey to Malindi. I therefore determined to make the best of an Arab

A BIT OF THE INTERIOR OF THE OLD FORT, MOMBASA

dhow. A voyage in such a vessel is an experience not easily forgotten. The south-west monsoon was still blowing hard. Happily it was in our favour, as also was the current, and away we went at ten knots an hour. There was a strange and motley crew on board. Here was an Arab, there a Hindu, here a Swahili and there a Somali, all complexions, white, black and brown were to be seen, and all conditions. The day was beautifully fine and clear. We simply rushed through the water. The cry of the sea birds and the swish of the waves against our side as we heeled from time to time over to leeward imparted a low undertone to the higher notes of the various voices and tongues which kept up a ceaseless din around. At about twelve o'clock Malindi hove in sight. Shortly after we were passing Vasco da Gama's pillar. The passage into the bay was between two reefs on the outer of which the waves broke with a roar like thunder. The spray was launched into the air fifty or sixty feet above. It required a steady nerve to steer a true course between these two reefs—the thundering surf on one side and the jagged rocks on the other. However the passage was safely made, and at 2.30 P.M. we were at anchor.

Eighteen months had elapsed since my previous visit to Jilore. I saw immediately on my arrival after the long tramp from Malindi that great changes had come over the scene. A new Mission house had been built by the always energetic Dr. Edwards. School-rooms had sprung up, and what was more, were filled with eager learners. A band of young men had been formed whose work was to be the evangelisation of the villages around. The settlement had been placed under the control of a Church Council, which had a series of rules to be observed by every inhabitant. The first of these rules was as follows:

"Remembering that we have been put in trust of the Gospel and that an account will be asked of us of that which we have received, it behoves the Council to see that the Gospel is preached every day in the villages of Giriama. This is the work of the Church at Jilore."

I found that the candidates for confirmation (ten in number) had been thoroughly well prepared and that they were looking forward eagerly to the service which had been arranged for August 15. It was with no little thankfulness that I heard that each one of the eighteen confirmed on March 27, 1892, was living a worthy and consistent life.

An examination of the school, addresses to the band of evangelists, the confirmation and visits to the neighbouring villages occupied me very fully for the five days which I spent at Jilore.

The impression left upon my mind by this brief visit was a very deep one, nay, an almost indelible one. It was impossible for any one to come in contact with such a work as this evidently was without learning many lessons. The energy and intensity of the convictions of the workers—Douglas Hooper, his wife, Miss Wyatt, and Mr. Burt—had impressed themselves very deeply on the lives of the various members of the native Church. The result was apparent on every hand—the Church, the class, the school, the home, the field, and the road. One felt profoundly thankful, and in parting from these devoted workers one could but breathe a prayer that God might bless them increasingly, in their work of faith and labour of love, and that from Jilore in the days to come there might go forth many into the regions beyond, to tell of the Christ who has come and who is to come again.

On August 17 I started on my way to Rabai. I little thought, as I said good-bye and thanked Mrs.

Hooper for all her thoughtful kindness as my hostess that I should never see her again in the flesh; and yet so it was to be in the mysterious providence of God. Six weeks later there came to me a telegram from Hooper with the simple words, "Edith at rest." It told me that the end to a beautiful life on earth had come, and with it a call to higher service. I do not know that I can do better than transcribe what I wrote then in reporting to the C.M.S. the great loss which the work had sustained by her death. The words are as true to-day as they were then.

"Humanly speaking her loss is simply irreparable. No words of mine can truly tell what she was to the work out here. Her saintliness and holiness of life impressed all with whom she came in contact. Her love and gentleness won the hearts of even the most unimpressionable. Her faithful witness to the truths of the Gospel has borne, and will yet bear, more fruit in the days that are to come. We are impoverished, terribly impoverished by her absence, but richer unspeakably richer by her life and noble example. The box of ointment has been broken, but the fragrance is all around, the fragrance of a life of holy living, unwearied toil, and self-sacrificing labour in the cause of Christ. None of us who had the privilege of knowing Mrs. Hooper will ever forget her. As we thank God for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear, we especially thank Him for Edith Hooper."

On October 26, whilst planning a journey to Teita and Taveta I received a telegram from the committee of the C.M.S. asking me, in view of the impending discussion of Sir Gerald Portal's report on which hung the final settlement of the Uganda question, to return to England. It was considered well that I should be upon the spot at such a time.

At once my preparations for an early departure were made. A Confirmation, which had already been arranged for the 27th, was held at Freretown, when thirty-five candidates were presented and confirmed. On the following day the mail steamer came into harbour in the early morning, and at four o'clock in the afternoon I went on board. Half an hour later we weighed anchor and I was on my way to England.

CHAPTER XXIII

POLITICAL AND SPIRITUAL CRISES

'There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune, neglected, and all life's voyage is bound in shallows and in miseries.'—SHAKESPEARE.

SOONER, or later in the history of every nation or Church there comes a turning-point, a time of crisis when, either for good or ill, a step is taken which makes or mars its future. Thus was it in the political and spiritual history of Uganda at this particular time.

Of the turning-point in its political history I propose first of all to deal, and that but shortly, and then afterwards to try to tell in fewest words the story of the spiritual crisis through which the Church of Uganda passed in the closing days of the eventful year of 1893.

With regard to the first of these topics, it will be remembered that on April 1, the British flag had been hoisted in Uganda, a local administration had been formed, Sir Gerald Portal had returned home but had passed away in the sad circumstances already alluded to. His report, however, was in the hands of H.M. Government. That it did not please them was an open secret. They must, however, come to some conclusion upon its recommendations. What would that conclusion be? It was hard to say. Lord Rosebery, it was known, was in favour of proclaiming a protectorate. Would he carry his colleagues with him? That was the question on which, early in 1894, the future of Uganda, humanly speaking, depended. For Lord Rose-

bery there could be no going back. He had already committed himself to a forward policy in replying to a deputation from the Anti-Slavery Society which waited upon him at the close of 1894.

"My belief is," he said, "that having put our hands to the plough we shall not be able, even if we were willing, to look back."

Looking back meant throwing back all those central regions of Africa just emerging from heathenism and barbarism into a condition of anarchy and ruin only to be compared with the ruin and disorder which followed the abandonment of the Sudan to the tyranny of the Mahdi. It meant the entire collapse of the policy which, whether as regards the slave trade or the development of the great Continent of Africa, successive Governments had so courageously, and hitherto so successfully, pursued. Indeed, the consequences likely to result from a withdrawal from Uganda might well assume the proportions of a national calamity.

It was this that Lord Rosebery refused to have part or lot in; and, sad to say, it was this that certain politicians of the day were prepared to face and even to defend. The country, however, had made up its mind. Lord Rosebery saw that he had the nation at his back and stood his ground. The result was that on April 12 the following announcement was made to Parliament:

"After considering the late Sir Gerald Portal's report and weighing the consequences of withdrawal from Uganda on the one hand, and on the other of maintaining British interests there, Her Majesty's Government have determined to establish a regular administration, and for that purpose to declare Uganda to be under a British Protectorate."

The die was cast. For good or ill, for weal or woe, henceforth the lot of Uganda was to be bound up with

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE, NAMIREMBE

that of Great Britain. It was a momentous decision, involving issues of the most far-reaching character. Although to many of us it was a foregone conclusion, still the sense of relief when the announcement was made was very real.

It was not until June 1, that the scheme of the Government was fully discussed in Parliament. The whole question was then raised on the vote for £81,000—the estimated cost for the first year of giving effect to the Ministerial proposals. After a long debate the vote was passed by a majority of 218 to 52. Two statements, however, as to the intentions of the Government provoked strong criticism from those who had any knowledge of the subject. The first was the proposal to confine the Protectorate to Uganda proper. This seemed almost ludicrous in its palpable absurdity. Busoga, Bunyoro and Toro were all outside the limits of Uganda proper, and yet as much bound up with it as though they were actually parts of it. To differentiate between them in matters of administration would almost pass the wit of man. It was, however, the statement that the Government did not propose to make, or entertain, any proposals for the construction of a railway which provoked the severest criticism. It was felt to be an impossible thing that a British representative should be planted down in Central Africa—800 miles from the coast—without adequate means of communication with, or support from, the Home Government. Such a policy spelt ruin and disaster. It will be seen, in the course of my story how, some four years later, at the time of the second Sudanese mutiny, had it not been for the railway which was then advancing rapidly from the coast, not only would Uganda have been lost (at any rate temporarily), but the British community of officials, Missionaries, and traders would have

been wiped out. It was the railway that saved Uganda in 1898.

But besides its value to Uganda, not merely as a measure of safety, but as a means of developing the country, a railway was absolutely indispensable to Egyptian interests. It was impossible for Egypt to be indifferent as to the hands into which the control of the head waters of the Nile might pass. The Nile is Egypt's greatest asset. "The Nile is Egypt and Egypt is the Nile." He who controls the head waters of the Nile holds the destiny of Egypt in the hollow of his hand. Only a railway could secure to Great Britain that position of strategic importance with respect to the Nile, which, in the providence of God, working through Missionary enterprise, she now occupied in Uganda.

For the sake, therefore, of Egypt, for the sake of Uganda—its safety, its internal development—in the interests of the slave, as a means towards the suppression of the slave traffic, as tending towards the abolition of the terrible system of human porterage, a railway was a necessity. It might be expedient in the interests of party politics—the necessity of letting down gently the irreconcilable members of the party in power—to temporise, as in the case of the sending out of the Portal Mission, or the extraordinary limitation of the protectorate to Uganda proper; but that the retention of Uganda meant the construction of a railway sooner or later was clear to every one who had studied the subject and who was free from the trammels and prejudices of party politics. However this might be, the conviction that it was so enabled us of the Mission to possess our souls in patience, and to leave the solution of the whole question to the natural course of events, believing that it could have but one issue. Nor were we disappointed. A year later, on June 13, 1895,

Sir Edward Grey, the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, announced in the House of Commons, amid the cheers of both parties, that the Government had decided to construct the railway.

One knew too much of the imperfections of all human instrumentality to suppose that a "Protectorate" was the cure for all the ills which at this particular time were afflicting Central Africa. One realised, too, how few who undertake the work of administration in such regions really sympathise with those over whom they are placed, and how few really have for the African any other feeling than that which is summed up in the one word which is so often upon their lips—the word "nigger." Still there could be no doubt that settled government, a proper administration of justice, peace and fair dealing as between man and man, would be an untold blessing to the country.

Then with regard to the railway: whilst it was clear that in many ways it would be a great boon to Uganda, tending to its development and the consequent increased comfort and enrichment of the people, diminishing the traffic in slaves so that it might be possible to look for its speedy extinction, still one felt at the same time that it would not be an unmixed blessing. On its completion there would in all probability be a great inrush of so-called civilisation against which many of the Baganda Christians would find it difficult to stand. The railway meant for the Church testing and trial. To attempt to keep out Western civilisation would be worse than folly. It would be to attempt the impossible. Our true policy lay in preparing our people for what was before them, by giving them the Scriptures, by careful instruction, by building them up in their most holy faith so that by the grace of God they would "be able to withstand in the evil day and having done all to stand."

I pass now to the consideration of that crisis in the spiritual history of Uganda to which I alluded at the beginning of this chapter. It is a wonderful story.

In the spring of 1894, while in Ireland, I received from Pilkington a letter from which the following is an extract:

"Namirembe.
"*Dec.* 1893.

"My Dear Bishop.

". . . I want to tell you that we (Mission and people) are in the midst of a time of great blessing. God has enabled several of us to see that for a long while past we have been working in our own strength, and that consequently there has been no power in our lives and very little blessing. We have, however, been brought to see that the command, 'be filled with the Spirit,' is as much laid upon us as it was upon the Ephesians, and that power for effectual service is placed at our disposal if we will but appropriate it. I cannot tell you the difference it has made to us in our lives as well as in our work. Now we are full of joy, whereas a little while ago (I am speaking for myself in this) the depression was almost unbearable. As for our work, God is now using us and a wonderful wave of blessing is passing over the land. . . ."

There was much more in the letter bearing upon the writer's own personal experience, but of so private a nature that I refrain from further quotation. I may say, however, that it had reference to a time of spiritual declension so obvious that when I left Uganda in June 1893, it was with a very heavy heart, so far as Pilkington was concerned. It was with great difficulty that I could get him to come to our noon-day meeting for prayer. All brightness and joy seemed to have gone out of his life. Now, however, thank God, it had all

come back again, and with it that enthusiasm in the service of his Master which had so characterised the beginning of his Missionary career. How had the change come about? And to what did it lead?

Pilkington had been unwell for some little while, and with a view to the recuperation of powers somewhat run down had paid a visit to the island of Kome. Here it was when alone and far from European companionship that God spoke to him. It was through a tract written by David the Tamil evangelist that his eyes were opened, and he was enabled to see that he had been living below his privileges. Speaking at Liverpool, in January 1896, he thus told the story:

"If it had not been that God enabled me after three years in the Mission field to accept by faith the Gift of the Holy Spirit, I should have given up the work. I could not have gone on as I was then. A book by David the Tamil evangelist showed me that my life was not right, that I had not the power of the Holy Ghost. I had consecrated myself hundreds of times but I had not accepted God's gift. I saw now that God commanded me to be filled with the Spirit. Then I read, 'All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them,' and claiming this promise I received the Holy Ghost."

In a letter to his mother, written eighteen months later and quoted by Dr. Harford in his life of Pilkington, he further explains his view of things at this time: "You once wrote as if I meant to say 'that till eighteen months ago I had not had the presence or the help of the Holy Spirit in my work.' I never meant to convey these impressions. I distinguish between the presence of the Holy Spirit *with* us and *in* us. Our blessed Lord said to His disciples 'He is *with* you and shall be *in* you.' John xiv. It is the birthright of every Christian to

have the Holy Spirit in him, to be full of the Holy Ghost as St. Paul commanded the Ephesians to be, but I believe that my unbelief, and other sin, was a hindrance to the Holy Spirit in my own heart, till about eighteen months ago, when God Himself, I humbly believe, opened, or enabled me to open, the door, and He came in according to His gracious promise to sup with me—even me—and I with Him. Amazing condescension and mercy to such an awful—awful, awful sinner as I know myself to be."

It had been burnt into Pilkington's soul that the great need of Uganda was the Holy Spirit of God. "What we want first, middle and last is the Holy Ghost," he wrote to his mother in the same letter from which I have just quoted. Full of this strength, and consumed with an earnest desire to tell to others what God had done for his soul, he returned to Mengo on December 7, 1893. Even before leaving the island of Kome his testimony had been used to the conversion of a number of souls, but on arriving at Mengo he was permitted to see "some of those 'greater works'" for which he so earnestly longed.

A Christian named Musa Gyabuganda came to the Mission at this particular juncture and said to Pilkington: "I have come to tell you that this religion of yours is no good. I sin as much as ever I did. I want you to give out my name in Church as one going back to heathenism." This went like an arrow to Pilkington's heart. He consulted with his fellow Missionaries and it was decided to hold a series of special Mission services. Baskerville thus describes the first of these:

"We began this morning. We had not told the people but went up after prayer, at the usual time, believing for a blessing. Pilkington conducted the meeting. We began with our version of 'Have you

been to Jesus for the cleansing power?' and then Pilkington prayed. He began by speaking about a man—a very sad case which has been the indirect cause of other meetings. A certain Musa Gyabuganda has come to us and told us that he gets no profit from our religion, and wants to have his name given out as having returned to the state of a heathen. Asked if he knew what he said he replied: 'Do you think I have been reading seven years and do not understand? Your religion does not profit me at all. I have done with it.' Pilkington pointed out what a cause of shame this was to us. I cannot on paper describe every detail of the meeting. On two occasions some hundreds of men were all praying for forgiveness, others were praising in the simplest language. We left the church at twelve having been there since 8.30. Roscoe is now with some of the teachers, and Pilkington has some boys in the next room. We go up to church directly for another service."

Although they knew it not, Musa was in Church, when Pilkington told his story. The result was his return to the fold of Christ. Roscoe, Millar and Leakey, bear similar testimony to the great blessing poured at this particular time upon the Church in Uganda. On the 9th Roscoe wrote, "We have had another day of great spiritual blessing," and again on the 10th, "We are in the midst of a great spiritual revival. To the Lord be praise and glory and honour. Our joy is beyond expression. After the morning service more than 200 stayed to be spoken to and I believe the majority went away rejoicing in the Lord." "The Mission only lasted three days," writes Millar, "but the effect will, I trust, last for ever." "I never in my life," said Leaky, "so realised the power of the Spirit of God present to save and working in our midst as I did at these meetings."

No sooner were these special services over than Pilkington started with the Baganda army for Bunyoro. Colonel Colville, who had succeeded Captain Macdonald as acting Commissioner determined to make an attempt to break down once for all the power of Kabarega, and summoned the Baganda in their thousands to assist in the operation. Pilkington, looking upon this as a unique opportunity of coming in contact with Baganda from all parts of the country, proposed to accompany the expedition as a preacher of the Gospel. This with the permission of Colonel Colville he was enabled to do, and on frequent occasions preached to congregations numbering from one to two thousand.

All this while the Missionaries in Singo were hard at work. There were but two of them (Fisher and Gunther) to face the heathenism of a great county hitherto untouched by the Gospel of Christ. This very weakness, however, became a source of strength.

It occurred to Fisher, as he pondered the question as to how to reach the masses in the outlying districts with the small force at his disposal, that he must make more use of the material ready to his hand—the young native converts. With this object in view he commenced at once to organise a system of "sunagogi," or reading houses, to which he might send the better instructed of the converts at the centre (Mitiana), as teachers. He proposed to visit personally, at regular intervals, these outlying places of instruction. The result was an immediate and striking success. There was at once a tenfold increase in the number of those under instruction. Nor was this local advance the only one due to the inauguration of this new system.

Pilkington on his way back from Bunyoro paid a visit to Mitiana in Singo and was so struck with the value of the system that immediately on his return to

Mengo he recommended its adoption in every other part of the country which at that time we were able to reach. Baskerville decided to adopt it in Kyagwe. The results there were as marked as in Singo; at Mengo they were even more striking. There sprang up at once a demand for teachers which it was difficult to meet. Pilkington, on April 1, thus wrote describing the sending forth of some of the first to volunteer for the work of teaching.

"A good many teachers—between thirty and forty—have offered to go out and teach in the country parts. We had a sort of 'dismissal' last Sunday when thirteen were sent, and another seven are to be dismissed this afternoon including a very faithful boy of mine called Musa, who will be a great loss to me but I believe a great gain to the work."

Another event having an intimate bearing upon the future of the work was the arrival of 120 loads of books from the south of the Lake. Among others were 800 New Testaments in Luganda. "How I wish," wrote Pilkington, "that there were 8000." One other fact to notice, as belonging to this period, was the increase of the Mission staff at the close of 1893. Shortly after the conclusion of the special services already alluded to, Archdeacon Walker, Gordon, Sugden, Rowling and Fletcher arrived in Mengo on December 18.

It will not be regarded as at all strange that at a time of such a crisis—a crisis which was a real turning-point in the spiritual history of Uganda—when the Missionary band was strengthened—the scriptures pouring into the country—the life of the infant Church renewed and the Missionaries themselves revived by a wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit of God—that the work should receive an impetus of the most marked character. Nay it would have been strange had it been otherwise. We find consequently on searching the

records of that time that advance, in every direction, was the burden of almost every letter which came from the field. Mr. Pilkington, writing on December 12, 1894, thus sums up the progress for the year: "At the beginning of this year there were not probably more than twenty country churches (or reading-rooms), there are now not less than 200 of which the ten largest would contain 4500 persons; the average capacity of all would be, perhaps, 150. In these there now assemble every Sunday not less than 20,000 souls to hear the Gospel: on week-days not less than 4000 assemble (these numbers are exclusive of the capital). The first teachers paid by the Church Council were dismissed in April. There are now 131 of these teachers, occupying eighty-five stations, of whom just twenty are stationed outside Uganda proper, and may be regarded as more or less foreign Missionaries. This, by no means, represents the whole of the work that is being done in the country. There are some places, notably Jungo, some fifteen miles south of Mengo where a splendid work is being done, and there are probably no fewer than twenty teachers at work under H. W. Duta's able superintendence, and not one of these teachers, nor Henry himself, is reckoned in the above. At Busi again, an island near Jungo, there are only two of these regular teachers and yet there are three churches and about 2000 people under instruction. This extension into the country has produced, as might have been expected, visible fruit in the enormous increase in the number of these under definite instruction for baptism. At this time last year the catechumens numbered 170; during the year some 800 have been baptized and there are now 1500 catechumens."

Two things will be specially noted in this summary besides the great increase in the number of those under instruction—first the beginning of the Missionary work

of the Church, and secondly—and this as a consequence—the formation of a church fund for the maintenance by the Church Council of the Missionaries and teachers sent forth. These two facts were of the highest significance. They indicated a distinct advance in the organisation as well as in the work of the Church. The order in the evolution of events is also strikingly interesting. The observant reader will have noted it already. First the outpouring of the Holy Spirit of God—the renewal of the life of the Church and the revival in the spiritual life of the Missionaries themselves. Then, on the part of the Baganda Christians, the giving of their own selves into the hand of the Lord to be used in his service—and after that the dedication of these means to the same great end—the glory of God in the extension of His Kingdom.

Roscoe, writing in May 1894, thus describes the arrangements for choosing and supporting the native teachers and Missionaries of the infant Church of Uganda at this important epoch in its history.

"There are now nearly one hundred teachers out in the country, all supported by the Native Church. For some time to come there will be some difficulty in supplying them with clothes and food. The idea of giving systematically is new to the people. If a chief receives an amount of cloth he at once divides it out to his household. Ivory is the only thing they seem to store up. Still they are very anxious to supply all the needs of the teachers, and are holding meetings for consultation as to the best methods of collecting goods. Already two or three goats—a cow—cloth and shells have been brought in a way they were never before brought. They have a select committee with Pilkington at the head to see and accept candidates. Those approved are brought before the Church Council for final accept-

ance and location. It is our object not to send out more than one hundred just yet, but to secure and train a second hundred who shall relieve those who are now teaching.

"In order to keep up the interest in the work of evangelisation thus taken in hand by the Church it was decided to hold monthly Missionary meetings. At these meetings, wrote Mr. Roscoe in August, we have Bible reading —a scripture address—then two or three short addresses given by men who have come up from the country for the meeting. At the end we have a collection in kind. At the first meeting we got Rs 49., and on the following Sunday one chief gave a whole load of cloth to clear off the Church's debt. Yesterday the collection, in kind, amounted to Rs. 62 4 annas. It was a better collection because it was given by more of the people—especially the poor. It was as follows: 2 goats, 13 fowls, 3 eggs, 54 bundles of plantains and sweet potatoes, &c., 1 stick of sugar-cane, 2 bark cloths, 27½ yards of calico, and 9511 shells."

This then was the beginning of the Missionary enterprise of the Church as an organised movement, and the means adopted for its support. It will be seen later what developments took place and how gradually the evangelisation of the "regions beyond" became one of the settled aims of the Church of Uganda.

And so we enter upon a new epoch in her history. Just as the year 1890 marks very distinctly the close of a period—one of trial and difficulty—and the beginning of a new phase of the work—so the year 1894 as clearly inaugurated a new era, and is to be regarded as one of those critical periods which, from time to time, come upon nations and churches and which are fraught with issues of the most momentous and far-reaching character.

For the nation there was the new connection with

Great Britain—the protection of one of the greatest empires which this world has ever seen, and all that protection involved: and what did it not involve? Forces would soon start into life or be set in motion which would inevitably affect for good or evil, for time and for eternity—the destinies not merely of the Baganda but all the nations of Central Africa.

For the Church there was the gift of gifts—the Holy Spirit of God, poured out in all the fulness of His living power—a renewal of life—a revived embassage—a new insight—imperfect though it might yet be—into the purposes of God concerning the tribes yet sitting in darkness and the shadow of Death—the possession of the scriptures of Truth in a language understanded of the people * a desire to serve—a willingness to give—all these were facts, the consideration of which led inevitably to the conclusion that another turning-point had come in the history of the Church of Uganda and that the future must of necessity run on different lines from the past.

Thus for Nation and Church alike a new era had dawned. The Past with all its trials and difficulties, all its sins and sorrows, was with God. What the unsounded future, upon which both Church and State were about to enter, was to bring forth will be told in the pages yet to follow. Before, however, entering upon its narration it will be well to attempt to sum up in fewest words the progress of the work since that (to me) eventful day in 1890 when, in the providence of God, I was called to its oversight. The period to be thus reviewed is, roughly speaking, four years.

I propose first of all to deal with the staff engaged in the work and then afterwards to attempt to tabulate the results of that work. The following table will

* The New Testament in Luganda was now pouring into the country.

show the force actually in the field in the two years 1890 and 1894 respectively. The figures are placed in parallel columns for the purpose of comparison:

TABLE I.

Table showing the number of Missionaries, Pastors and Teachers at work in East Equatorial Africa in the years 1890 *and* 1894.

—		1890	1894
European	Clergy	20	26
	Lay	12	21
	Wives	10	16
	Female	8	22
Native Christian	Clergy	2	8
	Lay	21	283
	Female	7	49
Total number of labourers		80	425

From this table it will be seen that the increase in the total number of labourers was more than five-fold. But if the number of native workers alone be considered the increase was rather more than tenfold. This, of course, was as it should ever be in the Mission field. As the late Bishop Selwyn has so truly laid it down "black nets with white corks."

During the period under review no fewer than eleven of the little band of European Missionaries were removed by death. The following is a list of those who, counting not their lives dear unto themselves, laid them down for the cause of Christ in East Africa: Cotter, Hill, Hunt, Dunn, Greaves, Dermott, Miss Fitch, Mrs. Hooper, Redman, Pratley and Fitch. I knew them all well and loved them much. May their names ever be held in honoured and sacred memory? Theirs were lives laid down but not lost. They are so many pledges of that final victory which, in God's own time, shall

crown the conflict which the Church is waging in East Africa against the forces and powers of darkness.

> 'For all the Saints who from their labours rest,
> Who thee by faith before the world confess'd
> Thy name O Jesu be for ever bless'd.
> Alleluia!'

The list of those driven from the field by sickness and not permitted to return is a long one—Dr. Gaskion Wright, F. C. Smith, Gunther, Robson and his wife, Morris, Miss A. Wardlaw Ramsay and Miss Perrin were all invalided home and forbidden by medical order to return to the field. Besides these Ashe, to whom Uganda owes so much, was lost to us by resignation.

Although I deprecate strongly the counting of heads as a final test of progress in spiritual work, still, imperfect though it be, it is oftentimes to those who understand and bear in mind its limitations, a valuable index as to tendencies. It gives some idea as to whether there is a tendency towards progress or retrogression. I place, therefore, in tabular form, the figures for the two years 1890 and 1894. As in Table I.,

TABLE II.

Statistics for the East Equatorial African Mission for the years 1890 *and* 1894.

—	1890	1894
Baptized	1019	4000
Catechumens	1239	2474
Native communicants	487	1046
Baptisms during the year:		
Adults	78	1366
Children	15	358
Schools	6	18
Scholars:		
Boys	268	477
Girls	186	536
Seminarists	—	65
Native contributions	450 Rs.	3633 Rs.

N.B.—To the figures for 1890 there should be added an estimate of one thousand as under instruction and twenty-five baptized during the year in Uganda.

they are placed side by side for the purpose of comparison.

The remarkable leap from the 93 baptized in the years 1890 to the 1724 admitted into the Church by baptism in the year 1894 will strike the most unobservant. Self-support, it is evident from these figures, had made notable progress. The advance from 450 rupees contributed in 1890 to 3633 rupees in 1894 is highly significant. Of course Uganda was responsible for the greater part of this increase. The actual figures for the three divisions of the Mission—Uganda—the Coast Districts and Usagara will be shown in the three following tables.

TABLE III.

Statistics for the Uganda Mission for the years 1890–1894 (*inclusive*).

Year.	—	Native Clergy.	Native Lay Teachers.			Native Christians.			Native Communicants.	Baptisms during the Year.			Schools.	Scholars.				Native Contributions.
			Male.	Female.	Total.	Baptized.	Catechumens.	Total.		Adults.	Children.	Total.		Boys.	Girls.	Seminarists.	Total.	
1890	Estimate . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	1000	—	25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1891	Total . . .	—	20	1	21	300	1700	2000	60	60	13	73	3	300	—	—	—	75 Rs.
1892	Total . . .	—	30	6	36	400	3000	3400	120	100	20	120	1	200	200	—	400	—
1893	Mengo . . .	3	27	12	39	1128	170	1298	213	406	93	499	—	—	—	—	—	Rs. 98
	Kyagwe . . .	2	4	4	8	12	40	52	15	32	13	45	—	—	—	—	—	
	Singo	1	7	2	9	—	20	20	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
	Sese	—	12	—	12	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
	Busoga . . .	—	1	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
	Totals . . .	6	51	18	69	1140	230	1370	230	438	106	544	—	—	—	—	—	98
1894	Mengo and environs .	3	82	25	107	1952	877	2829	402	614	227	841	—	—	—	53	53	1090
	Kyagwe . . .	2	55	3	58	302	145	447	109	210	39	249	—	—	—	—	—	454
	Singo . . .	1	25	—	25	93	60	153	10	52	14	66	—	—	—	—	—	25
	Islands and country districts . . .	—	77	5	82	—	—	—	—	160	39	199	—	—	—	—	—	78
	Busoga . . .	—	10	—	10	1	14	15	—	1	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Toro and Koki . .	—	8	—	8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Totals . . .	6	257	33	290	2348	1096	3444	521	1037	319	1356	—	—	—	53	53	1647 Rs.

TABLE IV.

Statistics of the Coast Districts of the East African Mission for the years 1890–1894 (*inclusive*).

Year.	—	Native Clergy.	Native Lay Teachers.			Native Christians.			Native Communicants.	Baptisms during the Year.			Schools.	Scholars.				Native Contributions.
			Male.	Female.	Total.	Baptized.	Catechumens.	Total.		Adults.	Children.	Total.		Boys.	Girls.	Seminarists.	Total.	
																		Rs.
1890	Freretown	1	8	7	15	456	108	564	157	—	10	10	1	140	110	—	250	232
	Rabai	1	8	—	8	540	1095	1635	320	78	5	83	1	60	70	—	130	205
	Shimba	—	2	—	2	6	21	27	5	—	—	—	1	12	3	—	15	13
	Chagga	—	—	—	—	1	—	1	—	—	—	—	1	40	—	—	40	—
	Mwaiba	—	1	—	1	4	15	19	1	—	—	—	1	6	—	—	6	—
	Jilore	—	1	—	1	12	—	12	4	—	—	—	1	10	3	—	13	—
	Changamwe	—	1	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Totals	2	21	7	28	1019	1239	2258	487	78	15	93	6	268	186	—	454	450 Rs.
1891	Freretown	1	9	9	18	372	118	490	102	1	14	15	1	—	149	—	149	405
	Rabai	1	9	5	14	550	985	1535	260	51	3	54	2	125	90	1	216	525
	Shimba	—	1	—	1	11	—	11	6	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—
	Chagga and Taveta	—	1	—	1	1	6	7	—	1	—	1	2	40	—	—	40	—
	Mwaiba	—	1	—	1	4	12	16	1	—	—	—	1	4	2	—	6	—
	Jilore	—	4	—	4	22	15	37	5	2	1	3	1	14	7	—	21	61
	Totals	2	25	14	39	960	1136	2096	374	55	18	73	8	183	248	1	432	991 Rs.
1892	Freretown	1	8	9	17	514	60	574	137	106	45	151	2	106	150	—	256	707
	Rabai	1	5	4	9	560	900	1460	250	—	35	35	2	97	87	—	184	741
	Shimba	—	1	—	1	17	16	33	6	—	—	—	1	7	4	—	11	—
	Mwaiba	—	1	—	1	5	22	27	2	1	—	1	1	5	2	—	7	—
	Jilore	—	7	—	7	36	24	60	18	5	2	7	1	14	10	—	24	106
	Taveta	—	—	—	—	6	10	16	1	5	—	5	2	35	—	—	35	—
	Totals	2	22	13	35	1138	1032	2170	414	117	82	199	9	264	253	—	517	1554 Rs.
1893	Freretown	1	7	11	18	539	80	619	170	44	22	66	3	106	90	—	196	463
	Mombasa	—	—	—	—	15	168	183	9	—	3	3	1	14	21	—	35	—
	Jilore	—	13	1	14	53	39	92	33	5	4	9	1	21	15	—	36	192
	Mwaiba	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Rabai	1	10	5	15	554	1080	1634	220	1	7	8	2	97	95	—	192	700
	Teita	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Taveta	—	4	—	4	6	1	7	1	2	—	2	2	37	7	—	44	—
	Totals	2	34	17	51	1167	1368	2535	433	52	36	88	9	275	228	—	503	1355 Rs.
1894	Freretown	1	5	8	13	565	42	607	97	16	10	26	3	74	115	2	191	607
	Mombasa	—	—	—	—	17	290	307	—	2	—	2	1	23	28	—	51	96
	Jilore	—	6	1	7	56	51	107	34	3	2	5	1	21	19	5	45	260
	Mwaiba	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Rabai	1	3	5	8	830	804	1634	300	271	13	284	2	100	108	5	213	710
	Teita	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Taveta	—	—	—	—	9	—	9	1	2	—	2	3	50	20	—	70	—
	Totals	2	14	14	28	1477	1187	2664	432	294	25	319	10	268	290	12	570	1673 Rs.

TABLE V.

Statistics of the Usagara Districts of the East African Mission (with Nasa) for the years 1890–1894 (*inclusive*).

Year.	—	Native Clergy.	Native Lay Teachers.			Native Christians.			Native Communicants.	Baptisms during the Year.			Schools.	Scholars.				Native Contributions.
			Male.	Female.	Total.	Baptized.	Catechumens.	Total.		Adults.	Children.	Total.		Boys.	Girls.	Seminarists.	Total.	
1890	No statistics . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1891	Mamboya . . .	—	2	1	3	25	30	55	21	12	2	14	1	30	43	—	73	—
	Mpwapwa . . .	—	2	—	2	18	50	68	13	1	—	1	1	12	6	—	18	—
	Kisokwe . . .	—	—	—	—	18	60	78	12	3	—	3	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Nasa	—	3	—	3	—	4	4	—	—	—	—	1	17	—	—	17	15 Rs.
	Totals . . .	—	7	1	8	61	144	205	46	16	2	18	3	59	49	—	108	15 Rs.
1892	Mamboya . . .	—	3	2	5	35	40	75	21	5	1	6	1	35	44	—	79	—
	Mpwapwa . . .	—	2	—	2	22	29	51	18	6	—	6	1	29	22	—	51	—
	Kisokwe . . .	—	—	—	—	26	25	51	22	3	—	3	1	10	15	—	25	—
	Nasa	—	2	1	3	—	4	4	—	—	—	—	1	16	—	—	16	—
	Totals . . .	—	7	3	10	83	98	181	61	14	1	15	4	90	81	—	171	—
1893	Mamboya . . .	—	2	1	3	35	80	115	26	—	—	—	1	50	35	—	85	—
	Mpwapwa . . .	—	2	—	2	28	57	85	23	6	—	6	1	22	21	—	43	—
	Kisokwe . . .	—	1	1	2	59	60	119	37	21	10	31	1	29	53	—	82	—
	Nasa	—	1	—	1	2	3	5	—	—	—	—	1	15	—	—	15	—
	Totals . . .	—	6	2	8	124	200	324	86	27	10	37	4	116	109	—	225	—
1894	Mamboya . . .	—	3	—	3	56	18	74	29	14	5	19	2	66	82	—	148	43 Rs.
	Mpwapwa . . .	—	2	1	3	39	45	84	31	9	4	13	1	20	25	—	45	54 Rs.
	Kisokwe . . .	—	3	1	4	76	88	164	20	11	5	16	4	88	139	—	227	46 Rs.
	Nasa	—	4	—	4	4	40	44	4	1	—	1	1	35	—	—	35	170 Rs.
	Totals . . .	—	12	2	14	175	191	366	84	35	14	49	8	209	246	—	455	313 Rs.

BOOK IV

DIFFICULTIES, TRIALS AND SORROWS

CHAPTER XXIV

A BUSY TIME

'Lo! amid the press,
The whirl and hum and pressure of my day,
I hear thy garments sweep thy seamless dress,
And close beside my work and weariness
Discern thy gracious form, not far away
But very near, O Lord, to help and bless.'

LUCY LARCOM.

ALL doubt as to the future of Uganda being now at an end, I was free to get back to my work in Africa. It was no little relief, after all the distractions of political controversy, to find myself once more at Mombasa, where in company with Mr. and Mrs. Binns I arrived on July 29.

The Universities Mission had been bereaved of its chief pastor—Bishop Smythies, a man of large and loving heart, and wide sympathies. A request from Archdeacon Jones-Bateman that I should continue my journey to Zanzibar for the purpose of ordaining and confirming I felt quite unable to refuse. The extreme kindness of the U.M.C.A. to our Missionaries who from time to time pass through Zanzibar on their way to Uganda had been more than I could ever adequately acknowledge. The least I could do was to gladly and gratefully render such a service as that asked of me.

On my return from the fulfilment of this pleasant duty I found myself, almost immediately, involved in controversy with the judge in Mombasa in a matter which practically raised the question of the validity of Christian marriage in a Mohammedan country. It seems that a native Christian, unhappy in his married life and wishing to be freed from his wife, not charging her however, with infidelity, had presented himself before the Mohammedan Governor (Liwali) of Mombasa and in the presence of the judge of the I.B.E.A. company had pronounced the Mohammedan formula, "I divorce you." The judge thereupon gave the woman, who was present, a certificate to the effect that she had that day been divorced. The ground of his action was that the parties—the man and the woman—were subjects of the Sultan of Zanzibar and as such were amenable to Mohammedan law, although there was no question as to either of them having become Mohammedans. The serious nature of this contention demanded instant action. Getting no satisfactory assurances from the judge, but on the contrary a statement of his intention to pursue the same line of action in any future cases of a similar nature, I appealed to the Consul-General at Zanzibar, and represented to him the consequences likely to ensue should such a decision be upheld. The Consul-General at once took the matter up and referred it through the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to the law officers of the Crown. A few months later I received from Lord Kimberley the satisfactory pronouncement, "that the action of the judge was illegal and that there existed no machinery in East Africa by which Christian marriage can be dissolved." Thus an insidious, though, no doubt, unpremeditated, attempt to set up a Divorce Court in East Africa was defeated.

I felt strongly in this particular case because I feel

strongly that in Africa if there is one thing more than another which the native Christians need to be taught, it is the sanctity of the marriage tie. The low level of the spiritual life of many African Christians is due very largely in my opinion to lax views on the marriage question, and to the facilities afforded for divorce. Let a man realise that it is not possible for him to get rid of a wife whom before God and man he has vowed, till death, to love and cherish, and he will be careful not only *in* his choice but *of* his choice. He will choose wisely, and he will shield and guard carefully. How is it possible to teach our native Christians that marriage is a symbol of that unity which is betwixt Christ and his Church, if we are continually pronouncing sentence of divorce? No! let us on this question speak with no faltering accents. Africa, and for that matter our own dear land, needs to learn more and more the sacred character of the marriage tie.

The following extract from my diary will give some idea of the number and variety of my engagements at this particular time—for ten days.

"*Aug.* 17 (*Friday.*)—Left Freretown for Rabai. Arrived at 6.30 P.M.

"*Aug.* 18 (*Saturday*).—Visited Fimboni and Kaya Boma with Jones, Smith and Hamshere (in the morning). In the afternoon went to Ganga and Mriali.—This work is in the charge of Timothy Jaka and Lugo (Native Catechists). Very tired!

"*Aug.* 19 (*Sunday*).—Preached to a large congregation of some 800 in Rabai Church. In the afternoon walked over to Kisimani and had a service at Ganga.—Spoke to the people. Bible study in the evening at the ladies' house.

"*Aug.* 20 (*Monday*).—Confirmation at 10 A.M. Eighty-seven candidates. Interviewed the ladies in the afternoon with reference to their work. In the evening Bible study for Mission party.

"*Aug.* 21 (*Tuesday*).—Returned to Freretown. Found all well. Thank God! Saw Semler about his work. Visited the workshops and talked industrial work over with Ward. Ward to dinner.

"*Aug.* 22 (*Wednesday*).—Twenty men from H.M.S. *Swallow* to tea. A good time!! Writing for mail till 12!!

"*Aug.* 23 (*Thursday*).—Writing for mail in morning. Afternoon Mombasa. Met all the workers and discussed the school. Open-air service. Evening Bible reading on Rom. xii. "Be kindly affectionate." Back to Freretown.

"*Aug.* 24 (*Friday*).—Went to Mombasa *re* mail to Taveta and Teita. Hope to make arrangements. Visited hospital.—All going on well!

"*Aug.* 25 (*Saturday*).—Mail in from England and leaves for Zanzibar. Letters despatched.—Mombasa for to-morrow's work.

"*Aug.* 26 (*Sunday*).—Mombasa. Holy Communion at 7.30. Officiated.

"Preached at Kilindini at 9.30.

"Preached at the English service at 4 P.M.

"Preached at Swahili service at 8 P.M.

"Tired! Shall sleep well."

These were not exceptionally busy days, but yet when it is remembered, that in addition to the doings noted down there were the hundred unrecorded calls incidental to a bishop's daily life in such a place as the headquarters of his work, it will be realised that they were fairly full ones.

Shortly after my arrival from England I arranged for a series of "quiet days" for the deepening of the spiritual life of the Missionary body and native workers. One of the greatest trials which a Missionary is called upon to endure as he fulfils his vocation, is the silent and subtle influence which contact with heathenism has upon his spiritual life. The danger of declension is a very real one. Unless he be continually upon his guard, the probability is that his spiritual sensibilities will become blunted. The sight of Him who is invisible will become more and more dim—converse with the Holy One Himself will grow less and less precious—the voice of the Spirit will wax fainter and fainter, until at length the fact of spiritual declension becomes a sorrowful and solemn reality, not merely to the individual himself but also to those around. And yet it is wonderfully and gloriously true, that in the Mission field the messengers of the Gospel have oftentimes such revelations of God vouchsafed to them, as lift them above the things of time and sense and enable them to realise something of the great realities of the unseen world. It is true that God does give to those who in obedience to his command forsaking all that they hold dear, home, kindred and loved ones, have gone forth to make disciples of the nations—such a sense of His Presence that all thought of loneliness is lost in a glorious realisation of the fulfilment of the promise, Lo! I am with you always—through all the days. All this is true and yet it remains equally true that the worker for God in the great harvest field does need to hear sometimes the gracious invitation, "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile."

It was because I felt this so strongly that on August 23, I sent out the following circular to all our coast workers.

"Last year it was my happy privilege to invite you to spend a 'quiet day' at Freretown with the object of soul refreshment by communion with God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It was a time which some of us remember with deep thankfulness. Once again I propose that we, who are engaged in the Service of God at the coast stations, should meet together with the same object in view, viz., the deepening of our spiritual life. I therefore beg very affectionately to invite you to meet at Freretown for three days of quiet stillness before God. The days I propose as most convenient are Wednesday, September 19, and the two following days. The suggested subjects for prayer and meditation are as follows:

"*Wednesday.*—September 19, 'Life in Christ.'

"*Thursday.*—September 20, 'Service for Christ.'

"*Friday.*—September 21, 'Power from Christ.'

"The order of services and meetings each day will (D.V.) be:

"Holy Communion, 7 A.M.

"Meeting for address, 9.30 A.M.

"Meeting for Prayer, 4 P.M.

"Meeting for address, 7.30 P.M."

Those three days thus spent were days not easily forgotten. None of those present (and thirty workers actually came together) will ever forget Douglas Hooper's pleadings for a more entire consecration to God—a more absolute obedience to his commands—a more Christ-like walk. It is safe to say that few went back to their work without a blessing.

No sooner was our conference over, and the workers dispersed to their several stations, than I prepared for a long-contemplated journey to the Usagara Mission. I had already thrice visited Usagara, but on each occasion

I was either going or returning from Uganda and was more or less pressed for time. I therefore determined to devote at least three months to a special visitation. Through the kindness of Captain Cole, who gave me a passage in H.M.S. *Swallow*, I was spared the horrors of a voyage to Zanzibar in the rolling "Juba."

My serving-boys unhappily were down with measles. I was obliged, therefore, to leave them behind and to engage a cook and tent-boys in Zanzibar. They came to me with glowing credentials but, alas! I was not long in discovering on landing at Sadaani that they knew little or nothing of their work. "Make me some tea," was one of my first orders. "Ndio Bwana"—"Yes, sir!" was the ready response. In about half an hour the kettle made its appearance. "Well!" I said, "where is the tea?" "Here," was the answer as the boy handed me the kettle. It was true enough—the tea (nearly a quarter of a pound) had been put into the kettle of boiling water and I had nearly a gallon of tea for my afternoon cup. "Bring some biscuits," was my next order. In about a quarter of an hour the boy brought me a tin of Huntley and Palmer's "Marie" biscuits and a spoon. I found that he had opened the tin with a meat-tin opener, and had so pulverised the biscuits in the operation that a spoon was really the most suitable implement with which to eat them.

Ignorance happily was the chief fault of my recently recruited attendants. On the whole they were cheerful, willing and good-hearted lads.

I had hoped to meet at Sadaani Dr. Baxter and the autumn recruits for Uganda, Pike, Lloyd, Lewin and Blackledge. I discovered, however, on landing that they had started on their way some eight days before—and that if I was to overtake them I must not linger at the coast. It had been the intention of the Uganda

party to travel by the northern road by way of Kikuyu, but the famine was so bad up-country that it was almost impossible to buy food for the porters. They were thus thrown back upon the old road through Usagara. On this road also the famine (due to drought and locusts) was very severe, and was desolating the country. For the relief of the Missions at the three stations of Mamboya, Mpwapwa and Kisokwe I purchased fifty loads of rice and got together as large a quantity of other foodstuffs as I could provide porterage for.

During the five days spent in Zanzibar I was far from well—fever making its appearance almost every evening. It dogged my steps to the mainland. In the hope of getting rid of it altogether in the fresher air of the highlands of Usagara I started on October 12 from Sadaani. My porters were a source of great trouble. It was most difficult to get them along. They insisted on putting down their loads at every village we came to. It was only by dint of great patience and perseverance that I could get them to do a full day's march. The signs of the approach of the rainy season were unmistakable. The weather was hot and sultry. The scorched grass and leafless trees were depressing in their utter lifelessness. But the signs of famine as we advanced inland were saddening beyond description. Men with lean and hungry looks, on the way to the coast, met us daily on the road. Women and children starving, and with no hope of relief, were left behind in the half-deserted villages. Visaraka and Pongwe were left behind. The higher lands were entered upon but still the prospect grew worse and worse. At length the worries, incidental to the conduct of a caravan in such circumstances, brought on a return of fever. However I struggled along until in getting into camp at Gwani I collapsed altogether. Hearing from the natives

THE ALBERT EDWARD NYANZA AT KATWE

that Dr. Baxter was only one day ahead I sent on a messenger asking him to come to me. In the meanwhile I went to bed and doctored myself so effectually that when morning dawned I was free from fever. The order was given to march and on we went halting at short intervals for a much-needed rest—until eventually camp was reached. The next day Dr. Baxter arrived, glad to find me practically well again. Two days later we caught up the Uganda party at Mto Mawe—(Rocky river) under the shadow of the Nguru mountains—and then for two more days we journeyed on together; after which, leaving the party at Magabika, I went on alone to Mamboya, where I arrived on October 23.

I found the Mission very differently manned from what it was when first I visited it in 1890. Then there were but four Missionaries at work, Wood at Mamboya, Price at Mpwapwa; and Cole and Beverley at Kisokwe. Now there were no fewer than thirteen. Of these six stationed at Mamboya, viz., Mrs. and Miss Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Deekes, Miss Colsey and Miss Wyatt—two at Mpwapwa, viz., Price and Doulton; and at Kisokwe Mr. and Mrs. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Beverley and Briggs.

This satisfactory increase in the staff of the Mission made it the more a matter for sorrowful regret that the famine had, to so large an extent, broken up the work. The schools were half empty and the classes but poorly attended. Most of the men were away seeking for food and the women had neither strength nor courage to do more than sit hopelessly in their homes waiting for that death, which later in only too many cases came to them. I stayed a week at Mamboya and by daily visiting the villages around made myself thoroughly acquainted with the circumstances of the district.

Having arranged to hold a confirmation on my way back to the coast, I started on October 31 for Mpwapwa hoping to overtake again the party for Uganda.

On reaching camp at Kitangi whither my tent-boys and belongings had preceded me I found everything ready for my refreshment. On preparing for my bath, however, I discovered set ready for my use a beautiful new sponge, twice as large and twice as good as my own. I at once called my boy, Mabruki; I said, "Where did this sponge come from? It is not mine."

"Yes! Bwana, it is yours."

"But I know better. Mine is old and worn. This is quite new."

But still the boy persisted in his assertion that the sponge was mine. At length after considerable pressing he told me that my sponge had been lost. He had put it in the sun to dry and the wind had carried it away. Seeing not far away a new sponge belonging to Mr. Wood he annexed it on my account. "Me think for you," he concluded in his broken English.

The farther we advanced up-country the greater seemed the pressure of famine and the distress of the tribes through which we passed. If Usagara, usually the most fertile and prosperous of the countries in German East Africa, be famine stricken it may be taken for granted that the less fertile and more arid countries of Ugogo and Unyamwezi are suffering much more intensely. And so we found it to be. As we descended from the Rubeho Pass and entered upon the plains of Malali we found nothing but bare fields, deserted villages and ruined homes. Here or there might be seen a few starving women or children, but practically a once busy centre of life was uninhabited. Vultures hovered heavily in the air telling more eloquently the story of death than even the empty homes and the emaciated

creatures that hung about them. Even more shocking was it, on descending from the hills above Tabugwe into Mpwapwa, to come upon the bleaching remains of more than one poor wretch who, fainting with hunger, had fallen by the wayside never to rise again.

At Mpwapwa I was warmly welcomed by Price and the members of the Uganda party. The latter, owing to the necessity of making very complete food arrangements for the onward journey through Ugogo, had not yet been able to get off. Their difficulties were great but only beginning. Before reaching Nasa they were destined to pass through a sea of troubles.

It was an object-lesson in self-denial to see the way in which Price lived and did his work. It was absolutely true of him that nothing of the things which he possessed did he count his own. He and his flock had all things common. The world has heard little of J. C. Price, but a truer hero never lived. At the time of Bushiri's troubles he refused to listen to the suggestion of the Consular authorities, that he should leave his post and seek the safety that was offered to him in Zanzibar. He preferred to share the fate of his people. When his house was burnt down by the rebels and all his clothes and stores destroyed he simply said, "Well, there is the less to worry about," and set himself to repair the ruined house, and to prove by greater simplicity of living than ever, that the ordinary comforts of life, much less its luxuries, were absolutely nothing to him. I had made up my mind on starting for Usagara that I would take Price back with me to the coast on his way to England for a much-needed furlough. He had served for ten years with only one visit home. At once I broached the subject. If he was to go back with me no time was to be lost and preparations must be made without delay. But no! He would not listen to the

proposal. I pleaded that for the work's sake, if not for his own, he should seek a change. Twelve months at home would build him up for a further long spell of work. It was of no use. "How is it possible," he said, "for me to leave my people with this terrible famine upon them? How can I forsake them in the time of their distress?" Nothing I could say would move him in the very least. He promised me, however, that as soon as the famine was over he would take his furlough. Alas! in the very midst of the deepest distress that Ugogo has ever known—only eight or nine weeks later—he was struck down with black-water fever, and in a few short hours passed to his rest and his reward.

Men talk of the heroism of the soldier who in the heat of conflict, and the clash of arms, does some valiant deed which gains him the Victoria Cross. It may be he has saved the guns—or the life of some comrade at the risk of his own—men do well to acclaim him. It is valour that he has shown—and he deserves his reward. But after all what is it compared with the heroism of a soldier of the cross like J. C. Price, who forsaking all that men of the world hold dear—the joys and comforts of home—the lawful ambitions of life, goes forth into savage Africa and for ten long and weary years in spite of weakness, weariness, and sickness, labours on in season and out of season for the elevation of those who care not for him—care not whether he lives or dies—and then in the end, in the time of their sore distress, lays down his life in seeking to minister to their dire necessities. It is men like J. C. Price (and thank God there are others like him in the Mission field) who keep us from despairing of humanity. They live and die unknown and disregarded. The world knows them not. It matters not. They seek no earthly reward. They serve a master whom they can trust—"whom

not having seen they love, in whom though now they see him not yet believing they rejoice with a joy unspeakable and full of glory." It is sufficient for them if He approve, and if at the last they hear that gracious word of commendation, "Well done good and faithful servant, Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

On Monday, October 5, after paying my respects to Captain Hermann—the German officer in charge of the Mpwapwa district—(who received me most kindly and courteously) I went with Price over the hills to Kikombo, where formerly Dr. Pruen and his wife had laboured with much devotion. Only the barest outlines of the ruins of the Mission house, destroyed by Bushiri and his followers, remained to mark the site of what a few years before was the centre of a promising work. It was a lovely spot but, alas! the *raison d'être* for a Mission had passed away in the disappearance of the population, which formerly filled the neighbouring "Tembes" (villages) with the hum of busy life.

On Wednesday, November 7, I said "good-bye" to the Uganda party, and with Price went on to Kisokwe. Here I spent a very busy time—visiting the surrounding villages, half depopulated though they were with the famine—confirming—and holding a conference of all the Missionaries labouring at the three stations of Mamboya, Mpwapwa and Kisokwe.

A number of interesting questions had cropped up in the course of the long experience of some of the Missionaries working at these centres, and how to deal with them was the subject of most of our discussions. Perhaps the most important of these questions was that of our attitude towards such customs, almost universal amongst the Wagogo, as that of circumcision. Certainly it was the most warmly debated. In the end the line adopted was that so far as it is a national custom it

would be inexpedient to oppose it in any way, but that we were bound to do everything in our power to show our people, and especially those under instruction, that many of the rites and ceremonies connected with it were clearly heathen, bound up as they were in the native mind with the enthralling bonds of fetishism, and therefore inconsistent with the teaching of the Gospel of Christ.

Another matter discussed, of course, was the famine and what could be done towards relieving the distress. Dr. Baxter was hard at work trying his very utmost to keep alive a number of Wanyamwezi porters, who, almost at death's door, had sought succour from the Mission. Happily the loads of food which I had brought with me from the coast met the need of the moment and doubtless saved many lives. But how about the future—the months which must elapse before any crops could possibly be reaped? There was but one solution to the problem—food must be sent up from the coast. For this funds were needed. I undertook to appeal to the authorities at the coast, and to send home a statement of the case with a view to a famine fund being started as soon as possible. In the meanwhile it was decided to seek out, and as far as possible, feed the most helpless of the population around each station, viz., the women and children.

On November 13 I returned to Mpwapwa, and on the following day started on my way to Mamboya. Price went with me as far as the Mcharomo river, where we camped. Here we found a man apparently dying from starvation. Doses of Liebig's extract of Beef, however, poured from time to time down his throat revived him. Later we were able to give him some gruel, which for the time being, completed his restoration. What was his ultimate fate I never knew. On the following morning I said "good-bye" to Price, whom I was never

to see again in this life, and continued my way alone to Mamboya. I did a long march as the day was bright and fresh and camped on the Rubeho Pass. Towards evening, however, the clouds gathered and the muttering of distant thunder told of a coming storm. At the conclusion of the evening meal my porters, head-men and boys all forsook me, and went off to an empty village a couple of miles away. I was thus left to spend a stormy night alone on the mountain-side—with no watch fire—no arms—no protection—save that of the "Keeper of Israel who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth and who encampeth about them that fear Him." About 11 P.M. there were evident signs of the coming storm. I had taken the precaution of fitting extra stays to my tent and of looking to my tent-pegs, driving in one here and another there. In order to be ready for any emergency I rose and dressed. Then, rolling up my blankets in their waterproof cover and seating myself upon a box, I waited for the tempest roaring in the distance to break upon the bare hill-side on which I was encamped. Nor had I long to wait. In a few minutes it came with a rush. The outer cover of my tent flapped ominously, and then in a moment it seemed as though everything was coming down about my ears. The poles creaked and strained. The canvas was lashed and beaten to such a degree that I felt it was but a question of time, and I should be left on the bare hill-side in a raging storm with nothing to cover me but the clothes in which I stood, as I tried to steady first one pole and then the other. Suddenly I heard a sound which filled me with hope—the rain was coming. That, I knew, meant a lessening of the force of the wind. If the tent would only stand for five minutes longer I felt that I was safe. Seizing the tent mallet I rushed outside and with a blow here, and another there, drove

down the pegs hard into the ground. It was but blundering work in the darkness, but it was effectual. Down came the rain in a deluge but as I expected, the force of the wind abated gradually, until at length all danger was over, and the only tokens of the peril through which one had so lately passed was the steady downpour—the gleams of lightning growing fainter and fainter as the thunder rolled away in the distance.

In the morning my men and boys reappeared professing the utmost concern as to my welfare, and declaring that they hardly expected to find me alive. All this I took for what it was worth—words—words—words. Breakfast over (a meal which was prepared with some difficulty) we started on the long march into Mamboya, where we arrived late in the afternoon.

The next few days were very busy ones. On Saturday I visited no fewer than five villages (A. N. Wood being my constant companion) and had talks with the head-men and such other hearers—men and women—as could be got together. On Sunday morning I preached in the Church on the hill on the words, "What must I do to be saved?" At this service a number of catechumens were admitted. In the afternoon I visited the Church in the valley, and preached to a large and attentive congregation. The next day came a visit to Msawenda's village, involving a tramp of some twenty miles. Then on Tuesday came a confirmation when sixteen candidates—seven women and nine men—were confirmed. A conference of the workers on Wednesday, November 21, concluded my engagements, and on the following day, I started on my way to the coast.

The weather had now become very broken. The rains had set in and there was a prospect of anything but a pleasant journey before me. All went well, however, until I reached the "Rocky river" under the

shadow of the Nguru hills, and then it was rain, rain, every day. As long as I skirted the hills it was simply wading through rushing streams but when I descended into the valley it was walking in water for miles. To add to my miseries fever came on daily, and my nights in consequence were almost sleepless. There was nothing for it, however, but to struggle along. Fortunately I had with me a very strong little donkey which was of great assistance when through weakness I was almost unable to walk. Although at Mkange—one day's march from Sadaani—I had a very bad bout of fever, I determined to push on to the coast. For five hours it rained without ceasing after leaving camp. Gallantly the little animal faced the storm, and without even a stumble carried me to my destination. Of course I was drenched to the skin, but through the hospitality and kindness of the German officer in command of the fort ten minutes after my arrival at Sadaani I was in a hot bath, and a little later wrapped in blankets was regaling myself with hot tea and quinine.

On arriving at Zanzibar on the afternoon of the following day I happened to meet, at my agent's office, Archdeacon Jones-Bateman (now gone to his rest) one of the truest Missionaries who ever went forth into the Mission field. "You have got fever," he said as he shook hands with me. "Oh, no," I replied, "I am only a little out of sorts." However he produced a thermometer, and insisted on taking my temperature. It was 102 Fah. "You must come to the hospital and be nursed," was the Archdeacon's further requirement. There was no resisting his kindness, and truth to tell I was beginning to feel that I must get to bed as soon as possible somewhere or another. I therefore allowed myself to be persuaded and I sought the shelter of the hospital of the Universities Mission at Mkunazini where

for three weeks, night and day, I was nursed and tended with a kindness which I shall never forget, and can never repay.

On the morning of St. Thomas' Day (the twelfth anniversary of my ordination) I conferred Priest's Orders on Mr. Kisbey, of the Universities Mission, and in the evening started on my way to Mombasa, where, after three months' absence, I arrived on the following day. There, in the hospital under the kind and skilful treatment of Dr. Macdonald (at the time of writing the P.M.O. of the East Africa Protectorate), I completed my convalescence, and on January 7, 1895, returned to my old quarters at Freretown.

CHAPTER XXV

VARIED WORK AND EXPERIENCES

'Men will always be what women make them, if therefore, you would have men great and virtuous, impress upon the minds of women what greatness and virtue are.'—ROUSSEAU.

THE new year opened sadly. On January 7, to the great grief of our little community at Freretown Ward—the superintendent of our industrial work—was taken ill with the much-dreaded black-water fever, and within forty-eight hours passed away. Three weeks later J. C. Price, of Mpwapwa, from whom I had so recently parted on the banks of the Mcharomo river, entered also into his rest. Of Price I have already written. Of Ward I may say that a more simple-hearted and faithful worker for God it would be hard to find. At the time of his death he was bringing to completion the new Church at Freretown, on the building of which for nearly twelve months he had been labouring with unwearied application. It is, and will remain, a monument of his devotion to duty and never-failing energy as long as life remained to him. I was with him, when, at mid-day, he passed within the veil. "I see Him there," he exclaimed, pointing upward. Slowly the hand fell, but the eyes continued fixed as on a heavenly vision.

"At mid-day, O King, I saw," I could not help saying to myself as I went from the chamber of death to the life without, to tell of another who had been faithful unto death.

On the following day I ordained Messrs. Hamshere and Firminger (the latter of U.M.C.A.) to the Priesthood. "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life," was my text suggested as will be easily understood by the solemn event of the previous day. A week later, Jones received Priest's Orders at Rabai.

All this while I was busily engaged in organising a movement for the relief of the sufferers from the famine, both in German and also in British East Africa. I found Sir Arthur Hardinge, H.M. Consul-General at Zanzibar, most anxious to do everything in his power to help the work forward. He enlisted the sympathies of Sir Lloyd Matthews, the Sultan's Prime Minister. Committees were formed both in Zanzibar and Mombasa. In a short while ten thousand rupees were raised—food purchased and despatched "up-country." Funds, too, were forthcoming from home. The committee of the C.M.S. issued an appeal and very quickly £350 was telegraphed out to Mombasa.

In the meanwhile in Usagara things were going from bad to worse. At the end of January Wood thus wrote from Mamboya:

"The famine is very terrible, people dying every day. We have only two Christians left in the Mission. The others have left for the coast in order to get food. Many of them will, I fear, not return. Nearly all the villages are deserted. We can have no schools, classes or services, and the place all around is fast becoming a wilderness."

In one of his last letters Price thus wrote from Mpwapwa:

"The people are all scattered, searching in the forest for roots and wild fruits. The rains have set in well,

so that in two or three months the famine ought to be practically over, but the locusts are swarming again, and in some places have already eaten off the young corn."

For many a long and weary month, however, did the famine last—and tens of thousands of men, women and children were swept away by its ravages ere its course was stayed. The plague of locusts to which Price referred in his letter, and which was one of the chief causes of the famine, and of its continuance, was one of the most extraordinary ever witnessed in East Equatorial Africa. In countless myriads they marched through the land, invading houses, swarming into water-tanks, creeping up trees, eating up everything before them. Their movement was ever onward. Even the sea failed to stop them. On reaching the shore they attempted to cross the harbour to the island of Mombasa. Millions were drowned but on their floating carcases living millions crossed, and then onward they went again in their career of destruction. What the plague of locusts was like in the land of Egypt in the time of Moses, we could easily imagine by the sight of this terrible visitation in East Africa, in January 1895.

The question of English women's work in Uganda had, by this time, entered the sphere of "practical politics." It had for years been under discussion. Mackay had longed for the coming of the day when English women would be found in Uganda teaching their native sisters the way of salvation, and leading them by example as well as precept, to a higher and nobler life. In 1887 he thus wrote to the committee of the C.M.S.:

"The women of Uganda are the most earnest followers of the heathen religion, much more so than the men, and

often, very often, have I sighed to think, that no systematic effort could be made by one or two male teachers like Mr. Ashe and myself to reach the hearts of the women of Uganda. But the day will surely speedily come when some of the Christian ladies of England will take pity on their black sisters in Central Africa, and we shall have as a powerful adjunct to our work a Missionary agency corresponding to the Zenana Mission in India. Here is a vast sphere for usefulness. Some one must be bold enough to take the initiative. Many will doubtless find the courage to follow."

The chief difficulty in the way of the realisation of the hope thus expressed lay in the long and trying journey through what is now known as German East Africa. The opening up, however, of the new route through the British sphere had put a new complexion altogether upon the question. My journey in 1892 had proved conclusively the healthy nature of the country through which the road to Uganda passed. It had also given a new aspect to journeyings in such regions. It had shown beyond question that, with care and forethought, sickness on the road can be reduced to a minimum. My experiences of that journey convinced me that it would be quite possible for English women—proper provision being made for their comfort—to reach Uganda in comparative health and strength. Of their value to the work in the circumstances of the Mission I had no manner of doubt. For the sake of the women and children—in other words for the sake of the future of Uganda—it was absolutely essential that the ministry of English women should, with the least possible delay, become one of the recognised and most prominent features of the Missionary work of the Church.

That women have a part to play in the great work

of the evangelisation of the world entrusted to the Church by her Divine Lord and Master can scarcely, I imagine, be seriously questioned. Apart altogether from the fact of the obligation to make disciples, binding Christian men and women alike, which to my mind is so clear and plain that I do not propose to discuss it as though it were still an open question, there is the further fact that in many parts of the world—in India, for instance, and in most Mohammedan countries it is only by women that women can be reached at all. But even in those parts of the Mission field, like Uganda, where the seclusion of women finds no place in the social life of the people, I venture to think that, apart from the public ministry of the Word and Sacraments—it is to women Missionaries that we must look as the most efficient instruments for dealing with women and children—in getting at their hearts and minds, and in seeking to raise them to a higher level of purity, in life and thought. This is the God-given sphere of labour for women Missionaries. I say not that no woman is ever raised up by God and sent with a message to the men, as well as to the women of her day and generation—God forbid! To make such an assertion would be to dispute the whole teaching of history from that glad day when to women was entrusted the message of resurrection joy, "Go! tell my brethren." But what I do say is that, generally speaking, *the* Mission of women is to *women*, and that it is the bounden duty of every Church or Missionary Society to regard its Missionary organisation as incomplete until provision has been made for women's work among women. And this not merely for the sake of the women but for the men's sake as well.

> 'The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
> Together, dwarfed or Godlike, bond or free.'

As some one said, "There will never be noble men in heathen lands until there are noble women."

For well-nigh twenty years the work in Uganda had been carried on by men, who were either unmarried or else for the work's sake, were content to be as though they were unmarried—the wife staying at home. The unsettled condition of the country—wars and revolutions continually breaking out—the scarcity of food—the difficulties of the journey—were good and sufficient reasons for leaving the work in the hands of those who are best able to endure hardness. Nevertheless, it was carried on at a disadvantage, so far as work amongst women was concerned. Those who know what life is like in Eastern lands will easily understand that the instruction of the women (when it could be given at all) could only be imparted in public, and that individual dealing with souls was almost an impossibility.

In order to compensate, as far as possible, for the absence of English women the wives of such men as H. W. Duta and Zakaria Kizito were enlisted as workers among the women and girls. They did excellent service, and tided us over a time of real difficulty. But they needed, as they themselves oftentimes confessed, help in their own work and lives.

Two visits to Uganda had deeply impressed me with the need of English women, not merely as Evangelists, but as teachers who might take in hand the work of training native women, who, in their turn, might become Evangelists to their fellow country-women. Before leaving England in 1894 I had discussed the matter with the committee of the C.M.S. I represented the changed condition of things in Uganda, the fact that the country was now under British protection (a security for the maintenance of law and order), its comparatively settled conditions—the increasing numbers being

gathered into the church—and the possibility of passing through the healthy countries of British East Africa with little or no risk of a breakdown in health. The Committee responded at once to my appeal, and before I left England it was an understood thing that among the reinforcements for 1895 there would be at least four or five ladies. We were not allowed, however, to enter upon this new line of departure without protest. There were those who doubted whether a journey of some 800 miles into the interior of Africa would not be too great a tax upon ladies' powers of endurance. There were others who told me that in all probability I would have to bury one and another of the party on the road, "and what a terrible thing it would be," they continued, "if you arrived in Uganda without any surviving." What a blow to the work it would be! "Pray consider what a tremendous responsibility you are taking upon yourself," and so on.

Yes! I felt it to be a great responsibility, and therefore determined that no pains should be spared so that the journey might be as complete a success as possible. Any disaster on the road would probably throw back women's work in Uganda for years. Nothing must be left to chance. A start for the interior must be made as soon as possible after the arrival of the party. Detention at the coast meant fever sooner or later. To get without delay into the healthy highlands would practically ensure success. Early in the year, therefore, I set about making preparations. Head-men were taken on—porters written down—donkeys purchased, and chairs procured, in which, when tired with the march, the ladies might be carried. It was arranged that the party should arrive in June or July at the latest.

In the meanwhile there was a great deal of other work

of various kinds to be got through before I could feel myself free to start on my third journey to Uganda.

A Mission hall for Evangelistic services in Mombasa was needed. A committee was formed—a fund raised—land purchased, and the work set going under the able supervision of Mr. Wray.

The workers at Rabai were realising, that if the Christians there were to be saved from spiritual stagnation and lukewarmness, there must be extension into the regions beyond. With a view therefore to breaking up fresh ground I started on January 31, with Burness and Jones (the Native pastor) on a tour through some of the Wanyika villages. Kaya Chonyi was one of the first places upon our list to be visited. After a long day's march of some seven and a half hours we reached our destination. The situation of the village was wonderfully beautiful, but how marred by the sensuality and debauchery of the people! We found nearly the whole population—men and women alike—in a state of almost helpless intoxication. Truly Kaya Chonyi was a place which needed the Gospel of Christ. But how to gain an entrance—that was the difficulty. The Wazee (elders) with whom we had hoped to confer, were in a state of semi-insensibility. Nothing could be done, evidently, till the morning. After a restless night—due to the drumming, singing, and dancing which went on till the small hours of the morning—we had little inclination to rise early. It was nine or ten o'clock before we were ready to receive the Wazee who, in some manner known to themselves, had been able to get rid of all trace of the debauchery of the preceding day and night.

"Oh yes! they would be very glad," they said, "to receive teachers and their children should come and be taught—but as for themselves, that was altogether

a different thing. They were very well as they were, and could never change." Had they heard of a life beyond this? "No! never. How was it possible for a man to live after death. Death was the end of all things," and so on. Thus these poor dark souls opened their minds to us, and in doing so revealed the vastness of their need, and intensified our longing desire to bring them to a knowledge of Christ as their God and Saviour. And so we went on from village to village, preparing as we trusted, the way of the Lord. In some we were repulsed, in others welcomed. It was, however, only what we expected.

> 'It is the way the Master went,
> Should not the servant tread it still?'

On arriving at Rabai I found letters awaiting me, which told of my needed presence at Mombasa. Without delay I put my things together and the same evening found myself once more at Freretown. The days which followed my return were very full ones. Meetings of the Famine Committee, the Mission Hall Committee, the Finance Committee, the Translation Committee, a large correspondence with the up-country stations—Uganda, Usagara, and home—services with addresses and sermons, conferences and interviews filled up the days and often a great part of the nights until February 19, when, in company with Wray, I started on a journey to Teita and Taveta.

The start was not a happy one. The weather was hot—the porters tiresome—the water scarce and the marches long. Fever soon made its appearance, and that at the most inconvenient times and places—in the middle of a march—just when I was ready to start—or in the midst of the waterless Taro desert. On the occasion of this last attack there was nothing for it

but to turn back. This we did and camped near the water pools at the Taro rocks until the fever had disappeared. Then on we went again—past Maungu and on to Teita—then away through the forest to Mitate we journeyed, and over the mountain path to Bura. So far the journey had been a continual struggle with weakness and fever. "Toiling on" summed up the daily march. Serengete plain was crossed with less difficulty than I anticipated, and on March 2 we reached Lanjuro, on the further side of which McGregor met us, with much-needed supplies of water. The same afternoon Taveta was entered, and our long, weary, and toilsome journey was over.

If I here transcribe what I wrote at the time, a much more vivid idea will be conveyed to the mind of the reader of what Taveta was like in those days than if at this distance of time, I were to set down in writing my recollections. It will be remembered that on the withdrawal from Mochi, Steggall had settled at Taveta. After some delay an admirable site had been selected outside the forest, but near to the river. The name given to it was "Mahoo," *i.e.*, Happy Land.

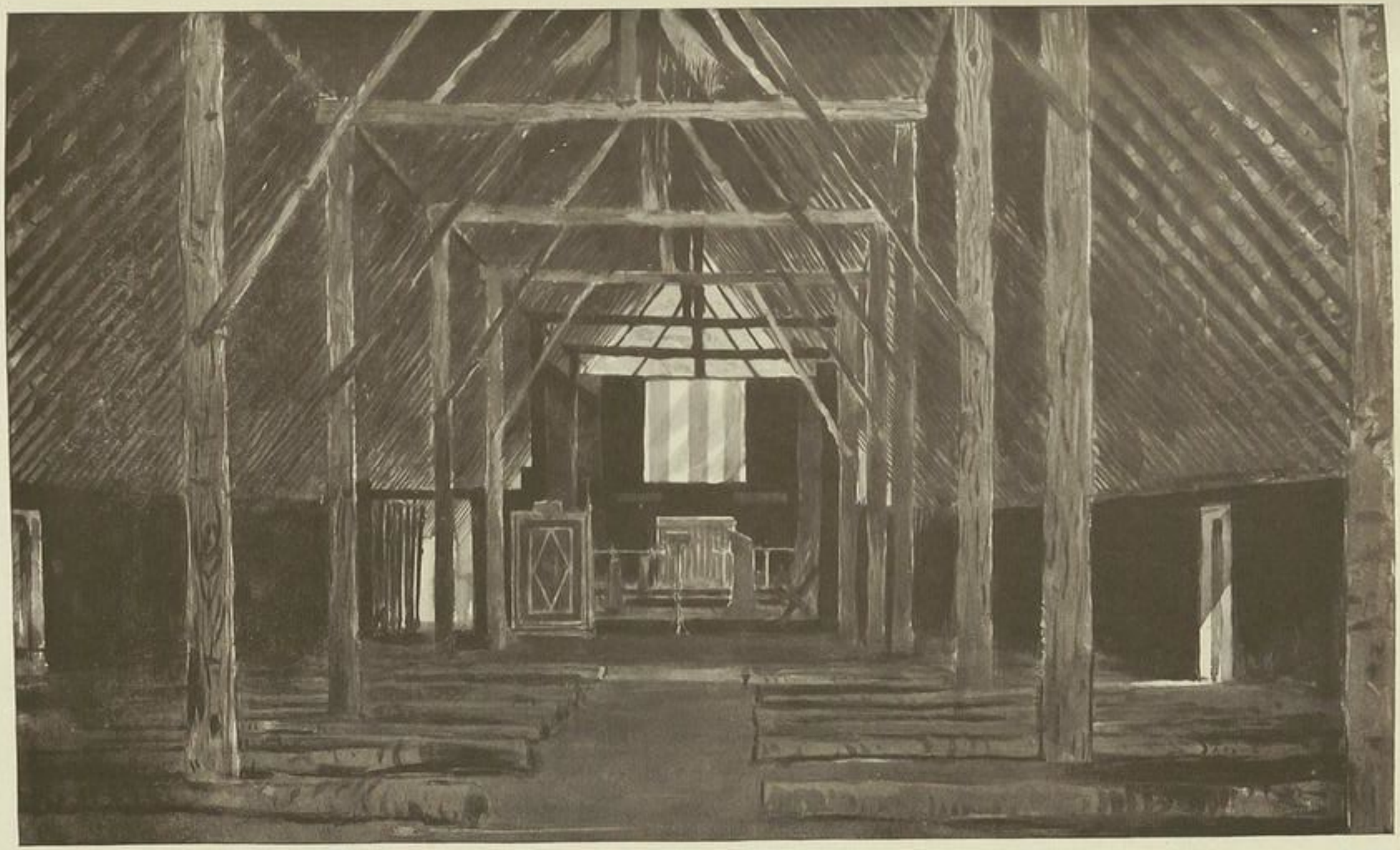
"It was to Happy Land that Mr. Wray and I were welcomed by Steggall and his fellow workers Verbi and McGregor on Saturday, March 2. I was surprised and delighted with what I saw around me. Here were banana plantations on every hand—each tree apparently in full bearing and in a most luxuriant condition of growth. The secret of this apparent abundance is in the system of irrigation which, with great perseverance and labour, has been worked out by the boys living on the Mission station. Under Steggall's direction a canal some three miles long has been dug, and the waters of the River Lumi have been made available for the cultivation of a large tract of land. I find that there

are now some forty-six boys under Christian instruction at Mahoo. These all live upon the station and maintain themselves entirely by their own labour. A certain proportion of time each day is allotted to general education in the school, which each boy attends. Four days a week cultivation and building or manual labour of some kind or other for the general good, is undertaken regularly. Each boy, moreover, has allotted to him a small garden, or shamba, some 40 yards by 20. The produce of this piece of land is his own property and he is allowed one day in the week for work upon it. In addition to all this, each boy is required from time to time when extra work is on hand, to bring building materials, wood, rope or grass in quantities proportioned to his strength. With the exception of four boys, who are specially engaged in teaching, each lad is also required in turn to assist in cooking for a fortnight or a month at a time. Thus the work of the station is carried on and the whole made self-supporting.

A temporary chapel has been built at Mahoo by the boys, and here at 6.15 every morning they assemble for prayers which are usually read by Mr. Steggall. Each evening at 6 o'clock there is a somewhat similar service, prayers, two hymns, and a lesson from Holy Scripture usually read by one of the elder boys. The whole service is in the language of Taveta. On Sundays the boys attend the service at the church in the forest near the river. This church was also built by the "Happy Landers" and a very admirable building it is. Everything connected with the service is exceedingly well arranged. Nothing could be more decently or reverently done. Our only regret is that the church is not built of more substantial materials than those supplied by the palm and banana trees. But every

thing must have a beginning, and no doubt the more substantial church will come in due course.

But now to give a rough sketch of the events connected with my visit. On Sunday, March 3, the day after our arrival, we all met in the boys' chapel for a very happy and solemn service of Holy Communion. This was at seven o'clock. At 9·30 the usual morning service was held in the church at Taveta, about 114 persons being present. When we remember that only three years ago the work was commenced, I think that we have great cause to be thankful for so large a congregation. I spoke to the people with Yohana as my interpreter. At 3 P.M. there was an address given by McGregor to the people (heathen) assembled in the market-place. At 4 o'clock the evening service was held in the church. At 7.30 the boys met in the school-room at Mahoo for hymn singing. This was closed by a few short prayers. Such were the Sunday engagements. On Tuesday I held a confirmation, when eleven males and one female (Yohana's mother) received the laying on of hands. This was, indeed, a notable event in the history of the Church of Taveta. There are now thirteen communicants, and the number will, I doubt not, soon grow. On Wednesday, March 6, I arranged to meet the Taveta elders under the great Council tree. These elders are the rulers of the nation. They are elected by the people, and seem to be trusted by them. Of course they are pure heathen. On reaching the place of rendezvous, I found nearly 200 men gathered together. These might be divided into three classes: first, there were the elected elders who form the council of the State; then there was a large body of the married men; and, lastly, there were the young warriors with their spears and grease. The scene of the gathering was a very romantic one. A large tree with wide-spreading



CHURCH AT TAVETA

branches afforded delightful shade. The grass around was of a bright fresh green, and when lit up by the sunlight, glinting through the thick foliage, was almost of living gold. We were in the very heart of the Taveta forest, the River Lumi flowed close by. Such was the scene which greeted me as accompanied by Steggall, Verbi, McGregor and Wray, I arrived at the place of conference. After the usual greetings and the lapse of a short space of time, to allow stragglers to come in, I stood up to address the gathering. Yohana acted as my interpreter. I expressed the great pleasure which I felt at meeting the representatives of the Taveta nation, and reminded my hearers that that was my second visit to the forest. I also expressed my thankfulness that many were attending the teaching of the Word of God, at the same time I spoke of a certain amount of disappointment, which I felt on account of the many that were holding back, and who refused to listen to the preaching of the Gospel. I then referred to the fact that reinforcements were coming to the Mission, and that English ladies would be of the number. I wished to know whether, on the arrival of the ladies, they would send their daughters to be taught, and whether permission would be given to their wives to receive instruction. I reminded them that our message was from God, and that it could not be rejected without guilt and future punishment. I also spoke of God's great love, how that every blessing came from Him, and how the crowning act of love was the gift of the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. At the conclusion of my address there was a brief pause, and then it was intimated to me that the assembly would consider my words, and afterwards return me an answer. It was interesting to notice how each man seemed to take his proper place. First of all, the twelve chief councillors rose up and

slowly walked away to a neighbouring tree, where they consulted together. Then the married men moved off to another spot some distance away, and lastly, the young warriors took up their position under some trees in our front. In about a quarter of an hour, the seniors, having apparently made up their minds, were joined by the married men, and a further conference took place. While this was going on the young warriors were seen to be in motion and in a little while were observed to take regular order. Then it was apparent that they were about to give us their war-song and dance. This they did. There was a certain melody in the former but not much grace in the latter. With uplifted spears they advanced slowly, shouting and leaping. This went on for some time until they apparently received a message from their elders, with an intimation that the council had made up its mind, and was returning to give an answer to my address. The dance and song then came to an end, and every one took his proper place once more beneath the "shauri" tree. Then the spokesman rose up and delivered an address which was supposed to embody the result of the conference and to be an answer to my speech. He commenced by saying that they were glad to see me, and to hear that more Missionaries were coming to Taveta. They excused themselves for not having attended more to the teaching of the Word of God, and pleaded the necessities of cultivation and work as the reason why they did not attend our services. They were glad to hear that English ladies were coming and they promised to send their children to be taught. They would also allow their wives to receive instruction. But there was one matter in which they were somewhat exercised in mind. Suppose their wives should run away from them and take refuge at the Mission station, would they be sent back and not harboured? On this

matter I had no difficulty in setting their minds at rest. I told them in reply that the object of our teaching was to make them better men, their wives better women, their children better children, and more obedient to their parents. I said if their wives became Christians there would be no question of sending them back, because there would be no wish to run away from their husbands and their duty. This concluded our conference, and with satisfaction on both sides we separated.

I felt very thankful for this meeting with the representatives of the Wataveta, and earnestly hope that it may bear fruit in the not distant future.

On Friday evening at 7.30 the Christian boys met in the school-room for their weekly prayer meeting. It was deeply touching to hear these young lads pleading with God, apparently with great earnestness, for blessing on their own souls and on those of others. This meeting for prayer is usually held by Steggall as an opportunity for imparting scriptural instruction and with a special view to the service of Holy Communion on the Sunday following.

On Sunday, March 10, my work in Taveta came to an end. At the morning service Yohana was solemnly set apart as a Lay Reader. I had previously given him a written examination in Scripture knowledge, and found him to be well instructed. His earnestness and zeal are beyond all question, and it was with the utmost confidence that I licensed him for his work. We have now, I am thankful to say, in the diocese eighteen licensed Lay Readers—twelve in Uganda—five at Rabai and one at Taveta.

On Monday, March 11, Mr. Wray and I after a very happy visit of some nine days said "good-bye" to our dear friends and brethren at Taveta, and once more took to the road. We had been greatly refreshed by our visit,

and felt more than repaid by all that we had seen, for the toil and weariness of the journey. God has greatly blessed the labour of his servants, and it was with a heart full of thankfulness and praise that I brought my second visit to Taveta to a close. I am sure that both Steggall and McGregor would unite earnestly in singing, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory."

The object of my journey was to visit not merely Taveta but Teita, and to see what prospects there might be of reopening our work in the latter place. I therefore determined on the way back to the coast to stay a few days, if possible, at the scene of Wray's former labours.

It was a stormy afternoon when we left Taveta, and at night the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed continuously for several hours. Very little rain fell, however, and the men happily escaped a drenching. We, of course, were in our tents and ran no such risk. An early start was made by moonlight and eight hours of marching were accomplished before we camped for the night. On the third day we reached Mitate and determined to branch off from the main road and visit a place called Mlieni which was said to be a promising field for Missionary work. I found that while the valley was very fertile, and delightful in its beauty, the population was too scanty for us to entertain the idea of planting a Mission in their midst. The night was spent here, and at early dawn we commenced our march to Teita. The ascent to the Mission house from the plain below is very steep. I was very far from being in a climbing condition. My donkey, however, was a very strong one, and bore me bravely up some of the steepest parts of the ascent of 1200 ft.

The Mission house is situated in a scene of exquisite

beauty. On one side lies a lovely valley highly cultivated and watered by several streams running down the undulating hills which shut the valley in. On the other side you look out from the door of the Mission house, over vast forests and plains some 1200 ft. below. In one direction lies the grand mountain of Kisigau, in another the Mitate range of hills rising to an elevation of some 7000 ft. and quite hiding a view of snow-clad Kilimanjaro. Occasionally, and more especially in the early morning the clouds roll down upon the mountain and the Mission house is wrapt in mist. The air is delightfully bracing. At night you almost wish for a fire. Such is the scene of Wray's work for very nearly eight years.

We were warmly welcomed by the people. It was evident that a great change had come over them since the days when Wray and Morris were almost besieged in their house. It was Friday when we arrived and I decided to stay till Monday. Saturday was spent in visiting the villages which lie very close together about the Mission. Within ten minutes' walk I counted sixty houses. On the opposite side of the valley there seemed to be many more. In visiting we told the people that the next day being Sunday, there would be services and that we hoped they would come. On Sunday morning, a man with my frying-pan in one hand, and my walking-stick in the other, was sent round to let the people know by a vigorous beating of the former, that the time for service had arrived. To my great surprise more than 200 people quickly came together. The service was in the open air, as the church built by the natives some two years before, on the occasion of a visit from Wray, had fallen down.

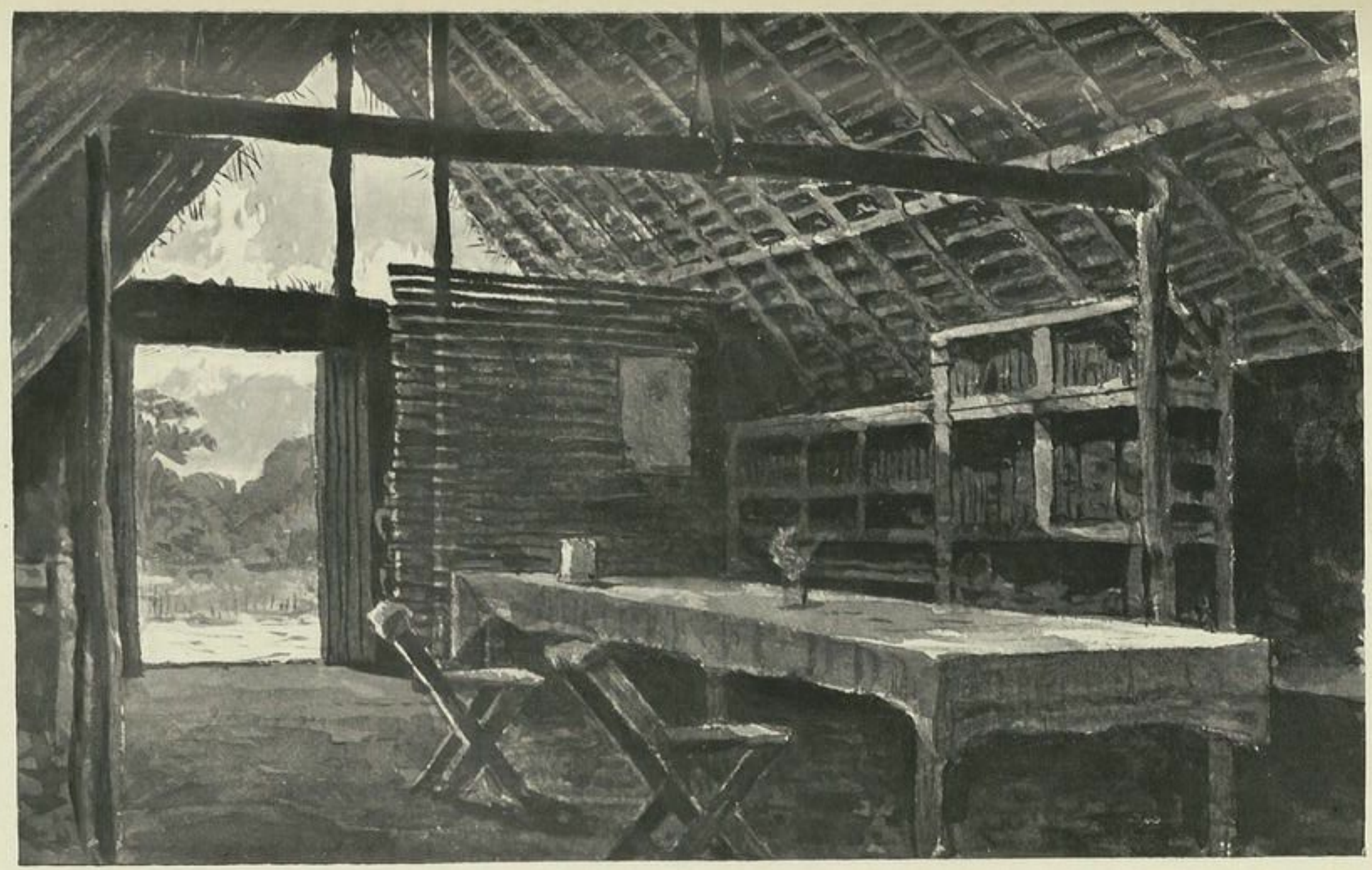
The prayers were in Kiteita, of which language Wray is a master—indeed, he is the only white man

who understands it. So perfect is his mastery of it that the report was spread abroad some time ago that there was a white Mteita living on the mountain. Mr. Wray was my interpreter as I spoke to the people. I told them how glad I was to see them come together in such large numbers, and that I took it as an evidence of a desire on their part to know more of the things of God. I added that I hoped before very long the Mission might be reopened when I trusted they would send their children to be taught and also come themselves. I then went on to give them the Gospel message and to tell them of Jesus "the mighty to save." In the afternoon a second service was held, but with fewer attendants. Altogether I was greatly cheered by my visit to Teita and the apparent desire of the people to be taught. I came away feeling very strongly that every effort must be made to carry on the work which for several years had been in abeyance.

Greatly refreshed physically by the rest and bracing air of Teita early on Monday morning we started on our way to the coast. Our journey was a very rapid one. We arrived at Rabai early on the morning of the fourth day, having now been absent exactly a month and a day.

I was very thankful that I was able to make this journey to Taveta and Teita. It completed my second visitation of all the Mission stations in the diocese.

The next few weeks were taken up with an ordinary round of engagements, involving work infinite in its variety and interest—one day preaching to the English congregation in Mombasa at the Sunday service—the next day presiding at a committee meeting of some kind or another; then visiting the hospital or the workshops—or giving addresses at our noonday prayer meeting, or Wednesday evening Bible reading, and yet



THE MISSION HOUSE, MAHOO, TAVETA

in the midst of all giving an eye to the perfecting of the arrangements for the journey to Uganda.

In my diary I find the following entry under the heading April 7:

"No fever last night—temperature normal the first time this year."

This will give some idea of the circumstances under which, in such a climate as that in East Africa, one has to keep "pegging away." Of course, with a high temperature work is impossible. But one is often obliged, as I was, in the early part of 1895 to stick to one's work in spite of a temperature varying, as in my case, from 99° to 100° coming on generally in the evening and disappearing before morning. It keeps you below "par," or, as the common expression has it, "seedy," but leaves you sufficiently strong to get through your work "somehow." However, the entry of April 7 was encouraging, and I began to think of paying a farewell visit to Jilore and, at the same time, acquaint myself more thoroughly than I had hitherto been able to do with the country of the Wagiriama. There was no one in the Mission then who knew Giriama better than the Rev. W. E. Taylor, him I invited to accompany me. It had been our intention to go to Malindi by dhow and afterwards to itinerate as we might be led. But the impossibility of getting out of the harbour in the face of the prevailing wind, caused us to abandon the idea and to make the journey entirely by land.

Taylor thus describes the chief characteristics of the country we were about to visit.* "Giriama is the name of an inland tract of country about fifty-five miles in length and thirty-five or forty in extreme breadth, and therefore not quite as large as Kent. The inlets of

* C.M.S. Report.

Kilifi bay and Sabaki river form its sole communications with the Indian Ocean. The former supplies the grain 'emporia' of Mtanganyiko and Konjora with a waterway. The latter is nearly useless for navigation owing to the rapids and the bar, but furnishes a supply of sweet water to numerous settlements along its course, of which our station of Jilore is one, and so an open road for a long distance into the interior.

"This country falls into three divisions:

"(1) The *Southern*, called the Weruni (literally veldt or open pasture land), was formerly the most prosperous tract of the whole Mombasa 'Hinterland,' but owing to the ravages of the Masai, has for years presented the appearance of almost a desert save for the little clumps of cocoas, aricas and mangoes which here and there attest the presence of a population now vanished. This part of Giriama being better watered than the rest was more suitable for the growth of fruit trees, but now cannot be compared to the 'Nyika' lands for its fertility in this respect. It still contains the sacred and traditional Kaya Giriama. The constitution consists of a sort of 'Hierarchy,' originally based upon the cult of the fetishes and totems of the tribe. There is no such thing as a hereditary chieftainship among the Giriamas proper, although there are more or less noble clans of tribesmen.

"(2) The *Central* tract is of greater present importance and was the scene of the earlier Missionary work. Although water is scanty and often nauseous in the extreme, this district is nevertheless extremely fertile and produces enormous crops to its industrious owners. To a Missionary its interest lies mainly in the history of the Godoma Christians and the hill of Mwaiba, once the centre of our Giriama work, and even now, though almost nominally so, a C.M.S. station. The great

drawback of Mwaiba is its unhealthiness and the miserable quality of its water-supply.

"(3) The *Northern* contains Mount Mwangea, which should be famous in East African ethnology, for not only have I heard it called the origin of the whole Giriama nation, but it is claimed as their original home by the Teitas, by the Rombos of Chagga and by the Wagurus of Mamboya, and even, I believe, by the Wakamba. It is now almost waterless and chiefly given up to the impenetrable jungle which covers it. A glorious view may be had by those who have cut their way through to the summit. North Giriama has, on its extreme confines, the basis of the more recent Giriama work, that is to say, the new settlement of Jilore, which lies on a mosquito-plagued tongue of land between the Sabaki and one of its backwaters.

"The trade of Giriama in its cereals has for ages been a 'close' one; it is carefully kept in the hands of the great Swahili and Arab clans of Mombasa and its daughter cities, and is only now opened up to the general public. Hence, notwithstanding Arab greed, one benefit has at least accrued. The stock of the tribe was preserved in a measure from the disintegrating influences of the world without, the race was kept pure and the language incorrupt, and the national manners retained that severe and simple type, still characteristic of the better specimens of the great Bantu family."

Passing through the country of the Wanyika and traversing the whole of the southern portion of Giriama we arrived at Jilore on Saturday, April 21, where we spent four busy, but happy, days. I cannot say they were altogether pleasant ones. The mosquitoes were far too lively to allow that to be possible. But the happiness of seeing the growth of the work, of being permitted to set apart two lay evangelists—Paulos and

Gona—and of laying hands in confirmation on seven men and women, was very real and deep.

On April 25 (the fifth anniversary of my consecration) we left Jilore and marched through the forest until Deida was reached, where we camped for the night. The next day we went on to Ngonyo's village where we spent a most interesting time. Ngonyo himself, I felt persuaded, was an agent of some of the slave-trading Arabs and Swahilis of Takaungu. He was very civil, but evidently suspicious of us and suggested one or two places at a distance, as much more suitable sites for a Mission station than any in his own neighbourhood. I was not surprised to hear some months later that he had been convicted of slavery. Taylor was most zealous in seeking out the people and telling the Gospel message. So eagerly were we listened to that it grieved me to the heart to be obliged to move on to the next village, Wamvuo's, where we camped while striving to interest the people in the object of our coming. Old Kesima, however, a day's march further on, we found most sympathetic. He knew Taylor well, and in a very remarkable way, years before, had gained for him the freedom to preach and teach where he would. At his instance an assembly of the Waya—the inmost circle but one of the Giriama Magonie Hierarchy—came together in the grove near his village, and the privilege was accorded to him—never before given to a European—of seeing the Giriama Waya in solemn session. He was asked his object in visiting their villages and told of the claims of the King of Righteousness. Sore as they were at the time of the tyranny of the slave-trading Arabs of Takaungu, they listened most attentively and even knelt, on being appealed to, while the Missionary and his humble native companions prayed for them and all Giriama. Permission was then given to them to

itinerate in any part of the country free of all the dues hitherto exacted from strangers travelling in their country. For Taylor's sake—as his friend—he greeted me warmly and readily gave permission for us to preach and teach in his village. Very soon Taylor was at work, and interested listeners were soon gathered round. Very favourably impressed with the opportunities open to us in Giriama—we went on to Kaya Kauma—then to Kaya Chonyi, and so on to Rabai where we arrived on April 30.

Immediately after my return I found myself engaged in the discussion of a question that was daily becoming more and more pressing in its claims for settlement. I refer to the dress question and its relation to our native teachers and catechists. We had nothing to do with it as it touched our converts in general. We never, as has been alleged, did anything so foolish as to attempt to dictate to them what clothes they should wear. But with regard to the teachers and catechists in the employ of the Mission, the case was different. It was briefly this. Certain of our young male teachers had been in the habit of coming to their work in school in the most extraordinary "get up." They usually wore trousers and a shirt. The latter garment, instead of being worn as Europeans wear it, was worn over the trousers—instead of being tucked into them. The effect can be better imagined than described. But this was not all. Sometimes a ragged coat was worn over the shirt—effect still more extraordinary. Things had got to such a pass that it was necessary to take some steps in the interests, if not of æstheticism, at least of decency. It was, therefore, made a rule that every teacher employed in the schools at Freretown must wear a Kanzu—that is, a long white garment, worn by all Arabs and Swahilis, reaching to the feet. Nothing could be more decent or

seemly, satisfying the most fastidious taste. Underneath, the teacher might wear what he pleased—that was his own affair—the outer garment was ours.

This question of dress had also been raised with respect to our young catechists. I found them gradually acquiring the habit of wearing the most expensive European clothing they could afford to get hold of, "coats, trousers, boots, hats and walking-sticks." Now these young men were being supported by the native church—by *very, very* poor people, who were bringing their hard-earned pice to the church and offering them to the Lord. Some of these people were scarcely able to keep body and soul together. The money so collected was being used for the support of these young men, in other words for the purchase of European boots, hats, sticks, &c. Was this seemly? Was it wise to allow a system like this to grow up, which must of necessity imperil the independence of the native church?

The Church in East Africa can only, for many years to come, be a church of small resources and to burden it with the payment of stipends which will allow teachers and catechists to indulge in such luxuries as those under discussion was, to my mind, not merely unwise but unjust —not to say cruel.

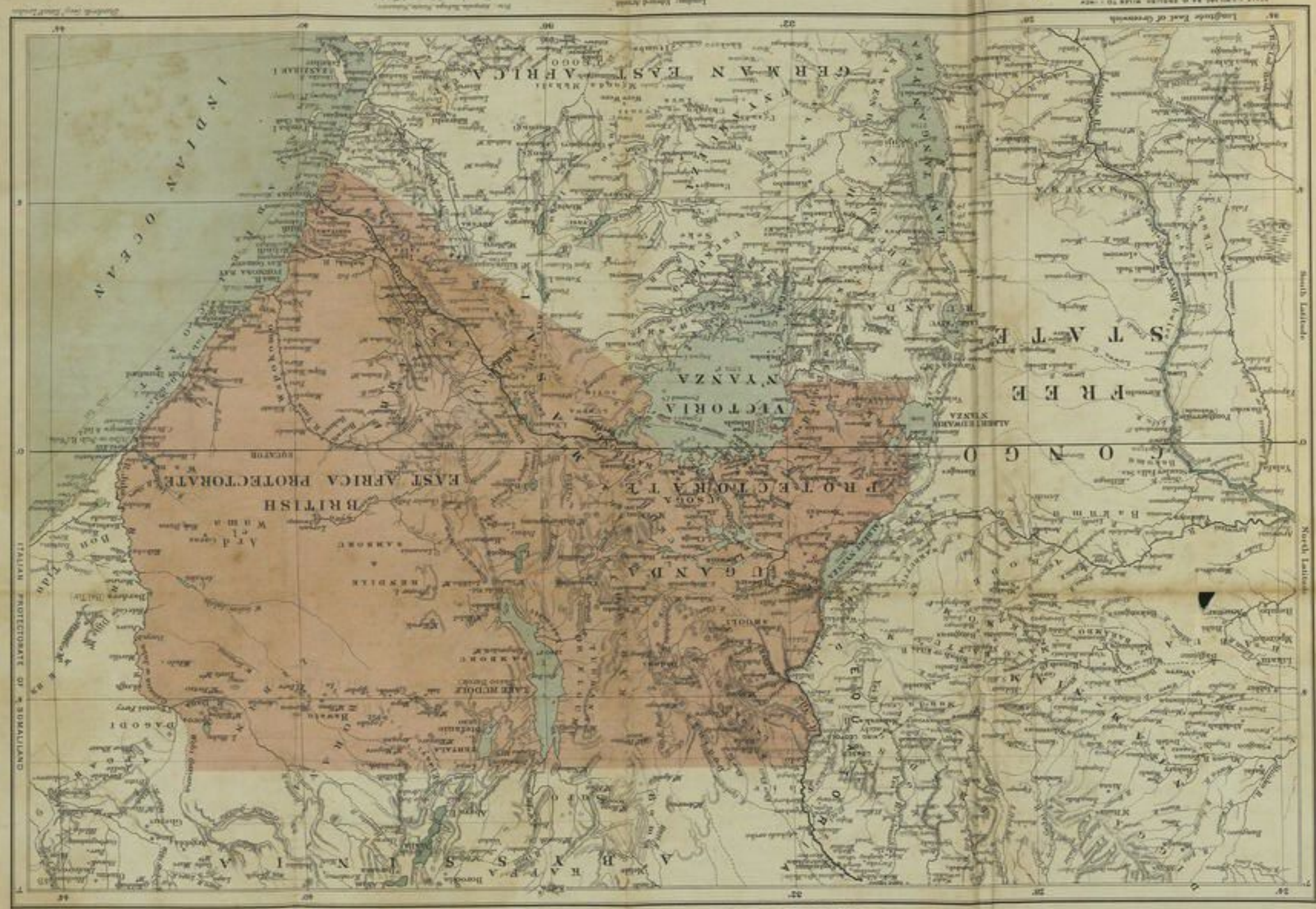
Unhappily, the early workers in East Africa, with mistaken ideas as to the place which dress holds in the civilisation of peoples, and with hazy notions on the great question of independence of native churches, had rather encouraged than otherwise the adoption of European dress. Nor were they alone to be blamed. Sympathising friends at home, out of the fulness of their hearts' love, and with notions of independence even more hazy than those in the field, had been in the habit from time to time of sending out bales of articles of

European dress as gifts to the objects of their kindly sympathy. It was well-meant kindness. But oh! the pity of it! Was it any wonder that these young men should say to me, "But why did you teach us to care for and to use other things?" Ah! why indeed? However, I found them very open to reason and in the end willing to adopt the becoming and suitable "Kanzu" as the regulation garment. The question cropped up again later, but, for the time being, it was settled and

'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

END OF VOL. I

Printed by BALLANTYNE & Co. LIMITED
Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London



BRITISH EAST AFRICA AND UGANDA.

Telegrams:
'Scholarly, London.'

41 and 43 Maddox Street,
Bond Street, London, W.,
September, 1908.

Mr. Edward Arnold's List of New Books.

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