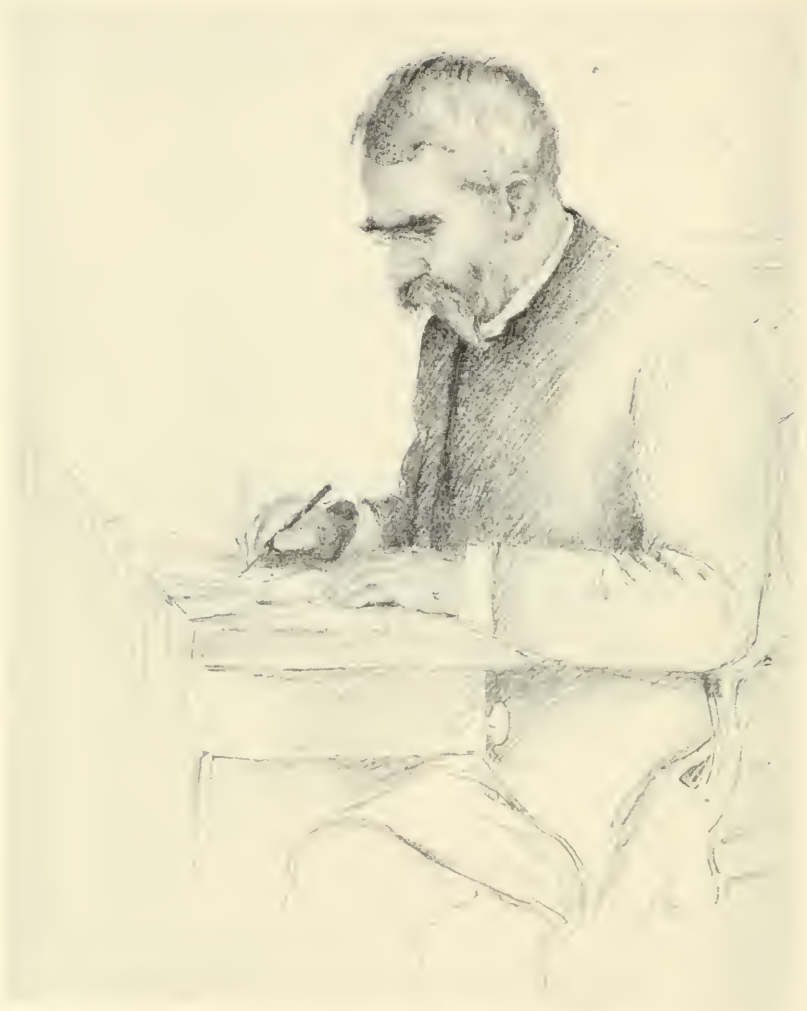


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EIGHTEEN YEARS
IN
UGANDA AND EAST AFRICA



Alfred R. Tucker
Bishop of Uganda

From a drawing by Colonel I. G. Fawkes, late R.A.

EIGHTEEN YEARS
IN
UGANDA & EAST AFRICA

BY
ALFRED R. TUCKER
CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD
HON. D.D. OXFORD AND DURHAM ; HON. LL.D. CAMB.
BISHOP OF UGANDA

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR
AND A MAP

NEW EDITION



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

WORDSWORTH.

TO
MY WIFE

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.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE exhaustion of the larger edition of this work has led to the issue of the present volume. A postscript has been added, bringing the story up to date, and passages of less permanent interest have been excised. The book, however, as a record of Missionary work is practically the same as the earlier edition.

It is earnestly hoped that through this volume in its less expensive form a larger circle of readers may be reached, and a more widespread interest aroused in what the Lambeth Conference has described as the "primary work of the Church"—viz., its missionary work—"the first of all the tasks we have to do." He feels with an ever-increasing conviction that until the Church realizes that the foremost of her tasks is the evangelization of the nations her work in the homeland must of necessity be something "out of keeping"—something altogether out of harmony—with the symmetry and beauty of the divine conception of the Church as a whole.

If this book should in some degree, however small, aid in the realization of this truth, the Author will be profoundly thankful.

A. R. T.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE COAST DISTRICTS - - - - -	1
II. UGANDA AND THE INTERIOR - - - - -	3
III. BISHOP HANNINGTON, ETC. - - - - -	9
IV. THE PERSECUTIONS OF 1885-1886 - - - - -	11
V. EARLY DAYS - - - - -	18
VI. THE JOURNEY - - - - -	25
VII. THE GOAL WON—UGANDA - - - - -	32
VIII. THE MISSION IN 1890 - - - - -	42
IX. PROBLEMS - - - - -	46
X. "THE GROWING CHURCH" - - - - -	51
XI. THE RETURN JOURNEY - - - - -	56
XII. UGANDA SAVED - - - - -	63
XIII. AFRICA ONCE MORE - - - - -	68
XIV. OUTBREAK IN UGANDA - - - - -	78
XV. LIFE AND WORK AT THE COAST - - - - -	84
XVI. SECOND JOURNEY TO UGANDA - - - - -	92
XVII. UGANDA IN 1892-1893 - - - - -	105
XVIII. A TANGLED SKEIN - - - - -	113
XIX. A HOPEFUL OUTLOOK - - - - -	119
XX. EXTENSION AND CONSOLIDATION - - - - -	126
XXI. FROM THE LAKE TO THE SEA - - - - -	130
XXII. POLITICAL AND SPIRITUAL CRISES - - - - -	138
XXIII. A BUSY TIME - - - - -	147
XXIV. VARIED WORK AND EXPERIENCES - - - - -	155
XXV. FROM OCEAN TO LAKE - - - - -	165
XXVI. A NEW ERA IN THE CHURCH'S HISTORY - - - - -	179

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXVII. IN JOURNEYINGS OFT - - - -	186
XXVIII. GATHERING CLOUDS - - - -	196
XXIX. SUSPENSE - - - -	207
XXX. A REVIEW OF THE SITUATION - - - -	217
XXXI. EDUCATION - - - -	233
XXXII. THE DYING CENTURY - - - -	239
XXXIII. THE EVANGELIZATION OF KOKI - - - -	247
XXXIV. CAPTIVITY AND DEATH OF MWANGA - - - -	254
XXXV. BUSOGA - - - -	259
XXXVI. NKOLE - - - -	270
XXXVII. A NEW CENTURY AND A NEW ERA - - - -	283
XXXVIII. PROGRESS - - - -	293
XXXIX. THE UGANDA RAILWAY - - - -	299
XL. SUNSHINE AND SHADOW - - - -	305
XLI. FROM UTMOST EAST TO UTMOST WEST - - - -	311
XLII. POSSIBILITIES AND OPPORTUNITIES - - - -	319
XLIII. FINAL SCENES - - - -	326
XLIV. SUMMARY - - - -	333
POSTSCRIPT - - - -	341
APPENDIX - - - -	351
INDEX - - - -	355

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	TO PAGE PAGE
ALFRED ROBERT TUCKER, D.D., BISHOP OF UGANDA, FROM A DRAWING BY COLONEL L.G. FAWKES - - - -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
A BIT OF THE OLD FORT, MOMBASA - - - -	8
VIEW FROM THE TEITA HILLS - - - -	17
ISLAND OF ZINGA, VICTORIA NYANZA - - - -	32
GOING THROUGH A SWAMP IN UGANDA - - - -	40
MENGO, THE CAPITAL OF UGANDA - - - -	48
MUTESA'S TOMB, UGANDA - - - -	56
A HUT, UGANDA—EVENING - - - -	65
KILIMANJARO, THE PEAK, KIBO - - - -	72
BANANA GROVE, NGOGWE, UGANDA - - - -	81
A MUGANDA PORTER - - - -	96
RIPON FALLS, THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE NILE - - - -	104
THE OLD CATHEDRAL, UGANDA—"A FOREST OF POLES" - - - -	112
ENTEBBE, UGANDA - - - -	129
A BIT OF THE INTERIOR OF THE OLD FORT, MOMBASA - - - -	136
THE ALBERT EDWARD NYANZA AT KATWE - - - -	145
BAMBOO FOREST ON MAU - - - -	160
THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PAUL, NAMIREMBE - - - -	168
CAMP ON THE BARINGO ROAD - - - -	177
THE BISHOP ON A CONFIRMATION TOUR—A NIGHT ON THE VICTORIA NYANZA - - - -	192
THE LAKE NEAR KABAROLE, TORO—EUWENZORI IN THE BACKGROUND - - - -	200
A WELL IN THE OLD FORT, MOMBASA - - - -	209

	TO FACE PAGE
THE VICTORIA NYANZA FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE LUBA'S -	- 224
THE BOILING SPRINGS, TORO - - - - -	- 232
THE NILE AT MRULI—THE RUINS OF GENERAL GORDON'S FORT -	- 241
A HUT IN BUNYORO - - - - -	- 256
A BANANA PLANTATION, BUSOGA - - - - -	- 264
LAKE MAZINGA, NKOLE - - - - -	- 273
ALBERT EDWARD NYANZA—RUWENZORI IN THE DISTANCE -	- 288
WATERFALL ON MOUNT ELGON - - - - -	- 305
A VILLAGE IN THE ACHOLI COUNTRY, NILE VALLEY - -	- 320
GRANARIES IN A NATIVE VILLAGE, NILE VALLEY - -	- 328
MAP OF UGANDA AND BRITISH EAST AFRICA -	<i>At end of volume</i>

EIGHTEEN YEARS IN UGANDA AND EAST AFRICA

CHAPTER I

THE COAST DISTRICTS (1844-1875)

“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 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 at his post till 1853, laying patiently an enduring foundation, translating, evangelizing, and exploring. In 1846 he had been joined by a fellow-countryman, John Rebmann. In 1848 Kilimanjaro was discovered; the countries of Usambara and Ukambani were explored, and a large amount

of information was garnered 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 shores of the Victoria Nyanza. Four years later, in 1862, the Nile “was settled,” and Uganda became known to the outside world.

In the meanwhile Rebmann had been toiling on patiently at Rabai. There he was found, almost blind, in 1873 by Sir Bartle Frere, surrounded by a little band of converts, five or six in number. Largely through the influence of Sir Bartle, the Church Missionary Society were induced to take steps for the establishment of a freed slave settlement near Mombasa. The wisdom of planting such a settlement at the very doors of an Arab town inhabited by Mohammedans of the most bigoted type may well be questioned. Not so the motive. The Sultan of Zanzibar had been induced by Dr. Kirk on June 6, 1873, to sign a treaty affecting the slave trade. It absolutely prohibited the conveyance of slaves by sea, closed the slave market in Zanzibar, and made provision for the protection of such liberated slaves as might be received into Mission settlements on the coast. It was essential that every effort should be made to shelter and train those who through the action of Great Britain had been wrested from the hands of the oppressor. Mr. Salter Price, of Nasik, in obedience to instructions from the Church Missionary Society, arrived at Mombasa on November 15, 1874. In the following May a large property on the mainland, just opposite the Arab town, was purchased, and preparations were at once commenced for the reception of such freed slaves as might in the providence of God be sent for shelter.

In September, 1875, no fewer than 302 rescued slaves were brought by Her Majesty's ship-of-war to Freretown (for so was the settlement named) for care and training. The work grew rapidly, a result due not only to the large influx of freed slaves, but also to the extension of missionary and direct evangelistic enterprise in the Wanika 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 what 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 emerges triumphantly, in spite of mere physical weaknesses and depression; and this has been the secret of the persevering labour 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 (1875-1885)

“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 realized 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 evangelize 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, 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, challenging Christian England to evangelize 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 £5,000 for the commencement of a Mission; £1,500 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, 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 halfway house in the great journey of 800 miles to the Victoria Nyanza. Mpwapwa was the place selected. It was to serve, however, not as a mere rest-house, but as a centre for the evangelization 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 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 Unyamwezi and Usukuma, and on January 29, 1877, two of the number, Wilson and O'Neil, 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 both of Smith and O'Neil on the island of Ukerewe. The exact facts of the tragedy will never be 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'Neil 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 meantime 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 evangelize and save the outcast and down-trodden. 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.

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 surpassed 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. 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. 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, the personification of Lubare ; 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 will have nothing more to do either with 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 death-blow to the Christian creed may be only the prelude to a glorious resurrection of it. Yet 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

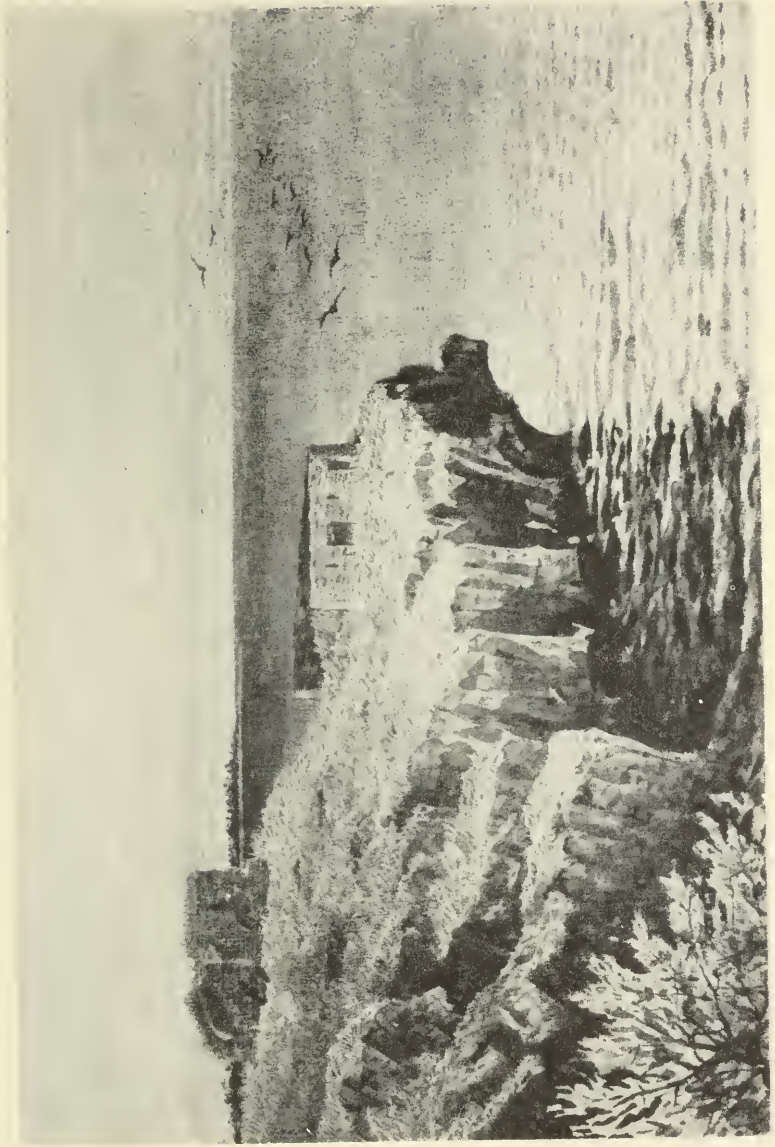
Gordon was located at the south of the Lake, with Blackburn and Wise. For some two and a half years Mackay, Ashe, and O'Flaherty were the only Missionaries in Uganda. But it was a time fraught with momentous consequences, both to the Church and country. In October, 1884, Mutesa died, and was succeeded 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 were 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 Lugulama, 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 the 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 martyrs is the seed of the Church.”



A BIT OF THE OLD FORT, MOMBASA

CHAPTER III

BISHOP HANNINGTON, ETC. (1885-1886)

“ 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 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 entirely due 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.”

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, 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 Pet. 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!

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 meantime 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 Mwangwa 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 Usam-biro 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 of 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, Mwapwa, 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.

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, organized 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 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 island of Bulinguge, in what is now known as Murchison Gulf. From this place Mwanga wrote a touching appeal to Mackay for assistance.

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 organized 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-opera-



VIEW FROM THE TEITA HILLS

tion of the native chiefs in its aims. Mr. Jackson, the leader of the expedition, had some time before (December 15, 1890) 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 Kati-kiro (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 Company. 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, 1890—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.

CHAPTER V

EARLY DAYS (1890)

“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.

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 there waiting 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. and 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 three 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 the 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 Swahilis, however, predominate. But Persians, Banyans, Hindus, and Singalese are also to be met with in no inconsiderable numbers.

The scene which meets the eye on landing is both novel and striking. It is one made up of contrasts—bright, glittering sunlight, and deep, dark shadows ; snow-white dresses and dark, swarthy complexions. The ever-moving multitude of quick and slow moving figures conveys almost the impression of some kaleidoscopic view, continually changing both in its hues and form. It is a busy scene, and one full of human interest.

Such was Mombasa on the morning of May 14, 1890, when the good ship *Ethiopia* dropped her anchor, and Mr. Bailey, of the Church Missionary Society, came on board to greet me in the name of the Mission. He brought with him sad tidings. Cotter, one of Hooper’s band of Missionaries for the interior, had that morning passed away. His remains were even then awaiting burial.

We were not long in pulling to Freretown, some three-quarters of a mile away, at the farther end of the harbour; and right pleasant it was to hear the "Jambo! 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.

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 daybreak 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, fairylike 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.

The city itself 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 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 :

"To Mwanga, King of Uganda, with Compliments.

"ZANZIBAR,

"June 11, 1890.

"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 Eastern Equatorial 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, consider-

ing 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 than 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 recognized as within the sphere of British influence.

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 recognized 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 Lewali, 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, etc. 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 (July 8, 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 anyone 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.

CHAPTER VI

THE JOURNEY (1890)

“ A journey is a short lifetime.”

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 dhaw, which took our donkeys and heavy baggage.

As we steamed out of the harbour, 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 encampments. 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. Farther away from the sea, at distances varying from a quarter to half a mile, some 2,500 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.

These 2,500 porters we found were divided into fifteen camps and companies. For instance, there had been assigned to us for the portorage of our loads some 300 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 organized, 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 organizing our camp routine.

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 head-man, 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 five 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 everyone 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 eleven or twelve o'clock. How eagerly we watched for those carrying the canteen or lunch basket, the kettle, etc. 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 everyone 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 2,000 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.

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 we arrived at Mamboya was quite well 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 the 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 2,000 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.

Our path now took us over the Rubeho Pass, 5,300 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-house 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 farther. 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.

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 lookout.

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 we 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.

CHAPTER VII

THE GOAL WON—UGANDA (1890)

"So He bringeth them unto their desired haven."—PSALM cviii. 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



ISLAND OF ZINGA, VICTORIA NYANZA

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.

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 2,500 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," etc. Oh, that we could see even the faintest trace of a thirst for the water of life!

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, September 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, realized 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's 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.

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 farther 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 farther still one's thoughts wandered—to Ukerewe, where Shergold Smith and O'Neil 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.

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.

The Mission-station 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.

Owing to the absence of the boat 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

bailing, 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 realize something of Peter's experience in walking upon the water. And then the mosquitoes, oh, how they teased us!

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 feather-weight, 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 of 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 on 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 someone 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 recognized 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, wellnigh 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. Realizing that it would be impossible for Hooper and Baskerville to receive Priests' 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 ereep 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. Realizing 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



GOING THROUGH A SWAMP IN UGANDA

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.

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-foot 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.

CHAPTER VIII

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, recognizing 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.

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 inter-

jecting 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 Usamiro 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 Usamiro waiting for the 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 embassy.

CHAPTER IX

PROBLEMS (1890-1891)

“The wind that blows can never kill
The tree God plants.”

L. E. BARR.

THERE is an ideal Mission which may be described that 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, etc., 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 coach-house at home. Cabbages, potatoes, etc., 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 goat's 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 criticized 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 “wcevilly.”

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 Christianize, not simply to civilize*. Christianity can never be evolved out of civilization. Civilization, in its best sense, follows in the wake of Christianity. The former touches but the mind and body. The latter elevates and enobles 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 realized 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 to 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 baptized 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! Nsanyuse!" ("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 "thoroughly 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 tongue.

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.

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,



MENGO, THE CAPITAL OF UGANDA

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 had 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, Yohana Mwira.

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.

Sanguine as I was of the prospect before us, 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.

Our conference 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 X

“ THE GROWING CHURCH ” (1891)

“ 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. He was working in silence, changing men’s hearts, transforming lives, comforting sorrowers, kindling hope in darkened bosoms, washing scarlet souls white as snow.

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.

It must not be supposed that while all this work was being done 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 realizing 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 strength 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, "I 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.

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 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 anyone could have questioned not only their right but their duty.

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 administrators 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.

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 farther 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 XI

THE RETURN JOURNEY (1891)

"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



MUTESA'S TOMB, UGANDA

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. Stuhlmann, 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.

We travelled rapidly, 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 a good deal of 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 cocoonut 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 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 farther 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 re clothed ourselves on the farther 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 coned 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.

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 XII

UGANDA SAVED (1891)

“ He hushed the storm to a gentle whisper,
And the billows kept silence.”

PSALM cvii. 29. WELLHAUSEN.

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, organized 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 £15,000, I will myself give £10,000, and will try to raise another £5,000 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 £5,000, 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 down-



A HUT, UGANDA—EVENING

wards, were among the other gifts." Altogether, more than £8,000 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.

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 characterized 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 realized 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 impend-

ing, 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 acidity,” 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. 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 evangelization 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'Neil 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 uncivilized 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 recognized 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.

CHAPTER XIII

AFRICA ONCE MORE (1891-1892)

"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.

There travelled with me a goodly reinforcement of Mission-

aries—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 organize, 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 Deacons' 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.

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, 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.

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 1,500 feet 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.

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.

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 Coutric" in the dear homeland.

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 hillsides, 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 the 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.

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.”

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 indiarubber 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 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.

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 realized—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



KILIMANJARO, THE PEAK, KIBO

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.

The next day 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 fertilizing mission. The supply is shut off or turned on at will by means of flood-gates 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.

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 Wamerangu 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 joined 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 everyone 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.

A very busy time at Mombasa and Freretown followed our return to the coast. The organization 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.

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

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 anyone. 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 Wagiriana, and had not been in contact with coast influences. There was a simplicity in their life and character which was very delightful.

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 farther until the sun has set." The awning of my tent was put up, and under its grateful shade I spent the day.

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 XIV

OUTBREAK IN UGANDA (1892)

“On the Gold Coast of Africa, the clouds are said to be the Creator’s veil; the stars the jewels on His face.”—MAX MÜLLER.

THURSDAY, April 21, at Freretown 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. Alarming 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 wrack 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.

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

The troubles which came to a head on January 24 had long been brewing. French and Roman Catholic ascendancy 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 realization 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 Mohammedans 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.

On January 22 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 Captain 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 Munyonye. Hastily embarking in any canoe that came to hand, the king and his followers sought refuge on the island of Bulanguge, not more than 400 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.



BANANA GROVE, NGGOGWE, UGANDA

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 Bangreza (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.

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 civilization and commerce as to its

protection. A fresh distribution of the great chieftainships followed.

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

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 souls were baptized. On the following day the king sent word to say that he wished to be “Omuprotetanti 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 Pro-

testant. 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."

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 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.

On July 31 the new church was opened for Divine worship. Exactly 3,731 souls, including the king and Resident, were present at this memorable service. The work was manifestly prospering.

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

CHAPTER XV

LIFE AND WORK AT THE COAST (1892)

"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.

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 characterized the relation between the governed and their rulers. Dr. Carl Peters, who for a while was Acting Commissioner, had so administered the country that some years later he was prosecuted and dismissed the German Imperial service. He was succeeded by Baron Bülow, whose administration was hardly more successful, though doubtless more humane.

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 anyone 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, foot-sore 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 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. I therefore

at once despatched special runners to Mochi with a letter addressed to Mr. Steggall, from which the following is extracted :

“ September 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 statement 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.”

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. On March 4, by a majority of ninety-eight, 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 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 Government 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 anyone 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 instant 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 reasoning 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 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 :

“ *To Bishop Tucker, Mombasa.*

“ ZANZIBAR,

“ *September 21, 1892.*

“ 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 :

"To Sir Gerald Portal, C.B., K.C.M.G., Her Majesty's Consul-General, Zanzibar.

"MOMBASA,

"September 21, 1892.

"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 uncivilized 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 Imperial British East Africa 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 Imperial British East Africa 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 forethought; 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 characterize, 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,

"Bishop Eastern Equatorial 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.

On Monday at noon a solemn and happy service of Com-

munion 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.

CHAPTER XVI

SECOND JOURNEY TO UGANDA (1892)

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

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 Mac-

donald, 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 mailmen 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 mailmen, 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.

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 farther 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. They 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 wildebeests 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 basking 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 6,500 feet 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.

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 *depôt* 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



A MUGANDA PORTER

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 1,500 feet 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 farther 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 midway 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 war-like 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 feet 3 inches 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.

Soon the Rabai headman, 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 firewood 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 Christianization one of the most difficult problems that confront us for solution in East Africa.

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 feet 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 8,000 feet 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 9,000 feet above sea-level.

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 Nakuru 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. 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 recognized 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 guide 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 affecting moment as we stood there at that hallowed, and yet unhallowed, spot, a spot unblest 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.

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 recognize its contour, made familiar to us by drawings and photographs.

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 hay-fields 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. We were now ready for the final stage of our journey.

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 Waka-virondo. One marvels how each tribe is able in the circumstances to retain its own peculiarities and individuality.

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 seems 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."

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 farther 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 outdoor 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.



RIPON FALLS—THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE NILE

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.”

CHAPTER XVII

UGANDA IN 1892-1893

“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 realization 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 terracotta-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 deathlike 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.

The address ended, the sacred burden was once more taken up, and we wended our way in solemn silence to the graveside near

the western entrance to the church. There, with the Christians 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—Nami-rembe, 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 8,000 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.

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 organized 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 qua 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 consecrate 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 were 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.

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 1884-1885. 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 organization. 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 something 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, and 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 realize that theirs is the responsibility, the work of organizing the Church, and of evangelizing 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.”

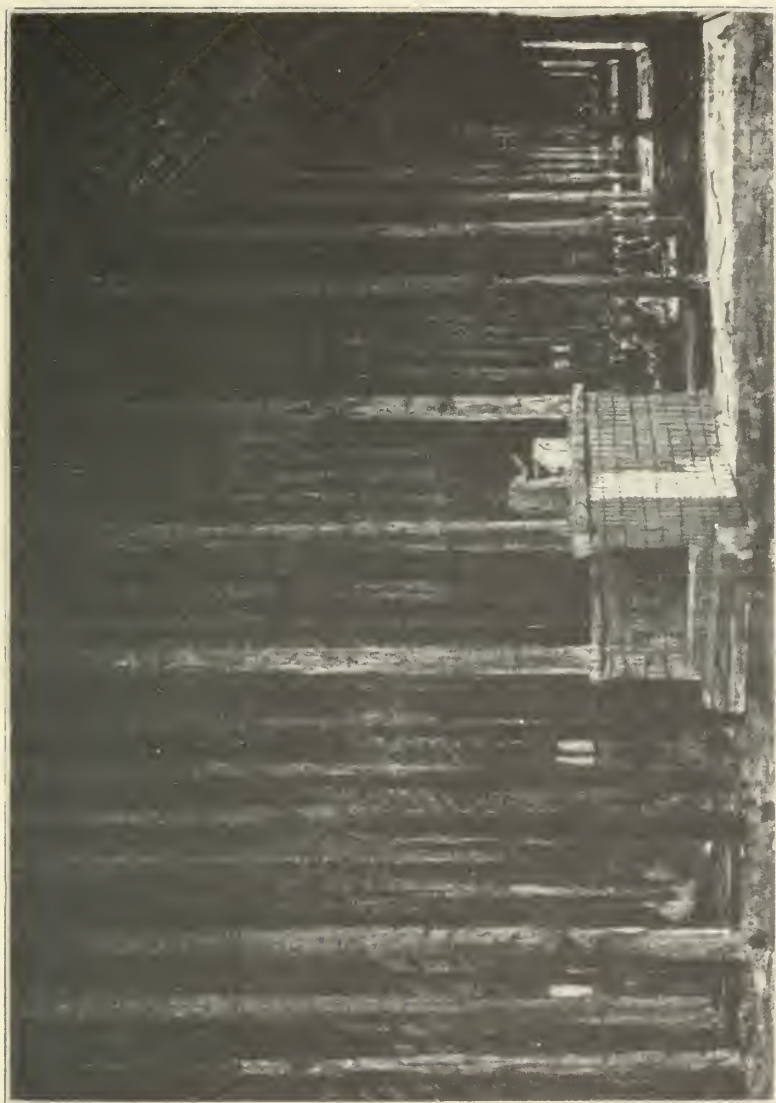
In thus writing to Walker I was, as a matter of fact, spurring a willing horse. No one saw more clearly than he the possibilities which resided in such a body as the Church Council, and the great advance on its sense of responsibility which I noticed on my arrival at Mengo in 1892 was due in a large measure to

* “Mackay of Uganda.”

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 organization, 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 organization. In that case the native Christian will not be slow to realize that the outside organization is the one which really settles whatever questions may be under discussion in the Church, and that their own organization 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 organization. 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.



THE OLD CATHEDRAL, UGANDA—"A FOREST OF POLES."

CHAPTER XVIII

A TANGLED SKEIN (1893)

“ 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.

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.

All this while Captain Macdonald had been holding the inquiry which he had been ordered by Her Majesty's 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 under-

stand 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 to have anything to do with any fresh negotiations.

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.

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 the return journey.

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 people, was the *raison d'être* 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 XIX

A HOPEFUL OUTLOOK (1893)

“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

Musalosalalo'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.

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 come 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. "Mutitano!" resounded on all sides. "Mutitano 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 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 organization 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.

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 1, 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 recognize 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, signed by forty of the great chiefs, embodying their determination to abolish slavery absolutely :

“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, medieval, 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 realization of the Brotherhood of man, as well as the Fatherhood of God.

The morning of April 1 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, whatever its short-

comings 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 Soudan and the abandonment of Gordon had taught the British nation a lesson. She would never, we were persuaded, sanction a second abandonment, a second Khartoum. 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 recognized 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 7.

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. Ulti-

mately 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.

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 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 definition 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

to 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 19, 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.

CHAPTER XX

EXTENSION AND CONSOLIDATION (1893)

"Leave results to God."—E. B. BROWNING.

FOR some time our eyes had been fixed upon Mitiana, the capital of the great country 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 ques-

* 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.

tion 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 20 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 battle-field 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 into 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 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 Priests' Orders, and Henry Wright Duta, Yairo Mutak-yala, Yokana Mwira, Yonasani Kaidzi, Nikodemo Sebwato, and Zakaria Kizito were the candidates for Deacons' Orders. One



ENTEBBE, UGANDA

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.

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.

I little thought, as I said "Good-bye" to him, that some six months later, when at home, I should receive a summons to what proved to be his death-bed, 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.

CHAPTER XXI

FROM THE LAKE TO THE SEA (1893)

“He must be very short-sighted, 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 possibility of an alliance between the Sudanese soldiery and the Mohammedan Baganda, which I had suggested to Sir Gerald Portal as a contingency to be reckoned with, 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, Busufu, 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 organized 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.

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.

Macdonald was now free to deal with him. 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 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.

At length "the shipmen 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 co-operation. 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.

It was, 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 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 50 or 60 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.

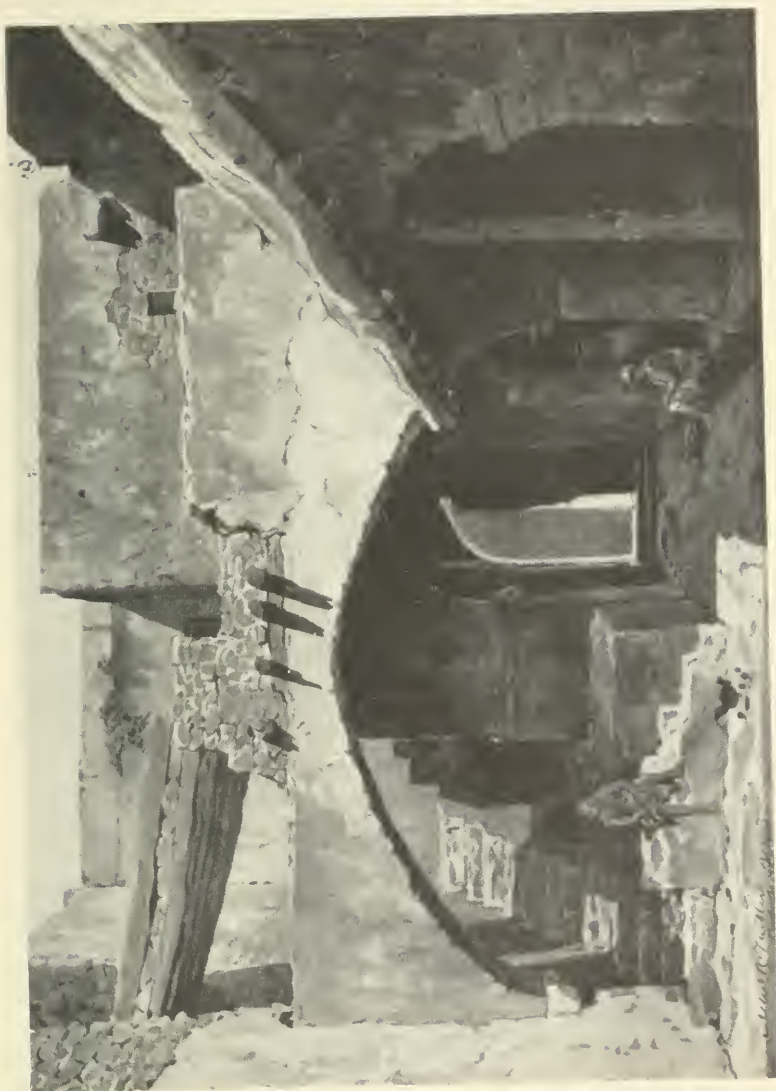
Eighteen months had elapsed since my previous visit to Jilore. I saw immediately on my arrival, after the long tramp from Malindi, that great changes had come over the scene. A new Mission-house had been built by the always energetic Dr. Edwards. School rooms had sprung up, and, what was more, were filled with eager learners. A band of young men had been formed, whose work was to be the evangelization 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.

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 thought-



A BIT OF THE INTERIOR OF THE OLD FORT, MOMBASA

ful 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 XXII

POLITICAL AND SPIRITUAL CRISES (1893-1894)

“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 Her Majesty's 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 Rosebery 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.”

The country had made up its mind, and 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 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.

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 realized, too, how few who undertake the work of administration in such regions really sympathize 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, which a year later the Government announced its intention to construct, 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 civilization, 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 civilization 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,
“December, 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 noonday 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 characterized 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."

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. 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 Leakey, "so realized the power of the Spirit of God present to save and working in our midst as I did at these meetings."

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 country 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 organize 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.

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 8,000!" 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 4,500 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 weekdays not less than 4,000 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 2,000 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 those under definite instruction for baptism. At this time last year the catechumens numbered 170. During the year, some 1,800 have been baptized, and there are now 1,500 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 organization 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.

And so we enter upon a new epoch in the history of the Church. 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 embassy, 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 understood 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 New Testament in Luganda was now pouring into the country.



THE ALBERT EDWARD NYANZA AT KATWE

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 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 fivefold. 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.

The list of those driven from the field by sickness, and not permitted to return, is a long one. Dr. Gaskoin 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., they are placed side by side for the purpose of comparison :

TABLE II.
STATISTICS FOR THE EAST EQUATORIAL AFRICAN MISSION FOR THE
YEARS 1890 AND 1894.

	1890.	1894.
Baptized	1,019	4,000
Catechumens	1,239	2,474
Native communicants	487	1,046
Baptisms during the year :		
Adults	78	1,366
Children	15	358
Schools	6	18
Scholars :		
Boys	268	477
Girls	186	536
Seminarists	—	65
Native contributions	450 Rs.	3,633 Rs.

N.B.—To the figures for 1890 there should be added an estimate of 1,000 as under instruction and 25 baptized during the year in Uganda.

The remarkable leap from the ninety-three baptized in the years 1890 to the 1,724 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 3,633 rupees in 1894 is highly significant. Of course, Uganda was responsible for the greater part of this increase.

CHAPTER XXIII

A BUSY TIME (1894-1895)

“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.

Shortly after my arrival 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 realize 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 realization 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.”

The 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.”

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 food-stuffs as I could provide portorage 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 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 25.

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. Now there were no fewer than thirteen.

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 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.

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 water-proof 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 hillside 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 African Protectorate), I completed my convalescence, and on January 7, 1895, returned to my old quarters at Freretown.

CHAPTER XXIV

VARIED WORK AND EXPERIENCES (1895)

“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.

All this while I was busily engaged in organizing 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 Momboya :

“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 onwards. 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 carcasses 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.

The chief difficulty in the way of the realization of our hopes 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 circum-

stances 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 recognized and most prominent features of the Missionary work of the Church.

As some one said, “There will never be noble men in heathen lands until there are noble women.”

“The woman’s cause is man’s; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or God-like, bond or free.”

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. 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.

And 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 commenced, I think that we have great cause to be thankful for so large a congregation. I spoke to the people with Yohama as my interpreter. At 3 p.m. there was an address given by McGregor to the people (heathen) assembled in the market-place. At four 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 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 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?



BAMBOO FOREST ON MAU

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 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."

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 1,200 feet.

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 1,200 feet below. In one direction lies the grand mountain of Kisigau, in another the Mitate range of hills rising to an elevation of some 7,000 feet, 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 was 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 evidenc 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 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 Wagiriana. 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.

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 farther 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.

CHAPTER XXV

FROM OCEAN TO LAKE (1895)

“He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee. In famine He shall redeem thee from death, and in war from the power of the sword.”—JOB v. 19, 20.

IN the spring of 1895, the political situation in the coast districts was anything but satisfactory. Trouble was evidently brewing; there was a restlessness among the Arabs of Mombasa and Takaungu which was disquieting, if not alarming. Selim, the great Arab chief of the latter place, had died, leaving two nephews, each of whom claimed the office of Liwali. One was of a somewhat turbulent character—a man of strong individuality, the other of a quieter and milder disposition. The Company, whose duty it was to decide as to their respective claims, considered that the man of gentler disposition would be more amenable to its influence and submissive to its power, and therefore appointed Raschid to succeed his uncle as Liwali or Governor of Takaungu. At once the elder nephew set up the standard of revolt, and was joined by a number of the disaffected Swahilis and Arabs in his rebellion against the authority of the Company. Early in June the Consul-General and General Lloyd Matthews, with four ships of war and a number of troops, went up to Takaungu, but without effecting much. The rebels simply retired into the bush and defied the blue-jackets and Swahili troops, who, being without transport, were unable to follow them into the wilds of the Nyika and Giriama countries. The Company was anxious mainly on two points—one the attitude of the Arabs of Mombasa, always more or less seditious—the other the attitude of their old enemy, Mbaruk of Mwele. The former it was possible to overawe by a gunboat or two; but the latter, entrenched in his stronghold, was a power to be reckoned with. They tried conciliation but failed, and once again Mbaruk was in rebellion. Later in the

year (after I had left the coast and was well on my way to Uganda) Rubai was actually attacked, and a part of the settlement destroyed. An attempt at a later date was made also upon Freretown, but it came to nothing. The back of the rebellion, however, was broken by that gallant sailor, Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, who, landing a force of blue-jackets, attacked, took and destroyed Mwele itself, Mbaruk's stronghold; as for Mbaruk, he was not finally disposed of until some months later, when, after having been hunted about hither and thither as a fugitive, he finally took refuge in German territory, and was interned there by the authorities.

In the meanwhile our Missionaries at Jilore had been in great peril. I had sent instructions to Burt (who was in charge) to bring down Miss Wyatt and Miss Higginbotham to the coast; but the telegraph wire was cut immediately after the message had been despatched, and its fate was therefore uncertain. The Consul-General, however, sent up an escort of soldiers from Malindi to bring them down. On June 23, hearing that both the former and General Matthew were in a man-of-war outside the harbour waiting for their mails to be sent off, I went out in an open boat in order, if possible, to learn from them the exact position of affairs with regard to our Mission and Missionaries. It was rather a difficult task getting on board. The south-west monsoon was blowing hard, and there was a big sea on. It was indeed a case of being "rocked in the cradle of the deep." At one moment we were on the crest of a high wave, at another right down in the trough of the sea, unable even to see the ship for which we were making, and which was certainly not half a mile away. Eventually, however, by dint of hard pulling, we got under the lee of the man-of-war, where we were sheltered, and from which we were able after a struggle to get alongside. Having clambered on board, both the Consul-General and Sir Harry Rawson explained the situation, from which it was quite clear that for many months to come all work at Jilore must be suspended. It was with considerable difficulty that we managed to get back to Mombasa. For some time there was a doubt as to whether we might not be driven on to the reef which lined and guarded the coast of the mainland, and upon which the waves broke in thundering monotony. This, of course, would have meant instant destruction. Our struggle to win the harbour was watched by a number of interested spectators upon the walls of the old fort. However, by dint of the most strenuous exertion on the part of our crew, and by steering, not for our own goal,

but for the island under whose lee we might get shelter from the full force of the monsoon, we gradually won our way back, and just before sunset reached the shore.

On July 1 came the termination of the Company's rule in Mombasa, and the hauling down of its flag. For many months the Directors had been in treaty with the British Government for the surrender of their rights under the Charter of Incorporation. They found, however, little sympathy on the part of the Administration, and no disposition to meet them even half way. It was with the greatest difficulty that a settlement was arrived at. That the Company had been encouraged by H.M. Government to embark in large schemes of extension, necessitating heavy expenditure, was certain. Lord Salisbury, with that discernment of character which was so marked a feature in his intellectual and intuitive equipment, saw in Sir W. Mackinnon, who was the moving spirit of the East African venture, the man above all others who, so far as these regions were concerned, would give effect to the rising national aspiration for the establishment of a world-wide empire.

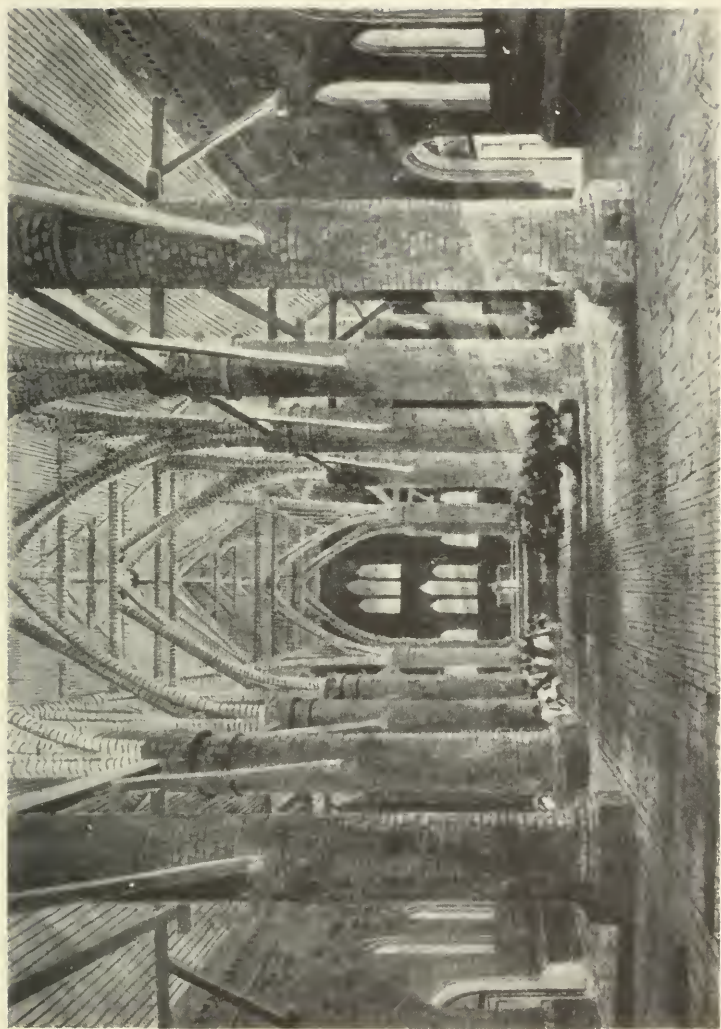
The Manchester school of politicians had become a discredited party. New markets were becoming one of the great necessities of the industrial life of the nation. No one realized this more fully than such men as Lord Salisbury, Sir W. Mackinnon, and those associated with him in the establishment of the I.B.E.A. Company. What more natural, therefore, than for the former to give all due encouragement to an enterprise so likely to be the instrument for establishing British supremacy in Central Africa, without the disagreeable drawback of arousing that international jealousy which without doubt direct imperial action would have done ?

It was a perfectly legitimate encouragement—hopefully received, and implicitly relied upon. Unhappily, however, our system of party government made it possible for the Opposition, on coming into office, to reverse such a policy, and to undo, to a large extent, the work of their predecessors. "Another king arose who knew not Joseph." The result was a withdrawal of all that moral support which hitherto the Company had enjoyed, and an intimation that no material help was to be looked for in the great work of building a railway, which was now generally regarded as absolutely essential for the development of the resources of the country.

Thus the position of the Company was fast becoming an untenable one. At the same time the responsibility resting upon

H.M. Government, in virtue of the Protectorate which had been proclaimed over Uganda, was being more and more realized. For the proper discharge of its duty in Uganda a free hand was necessary in the whole of British East Africa. The Company must be got rid of. But how? There was but one way. It must be bought out. The question at issue became therefore simply one of price. The Company had expended large sums on the furtherance of its aims. Was it to be recouped? If so, in what proportion? Then with regard to its plant—was this to be taken at a valuation? What about the officers of the Company? Were these to be taken over by the Government? And so on. At length an arrangement was made and a settlement arrived at, and so it came to pass that the Company, so far as its work in Africa was concerned, ceased to exist; its flag was hauled down, and the Union Jack hoisted—a sign that the British Government had taken its place as tenants of the Sultan of Zanzibar.

Perhaps the most memorable act of the Company, during its seven years' tenure of supreme authority in East Africa, was the freeing formally and legally of some 900 slaves who had sought refuge, from time to time, either at the Mission-station of Rabai, or in that of the Methodist Mission at Ribe. The Arab slave-owners of Mombasa complained to the Administration that these Mission-stations had become places of refuge for their fugitive property, and pressed for the surrender of those men and women whom they were able to identify as their slaves. An inquiry was held, and it was found that at least 600 such slaves were settled in and around Rabai, and some 300 at Ribe. To surrender this mass of human property was clearly impossible. Many of these fugitive slaves had been living for years in freedom and contentment. They had been instructed in the fundamentals of Christianity, and no inconsiderable proportion had been baptized into the Christian faith. They had built themselves houses, and were industriously cultivating their little bits of land, which enabled them to live in peace and plenty. To surrender them and their children into the hands of their Mohammedan taskmasters would mean practically the breaking up of a Christian church, and apostasy for the greater number of those who, at the cost of infinite labour and untold self-sacrifice, had been lifted, so to speak, out of the mire and clay into a higher level of moral and spiritual life. Such an act would mean the death of the Company ere its life had begun. It would arouse such a storm of indignation in



CATHEDRAL OF ST. PAUL, NAMIREMBE

the home-land as would sweep away, in well-merited contempt, an organization which had proved itself to be so unfit an interpreter of its own motto, "Light and Liberty." No! surrender was impossible. It was not to be thought of. The Arabs, however, were clamouring for their slaves. What was to be done? Happily, Mr. G. Mackenzie was at the helm of affairs, and in large-hearted spirit of liberality faced the problem. He boldly proposed compensation. It was really the only way of meeting the difficulty. Accordingly the sum of £3,500, to which Sir F. Buxton and his family, in a spirit of noble generosity, contributed £1,200, was devoted by the Company to this purpose.

New Year's Day, 1889, will long be remembered in East Africa. Outside the church at Rabai—a church which had been built very largely through the unwearied labours of Binns—there is gathered a vast throng of tribesmen—Wanyika, Waduruma, Wagiriana, and Warabai, men and women, slaves it is true, but now rejoicing in the prospect of a freedom of which no man could rob them.

In the centre of this crowd there stands the Administrator of the Company, Mr. G. Mackenzie, and by his side the Consul-General, Colonel Euan Smith. Grouped round them are the Missionaries and native pastors and teachers. And now it is told to the listening multitude how that the hour of their freedom has struck, and that henceforth they are their own masters. At once a mighty shout rends the air. "Asanti Bwana Asanti" (Thank you, sir, thank you) is breathed forth from one and another who realize, more than the mass, the greatness of the blessing conferred. And then there comes the pressing in of the crowd to receive the paper signed and stamped—the visible pledge of their liberty. "Truly," wrote Mr. Salter Price, "it was a heart-moving occasion, and one worth coming 6,000 miles to see and take part in."

And so this memorable incident passes into history, and the Company which so honoured its own beginning continued its course until, as I have said, on July 1, 1895, its days were at an end, and it surrendered its powers into the hands of H.M. Government.

Eight days later the Missionary party for Uganda arrived. It consisted of the following members—

Miss E. M. Furley.
Miss M. S. Thomsett.
Miss L. Pilgrim.
Miss E. Brown.
Miss J. E. Chadwick.

Rev. T. R. Buckley.
Rev. Martin J. Hall.
Mr. F. H. Wright.
Mr. J. B. Purvis.
Mr. A. Wilson.

Dr. Rattray.

They had travelled via the Cape, and arrived in perfect health. Dr. Baxter had already come down from Usagara, and was staying with me at Freretown. At once final preparations were made for an early start. Tents were unpacked, set up, and mosquito nets fitted. The various messes were arranged, and the organization of the daily march, in all its ever-recurring details, was settled.

Of the start on July 16, writing a few days later, I find the following account in my journal :—

“Early on Tuesday morning all were astir. The baggage required for immediate use was hastily arranged and taken down to the shore, and packed on board the dhow, which was to take it to the Rabai landing-place, from whence the real start was to be made, and where the porters were already gathered together.

“At 8.30 a.m. the whole party assembled on the shore—that shore which is to many of us a very hallowed spot. Here our feet first tread the soil of Africa. Here the heralds of the Cross are speeded forth on their way to Uganda, or Usagara, or Taveta, or Jilore, as the case may be. Here we say ‘good-bye’ to those who, through failure of health or other causes, are not permitted to continue their labours in our midst. A sacred spot indeed it is. One’s own thoughts could not but go back to that time five years before when the first party I was permitted to lead to Uganda started on its way. The names of Dermott, Dunn, Hunt, and others of that noble band of Christian heroes who have died for the cause of Africa, rise in one’s memory. Then there is the thought of that yet larger party which from this spot started some three years ago for the same goal, Uganda. How fully were we kept, and how wonderfully were we blest in our journeying! And now there is, through God’s goodness, a yet larger party to start on its way, and in that party five ladies to take up the work amongst the women of Uganda.

“One’s heart was almost too full for utterance as the whole assemblage joined together in earnest and solemn prayer, committing the whole undertaking to Him who alone is able to carry it to a successful conclusion. And so the time came for us to say ‘good-bye’ to those who had been so helpful to us in our preparations and so sympathetic in our intercourse. Three boats carried the members of the Missionary party, and the dhow, the baggage and our cooks and tent-boys. At 9.30, in the midst of cheers and ‘good-byes’ shouted by the crowd on the

shore, we started on our journey of 800 miles. At noon the landing-place was reached, and an hour and a half later saw us welcomed by our Rabai friends. It was indeed an invasion of the quietude of Rabai. We were thirteen in number. The six Rabai workers made up a total of nineteen."

On Saturday, July 20, at about 11 a.m., the Consul-General, accompanied by Admiral Rawson and his flag-lieutenant, arrived at Rabai in order to see for themselves the resources of the place, and to take such steps as they deemed advisable for blocking the roads against the enemy in any attempt he might make upon the place. The greeting accorded to the visitors by the people of Rabai was a very warm one, and I think was duly appreciated. At one o'clock they left us and Rabai resumed its normal aspect of quiet repose. At 3 p.m. the ladies of the missionary party started on their donkeys for Mwache, the first camp on the road some two hours away. The men had gone on ahead in order to see to the getting up of the tents, and the general arrangements of the camp. I had stayed behind to welcome the Consul-General and Admiral Rawson. At 5 p.m. the porters' baggage and the whole Mission party were in camp.

Early the next morning we were all astir, and preparations made for an immediate advance. In our camp was a small menagerie. We had four camels, three cows, and an equal number of calves; two young oxen for killing, twenty-three goats and sheep who had a similar fate before them, and twenty-six donkeys. The number of men carrying loads and looking after the details of the camp was about 500.

And so the start was made, and day by day good and uninterrupted progress was made. Samburu and Taro were passed—the desert march easily accomplished with the help of 100 additional men carrying tins of water. Maungu was reached in due course, and water found. When Teita and Voi were left behind, the wild country which lay between the latter place and the river Tsavo was entered upon. Its passage, however, was easy. The Mackinnon road had made good progress, and was a great help to us in this stage of our journey. We were now on high ground, some 2,000 feet above sea-level, and the air was fresh and bracing. All the Missionaries were in perfect health and full of hope.

Tsavo, with its "waters of refreshment," was reached on July 31. Then on we went through Kinani and Msongoleni to Kibwezi, where we arrived on August 3. Our welcome from

our friends of the Scotch Industrial Mission was a very warm one, and the Sunday which we spent in their midst was a very happy one. Then on again to Makindu, Nzoi, and Kilungu to Machakos, where on August 13 we were welcomed most kindly by the Government representative (Mr. Ainsworth), to whose kindness in 1892 we were so much indebted.

A two days' rest was indulged in at Machakos, and then once more came the shouldering of loads and the daily tramp. We were now on the healthy, breezy Athi plains, and a wonderful sight it was, in the early morning, to see them studded with game in infinite variety. Here were hartebeests, there wildebeests. Here again were zebras, and there rhino. Then, as we drew near to the Kikuyu forest we came upon the spot where, three years before, I had witnessed such a sad spectacle of dead and dying Masai. Skeletons were lying about in all directions. The kraals were falling into ruin. Now, however, every trace of the villages had disappeared, and only a few skulls marked the place where flourishing homes, centres of life and activity, had once been.

On August 18 we started for Fort Smith, and after two and a half hours' marching were welcomed by Mr. Gilkisson, the officer in charge, and his colleague, Mr. Russell. Nothing could exceed the kindness and generous hospitality of these two gentlemen. Indeed, the welcome accorded to us by all the Government officers on the road was most sympathetic and kind, a welcome that I shall ever remember with feelings of the deepest gratitude.

Three days were spent at Kikuyu in refitting our caravan and replenishing our stores, and then on August 21 a fresh start was made. At Ziwani, our first camping-place after leaving Fort Smith, we had our first frost—the thermometer registering 37°, or 5° above freezing, at 4 feet in the air, and 30° on the grass. Happily the night was very still, or the porters would have suffered considerably.

The next day our march was one of fifteen miles over very rough ground. First there was an ascent of nearly 1,000 feet, and then a descent of about 700 feet. We had just completed the ascent, and were resting while a cup of tea was being prepared, when the sound of a drum announced the arrival of Baskerville and Pilkington on their way to the coast. It was a joyful meeting on both sides. "They, of course," I wrote in my diary, "were delighted to see a goodly band of reinforcements, and we were thankful to see our two devoted brothers who had done

such yeoman's service in Africa during the past five and a half years. I especially rejoiced at meeting the two companions of my first journey to Uganda. It brought back many memories—memories of those who were my companions on that never to be forgotten journey. Four have 'entered into rest,' two are seeking refreshment at home, and one is no longer connected with us. Five years! How much has happened since 1890! It was indeed a matter for deep thankfulness to see our friends looking so well after a long and trying journey. They report the rivers as in flood, which, of course, is serious news for us. However, we hope that by the time we reach them the floods will have subsided. As we were both in the middle of a march it was impossible for us to stay long at our resting-place. Very reluctantly we bid each other farewell, looking forward to meeting again in Uganda (if God will) some eighteen months hence."

Alas! I never saw Pilkington again. On reaching home he was able to see the whole of the Luganda Bible through the press, and was greatly used in stirring up a largely increased interest in the great work of Christian Missions. Returning to Uganda in the autumn of 1896, he was permitted to labour for a few brief months in the loved land of his adoption; but (as will be told in due course) lost his life in taking part, at the call of the authorities, in the suppression of the mutiny of the Sudanese soldiery. But to return to my story.

Finding the Morandat in flood we were obliged to travel round the western shores of Lake Naivasha. It meant an extra day's march, but we were well repaid by the wonderful beauty of the scenery through which we passed. At Gilgil we found ourselves once more back on the old road. Elmenteita, Kambiya Mbaruk, and Nakuru were all successively passed. The river Lilwa—often in flood, and at such times difficult to cross—now lay in our path. Was it in flood or not, was the question which was anxiously debated as we drew near to the belt of trees which marked its meanderings. I hastened on ahead of the party, and soon found myself upon the river bank. Alas! to ford it was impossible. Instinctively I turned towards the great trees which lined the banks higher up, and there, to my great joy, was a natural bridge. An immense tree had fallen across the river and made its passage quite practicable. Nearly three hours, however, were consumed in getting all the men and loads across. The ladies most bravely climbed from branch to branch. A heavy thunderstorm closed the day.

On arriving at the Ravine startling tidings greeted us. A

man, wounded and gashed in a terrible fashion, had just reached the station. He belonged to a small caravan which we had sent on ahead, before leaving the coast, with mails and barter goods for the purchase of food in Kavirondo. His story at first we were slow to credit. It was to the effect that when near the Guaso Masa, a river on the borders of Kavirondo, he and his party were attacked by the Wanandi, and almost the whole caravan, consisting of thirty men, massacred.

What was to be done? Was the man telling the truth? Was he a runaway porter who had met with his injuries from hostile natives whom he had met on the *roda*? These were questions anxiously discussed among ourselves. The only unanimous conclusion we arrived at was to continue our journey, and as we drew near the Nandi country to adopt special precautions in the daily march, and in posting night sentries. And so we went forward, and the summit of Mau, 8,700 feet above sea level, was reached. Here the story of the disaster to our advance caravan was confirmed. Shortly after reaching camp a caravan from Kavirondo came in. At once we called the leader and questioned him, and found to our great sorrow that the story of the slaughter at the Guaso Masa was only too true. It came out that the party were asleep in camp, when at about two o'clock in the morning some 200 Wanandi attacked them. Six men apparently were able to make their escape, the rest were destroyed. Among other things recovered by our informants and given into my hands was a packet of my own letters, written nearly three months previously, which was found lying upon the bank of the Guaso Masa.

That the road in front was unsafe was absolutely certain. Not only had our own caravan been destroyed, but a trader named West, and several of his men, had been murdered. Extreme care would have to be taken in keeping our men together, and in keeping guard at night, when passing through the Nandi country. Our chief trust, however, was in the great "Keeper of Israel, who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth," and who "encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them."

On starting from the Eldoma Ravine each porter was supplied with eleven days' provision. At the end of our seventh day's march, however, we found many of them absolutely without food. What had become of it? Some, rather than carry it, had thrown a certain proportion away. Others had eaten eleven days' supply in seven days. The result was semi-starvation. We had kept in reserve a small quantity of flour in case of emer-

gency, and this was doled out in driblets as need arose. However, we very nearly had a fatal case of collapse. After our arrival in camp at a place called Ziwani (or place of the swamp), we were told that two men had failed to reach camp, and were some miles in the rear. They had not been carrying loads for several days on account of their weakly condition. Two donkeys were sent out to meet them. Just after dark the men were brought into camp. One was a good deal exhausted with cold and hunger, but the other, who had been carried in, was almost at the point of death. He was insensible and very cold. His limbs were stiff and his teeth clenched. Dr. Rattray began at once to apply restoratives. He was laid by the fire and well rubbed. Then a small quantity of brandy was poured down his throat, his jaws being forcibly separated. As he showed but few signs of reviving, a hot bath was prepared, and he was placed in it. This evidently was of great use. The limbs relaxed their rigidity. He was taken out of the bath, dried, and wrapped in a blanket. Then hot milk and brandy were again administered. Gradually he came round, and in two or three hours was out of danger and took food freely. Nothing but Dr. Rattray's extreme care and unremitting exertions could have saved him.

All this while we had heard nothing of the hostile Wanandi, nor had anything been seen of them. We regularly, however posted our sentries at night, and whenever practicable built a thorn boma round our camp. On arriving at the Guaso Masa, a strange sight met our gaze. It was the scene of the massacre of our advance caravan. Here and there, littering the ground in every direction, were books, letters, papers, and fragments of boxes. It was easy to see how the disaster had come about. In front of the encampment, and very close to it, was a swiftly flowing river—the Guaso Masa. To the rear the ground rose very abruptly, and then sank into a gentle depression. On the right and left flanks was a more or less open bush. It was night. The men, wearied with heavy burdens and a long day's march, lay down to rest. No watch was kept, for all were equally tired. It was dark, for the moon would not rise till late. Gradually the enemy, who had watched the movements of their victims all day, crept nearer and nearer, until they were gathered in the little depression above the encampment. At a given signal the rush was made, and the spear and sime did their fatal work. There was no doubt a scream here and there, a rush of a few to the river bank, a plunge, and

the swiftly flowing current carried one and another with the torrent rushing down into the broad expanse of the Victoria Nyanza. Loads were quickly broken open, what was considered of value—beads, for instance—carried off, and the scene was left. The morning at length broke, and after a while one frightened face and then another showed itself at the edge of the bush. These were the sole survivors of the party, those who had lain down to rest the night before—six wretched human beings, some with spear wounds and some half-dazed with club blows, all hungry and weary, and four or five days from any help.

Soon after leaving the Guaso Masa, we entered upon the inhabited country of Kabras, and here we experienced one of the most terrible thunderstorms which it has ever been my lot to witness. Many signs told of its coming. I warned my party, and begged them to hasten on to camp with as little delay as possible. I then set off at full speed, and managed to reach our destination before the storm broke. The crashes of thunder were simply appalling, and the lightning seemed all around. Then came torrents of rain, with hailstones of enormous size. In the midst of the tempest the ladies, and other members of our Mission-party, arrived drenched to the skin. Happily, being sheltered in a grass hut, I was able to keep a fire burning, and to supply the belated travellers with hot tea, which reduced the risk of a chill to a minimum. The rain was falling in such torrents that the watercourses soon became rushing rivers. Half of our caravan, that in the rear, was cut off, and unable till the next morning to come into camp. Several of the men who attempted to cross the flooded stream were carried off their feet and their loads lost. During the night eleven men died from exposure; several of them, however, had been on the sick list for some time, and more than one was hopelessly ill. It was indeed a terrible storm, and the like of it I hope never to see again.

We were now in the midst of an abundance of food, and our men simply revelled in the supplies that were daily brought into camp for sale. But, before arriving at Mumia's, we met a number of our Baganda friends. Simei Kakungulu, Sira the Mulondo, Stefano, and others had been sent down by the Administration in Uganda to assist the local authorities in bringing the rebellious Wakitosh back to their allegiance. The object of their expedition had now been achieved, and they were about to start on their way back to Uganda. Their delight in meeting us was unbounded. In joyful tones they told us of the expectation



CAMP ON THE BARINGO ROAD

that had been aroused among the Baganda by our coming, and especially by the coming of the ladies. During our onward journey we met Simei and his friends almost daily, and it was a great joy to welcome them to our tents and to talk over with them the prospects of the work in Uganda as well as in the regions beyond.

On September 16 we arrived at Mumia's, where we indulged in a two days' rest. Then came the passage of the Nzoia River, which occupied two days, and on we went towards Busogo, which was entered on September 22. Two days later found us at Mutanda's—the village of the eldest son of Wakoli, late paramount chief of Busoga. On the 29th the passage of Napoleon Gulf was successfully accomplished, and to our great joy we found ourselves on the shores of Uganda. From Lugumba's to Mondo's, and then on to Ngogwe, was an easy journey. Here we were welcomed by Blackledge and a large body of native Christians.

Of this last stage of our journey I now quote from a record made shortly after its conclusion, and while the vivid impression made by its recent moving incidents were still fresh in my mind.

“The welcome accorded to the ladies by the Baganda women at Ngogwe was wellnigh overwhelming. They ran along by the sides of the ladies' chairs grasping their hands and uttering all manner of joyful and loving greetings. As we drew near to the Mission-station the crowd increased, so that it was difficult to get along. When the ladies alighted to climb the hill on which the Mission-house stood, they were embraced by the Baganda women in all the fulness of their hearts' joy.

“A thanksgiving service was hastily arranged in the church. It was felt that as the Christians had been praying so constantly and earnestly on our behalf an opportunity should be given to them to thank God for so gracious an answer to their prayers. At two o'clock some 600 people were gathered in church. A shortened form of service was read, two or three hymns were sung, and then I spoke to the people from the text, ‘Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son’ (St. John xiv. 13). A few prayers followed and the service closed. It was a very happy time indeed that we spent at Ngogwe. Very sorry indeed did I feel that I was unable to leave two at least of the ladies to work there. I earnestly hope that from the next party two or three ladies may be available for work at Ngogwe.

“ On reaching Kisalosaló, which is seven miles from Mengo, we were met by Roscoe, Millar, Lloyd, and Leakey. It was a great pleasure to see them, and especially to see them all looking so well. Of course, there was a great deal to talk about, the main topic being the wonderful progress in the work, and the openings presenting themselves on every hand.

“ On the following morning, October 4, we commenced our last march at 6.30 a.m. Detachments of people continually met us on the road until the procession assumed very large proportions. At the house of our friend, Samwili Mukasa, we halted for the refreshment to which he had so kindly invited us. Here we were met by Archdeacon Walker, Pike, and Sugden. A great many of our native brethren from Mengo also met us here—Henry Wright Duta, Andereya, Henry Mukasa, and a host of others. The delight of the people was extraordinary. The ladies were embraced and hugged by Samwili’s wife and sister, and also by many other Baganda women who had assembled at Samwili’s house to welcome them. After resting for about an hour the journey was resumed. Large numbers of people met us continually, and as we drew near to the Kyagwe market, we found every place of vantage from which a good view of us could be got occupied by interested spectators—Mohammedan and heathen as well as Christian, both Protestant and Roman Catholic. The mass of the people was now so great that it was difficult to get along. The Katikiro, who had just met us on his white horse, dismounted, and, fearing lest I should be trampled under foot by the thronging crowd, led me by the hand. As we passed along under the hill of Namirembe in full view of Kampala—the Government fort—the officer in charge, Mr. G. Wilson, most courteously dipped the flag as a salutation. Still the crowd increased, until the atmosphere about me was almost suffocating and the perspiration most profuse. It was a wonderful sight, never to be forgotten, as we reached the Mission compound. Its picturesqueness goes without saying. When Baganda in white dresses and red bark-cloth are mingled with Basoga in their more sombre garments, and Sudanese in their varied costumes, under a tropical sun undimmed by a cloud, the result must be striking in the extreme. I saw great crowds come together when Sir Gerald Portal entered Mengo, but they were nothing to the crowds which welcomed the first English ladies to set foot in the capital of Uganda.

“ Our long march was over, and it was with deep thankfulness and praise to God for all His many mercies to us on the road,

that we entered the hospitable houses of our brethren of the Mission and—rested.”

Two days later — Sunday, October 6 — some 6,000 souls came together in (and outside) the Cathedral, when thanks were offered to Almighty God for His great preserving love to us. I preached from the text, “In the Lord put I my trust” (Ps. xi. 1). Nearly 300 communicants partook of the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper. It was a wonderful service—a fitting close to a wonderful journey.

CHAPTER XXVI

A NEW ERA IN THE CHURCH’S HISTORY (1895–1896)

“Good, the more communicated,
The more abundant grows.”

J. MILTON.

THAT a new era had dawned upon the Church in Uganda was evident even to the most casual observer. Men and women in their thousands were coming forward for instruction. Candidates for Baptism or Confirmation daily thronged the Mission-houses in the hope of having their names enrolled. Young men in large and ever-increasing numbers were offering themselves as evangelists or teachers. Books, mainly Scriptures, were selling like wildfire. On every side churches and reading-houses were springing up, and were being crowded daily by eager seekers after the Truth.

Cheered and sustained by the conviction that, as in the first days so now, the Master Himself was working with His servants, and “confirming the word with signs following,” one applied oneself to the task of setting in order “the affairs of the daily growing Church.”

The year 1895 had witnessed a large increase in the staff of the Mission. The party, consisting of Lloyd, Lewin, and Blackledge, under the leadership of the Rev. A. J. Pike, to whom on November 7 I had said good-bye in Usagara, arrived in Uganda at the end of February, 1895. They had been delayed in their journey by a heavy sea of troubles. The famine in Unyamwezi and Ugogo had cost them the lives of nearly a hundred of their porters. Sickness had overtaken several members of the party, and it was only after five weary months of struggle

with difficulty and distress that they were able to begin their Missionary work in Uganda. My own party brought up the number of European workers to twenty-three.

The distribution of this new force was the first work taken in hand. New stations were opened at Gayaza—a very populous centre some twelve miles from Mengo, in the province of Kyadondo ; at Waluleta, the capital of Bulemezi ; at Kinakulya, in North Singo ; at Koki, to the south-west of Budu ; at Bukasa, one of the largest islands of the Sese group ; and at Miros, in Busoga. Thus, instead of there being only four stations in the whole field north of the Lake, as at the beginning of 1895, the close of the year saw ten important centres occupied.

The result of this distribution of force was soon seen in the increased numbers offering themselves both for Baptism and Confirmation. Of the 1,200 candidates confirmed within four months of my arrival in the country, no fewer than 576 were presented to me in Mengo.

These Confirmation services were times of deep joy, mingled with fervent prayer and praise. We saw before us such evident tokens of the power of God's grace as stirred to their depths both heart and mind. Here on one of these solemn occasions were two men, each of whom was a victim of the old-time cruelty now passed away for ever. Both were blind, their eyes having been destroyed by order of King Mutesa, and one was without ears or nostrils—they had been cut off by the same cruel tyrant for some trivial offence or other.

One of these blind men was a musician in the service of the Mukwenda (one of the greatest chiefs in the country), who had been excommunicated for grievous sin. He was invited by his master to eat with him. "No!" was the reply. "I will play for you because I am your servant, but eat with you I will not, so long as you are excommunicated and continue in your sins."

The sunshine of the Church's prosperity was soon, however, to be shadowed by heavy clouds of adversity. On November 26 teachers came in from Toro, and told us sad news of the disturbed state of the country, and the practical break-up of our work there.

It was a sad story and needed a good deal of sifting. The Commissioner was absolutely without information, but promised to send at once to Toro an urgent letter of inquiry. For a month or six weeks the matter must rest. In the meanwhile I decided to pay a visit to Kyagwe, Busoga, and possibly the Buvuma islands

Starting on December 12, I made my way to Ngogwe, where I spent nine days in preparing both for a Confirmation and an Ordination. The former took place on the 20th, when 161 men and 91 women were presented to me and received the laying on of hands. The latter service was held on the day following (St. Thomas's Day), when Rowling and Blackledge received Priests' Orders.

On the 23rd I started for Luba's in Busoga, which I reached on Christmas Eve, feeling very hot and tired. A congregation of some seventy souls came together in the little wattle and daub church on the morrow for the worship of God. Of these some fifteen were communicants.

The work in Busoga, it was evident, would be a very difficult one. The chiefs were nearly all in opposition to us, and persecution more or less was the lot of any who made any open profession of Christianity. However, I found both Rowling and his colleague, Crabtree, full of heart and hope, and devoted to their work.

On Friday, the 27th, I started with the latter for the island of Bugaya. A large canoe with some twenty paddlers had been procured, and good progress was made during the early hours of the day. But at about eleven o'clock a strong head wind set in, against which it was almost impossible to make any substantial progress. We therefore put in for shelter under the lee of a rocky headland of the great island of Buvuma. It was evident that we must spend the night there, notwithstanding the fact that the islanders were said to be dangerously hostile. A number of them came to see us, and certainly they were most kind and friendly, nor did they from first to last show the least disposition to treat us otherwise than as guests, to whom it was their duty to be hospitable.

The next day we reached our destination. Apparently we were expected, for a large body of natives, with the chief Muzito at their head, were standing on the shore ready to welcome us, which they did most warmly. Our loads were soon carried up to the chief's enclosure, near which was our camp. After arranging with Sira and Samwili, the two Baganda evangelists, for the services of the following day, we both took stock of our surroundings.

It was a weird spot in which we found ourselves. The island of Bugaya is the most seaward of the Buvuma group, and thrusts southward its rugged headlands in wild and picturesque confusion. The superstition of the islanders shows itself in

the shrines with which many of these rocky headlands are crowned, and which are evidently dedicated to the Spirits of the Lake, whom it was felt necessary to propitiate by sacrifices of living creatures, often in the old days human beings.

The women in their grass dresses, and with wooden buttons in their lower lips, were certainly quaint-looking figures. The men were not so hideously disfigured, and whether in skin or bark-cloth, reminded us of the Basoga, to whom I believe they are doubtless akin.

To our great surprise, on Sunday morning there came together in the very primitive church that these people had built for the worship of God no fewer than 220 souls. Such a sight was indeed a wonderful testimony to the power of God's grace. Only once before had this remote island been visited by a European missionary, and then only for a short while ; and yet in the hands of ill-taught Baganda evangelists the people had acquired not merely a knowledge of all the outward form and ceremony of a Church service, but an intellectual and heart knowledge of the truth which led us to marvel as we catechized them both at the morning and afternoon services. About 140 had learnt to read the Mateka, as the first reading-book was called, and ten others were Gospel readers. We entreated them to continue in the faith, and promised to render them all the assistance which from time to time they might need in the way of instruction.

It was with real regret that on Monday morning we said good-bye to this little company of souls stretching out their hands God-ward. We were bound for Kajaya's in Busoga, and as a long day's paddle lay before us, an early start was necessary.

"Mukama abere namwe" (The Lord be with you) was my farewell word to them, warmly responded to with shouts of "Nawe" (And with you) and so we started on our way to the mainland. Of course the usual head-wind set in, and our progress was miserably slow. Hour after hour passed by, and still we were far from land. The sun reached its zenith, and then gradually declined. It approached its setting just as land hove in sight. The moon rose, and we were thus enabled to continue our journey. Occasionally the blowing of hippos, not far away, startled our weary paddlers, and like an electric shock, energized them into desperate efforts to get beyond the reach of those dreaded monsters of the Nyanza. At length the presence of reeds and rushes in the water around told us that land was near. Slowly we pushed our way through a dense mass of tall reeds, the home of myriads of mosquitoes, and found ourselves

on a low sandy desert-like stretch of shore. Quickly disembarking, we tried to discover our whereabouts. Advancing some little distance inland, I discovered, dimly visible in the haze which hung over the scene, two ghost-like figures. I shouted to them "Muje banange" (Come here, my friends) "but no! in a moment they were gone. Then two of my serving-boys, who had penetrated some distance farther, came and reported that a plantation of bananas was visible not far away, and that if I would follow them they would soon lead me to some house or other. This seemed hopeful, and at once we started on our quest. We soon got into a footpath which led us right for the plantation. Plunging into it, we tramped on in semi-darkness, guided most unerringly by our boys. In a little while we emerged into a clearing, and sure enough there was a house. We went to the door and shouted. No answer. Again and again we shouted, and begged the occupants to open to us or to tell us where we were. But still no answer. Then all at once, as we waited for some reply, there came to us this sad and solemn question: "Are you spirits or are you men?" What a horribly significant question was this! It was not merely the very natural question which any man might ask who was unexpectedly disturbed by such night visitors, but it revealed a condition of mind and soul which is characteristic of the whole heathen population in Central Africa.

The day of their liberation, however, had already dawned, and for those poor souls in Busoga the messengers of a Saviour's love delivering them from the bondage of sin and Satan already stood at their doors. "Banange temutya!" (My friends, fear not!) was our answer. "We are Europeans, men like yourselves. We have lost our way and need your help." In a little while we heard whisperings and movements within, and then the door was unfastened. Slowly and fearfully a man came into view. He was trembling visibly from head to foot. However, we took him by the hand and greeted him warmly, thanking him for coming to our help.

Reassuringly, and even tenderly, we spoke to him, explained to him our situation, and asked him kindly to guide us to the chief's enclosure, which he told us was not far away. This he undertook to do, and in less than ten minutes we found ourselves in comfortable quarters. It was after midnight, however, before we were able to retire to rest.

The next day letters reached me from Uganda, telling me the startling news of the arrival of Kasagama, the king of Toro, in

Mengo, and begging me to return thither with all speed. It seems that Kasagama, wearied out with what he considered to be the unjust treatment of the officer in charge of Toro, had really run away, and escaping with a few followers had made his way to Mengo, with the object of seeking justice at the hands of the Commissioner. Of course, he was not without hope that I would be able to advocate his cause. It was evident that I must return to Uganda at once. Hastily striking camp, we made our way back to Luba's, where we arrived on Wednesday, January 1, 1896. The next day I crossed the lake to Lugumba's, and then went on to Ngogwe, where I rested for the Sunday. Two days later I was once more at Mengo. Kasagama at once came to see me. The story that he told me of wrongdoing, cruelty, and oppression was such that I felt that there must be misunderstanding somewhere, and therefore begged the Commissioner to do his utmost to sift it to the bottom. This he promised to do, and the officer in charge of the Toro District was called in to aid in the investigation. He, it seems, had serious complaints to bring against the king. These resolved themselves into three main charges—slavery, the illicit running of gunpowder, and bribing the Government interpreter.

In the presence of myself and the Archdeacon, the Commissioner, with the utmost patience, investigated these charges. The latter was taken first and broke down in the most dramatic fashion, the chief witness for the prosecution in his evidence immensely strengthening the case for the defence. The second charge broke down in exactly the same manner. In fact, so complete was the exoneration of the king, that the Commissioner felt it useless to continue the inquiry.

Our pleasure at the acquittal of the king and the vindication of the action of our teachers in Toro was naturally very great. Kasagama, who since his arrival in Mengo had been under regular Christian instruction, was baptized in the presence of the Commissioner on Sunday, March 15, taking the name of Daudi (David). He shortly after returned to his own country, having exacted from me a promise of paying him a speedy visit.

Early in January I took advantage of Gordon's presence in Mengo on a brief visit to arrange an expedition to the islands.

There is always a great charm about these Lake journeys. The fresh breezes—the dancing waters—the bird life, so free and full—the wonderful variety in the scenery—rocks and woods—rushes, reeds, and all manner of creeping plants—the blowing

of hippos and the sleeping, sliding crocodiles—are all sights and sounds delightfully refreshing both to mind and body. It was therefore with a very gladsome mind that I started out to visit the islands on Thursday, January 16. I camped at Gaba, on the Lake shore, and the next day met Gordon at Kazi, and went on with him to the great island of Kome, where a very promising work was in progress. Four churches had been built in various parts of the island, each one of which was a centre of Christian teaching. So well had this work prospered, that a number of men and women were awaiting examination with a view to baptism. But no one came either to examine or to baptize. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." They waited and waited, apparently in vain. At last they made up their minds that they would wait no longer. They would see for themselves whether there was baptism for them or not. A deputation therefore travelled to Mengo to see the Missionaries. They stated their case, and, of course, were at once reassured. A letter was written to Gordon, asking him to visit Kome (which he had not yet had an opportunity of doing), with a view to baptizing those eager seekers after the truth. Some of these very men were looking out for us on our arrival, and greeted us most joyfully. Baptisms, a Confirmation service, and the disposal of a large number of books, mostly Scriptures, filled up our time on Kome. We then went on to Bukasa, visiting the island of Jana on the way. At Bukasa we found a congregation of some 300 souls gathered together in the church for the Confirmation service, at which some fifty-five men and women received the laying on of hands. From Bukasa we made our way to Busi, sleeping on the island of Bufumira on the way. I found the work in a prosperous condition, and on February 3 I started on the return journey to Mengo in a well-manned canoe. At first good progress was made, but towards noon the efforts of our men slackened considerably, so that we made but little way. I warned the men of the dangers of night travelling on the Lake, but without avail. At sunset they seemed to wake up, but it was too late; we were yet three or four hours from our destination. More than once hippos rose not far away, to the great alarm of everyone. However, we managed to elude them by making a wide détour. Another very real danger in travelling on the Lake near the shore at night was the existence of numerous half-submerged rocks, to which it is necessary to give a wide berth.

For three hours we crept along, hardly knowing whither we were going. At length came a shock and a stoppage. We were

on the rocks. Happily our speed at the time was not great, and the bow of our canoe was strong. An examination revealed the fact that beyond a splintered timber or two no harm had been done. Our canoe was still sound. Much relieved, we went on our way, keeping a sharp look-out. Soon lights became visible, telling us that Kazi was near. At about ten o'clock, to my great relief, we reached our destination. The next day I went on to Mengo, where I found all well and the work in full swing.

CHAPTER XXVII

IN JOURNEYINGS OFT (1896)

“The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in.”—PSALM cxxi. 8.

THE time had now come for the fulfilment of my promise to King Kasagama to pay Toro a visit. All the reports which periodically came in to us from our native evangelists told of a widespread desire for Christian teaching. Little congregations of readers, we were informed, were springing up in every direction. Evidently a guiding hand was needed, a European missionary in fact, for the supervision and organization of a work which, although still in its infancy, was vigorous and strong, and showed clear signs of a healthy growth.

Fisher of Kinakulya I knew was longing for direct pioneer work; him, therefore, I invited to accompany me, with a view to ultimately taking over the charge of what gave every promise of becoming a work of great importance.

Our preparations were soon made, and on March 30, 1896, we started on our journey. Owing to a difficulty in getting porters, my tent and bedding failed to put in an appearance at Sentema, our first camping-place. I was obliged, therefore, to sleep in a native hut without bed or mosquito-net. To say that I slept is, I am afraid, only a euphemistic way of describing a night of almost hideous horror—a night which was one long fight with a countless multitude of mosquitoes thirsting for one's blood. However, the longest night has an end, and by six o'clock we were on our way to the Mayanja, a river swamp in which all feverish symptoms were soon quenched in the water, which was up to one's armpits. In due course Mitiana was reached, where we spent Easter-tide, and where a Confirmation was held, when

thirty-one men and ten women received the laying on of hands. From Mitiana we made our way to Kasaka, where I had another Confirmation engagement. Travelling by way of Lake Wamala, we crossed to the island of Bagwe in a large "dug-out." Here a small but interesting work I found to be in progress. A tiny church had been built in which daily a little company of believers gathered together for the worship of God. Having commended them to Him, and the power of His Grace, we continued our journey in the primitive craft which had brought us to the island. A couple of hours' paddling, followed by half a mile of wading through the waters of the reedy margin of the Lake, brought us to the main path to Kasaka, where we arrived some two hours later, that is to say, a little before sunset. A warm welcome awaited us from the many readers out of the neighbouring gardens. Many of them had recently endured much persecution for the sake of Christ.

"The fiercer the persecution the brighter the testimony" is the lesson which we learn from a study of all attempts down through the ages to stamp out Christianity by violence. This, indeed, was the outcome of the persecution at Kasaka. Nowhere in all Uganda were happier or brighter Christians to be found than there. Nowhere was the spirit of unity more apparent or the spirit of self-sacrifice more real.

It was with very sincere regret that I said good-bye to those earnest souls after I had confirmed twenty-nine of them, and passed on my way to Kinakulya, where, after a great deal of hill-climbing and wading through innumerable swamps, we arrived on the evening of April 11.

From Kinakulya we made our way to Kijungute, and from thence to Bukumi, in the most northern part of the province of Bwekula. Here we were warned of the difficulties of the road in front of us on the way to Toro—"swamps and swollen rivers," it was said, "would surely stop us." The latter especially were dangerous, if not absolutely impassable. However, we determined to proceed on our way, believing that with the difficulty we should find the means of meeting it. Nor were we disappointed. Swamps there were without end and unbridged. There was nothing for it but to plunge into them and make the best of it. The state of the rivers happily had been exaggerated, and they were crossed without any special difficulty.

On April 28 we reached Butiti. We were now quite close to the capital of Toro. Ruwenzori loomed dark and sombre in the distance. The weather had changed. The bright, sunny

days of the earlier part of our journey had given place to heavy clouds and rolling mists, while ever and anon a bright flash of lightning and the reverberating crash of thunder which followed told of a gathering storm. But the scenery had changed as well as the weather. We were now in a country distinctly volcanic. Crater hills were to be seen on every hand. The scored flanks of Ruwenzori, now clearly visible, testified unmistakably to a time, comparatively recent (geologically speaking), when even the great mountain itself was in eruption.

The news of our coming had preceded us, and as we drew near to the goal of our journey numerous messengers from the king and the Namasole came to meet us with letters of greeting. Then ensued that endless running to and fro of men and boys with messages of gladness, which is so pleasing and picturesque a characteristic of the etiquette of the Baganda. At length we came to the foot of the hill leading to the king's enclosure, where ensued a scene of welcome which baffles description, shouts of cordial greeting resounding on every side. The king was sitting in his chair with a leopard-skin at his feet, but immediately upon our appearance he rose up and greeted us with a warmth of welcome which it was impossible to misunderstand. It was the welcome of a Christian king to messengers of the King of kings. "Come," said he, "let us go into the church and thank God for bringing you here in peace and safety." So saying, he led the way into a large building hard by, which had been built by the natives themselves for the worship of God. It was with full hearts that we joined in this service of prayer and praise, which had been arranged entirely by the natives themselves. Fully 500 souls were gathered together on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion when, for the first time in the history of Toro, Europeans and natives, the white man and the black, knelt together in the worship of a common Saviour, mingling their voices in the praises of the One true and living God.

How had Christianity found its way to Toro? It was in this wise. Yafeti Byakweyamba, a cousin of Kasagama, king of Toro, and a prince of the House of Kabarega, king of Bunyoro, had been brought up in Uganda—converted and baptized there. On becoming chief of Mwenge, a county of Toro, he asked that Christian teachers might be sent from Mengo to instruct his people. This was done, and two men, Marko and Petero, were sent as the two first Missionary Evangelists to the Batoro. In 1891 Kasagama was appointed, by Captain Lugard, the overlord

of the Toro Confederacy—in other words, king of Toro. He was a reader, but not baptized until his journey to Mengo at the close of 1895 brought him under regular Christian instruction. This event, so fraught with momentous consequences to the future of Toro, took place, as already mentioned, on March 15, 1896.

Thus it came about, in the good providence of God, that on our arrival on April 30 we found ourselves face to face with an incipient Christianity. A large number of people—men, women, and children—had been taught its fundamentals, and were endeavouring, it was quite clear, to order their lives according to its precepts. The greatest need of the work, it was evident, was supervision and organization by a European Missionary. And so it was settled for Fisher to remain as Missionary in charge.

Our first work was to call together the teachers and consult with them as to evangelization of the country. Seven districts were mapped out, and two Evangelists sent to each. Then the examination of candidates for baptism was taken in hand, and on Friday, May 8, it was my joy to administer that holy rite to fifteen adults—eight men and seven women; among the latter were the mother and the wife of the king. The former took the name of “Vikitoria,” and the latter that of “Damari.”

Vikitoria (the Namasole, or Queen-mother) was, and is still, for as I write she is yet alive, a woman of great strength of character and of earnestness in her spiritual life. She is always at the head of every good work, and never grows weary of talking with all who come to her house of Christ and His love for all mankind. A site for our Mission-station was chosen, cleared, and the work of building commenced. Enthusiastic helpers came from all sides, and visible progress was made from day to day.

So far nothing has been said as to the social and political condition of the Batoro. The political organization of Toro is not unlike that of Uganda. The feudal system is found there, but its hold upon the people is comparatively slight. The king has his Katikiro, Mugema, Mukwenda, and Sekibobo, and other great chiefs, but their authority is very limited. Almost as powerful a personage in Toro as the king is the Queen-mother. She has a considerable voice in the counsels of her son, who listens with no little deference to her advice. As a matter of fact, all women in Lunyoro-speaking countries appear to have a higher social standing than in Uganda. In the home they have

a controlling influence—an influence which, if made use of by Christianity, should be a potent factor in the elevation of the nation.

Physically the Batoro are not a strong race. The poor quality of their food, which consists mainly of sweet potatoes and a small grain called "bulo," is mainly responsible for their weak physique. As a rule, a Mutoro porter is unable to carry more than 40 pounds, whilst a Muganda will be seen with a load of 60 pounds upon his head. They speak Lunyoro—a language akin to Luganda, but even more widely spoken. The king and many of the principal chiefs understand Luganda, but outside that comparatively small circle it is practically an unknown tongue.

The dress of the people consists largely of skins. Bark-cloth is imported from Uganda, and so also is calico of a poor quality from the coast. The use of the latter, however, is confined almost entirely to the well-to-do classes. The absence of warm clothing among the mass of the population, combined with the changeable nature of the climate, is the cause of widespread disease, mainly of the respiratory organs. Asthma and pneumonia are common complaints, the latter being especially fatal amongst growing children.

Such were the people amongst whom the Gospel of Christ had now taken root, and although it was comparatively but a tiny plant, still it was alive and showing signs of vigorous growth. There could be no doubt but that, with God's blessing upon the work, a rich harvest of souls would in His own good time be reaped.

It was with a heart full of thankfulness and praise to God for all that I had seen of His work of Grace in the hearts of the people, for all that He had permitted me to do for Him in this far-away land of Toro, that I said farewell to the little band of Christian men and women who had been gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd, and on Monday, May 11, started on my return journey.

It was necessary that I should travel rapidly, as I had arranged for an Ordination Service in Mengo on Trinity Sunday (May 31), and there was a great deal of preliminary work to be got through. I therefore decided, after reaching Butiti, to journey southwards in the hope of finding a shorter road than that through Bunyoro. Nor was I disappointed in my search. After leaving Mwenge, the swamps seemed suddenly to come to an end, and we entered upon a country of rolling hills and wonderfully fertile pasturelands. Wild-flowers abounded on every hand. The air was

bracing and invigorating, and one was able to march for hours without fatigue. Passing through the province of Kyaka, I reached Kawanga, where I spent very happily Sunday (May 17). Two days later I entered Uganda, and came upon a swamp of nearly half a mile in width. The water was generally up to my waist, but at times I sank to the armpits. The Katabalanga, for so it is named, is one of the worst swamps in Uganda. However, I was none the worse, and soon reached Kiganda, where I found a beautifully built church, and a little band of readers, who were being instructed regularly by a teacher named Danieri, who had been sent out by the Church at Mitiana.

On reaching Mitiana I held a Confirmation, when forty-four candidates were presented to me by Mr. Sugden, the Missionary in charge, who had just returned from an itineration in the northern part of his district. And now came the last stage of my journey. Fifty miles lay between me and Mengo. My boots were worn out. What was to be done? Sugden kindly provided me with a hammer and a few tintacks. With these I managed to fasten, in a rough-and-ready fashion, the parting soles, and therewith was obliged to rest content. But anxiously I watched my straining boots as I emerged from this or that swamp. Would they hold together, or would the final parting of sole and uppers oblige me to complete my journey barefooted was the question which more than once presented itself to my mind as I pursued my way to Mengo. Happily the riveted tintacks held, and despite the mud and water of innumerable swamps, my decrepit old boots landed me triumphantly at the door of my house on Namirembe Hill on the evening of Saturday, May 23.

Thus my journey of some 500 miles of travel to Toro and back, by way of Bunyoro, came to an end, and I found myself free to prepare for the event of Trinity Sunday—the Ordination of Priests and Deacons, as well as the setting apart of some twenty readers for their work as Lay Evangelists.

Trinity Sunday dawned bright and clear. The hum of voices at earliest dawn told of the thronging crowds who were making their way to the house of God. At seven o'clock the church was practically full. At eight, when the great drum boomed forth as the signal for the commencement of the service, there were large numbers sitting outside, unable to find room. The Arch-deacon, with Pike, Roscoe, and Millar, officiated at Morning Prayer and Holy Communion—the first-named, of course, pre-

senting the candidates to me for Ordination, whose names were as follow :

Priests.—H. W. Duta, Yonasani Kaidzi, Yairo Mutakyala.

Deacons.—Samwili Mukasa, Batolomayo Musoke, Nasanieri Mudeka, Henry Mukasa, Nuwa Kikwabanga.

The strain of the long service, as it went forward for nearly five hours, began to tell upon me, and it was evident after some three hours that I was in for an attack of fever. It was with aching head, aching back, and aching limbs that I pronounced the benediction, and this most wonderful service was brought to a conclusion shortly before one o'clock.

At the afternoon service twenty-two men, good and true, received my licence as Lay Evangelists.

Mr. Roscoe, who was to be my fellow-traveller to the coast, preached his farewell sermon at this afternoon service, and so this ever-memorable day came to a close.

A last Confirmation service had been arranged for Tuesday, June 2, mainly for the benefit of the people of Ngogwe, of whom 150 came up to Mengo ; and with those upon the spot 225 were presented to me. Many of them had walked fifty and sixty miles, and some even a hundred miles, in order to be confirmed.

This Confirmation service brought my programme of work in Uganda to a close, and I at once prepared for the journey down-country. My preparations were a good deal hindered by the crowds of people who, from morning till night, thronged my house to say good-bye. However, on Thursday, June 4, my loads were ready, and hearing that the canoes had arrived at Munyonyo, a start was made. Mr. Roscoe and Dr. Rattray were my travelling companions. Being anxious to visit Nasa, Mpwapwa, Kisokwe, and Mamboya, I decided to travel by the old road through German territory. The monotony of the voyage across the Lake was broken by a visit to Bukasa, where Mr. Gordon was at work, and where I was able to confirm no fewer than seventy-two candidates, forty-nine of them being men. Here we were detained nearly a week waiting for our full complement of canoes to be made up. At length all was ready, and on Friday, June 12, we said good-bye to Gordon and our friends in Bukasa, and continued our voyage, which was without incident until Nasa was reached some twelve days later.

Here we found to our great sorrow that Nickisson, who had travelled with me up-country in 1892, was dangerously ill with



THE BISHOP ON A CONFIRMATION TOUR—A NIGHT ON VICTORIA NYANZA

blackwater fever. In spite of all that Dr. Rattray could do for him he gradually sank, and on Sunday, June 28, passed to his rest. The loss of Nickisson was a great blow to the work at Nasa. Hubbard had recently left for furlough, and Wright had only been a few months in the country, and as yet was but a tyro in the language. It was impossible to leave him alone. What was to be done? Most self-denyingly Dr. Rattray volunteered to stay at Nasa until some permanent arrangement could be made by the Mission in Uganda to supply the vacant place. On St. Peter's Day I ordained Wright, giving him Priest's Orders. A Confirmation later in the day, of six men and three women, completed my work at Nasa.

On July 1, Roscoe and I started on our long tramp of 700 miles, to the coast. It was a weary journey, the hot sun blazing upon our path, day after day, until we neared Kisokwe, where we arrived on July 30. Then the weather had broken, and heavy storms of rain were of daily occurrence. At Mpwapwa, on August 2, I confirmed sixteen candidates, and on the following day we continued our journey. At night we were encamped not far from Tubugwe, at a place which we were told was infested with lions. We carefully warned our men and boys not to go beyond the limits of light cast by the camp-fires, and to see that the fires were kept burning brightly all night long. However, at about nine o'clock, just as I was thinking of turning in, a cry of alarm was raised. A lion, it was said, had seized one of Mr. Roscoe's boys, named Simeoni, within half a dozen yards of my tent. I seized my rifle and fired into the pitchy darkness in the hope of so alarming the creature that he might drop his prey. Then we got torches and tried to find the track, but in vain, and sorrowfully we were obliged to return to camp, and give up the search till daylight. Then only too plainly it was revealed what had become of the poor lad—a blood-stained cloth was found about a hundred yards away, and clear evidence of the poor fellow's fate. Simeoni was an earnest Christian, and for some days his loss cast quite a gloom over our camp.

On August 5 Mamboya was reached, and after a two days' rest we pursued our way to the coast. At the stony river (Mto Mawe) I was seized with a serious illness. Dysentery set in, and I was incapacitated from walking. My limited stock of medicines failed to provide a remedy. Insomnia ensued, so that one's condition was miserable in the extreme. Happily, Mr. Roscoe was able to enlist porters for my hammock, and in

this, from morning till night for six days, I was carried along, sometimes being bumped against trees, at others a stumbling porter in front threw me to the ground. But, nevertheless, by God's goodness and mercy, I was enabled to reach the coast, and there, to my great joy, was the steamer *Barawa*, belonging to the Sultan of Zanzibar, waiting for me. I was taken on board, and the same evening found myself in the hospital of the Universities' Mission, where for the next three weeks I was carefully and skilfully tended by Dr. Macdonald and the Mission nurses. The kindness of Sir Lloyd Matthews, Dr. Macdonald, and the ladies of the Universities' Mission, I can never forget. The hospital was indeed a haven of rest after the toil and stress of the terrible time through which I had recently passed. It had, however, one rough and rude interruption. It was in this wise. On Tuesday, August 25, the nurse who was on day duty told me that it might be necessary to move me from the hospital, as Zanzibar was in rather an unsettled condition. Later in the day I was informed that I was to be carried on board one of the ships in the harbour for safety. On inquiring further, I was told the whole story. It was as follows :

On the day of my arrival in Zanzibar the Sultan, Mohammed bin Thwain, died suddenly. There was strong suspicion that he had been poisoned. His cousin Khalid, who seemed to have very early news of the Sultan's illness and death, seized the Palace, and proclaimed himself sovereign of Zanzibar.

Three years earlier, when a vacancy on the throne occurred, Khalid was prepared for taking the same course. But Mr. Rennell Rodd, Her Majesty's Consul-General, quietly forestalled the little plot, and set up the late Sultan as a British nominee. At that time our Protectorate in Zanzibar was three years old, Germany having given up all her rights in exchange for Heligoland. Outwitted on the first occasion, Khalid made his plans in good time, so that no sooner was the breath out of the Sultan's body, than he was in the Palace, ran up his flag, and defied Great Britain to oust him. This was the situation that Mr. Basil Cave, the acting Consul-General, was called upon to deal with. Happily and most providentially, in the very midst of the crisis, Admiral Rawson, with the East Africa Squadron, entered the harbour. An ultimatum was presented to the usurper, which informed him that unless his flag was hauled down by nine o'clock on the morning of August 25, the British ships would open fire.

It was in these circumstances that at nine o'clock on the

evening of the 24th, Dr. Macdonald and the nurse entered my room, and told me that on account of the coming bombardment on the morrow, I was then to be taken on board ship. Covered up in a hammock, I was carried through the silent and deserted streets down to the shore, where a boat was in waiting. It was a weird feeling that possessed me as we passed through the fleet, in a silence broken only by the dip of the oars, and the challenge of the watchful sentinels, to the *Nowshera* in the outer harbour.

My bunk looked out on the land side of the ship, and it was with no little curiosity that, early on the morning of August 25, I brought my glasses to bear on the Sultan's Palace. The red flag was still there. There was to be no surrender, apparently. There was *St. George* (the flagship) and then the *Racoon*, the *Philomel*, the *Thrush*, and the *Sparrow*, all anchored within easy range of the shore. The Palace clock struck nine—up went the signal and the "tongue of flame" short forth. The old *Glasgow*, a man-of-war belonging to the Sultan, opened fire upon the *St. George*. In a moment came the reply, which struck the wooden ship at the water-line. A few minutes later she heeled over and went to the bottom. In the meantime the bombardment went forward. There was an ineffective reply. One could hear the shots whistling overhead. But forty minutes' play of the big guns was enough, and down came the red flag. The Royal residence and the harem were in ruins, the askaris and Arabs had fled, and the panic-stricken Khalid—a turbulent, ill-conditioned fanatic, had taken refuge at the German Consulate. The bombardment was over, and a few days later Hamoud bin Mohammed bin Said was installed as Sultan of Zanzibar.

I was now taken back to the hospital, where I soon became convalescent and sufficiently strong to proceed to Mombasa in the *Great Northern*—the telegraph ship—the captain of which very kindly gave me a passage. Under Dr. Edward's hospitable roof I greatly improved in health, and on September 16 returned to Freretown, but under sentence of being "invalided home."

On October 1 I had the joy of welcoming a large reinforcement for Uganda and the coast districts. For the latter sphere of work there was W. E. Parker, Mrs. Pickthall, and Miss Culverwell. For the former, Callis, Dr. A. R. Cook, Wigram, Clayton, Weatherhead, Tegart, Whitehouse, Miss Taylor, Miss Timpson. Returning after furlough were Baskerville, England, and Mrs. Gardiner. Pilkington, it was hoped, would follow a month later.

Such a reinforcement was a great cheer, and a cause of deep thankfulness to God for so abundantly answering prayer on this behalf.

On October 4 the new church at Freretown was solemnly dedicated to the service of God. This church, which had cost nearly £800, a large part of which had been subscribed by the family of the late Sir Bartle Frere, had lately been completed under the supervision of Mr. Binns. A Confirmation service on October 7, when thirty-five candidates were presented to me, brought my work to a close, and I was free to obey the doctor's orders and take ship for England. On Friday, October 9, I gave a farewell address to the party bound for Uganda, and on the 11th embarked for home.

CHAPTER XXVIII

GATHERING CLOUDS(1896-1897)

“Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name.”

J. DRYDEN.

IN the meanwhile, stirring times and perilous days had once more come to Uganda. That much distracted land seemed destined never to have rest. Peace and she were still for a while longer to be strangers to one another. “Patience must have her perfect work,” and the cleansing fires of sorrow and distress must have their share, and do their part in the regeneration of Uganda and the establishment of the Kingdom of Christ. Every trial has its mission to the individual soul, and so no doubt it is with the body of Christ—the Church.

Before telling the story of the sore trouble which fell upon the land in July, 1897, it will be well to follow up briefly the course of events which led up to it, and to trace the general progress of the work during the period succeeding my departure from the country. In doing so it will be necessary somewhat to retrace our steps. First, as regards the work and its progress, it will be well to remember how wonderfully God had raised up a body of teachers and evangelists for the work of the ministry, and for the building up of the Body of Christ. When I left Uganda in the month of June, 1896, there were over 700 native Evangelists (male and female) a work in the Nyanza Mission. They were not, it is

true, men and women highly trained or thoroughly equipped intellectually for their work, but it might, I think, truly be said of the great majority that they had a thorough knowledge of the Gospels in their heads, and the love of God in their hearts. The number of souls with which this body of teachers had to deal was very considerable. At the time of which I am writing (June, 1896) there were probably some 60,000 "Readers" under instruction, of whom no fewer than 20,000 were reading the Gospels, whilst 22,000 were in the earlier stage of reading the *Mateka*. Seven thousand were baptized Christians, of whom 2,500 were Communicants. This would leave some 10,000 who were probably simply learning the art of reading, and those whom it had been found impossible to classify.

Manifestly the great need of the moment was training for the teachers, and the organization and supervision of the great work in which they were engaged. Happily the committee of the Church Missionary Society realized the need, and a large and notable reinforcement was even then being gathered together. I have already alluded to my meeting with this party at Freretown later in the year.

In the meanwhile, those upon the spot were doing their very utmost to grapple with the ever-growing need. Archdeacon Walker, with Pike and Millar, in Mengo, were mainly engaged in the work, vital to the future interests of the Church, of training. Women were being gathered together in large numbers by the band of ladies whom it had been my privilege to bring up-country with me in the autumn of 1895. The work in Bulemezi was being supervised by Buckley and Lewin, whilst in the neighbouring province of Singo, Sugden and Fletcher were at work. In Kyagwe, Blackledge, Martin Hall, and Lloyd were engaged from morning till night in organizing one of the most promising of our outlying districts. The latter was labouring at Nakanyonyi in North Kyagwe, and the two former at Ngogwe in South Kyagwe. Busoga, in which the work was being carried on in the most difficult and trying circumstances, was being worked by Rowling, Crabtree, and Allan Wilson. Rowling, with the latter as his colleague, was at Luba's, whilst Crabtree was striving to make headway against the opposition of the chief at Miro's. Koki was being opened up by Leakey, and the islands by Gordon. Purvis was holding the fort at Gayaza and Wright at Nasa. The location of Fisher in Toro has already been alluded to.

On August 1, 1896, a son and heir was born to the king. This,

as will be seen later, was an event of the highest importance. As his mother was a Protestant, King Mwanga formally consented to his being brought up in her faith. He was baptized by the name of Daudi (David), and placed (according to native custom) in the hands of the Katikiro as guardian.

During the remaining months of the year the work throughout the country prospered greatly, to the great joy of all engaged in it. It is no exaggeration to say that "the Lord was adding to the Church daily such as were being saved."

At length, on January 11, 1897, the first of the party which had left the coast at the end of November arrived in Mengo. This was Pilkington, who, after a most adventurous bicycle ride of three-and-twenty days from Kibwezi, had managed to outstrip his companions, and to reach Uganda five weeks in advance of them. On February 19 the rest of the party arrived, and at once a distribution of the new force was entered upon.

Miss Thomsett and Miss Brown were located at Gayaza, whilst Miss Pilgrim and Miss Bird were assigned to Ngogwe. This was the beginning of the extension of women's work to the country districts. Miss Timpson, being a trained nurse, was located at Mengo for medical work.

The organization of this much-needed development of our Missionary work was at once entered upon with all his characteristic energy by Dr. A. R. Cook, and in the month of June a Mission Hospital, built by the natives themselves, was opened and solemnly dedicated by prayer to the service of God.

The remaining locations were as follows: Wigram to Mitiana, Clayton to Koki, Tegart to Nakanyonyi, Weatherhead to Busoga, and Callis to Toro.

The latter, a devoted servant of God, was not permitted to labour long in that far-away land. He had the joy and privilege, however, of administering the Holy Communion in Luganda, and of baptizing fourteen souls into the Church of Christ, and then was struck down by fever, and, in spite of all that Lloyd could do for him, passed away on April 24. It was the first death that had occurred in the Mission (north of the Lake) since its founding. This fact speaks volumes for the comparative healthiness of the climate of Uganda.

On June 20 a special English service was held in the Cathedral, in commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and two days later there was a grand reception at Kampala, the Government Fort, at which all the Europeans were commanded to be present. It was a brilliant scene—soldiers, court officials,

and Missionaries, Anglican and Roman, being present in considerable numbers. The king came, attended by the Katikiro and a large concourse of chiefs; he occupied a seat of honour facing the company, and made a speech in which he endeavoured to set forth his own and his people's congratulations on the reign of H.M. Queen Victoria, with its sixty "years of blessing." It was, however, but lamely done. There was no heart in it. Mr. George Wilson, Acting Commissioner, responded, greetings were exchanged, and the function was over—very much, it was observed, to the relief of the king.

A fortnight later the storm, which slowly, silently, and almost imperceptibly had been gathering on the political horizon, burst with a great thunderclap upon the country. "Kabaka aduse" (The king has fled) was the cry which was passed from lip to lip, in half-whispered accents, on the morning of July 6. Not trusting his gate-keepers, he had in the darkness of the night cut his way out through the reed fences of his enclosure, and, embarking in canoes at Munyonyo, by sunrise was well on his way to Budu, where he at once raised the standard of revolt.

He had chosen his ground well. The chiefs of Budu were disloyal to a man, and as a consequence the whole country governed by them was seething with sedition. It was only necessary for the king to make his appearance for a general rising at once to take place, and in a few days there rallied to his standard all the disaffected and discontented ones in the country south of the Katonga.

The king's ablest lieutenant was Gabrieli, the Roman Catholic Mujasi, who some two months previously had been convicted of disloyalty, but who had managed to evade arrest. His co-conspirators—the Roman Catholic chief of Mawokwata, the Kaima; and the excommunicated Protestant chief of Singo, the Mukwenda—had, however, been caught and deported to the Eldoma Ravine, where some nineteen months later I found them engaged in the humble occupation of sweeping the quadrangle of the Fort.

And what, it may be asked, had moved the king thus to embark on this mad enterprise? Was it injustice or harsh treatment of himself or his people? Nothing of the kind. It was simply and solely his hatred of Christianity and the opposition which, in consequence of its spread, he found on every hand, even within his own household, to the life of unbridled lust which he longed to be allowed to live. Moreover, there is very little doubt but that he was cognizant of Gabrieli's conspiracy,

and dreaded some punishment on the fact becoming known to the Administration. The heathen party in the country was entirely with him in his dislike of European control.

But in dealing with this revolt there was another force to be reckoned with, besides those inherent in disaffection and discontent, and that was the loyalty of the great mass of the population to the kingship. Not simply loyalty to Mwanga personally—him they hated—but loyalty to the king as an institution.

Major Ternan, the Acting Commissioner, who had been in the Nandi country, arrived in Mengo on July 11, and at once set about the work of organizing an attack upon the gathering forces of the rebels in Budu. Mr. Forster and 100 Sudanese soldiers, with a Maxim, had been despatched by Mr. Wilson immediately on the flight of the king becoming known.

All this while Pilkington, Leakey, and Clayton were in a position of considerable danger in Koki. The forces of the king blocked the road to Mengo, and Kamswaga, the chief, declared himself unable to protect them. On July 15 Pilkington wrote a letter addressed to any European into whose hands it might fall, asking for help and expressing the opinion that it was almost impossible for them to get out of their perilous position alive, unassisted. But assistance was nearer than he supposed. Major Ternan was only two days away, with 500 Sudanese and four Maxims, besides a large force of loyal Baganda.

At length, at a place called Kyaugo (in Budu), the rival forces came in contact with one another, and a decisive battle was fought. "The whole force," wrote Dr. Cook, "had passed a swamp, save the rearguard with provisions and baggage. The enemy lined the crest of the hill in front. Suddenly a hostile chief, Katabalwa, swooped down on the rearguard, separated by the swamp from the main body, but the Maxims were run up the hill and rained a storm of bullets over the heads of the rearguard upon the attackers, who broke and fled."

"Meanwhile in front there was a stubborn fight. Our friendly Baganda fought desperately, for they were fighting for their religion and their country. The other side fought with the energy of despair, but after holding their ground for an hour, the fighting being almost hand to hand, they were at length driven off the ridge and gave way in all directions."

The immediate result of this crushing defeat was the flight of Mwanga. Crossing the Kagera River, he took refuge in German territory, where he was promptly interned and sent to Mwanza at the south of the Lake.



THE LAKE NEAR KABAROLE, TORO, RUWENZORI IN THE BACKGROUND

A month later—viz., on August 14—Mwanga was declared an outlaw, and his son Daudi Cwa was placed upon the throne. Three regents were appointed—namely, Apolo Kagwa, the Katikiro; Zakaria Kizito, the Kangao; and Mugwanya—the latter being a Roman Catholic, and the two former Protestants.

But the rebellion was not yet over. The late king Mwanga was, it was true, a prisoner at Mwanza, but Gabrieli was still at large moving swiftly about, and attracting to himself many of the scattered rebels. These were met and defeated by Mr. Grant and Lieutenant Hobart. But still the fires of insurrection smouldered on here and there, and ever and anon they broke out into flames.

As can well be imagined, the work of the Church during these troublous days was being carried on at a great disadvantage. In Koki and Budu it had been completely broken up, whilst at such centres as Mitiana and Ngogwe the classes had shrunk to very small dimensions. The ladies, for safety, had been brought into the capital from Gayaza, and consequently their work was suspended till brighter days should dawn.

It was in these circumstances that early in the month of September news of Mohammedan disaffection in Busoga reached Mengo.

Mr. George Wilson, the Acting Commissioner, was happily alive to the danger, and prompt measures were taken to secure the person of Mbogo, the Mohammedan leader in Uganda, and the disaffected chiefs in Busoga. No sooner had this been done than tidings came of the revolt of the Sudanese at the Eldoma Ravine, and their march on Uganda.

This was indeed a startling event. What was the meaning of it? Was there a widespread conspiracy, the Mohammedans of Uganda and Busoga combining with the Sudanese for the overthrow of the Christian power? Or was it simply the grievances (either real or imaginary) of the soldiery finding expression in mutiny? It was hard to say at the time. Information was lacking. But later events and the lapse of time have shown that the latter was the true explanation of an event which, had it been less resolutely and promptly dealt with, might have entailed, if not the destruction of the European community, at any rate the possible loss of Uganda for a time, and the setting up of a Mohammedan power. Not that this was the aim of the mutineers at the time of their revolt. But that such would have been the ultimate outcome of the movement no one who studies it from this distance of time can doubt for a moment.

But who were these Sudanese, and how came they to have such a position in the country as almost to hold its destiny in their hands? Roughly speaking, they were the remnants of the force which Emin Pasha had with him in the Equatorial Province at the time of his rescue by Stanley. They had been enlisted in the service of the Company by Captain Lugard at the time of his visit to Kavallis in 1891-92, and later were taken over by Sir Gerald Portal for service under the British Government. Selim Bey, who at that time was their commander, was implicated, as will be remembered, in the Mohammedan rising of 1893, and died on his way to Kikuyu, whither he was being sent as a prisoner.

That they had grievances can scarcely be questioned. They were miserably paid—their pay, if pay it could be called, was in arrears. They were badly fed. They were harassed by marches and counter-marches. And now they were being ordered off into some distant country, they knew not whither, as a part of an expedition under Major Macdonald. And what, perhaps, they felt most of all, they were forbidden to take their women with them. These women carried their cooking utensils and prepared their food. Without them their lives would be a misery. And so they refused to go, and, deserting, made the best of their way to the Ravine, where they were reasoned with by Mr. F. J. Jackson, the Acting Commissioner, but in vain. Most thoughtlessly, they were fired upon by the order of a subaltern, who was far from realizing the seriousness of the step he was taking. And so the gage of battle was thrown down, and the mutineers turned their steps towards Uganda and their brethren in arms.

At Nandi they were joined by a part of the garrison of the Fort. After seizing the large store of ammunition, and subjecting the officer in charge (Captain Bagnall) to a series of indignities, they marched on to Mumia's, which was saved through the presence of mind and fertility of resource of Mr. Stanley Tomkins, who was in command.

In the meanwhile news of the meeting had reached Mengo, and Major Thruston, being full of confidence in the loyalty of the Sudanese at Luba's, with great courage started off at once to join Mr. N. A. Wilson, who was in charge of that fort. The garrison, however, was in no mood to listen to reason. The Major, with Messrs. Wilson and Scott, the latter the engineer of the steam launch, were at once made prisoners. Communications were opened with the approaching mutineers. They were

admitted into the fort, and thenceforth theirs was a common cause, they lived a common life, waged a common conflict, and met a common fate.

On October 18 Major Macdonald and Mr. Jackson, who had been following close at the heels of the mutineers, reached Luba's, and took up their position on the brow of the hill overlooking the fort. Their force was a comparatively small one. It consisted only of eighteen Sikhs, some 250 Swahilis, who were little better than armed porters, and nine Europeans. Entrenchments were hastily thrown up, and every preparation made for resisting an attack. Nor had they long to wait. "Early the next morning" (October 19), wrote Dr. Cook, "300 of the Sudanese, who, of course, are well armed and disciplined, came up, laughing and chatting, and saying they did not want to fight. Major Macdonald was not a man to be caught napping, and quietly got everything ready. Suddenly the Sudanese crammed cartridges into their rifles and fired on the Europeans, and for over five hours a fierce battle raged, the men often firing at only thirty yards distance. At length the ammunition of the Major's party began to fail, and, giving the word to charge, they made a desperate effort and drove the Sudanese back, who then retreated to their fort." They had lost sixty-four killed and thirty or forty wounded. On our side Captain Fielding had been killed and sixteen Swahilis, whilst Mr. Jackson was seriously wounded, together with many of the rank and file.

And now ensued a tragedy which sent a thrill of horror through the whole British community. The mutineers, smarting at their defeat, and realizing how thoroughly they were committed to a conflict *à outrance*, butchered in cold blood the three prisoners lying helplessly in their hands. Major Thruston was first done to death, and then his two companions in misfortune. It was a dastardly deed, and one which rendered any compromise impossible. Bilal, the ringleader of the mutineers and the instigator of the crime, probably realized this, and urged its committal with a view to binding his men more closely to himself. They were now all criminals alike, and must stand or fall together.

On the very day these tragic events were happening at Luba's (October 19), things appeared at Mengo to be so threatening that Mr. George Wilson appealed to the Mission for volunteers and assistance. He felt that the confidence of the Baganda in the Missionaries would be a great moral support to the Government. A meeting was called to consider the matter, and Pil-

kington and Dr. Cook were chosen to proceed to the scene of action with the Baganda forces then about to start. The former, it was arranged, would act as interpreter and intermediary between the English officers and the Baganda chiefs. The latter, of course, would go as a medical man.

But to return to the siege of Luba's, for such was the character which the military operations had now assumed. On October 23 Pilkington and Dr. Cook, together with the Katikiro and other Baganda forces, arrived on the summit of the hill overlooking the fort, and were warmly welcomed by Major Macdonald. Five days later a Hotchkiss gun was brought in, and an attempt made to bombard the place, but without much visible result. Then ensued a weary time of desultory warfare, without any decisive action being fought, until the arrival of reinforcements from the coast warranted an attack being made in force. This was arranged for November 24, but resulted, unfortunately, with disastrous consequences to the Baganda, of whom 60 were killed and some 280 wounded. In their eagerness to grapple with the enemy, they attacked prematurely, and were mowed down in large numbers by the Maxim which the Sudanese had captured when the steam launch fell into their hands.

On December 11 an attempt was made to cut down the banana plantation surrounding the fort, which not only served as cover for the enemy, but also as a constant source of food supply. Captain Harrison was in charge of the party, and George Pilkington was acting under his orders. At about seven o'clock the advance began. What followed must be told in the words of Mr. A. B. Lloyd. "Pilkington took up his position with Captain Harrison, who was leading the attack. Presently Pilkington's boy (Aloni), who was by his side, shouted out: 'There they are, close to us.' Both Pilkington and Captain Harrison saw men coming towards them, but thought them Baganda, and told Aloni so; but he was quite sure about it, fired a shot into them as they advanced, and this proved without doubt that they were Sudanese, for they then opened their fire upon our men. One man took several deliberate aims at Pilkington, but missed him. Then Pilkington fired a few shots at him, but the shots went wide; and then it was that the man fired again at our brother, shooting him right through the thigh and bursting the femoral artery. He cried out, 'Harrison, I am hit!' and sat down on the ground. One of Harrison's Sudanese officers then shot at the man, who was still close by, who had wounded Pilkington. He missed him, and the fellow returned

the fire, hitting the officer in the left arm, breaking his arm, and shouted out to him: 'Bilal, what are you doing here? Go back to Egypt. Have you come here to fight against your brothers?' 'Yes!' said Bilal. 'You are rebels, and we will wipe you all out.' And with his right hand he drew his revolver and shot the man who had killed Pilkington.

"While this was going on, Harrison made arrangements for some Baganda to carry Pilkington back to the fort. Aloni knelt down by his side, and said: 'Sebo bakukubye' (Sir, have they shot you?). Pilkington replied: 'Wewawo omwana wange bankubye' (Yes, my child, they have shot me). Then he seemed to get suddenly very weak, and Aloni said to him: 'My master, you are dying; death has come;' to which he replied: 'Yes, my child, it is as you say.' Then Aloni said: 'Sebo, he that believeth in Christ, although he die, yet shall he live.' To this Pilkington replied: "Yes, my child, it is as you say—shall never die." Then they carried him some little distance to the rear of the battle, which was now raging most furiously. When they had put him down again, he turned to those who carried him, and said: 'Thank you, my friends; you have done well to take me off the battlefield, and now give me rest.' And almost immediately he became insensible and rested from his pain.

"They then brought him into the camp, but we soon saw that the end was very near. We did all we could to restore him, but he fell quietly asleep about 8.30 a.m.

"Just before they brought in Pilkington, Lieutenant Macdonald (a brother of the Major) was brought in quite dead, shot right through the spine by Sudanese concealed in the long grass. It was awful work, and one's heart seemed to melt within one. . . ."

"*December 12.*—We buried Macdonald and Pilkington last evening under a tree outside the fort. I read the English burial service, and all the Europeans with the Sikhs attended. A most solemn time."

And so it came to pass that this sore trouble fell upon the Church in Uganda, and she lost her great linguist and evangelist, George Pilkington.

To many—nay, to most of us—the loss seemed an irreparable one, and so in many respects it was; but yet we felt that just as when Mackay was taken from us, his place was filled and God's work went forward, so it would be with regard to the great loss which in the mysterious Providence of God the Church was called upon once more to suffer. Moreover, it was no little comfort to

call to mind the completeness of the life which seemed to some so prematurely closed. Not one item in that programme of work which had been entrusted to him on reaching Uganda had been left unfinished or undone. A grammar of the language, the Book of Common Prayer, the whole Bible, translated into the vernacular—the latter a stupendous work indeed—all had been completed. A foundation had been laid on which a mighty superstructure of truth might, with the blessing of God, be reared. It was as though his prayer had been—

“ Let me not die before I have done for Thee
My earthly work, whatever it may be.
Call me not hence, with mission unfulfilled :
Let me not leave my space of ground untilled :
Impress this truth upon me, that not one
Can do my portion that I leave undone.”

Wearily the siege of Luba's dragged on, until at length, on January 9, it was discovered that the fort had been evacuated, and the remnant of the mutineers had crossed the Nile and were in full flight in the direction of Bunyoro. They were pursued and overtaken by Captains Harrison and Malony, R.A., at a place called Kabagambe, where a fierce engagement ensued, in which the latter was killed. The result, however, was the defeat of the mutineers, who took refuge in the swamps around Lake Kioga.

But not yet was the trouble over. At the very crisis of the mutiny tidings came of the escape of Mwanga from the custody of the Germans at Mwanza, and of his landing in Budu. Had he expected to play the part of a Napoleon returning from Elba as the deliverer of his country he must have been sorely disappointed. It is true that the smouldering embers of insurrection in Budu were for a brief space fanned into a flame, but it soon died down when Major Macdonald, leaving for a time in Captain Woodward's hands the siege of Luba's, made his appearance upon the scene. Mwanga hastened to join hands with Kabarega of Bunyoro, and with him sought refuge in the Bukedi country on the east bank of the Nile. There for the present we will leave him, while we take up the thread of our story in the coast districts.

CHAPTER XXIX

SUSPENSE (1897-1898)

“ Say not, ’twas all in vain,
 The anguish and the darkness and the strife :
 Love thrown upon the waters comes again
 In quenchless yearnings for a nobler life.”

A. SHIPTON.

As we came to an anchor in Mombasa Harbour on November 25, 1897, on my arrival in East Africa for the third time, I was greeted with the startling intelligence that Uganda was “lost.” “What do you mean?” was my instant inquiry. Then came the story of the mutiny of the Sudanese already detailed, with numerous additions, the offspring of wild rumour. The road to Uganda, it was said, was blocked; the Missionaries had probably been murdered, sharing the fate of Thruston, Wilson, and Scott; the Mohammedans of Uganda had joined hands with the mutineers, a Mohammedan kingdom had been established, with Mbogo at its head, and it was added that if Great Britain still wished for a position of supremacy in the Lake region, it would be necessary to send an expedition to conquer the country.

All this was circumstantial enough, but I found on inquiry that it needed confirmation. Of the fact of the mutiny and the fate of Thruston and his companions there could be no doubt, but all the rest was pure conjecture.

I immediately set to work to make arrangements for starting up-country at once, but found myself absolutely unable to move. No porters were to be had. Every available man was being laid hold of for the service of the Government. Sikhs, Baluchis, and Swahilis were being despatched to the front as fast as transport became available. The railway, which had now reached Voi, was of enormous service. Already it had justified its construction. It is not too much to say that but for the railway Uganda would probably have been lost to us—at any rate, for a time.

It was whilst paying one of my numerous visits to Mombasa at this particular time that an incident happened which opened up, in a very definite and complete way, the question of the continuance of the legal status of slavery in British East Africa.

It was in this wise. I was standing late one afternoon talking to a friend outside the Mission-house when a young Swahili woman, who was being pursued by a number of men, ran up and took refuge behind me. The men immediately attempted to seize her. This I resisted, and ordered them to retire to a distance while I inquired of the woman the reason of her flight, and of her evident distress. She told me that she was a slave, and that Sheik Uwe, one of the men who had attempted to lay hold of her, was her master; he had treated her very cruelly, and had threatened to strangle her. She had run away because she was afraid of him, and believed that he would put his threats into execution. Placing the poor girl in the kindly care of Mrs. Burt in the Mission-house, I told Sheik Uwe that he might call the next morning at nine o'clock, when he would be told what action I proposed to take. In the meantime I inquired very carefully into the circumstances of the case, and came to the conclusion, not merely that the girl had a right to her freedom on the ground of cruelty, but also on the ground of having been illegally enslaved in the first instance.

I at once communicated with the Sub-Commissioner, and on behalf of the girl, Kheri Karibu, claimed her freedom. This was the beginning of a long lawsuit, which dragged on for nearly three months. Regardless of the adage, "He that is his own lawyer has a fool for his client," I undertook to conduct the case personally on behalf of this slave girl. As a matter of fact, it was Hobson's choice. I had no funds at my disposal with which to employ counsel, and must needs act personally, or allow the girl to be dragged back into slavery. The latter alternative was unthinkable. I therefore plunged at once into the case, got my witnesses together, and dragged out from the musty archives of the Administration every decree that had ever been issued on the slave question. In the study of these latter I burnt the midnight oil until my dreams were of slaves, law-courts, and judges. However, I mastered them so that they were at my fingers' ends.

In pleading the cause of this slave girl, Kheri Karibu, I based my claim for her freedom on six grounds, five of which involved points of law, and one of fact. I asked the judge to adjudicate, first of all, on the points of law raised in the case, and afterwards, if necessary, on the question of fact. I was very desirous of obtaining the freedom of the girl on a point of law, rather than on the question as to whether she had been cruelly treated or not. A point of law decided in her favour would probably affect



A WELL IN THE OLD FORT, MOMBASA

thousands of other slaves, whereas a verdict on the question of fact would only affect the girl herself.

Two Mohammedan doctors of the law were called in as assessors, to assist the judge (Crauford) in the interpretation to be given to the decrees of the Sultan of Zanzibar as they were pleaded in the course of the action.

It was a very curious experience to notice day by day, as I passed to the Court-house from my boat which had brought me from Freretown, the lowering brows and the fierce looks cast upon me by the Arabs and Swahilis hanging about the landing-stage and the precincts of the Court, and to feel that but for the fact that they had seen and felt something of the power of Great Britain, they would gladly, then and there, have fallen upon me and ended the question so far as I was concerned of the slave girl's freedom.

Still more curious an experience was it to sit, day after day, in a Court-house over which the British flag was flying, and to plead the cause of a slave before a judge, a British subject holding Her Majesty's Commission, and to see the depositions taken down on paper embossed with the royal arms, and to hear the processes of the Court read out in the name of the Queen of England, and to know that there was a possibility of the slave being sent back into bondage. At times one almost doubted the evidence of one's senses. Was it a fact, as the Attorney-General averred, that a "British subject, no matter in what service or employment he may be engaged, is breaking the British law and is exposing himself to penalties if he takes part in restoring to his master, or otherwise depriving him of his liberty, any person on the sole ground that he is a fugitive slave" ? Surely such a dictum made the law clear and plain. The slave was in the custody of the Court. The Court was precluded from handing her back into slavery by the law, as laid down by the Attorney-General. My appeal, however, was fruitless, and judgment was given against me on this point. Had the case rested solely on this contention, the girl would doubtless have been handed back into slavery. Happily, however, I had raised four other points of law, and on one of these judgment was given in my favour. I had pleaded the decree of April 18, 1876, by which the bringing of raw slaves to the coast was forbidden. It was proved in evidence that the girl had been bought by a Swahili at Jomvu, near Mombasa, in 1884 or 1885, and that she was a Mkamba by birth. It was clear, therefore, that she was a raw slave at the time of her importation to the coast district.

The judge was inclined to hold that the Sultan's proclamation only referred to slaves coming from the Nyassa and Yao districts, but the assessors held that in their view it referred to *any* raw slaves brought from any country whatsoever of the interior. This interpretation was accepted by the Court, and the girl obtained her freedom.

Early in the New Year (1898) I paid a visit to Jilore. The passage to Malindi in the Sultan's steamer, the *Barawa*, was not an unpleasant one, although made by night. The wind was light and the sea comparatively calm. At 8 o'clock in the morning we had reached our destination and were at anchor. Hooper very kindly came to meet me, and before the day was far advanced we were well on our way to Jilore, where we arrived a little before sunset. It was a great joy to be back once more at the scene of so much self-denying labour, and where God was so manifestly aiding and blessing the labours of His servants.

Since my last visit another of the noble band of workers had passed to his rest and to his reward. Mr. Barham had fallen a victim to the dreaded blackwater fever.

Another sorrow which wellnigh crushed to the earth the leader of the Mission was the fall of Gona, the most loved and most trusted of all the native workers.

But still, in spite of all their trials and sorrows, Hooper and his fellow-worker Roberts were full of hope as to the future of the work; and, indeed, I saw on every hand manifest signs of progress. At Dagamura, on the further side of the Sabaki river, a very definite step forward had been taken. There I found a large church, with a numerous congregation, with a resident teacher at work, named Jacob. At Basti, too, on the same bank of the river, a similar work was going forward.

On Sunday, January 9, I preached to a large congregation from the text, "Dost thou believe in the Son of God?" (St. Luke ix. 35), and confirmed some fifteen candidates. Shortly after the conclusion of the service a messenger from Malindi made his appearance with a telegram. I opened it at once. It was from Sir Arthur Hardinge, conveying to me the sad news of the death of Pilkington.

It was clear from the telegram that news from Uganda had reached the coast. What further information was there as to events up-country? It was essential that I should know as soon as possible. I therefore determined at once to return to Mombasa. As there was a full moon, a night's march would be quite

practicable. Porters were easily obtained, and by 10 o'clock I was off. It was a weird march through the forest, the giant trees casting their deep shadows across the path as they weaved their fantastic branches across the midnight sky, glittering as with a million gems, and it was a merciful escape from the glare and scorching heat of a march by day. As we drew near to the shambas (garden) on the outskirts of Malindi, "the cock crew, and daylight dawned clear." I am afraid one's impatience took ill the information that not till the evening would there be a dhow starting for Mombasa, and that only a very small one. I was constrained to possess my soul in patience, and spent the day sketching some of the most picturesque bits in and around Malindi. At 8.30 p.m. I went on board, but, alas! there was no wind. Whistling was no good. There was nothing for it but to wait for the midnight breeze. Weariness overcame me at length, and I dropped fast asleep. The next thing I was conscious of was that we were rushing through the water at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour. I looked at my watch. It was 4.45 a.m. On making inquiries, I found that we had started at 3.30 a.m. A good breeze springing up at 3 a.m. had enabled the master to get the vessel out of the bay, and soon we were being carried along the coast with a fair wind behind us, and every prospect of a good passage.

I know of no more delightful experience than that of thus running before a fair wind in the Indian Ocean. It is an experience never to be forgotten. The azure of the sky, the glow of the sunshine, the glitter of the sails, the swish of the waters at the bows of the craft as she cleaves her way onward, the surge of the sea, the darting of the swallows, the flying of the fish, the songs of the sailors, the cry of the helmsman, are all sights and sounds which impress themselves indelibly on the mind of one who, like myself, has had the good fortune thus to enjoy the wonderful experience of such a voyage as that which brought me into Mombasa Harbour at noon on Tuesday, January 11.

Immediately on landing, I had an interview with the Sub-Commissioner, who gave me all the information at his disposal with regard to events in Uganda. I gathered that, so far, the English community was safe and in no immediate danger. Reinforcements were being pushed on as rapidly as possible, and it was believed that the fall of Luba's could not long be delayed. Could the Government assist me with five-and-twenty or thirty porters? was my next question. "Impossible!" was the reply. "Every available man is needed by the military

authorities, and no civilian has the slightest chance of getting up-country. Even if he were able to get to Kikuyu, his porters would then be requisitioned by the military."

I saw that there was no help for it, and that I must abandon all hope of getting to Uganda for the present. There was plenty of work, however, to be done in the coast districts. From January 20 to January 24 I was occupied with a visit to Rabai, where I confirmed 175 candidates, 101 of whom were women. The prosecution of the case of Kheri Karibu (the native slave) in the Provincial Court, involving a daily attendance, filled up the remaining days of the month. I was then free to start on my long promised visit to Teita and Taveta.

Hitherto my journeys to Taveta had been on foot, a fortnight of precious time being consumed on the way. There had been the daily "grind" of twelve or fifteen miles, in scorching heat or drenching storms, the "toiling on" when feeling fevered or below par, the desertion of porters, and the thousand and one worries incidental to life on the road.

But now all was changed. The old order of things had passed away. Nineteenth-century forces were now at work, and all things were becoming new; the railway had reached Voi, 100 miles from the coast, and the journey was now to be done under entirely new conditions.

Taking our places in the train leaving Kilindini at 6.20 a.m. on Friday, February 4, Binns and I were soon engaged in the pleasant task of comparing the past with the present. "Look! there is the path along which we tramped when the scorching sun seemed intolerable, and the camp ever so far off. And over yonder is the spot where we met the Waduruma, who told us that the Masai on the warpath were not far away, and you remember how ten of our men bolted, leaving us in the lurch; and there are the Taro water-holes. How hard we found it to get water, and how filthy it was when it was got!"

With such reminiscences of the old days, now passed away for ever, we beguiled the tedium of the way until at 3 p.m. Voi was reached. Three hours later we were at Sagalla, and being warmly welcomed by Wray and his wife.

Thus a journey which three or four years before had occupied eight days was easily accomplished in almost as many hours.

We spent three days at this most interesting but so far unfruitful field of work. That the Wateita had been impressed by the patience and unwearied labours of Wray in their midst was evident. At the signal for the Sunday service some two

hundred souls came together, to whom it was my privilege to declare once more in their hearing the way of salvation. At the afternoon service Binns preached to some ninety men and women. I found that thirty or forty children were under instruction. This latter appeared to me to be the most hopeful feature in the work. If the children are got hold of, the future is assured.

The next day we continued our journey to Taveta, sleeping at Mitate, and then on the following day we journeyed on to a camp two hours beyond Bura. From thence we hoped in one march to reach Lanjuro, some five-and-thirty miles away across the plains of Serengeti. Starting at 3.30 a.m., we made good use of the cool hours of the early morning, so that by sunrise we were well out on the plains. It was a wonderful sight, as the mists cleared away, to see the vast herds of big game scattered about in almost every direction. Here were hartebeests, there zebras in scores, yonder were giraffes, and away in the distance buck of various kind. I dared not attempt to shoot, as our journey was so long that any delay in skinning and cutting up an animal would destroy our chance of reaching our destination in daylight. However, somewhat later, the sight of a magnificent ostrich slowly making its way eastward on the line of the horizon about half a mile away scattered my good resolutions to the winds, and I prepared for action. Happily, there was a large number of ant-hills between me and the bird which I so coveted, and I managed by creeping from one to another to get within 400 yards. I put up the sight, and, taking steady aim, fired. The bird was down in an instant, and stone dead by the time I reached it. It was a great prize, with magnificent plumes, which I was not slow to appropriate, whilst the Wateita porters who were with me lost no time in securing the leg sinews for bow-strings.

Later in the afternoon it became evident that we had miscalculated the distance, and that there was no chance of reaching our camping-place before sunset. Our porters had been left far behind. It was a waterless land we were tramping through. Our only hope of much needed refreshment was in reaching Lanjuro, where Mr. Verbi had promised to meet us with tins of water from Taveta, ten miles further on.

“ Now came still evening on, and
Twilight grey had in her sober livery all things clad,”

and still no sign of a well-known Mbuyu-tree which we knew to be near the trysting-place. Darkness fell, and walking became

very difficult. We stumbled along, however, until nearly 8 o'clock, when I suggested that we should fire our guns as a signal. Possibly there might be some response. We fired three shots, and then waited. In a few minutes, to our great delight, we heard the reply—three shots apparently about half a mile away. On we went until light became visible, and Verbi, with a number of torch-bearers, met us.

It was with no little thankfulness that I flung myself down a few minutes later, not far from a blazing camp-fire, and drank cup after cup of tea, which had been most thoughtfully prepared for us.

There was no sleep to be had that night. The hyænas howled around us, and came so close that one almost expected them to raid our camp. All that one could do was to lie upon the ground, wrapped in a rug, and look up at the wonderful tracery of the tree-branches over our heads as they glowed in the light of our camp-fire. Our porters arrived at about midnight, and by sunrise we were off again on the road to Taveta, which was some nine miles away.

Since my last visit there had been a great advance made in the work. This had been largely due to an increase in the staff, which now included three ladies within its ranks. A new church had been built, mainly by the boys under training in the Mission.

On Sunday a congregation numbering 276 assembled for Divine worship, and on the Wednesday following I had the great joy of confirming some eighteen men and women.

Commending both work and workers to God and the power of His grace, on Thursday, February 17, I started on the coastward journey, reaching Voi on Monday, the 21st, just in time to catch the train to Mombasa, where I arrived at 2 a.m. the next morning.

In the meanwhile the news had reached the coast of the raising of the siege of Luba's, and the consequent opening up of the road to Uganda.

This welcome intelligence made my way quite clear, and I commenced at once to make preparations for the up-country journey. On March 16 Millar arrived in the mail from England. He was to be my travelling companion, and most kindly made himself of the utmost possible service to me, both at the coast and on the road.

My last days at the coast were naturally very full ones. There was a farewell visit to pay to Rabai, then last words in Frere-

town, and finally in Mombasa. Thus on March 24 I was able to start on the long-delayed journey to Uganda.

Although the railway had now advanced as far as Ngomeni (about twelve miles beyond the Tsavo River), there was still a long tramp before us of some 550 miles. This, however, was mainly on high ground and through healthy districts, and we looked forward to it as a health-giving exercise, rather than as a toil or labour to be got through.

As always, so now, the railway officials were most kind in furthering our enterprise and making our journey an easy one. Mr. Cruikshank especially did everything in his power to help us, as did also Messrs. Church, Cartmell, and others. We owe one and all a deep debt of gratitude.

And so we were brought on our way to Ngomeni, and started on our onward caravan journey. Our porters and boys, of course, had travelled with us. Kinani, Mtoto Ndei, Msongoleni, were all reached in due course and left behind. Then came a brief rest at Kibwezi; then on again, day by day, doing our twelve or fifteen miles to Kilungu, where the river-bed march known to all travellers in those days had to be endured, a trial both of patience and physical powers.

At Machakos we were welcomed once again by Mr. Ainsworth, the Sub-Commissioner, always kind and helpful. Here we met Mr. and Mrs. Rowling, on their way to the coast, and the next day, as we journeyed on towards Kikuyu, we came upon Pike and Leakey, both homeward bound. Then across the Athi Plain, braced up and invigorated by the fresh crisp air, we made our way to Nairobi, where in a year or two's time were to be planted down the central works and headquarters of the Uganda railway.

Down we went into the Kidong Valley—the great Rift Valley—and over the pass of Longonot until the Lake at Navaisha, gleaming in the sunlight like a silver shield, came in sight. Then away we journeyed onward past Nakuru and Elmenteita until the Ravine was reached, where we rested for a day; after which the ascent of Mau was made, and we found ourselves at an elevation of over 8,000 feet above sea-level. Marching was now indeed a pleasure. It was almost like being in the Highlands of Scotland. One never felt weary, no matter how long the march, and one was always hungry. Nor was there any lack of game or the wherewithal to satisfy nature's cravings.

Our next resting-place was Nandi, where we were most kindly and hospitably welcomed by Mr. Jackson and our old friend

Mr. Bagge. Three days later found us at Mumia's, where an equally warm welcome was extended to us by Mr. S. Tomkins, whose courage and presence of mind had saved the fort from capture by the mutineers.

We had now left the bracing air of the uplands, and found ourselves in the softer and milder climate characteristic of the Lake region. Crossing the Nzoia River, we continued our journey through the Samia district of Kavirondo, and on the fifth day after leaving Mumia's entered Busoga, with its wealth of plantain groves and abundant food supply.

On May 12 we arrived at Luba's, where we found Weatherhead in charge. Of course, one of the first things we did was to visit the scene of the late siege. The fort was indeed a very remarkable sight. The skill shown by the Sudanese in burrowing in the ground was extraordinary, and we could well understand, as we gazed upon the underground dwellings which they had made for themselves, how little damage had been done by the Hotchkiss gun and the rifle fire of Macdonald's force. It was quite clear that any attempt to storm the fort must have been defeated with heavy loss, so complete were the defences.

The next day we crossed over in canoes to Lugumba's, on the Uganda side of Napoleon Gulf, and twenty-four hours later reached Ngogwe, where we received, from the crowds of people who came out to meet us, the warmest possible welcome. In the evening Dr. Cook and Martin Hall arrived from the Lake shore, so that we were a party of seven Missionaries gathered together, with much to talk about, and much to thank and praise God for in the partial suppression of the mutiny, the preservation of the English community from a position of real danger, and for the progress of the work, notwithstanding most adverse conditions.

It was a great joy on the following day to lay hands in Confirmation on some 124 candidates (61 men, 63 women). The onward journey to Mengo was a time of continuous welcome, either from native friends, like old Isaya, meeting us on the road, or by letter brought by special messengers. At Kisalosalu, our last camping-place, advantage was taken of the opportunity afforded by the crowds thronging my tent for a thief to carry off my mackintosh coat. The next morning, of course, was very stormy (the weather had been fine all the way from the coast), and shortly after leaving our camp we were overtaken by a downpour of rain, which drenched us to the skin. If the thief

had only postponed his theft of my property one other day, I should have been most grateful.

And so it came to pass that on May 18 we reached our destination and entered the capital of Uganda like a couple of half-drowned rats. In consequence of the heavy rain, there were comparatively few people to meet us on the road. But when the storm-clouds had cleared, my house was thronged till late in the evening by native friends, such as the Katikiro and Samwili Mukasa, all full of their congratulations and joy at our arrival once more among them.

CHAPTER XXX

A REVIEW OF THE SITUATION

“There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

SHAKESPEARE.

OUR first inquiries on arriving in Uganda were naturally devoted to the condition of the work and the political situation. Was the power of the mutineers completely broken? Where was Mwanga? Was Gabrieli still at large? What was Kabarega doing? These were questions which followed each other in rapid succession as I sought to gain a thorough knowledge of the actual position of affairs.

The mutineers, I learnt, were still giving trouble, although it was beyond question that their power was broken. In the neighbourhood of Kisalizi and Mruli they were still in considerable force. But Colonels Evatt and Broome were on their track, and it was anticipated that before long they would be completely crushed. Mwanga was still roaming about in Bunyoro, whilst Kabarega was striving to keep him at arm’s length.

Gabrieli, like a bird of evil omen, was hovering over some of the fairest portions of Uganda, and ever and anon pouncing down on some fertile garden, ravaging and desolating without scruple or remorse.

It was not surprising to find that the work of the Church, in these circumstances, was in many parts of the country very far from flourishing. In Budu and North Singo several churches had been burnt down, and the congregations scattered. Baptism and Confirmation classes at the various centres were, it is true,

still being held, but the attendances were fluctuating, and oftentimes disappointingly small. But still a very great work was, I was thankful to find, in progress. The reading of the Scriptures was still as great a feature as ever in the life of the people. The whole Bible was now in circulation, and its sale was steadily increasing. The attendance at public worship was as large as ever, and the interest taken in spiritual things seemed as deep as ever.

In material things also the country appeared to have made a distinct move forward. The standard of living had evidently risen. The native house was now a better built one. The people were better clothed, and lived generally in greater comfort. The roads were better kept, the swamps were better bridged, and the gardens better cultivated and better kept. In a word, progress was visible on every hand.

This was especially noticeable in the native administration of the country. The National Council (Lukiko) was, under the fostering care of Mr. G. Wilson, rapidly becoming a power in the land. It was an interesting sight to see this infant parliament at work. Here was the little two-year-old king in his gilded chair of state, with the Katikiro on his right hand, and the chiefs of various degrees each in his order of precedence, and there at a little side-table were the clerks (natives trained by ourselves). Matters affecting the welfare of the people in their various relations in life were thoroughly discussed. Minutes of the proceedings were taken down by the clerks, and any new laws passed were submitted to the Commissioner for approval.

One could not but feel thankful that an instrument so potent for good, and so calculated to promote the best interests of the country, was being so wisely guided and fostered by those in authority.

With regard to the spiritual condition of the Church, one could not but feel that the situation was in many respects full of peril. Comparative wealth was flowing into the country, large sums of money were being expended by the Administration. The temptations accompanying such a changed conditions of affairs were many and great. In writing home at the time, I thus set forth my view of the situation :

“ It is somewhat the fashion just at present to take a despondent view of things, and to think that because new temptations are crowding in upon the people, that therefore of necessity these must follow spiritual degradation and decadence, if not actual ruin. I cannot and do not take this view. To do so

would be to limit the power and to doubt the love of God the Holy Ghost. The danger, no doubt, is a very real one, but the fact that we are alive to its existence and know something of its subtle character is to my mind an assurance of victory."

Such were the circumstances in which, in May, 1898, I commenced my fourth visitation of the Uganda portion of my jurisdiction. In something like three weeks I was able to confirm no fewer than 772 candidates.

In the midst of the busy rush of visits to Ngogwe, Nakanyonyi, Gayaza, and Waluleta, entailed by these engagements, two solemn events happened which reminded us forcibly of the days of peril through which the Mission had recently passed, and was, in fact, even then passing.

The first of these was the terrible punishment which on May 21 was inflicted on nine Sudanese mutineers and three Mohammedan Baganda, who had been taken in rebellion, red-handed. They were marched out of prison in the fulness of health and strength, placed with their backs to the ramparts of the fort, where squads of Sudanese soldiers were drawn up, the signal was given, and in a few minutes their lifeless corpses were being conveyed to their last resting-place. It was a terrible act of retribution, but apparently a sad necessity. It made a deep impression, not merely on the Sudanese population, but on the Baganda generally.

The second of these solemn events was the burial on Namiembe, on May 23, of the remains of those English officers who had lost their lives during the mutiny. There were six altogether, of whom Major Thruston and Messrs. Wilson and Scott were murdered at Luba's.

The procession was headed by the Indian contingent, marching with slow and measured tread with arms reversed. Then came the coffins, covered each one with a Union Jack. After which walked the Commissioner and Major Macdonald, with other military and civil officers. The members of the Mission, with a large number of Baganda chiefs, brought up the rear.

The Archdeacon and I shared between us the solemn duty of reading the service, I taking the prayers at the graveside and the words of the Committal: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The hymn, "Hush, blessed are the dead," was sung with much feeling, and then came the three volleys, and the last post with the bugles, and all was over.

The time had now come for a journey to Toro. The king, Katikiro, Lloyd, and Buckley, all had written asking me to

come, and begging me not to delay my departure, as questions of the greatest importance needed my presence.

I commenced immediately my arrangements for my journey, and as Dr. Cook was as anxious as I was to see what opportunity there might be for extension of Medical Missionary work westward, I invited him to accompany me.

We made our start on Thursday, July 7. As Gabrieli and the mutineers were still roaming about the country, the Commissioner insisted upon our having an escort of Baganda soldiers. Although the idea was hateful to us, nevertheless we yielded to his wishes, and found ourselves in the care of some dozen very irregular-looking Baganda, armed with muzzle-loaders. At our second camp they came and informed us that they were without powder, and asked whether they might go back in order to procure some. Immensely amused, we sent them back, with instructions to follow us to Mitiana, where we proposed spending two or three days.

Here, on Sunday, July 10, I preached to a large and attentive congregation, and on the Monday held a Confirmation, and addressed a conference of some twenty-two of our Evangelists and teachers. Our gallant escort, faithful to their promise, made their appearance in due course, and in answer to our inquiry as to whether they were now provided with gunpowder, assured me that they were, but they added most lugubriously : "Tetulina e'sasi" (We have no bullets). This was an undoubted fact, however ridiculous it may seem. However, we replied : "Si kigambo" (It does not matter). We assigned to them the duty of looking after our cows in our rear, and after leaving camp in the morning one rarely, if ever, saw them again until evening. However, we daily thanked them for taking care of us ; thanks which were invariably accepted without the faintest trace of a smile, or with the slightest idea of the humour of the whole thing.

On leaving Mitiana we made for Bujongolo, some four hours away, but only to be reached through almost impassable swamps. For some two hours or more we battled our way through them. They seemed to be interminable, one long weary expanse of papyrus and a waste of waters. At one moment we were up to our waists ; at another we were seeking to maintain a precarious foothold on the roots and stumps of Makindu palms, which showed themselves occasionally in our onward track. Then down we went again into the mud and slush, only too thankful when we could get into deep water again. Now and

then one caught sight of a tree-top, which seemed to indicate that we were nearing dry land; but, alas! there was only a little rising ground, where we were able to rest for a little, and then on we plunged again, slipping and sliding, tripping and stumbling, until at length, at the end of two hours, our toils were at an end and we were once more on *terra firma*. Half an hour's further march brought us to the chief's enclosure, where a hearty welcome awaited us.

Two days later (St. Swithin's Day) we had such an experience of the weather in Uganda as rarely falls to the lot of even the most experienced travellers. It had been bright and fine in the earlier part of the day, and we were looking forward to reaching our camping-place without any untoward circumstances, when shortly after midday the aspect changed, clouds gathered, and the distant thunder rolled ominously. But still we hoped to reach our destination before the storm which was evidently gathering burst upon us. "Is it far?" we inquired of our guide. "Wala nyo" (Very far), was the answer. Soon heavy drops began to fall, and before long the wind rose, and with crashings of thunder and floods of rain the storm burst in all its fury. Umbrellas were useless, nor had we them. There was no shelter to be found anywhere. There was nothing for it but to face it. As long as we kept going there was nothing to be feared. Shelter short of our destination would be fatal. So onward we went. The paths had become almost like rushing streams, the wind howled, the lightning flashed, and the thunder in appalling crashes echoed and re-echoed on every side. But still no camp. On and on we went. One or two of our porters had manfully struggled along, and were only a few yards behind us, when the one word "ekyalo" (*i.e.*, garden) uttered by one of them made us look up, and sure enough a hundred yards away we were able dimly to discover through the driving rain some banana-trees, beaten and torn by the tempest. The sight was a gladdening one. It meant that our struggle was over, and that in a few minutes we should find shelter, a fire, food and rest. And so it came about. In a little while we found ourselves in a large native hut, with a blazing fire in the midst. Happily, one of the porters who had kept up with us was carrying Dr. Cook's bedding. The blankets were soon got out, and, stripping from us every shred of our soaked clothing, we wrapped ourselves in them. Half an hour later the food-box made its appearance, and hot tea in liberal quantities soon removed every risk of chill.

We were now in touch with Toro. Our approach had already become known to our friends at Kabarole (the capital), who inundated us with letters of warm welcome as we journeyed on our way thither. Hill after hill we found crested with little groups of friends who had come out to welcome us. Here, as we came to a patch of long grass, there burst forth upon us Apolo Kivebulaya, with lots of young men and lads, all brimming over with joy and excitement. There, marching in regular order, was another detachment of young men, with Sedulaka and Asa Nkangali at their head. Then came Buckley and his boys, with very welcome refreshment, for which a brief halt by the wayside was called. Then on again till the groups of friends became so numerous that our progress was greatly hindered. Eventually, however, we reached the Mission-hill, on which great crowds were assembled, and where Kasagama and the queen-mother welcomed us with many expressions of joy at our coming.

A thanksgiving service was held immediately on our arrival. The church was quickly filled from end to end. A couple of hymns, two or three earnest prayers, and short benediction—that was all ; but it was sufficient. It was the faithful expression of the thankfulness and gratitude to God which filled all hearts.

It was very delightful to be back once more amongst people who were in all the joyous freshness of their new love to God. Their enthusiasm for the Word was almost as remarkable as that of the Baganda in the early days. The three or four loads of books which I had brought with me were all sold in the course of two or three days, and I was obliged to send an urgent message to Mengo for more to be sent.

Toro had not been so seriously affected by the mutiny and Mwanga's rebellion as Uganda, Bunyoro, and Busoga, nor had the work suffered to anything like the same extent. There was consequently marked progress observable in every branch. Several of the great chiefs had become Christians, and were taking a deep interest in the work. Among others were the Sekibobo and the Katikiro. Candidates for Baptism and Confirmation were coming forward on every hand, and young men in increasing numbers were offering to go out into the country districts as Evangelists and teachers.

In the outward aspect of things also a very remarkable change had taken place. Instead of the beehive-shaped house in which I had lived for a fortnight two years before, there was now a well-ordered Mission-station, with two dwelling-houses, one occu-

pied by Lloyd and the other by Buckley. The old church had been replaced by a new one, capable of seating something like a thousand worshippers. Schoolrooms, too, had been built, and very delightful it was to hear the children learning their first lesson in the art of reading. "Eno 'a,' eno 'e,' eno 'i,'" was the sing-song method (not by any means the best) into which they seemed naturally to have fallen.

As at every halting-place on the way, so at Kabarole itself, Dr. Cook at once commenced treating the sick and operating upon all who came for surgical help. The first day he had no fewer than 198 applicants for medicine, and every succeeding day of our stay showed an increase. Their numbers and the terrible condition of many of the poor creatures who came to us for relief indicated only too plainly the great need of Medical Missionary work in Toro.

As my programme included visits to Katwe and Mboga—the one near the Albert Edward Nyanza, and the other on the farther side of the Semliki River, involving some 300 miles of travelling—I was unable to prolong my stay at the capital, and on July 28 we started on our way to the former place.

Our onward journey was by a path which led us through scenes of the most exquisite beauty. At one moment we were climbing a steep hillside, at another wending our way through sylvan glades in which the sunlight glinting upon the tree-trunks gilded them with a glory peculiarly its own, and startling in its vivid intensity. At another moment we were passing out into a blaze of sunshine in which butterflies were darting hither and thither, whilst the hum of bees, the chirrup of grasshoppers, and the cooing of doves made the air resonant with a sweet, low-toned music. Then there was a river to be crossed, a river of ice-cold water draining down from the snows of Ruwenzori (the Mpuku). Getting across was no easy task. Although not deep, the current was very strong, and every load needed two or three men to bear it safely to the farther bank. As for ourselves—well, I needed half a dozen men to carry me, and Dr. Cook nearly as many.

On August 3 we reached Katwe, and were invited by the Sudanese officer in charge to take up our quarters in the fort. This we were very glad to do, as the sun was very hot, and our tents insufferably close. This fort occupied a position of great natural strength. It crowned the narrow neck of high land which separates the Albert Edward Nyanza from the Salt Lake. There were not a hundred yards of spare room on either side.

Some months previous to our arrival it had been besieged by the mutineers of the Congo Free State, who were attempting to make their way to Toro. But it had successfully resisted all attempts to capture it. The Sudanese officer in charge showed us, with no little pride, the bullet-marks on the stonework and the pierced doors and shutters, and told us in graphic terms the whole story of the fight, and how the Manyema auxiliaries were beaten back again and again, as they sought by mere force of numbers to effect an entrance.

The most interesting incident of our story at this, the farthest outpost westward of British rule in Central Africa, was a visit to one of the larger islands of the Albert Edward Nyanza. An hour's paddling in a large dug-out brought us to our destination—a large fishing village built on the very margin of the lake. The air was redolent with the odour of dried and drying fish; and the implements of their craft were being laid out by the fishermen in every available space where sun and air could reach them. The men themselves (we saw little or nothing of the women) seemed to be a fine manly race, a branch evidently of the Bakonjo tribe. They received us at first with some shyness, but this soon wore off as we squatted in the middle of the village and sought, by kindly greetings, to assure them of our friendliness. Dr. Cook then produced his medicine chest, and that very soon broke down whatever remained of their suspicion of us. It was not long before we had around us at least 200 stalwart men listening with all their ears, as through an interpreter we delivered the Gospel message.

So far we had seen nothing of the chief. We inquired for him, and were told that he was coming in a short time to pay his respects to us. He was blind, we were told, and would be glad if the doctor could do anything for him. After waiting a quarter of an hour, the poor man made his appearance. He was led into the midst by a youth who was said to be his son, a bright, intelligent boy. We told the poor old man why we had come—that we were messengers of the King of kings, and that we sought his good and that of his people.

At once he wanted to know whether we could give sight to his blind eyes. Dr. Cook examined them, and came instantly to the conclusion that it was a case of cataract, and that an operation would certainly give at the least limited vision. He told him so, and added that if he came over to Katwe in the morning, he would operate, and that he had no doubt of a successful result. Then said the chief, "Restore me my sight,



THE VICTORIA NYANZA FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE LUBA'S

and not only I, but all my people, will be taught." After some further conversation it was decided that the operation should take place on the following day; and we left the island feeling that an impression had been made, and looking forward to a further opportunity of pressing the claim of the Gospel on the chief and his followers on the morrow.

Alas! we little realized the power of the evil one, and the influence of the medicine men of the island. Nine o'clock, the hour appointed, came, and no chief—nor were any canoes visible on the glittering surface of the Lake. Ten o'clock—eleven—and noon came, and still no chief, and then came a messenger to say that he was unwell and unable to come. It was, however, as we found out later, only an excuse, and that he was really deterred from coming by the all-powerful influence of the witch doctors. However, the day of blessing for that lone island of the Lake, although not yet, was nearer than we in our disappointment thought. Twelve months only were to run their course, and a resident evangelist, from the Church of Toro, was engaged in the systematic preaching of the Gospel to these simple fisher-folk. But this is anticipating the course of my story.

On August 6 we started on our return journey, and after recrossing the plain at the foot of the low shoulder of Ruwenzori, at the extremity of which Katwe lies, commenced to climb the lower slopes of the mountain itself. From Kasamia's we ventured yet higher, visiting one village after another, where our teachers were at work, and doing our best to cheer and encourage them in their self-denying labours. The time spent in this work was full of the most absorbing interest. That the Gospel itself should have reached these rugged fastnesses was indeed a marvel of grace, and that so soon after its first proclamation little congregations of believers should be gathered together for the worship of the one true and loving God was more wonderful still.

Our way now led us down to lower ground, where the Mpuku River had to be crossed. The path was in many places almost blocked by the rank growth of the vegetation. Occasionally we had to make our way through the tall elephant grass as through a tunnel. It was while passing along one of these overgrown footpaths that we heard the sound of rushing water. "It is the river!" I exclaimed. "Let us hurry. The men in front are sure to attempt to cross without proper precaution." We ran forward, hoping to be in time to prevent any attempt to cross. Alas! we were too late. On arriving on the river-bank,

I had the mortification of seeing a man standing in the middle of the river, and a box of mine, containing sketches, writing materials, and all that I most valued, being carried away by the flood. I at once despatched search-parties down both banks of the river. In the meanwhile, by arranging so that no load should be taken across unless in charge of three men, we succeeded in getting everything over in safety. In about half an hour's time, loud shouts in the distance announced the recovery of my precious box. A little later it was carried in in triumph. It had been swept by an eddy into a quiet pool, and there it was found, sadly battered by the rocks, and, of course, full of water. In Africa, however, one learns to take joyfully the spoiling of one's goods. Happily, there was a hot sun, and a bank of silver sand by the river-side. Sketches, paper, books, and clothing were soon laid out to dry, and, although a good deal of damage had been done, it was less than I expected. In half an hour's time it was possible to pack up and resume our journey.

On August 11 we arrived once more at Kabarole, the capital of Toro, where we enjoyed four or five days' rest, before starting on a proposed expedition to Mboga, on the farther side of the Semliki, and not far from the Albert Nyanza.

By this time our porters were getting home-sick. Six weeks had elapsed since leaving Mengo, and instead of setting our face homewards, as they had hoped we would do on reaching Kabarole, we were preparing for another journey into an unknown country. This was too much for them, and on the morning of the 13th we were informed that fourteen of our men had run away in the night, and were "making tracks" for Uganda. The rest of the men, we were further told, were preparing to follow the example of their comrades. This was serious. I took prompt measures and put a guard over the disaffected, and warned them that, as they had received wages for a three months' journey, they were expected to fulfil their contract. However, all my precautions were in vain. Some few remained faithful, but the rest managed, in twos and threes, to get away. I may say that so perfect at this time was the political organization of Uganda, that on my return to Mengo, on bringing the matter to the notice of the Katikiro and giving him the names of the culprits and their chiefs, every man was produced within forty-eight hours, and the money which they had received as wages was brought to my door. However satisfactory in its ultimate issue, the immediate consequences of the mutiny of my porters were inconvenient

in the extreme—not the least of which was the slow going which resulted from travelling with such physically weak porters as the Batoro, who were unable to carry more than half a load each.

However, we were fortunate in being able to replace our faithless followers on any terms. On Tuesday, August 16, we started for Mboga with as sorry a lot of men as it has ever been my fortune to travel with. The journey was an interesting one. On the first day we descended the escarpment, which brought us almost down to the level of the Albert Nyanza, and where the air was heavy and close. But on the following day we commenced to climb one of the shoulders of Ruwenzori, and thus got into a fresher and more invigorating atmosphere. On reaching the ridge, after a stiff climb, we were rewarded with one of the most lovely views which even this most beautiful part of Africa can show. Some 2,000 feet below us was the Semliki River, working its sinuous way in glittering glory through the valley which lay between us and the dark mass of the great forest which Stanley had so laboriously traversed a few short years before. Away northward, melting into the far distance, lay the waters of the Great Lake—the Albert Nyanza—shimmering in white heat and pearly haze. Southward, the great buttresses of the mountain on which we stood shelved downward toward the river, which was fed not merely by the Albert Edward Nyanza, but by those rushing streams which, in their headlong course down the mountain-side, filled the air with a melody which can only fitly be described in the familiar terms “the sound of many waters.”

Plunging down the craggy slope in front of us, it was not long before we found ourselves in a village of the Babamba which lay in the valley between.

The people we found to be a simple folk, and not the least alarmed by our sudden appearance in their midst. Doubtless they had had ample warning of our coming, and were evidently prepared to welcome us. They received us with kindly hospitality, bringing ripe bananas for our refreshment, and doing everything in their power to make us comfortable.

Their villages we found to be clean and well kept, the huts being of the usual beehive shape, but thatched, not with grass, but with plantain leaves. On every side we saw tokens of their belief in spirits, and in the little spirit houses were offerings of all kinds.

The people themselves were almost nude, goat and other skins

being their only covering. In figure they are a thick-set and powerful-looking race. In features, however, they approach somewhat the Bakonjo type. Before descending into the valley we had observed what seemed to be a column of smoke at a distance of some two or three miles. On inquiry we found that this was really a column of steam rising up from some boiling springs, of which we were told there were quite a number on the other side of a wood which lay between us and them.

Lunch despatched, we sallied forth to pay these boiling springs a visit. It was a striking scene which met our view as we issued from the banana plantation through which we had been wandering during the latter part of our walk. Columns of steam rolled upward to a height of 80 or 90 feet, and then, as they caught, or, rather, were caught, in the breeze, they were carried hither and thither, until they melted away into invisibility. This steam was issuing from a number of blow-holes, out of which bubbled streams of water all at boiling-point. This water was held first of all in natural rock basins, but as these overflowed it spread itself over a considerable area of bare rock and soft blue mud. In the latter, a number of natives had scooped out large hollows, which they were using as baths. The water was evidently strongly impregnated with sulphur, and possessed considerable healing virtues, especially in the case of skin diseases. People came, we were told, from long distances to be healed of the oftentimes terrible diseases from which they suffered. Many doubtless derived much benefit from the medicinal properties of these springs. In order to test their temperature, a bunch of green bananas was put into one of the bubbling pools, and in about twenty minutes was thoroughly cooked.

Our passage of the Semliki the next morning was not at all an easy matter. "Crocodiles below and hippos above the place of crossing" was the news which greeted us as we arrived on the river-bank. And sure enough up-stream were to be seen a couple of huge hippos, apparently waiting for us. However, I soon brought my Martini-Henry to bear, and after a short bombardment they disappeared, as also did the crocodiles, whose shiny backs had been showing up ominously amid the glittering waters between the crossing-place.

The river was full, and a great volume of water was making its way at the rate of some three miles an hour towards the Albert Lake, only a few miles away. The only means of transit were a

few dug-outs of the most cranky and leaky description. A man in the bows with considerable dexterity poled up the river some hundred yards or so, and, driving out into mid-stream, we were carried down in the direction of the landing-place, which, as we got into shallower waters, was easily reached by dexterous poling. Of course, to get men, loads, and cattle across in this fashion was a long and tedious operation. We therefore camped at a distance of some half a mile from the river, and towards evening had the satisfaction of learning that everything had been crossed without loss or accident.

Two days later we drew near to Mboga, our destination. Since leaving the Semliki we had been continually ascending, and were now at a considerable elevation above the plain. Sedulaka, one of our teachers from Mboga, was leading the way, and in answer to my oft-repeated question, "Are we near?" he would only respond, "Tunatuka" (We shall arrive). At length, while resting and enjoying the refreshment of a cup of tea, we had a remarkable proof of the fact that we were not far away from our destination. In a moment of quiet meditation there burst upon us, with a great shout, a crowd of young men and boys, at the head of whom was Apolo Kivebulaya. With cries of welcome, repeated again and again, they surrounded us, and almost knocked us over in their eagerness to get a shake of the hand, and to tell of their joy at our coming.

We packed up our traps and started once more, and in less than half an hour met Tabalo himself (the chief) and a great crowd of followers. Their welcome was no less warm than that of Apolo and his young men, but it was less demonstrative. On reaching Mboga itself the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. They came upon us in great crowds, embracing and shaking hands with us again and again, and thanking us for coming to them. It was most touching to see their simple trust in us, and the fixed conviction in their minds that we were in some way to be a means of blessing to them.

It may be asked, How did Christianity come to this out-of-the-way place, some three hundred miles from Mengo, and on the outskirts of the Great Forest? In telling the story it will be best to transcribe what was told me at the time, and written down upon the spot. It was in this wise:

"The Gospel was first of all preached in Toro by Baganda Evangelists. It so happened that in Toro there were living temporarily a number of the people of Mboga, the chief Tabalo

among them. There they first heard the Gospel story. This led to Baganda Evangelists being sent across the Semliki River and settling amongst these people of Mboga, in whose hearts the seed had been sown in Toro. The little community of readers increased rapidly, and the desire for a knowledge of the Word seemed to be spreading when the followers of the Lubare superstition made a desperate effort to extinguish the light that seemed burning so brightly. The chief Tabalo was won back to his old allegiance, and at the instigation of the Lubare priests forbade anyone to read the Christian books. Many, however, had found the Word of God suited to their taste, and continued their reading in secret. Several readers were caught, and in some cases cruelly beaten. Still, however, reading went on. The Baganda teachers were in hiding, but were secretly supplied with the necessaries of life by those who would not desert them in their hour of need. Tabalo, the chief, consulted one of the divines of Lubare as to their whereabouts, and was told that they had returned to Toro. Discovering later, however, that this was not so, and that he had been deceived, he flew into a violent passion, and declared that the Lubare priests were rogues and liars, and that he would have nothing more to do with them. He stated further that the God whose followers he had persecuted was a God of Truth, and that He should be his God.

“The persecuted believers, with their leaders, came out from their hiding-places, and reading went on openly once more. A church was built, and everything seemed prospering when the Manyema mutineers broke into the country and swept everything before them. The church was burnt as well as the chief's houses; indeed, the whole country was devastated, and once more the Christians sought refuge in the long grass.

“With the passing of the mutineers came a return of prosperity, when they received another blow by a most unexpected incident. This was nothing less than the arrest of our old friend Apolo, the principal teacher, on a charge of murder. It came about in this way: A spear had been left outside the house of a Christian woman named Mariamu, in a most awkward position. An alarm of some sort was raised outside, and the poor woman rushed out, tripped and fell, impaling herself on the spear. The whole thing was a pure accident. Apolo, however, happened to be passing near the spot, and, hearing the groans of the woman, went to her assistance. Seeing her desperate condition, he called some men near by to come to his help. On seeing what had

happened, they accused him of murdering the woman. He was brought before the chief, who sent the prisoner, with his accusers, to Toro. Owing to the absence of the officer in charge of the district, he was kept in prison for some time, but on the arrival of Captain Sitwell he was discharged without even the formality of a trial."

Shortly after our arrival Buckley commenced the work of examining the candidates for Baptism and Confirmation. On Wednesday, August 24, thirteen of the former, among whom was Tabalo the chief, were baptized, and seven of the latter received the laying on of hands. It was a day of great joy. The happiness of these people who had suffered so much seemed to be brimming over. One felt profoundly thankful at being permitted to bear even so small a part in contributing to their fulness of joy.

Among those under instruction we found two pygmies of the forest near which we were encamped. One was a full-grown woman and the other a youth of about seventeen years of age. The former was forty-three inches high and the latter thirty-eight. It seemed quite clear to us that in the not distant future it might be possible to evangelize the pygmy tribes from Mboga as a base.

After paying a visit to Opedi, a neighbouring chief, at whose place we found an interesting work in progress, we made preparations for an early departure. We were leaving behind us a band of no fewer than two hundred readers, most of them reading with a view to Baptism. It was most touching to listen to their pleadings that we should remain and teach them ourselves. "But when will you come back again?" they asked, in most pathetic accents. We assured them that they would not be forgotten, and that, in the not distant future, it might be found possible to send them a resident missionary.

In the grey dawn of the early morning of August 24 we knelt together with these dear seekers after God in earnest prayer, and having commended them to Him and the Word of His Grace, we went on our way. Toro was once more our objective. We determined, however, not to return by the road by which we had come, but to travel round by the village of Aligangira, a chief of considerable importance. It was not much out of our way, and we wished to discover how he was disposed towards us. On the way thither we had most lovely views of Ruwenzori and its snow-clad heights. It seemed to rise abruptly from the plains of the Semliki River, and for the climber one would

imagine the attack from that side, the west, would be more likely to have a successful issue than that from the east.

Aligangira saved us the trouble of going on to his village, for, hearing that we were on the road, he came to meet us. We found him friendly, but by no means cordial; nor did he respond with any great alacrity to our suggestion that he should admit teachers to his country. He declared that he would not forbid their coming, and they should be quite free to teach. Bidding him farewell, we continued our way to the crossing at the Semliki River. A delay of two hours was involved in the perilous task of getting all our men and loads across, then onward we went towards the high ground where we had decided to camp. It was, however, for me a difficult task getting along; fever was upon me, and the last two hours of the journey was a struggle. My heart was beating like a sledge-hammer, and every few minutes I was compelled to rest by the roadside. Of drinking-water we had none; and so with parched lips and aching limbs and fast-beating heart one struggled along, longing with an intensity hard to describe for the rest of camp. At length a man whom we had sent forward in search of water brought a bowl of the most delicious water I had ever tasted in my life. It put new vigour into me, and brought on a profuse perspiration, which was an immense relief. And so we reached our camp, and in an hour or two's time I was in bed and fairly comfortable. During the night the fever left me, and by morning light I was ready once more for the road.

Two marches brought us into Toro once more. We found all well, and preparation for a Confirmation service complete. This was held on Wednesday, August 31, when seventy candidates were presented to me. At the service of Holy Communion which followed there were eighty-seven communicants. On the day following we started on our way back to Uganda.

Travelling by way of Nakabimba and Bukumi, we arrived in Mengo on September 16, having been absent some two months and a half. During that time we had tramped between seven and eight hundred miles, and had been enabled to carry out our complete programme without let or hindrance of any kind.



THE BOILING SPRINGS, TORO

CHAPTER XXXI

EDUCATION (1898)

“ Knowledge comes by eyes always open and working hands, and there is no knowledge that is not power.”—EMERSON.

THE course of my story turns now to education, or, as it has been very fitly described, character-making. For what, after all, is education but the moulding of the character in high and noble ideals? This, I take it, is the ultimate end and object of all true education. “As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.” Thoughts build the life and character. The aim of every true educationalist is so to train the child that he may think only such things as be good—not that he may be clever, but that he may be good; not that he may pass through life easily, but that he may do life’s work nobly. As Sydney Smith said: “When you see a child brought up in the way he should go, you see a good of which you cannot measure the quantity nor perceive the end. It may be communicated to the children’s children of that child. It may last for centuries. It may be communicated to innumerable individuals. It may be planting a plant and sowing a seed which may fill the land with the glorious increase of righteousness, and bring upon us the blessings of the Almighty.”

If hitherto comparatively little had been done in the way of effective organization of education in Uganda, it was not because its importance had not been realized or had been lost sight of, but simply on account of the extreme pressure of the evangelistic work (our first work) upon the all too insufficient staff. But, nevertheless, it must not be forgotten that the first great essential (as a Christian educationist understands it) is a knowledge of Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and that this had never been a subsidiary but always a primary aim of our work amongst children. Together with this, there had been carried on from the very beginning an instruction in those accompaniments of education which are so often taken for the thing itself—reading, writing, and arithmetic. It came about in this wise: For a long while the rule of the Mission had been not to baptize anyone (except blind and infirm persons) who had not learned to read the Gospels in the vernacular. Education was not our first object in making this rule. It was made rather as

a test of sincerity and purity of motive. Large numbers were coming forward and asking for Baptism. Of their life we knew nothing. They said: "We believe, and wish to be baptized." "Very well," was our answer, "we don't know you. We must test you. We must see that you have an intelligent knowledge of the way of salvation. Here are the Gospels. We will teach you to read them, and when you have read them we shall expect you to give an intelligent answer to the questions which we shall then ask you."

Thus we repelled none who were really in earnest and who were seeking Baptism from pure motives. And so it came to pass that many thousands acquired the art of reading. Many of these taught their fellows, and so the thing spread.

Then with regard to the other two R's—writing and arithmetic—a few young lads about the various Mission-stations were taught to read and cypher. These taught their friends and so on. So rapidly did this unorganized educational work spread that at the close of 1897 it was computed that at least there were 100,000 readers in the country, and for the four years ending December of that year no less a sum than £2,116 12s. 5d. had been received as the proceeds of the sale of books and writing material. During the year 1898 this expenditure had increased to the great sum of £1,400 for the twelve months. This was paid in cowrie-shells to the number of 6,300,000, the weight of which was about ten tons!

A most potent factor in bringing about these remarkable results was, without doubt, the peculiar aptitude of the Baganda, both for giving and receiving instruction.

The first serious attempt at organized education in Uganda was made on the arrival of the first party of ladies in 1895. Miss Chadwick then commenced a mixed school at Namirembe, and Miss Thomsett, as soon as an increase in the staff allowed, made a similar attempt at Gayaza, and Miss Bird at Ngogwe. Then Mr. Hattersley, who arrived in 1898, took in hand with characteristic energy the work of placing on as sound a basis as possible our whole system of primary education. He had a high opinion of the capacity of the Baganda children. The following is his testimony:

"It is a real pleasure to teach the majority of the children. Their intelligence is far in advance of anything I ever anticipated, and, given the same advantages, they would compare very favourably with English children, and I do not say this without a very considerable knowledge of the capabilities of

English children, gained in teaching them at home. It is astonishing how quickly the elder boys learn arithmetic, as you will see when I tell you that my first class are now doing such sums as the following :

“ If 40 canoes go to Usukuma to fetch loads, each canoe carrying 12 bales—the rate of pay for each of which is 5 rupees plus 200 cowrie-shells ; the Katikiro takes of this one-fifth, the chief of the canoes takes one-seventh, another under-chief takes one-twelfth part, and the headman takes one-twentieth ; each canoe has twelve paddlers. How much does each paddler get when the balance is divided among them ? One rupee = 16 annas, or 64 pice, or 600 cowrie-shells.”

It will be readily acknowledged that with such material to work upon, the education of the rising generation in Uganda was well worth undertaking, and presented no insuperable difficulties. Of the capacity of the Baganda, if properly trained, to carry on schools of their own, there could be no doubt. It was merely a question of training. Such training became, therefore, the main feature of Mr. Hattersley's policy.

The next step was to stir up the chiefs, as far as possible, to a sense of their duty with regard to the education of children. With this object in view, I had an interview with the Katikiro, and at his suggestion paid a visit to the Lukiko, where an opportunity was given me of stating to the assembled chiefs my views on the general question.

The result was an immediate increase in the number of children attending the schools at our various centres. At the close of the year 1898 the number had grown to very nearly 700. This notable increase, hopeful as it was, was as nothing to that which a few short years would suffice to show.

A sketch of our educational system in Uganda would be incomplete without some account of the industrial work which more or less, since the days of Mackay, has had some share in moulding the lives and characters of many of the Baganda.

From the very commencement of his Missionary career, it was the aim of Mackay to consecrate to the service of God that high mechanical training which Dr. Duff, in writing to him in 1876, characterized so distinctly as a talent entrusted to him by God, and which he hardly thought would find sufficient scope in the Uganda Mission, for which the young engineer had recently volunteered. But surely no grander field for the industrial Missionary was ever flung open wide by the great Lord of the Harvest than Uganda. A people highly imitative, naturally

ingenious and eager to learn, no more promising material could be found than the young men and boys who in the early days of the Mission thronged the workshops and smithy of the young Scotch Missionary, who in his last letter written on the shores of the homeland pleaded with his friends that grace might be given him "to keep steadily in view the one great object," not simply the making of clever skilled workmen, but "the salvation of immortal souls." The following entry in his journal will show how faithfully he kept this supreme object in the very forefront of his work :

"All day occupied with readers at various stages. Some I hear in their houses, while others I take into the workshop, and teach them while I am busy at the vice."

The influence of Mackay's instruction in mechanics in these early days is still visible even at the time of writing (twenty years later). Unhappily, his death in 1890, and the disturbed condition of the country, in later years militated against further organized developments on the industrial side of our educational system until 1895, when Mr. J. B. Purvis arrived upon the scene. It was under his auspices that the industrial Mission on the hill of Bulange was founded, and which in 1899 passed into the hands of Mr. K. Borup, under whose superintendence it prospered beyond our most sanguine anticipations. At the period of which I am writing, printing, carpentering, blacksmithing, and brick-making had made considerable progress. Young lads were being sent by the more enlightened of the chiefs to be bound apprentices to these various trades.

But it may be asked, what relation has such training to the one great aim of all Missionary enterprise—the evangelization of the world? If the term "evangelization" simply implies the bare proclamation of the great fundamentals of Christianity, and nothing more, then I grant that the connection is not very apparent. But if we take the term to mean in its highest—and I cannot but think its truest—sense, that the good news of the Gospel have to do with mind and body, as well as soul, then the relationship of intellectual and physical training to the great end and object of all Missionary effort becomes very apparent. The Gospel of Christ is for the whole man. To develop all the physical, mental, and spiritual powers into the full stature of manhood is, or should be, the lowest ideal that the Missionary sets before himself in his world-wide crusade for righteousness.

And so one's earnest desire on behalf of those thousands of souls who, in God's mercy and love, were being brought at this

date to the foot of the Cross was that each might realize the wonderful fulness, as well as the freeness, of the redemption that is in Christ Jesus—a redemption that has to do with body as well as mind and soul—and that, with souls regenerated and minds renewed, and physical powers trained to high and holy, as well as skilful service, each might take his share and nobly play his part in the spiritual, political, commercial, and industrial life of the nation. As a recent writer has said: “The object of all educational enterprise should be to make men good men and constantly better men. This is only possible by harmonizing the educational process with the highest national ideals of the people, all the while purifying and elevating them till men shall see and feel and know the matchless power and glory that exalts him who was created a little lower than the angels. This gives him a dominion over nature and self—a dominion that shall spread and deepen and ascend till all created things shall join with all the human race in proclaiming the triumphs of redemption.”

Medical Missionary work, although more of an evangelistic than an educational agency, has in its results a distinct value in fashioning the Christian character. Heathenism knows nothing of caring for the sick and needy as one of the duties of life. I well remember how, on the occasion of my first visit to Uganda, when practically the whole country was heathen, in the midst of the firing of guns, which in those days was the most common method of giving expression to public joy, a poor woman was accidentally shot and her jaw broken. Walker was called in to see her (there was no doctor then in Uganda), and, after having dressed her wounds most skilfully, told her husband and friends to feed her with liquid food. On calling the next day, he found to his horror that she was being absolutely neglected, and that not even her husband had ministered to her necessity. “But she will die,” pleaded the Archdeacon, “if she is not fed.” “Much better that she should die,” was the answer. “She will never be of any use.” However, measures were taken to insure proper feeding, and in a few months’ time the woman, although terribly disfigured, was perfectly well. Apart from Christ, the world knows nothing of pity—that Divine compassion which is akin to love, and which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, and endureth all things. A Christian without the element of pity in his character is like a well without water. There are countless claimants for his ministry, but there is no response—the well is dry.

One felt that, altogether apart from its value as an evangelistic agency, medical Missionary work was needed to kindle the spark of Christ-like pity and compassion, and to bring home to the hearts and consciences of these Baganda, who were beginning to run the Christian course, the duty and privilege of ministering to the sick and suffering. Such a duty might be inculcated by precept—indeed, all our Christian teaching bore upon it—but example is better than precept.

Bloodshed, cruelty, oppression, and wrong had been the characteristics of the old days in Uganda, and now—and now pity, compassion, love, Christlike tenderness in dealing with every phase of suffering, were to be characteristic of the new days—the new era which had now dawned upon the country.

And so one welcomed the founding of the Medical Mission by Dr. A. R. Cook in 1897, to which reference has already been made. Prior to that date very little progress had been made in organized medical work. Dr. Felkin in the early days had spent a few brief months in the country, but was driven home by ill-health. Dr. Gaskoin Wright (1891-1892) was also invalided, after a somewhat longer term of service. Dr. Baxter, on the occasion of two or three visits of several months' duration, had been enabled to do some useful work. Dr. Rattray, too, while on a similar visit, had done good service. But not until Dr. Cook's arrival was any serious attempt made to grapple with the needs of the work as a whole.

The hospital, which in June, 1897, had been solemnly dedicated to the service of God, was soon found to be too small, and in the month of November it was enlarged. Many of those wounded at Luba's, and other centres of the mutiny, were brought in for treatment, and some made wonderful recoveries. "One man was brought with his collar-bone smashed by a bullet, which had also perforated his lung and chipped off part of his vertebral column, but he made an excellent recovery. Another, who had been hit by three bullets, and underwent five operations while he was in the hospital, eventually left able to walk, though with a stiff leg, as his left knee-joint had been shattered."

The work thus launched was destined, as we shall see later, to assume very large dimensions, spreading to Toro, Bunyoro, Busoga, and, indeed, every centre of a province or outlying country within the boundaries of the Protectorate.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE DYING CENTURY (1899)

“The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing ;
Like the Patriarch’s angel, hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.”

WHITTIER.

THE New Year, the last of the century, was ushered in by a week of united prayer. Special addresses were given each day by various members of the Mission. Earnest was the pleading at the Throne of Grace that a very special blessing might be vouchsafed to us and our work during the remaining months of a century of marked Missionary progress throughout the world. Wonderfully was this prayer answered, as will be seen hereafter, in the opening up of two of the surrounding countries—Nkole and Bunyoro—to the Gospel of Christ.

On January 29 (Septuagesima Sunday) came the Ordination (long looked forward to) of five native deacons and four native priests. This brought the number of ordained natives up to fifteen, of whom seven were priests and eight deacons. Fisher received Deacon’s Orders on the same occasion.

The way was now clear for me to start on a long-contemplated journey to Bunyoro. It appeared to me and others that the time had now come for the evangelization of that long down-trodden country, and the commencement of direct Missionary work. Several attempts during the last years had been made to obtain a footing, and to arouse an interest in the Gospel of Christ. Fisher, when stationed in North Singo, had crossed the Kafu River—in which, by the way, owing to the strength of the current, he was nearly drowned—and had penetrated as far as Kahora, Kabarega’s former capital. There he had planted one or two Baganda evangelists, and had managed so far to interest Byabachwezi, one of the principal chiefs, as to get him to build a church.

By this time Mwanga and Kabarega had been driven from the country, and were now in hiding in Bukedi, a little known country on the east bank of the Nile. Kitaimba, one of Kabarega’s sons, a youth about twelve years of age, had for some time been living in Mengo ; him the Government decided to make king of Bunyoro in the place of his father.

Early in September, 1898, he started for Masindi, his new capital. Passing through Kisitala, in Bulemezi, he was there found on the 10th by Mr. Lewin, who determined to accompany him to Bunyoro. The latter decided also to take with him Tomasi Semfuma, one of our most trustworthy Evangelists. The journey occupied some eight days. Lewin received a warm welcome from the people, who at once manifested an eager desire for instruction. A church of reeds and grass was soon run up, and a daily attendance of some eighty souls gladdened the heart of the Missionary. Leaving Tomasi Semfuma to carry on the work, Lewin returned to his station in Bulemezi, reporting to me that in North Bunyoro, at any rate, there was an open door, which ought as soon as possible to be entered. To crown all, a letter with a piteous appeal came to me from the king, Kitaimba. "Why remain in Uganda only?" he wrote. "When I was there, in Uganda, I saw that the light had spread. But what about me? Do you not think of my country? Do you not know that it is a very dark one? I want both the Bible and the Prayer-Book very much. My friend, the Bishop, I beseech you to send a European to teach me."

Yes! Bunyoro was truly in a pitiful condition. War and rebellion had been followed by plague, pestilence, and famine. The food-supply of the country, poor at the best, was now perilously near starvation point. Cultivation had almost ceased. The people were without heart, without hope, because they were without God.

"Do you not know," wrote the king, "that my country is a very dark one?" Yes! it was dark indeed. The ancient superstition of the people still held sway. Mr. Fisher thus describes it:

"The Munyoro believes in a great devil called Byachwezi and his ten Angels, called (1) Nyabuzana, (2) Kyomya, (3) Kugolo, (4) Mulendwa, (5) Ndausa, (6) Ebona, (7) Mugenye, (8) Mukasa, (9) Lubanga, (10) Namutali. When these angels were consulted, the priest placed on his head the crown peculiar to each, otherwise the oracle was dumb. The ritual of devil-worship in Bunyoro was most horrible. Propitiation at the favourable time was the remedy for every evil or disaster. This took the form of (a) human sacrifice, (b) cutting with sharp knives, (c) burning with fire, (d) extracting teeth from the lower jaw, that the life, the blood, the smoke of human flesh and the dedication of human teeth might turn the great devil from his stern purpose.

"The moment a baby is born it is scarred with a sharp knife



THE NILE AT MRULI—THE RUINS OF GENERAL GORDON'S FORT

and dedicated to the devil. If it has a pain in the head or chest, and cries, the devil is angry, and the little creature is burned with a red-hot iron on the head and chest, that the human smoke may drive away Lubare. When the poor baby's teeth arrive, instead of being a cause of delight to the mother, she painfully extracts them. Amongst my daily patients is a little girl with a deep wound in her forehead, caused by her mother firing a blunt arrow at the child's head, that she might draw the blood and cure the pain."

Such was Bunyoro when I decided to visit it, and to see for myself whether the time had come for the permanent occupation of the country. As it was so lately in rebellion, and was still in parts greatly disturbed, it was necessary to obtain the sanction of the Acting Commissioner (Colonel Ternan) for the journey. This was readily accorded, and, having invited Mr. Fisher to accompany me, I started on February 11 for Waluleta, some five-and-twenty miles away. The day was hot and the journey long, the hills were steep and the swamps were deep. It was therefore with no little pleasure that, some six miles from my destination, I met some messengers from the Kangawo (Zakaria Kizito) with a horse. To save me further fatigue, he had sent it most kindly to my assistance.

A quiet and restful Sunday was spent at Waluleta. A Confirmation service was held, when ninety-two candidates were presented, and received the laying on of hands. At Kisitala, where we arrived on the following day (February 14), a similar service had been arranged, and no fewer than one hundred and twenty men and women were confirmed.

Having said good-bye to our old friend Samwili Mukasa (the chief of the place) and the warm-hearted crowds which thronged around us, we started on our four days' march to Kisalizi, the headquarters of Andereya, the Kimbugwe. It was a hot and tiring journey, the scenery monotonous and uninteresting. A veil of grey haze hung over the landscape, and added to the depressing monotony of the march. However, we made good progress, and on Saturday, February 18, reached our destination.

Although Kisalizi forms nominally a part of Uganda, the population is almost entirely Banyoro. In the old days Kamrasi and Kabarega, kings of Bunyoro, pushed their conquests very far down the west bank of the Nile—almost, indeed, as far as the province of Kyagwe. The late encounters of the Baganda with their ancient foes had resulted in the recovery of most of

the lost territory. The Banyoro settlers, however, instead of being driven out, were allowed to remain in the occupation of their holdings, and so the land was saved from falling back into ruin. It had lately been the centre of considerable interest from a military point of view. Many of the Sudanese mutineers were encamped on the east bank of the Nile (we could hear the crack of their rifles as they hunted game), and from time to time made raids upon their enemy's lines of communication. One such raid had taken place a few weeks previous to our arrival. It seems that two or three small forts had been built not far from the Nile, one being at Kisalizi and another at Mruli. Lieutenant Hannington, with a detachment of Punjabis, was proceeding to the latter place, and had halted to read a letter which had just been handed to him by a messenger. Hastening to overtake his men, he reached them just as a murderous volley was fired upon them by a party of mutineers hidden in the long grass, not far from the road. Half of his party had fallen. He himself, by a second volley, was wounded, but with the few survivors managed with great difficulty to make his way back to the fort at Kisalizi. There he was besieged for several weeks by four or five hundred Sudanese. He made a successful defence, the mutineers at length raising the siege and retreating across the Nile.

The prospects of the work at Kisalizi were distinctly encouraging. Andereya had commenced to build a new church—the old one had been burnt by the Sudanese—and schoolrooms, and many young men and women were already under instruction. The baptism of several infants, and a service of Holy Communion, in the unfinished church, were my first engagements. Then came the writing down of the names of candidates for baptism. The sale of books followed. For these there was a keen demand, no fewer than 40,000 shells' worth being disposed of in one day.

A football-match on the chief's "mbuga," one side captained by Fisher and the other by myself, brought our visit to a close.

On Tuesday, February 21, we started on the last stage of our journey to Masindi. Captain Chitty, in obedience to instructions from Colonel Ternan, arranged for an escort of some thirty Baganda soldiers. At the same time a party of Indian soldiers was sent to march parallel with ourselves—between us and the Nile, on the farther bank of which were the mutineers. Fort Kutabu was reached in due course, nothing having been seen

of the enemy. On the following day we made our way to the Kafu, on the north bank of which was the modern station of Mruli. An immense dug-out canoe, capable of holding thirty or forty passengers, was in use as a ferry-boat, and quickly transported us across the semi-reed-blocked channel of the river, which conveys the greater part of the drainage of Uganda into the Nile. Sergeant Bonza, who was in charge of the block-house, received us kindly, and in the afternoon arranged for a visit to the old station of Mruli, from which General Gordon dated some of his letters, and which was in his day the most southern outpost of Egyptian rule.

The huge dug-out was once more brought into use, and slowly we poled our way through reeds and papyrus until, with very little warning of what was before us, we were launched out into a most beautiful reach of the River Nile. The scene was enchanting in the extreme. A wide, almost lake-like stretch of water lay before us, a stretch some 800 yards in width, which in parts, as in a mirror, reflected a sky more high and clear than the azure of a summer morning in the homeland ever imaged, and lit to its apparently measureless depths by a sun more glorious than ever poured splendour even upon the meres and tarns of "bonny Westmorland," that queen of scenic beauty.

To drive our canoe into this scene of exquisite beauty seemed almost like desecration. But our paddlers had no mercy. Their work was to reach the farther bank, and that with as little delay as possible, and so, with a wild cry of pleasure at getting free from the trammels of the pearly white and sky-blue lilies with which our track, like a bridal path, had hitherto been strewn, and of whose glories they could see nothing and cared less, they set to work with a will, and, dashing their paddles simultaneously into the water, in a very few minutes they brought us to the reedy margin of the farther shore.

Climbing the rough bank of rocks and scrub, intermingled with red earth, we soon found ourselves in the midst of the ruins of the old fort of Gordon's days. There, there was little doubt, were the remains of the guard-house, and there and there were bastions commanding every possible approach; and over yonder, near that tangled mass of creepers, was one of the dwelling-houses, possibly the one in which Gordon lived, and in which he jotted down those entries in his journal which give us such a wonderful insight into his inner life and character.

It was very moving to the soul to stand there, in that ruined,

desolated fort, and to think of that noble Christian hero who had sojourned there, and of all his prayerful longings for the regeneration of the land spread out before him, and to remind oneself of how wonderfully his prayers had been answered in the growth of the Church of Christ in Uganda, in the planting of which he had assisted, and in its extension to the very regions which lay so heavily upon his soul. As Browning says :

“ Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet are firmly planted on the rock.
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, It shall be done—sometime, somewhere.”

At Masindi, where we arrived the second day after leaving Mruli, we received a warm welcome from the king, Lubuga (queen-sister), Tomasi Semfuma, and the band of readers whom the latter had gathered round him. A grass and reed house had been built for our accommodation, and every arrangement made that was possible for our comfort. It was evident that a spirit of inquiry was abroad, and that in a very short time we should have a considerable work upon our hands. Tomasi recommended both the king and the Lubuga for baptism, for which rite he had been preparing them for some while past. I asked Mr. Fisher to examine them. The result was entirely satisfactory. On Sunday, February 26, therefore, it was my great joy to baptize them both—the young king and his sister—the former taking the name of Yosiya William, and the latter that of Vikitoria. Three other catechumens were baptized at the same time.

That Masindi would eventually become a place of considerable importance was evident. The Government were making it a military centre, and the main caravan road to the Nile stations of Wadelai, Dufile, and Gondokoro passed through it. I therefore thought it well to take steps to acquire a suitable site for a permanent Mission-station.

Hoima, or, more properly, Kahora, was the ancient capital of the kings of Bunyoro. Planted in the midst of a fine grazing country, it was regarded by most of the Banyoro chiefs as an ideal spot for their cattle, and thus it came to pass that, whilst obliged to build at Masindi, on account of its being the centre of the European administration, their cattle were at Hoima, and, needless to say, their hearts were there also. Thither on Tuesday, February 28, we bent our steps.

Hoima, which we reached on the second day, is a charming

spot. Located in the midst of an amphitheatre of hills, it reminds one of nothing so much as a scene in the homeland. A rippling stream runs through the valley, dipping down here and there into shady dells, half hidden from view by the overhanging trees. Away southward on the horizon peeps up Musaja Mukulu (the headman), a cone-like hill which not long ago was the scene of a bloody fight. Yonder to the east is the gap in the hills through which runs the road to Masindi, whilst westward, blue with haze, rise the Bulega Mountains, and we know that between them and us, in a great trough a thousand feet below us, lies the Albert Nyanza.

On a knoll in the midst of this scene of exquisite beauty, and almost within sight and sound of the running water, stands the fort. Captain Hicks was in charge, and gave us a most cordial welcome. He was leaving, however, the next day for Fajao, but most kindly placed his house, and indeed the whole fort, at our disposal.

The next few days were full of the most absorbing interest. What could be more delightful than to see gathered round us young men and women, with joy written on every feature of their countenances, a band of believers which, almost without European teaching, had been brought to a saving knowledge of Christ as God and Saviour? Byabachwezi, the chief whom Fisher had interested in Christianity during his visit in 1895, was a great help to us in making our plans for the future. A site for a Mission-station and church was secured, and the buildings marked out. Candidates for Baptism were examined, and the course of instruction for Confirmation was arranged. It was then decided that Fisher should remain at Kahora for a while, but afterwards return to Masindi until arrangements could be made for the permanent occupation of the former place. Thus was Bunyoro claimed for Christ and permanently occupied.

It was with no little regret that on March 6 I said good-bye to the little band of Christians who, on Sunday, the 5th, had been baptized into the Church of Christ, and took my way towards the Kafu River on my way back to Uganda. I crossed it on the second day, and camped at Petero's, a wild spot not far from the river bank. Towards evening headache and racking pains in my back and limbs told me that I was in for an attack of fever. I spent a sleepless night, but towards morning my temperature went down, and although feeling weak and good for nothing, I determined to proceed. Twenty-two or three

miles lay between Petero's and the next possible camping-place. It was a long journey, but I resolved to face it. However, after a couple of hours' hard tramping, I became conscious that fever was upon me once more; the racking headache and the heart beating like a sledge-hammer were unmistakable signs. What was to be done? It was impossible to camp—there was no food or water. To go back was not to be thought of. Walking was an impossibility. How about a hammock? For a pole there was the ridge pole of my tent, fortunately unjointed; for a hammock, one of my boys was wearing several yards of Amerikani calico. Tied together at the ends, it would sustain a considerable strain. This makeshift arrangement answered admirably. Fortunately I had a few spare men with me, and by putting a few light loads together, I got two or three more. And so we went forward. A halt for refreshment and then on again. At length, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, the mounting clouds and the rolling of distant thunder told of a coming storm. Happily I had a new waterproof riding "poncho" with me. This was spread over the hammock and securely tied underneath, but only just in time. The storm burst with almost inconceivable fury. Torrents of rain, rushing wind, and blinding lightning all combined to make the outburst one of the most terrible which it has ever been my lot to witness even in the tropics. I say witness, but to tell the truth I saw little of it. Securely tied up in my hammock, I was in semi-darkness. But the struggles of the men, the beating of the rain on the waterproof cover, and the appalling crashes of the thunder indicated only too truly the nature of the storm without. For two mortal hours the men staggered along with their burden in the face of the tempest, the path little better than a running stream. It was a gallant struggle, and nobly the men did their work. At length darkness set in, but gardens were in sight, so I gathered from the broken bits of information which came to me from time to time in my hiding-place. Soon it became evident that we were nearing a house, and then that an attempt was being made to enter it. There was a halt, the fastenings of my cover were undone, and lo! I found myself inside a native hut, in the midst of which was a blazing fire. "Thank God!" was all I could say, as I staggered to a native bedstead which occupied the farther side of the hut. It was a merciful deliverance from a great peril. But for the courage of my men I should have been exposed to the fury of the storm, without hope of shelter, of fire, or of food, and that, too, with fever upon me—a temperature of 103° F.

To say that I was grateful is but feebly to express my thankfulness to the brave fellows who so nobly did their work. The "Muzungu" (the white man) was in danger, and they must save him, had been the burden of their cry as they bore him along in the face of that terrible storm.

A sleepless night followed ; but happily strong doses of quinine, hot tea, and blankets did their work, and at dawn my temperature was once more normal. It was not, however, till the afternoon that I felt fit to move. Kinakulya was only some three hours away, and so was easily reached by sun-down.

A day's rest followed, and then on I went again to Mitiana, where I arrived on March 13. Here and at Kasaka Confirmations had been arranged. Seventy-nine candidates were presented at the former place and fifty-three at the latter.

On Monday, March 20, I left Mitiana, whither I had returned after visiting Kasaka, and on the following day reached Mengo.

Thus came to an end a memorable expedition involving a tramp of nearly four hundred miles, but resulting in the opening up of Bunyoro, which for long ages had been sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, to the Gospel of Christ and the permanent occupation of the country for Him.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE EVANGELIZATION OF KOKI (1899)

"Every field smiles with thy glory ; and each
Chiming voice in forest, or on heaven's invisible thrones,
Has one soul-soothing song."

W. FREELAND.

AN interval of some three weeks followed my return from Bunyoro. Then came a journey to Koki, where Clayton was at work. The story of the evangelization of Koki, which lies to the south-west of Uganda, is an interesting one. Roughly it is as follows :

Kamswaga the king is of the great "Hima" tribe. Tall and lithe in figure, with a light complexion, he is easily recognized as one of that interesting people—the cattle-breeders and tenders of Central Africa. His first contact with Christianity was in 1894, when on a visit to Mengo. Seeing what faith in Christ as a living Saviour had done for the Baganda, he became not

only anxious to be taught himself, but most desirous that his people should also be instructed in the new religion, which appeared to him (so he said) to be as "good for this life as for the next"; in other words, to have in it "the promise of the life which now is and of that which is to come."

Appealing to the Mengo Church Council for help, he met with a ready response. Four teachers came forward as volunteers, and were assigned to Koki as its first evangelists. With these men Kamswaga returned with great joy to his own country. One of these evangelists, a lame man named Mikaeri, told at a Missionary meeting in Mengo a year later the story of his experience—"first defiant opposition, slander, misunderstandings and then prayers answered—charms brought to be broken and burnt—a weekly congregation of two or three hundred souls, besides others in the country—books bought in considerable quantities, and sixty able to read a Gospel where not one could read before."

In June, 1895, Fisher was asked to undertake a journey to Koki in order to see how things were prospering. His report was even more encouraging than lame Mikaeri's. Of the eighty chiefs of the country, twenty-four were able to read the Gospels, and twelve were reading the "Mateka" (first reading-books). During a stay of two months Fisher was able to effect a good deal in the way of consolidation of a work which had made such a promising beginning.

Another step forward was taken at the end of the year, when Leakey was located in Koki as its first resident Missionary; with him was associated Tomasi Semfuma, whom we saw in the preceding chapter at work at Masindi in Bunyoro some three years later.

In April, 1896, Roscoe visited Koki and conducted a series of Mission services, which resulted in much blessing. Then came the baptism of the first converts. In October Pike followed in Roscoe's footsteps, and baptized fourteen adults and eight children. At the close of the year the following was Leakey's testimony as to the progress which had been made:

"When I arrived here there was but one church in Koki, now there are eight; then no baptized Christians, now twenty-two adults and eight infants. Then books sold very slowly, now there is a good sale. I have about twenty-four names of candidates under instruction for Baptism, and about sixteen for Confirmation. Drink is far less. Slavery and the slave trade is

also less—the king is trying to stop it. We have much to thank God for. He has done wondrously.”

In March, 1897, Clayton was added to the Missionary force in Koki, and there was a promise of great things in the near future. Pilkington was on a visit, and the work was moving forward rapidly when all at once came a check. The “bolt from the blue,” had fallen. Mwanga had fled from the capital and had raised the standard of revolt in Budu. The little Missionary band was thus cut off from all help from Mengo. However, Colonel Ternan, who was in command of the forces, lost no time in marching against the daily increasing army of the king under Gabrieli, the Mujasi. They met near Kabuwoko. A short, sharp fight ensued, with the result that Mwanga was totally defeated and his forces dispersed. He himself fled (as has already been told in an earlier chapter) into German territory, and was interned at Mwanza. The road to Mengo was now open, and thither the Koki Missionaries made their way. There they were detained for some months, owing to the disturbed state of the country, the Sudanese mutiny following close upon the flight of the king. Even after his return Clayton had his house in Budu burnt down by a wandering band of rebels, who saluted him with shots as he emerged from the blazing building. “We will let them see,” said Clayton, “that an Englishman is not so easily frightened as they suppose.” He at once commenced the building of a new house of mud, with a roof of “byai” (banana fibre), which was practically fireproof. And so the work went forward (Clayton spending half his time in Budu and half in Koki), until at the close of 1898 there were in the latter country some three hundred readers, ninety-six of whom (excluding infants) were baptized.

And thus I found things on my first visit to Koki, a sphere of work with a chequered history, as we have seen, and yet with manifest tokens of God’s blessing resting upon it. My journey thither was full of interest. I determined to travel by canoe to Bujaju, on the coast of Budu, and thence by road to Kajuna, where Clayton had arranged to meet me, and where he had a very promising work in hand.

Starting on Monday, April 10, I camped at Kazi, on the Lake shore, where old Nikodemo, the chief, had a couple of large canoes in readiness. The pull to Busi the next day was a long one, but full of that indescribable charm which is inseparable from lake travel. Skirting the shore, we passed at intervals headlands and bays, islands and creeks, teeming with life of all

kinds, the sounds and sight of which were a continual delight. Away in the distance yonder, on the seaward side, was a school of hippos, blowing now and again with that bass note of theirs, which seems to come from a spot only a few yards off. Nervously the canoe-men grasped their paddles, keeping their eyes fixed upon the monsters, fearing lest at any moment they might "come for us."

And then the bird life! What a wonder it was—dippers and Nile geese, swallows and island parrots on every side, continually on the wing, with all their characteristic movements, darting, diving, hovering, or circling, as the case might be. Yonder, not a hundred yards away, high up in a crooked branch of an old "Muvule" tree, overhanging a deep dark pool, was a huge fish eagle, watching for its prey.

It was a disappointment to find that Samwili Kamwakabi, the teacher in charge, was away visiting some of the more distant villages. However, there was a goodly crowd to greet us, as towards sunset our canoes shot their prows high up on the sandy shore of the island, and we found ourselves at our camping-place.

The next day's camp was on the island of Sewaya, where I found a little band of Christians, simple in their faith, and apparently full of love and devotion to their Lord and Master. A cold wind had been blowing all day. The result was chill, fever, and a restless, sleepless night. However, there could be no delay, and so, wrapping up well, I took my place a little after dawn in the canoe and went on to Bujaju, where we arrived about 4 p.m. It was here that my difficulties commenced. I had counted on obtaining porters from the chief for my onward journey to Kajuna, some four hours away. But I had reckoned without my host. A message to the chief, asking him to come and see me, only resulted in the one word "aganyi" (he refuses). A still more urgent message met only with a similar response. Then came the information that he had gone off to a neighbouring garden. On inquiring of his steward the reason of this conduct, I was informed that his master had received orders from the French priests to do nothing to help me or any Protestant Missionary. My men had perforce to go hungry to bed, and I, in starting the next morning, was obliged to leave all my baggage behind me. I was still feeling weak and ill. The road was a most trying one—for miles I had to tramp across a sandy plain, which evidently at no distant date had formed the bed of an arm of the Great Lake. At every step one sank about ankle-

deep in the soft sand. In such circumstances two miles an hour was good travelling. But the toil of it! The weariness of it! No words can fitly describe the absolute misery of it. Occasionally I crouched down under the shade of a small bush for a little rest. But the thought that the longer the delay the hotter the sun would get urged me along. At length, almost fainting from fatigue and exhaustion, I climbed the hill, on the crest of which was the little Mission-station of Kajuna.

From Kajuna a three days' journey through Budu brought us to Koki. Here, as in the country we had just passed through, we found on every hand traces of the devastation wrought by the rebels. The old Mission-station built by Leahey, after having been used by the soldiery as a fort, had been abandoned, and a small grass and reed hut had been put up in its stead near the king's enclosure.

The king's place was in ruins. The houses had been burnt and the fences destroyed. The gardens had fallen out of cultivation, and in consequence food was scarce and the means of living very precarious. But still the work was going forward. It was true there was no church, but there was no neglect among the Christians in the matter of assembling themselves together for worship and instruction. The shelter of a half-burnt house—the shade of a piece of the “kisakate” (fence) yet standing—the “greenery” of the banana plantation—it was all the same, wherever shelter from sun or rain was available, there was the gathering together of the two or three seekers after God, claiming the promise of the Presence.

I cherish no more sacred memory of my life than the open-air Confirmation service held on Sunday, April 23, in the shade of Kamswaga's “kisakate.” Some fifty-two candidates were presented by Mr. Clayton, of whom thirty-seven were men and fifteen women. These, with twenty-two other communicants, gathered around the Table of the Lord in a solemn service of Holy Communion. It was indeed a touching scene. On every hand were tokens, plainly visible, of the war which had swept through the land—broken walls, charred beams and rafters, dilapidated fences, creepers and wild weeds, the former clinging in fantastic wreaths to the ruins around, and the latter covering the open spaces with a carpet of verdure beautiful to look upon, but heartbreaking to peasant and chief alike—all told more eloquently than words of the troubles through which the country had so recently passed.

Kamswaga, the king, I was thankful to find, was persevering

in his struggle with his old enemy, strong drink, and was living an altogether new life. Many of his followers were under instruction, some indeed with a view to Baptism.

Clayton's house was the centre of a remarkable, widespread influence. Daily it was thronged with inquirers, and every evening crowds of men and boys came together, eager for the teaching which preceded evening prayers.

It was clear that with peace in the country, and a consequent returning prosperity, the work would go forward by leaps and bounds. And so with a heart full of thankfulness and praise for what I had seen of God's work of grace in the hearts of the people, on Monday, April 24, I brought my five days' visit to a close and started on my way to Sango, on the Lake shore, where I proposed to embark for the Sese Islands. Clayton accompanied me upon the way so far.

We had halted for our midday rest at the house of a friendly chief, when a man rushed in shouting, "Bamukwata" (*i.e.*, They have caught him). "Whom have they caught?" was our not unnatural inquiry. And then came the startling answer, "Mwanga, Kabaka." Little by little the story was told of how Colonel Evatt, who was in command of the troops in Bunyoro, had planned an expedition into Bukedi, where Mwanga was in hiding. Andereya the Kimbugwe and Simei Kakungulu had, it seems, opened up communication with the natives, and had obtained accurate information as to the whereabouts of the fugitive king. Very complete arrangements were made for the passage of the Nile by the expedition, and for the surprise, if possible, of the whole party, including Kabarega, the king of Bunyoro. The whole enterprise was a complete success. Hidden by the early morning mists, on April 9 the forces moved forward in absolute silence, their object being to surround the village where the rebels were in hiding. The attack was delivered at about 10 a.m. The surprise was complete. There was a short sharp fight, in the course of which Kabarega was wounded, but he and his two sons, Tao and Nakana, were captured. Mwanga almost died of fright when he realized that his race was run, and rushed out of his place of hiding crying, "I am Mwanga—take me—don't kill me." He, together with a number of Baganda rebel chiefs and Sudanese mutineers, also became prisoners.

This victory, almost dramatic in its completion, practically brought to an end the troublous period which was inaugurated by the flight of the king, nearly two years before. Gabrieli and other rebel chiefs, with the remnant of the mutineers, were

still at large, but with the capture of both Mwanga and Kabarega their position, as the event proved, was a hopeless one. Colonel Evatt's notable victory was the signal for their dispersion. Each one sought to make terms for himself, Gabrieli giving himself up to the German authorities at Bukoba. And so peace came and once more spread its sheltering wings over the long distracted land of Uganda.

Cheered by the good news, we went on our way with light hearts to Bale, on the coast of southern Budu. Arriving tired at the close of a long day, it was a great delight to be welcomed by a large body of warm-hearted Christians, whom the teacher, a man named Yeremiya, had gathered round him.

Canoes were ready, and on the following morning, having bidden farewell to Clayton and the Bale readers, I started on my voyage to Sese, *en route* to Bukasa, where Mr. Gordon had arranged to meet me.

The day was fine and the wind fair, so that steady paddling for some five hours sufficed to take us across the channel to the south end of the great island.

A little group of readers rushed forward with shouts of welcome to greet me, as, with a song in chorus, the paddlers, working as one man, and the steersman dashing the sparkling water high into the air, drove our craft on to the sandy shore.

It was a great joy to gather at sundown for evening prayer in the little church of reeds and grass, which served as a reading place during the week and a place of worship on the Lord's Day, for a congregation of some thirty or forty souls. Two of this little flock I found were candidates for Confirmation, and were to journey with me on the morrow to the island of Bukasa, which was the centre of our island work, and where I had arranged to hold a Confirmation service.

The onward voyage to Bukasa was full of the deepest interest. At one moment we were gliding smoothly along under the shadow of a beetling crag which rose abruptly from the water's edge to a height of some seventy or a hundred feet. At another cutting across a narrow strait we were pitching and tossing on the glittering waterway, occasionally being drenched by a shower of spray as we ventured to put the canoe's head to the wind. Then later, as we neared the further shore, a school of hippos would rouse our men into a sudden burst of fearful energy, and, dashing their paddles into the still water of the lake, they would make once more for the open sea. The sunshine and the shade, the woods, the rocks and the distant hills, the fresh and fragrant

breeze, the lapping water, the cawing rooks, the leaping fish, and a thousand charms of earth and air, of sky and water, all alike had their share in filling the soul not merely with images of beauty, but with a deep sense of the greatness and glory of the Creator.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon welcomed me most warmly to their island home. The former, who was in charge of the work in the Sese Archipelago, had as his native colleague Henry Mukasa, a man of tried worth, who had formerly been a Missionary to the people of Nasa. Confirmation candidates from the neighbouring islands had come together for examination, and on Sunday, April 30, eighty-six of them—men and women—received the laying on of hands.

On Tuesday, May 2, I started for the island of Bubembe, in company with Mr. Gordon. There another Confirmation had been arranged, and seventy-eight candidates were presented to me at a service held in a new church, which had recently been opened for worship.

This brought my list of engagements to a close, and on the following morning I started on my return to Mengo, where some three days later I arrived and found all well.

CHAPTER XXXIV

CAPTIVITY AND DEATH OF MWANGA (1899)

“How are the mighty fallen!”—2 SAMUEL i. 19.

THE news of the capture of Mwanga and Kabarega created a great sensation throughout the whole of Uganda. The excitement was intense, though subdued. The question as to what the Bazungu (the white men) intended to do with their prisoners was eagerly discussed in every native gathering. Would they be shot, as several Baganda rebels had been already, or would they be put into the chain gang, and be compelled to work like common malefactors? were the questions most commonly debated. “What is the use of talking?” was the general conclusion. “You can never tell what the Bagovamenti” (the men of the Government) “are likely to do.” Not long were they kept in suspense. Deportation to the coast, first to Mombasa, and then to Kismayu, was to be the fate of the two kings.

It was evidently a great relief to the great mass of the Baganda that their king, tyrant though he was, was not to be put to death. The extraordinary hold which the idea of the kingship has on the native mind can hardly be realized by the European. "Kantonda Yebale" (Thank God!) was the exclamation most commonly heard coming from the lips of the Baganda Christians as they heard the news. "Abazungu bamusaside" (The Europeans have pitied him) was their summing up of the whole matter.

On May 11, happening to call on Colonel Ternan (the Acting Commissioner) at Kampala, I was told that the two kings were momentarily expected. They were being brought in under guard. The report was soon noised abroad, and crowds began to gather. There was a little anxiety on the part of the authorities as to the attitude of the "Bakopi" (peasantry), and every precaution had been taken to prevent any attempt at a rescue. The murmur of voices at a distance, gradually getting louder and louder, told of the approach of a great multitude. The murmur grew into a roar, and then the sight of fully armed guards told us that Mwanga and Kabarega were at hand. Lying upon a native bedstead carried on the heads of half a dozen porters was the late king of Bunyoro. His arm was in bandages, owing to a wound received at the time of his capture.

Mwanga was walking surrounded by guards. He had grown a long beard, and was hardly recognizable. "Otyano sebo?" (How are you, sir?) resounded on all sides. It was a touching and, in many respects, a pitiable sight. One could not but recall the many opportunities which Mwanga had enjoyed of doing the right, and how persistently he had chosen to do the wrong, and certainly in his later days had sinned against light and knowledge. But yet, if one sought to find excuses for him, one could not but remember his up-bringing—his evil surroundings, his hereditary tendencies, his awful temptations, and truly one felt that the weight of these might well drag downward a man of much stouter moral fibre than this sinning, and by no means little sinned against, son of Mutesa.

Thenceforward—but in this I am anticipating—his figure is but a mere shadow to us. We hear of him from time to time—a prisoner at Mombasa, Kismayu, and eventually in the Seychelles. Then there is a long silence, broken by the glad news that he had accepted Christ as his God and Saviour, and has been baptized, taking the name of Danieri. A few more months pass by, and then came the tidings of his death.

There was weeping and wailing on the part of many in Uganda when the news was noised abroad. Even the worst men have those who love them. An effort was made by many of his old followers to have his remains brought back to Mengo for burial, but permission was very wisely refused. He was laid to rest yonder in that lonely island of the Indian Ocean, in which the mystical mind of General Gordon seemed to see the original site of the Garden of Eden. And so he passes from our view, and from the stage where he had played so tragic and so fateful a part.

“After life’s fitful fever he sleeps well.”

But to return to my story, the next few months were taken up with many engagements in and around Mengo. After a visit to Gayaza, where thirty-five men and nineteen women were confirmed on May 21, there came a very busy week of examination work. Six men trained by the Archdeacon had been selected by the Church Council for presentation to me for Deacon’s Orders. Ecob and Skeens were candidates for Priests’ Orders. On Trinity Sunday, May 28, the following were solemnly ordained :

Deacons.—Nuwa Nakiwafu, Tomasi Semfuma, Zakayo Buligwanga, Isaka Lwaki, Yosua Kiwavu, Silasi Aliwonya.

Priests.—C. T. Ecob, S. R. Skeens.

The month of June was crowded with engagements of the most varied kind. On the 11th two Lay Readers were admitted to their office. On the 13th came the dedication of the new church at Ndeje, in celebration of which the Kangao made a great feast, when five oxen were killed and eaten, and five hundred baskets of food were consumed. The 15th saw me once more at Mengo, and two days later I started for Nakanyonyi, where, on the 18th, a hundred and thirty-one men and women were confirmed. On the 19th Mengo was reached once more, and on the following day I started for the island of Kome, where I arrived at 3.30 p.m. A Confirmation the next morning, when thirty-two candidates were confirmed, and a conference with teachers, was all that had been arranged for me, and starting back as soon as these were over, I was able to reach my house in Namirembe by 7 p.m., thus doing the double journey within twenty-four hours. On the 23rd came a Confirmation at Mengo, when fifty-nine candidates were presented. On the 24th there was a long meeting of the Translational Committee, and on Sunday, the 25th, an English service with sermon, for a congregation



A HUT IN BUNYORO

of twenty-four Europeans. The two following days were filled up with meetings, both morning and evening, of the Translational Committee, and then, on the 28th, came the Conference of Missionaries, which had been summoned specially to consider further the question of a Constitution for the Church.

After a solemn service of Holy Communion, with an address by myself, the Conference settled down to the consideration of the burning question as to whether the European Missionaries were to be included within the Constitution, or, on the other hand, to be excluded from it, and find their places as advisers of the Native Church, which they themselves did not join. The latter proposal was that favoured by the majority in the Conference, and as I regarded the former as a fundamental principle, I withdrew my draft Constitution as a whole from further discussion. I then proposed that so much of it as had a general consensus of opinion in its favour should be adopted and become the working rule of the Church. I felt that "half a loaf was better than no bread." Indeed, it was more than half a loaf which was obtained by the adoption of my suggestion. In fact, three-fourths of the Constitution were agreed to. Parochial and District Councils were provided for, as well as the maintenance of the Central Council at Mengo. The Elector, it was decided, should be the Communicant, the offices of readers, teachers, and women teachers were put upon a recognized and regular basis. Women's Conferences were arranged for each district and for the centre at Mengo. The Central Conference consisted of delegates chosen by the District Conference, two from each Conference. A Central Church Fund was also established. These proposals a few months later were brought before the Church Council at Mengo, and were formally adopted as the working rule of the Church. I gave it my sanction, but only as a temporary measure, as an instalment of that complete scheme which I hoped in time would meet with general acceptance as a full and generous measure of Church government.

The Conference then passed to the consideration of a number of matters of the greatest importance, "The higher education of the native clergy and teachers," and "How best to organize a more thorough system of education for the young." Subjects more intimately bound up with the truest interests of the Church in Uganda it would be difficult to conceive. As is the life of the clergy, so will be the life of the people. Ignorance in the clergy means ignorance in the people.

I have already, in a previous chapter, enlarged upon the pre-

eminent value of character in a minister of the Gospel, and how infinitely it is to be preferred to that which commonly is regarded as education. In the earlier stages of Missionary work it is vain to look for much else in Church workers than spiritual life and moral worth. But in 1899 we were passing out of the earlier stage. A new era was dawning both upon the Church and the country. Six years had passed by since the foundation of the native ministry had been laid, and it was time to take a step forward and to devise means by which, in addition to spiritual life and moral worth, there might be added to the equipment of our native pastors that culture and mental training which is the outcome of study and the fruit of instruction properly and wisely imparted. We therefore decided to embark upon a considerable translational work—a commentary on the four Gospels and the Acts from the Cambridge Bible, Maclear's "Old Testament History," a work on Church doctrine, Maclear's "Introduction to the Creeds," and so forth. It was also arranged to assign another Missionary to the special work of teaching, one who should give his undivided attention to the training of Church Council teachers in Mengo.

The two great obstacles in the way of a thorough organization of educational work amongst the young were the lack of school buildings and properly trained teachers. The former need could only be supplied by the Church Council. It was therefore decided to bring the matter before that body as soon as possible. The latter great necessity was a much more difficult problem to deal with. You cannot train a teacher as you can "run up" a school building. There seems to be a general impression in the Mission-field that anybody can teach in a school. No greater mistake can possibly be made. Someone has said, and said truly, that the four chief qualifications of a teacher are: "Character, teaching ability, scholarship, and culture." While it is quite true that no amount of training can ever take the place of natural ability, it is also true that it is only by means of a thorough system of training that natural ability can be properly developed, and ordinary ability (and this is what we have mainly to deal with in the Mission-field) be utilized for the due filling of that high and holy office—the office of the teacher of the young.

With such thoughts in mind, the Conference discussed, and eventually adopted, the following resolution:

"This Conference is of opinion that immediate steps should be taken to organize a thorough system of training school-teachers, both male and female."

A Conference of lady Missioners, held a few days later, adopted a similar resolution. Thus was the Church committed to a forward policy, both with regard to the higher education of pastors and school-teachers, and also with regard to an organized system of primary education throughout the country.

Another subject dealt with by the Conference was, "How best to foster a spirit of prayer among the native Christians." It was decided to recommend the establishment of a weekly meeting for prayer in connection with every congregation throughout the country. It was further resolved to issue a manual of devotion, as an aid to Christians in private and family prayer.

A consideration of the very necessary subject of the best method for the registration of Communicants brought our Conference to a close.

CHAPTER XXXV

BUSOGA (1899)

"All souls are thine! the wings of morning bear
None from that presence which is everywhere,
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there."

WHITTIER.

LET us now turn from the comparatively ordered and settled condition of things both in Church and State in Uganda, and see how all this while matters were faring in the more backward country of Busoga. Its backwardness (about which there could be no question) was due very largely to that position of subordination which for many years it had occupied with respect to Uganda. Naturally rich and fertile, with immense flocks and herds, it had long been the happy hunting-ground of the more warlike and strenuous race dwelling on the opposite bank of the Nile, who, not content with carrying off their sheep and goats, had enslaved for bartering away, in exchange for guns and powder, thousands of men and women.

Another reason for the backward condition of the Basoga and their position of subordination is, I think, to be found in their tenacious hold upon a method of government which did not make for progress. Whilst they had doubtless risen superior to the more primitive conditions of life which distinguish the tribes living under the patriarchal system, they had not yet

advanced to the idea of the kingship and the feudal system as it obtains in Uganda—a system which had without question given to the Baganda that cohesion which had enabled them to conquer and to keep in subjection peoples like the Basoga, standing midway between such tribes as the Bakavirondo, who still clung to the patriarchal idea, and themselves, who had risen to a realization of the advantages of the feudal method of government.

Busoga at the time of which I am writing was divided into seven great chieftainships, viz., Wakoli, Luba, Miro, Tabingwa, Gabula, Nkono, and Zibondo. Each of these was independent of the other—jealous as well as fearful of the other. The only unifying force in Busoga was a common language. But even this was powerless to unite the rival forces against a common foe. An effort made by Mr. Berkeley, the British Administrator of the Uganda Protectorate, to bring the various chiefs to recognize one of themselves as paramount chief or king of the nation failed completely. They would have none of it.

It was reserved for that greatest of all unifying forces, Christianity, to knit them together in the closest of all bonds, the bonds of Christian love and union—not a union for conflict with their ancient foes the Baganda, but a union for battle with the forces and powers of darkness, which for so long ages had held them in cruel bondage.

How this was brought about, and how slowly but surely Christianity won its way in Busoga in the face of opposition fierce and deep, and indeed at times almost deadly, let me tell as briefly and shortly as possible.

In 1891 F. C. Smith, who had formed one of my party traveling to Uganda the previous year, journeyed to Busoga in company with Gordon. Among other chiefs, Wakoli was visited. He was a man of remarkable gifts, and free from many of the vices and superstitions of his people. He was, moreover, on very friendly terms with the British East Africa Company. So encouraging was their reception, and so inviting appeared the opening, that early in 1892 Smith returned alone, with the idea of definitely commencing the evangelization of the country. Captain Lugard, on his way to the coast, specially commended him to the care of Wakoli.

Shortly after Smith's arrival the terrible tragedy occurred to which allusion has already been made, when Wakoli was shot, either wilfully or accidentally (it has never been properly determined which), by a Swahili porter. Smith had a narrow escape

from death at the hands of the infuriated people. This, of course, brought to a conclusion the attempt to evangelize Eastern Busoga ; and Smith returned to Uganda, and was shortly afterwards invalidated home.

In the meanwhile Roscoe had commenced work at Luba's. But repeated attacks of fever, induced by the low and unhealthy situation of the grass hut which had been built by Luba for his accommodation, broke down his health, and he was obliged, like Smith, to retreat to Uganda.

It was not until two years later that another definite attempt was made to enter Busoga. On the failure of Messrs. Crabtree and Rowling to effect a settlement at Mumia's in Kavirondo, owing in a large measure to the scarcity of food and the lack of barter goods, they were transferred to Busoga. Rowling made Kigwisa, near Luba's, his headquarters, and Crabtree set to work at Miro's, some four-and-twenty miles away in a northerly direction.

The work was carried on in the face of much opposition on the part of the principal chiefs ; though outwardly friendly, they were secretly hostile, and strove by every means in their power to frustrate our efforts to evangelize and teach their people. For some time most of the teaching went on in secret at night, or in out-of-the-way places. Not infrequently some case of cruel treatment of a helpless woman or an inoffensive child came to the ears of the Missionaries. In nearly every instance the victim was a reader. It seemed almost as though we must face a revival of the early days of persecution in Uganda. There could be no doubt but that the priests of the Lubare were at the bottom of all this fierce opposition and cruelty. The hold which heathenism—the old Lubare worship—had still upon the chiefs and people was intense. Evidence of this was to be seen on every hand. Clumps of trees used as shrines met you at every turn. The peaked devil-houses, which are hardly ever seen now in Uganda, seemed almost as numerous as the huts of the people. It was almost impossible to go along a public path without being obliged to pass under some arrangements of charms intended for the propitiation of evil spirits. The powers of darkness were entrenched as in an impregnable stronghold, and it was evident that only by the might of the “stronger than the strong man armed” could they be dispossessed of that sovereignty over the minds and consciences of the Basoga, which for so long ages they had exercised.

In these early days Lusoga was the language in which it was

sought to reach the people. Reading-sheets were printed in the little press which had been set up at Kigwisa. Then the work of translating the Gospels into the vernacular was taken in hand by Mr. Crabtree. But there was noticed a desire on the part of many to read in Luganda. Whether it was from a feeling that the old life was so bound up with Lusoga that it was impossible to get entirely free from much that had become hateful unless the old language was forsaken, or whether it was simply a desire to acquire Luganda, as an accomplishment, and as identified with the white teachers, who understood and spoke the one with facility, but the other very stumblingly, it is hard to say. At any rate it soon became a moot question as to which was to be the prevailing tongue.

The principle ultimately adopted was that which has been applied to such countries as Bunyoro, Toro, and Nkole (where similar phenomena have been observed), viz., that all evangelistic work should, as far as possible, be done in the vernacular, but that in educational work Luganda might be the language of instruction.

I have sometimes been asked to what I attribute the sudden leap forward in the progress of the work in Uganda, which is so marked a feature of the period commencing in 1890. There were in my opinion several contributing causes, but one of the chief I believe to have been the abandonment of the use of Swahili in our teaching work, and steady perseverance in the policy of giving the Baganda the Word of God in their own tongue.

Mackay, it is true, did a notable translational work in Uganda, but in his later days he was very desirous of hastening the time when one language should dominate Central Africa, and that language, he hoped and believed, would be Swahili. But he miscalculated the results likely to accrue through the translation of the Scriptures into Luganda. He hardly foresaw the powers of resistance which it would give to that language. We, however, who can look back over the years that are gone, can trace it distinctly. We see that Swahili has hardly made any advance at all during the last fifteen years. Then Swahili books were eagerly sought for. Now hardly anyone will accept them as a gift. And we are profoundly thankful that it is so. Swahili is too closely related to Mohammedanism to be welcome in any Mission-field in Central Africa.

Divine guidance to the Church is, thank God, a great reality, and there is no event in the history of the Church of Uganda

which proves it more conclusively than the rejection in 1890 of Swahili as a teaching medium, and the enthusiastic adoption of Luganda both for evangelistic and educational purposes.

But to return to my story. Although between 1892 and 1894 no European Missionaries were stationed in Busoga, the work begun in 1891 was not allowed to lapse. Baganda evangelists were from the first engaged in the enterprise, and in the intervals of European occupation continued the work.

In journeying to Uganda from the coast in the autumn of 1895, Allen Wilson, who formed a member of my party, was left behind at Luba's, and commenced that work which so bravely and successfully he has carried forward up to the present time. In the following year H. W. Weatherhead was added to the force operating in Busoga. Then came Martin Hall. And so I found the party constituted when, at the conclusion of the Conference at Mengo, to which reference has already been made, I determined to see for myself how things were prospering.

Leaving Mengo on July 17, 1899, I arrived at Luba's four days later, having held a Confirmation at Ngogwe on the way, when eighty-six men and women received the laying on of hands. Luba was fast becoming not only a man of consequence but also a man of wealth. Whether his heart was being touched by the Gospel to which he listened, Sunday by Sunday, in the little church on the hill, or in the one in his own enclosure, it is hard to say. At all events his attitude towards the Mission was most friendly. On my arrival he came almost immediately to greet me and invited me to a feast on the following day.

A native feast in Central Africa is a fearful and wonderful sight. Then the native is seen at his very worst. He tears his meat like a wild beast. He gorges himself like a boa-constrictor. He is the animal pure and simple. In Uganda such savagery is slowly dying out with the advance of civilization and contact with the European. But in Busoga, at the time of which I am writing, such influences were only just beginning to be felt, and the native feast was altogether untouched by any of the refinements of civilized life.

Happily, our part in the repast preceded that of the natives. Willing hands soon covered the ground in front of us with bright green banana leaves. Then came a long procession of youths bearing upon their heads heavy burdens of cooked food in wicker baskets. These were quickly taken from their banana leaf wrappings, and lo! fish, flesh, and fowl lay before us, inviting us to fall to. Forks and spoons were minus quantities—a knife

was the only implement which the helpless "Muzungu" (European) had to aid him in his efforts to *appear* to enjoy the hospitality of his host. That, however, with the help of his fingers, which had been previously washed with water poured upon them by an attendant, enabled him to pass muster as a guest who appreciated the good things set before him.

The hungry crowd without had not long to wait. Very soon the word was passed round, "Abazungu bamaze okulya" (the Europeans have finished eating). Immediately the murmur of voices, which told of a gathered multitude outside, grew into a hoarse roar, almost, indeed, to a tumult. "Come," said Luba, "and let us see them eat." It was a sight not easily forgotten. Two or three thousand men and women were gathered on the two sides of their "mbuga" (the space in front of the chief's enclosure). The men in groups of ten or a dozen on the one side, and the women in similar groups on the other. Three hundred baskets of food, consisting of boiled bananas and the stewed flesh of a dozen bullocks which had been killed in honour of our coming, had just been brought upon the scene and were in process of distribution.

Word was brought to the chief that all was ready. "Let them eat," was the response. Then ensued such a scene as baffles all description. The hot "matoke" (boiled bananas) was seized and crammed down the throat at lightning speed, then lumps of meat were laid hold of and torn to pieces with the teeth, and as greedily swallowed, without mastication, and with imminent risk of choking. Here was the rib-bone of an ox with four men gnawing at it. There the jaw-bone had three boys hanging on to it with their teeth. Here—but the sight altogether was too disgusting, and one turned away with loathing from this mass of poor degraded humanity, which seemed to have but one object in life—self-satisfaction. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," sums it all up.

On the following day, July 25, Martin Hall and I started on our tour through Southern Busoga. My programme included visits to all the great chiefs, as well as to our Evangelists and teachers. I hoped to induce many of the former to admit our workers, if not to their enclosure, at least to their country, and so gradually to break down that wall of opposition which was so seriously hampering our efforts for the evangelization of the country. Kajaya was the first of these great chiefs to whom we paid our respects. I had already some acquaintance with him, having camped at his village on more than one occasion. He



A BANANA PLANTATION, BUSOGA

was as plausible as ever, and to all my requests yielded a ready assent. Oh, yes, he would be glad to have teachers in his country, and they should have complete freedom to go where they pleased and teach what they pleased. Would he allow his women and children to be taught? Certainly, there was nothing of which he was more desirous than that they should learn something of the wisdom of the white man—and so on. All this was very satisfactory as far as it went. But one knew from bitter experience the real value of such assurances from such a man as I knew Kajaya to be. However, there was nothing more to be done than to accept his assurances, and definitely to fix a date and a place for the commencement of the work thus sanctioned. Obstruction and violation of pledges could be dealt with as occasion might be given. And so we went on our way.

Our journey through Busoga was a strange and weird experience from many points of view. There was the close contact with the ancient superstitions of the country—Lubare worship—into which we were necessarily brought. There was the only too evident thralldom to its powers by which the people, men and women alike, were bound. There was the atmosphere of deep, dark heathenism, which we were breathing, so to speak, and which at times seemed stifling in its density. The air too was resonant with the weeping and wailing of mourners. Some thousands of Basoga porters had recently been employed by the Administration in conveying the baggage of the Indian contingent to rail-head, and large numbers had perished on the way back from Kikuyu. There was hardly a home in South Busoga which was not a house of mourning. But what perhaps struck us most of all was the extreme timidity of the people. On catching sight of us in the road they would dart off into the long grass for hiding, or make their way in a bee-line across the open country until some convenient cover would hide them from our view.

All this was very depressing in its apparently utter hopelessness. But nevertheless there was a good deal to cheer and encourage. The evident warm-heartedness of the people when once their timidity was overcome and their confidence won, the attentive hearing which they gave to our teaching and the ready response made to our appeals, touched us to the heart.

From Menya's we went on to Musitwa's, and from thence to Mutanda's (Wakoli's). The latter place was quite changed since

my last visit in 1895. Mutanda himself, however, was much the same—as sottish and brutal-looking as ever, and as much given to strong drink and bhang-smoking. The teacher at work here gave us a sorrowful account of the moral and spiritual condition of the place, and the dead wall of opposition which the chief had built up against all his efforts to touch the hearts and consciences of the people. We did our utmost to cheer and encourage him, and left him in apparently good heart.

From Mutanda's we journeyed on to Kayanga's, some three hours away. The chief, we found, had left the previous day for Luba's. We had therefore the field to ourselves, and soon gathered round us a large audience of men and women, "who gave heed to the things which were spoken." It was deeply touching to see their earnest attention and evident desire to grasp the truth which was unfolded to them.

And so we travelled on from place to place, welcomed by some, repulsed by others, until at length the road divided, one track leading to Luba's and the other to Iganga, where Wilson and Skeens were at work. Here I said good-bye to Martin Hall, who pursued his way to Luba's, while I took the road to the latter place, which I was given to understand was some six hours away.

After a three hours' tramp I halted in the midst of a banana plantation, delightfully refreshing in the coolness of its shade, boiled my kettle, and made tea. An hour's rest followed, and then I gave the order to march. In five minutes we were out of the banana grove with a European house in full view. "Whose house is that?" I inquired. "Simanyi" (I do not know), was the answer. Further inquiry, however, revealed the fact that the house was Wilson's, and that I had actually, without knowing it, been taking my refreshment on the Mission premises, and that whilst I had been engaged in making a fire and boiling water in the garden, Wilson had been busily employed in preparing for my entertainment in the house. It was too ridiculous! My sense of humour hardly allowed me to greet seriously my kind host and his friends, nor could they contain their amusement when the facts dawned upon them.

Iganga was the chief town or village of the great district ruled over for many years by Miro, a clever Musoga who had been brought up in Uganda. He had recently taken part in the disastrous expedition to Kikuyu already alluded to, and had suffered terribly in health. He had returned home quite broken

down, and after much suffering had passed away. The whole country was in consequence in mourning.

Miro had never been favourable to our work, but though not opposing openly he was secretly hostile. Those who dared to come to us for instruction did so at the risk of life and limb. But, as someone has said, "Men learn from Christ how to find joy in pain, how to be happy when suffering and dying"; for, as Menutius Felix, speaking of the martyrs of his time, could say, "God's soldier is neither forsaken in suffering nor brought to an end by death."

It was a deep joy to meet with those who in such circumstances as these had dared to confess Christ as their God and Saviour. On August 5 I laid hands in Confirmation on twenty-six candidates, three of whom were women. On the following day (Sunday) there gathered round the table of the Lord no fewer than fifty-three communicants, all, as will readily be believed, deeply in earnest, and prepared to confess their faith in Christ, no matter at what cost.

After addressing a meeting of teachers, and visiting the little churches which were springing up in the neighbourhood, Wilson and I started off on August 9 for a tour through North Busoga.

So far our health had been good, and the daily march not too trying to our strength. But the climate of Busoga is not an invigorating one. It is often close and steamy. A veil of haze, telling of close heat, usually passes over the landscape as the day advances, and all Nature seems to be suffering from limpness and lack of energy. What wonder if the human frame should yield to such enervating conditions, and that one should feel the strain and stress of prolonged physical exertion. And so it came to pass that two days after leaving Iganga I went down with a fever, which continued more or less to dog my footsteps for the remainder of my tour in Busoga. Henceforth the daily march became a daily toil, and the nightly rest a nightly tossing to and fro, while dreading the dawning of the day and yet longing for it.

At Mudambado's and Mpindi's we found a good work going forward. At the former place no fewer than one hundred and twenty people came together in the church to listen to our message, while at the latter some one hundred and seventy men and women formed our congregation. On August 17 we reached Tabingwa's, and here we had a very remarkable experience. The chief was away, but permission was accorded to us to hold

an open-air service for his people. Some three hundred women belonging to the chief, and called by the sacred name of "wife," but alas! knowing nothing of its high and holy ties, came together to listen to the words of the "Bazungu" (white men). A singularly solemnizing and touching sight it was to see them—their eager attention, their intelligent apprehension of point after point, as Mr. Wilson in their own tongue (Lusoga), by the catechetical method, taught them the great fundamental truths of Christianity, was most eloquent of their deep soul need, and deep heart craving. A prayer was taught them, short and pointed in its petition, and then a hymn was sung over and over again, so that many, I doubt not, will never forget it. And then without a moment's warning came a most dramatic close to our service. Moved as by a common impulse, apparently fear, the whole mass rose up, and like hunted deer the women darted hither and thither, seeking the shelter of the houses round about, and in twenty seconds not a soul of our audience was left.

At first we thought that some wild beast had made its appearance, and looked around for some sign of one in our rear. But no! all this abject fear, this wild terror, was due not to a creeping leopard, or a crouching lion, but to a man—or shall I say to a being in the outward guise of a man? *It was the chief.* Unexpectedly he had returned, and those poor women, many of them victims of his lust and cruelty, dreading his wrath—more terrible to them than the teeth or claws of a wild beast—had sought to escape identification by his searching glance in the dark recesses of their wretched huts.

I do not know that any incident in the whole of my Missionary experience has ever stirred and touched me more than the sight of that fleeing mass of womanhood, and I vowed then and there never to cease my efforts to bring to an end such a condition of things, so degrading to woman and so dishonouring to man.

A journey of some four hours brought us to Gabula's, the centre of a large population with great opportunities for Mission work. The Evangelist in charge, named Yusufu, had mistaken the road by which we were travelling, and so had failed to meet us. However, Gabula (the chief) came forward to greet us, with a large number of his followers and a company of musicians. The latter were a weird-looking band, dressed in the most fantastic fashion, decorated with skins and horns, with bells upon their ankles, knees, and wrists. Skipping and jumping in front of their chief, they kept perfect time to the rhythm of their music in their step and gesticulations.

Our formal greeting over, we proceeded to the chief's enclosure, where we had a space assigned to us for our tents, and where, after they had been fetched, we were able to gather the people together for instruction, as they might be led to seek it. At first they were somewhat shy, but on the appearance of Yusufu the Evangelist, with whom were a large number of readers, their timidity passed away, and within an hour or two we had so many pleading to be taught that we were obliged to call our boys to our assistance as teachers. As the day wore on little groups of five or six men or lads were to be seen dotted all over the place; the reading-sheets in their hands told of their employment, and their bright, happy faces were a sure indication of the spirit within.

For three days this work went forward, the ranks of the readers being continually recruited by fresh seekers after the truth. On Sunday, August 20, our stay culminated in the bright and happy services in the open air; at which the chief and a number of his under chiefs, with some two hundred of their followers, were present. It was evident that in the not distant future Gabula's would become an important centre of Mission work and influence. All our arrangements were made with this in view, and with the ultimate object of planting there at least two European Missionaries for the organization and supervision of the whole of the work in North Busoga.

And so our stay came to an end. Our tour was over and our progress complete. But still a weary tramp lay before us. Fever was still hanging about one, sapping one's strength and damping one's energies. The journey back to Mengo, however, had to be done, and so, bracing oneself for the effort, the start was made on Monday, August 21. The moist heat, the blazing sun, the dismal swamps, the hunger and the thirst were forgotten in the thankful realization of our hopes with regard to the extension of the work of the Church in the long down-trodden country of Busoga. Three or four days at Luba's, where we arrived on the 25th, served to recuperate one's exhausted energies, and on the 28th I embarked in a canoe for Musansa, on the shores of Kyagwe. Thence I made my way to Ngogwe, and so on to Mengo, where I arrived on Friday, September 1, after an absence of some six weeks, in the course of which we had tramped some four hundred miles, held some fifty services, and addressed some three thousand souls. All the great chiefs of Busoga had been visited, and the way opened for the extension of the work into their various countries and districts. But perhaps the most

important result of all was the conviction pressed and driven home to the minds of all the chiefs, both great and small, with whom we came in contact, that henceforth we meant to have liberty to preach and teach, and that no man or woman who chose to be taught Christianity should suffer for so choosing. A promise had been given by almost every chief that such liberty should not be withheld.

CHAPTER XXXVI

NKOLE (1898-1899)

“So shall they fear the name of the Lord from the west and His glory from the rising of the sun. When the enemy shall come in like a flood the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.”—ISAIAH lix. 19.

THE scene now changes from “utmost East to utmost West”; in other words, from Busoga to Nkole.

This latter country had long been in the hearts and minds, not only of the Missionaries, but also of the older generation of the Baganda Christians—and this for a very special reason; it had been their refuge and safety in the old days of trouble and distress.

It will be remembered that in 1888 a revolution had broken out in Uganda; Mwanga was driven out, and succeeded by his half-brother Kiwewa. His reign, however, was a very short one. Not being sufficiently amenable to the Mohammedan power which had placed him upon the throne, the Arabs, who constituted the dominant factor in a complex situation, determined to oust him from his position and to put in his place his more pliable half-brother Kalema. The plot had as its ultimate aim the extermination of Christianity and the establishment of a Mohammedan kingdom. Only too well (for a time at least) it succeeded. Kiwewa was driven out and Kalema installed. Walker and Gordon, made prisoners and forcibly ejected from the country, sought refuge at Usambiro, at the south of the Lake. But the great mass of the Christians found their way to Nkole, and there receiving a kindly welcome from Ntale, the king, settled down for a time at a place called Kabula. There they awaited the evolution of events.

For this kindly help and timely shelter afforded to them in their distress the Baganda Christians had always entertained a

feeling of gratitude, and more than once had raised the question in the Church Council as to whether something could not be done for the evangelization of Nkole. But the difficulties in the way seemed to be insuperable. Old Ntale had a strong prejudice against Europeans, and refused to see them or even to admit them into his country. At length he went the way of all flesh, and was succeeded by his nephew Kahaya, a son of his brother Gumira. This brother had the misfortune in earlier days to lose an eye—hence his inability to succeed to the throne. “The king must be without blemish”—so ran the unwritten law of Nkole, and thus Kahaya assumed the vacant chieftainship.

Now was the opportunity to commence the Christianization of Nkole—so at least thought Apolo Kagwa, the Katikiro (this was in 1898), and at once applied to the Church Council for permission to send two native Evangelists. This was accorded, and earnest-minded men made their way to the old refuge of their people. Kahaya received them kindly, but the “power behind the throne” was too strong for them; the old heathen party, represented by medicine-men of the country, put every obstacle in the way of their preaching and teaching, with the result that in a few months’ time they returned to Uganda and told the story of their failure.

Then followed a period during which nothing further was done. At length another great chief, the Mugema, came forward and craved permission of the Church Council for two of his own followers to go to Nkole. “They are men of zeal, of courage, and of much sense; may they go?” “Yes!” was the answer. On this occasion, however, they did not go alone. Clayton, who was working in the neighbouring country of Koki, and had long had his eyes fixed upon Nkole, at once embraced the opportunity of seeing for himself what prospects there were for the planting of the Cross, and arranged to accompany the two Baganda Evangelists. Kahaya received the party kindly if not cordially, and at once acceded to Clayton’s request for permission to preach and teach. As for himself, he declared that he would watch the experiment with a “candid mind,” and that if nothing happened—that is, if those who came under instruction did not die or were not smitten with some foul disease—possibly he and his princes and chiefs would also be taught. But they must wait.

With this Clayton was obliged to rest content, and returned to his work in Koki, leaving the Evangelists behind him.

Once again the "power behind the throne" asserted itself, and one by one the lads who were under instruction fell away, until at length the Evangelists, finding their occupation gone, left the country, and making their appearance one morning in May, 1899, at the Church Council at Mengo, told the story of *their* failure.

Some months passed by, and the time came for me to pay a long-promised visit to Toro. I determined to travel by way of Nkole and see for myself how the "land lay," and if possible to effect an entrance. The completion of my visit to Busoga, as told in the last chapter, afforded the desired opportunity, and as Dr. A. R. Cook was anxious for a medical itineration, I invited him to accompany me.

Before telling the story of our journey, it will perhaps be well to give a brief account of the country in which our hopes were so largely centred at this time.

Nkole lies to the south-west of Uganda, and is bounded on the north by the kingdom of Toro and the province of Bwekula, on the west by the Albert Edward Lake, on the east by the province of Budu and the kingdom of Koki, and on the south by German East Africa. The general elevation of the country is from five to six thousand feet above sea-level. In parts it is mountainous, but its chief physical characteristic is that of low rolling hills, which afford excellent pasture for the great herds of cattle possessed by the king and chiefs.

The population of Nkole is roughly estimated at some 400,000 souls, spread over an area of something like 8,000 square miles. This population consists mainly of two races—the ruling class, the Bahima, and the servile class, the Bairu. The former, the great cattle-keepers of Central Africa, are the aristocracy of Nkole. Tall, light-coloured, with comparatively intellectual features, they remind one in their cast of countenance of the ancient Egyptians. Here is a man the very image, you would say, of Rameses II. as his likeness has come down to us. Here is another who speaks in every feature of his countenance of high descent from a ruling caste. In Toro, Bunyoro, and Uganda, and indeed in all Central Africa, these people are found, all having the same characteristics as the Banyankole—all herdsmen, and all observing practically the same manners and customs. Their women are to a large extent secluded, and live a life in which physical exertion finds the smallest possible place. The consequence is (as their diet is a milk one) that they are often of enormous size—almost unable to move from obesity.



LAKE MAZINGA, NKOLE

The Bairu, as the servile class is called, are cultivators of the soil, and are no doubt the original inhabitants of the land. They are poorly clad, mostly in skins or in a very rough kind of bark cloth, and their lot is a hard one—hewers of wood and drawers of water for their Bahima masters. They have the usual negroid cast of countenance, and neither their physical nor intellectual capacity is of a high type. They live in wretchedly poor huts of the beehive shape, and their food is mainly a grain called “bulo” and sweet potatoes. Bananas are to a small extent cultivated, but generally for the purpose of beer-making.

The language of the Banyankole is, broadly speaking, Lunyoro, a Bantu tongue, but differing from the dialects spoken in Toro and Bunyoro in several important particulars. It is a very widely spoken language—much more widely spoken, indeed, than Luganda. It is the language of the Baziba, the Baruanda, and also the people of Karagwe. It extends as far south as Lake Tanganyika, if not farther, and as far north as the Victoria Nile.

Such, very roughly and broadly, is a sketch of the country and people of Nkole—the goal of many hopes, and the subject of much prayer. And thitherward Dr. Cook and I journeyed during the latter part of November and the beginning of December, 1899.

Our way lay through Budu, the scenery of which is not unlike that of the Sese Islands, from which it is separated only by a narrow stretch of the Victoria Nyanza, which becomes narrower still at its northern extremity. The geology of Sese and Budu seems to be almost identical. The rocks, the soil, the swamps, the vegetation, and the fruits, all alike tell the tale of a oneness in geological formation.

After crossing the Katonga River you leave behind you, to your great delight, the tall elephant grass which in the greater part of Uganda hides the landscape from your view, and which is such a marked characteristic of the country, and find yourself walking in footpaths winding hither and thither in the midst of short fresh grass. You are reminded of English pastures, but at the same time you realize that the shortness of the grass is due to poverty of soil, and that there is a rocky bed not far below the surface. But you travel onward, rejoicing in the fresh air, which has replaced the heated atmosphere of the long grass area, and gladdened too by the glories of the landscape, no longer hidden, but spread out before you in the

ever-varying beauty of sunshine and shade, hill and dale, river and lake.

And so we journeyed onward. Dr. Cook at every camping-place did his utmost for the relief of the sick and suffering; and as the fame of his skill and kindness ("ekisa," they called it) preceded us, and spread far and wide through the country, large numbers came together for treatment.

Striking our camp on November 22 at Kyampagi, our last resting-place in Budu, we commenced to climb the hills of Koki on our way to Rakai, where Clayton and Martin Hall were awaiting us some four hours away.

It was a warm welcome which the Koki Christians gave us as we drew near to our destination. Down the hills they came, rushing like a torrent at headlong speed, as they heard of our approach. "Tusanyuse! tusanyuse!" (We rejoice! we rejoice!); "Mwebale okuja" (Thank you for coming), was the greeting which met us at every turn of the road. Zabuloni Kiride and Ibulaimu Asani, two of our Baganda teachers, headed bands of young men who were under their instruction, and who in their enthusiastic welcome could hardly refrain from taking us in their arms. Clayton and Martin Hall brought up the rear, accompanied by the representative of the king, Kamswaga.

We discussed with Clayton our visit to Nkole, and, to our great delight, heard that two earnest Christian men named Andereya and Filipo were anxious to accompany us, and were prepared as Missionaries to give themselves to the work of teaching the Banyankole the truths of Christianity.

With these men in our company, and a young lad—a native of Nkole, who had been a slave in Koki for some years, but who had been freed by his Christian master, and who was himself a Christian, and anxious to return to his own country if haply he might find his parents yet alive—we started on Tuesday, November 28, for Lulembo, the capital of Nkole.

The impression made upon us by the scenery through which we passed is best conveyed by quoting from a description which I was able to set down in writing at the time:—"Away to our left as we journeyed were vast stretches of country of the most varied character. Below us was a deep valley, clad at the bottom with masses of great forest trees. There, in the middle distance, were hill ranges in alternate shade and sunshine, revealing in clearest detail all their wonderful beauty; and in the far distance, forty or fifty miles away, were the mountains of

Karagwe and the rocky escarpment of the Kiziba country in German territory. To our right the view, although not so extensive, perhaps, was equally beautiful. Kamswaga's Lake was seen in the far distance glittering like burnished silver in the early morning sunshine, whilst through the valley, some one thousand feet below us, the River Mazinga wound its tortuous course like the twistings and turnings of a great snake, reminding one of Wordsworth's lines when he says :

" A silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings. "

On the eve of St. Andrew's Day we found ourselves one day's march from Lulembo. A heavy storm of rain had just swept over the country, and as the thunder rolled away in the distance, the late afternoon sun shone forth bright and clear. We remembered that before leaving Uganda arrangements had been made for intercessory prayer on behalf of Foreign Missions at no fewer than two hundred centres. It had also been arranged that special prayer should be offered on behalf of this third attempt to enter Nkole.

Calling our Christian porters and boys together, we spent the last half-hour of the day in joining with our fellow-Christians throughout Uganda and the world in praying for the Missionary work of the Church of Christ. We specially asked God's blessing on our entrance into Lulembo, and prayed that He would greatly prosper our undertaking, and defeat the opposition which we felt sure we should encounter from the old medicine-men of the country. It will be seen later how wonderfully this prayer was answered.

Our entrance into Lulembo was an event which will linger long in our memories. We had sent forward our head-man to salute Kahaya the king, and met him half an hour from the capital, coming back with the king's messengers, bearing his greetings in return. He told us we were welcome, and would be lodged with his chief steward, or Katikiro. For this, when we saw later what the king's quarters were like, we were profoundly thankful. Mbaguta the Katikiro is a " Progressive," and his house and its surroundings were after the Uganda pattern. The king's enclosure was simply a huge cattle kraal, with filth within and without. Our tents were soon pitched, and at three o'clock a message came from Kahaya to say that he was about to visit us.

He came with a huge following of all sorts and conditions of

men : some clad, others nude or very nearly so ; some chiefs, others peasants ; some armed—indeed, most of them with a weapon of some sort ; some of the servile class, the Bairu, but most of the dominant race ; all smeared with rancid butter, which tainted the air for some distance around.

It was, indeed, a weird and striking scene which we gazed upon when king, chiefs, and retainers had all taken their seats. Kahaya was a great, overgrown lad of some eighteen years of age, about six feet two inches in height, and probably weighing eighteen or nineteen stone. He was dressed in semi-European fashion. Some trader or other had doubtless purchased cattle with the cast-off clothing of some corpulent European. Mbaguta the Katikiro, a keen, intelligent-looking man of some forty years of age, was dressed in Uganda fashion, with "kanzu" and a white cloth thrown over his shoulders. Sitting on their haunches, twenty deep, were several hundred spearmen, their spears being stuck in the ground at their side. At the back of this strange group stood the weirdest-looking and most fantastically decorated human beings that it has ever been my lot to look upon. They were the medicine-men or wizards of the country, "the power behind the throne," the force with which we really had to do. Their headgear was mainly of twisted twine decorated with feathers sticking up,

" Like quills upon a fretful porcupine."

Tiny bells on arms and legs jingled at every movement. Painted faces and greased bodies completed their "get-up."

Sitting down in front of this strange group, Dr. Cook and I commenced our conference with the king and his counsellors. We told them why we had come : that we were the servants of the Most High ; that we had a message to deliver to the king as well as to his people ; that this message had to do both with this life and the next ; that those who received it would become better men and better women—better husbands and wives, better parents and children. Nor was this all ; our message had in it not only "the promise of this life, but that which is to come." We showed them the Scriptures in Luganda, and told them how they revealed Christ as our God and Saviour—the Saviour not only from the penalty but also the power of sin. We told them that death is not the end of all things, but that there is a life beyond the grave. We spoke of the resurrection, and of the many mansions in the Father's house, and so on.

We expressed our sorrow that we were unable to stay our-

selves and teach them the way of salvation, but we hoped before long to send European Missionaries to live amongst them. In the meanwhile we had brought with us two earnest Christian men from the neighbouring country of Koki—Andereya and Filipo. These men were willing to stay behind and teach them all they knew of Jesus Christ and His great redeeming love. Were they willing to receive them and to listen to their instruction? This was the question with which we closed our address.

There was no immediate response made. But a good deal of whispering went on for some little time, and then through Mbaguta the king made his reply. He and his people were glad to see us, he said; they quite agreed that what we had told them was the truth; they had heard of what Christian Missionaries had done in Uganda, and they themselves would much like to be taught, but—there was a great difficulty in the way of their receiving the two Evangelists whom we had brought with us. There was hunger in the land, and it was as much as they could do to feed their own people. It would be better, the king declared, to wait till food was abundant. Then our Evangelists might come, and the European Missionaries as well, and so on.

But Andereya and Filipo were not to be denied, and they proceeded at once to argue the point. “Oh,” said the former, “we don’t mind a little hunger; we often in Koki have little to eat. Give us a few bananas every day and we shall be satisfied.” “But there aren’t any,” said the king. “Well, then,” replied Andereya, “give us a few potatoes every day and we will ask for nothing more.” “The potatoes came to an end long ago,” replied the king. “Well, then,” rejoined Andereya, “you have got plenty of milk; give us a drink of milk every morning and another at night, and we will be content.” The king, however, intimated that he was not sure they could even do that. This was more than I could listen to in silence, and therefore broke in. “What,” I said, “you, the king of Nkole, not able to give two strangers a drink of milk in the morning and another at night? Why, in Uganda they say that the king of Nkole has 20,000 head of cattle, and if I go back and tell them that the king is unable to give milk to two guests, they will surely say that it was a false report we heard of the country—Kahaya the king is only a very little chief, after all.”

This seemed at once to make a deep impression, and again a whispered conference took place, after which the king answered he would consider the matter and let us know later what could

be done. And so the assembly dispersed, to meet again on the morrow.

The morrow came, and with it at nine o'clock the king and his counsellors, the old wizards, as well as the chiefs and their followers. The crisis had come, and the question as to whether the Gospel was to find entrance into Nkole was to be decided that day. For three hours the discussion was continued, one objection after another being met—often, indeed, to be misunderstood, and a fresh discussion to be entered upon. I do not know whether in the whole course of my Missionary experience I have ever had such a sense of spiritual conflict upon me as on that never-to-be-forgotten day. It seemed as though Satan and all his host were set in battle array against us. And I cannot but believe that such was really the case, and that the forces of light and darkness were in actual conflict.

It was intensely interesting to notice how acutely every objection to our occupation of the country as teachers of a new religion was met either by Andereya or Filipo. It was parry and thrust, and thrust and parry. At length the victory was won and an agreement come to. The two Evangelists were to remain, and be free to teach and preach as they might choose. The king would give a piece of land on which to build a church, and we on our part agreed to send European Missionaries at the earliest possible opportunity.

Thus our conference came to an end, and we were free to attend to other matters. Dr. Cook, of course, had his hands full in attending to numerous sick ones who sought his help. Among others brought to him was a man with a huge tumour upon his shoulder. The king had heard of a similar tumour being removed by the doctor in Koki, the patient having been operated upon whilst under chloroform. He was very anxious to see a similar operation. Was it possible, he asked, for the doctor to put this man to sleep and remove the tumour? "Yes," was the answer, "it can be done quite easily." The king was delighted. The hour was fixed for the operation; the instruments, operating-table, antiseptics, etc.—in fact, everything was in order; the king and a great crowd of followers came to see the wonder; the doctor was ready; but, alas! the patient was nowhere to be found. It was like the play of *Hamlet* with the Prince of Denmark left out. The principal character in the drama was missing. The king sent messengers hither and thither in search of him. Whilst waiting I happened to look across the valley, and there on the opposite hill-side I saw the

man for whom we were waiting, running at top speed, with fifty men at his heels. He turned and twisted in his course like a hare with hounds on his track. It was all in vain. In a few minutes he was caught and brought in in triumph. "Now," said the king to the doctor, "let us see him put to sleep." "No," was the answer; "I can only operate with the consent of the patient, and it is quite evident to me that this man does not wish to be operated upon." And so, to the king's intense disgust and disappointment, the whole thing came to an end.

I may add, however, that on visiting Nkole some four years later in company with Dr. J. H. Cook, the same man came and earnestly besought the doctor to have pity on him and remove the tumour. This was done under chloroform before the wondering eyes of the king and chiefs. The man, to his friends' great delight, made a rapid and complete recovery.

Another incident of our visit even happier in its ending was the discovery of his father by the little slave boy who had travelled with us from Koki. On the occasion of the king and his followers coming to see us, he had recognized his father in the person of the fourth greatest chief in the country, and made himself known to him. There was no great outward demonstration of joy on either side, but the lad expressed to me his deep satisfaction at being "at home."

Home life in Africa, as we English folk understand it, there is none apart from Christianity. But as there is without doubt deep down in every human heart a feeling that where father and mother are there is home, so even in darkest Africa one finds, even in densest minds, an instinctive clinging to and turning towards the place of upbringing—a place more loved than others—a place of refuge and of rest. And so it was that this little Nkole slave boy in his heart of hearts was glad to be "at home."

And so the time came for us to pursue our onward journey to Toro. How gladly would we have stayed, in order to deepen the impression already made upon those with whom we had come most in contact! But it was impossible; we were expected in Toro, and must hurry on our way thither. However, we comforted ourselves with the thought of the devotion and earnestness of the two Evangelists whom we were leaving behind, and the fact that the little slave boy, the son of one of the great chiefs of the country, was already a Christian. It was not a great force with which to commence the evangelization of a nation, but we remembered that not infrequently a little fire kindles a

great matter, and that it is written, "Not by power nor by might, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord!"

On December 4 we started on our onward journey. Our way lay through an almost unknown country. The king, however, had kindly provided us with guides; but even they at times were at fault, and to recover the lost track we were obliged occasionally to enlist the services of men from villages through which we passed. The weather was all that could be desired, the air fresh and invigorating, but the scenery was monotonous and uninteresting, a grey haze obscuring its more interesting features, the rocks and mountains of the country.

As we drew near to Ibanda, which has since gained an evil repute through the murder of Sub-Commissioner Galt, an incident happened which might well have brought disaster upon us. It was in this wise. Having halted hard by a village for rest and refreshment, we were surprised on continuing our journey to see a woman hastening towards us as though with some strong purpose in view. Quickly she made her way through the ripening corn, and falling down on her knees by the wayside, besought our help. She was, she said, a Musoga, but three or four years ago had been kidnapped by some Mohammedan traders and sold as a slave to a man living in the village which we had just left. He, she added, was in the habit of beating her and otherwise ill-treating her. Might she travel under our protection back to Uganda, and thus be enabled to make her way to her own people? We consented to take charge of her, and she joined the rear of our caravan.

Not long after a man with a spear on his shoulder came running to meet us. As he came abreast of me he halted. "That woman," he said, "is my slave. I paid so many cows for her. I want her back again. Give her to me." We told him that we were bound for Ibanda, and if he came on with us we would hear what he had to say there. To this he agreed, and marched on in front. I noticed, however, that whenever he came to a village he always went into it, and that in coming out again he was always followed by three or four men with spears. Eventually I found that we were being followed by an armed force of some thirty or forty men. Evidently they meant business.

On reaching Ibanda, Dr. Cook and I sat down in the shade of wide-spreading trees and awaited the evolution of events. Not long were we kept in suspense. Within half an hour there issued from the gate of the village a crowd of armed men, in the centre

of which was our friend the slave-owner. Sticking their spears in the ground, they squatted in a semicircle in front of us, and the claimant commenced with a torrent of words to plead his case. Of course he spoke in Lunyoro, and not in Luganda. We were therefore only able to catch the drift of his remarks, and at the first pause stopped him and suggested that it would be better to wait until our herdsman arrived, who knew both languages, and would therefore act as interpreter.

Whilst waiting, the chief of Ibanda, a woman, a sister of old Ntale the king, came out with a large retinue to greet us. We told her of our errand to Nkole, and expressed the hope that she and her people, like Kahaya and his people, would consent to be taught. She replied very cautiously that she would wait to hear what happened to Lulembo, the capital, and that if Kahaya gave heed to the instruction of our Evangelists, so would she.

I then mentioned to her the case of the slave woman, and told her that it was her duty to send her and her master to the English officer in charge of the district, who would inquire into the case and settle it. She replied that the parties did not belong to her chieftainship, and she would have nothing to do with the matter.

Much disappointed, but yet feeling determined not to give up the wretched woman to her master, I consulted with Dr. Cook as to our next move. Happily, at this moment one of our guides broke in with the information that the chief of the district concerned was actually in the village of Ibanda. A messenger soon brought him. I then told him that it was his duty to take the matter in hand and send the woman and her master to the British Resident, to whom I promised to write a letter explaining the circumstances. To my great delight, he readily agreed to this proposal, as did also the woman and her master.

Thus a very difficult position, and possible disaster, was avoided. The woman and her master, followed by the chief and the threatening band of spearmen, marched off apparently satisfied. About three weeks later I received a letter from the Resident, stating that the parties had duly appeared before him, and that he had freed the woman and sent her back to her own country, Busoga. "All's well that ends well."

We were still some four days' journey from Kabarole, the capital of Toro, and a good deal of hard marching still lay before us. Roads there were none. Footpaths, rough and rugged, were the only means of penetrating the tall elephant grass with which the whole face of the landscape was covered. The volcanic

nature of the country made travelling very difficult. At one moment you were climbing with infinite toil a steep hill-side; the next you were almost tumbling down a deep declivity, at the bottom of which was a rocky river-bed, with a rushing stream which nearly carried you off your feet. And then up you went again into an almost impenetrable thicket of scrub and coarse herbage, and so on, with almost unceasing toil, until at length, as we drew near to the capital, the footpath entered upon a fairly wide and well-kept road.

Our welcome in Toro was a very warm one indeed. The king, with the Katikiro, and a large number of their followers, came out a long distance to meet us. Dr. Cook was greeted with very special expressions of joy. The fame of his skill in surgical and medical science had preceded us, and we found many sick and suffering ones looking forward to his arrival with the keenest expectation of relief.

Roscoe, who had been in charge of the work in Toro, had been invalided to Mengo. Maddox we found hard at work, and everything prospering greatly.

In view of my coming, the teachers from the various out-stations had been called in, and I was able to speak to them about their work. Happily this engagement was kept, and also the Confirmation held on December 22, before fever laid me aside for the remainder of my visit.

On December 27 I was sufficiently recovered to make a start for Mengo. The weather was fine, and the porters anxious to get back to their homes. The result was that such good progress was made that a fortnight, including a visit to Mitiana, saw us once more back at our work in Mengo, after an absence of exactly two months.

It will be a fitting conclusion to this chapter if I anticipate events and tell briefly the story of the sequel to our visit to Nkole and this last effort made for its evangelization.

Anxiously we waited for tidings of the two Evangelists, Andcreya and Filipo, whom we had left behind in Nkole. After some weeks letters came telling how one and another had placed himself under instruction. Then later came the news that Mbaguta was being taught. Then that the king himself had yielded and joined those who were seeking the truth. Months passed by, and we heard from Clayton of the building of a church and the gathering of an increasingly large congregation. And then came glorious news which filled our hearts with thankfulness and praise. It seems that on a certain day the king,

Mbaguta, and several chiefs came to Andereya and said : “ Now, after all that you have taught us of Jesus Christ and His salvation, we want to tell you that we do not believe in these charms of ours any longer. Here they are ; take them and destroy them if you will.” “ No,” said the evangelists ; “ if we take them your people will say that we are using them for our own benefit. If you do not believe in them, destroy them before your people. Let them see you do it.” Whereupon the king ordered a fire to be made in front of his enclosure, and there in the broad light of the day, and in the face of all his people, he east his precious charms into the fire and destroyed them. Then the prime minister and others did the same. All day long that fire was kept burning, and all day long the people came and east their charms into it.

Since then the king and his prime minister and a large number of others have been baptized, and in October, 1903, when I was permitted to revisit Nkole, I laid hands in Confirmation on the king and Mbaguta and some eighty of that old-time savage horde, in the presence of some seven hundred worshippers gathered in a church built by the native Christians themselves. So mightily does the Word of God grow and prevail. The further progress of this God-blessed work in Nkole will be told in a later chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVII

A NEW CENTURY AND A NEW ERA (1900)

“ Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things that are before.”—PHIL. iii. 13.

THE dawning of a new century was destined in the providence of God to be the dawning of a new era for Uganda.

Great Britain had now been responsible for the administration of Uganda for nearly seven years, and the Foreign Office had come to the conclusion that certain changes were necessary, both in the department of government and in the relations between Great Britain and the kingdom of Uganda. Sir Gerald Portal's treaty of 1893 was regarded more or less as an antiquated document which needed to be brought up to date. The questions of finance and land tenure must, it was felt, be dealt with as soon as possible. The railway was advancing towards

the Lake with rapid strides. With its completion would come into being forces and influences which would test and try not merely the moral stamina of the Bagana—that was more a matter for the Mission—but the powers of administration of the best-ordered Government.

How, and by whom, was this work of revision and reorganization to be taken in hand? The British Government looked about them, and selected for it a man of wide experience of tropical Africa and of undoubted capacity—Sir H. H. Johnston, a born philologist and a trained artist. Upon him was conferred the title of Special Commissioner, and very large and exceptional powers were entrusted to him.

On my arrival in Mengo from my journey through Nkole and Toro, as told in the preceding chapters, I found that Sir Harry Johnston had already arrived, and, more than that, had already produced his plans for dealing with the two great questions of finance and land tenure.

To these proposals, so far as the land was concerned, the Baganda offered a most uncompromising opposition, and on my arrival in Mengo poured into my ears the tale of their woes and apprehensions. They were ruined, they declared; their country was being taken from them; and their glory had departed. "Nonsense," I exclaimed, "I am quite sure the Government have no intention of doing you any injustice. All that you need do is to tell Sir Harry exactly where you think his proposals press hardly upon you, and he will, I am sure, do everything in his power to meet your wishes."

Fortunately, Sir Harry Johnston was far too large-minded a man to take exception to the discussion of these matters by the Mission. Indeed, it was in obedience to his own expressed wish that the chiefs sought our counsel. "Go and consult the Missionaries," said Sir Harry; "they are your best friends." And so it came about that immediately on my arrival in Mengo, on January 8, 1900, I found myself, as in 1893, on the arrival of Sir Gerald Portal, involved in the discussion of political questions of the most far-reaching character.

There was a good deal in Sir H. Johnston's proposals (to my mind) to recommend them, and I frankly told the chiefs so. Much to their surprise, I pointed out the unsatisfactory nature of the then existing state of things with regard to the land. I reminded them that in theory all the land of the country, with the exception of the "butaka"—*i.e.*, the burying-place of each family, and therefore its inheritance—belonged to the king, and

that he had power to turn a chief out of office and out of his land at a moment's notice. No land, I pointed out, could be properly developed with such a tenure. What was needed was fixity of tenure, which the British Government were prepared to give. But, it was objected, "we are only to have the cultivated land, and that without a certain amount of 'nsiko' (uncultivated land) is useless to us."

This, I eventually found, was the whole crux of the question. The system of land tillage practised in Uganda makes it necessary that after a certain number of years the land should be allowed to lie fallow for a while. Hence the necessity of having a certain amount of "nsiko" in reserve, on which to form new plantations whilst the exhausted land is recovering itself.

It was now that Sir Harry brought forward his solution of the "nsiko" problem. It was broadly this. The area of Uganda, said Sir Harry, is, roughly speaking, 19,600 square miles. The Government will take 9,000 square miles of waste or uncultivated land; 1,500 square miles of forest will be reserved for Government control. To the royal family and chiefs of *sazas*, or counties, there will be reserved 958 square miles, and to other chiefs and land occupiers will be allotted 8,000 miles. The Baganda, in marking out their lands, may select cultivated or uncultivated land, or a certain area of each, as they may choose. The only condition is that the total area marked out does not exceed 8,958 square miles. It was an ingenious proposal, and it solved the problem. No sooner was it proposed as a settlement than the question of the day became the square mile. "What is a 'mailo'?" was the inquiry which met you at every turn. Men greeted you in the road, but no sooner were the greetings over than the inevitable question was launched, "What is a 'mailo'?" Visitors came to call upon you, but they never left without asking the same question, "What is a 'mailo'?"

Nor was an answer an easy matter. The chief difficulty was to get our Baganda friends to distinguish between a square mile and a mile square. But gradually the truth went home, and henceforth the term "mailo" became incorporated with the language, and is understood to-day from one end of Uganda to the other.

On the 12th I received a letter from Sir Harry Johnston, inviting me and Archdeacon Walker to meet the chiefs at his house at Entebbe, for the purpose of discussing the terms of the treaty, with a view to its signature as a final settlement. On the following day we met at nine o'clock, and with an interval

for luncheon, continued our conference until 5.30 p.m., when an agreement was arrived at. The treaty signed a month later, on March 10, in full Baraza, embodies that settlement.

Its chief provisions were, roughly, as follows :

The young king Daudi Cwa was recognized as the hereditary Kabaka or king of Uganda, and the succession was vested in the family of Mutesa. On the Kabaka attaining his majority, which would not be until he was eighteen years of age, an income of £1,500 a year would be secured to him. During his minority £650 a year would be paid to the master of the household, and £400 a year to each of the other chiefs appointed to govern in his name as regents. Several new "sazas," or counties, were formed, making twenty in all. The chief of these, styled Abamasaza, were to receive an annual income of £200 a year. The duties of these Abamasaza were, roughly, the administration of justice each in his own court and in his own saza, the assessment and collection of taxes, the upkeep of the main roads, and "the general supervision of native affairs."

The Lukiko, or National Council, was constituted as follows : In addition to the regents, who were respectively to bear the title of prime minister, chief justice, and treasurer, each Owesaza, or chief of a county, was to be *ex officio* a member of the Council. These chiefs of sazas were to be permitted to appoint each a representative, who should act in his absence, and speak as well as vote in his name. The chief and his representative were not, however, to appear in the Council together. In addition to these *ex-officio* members, the Kabaka was empowered to nominate three "notables" from each county, who should be members of the Council during his pleasure. The Kabaka was further to be permitted to appoint to the Council six other men of consequence in the country.

To this Lukiko, or National Council, very considerable powers were entrusted. "The functions of the Council will be," says Section 12 of the treaty, "to discuss all matters concerning the native administration of Uganda, and to forward to the Kabaka resolutions which may be voted by a majority regarding measures to be adopted by the said administration." And, further, the Lukiko, or a committee of it, was constituted a court of appeal, so that any litigant dissatisfied with the decision of the Owesaza, or chief of the county, might claim a revision of the judgment.

In my opinion, this agreement, from the point of view of the Baganda, was a wise one. It did much and secured much for them. It gave them fixity of tenure of their lands. It secured

to them a large measure of self-government. It allowed to them the administration of justice in their own courts according to native law. It gave them timber rights, and rights over the fruits of their forests, and mineral rights in their lands. It also brought to an end the very unsatisfactory arrangement, included in Sir Gerald Portal's treaty of 1893, of two Katikiros. Henceforth there was to be but one, with the title of prime minister.

Very wisely Sir Harry Johnston had left the division of the lands among the claimants in the hands of the National Council. Had he attempted to deal with these matters, he would have involved himself and his officers in an endless controversy, which, however settled, would have given dissatisfaction. Even the National Council, with all its knowledge of men and native law and custom, found the task a most difficult one. For instance, a man settled in the east of Uganda had his "butaka," or family inheritance, in the west. Naturally he wished his share of land to be in close proximity to his "butaka." The man in occupation had to be turned out, and he in his turn sought his portion of land near *his* "butaka," which might possibly be in the north of Uganda. The occupant of these had to be turned out, and so on. Thus the game of "general post" went on merrily until the whole population was in movement. Streams of men, women, and children going east with all their household goods, cattle, sheep, goats, and fowls, met similar streams going west. Evicted tenants from the north were able to greet their friends in a similar condition from the south. And so the game was played until every one was sorted and settled down in his own place.

So far we have dwelt upon the right of self-government conceded to the Baganda and the break-up of the feudal system as the result of the land legislation initiated by the Special Commissioner. Let us now briefly glance at one other important measure introduced into the treaty of March 10, 1900. I refer to the hut tax. There are many objections to be urged against the imposition of a tax of this kind in Uganda. Its immediate result, from some points of view, was without question an evil one. It led almost at once to overcrowding, to insanitary conditions, and to a certain amount of immorality. It tended not only to a higher death-rate, but also to a lower marriage and ultimately to a lower birth-rate. Young men hesitated to take upon themselves the responsibility of marriage when they knew that the building of a hut meant what in that day was regarded as a heavy tax.

But although having much of evil in it, it had this great merit—it stirred to action and electrified into life the whole nation. Men knew that by a certain date the requisite rupees must be forthcoming on the visit of the tax-collector. They set to work immediately to raise the needed amounts. Men from the more distant parts of the country poured into such centres of population as Mengo and Entebbe seeking work, the reward of which would be rupees. Thus it came about that the element of wages was introduced into the life of the Baganda, and another revolution—an economic one—was effected.

The sudden break-up of the feudal system in 1900 without doubt took us by surprise, but found us not altogether unprepared. We had consistently and for some years adopted the means we felt most likely to be effectual in preparing men and women to resist the flood of temptation which so-called civilization would surely bring with it. It appeared to us that the well-taught Christian would be the strong Christian. We therefore expected from all our candidates for Baptism, not merely the ability to read the Scripture in their own tongue—that was a *sine qua non*—but also an intelligent knowledge of the books of the Gospel, tested by thorough examination. Candidates for Confirmation were further taught, and a fulness of knowledge expected from them which was not looked for in their earlier preparation for Baptism.

Education, too, as distinct from special preparation for Baptism and Confirmation, had been pressed forward with all the means at our disposal; so that whereas in 1895 hardly a hundred children were receiving secular education at our hands, in 1900 12,000 were under instruction.

Training in industrial work, too, we also considered to be a means to the great end in view—viz., the equipment of the whole man for the battle of life. The commencement of this work has already been referred to. Since its initiation a considerable development had taken place. At the beginning of the new century Martin Hall thus described the Industrial Mission and its work:

“The hill of Nviri Bulange is situated about three-quarters of a mile to the west of Namirembe Hill, and is crowned with the well-constructed buildings of the Industrial Mission. At the north end of the levelled summit stands the house of the superintendent of the industrial work, Mr. K. Borup, to whose untiring industry and mechanical skill much of the success is due. On either side of the open space runs a long building containing the



ALBERT EDWARD NYANZA, RUWENZORI IN THE DISTANCE

various workshops, dormitories, and class-rooms of the apprentices. On the left, as you face Mr. Borup's house, is a building containing two carpenter's shops, from which some excellent work has been turned out, the results of which may be seen throughout the Bishop's new house, the door and window-frames, as well as the panelled doors and shutters and not a little of the furniture, having been made by the apprentices of Bulange. All the woodwork in the beautiful new hospital is also their handiwork. There is also a printing-office in the building, containing four hand-presses, a cutting-machine, and a machine for sewing books with wire. Here a good deal of printing is done for the Government—*e.g.*, the whole of the new National Constitution, regimental orders, return forms, etc., is the work of the Bulange boys, who make excellent compositors. At the present time they are engaged in printing a native commentary on St. Matthew's Gospel and a first reading-book in Lutoro—a second edition. In the past they have printed reports of the Diocesan Conference, and two editions of the Church Canticles pointed for singing, and much other useful literature."

The reader will gather from this extract that the Industrial Mission was doing good service in the direction of aiding in the great work of fitting the Baganda for the demands which would be made upon them as they came in contact with the outside world, and that in the organization of the growing Church provision had been made for physical as well as spiritual and intellectual culture; and all this with the supreme end in view of enabling the Christians to meet that flood of temptation which, sooner or later, we were convinced must come upon them.

No sooner was the treaty of March 10 signed than chiefs and people alike commenced in downright earnest to do their part in fulfilling its obligations. The former were concerned principally in marking out their land claims. The latter (the peasantry) found their occupation in seeking to raise the three rupees for their hut tax. It does not sound a large sum—four shillings—but it must be remembered that in 1900 there were comparatively few rupees in the country. Tens of thousands of people had never seen a rupee in their life. Cowrie shells, of course, they were familiar with, and these for a time were accepted by the Government at the rate of eight hundred to a rupee. But even the raising of two thousand four hundred shells was a great task for very many of the people. How hardly they were put to it could be seen in the devices adopted for "raising the wind." All kinds of weird things were brought for

sale—curios which for years had not seen the light of day—shields, spears, and charms connected with the Lubare worship. Resort was even had to an old custom, and parents pawned their children for a year or two. Every Mission-station was thronged with men seeking work. Nothing came amiss ; even the cultivation of land—the last thing a man will do, as it is women's work—was not despised and turned away from.

The effect upon our work of this widespread disturbance of the country—the game of “ general post,” and this sudden start up into life and activity of those who for so long had been accustomed to “ take things easy ”—was for a time very marked. Congregations were scattered, classes broken up, and for about three months the routine work of the Church practically ceased.

But all these results of the new legislation we felt were but temporary, and that in a few months' time things would right themselves. Nor were we disappointed. Even before the year 1900 had run its course there commenced an era of progress in the Church such as it had never yet seen, and at the close of 1901 the lost ground had been more than made up. The baptisms sprang up from 4,304 to 5,536. The children in our schools increased from 7,682 to 12,363, and the native contribution to the work of the Church rose from Rs. 4,724 to Rs. 5,406. But perhaps the most significant and cheering advance was in the number of teachers and evangelists engaged in the work. The number at the close of 1900 was 2,026, but a year later the number stood at 2,408.

The book sales, too, took a sudden leap forward, and more than resumed their former average. In 1899 the total number of books sold was 60,338. The cowrie shells received in exchange numbered 7,358,000, or as many as 368 men could carry at 70 pounds each. These shells realized £1,026. In 1900 the sales fell to £784 ; but in 1901, when the affairs of the country were more settled, books and stationery, etc., to the amount of £1,100, were disposed of.

The sale of books I have always regarded as a good indication of the attitude of the people towards the work of the Church. Large sales spoke of interest, if not of enthusiasm. On the other hand, small sales were eloquent of lack of interest, if not of indifference. Large sales of the Mateka, or first reading-book, told of the heathen seeking instruction ; a ready sale of the Bishop's Catechism was an indication that candidates for Confirmation were coming forward ; and so on. It was encouraging, therefore, to notice how almost every kind of book was in increasing demand.

This meant, as the event proved, that a general revival in every department of the work was in progress, and that we should very soon see it in crowded classes and in Baptism and Confirmation services.

Happily at this time of stress of work and of great possibilities as shown by the figures which I have quoted, there was a notable increase in the strength of the Missionary staff. Willis, Weatherhead junior, Fraser, Davies, Kemp, and Phillips arrived in December, 1900. They had been preceded by four ladies new to the work—the Misses A. E. Allen, A. B. Glass, R. Hurditch, and A. H. Robinson—who reached Mengo on March 31. Of the men, Willis was located in Nkole, to take up the work so auspiciously begun, as told in Chapter XXXVI. Weatherhead was assigned to Nakanyonyi, Fraser to Mengo, Davies to Busoga, and Kemp to Nasa. Of the ladies, Miss Allen was located at Gayaza and Miss Robinson in Mengo, while Miss Hurditch, it was decided, should go to Toro, and share there the work amongst women with Miss Pike, who was being transferred from Gayaza. This location of ladies in the far-away country of Toro was an extension of women's work which, in the providence of God, was to be attended with most happy results.

On Trinity Sunday, June 10, Yosiya Kizito, Yoweri Wamala, and Aloni Muyinda were ordained to the Diaconate; whilst Samwili Kamwakabi and Edwadi Bakayana, together with Fisher and Casson, were admitted to Deacons' Orders. The native ministry was now assuming large proportions. It numbered twenty-seven priests and deacons, and was doing good service in ministering to the increasing thousands who were yearly being gathered into the fold of Christ.

The effect of this welcome accession to our strength, timely and helpful as it was, was sadly marred by the distressing illness of several members of the Mission. Archdeacon Walker went down with black-water fever, and was invalided home in June. From the same cause Weatherhead followed in December. Dr. A. R. Cook, who in March had married Miss Timpson, was a few weeks later laid aside with a lengthened attack of typhoid fever. Mrs. Lloyd also was terribly ill—nigh unto death—but happily was raised up again. But in August the heaviest blow of all fell in the death of Martin Hall by drowning at the south of the Lake.

In the meanwhile calls were coming to me from various parts of the field. Singo and the islands were especially insistent. At Mitiana and in the island of Busi beautiful new churches had

been built and were awaiting dedication. To such calls there could be but one answer, and with as little delay as possible I responded. The church at Mitiana was dedicated on Easter Sunday, and that at Busi on the following Sunday. Then came visits to Nakanyonyi in June, Bulemezi in July, Busoga in August, and in October a long journey through Budu to Koki and back, and finally, on December 3, I started on my fourth visit to that interesting sphere of labour, Toro.

Among the notable events of the year was the completion of the new hospital, and its opening by Sir Harry Johnston on May 31. It was a fine building some 120 feet long, and at its widest part 60 feet across. It had been built by the Baganda themselves, under the supervision of Mr. Borup. In it there was accommodation for fifty beds—twenty-five for men, and a similar number for women. There was also an operating-room, with many conveniences for the surgical work of the doctors.

How much such a building was needed will be gathered from the fact stated in the report that no fewer than 511 sick ones were treated within its wards during the year 1900, and that some 233 operations, some of them of a most severe character, were performed, whilst the attendance of the outdoor patients numbered 33,983.

The spiritual work carried on among these sick ones was of a very striking character. Dr. J. H. Cook speaks in one of his letters of the "joy" of it, and his brother, Dr. A. R. Cook, writing at the same time of the results, says :

"One interesting fact, not, of course, confined to hospital patients, may be taken as absolutely true—the change in the face of those who are learning about Christ. I have seen this over and over again, and on asking others, they have told me the same thing. Their faces seem positively plastic under the moulding of the Holy Spirit. The dull, unintelligent look that so many of the quite ignorant wear on first coming into the wards changes in as short a period as two or three weeks into a far more intelligent and brighter 'facies,' to use a medical term. We doctors speak of the 'facies Hippocratica' and the 'facies' of this or that disease, but, thank God, this is a 'facies' of life, everlasting life, and not of death or disease."

Here is an answer, if any were needed, to anyone who questions from a Missionary standpoint the "worthwhileness" of medical Missions. They are a spiritual force doing a Christ-like work. Of their necessity, as of their scope there can be no doubt.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

PROGRESS (1901)

“There are nettles everywhere,
But smooth green grasses are more common still,
The blue of Heaven is larger than the cloud.”

E. B. BROWNING.

THE year 1901 opened mournfully, with clouds and dark shadows. The telegraph, which had recently reached Mengo and had been carried on to Entebbe, brought us in the closing days of January the sad and solemn tidings of the death of Queen Victoria. The sympathy of the Baganda with us in our sorrow was very real, and showed itself in many touching ways. Not only did they attend in large numbers the memorial services in the Cathedral and at Entebbe, but many of the principal chiefs called upon us specially to condole with us. “Queenie,” as they had long been accustomed to call Her Majesty, was to them the very personification, not only of power, but also of wisdom and goodness. “Sorrow has indeed come to you, my friend,” was the salutation which greeted you for many a day as Baganda friends met you in the way.

The echoes of the booming minute-guns had hardly died away when I found myself once more on the road. Ndeje and Ngogwe were in turn visited within the space of a week. At the former place 342 candidates were confirmed, and at the latter 99. Then came Confirmations at Busi, Jungo, Gayaza, and finally Mengo. At the service at the latter place no fewer than 407 candidates received the laying on of hands. Altogether the first three months of 1901 saw no fewer than 1,253 men and women added to the communicants' roll—a notable increase for which one was profoundly thankful, as a token that the stream of the Church's life was deepening as well as widening.

With this increase in the inner circle of the Church there was given, happily, an enlarged scope for work. The province of Bwekula, on the western border of Singo, had for some time been in our minds as a field which, with as little delay as possible, should be occupied. Tegart, who in 1899 was in charge of the Singo work, gathered together a band of young men and led them forth, planting one here and another there. The experiment was a hazardous one, as the whole of Bwekula was under the control of Roman Catholic chiefs, intolerant to a degree.

Persecution and hindrance there was certain to be for some time to come. However, these young Baganda evangelists went forth full of zeal and hope—their very hopefulness a sure augury of success.

Nor were we disappointed. Although at the beginning of the work there was but one solitary reader in the whole of the province, before eighteen months had passed by some 1,500 were under instruction. Happily, in January, 1901, we were able to send Lewin, who had just returned from furlough, to take charge of this highly promising work. The following is his testimony to what has already been accomplished :

The temporary church at Kikoma (the central station), built to accommodate two hundred and fifty worshippers, has been replaced by a substantial structure capable of seating seven hundred. Mikaeri Bagenda, a native pastor of much force of character, is in charge, and at the time of writing (October, 1907) more than a thousand souls have actually been brought into the Church, of whom more than four hundred have their names on the communicants' roll. Some hundred and fifty teachers and evangelists are at work in various parts of the provinces, and large numbers of children gather day by day in the schools. So true is it that

“The fountain of God is full of the *rainstorms* of Blessing.”

Another direction in which further scope was given to our work at this particular juncture was eastward in what is known as the Bukedi country—*i.e.*, the country of the “wild” or “naked people.” Simei Kakungulu, the chief of Bugerere on the west bank of the Nile near to its junction with Lake Kioga, had brought occasionally some Bakedi to work for him at his place near Mengo. There we had come in contact with them, and in consequence longed for the day when we might be able to do something for their evangelization.

The first Missionary to pay them a visit was Blackledge. Early in 1899 he made his way from Nakanyonyi to Bugerere, and thence crossing the Nile, found himself in the midst of this wild people. He tells of a gathering of some five hundred of them, and how, in answer to his appeals, several of their chiefs got up, and in the presence of their followers stated their willingness to receive Christian teachers. They had heard what the Gospel had done for the Baganda, and wished a like blessing.

In January, 1900, Buckley paid these same people a visit, and spent some two or three weeks among them. Crossing

Lake Kioga in canoes, he made his way to the headquarters of Simeï Kakungulu, who had recently been made the overlord of the Bukedi country. Simeï heartily welcomed his visitor. Men were set to work, and in a few days a rude church was run up, in which on the Sunday following some two hundred and fifty people came together for worship.

In November, 1900, Crabtree, who had been engaged in linguistic work at Gayaza, started with his wife for a holiday, proposing to travel in the same direction as the previous visitors to the Bukedi country. He eventually made his way to Masaba, in the district of Mount Elgon, and established himself at a place called Nabumale among the Bagishu, a large tribe, said to be almost as numerous as the Baganda, but cut up into a number of small clans, each clan independent of the other, and only those associating who were immediately contiguous.

So attractive did Crabtree find the opening, and so great the opportunity for work, that he wrote and asked my permission to remain. This was readily accorded. His belongings at Gayaza were sent for, a house was built, the people called together and told of the object of our Mission. Some agreed at once to come under instruction. A place of meeting—a school or church, call it which you will—was run up, and extension to Bukedi became an accomplished fact—an interesting and almost unique ending to a holiday trip.

The Bagishu, among whom Crabtree and his wife thus found themselves settled at the beginning of 1901, are Bakedi in the sense of their being "wild and naked people." But it is a question whether they ought not properly to be regarded as people of Kavirondo. However that may be, the broad fact remains that at Masaba we have to do with a people as primitive, as ignorant, and as superstitious as perhaps any people in Africa.

Their language is an archaic form of Bantu, and has in it many words closely allied to both Luganda and Lunyoro. This fact lends a certain amount of probability to a belief current among the Baganda that they, as well as the Banyoro, came originally from Masaba.

They are a wild, undisciplined people, mostly nude, much given to strong drink of their own manufacture, living mainly on sweet potatoes and a small grain called "bulo," and implicit believers in witchcraft and the power of evil spirits, whom they seek to propitiate by sacrifices and offerings of various kinds.

Whilst the Church was thus utilizing the forces of her deepening stream of life in extension both east and west, she was at the

same time engaged in the task of establishing herself more firmly at the centre of her activities. The two processes in Church work should always be carried on simultaneously. There must ever be fulness of life and power at the heart, or there will be weakness at the extremities. And therefore it was that at this period of extension the utmost efforts were directed to the supremely important task of training teachers, evangelists, and candidates for ordination. The result was that while at the close of 1900 we had eighty-nine such men under instruction, a year later the number had risen to one hundred and eighty-nine. The schools at Mengo showed a similar increase, and also the classes for Bible study. This study, as I have pointed out in an earlier part of this work, was influencing the life and the thoughts of the people to a remarkable degree. Scripture names were almost always given at Baptism. A chief would call his place by a name suggested by Scripture. Their letters were full of Scripture phrases. How far Scripture had at this time permeated the life of the Baganda will perhaps be best shown by the following incident which happened at a meeting of the National Council. The Katikiro himself tells the story :

“I am writing you an account of a strange thing that has taken place in our Council, referring to Mohammedans. Mbogo, a son of Suna (the king who preceded Mutesa), the head of the Mohammedans, came before the Council accusing an Islamite, Mabizi, of calling himself by the name of God, and claiming that he had seen a vision from heaven in which he was told that his name was now to be Allah Sudi Delaki, and he received four other names besides. Mbogo claimed that the man was lying. So the Council asked him, ‘Are these things so?’ and he replied that they were. He said also that for a long time he had had visions, and that his relations confirmed this, and believed in them all. ‘On March 1 this year,’ he said, ‘I saw a vision, and Allah! (God) said to me: “You shall be called ‘Allah Sudi Delaki’ and ‘Messenger’ and ‘Apostle’ and ‘Highest’ and ‘Prophet’;” and, my friends, I did not know whether these names were good or bad. Now, if you in this Council tell me that the people must not call me so, I will obey you.’ After hearing all the witnesses, we asked the Mohammedans what their opinion was of the man, and they replied that he ought to be put to death for blaspheming God. But the Christians in the Council said: ‘It is not good to kill him, because the words are not against man, but God. Let God fight for Himself. He will defend His Holy Name.’ And they fetched a Bible and referred

to Acts v. 34-40, and xii. 21-24, and said, ' God will Himself pass sentence on him.' He left the Council in great joy, saying he had overcome his accusers ; but as soon as he reached the threshold of his house he was taken very ill, fell down suddenly and blood rushed from his nose in a stream, and he died almost immediately. When they heard this everybody was greatly astonished, and said God was truly present and His name had been glorified, and must not be trifled with, for He is Lord of Heaven and earth, and all feared Him greatly."

It would be difficult to describe in plainer terms than this story tells the influence which the Word of God has exercised on the hearts and minds of the people of Uganda, or the wonderful change which in a few short years has come over the land. Only fifteen years before Mwanga had plotted in that Council the destruction of the infant Church, and now that very Council—composed now, of course, of Christian men—before coming to a conclusion on a question of importance, asks the solemn question, " What say the Scriptures ?" and gives its decision in accordance with their teaching.

And on another matter bearing very intimately upon the Church's life the study of the Word of God had considerable influence. I refer to the question of a new cathedral. It must be confessed that in 1901 our cathedral was getting very dilapidated. It had now been standing some years ; but the materials of which it was built were of a very flimsy kind—timber, reeds, and grass. Decay began to set in even before it was finished. There was a great deal to admire in such a building. The great forest of poles supporting the roof was a striking feature in its construction. The vistas down the aisles, and the lights glinting on a pole here and another there, were very beautiful. The mellow, yellow reeds, tied together with a dark-brown fibre in long horizontal lines and quaint tracery, were distinctly picturesque. It was all so entirely native ; you could not imagine such a building anywhere else than in Africa. Had it been a permanent structure, one would have said : " Let it stand ; we want nothing better or more suitable." But the life of such a building is hardly more than six or seven years, and continual renewal or rebuilding is a sore tax upon limited native resources. It was felt that the time had come for building a really permanent cathedral. But of what material ? That was the " rub." Stone is a minus quantity in Mengo. The wattle and daub structure was unsubstantial ; reeds and timber even more so. Brick, it was clear, was the only alternative. But what about

the cost of such a building? How was it to be paid for? How were funds to be raised?

I have said that the study of the Scriptures had had a considerable influence on this question. It was in this wise. A meeting of the chief and more prominent Christians was called by the Katikiro to consider the matter. As a matter of course a passage of Scripture was read—viz., 1 Chron. xxix. The whole meeting was struck with David's question and its response: "Who, then, is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord? Then the chief of the fathers and princes of the tribes of Israel, and the captains of thousands and of hundreds, with the rulers of the king's work, offered willingly." And so it was determined it should be in Uganda; every man should give according to his means. The cost of the building was first estimated, and then the amount to be given by each chief was mutually agreed upon. The Regents gave Rs. 500 each, equal to £33 6s. 8d., and the lesser chiefs in proportion to their means, and so on. But this was not all. No sooner was the plan of the building decided upon than the whole body of the Christian men, women, and children set to work to do their part towards the accomplishment of this great undertaking.

It was an inspiring sight to see long strings of men going to the swamps every day to dig clay, and then to see them wending their way up the steep hill-side of Namirembe, heavy loads of clay upon their heads. Heading the procession was often the Katikiro himself (now Sir Apolo Kagwa, K.C.M.G.), carrying a heavier load than any of the others. Even boys of seven or eight years of age did their share, and carried their little burdens of clay for the brick-makers.

Then the women were fired with the prevailing enthusiasm, and went out into the forests and gathered wood for the burning of the bricks. Princesses and wives of chiefs, as well as peasant women, vied with one another in their eager desire to help forward the work of building for the worship of God a house that should be "exceeding magnificent."

The plan as set out by Mr. Borup, who superintended the whole work from first to last, was cruciform. The entire length was to be 210 feet. It was to be lighted by seventy windows. Eighteen round brick columns with octagonal bases were to support the roof, which was to be surmounted by three spires. The seating capacity was to be about 4,000.

At length on June 18 the foundation-stone of the new cathedral

was laid by the young king Daudi Cwa. The stone was a great block which for some time had served to mark the last resting-place of George Pilkington. It weighed nearly half a ton. A marble cross had been sent out from England, so the huge block was free to be consecrated to another service. The little king, assisted by Borup, lowered it into its place, repeating as he did so the solemn words, "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

And so the great enterprise was launched, a work which was to take some two years to complete. But its doing was to be a great help and blessing to the doers. It was to call out perseverance and patience. It was to give new ideas as to labour; it was to deepen love, to strengthen faith, and to impart lessons of humility and self-abasement, as well also as self-sacrifice and self-denial. And so the prayers of more than one engaged in the work came to be not only that it might be brought to a successful conclusion, but that it might be worthy of Him for whose worship and glory it was being done.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE UGANDA RAILWAY (1901)

"The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like the footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side."

LONGFELLOW.

As we have already seen, the dawning of the new century was for Uganda the dawning of an era of change. The old order of things was passing away. The legislation of 1900 was responsible for much—the break-up of the feudal system and the introduction of rent and wages. In 1901 three other silent but irresistible forces commenced to work in the same direction, changing almost imperceptibly, but very really, the lives of thousands. I refer to the electric telegraph, steam communication across the lake, and the Uganda Railway. To the coming of the electric telegraph I have already alluded. Steam communication across the lake was established by the launching of the *William Mackinnon* in November, 1900, and her arrival at Entebbe early in the following year. On December 20, 1901,

the first locomotive of the Uganda Railway reached Kisumu, the terminus on the Victoria Nyanza.

These three forces were in truth but one. Each was incomplete without the other for all practical purposes. Each was the complement of the other, and therefore, in considering them, effects may be dealt with as one; the Uganda Railway was the embodiment of all. Completed and in running order, it is a remarkable achievement of engineering skill over difficulties of no ordinary kind. The scarcity of water, the little labour available, the lack of material—indeed, of almost everything needful for such an undertaking—were some of the obstacles to be overcome. Then there was the fight with the unhealthy climate of the coast districts, the necessity of importing not merely labourers from India by the thousand, but also food for their maintenance; added to these difficulties, there were those connected with the configuration of the country. To carry a railway over swamps, across ravines, overcoming almost every kind of physical obstacle, to an elevation of nearly 7,000 feet, and then to plunge with it into a valley (the great Rift Valley) 1,500 feet below you, only to find that you had in front of you an escarpment (that of Mau) up which you were bound to climb with your railway till you found yourself in the clouds 8,500 feet above sea-level, and to take it down to a lake shore nearly 5,000 feet below you, was an undertaking which might well daunt the boldest and most skilful of engineers. But it was faced with the calm, quiet, dogged determination of those in whose vocabulary the word "impossible" finds no place—a spirit which has made English engineers famous throughout the world.

To the ordinary traveller a journey by this railway is an experience not easily forgotten, but to one who, like myself, has toiled in the old days along the caravan road to Uganda it is of peculiar interest. One sees here and there the old camping places and other well-remembered spots—the narrow footpath disappearing into the bush, or emerging from a thicket, the grateful shade of which one was loath to exchange for the blaze and glare of the open plain. Yonder is the great Mbuyu-tree where one rested when the kettle was being boiled and refreshment made ready. There are the water-holes of Taro, which one inspected so anxiously in view of the journey across the dreaded plains. And now over the plains themselves one is being whirled at thirty miles an hour, instead of creeping along weary and footsore as in the old days. And there is Maungu,

the hill on the top of which you might find water, but possibly not, and then you had to journey on another twenty miles. It was there that scores of Basoga died in '92, not finding water, and being too exhausted to travel farther. I saw their bones littering the way. But now, in response to a telegram sent on ahead, you find afternoon tea awaiting you.

The tourist, of course, has his attention drawn to other scenes, and his mind is filled with other thoughts. Upon him perhaps the greatest impression is made by the strange intermingling, so to speak, of the past with the present, the meeting of primitive man with the latest products of the twentieth century. The train has reached a roadside station, and the panting engine is replenishing its stores of wood and water, and looking on with stolid wonder is a party of El Moran, young Masai warriors, with spear and shields, and their finely modelled limbs shining in the sunlight like burnished bronze. Or the stationmaster is trying to make a huge Mkamba warrior, whose only clothing is a few coils of brass wire round his arms and a mantle of goat-skin, understand that he has no business on the platform. It is all very strange and very wonderful, this contrast of Africa as it was a hundred years ago with the incoming tide of twentieth-century civilization.

But what, it may be asked, has the railway done, and what is it doing? One thing it has most certainly done. It has killed that cruel system of porterage which has so long existed between the coast and the lake, and which has been responsible for so much human suffering and for the loss of countless lives.

It has done this not only in British East Africa, as it was certain to do, but also, strange to say, in German East Africa. The caravan road between Usukuma and Sadaani or Bagamoyo is dead. Those thousands of Wanyamwezi, who in the old days used to find their way to the coast, in order to bring loads up country, no longer do so. They are now engaged in other occupations—the cultivation of produce, etc. The Germans at the south of the lake find that they can get their goods and send their produce more cheaply by the Uganda Railway than by caravan. And so, by the operation of natural laws, human porterage on the main roads between the coast and the lake, both in British and German East Africa, has passed away.

Then again the Uganda Railway has put an end to the lingering life of the slave traffic. In the old days a tusk of ivory meant a slave to carry it to the coast. Now, however, ivory is brought down country by rail. It is cheaper, and therefore pays better.

And so once again, through the construction of the Uganda Railway and the operation of economic laws, is humanity the gainer.

But perhaps the most remarkable result of the construction of the railway has been the way in which the whole of the lake region of Central Africa has been aroused from its age-long slumber, and electrified into life and action. This has been brought about mainly through a value being given to certain native products which previous to the completion of this railway were valueless, or very nearly so. For instance, goat-skins were practically of no value, but no sooner was Entebbe connected by steam with the coast than they became at once a marketable commodity, fetching something like one rupee apiece. It was the same with hides. Nkole, Toro, Bunyoro, and Bukedi, all alike contributed their quota, swelling to large dimensions the number of skins and hides exported from Uganda. Roads formerly hardly traversed, except by a few, became a scene of busy traffic, thronged with men bearing upon their heads huge burdens of skins, all alike bound for the market.

To the *William Mackinnon*, plying between Entebbe and Kisumu, were added in 1903 two very much larger steamers, the *Winifred* and the *Sybil*, each 175 feet long, with considerable cargo and passenger accommodation. In 1907 a larger steamer still, the *Clement Hill*, was launched, and later a capacious cargo boat was put upon the lake. Altogether, in connection with the railway at the time of writing, a fleet of some six steamers is afloat upon the Victoria Nyanza. These steamers call not only at ports in the British sphere, but also at such ports as Bukoba, Mwanza, and Shirati, in German territory. The consequence is that just as the produce of Uganda is finding its way to the market, so is the produce of the German sphere. From regions round about Tanganyika on to Tabora, and away westward to the Congo State, the whole population has been aroused, and, just as in Uganda, streams of men are making their way to the nearest port on the lake shore with their produce—beeswax, hides, goat-skins, cotton, and rubber.

One result of all this has been that the standard of living has risen in Uganda; very few of the men, and an ever-decreasing number of the women, are now clad in bark-cloth. The "kanzu," a long white linen garment, has, in the case of the men, taken the place of the beautiful terra-cotta-coloured material which for so long has been the national dress. One regrets it intensely for æsthetic reasons, but for hygienic reasons one is glad. Kero-

sene oil, for which I have paid as much as £5 a tin, can now be purchased for Rs. 5½; the consequence is that lamp-oil has become almost a necessity for all save the very poorest. Plates and dishes, cups and saucers, pots and pans, and enamelled ware of all kinds, find ready buyers. Lamps, watches, clocks, and even bicycles are being purchased to no inconsiderable extent by natives where enterprise in cultivating cotton and other produce has been rewarded with success.

A not altogether unexpected result of the building of the railway has been the appearance of that element in social life not inappropriately termed "undesirable." East Africa has had more of this element introduced into it than Uganda, but still we have not been entirely without it. The "undesirables" to whom I refer are of two kinds. First there is the man whose business in life is to prey upon his fellow-creatures. He has lost his character. He has no credit, and most likely no funds. On the other hand, he has plenty of swagger, no end of assurance, and a tongue as glib as you please. He is a "bounder." In nine cases out of ten he has come from South Africa. What is to be done with him in a country like Uganda? To let him loose among the people is simply impossible. He would rob and swindle them right and left. His prestige as a European would give him such opportunities as his soul longs for. Cattle, sheep, and goats he would accumulate in large numbers in next to no time. You have no machinery, no police force to deal with characters of this kind. There is only one thing to be done, and that is to forbid his entrance into the country. The necessity of this, one is glad to think, the authorities at the coast are keenly alive to.

Of course one pities such men with all one's heart. You must pity any man who falls so far as these men have fallen. But you must not allow your pity to blind you to the evil which they do, or to hinder you in dealing justly with them.

But more to be pitied than these men are the "wastrels" of life—poor, weak, feeble things many of them, not really bent on doing evil or preying upon their fellow-creatures, but unfortunate—"down on their luck." Many such find their way over to Uganda. They look upon it as a sort of "Tom Tiddler's ground," where you have nothing to do but to pick up gold and silver.

I know of no sadder cases to deal with than some of these—broken in health, not unfrequently from dissipation, with no means, ill-clad, with hardly bread to eat, and often battling with

fever. They had some resources once, possibly when they landed at the coast a year or two ago ; but what they had has disappeared, at Nairobi or elsewhere. And now they hear that Uganda is being opened up, and that there is money to be made out of rubber, or cotton, or coffee, or fibre. God help them ! If there is money in these things, they are not the men to make it. No man of business who looks for efficient service would think of employing such men. Or if they get employment, they very soon lose it through incapacity. They have no *vis vitæ*. What is to be done with such men ? They should be got out of the country with all possible speed. To remain is simply to die.

From what has been said with regard to the awakening of the tribes owing to the coming of the railway, the reader will not be surprised to learn that the whole enterprise is likely to be a great financial success. It has been a costly undertaking—much more costly than was at first anticipated—no less a sum than £5,500,000 having been spent from first to last. But nevertheless the prospect of a large yearly balance on the right side of the account grows daily brighter ; the receipts are going forward by leaps and bounds. The monthly traffic returns both for goods and passengers show a large increase as compared with corresponding months of the preceding year. Were the Uganda Railway to be turned into a limited liability company (which is not likely to be the case), the shares would find eager purchasers, even at a premium, so fully have the financial anticipations of the projectors been realized.

But this financial success, whilst no doubt gratifying to those who had predicted it, is to my mind the least important result attained by the great undertaking. The relief of suffering, the amelioration of the hard lot of multitudes of souls, and their enlistment in the great army of workers whose faculties, physical and mental, are being employed in the God-given task of subduing the earth, is a much greater achievement ; for it is one bound up with the eternal purpose of God concerning that complete redemption of the human race, when all that is wrong shall be set right, and when He shall reign gloriously.



WATERFALL ON MOUNT ELGON

CHAPTER XL

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW (1902)

“And they blew a trumpet, and all the people said, God save the King.”—
1 KINGS i. 39.

ONE of the most interesting events of the year 1902 was the visit of the Katikiro to England for the purpose of attending the coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey. The visit was an official one, at the invitation of the King. Ham Mukasa accompanied our old friend Apolo, as secretary; and Millar by Government arrangement was attached to the party in order that both might derive the fullest possible benefit from their visit to England, through his ability to explain to them fully, in their own tongue, the meaning of all they saw and heard.

I had preceded them by some months, and had the pleasure of being present at the C.M.S. House in Salisbury Square when they were welcomed by the Committee on June 17.

It was in many respects a touching scene. There were present there—not many, but still some, like Mr. Eugene Stock—who had taken part in the planning of that great venture of faith, the Uganda Mission, five-and-twenty years previously. And there standing before them was the prime minister of Uganda—a guest of the King, a man of commanding ability and force of character, an earnest Christian who was not ashamed of his Master, and who, as the mouthpiece of some five-and-thirty thousand baptized Christians, was able in earnest tones, and with simple eloquence, to thank the Society for what it had done for him and his people.

During his stay in England the Katikiro was able to visit many of our great centres of industry and population, such as Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, and Birmingham. But the interest of the visit culminated in the last two days, when the Katikiro and Ham Mukasa were received by the King at Buckingham Palace, and when, on the day following, his Majesty was crowned. Ham Mukasa, in his interesting book, “Uganda’s Katikiro in England,” thus describes the coronation ceremony:

“The Queen then entered; they brought her in, in great state. Her train was carried by eight pages, four on each side, and they sang a hymn to welcome her, and all the men and women cheered and clapped their hands and bent down their heads to greet her, as is the way to greet Kings. When she reached her chair she

sat down, right in the centre, the King's chair being beside her. After this there entered the lords of great honour; the Earl Marshal also came, and then after a short interval the King, between two Bishops, one on his right—that of Canterbury, and one on his left—that of York, and the King between them, and they all walked very slowly indeed. The King's train was carried by eight pages, four on each side.

“When the King had sat in his chair he first prayed to God to give him strength in this great ceremony of taking possession of his country. After he had again sat down the work of the Bishops began, and the Archbishop of Canterbury prayed; after he had prayed he read the questions, asking the King if he would rule aright, and the King replied as is the custom, and they brought a book for him to swear on, and the Archbishop made him swear, as all Kings swear, and they brought him a pen to sign his name, and he did all these things. He then left the chair in which he had been sitting and went to that in which he was to be crowned and anointed with oil. This throne had a magnificent back to it, and ornaments of gold like doves.

“After they had sung a hymn he sat down and they anointed him, and the Archbishop prayed a short prayer: they then brought the crown on a silken cushion, and the Archbishop took it in his hands and lifted it up, and asked, saying, ‘This is the man whom we wish to crown as King of this realm; if any man has anything to say against it, let him speak,’ and when no one spoke he put the crown on the King's head. When he did this it was a wonderful sight, for each of the peers took his coronet in his hands and lifted it up, and when the crown rested on the head of the King they all put on their coronets and cheered with a loud voice, and the electric lights were turned up all over the building and flashed out, and the organ and violins and flutes and bugles and drums all sounded, and the singers sang, and it was a marvellous thing; and one's hair stood on end on account of the exceeding great glory!”

And so the visit of the Katikiro and his friend to England came to end, and they returned to their own country. They were not in the least spoilt by all the attention shown to them, but greatly benefited by their varied experience; and this very largely owing to the pains taken by Millar to explain the meaning and use of everything which they saw not only in England but during their travels.

My own return to Uganda later in the year was signalized by a great disaster. The new hospital, which had only been in

existence some eighteen months, was struck by lightning on the night of my arrival at Entebbe, and completely destroyed (November 29). Happily there was no loss of life, but besides the loss of the building some hundreds of pounds worth of instruments and fittings were destroyed.

My host at Entebbe was Colonel J. Hayes Sadler, the new Commissioner. He at once despatched a telegram of sympathy to Dr. Cook, and placed at his disposal four hundred men to be employed in the erection of a temporary hospital for the accommodation of the most pressing cases.

It was a great satisfaction to me to find in the new Commissioner one who (an accomplished linguist) had already set himself to study the language, and also as far as possible to enter into the difficulties of the Baganda with a view to helping them to a solution of many of their political and social problems.

One of the most urgent matters with which the new Commissioner found himself obliged to deal with was the "sleeping sickness," which was now assuming alarming proportions. This terrible disease had gradually been creeping eastward, from the basin of the Congo, where for a number of years it had been more or less endemic. The first to identify it on its appearance in Uganda was Dr. A. R. Cook, in the year 1901. At once the alarm was raised, and serious investigations were immediately entered upon as to its nature and origin—all of course with the object of taking preventive measures, and, if possible, of discovering a cure. Hitherto it had been regarded as an absolutely incurable disease. These investigations have passed through three stages.

The first stage, so far as Uganda is concerned, was with reference to the discovery of a micro-organism called *Filaria perstans*, found in the blood of nearly every sleeping sickness patient. It was assumed, perhaps somewhat precipitately, that this minute creature, belonging to the animal kingdom, was the cause of the disease. Further investigation, however, showed conclusively that such was not the case. In the meanwhile a Commission organized by the Royal Society in conjunction with H.M. Government had arrived upon the scene of action. Laboratories were built at Entebbe, and further research was at once entered upon. Dr. Castellani, a member of the Commission, entertained strong suspicion with regard to another micro-organism belonging to the vegetable kingdom, and called in honour of the discoverer, *Streptococcus Castellanii*.

It was while studying the life history and peculiarities of this interesting stranger that Dr. Castellani's attention was drawn

to another organism of a worm-like shape—one end bluntly conical, and the other, the *flagellum*, very finely tapering. It was a *trypanosome* of very active habits, a creature like the *Filaria perstans* belonging to the animal kingdom.

Later investigation has proved that this creature is undoubtedly the cause of the disease popularly known as "sleeping sickness." The symptoms of the disease are many, and comparatively easy to be recognized. The skin becomes dry and irritable, and patients are continually scratching themselves. The glands of the neck become swollen. A period of nervous excitement often supervenes, followed by consequent exhaustion. The final stage appears to be one of great drowsiness, a symptom which gives the name to the disease.

Early in 1903 Colonel Bruce, R.A.M.C., who had been lent to the Uganda Administration by the War Office for special service, arrived upon the scene, and by as brilliant a piece of inductive research as the annals of science can show, discovered the means by which the disease is conveyed. He found upon inquiry that the sleeping sickness areas were more or less contiguous to water—the Lake shore, the islands, river banks, and so forth. He found upon further investigation that a species of tsetse-fly called *Glossina papalis* flourished in these very regions. The significance of a map prepared under his direction was apparent at the first glance. Red discs showed the presence of sleeping sickness, blue ones that of the tsetse-fly—the latter, of course, even more extensively marked; but it was found that the line of the one was almost invariably followed by the line of the other, the terrible red disc.

Specimens of the *Glossina papalis* were obtained from the sleeping sickness areas, dissected, and examined under the microscope. The *trypanosome* found in the sleeping sickness patients was discovered in the tsetse-fly. The conclusion was obvious, but not absolutely established. But fresh data were forthcoming. Monkeys kept at the laboratories were fed upon by the tsetse-fly, and in due course developed sleeping sickness. Their history was the same in almost every case—fever after a certain lapse of time, the temperature chart showing invariably the same variations and peculiarities. Thus was this most important fact established—viz., the conveyance of sleeping sickness infection by means of the tsetse-fly.

In the meanwhile the ravages wrought by this fell disease have been appalling. The islands have been almost depopulated. Kome, which at one time was said to have a population of 10,000,

has hardly 500 souls left. The fishermen on the Lake shores have become practically an extinct race. South Busoga has suffered even more than Uganda. Nanyumba's country has been more than decimated; while Wakoli's, formerly the very garden of Busoga, is now a howling wilderness.

The latest measure which has been adopted with a view to checking the progress of the disease has been the removal of the whole population of the infected areas—the destruction of all the deserted houses, in order to prevent the return of their former occupants—and the formation of camps in healthy districts for those found to be actually suffering from the disease. These camps are in charge of Government doctors, of whose kindly sympathy with their patients, their untiring efforts for their welfare, and their skilful treatment of their charges, it is impossible to speak too highly. It is hoped that by these drastic measures the spread of the disease may be checked, and the infected areas in time become healthy again.

The bearing of all this terrible sickness and distress upon our work has been very close and intimate, and its effects disastrous in the extreme. On some of the islands work has ceased altogether; congregations have been broken up and churches fallen into ruin. On other islands, such as Sese and Bukasa, the work has been continued, but under great difficulties and with largely diminished congregations and classes.

The sombre tones of the deep, dark gloom which now for seven years has been hanging over Uganda has, however, been relieved from time to time by bright gleams of light. The noble heroism of many of our Christian teachers and evangelists who have continued at their work (at the risks of their lives, and who in some cases have fallen victims to the disease) can never be forgotten. That the martyr spirit is not dead in Uganda the following incident will bear witness:

“Some few months ago I was officiating in the Cathedral at Mengo. The great congregation had dispersed, and a large body of the communicants remained. Slowly the service proceeded, the profound silence broken only by the solemn words of administration. The last communicants had returned to their places, and I was about to close the service, when from the extreme end of the building—a corner of the south aisle, in which she had been sitting by herself—a woman advanced slowly up the nave. I waited wonderingly. As she took her place, kneeling alone at the rail, Harry Wright Duta, who was assisting me, whispered in my ear: ‘It is Rakeri.’ ‘Rakeri!’ In a

moment her story flashed through my mind, and with heart uplifted in praise to God, and with a voice ill controlled through the emotion that welled within, I administered to her the emblems of the dying love of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Slowly and with dragging footsteps she returned to her place, and with the Gloria in Excelsis and the Benediction the service came to an end.

“ Now who was Rakeri (Rachel) ? She was a woman connected with the congregation at Ngogwe, near the shores of the great Lake. Some time previously it had been told at a meeting of Christians how that on a certain island sleeping sickness had broken out, and that the people were dying in large numbers without anyone to teach them the way to salvation. This so touched the heart of Rakeri, who was present, that she volunteered to go and teach the women and children. She was warned. She was told of the peril. It would be at the risk of her life. Infection meant death. There was no cure. Nothing could turn her from her purpose. ‘ I know all this,’ she said. ‘ Those people are dying and know nothing of Christ, the Saviour of the world ; I know and love Him, and must go and tell them of Him.’ She went, and after a while came back and told how she had been enabled to lead one and another to the feet of the Saviour ere they passed into the unseen world.

“ She returned to her post. A few more months passed by, and then came the news that she was ill. She was brought back and carried up to the hospital at Mengo, where Dr. Cook, having examined her, pronounced the fatal verdict ‘ sleeping sickness.’ She lived for some months in the hospital under the doctor’s care, and during the whole of that time, as long as she could move about, she was as a ministering angel to the sick ones in the women’s ward. She would go from bed to bed, reading with this one and praying with that one, soothing all in their pain as far as she was able, and ever seeking with loving words and tender pleading to lead them to the feet of the Saviour. And all the while she was a dying woman.

“ It was during this time of comparative strength that Rakeri came to the Communion service in the Cathedral (which is quite close to the hospital), as I have already told. She sat in that distant corner all alone, because she knew that people would shrink away from her as they would shrink from contact with death itself.

“ I saw her once again. It was the last day of her life. She was lying on her bed in the women’s ward. The fatal slumber

was upon her. ‘The Bishop has come to see you,’ said the doctor. Her eyelids fluttered for a moment as though she understood, and then she fell back into slumber once more. I could but whisper in her ear the blessing of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—and so she passed to her rest and her reward.”

Where in the whole history of the Christian Church is there to be found a nobler instance of self-sacrificing love? “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

CHAPTER XLI

FROM UTMOST EAST TO UTMOST WEST (1903)

“ Watchman, what of the night ?
 The night-clouds break away ;
 On the far mountains streaks of light
 Foretell the spring of day.”

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

THE year 1903 opened sadly. Two of our workers were taken from us by death—Mrs. Bond, with startling suddenness, and H. Farthing, from black-water fever. The former was on her way to Toro with her husband, Dr. Bond, and died only two days’ journey from Mengo. The latter, who had been working very happily in Bunyoro, died at Hoima. Such workers could ill be spared at such a time of rapid development in our work. However, we could but bow in humble submission before Him who can never err, and thank Him for the wonderful health which the Mission as a whole had hitherto enjoyed.

The year so sadly entered upon was perhaps, of all the years of my service in Uganda, the busiest. Travelling was its main feature. Eight months out of the twelve I spent in my tent. It was truly a case of “in journeyings often.” Ngogwe, Mitiana, Nakanyonyi, and Ndeje were in turn visited, and an aggregate of 774 candidates confirmed. Fever, however, dogged my footsteps as I went on from one place to another; and although it was a time of great joy on account of the large ingathering of souls visible on every hand, it was also a time of great physical weakness and trial.

But notwithstanding all this, three great journeys were accomplished in the course of the year. The first was to Toro, for

which I started in company with Dr. Bond on March 3, travelling by way of Bunyoro. It was a weary journey from first to last. The heat at times was intense and very trying. How one dreaded the endless succession of hills—the steamy plains—the stifling atmosphere in the long grass! And how one longed for some sign in the camping place—a banana plantation or some thatched rest-house by the roadside! Then the restless night—the silence broken now and again by the whining howl of the hyena or the bark of the wild fox; and how one longed for the day and yet dreaded it! And then the cold, cheerless camp in the early morning—in the darkness before dawn, when one tried to swallow some breakfast without any appetite for it; how one dreaded that, too! and yet it was a part of the daily programme, and had to be gone through.

In Bunyoro my mule, which hitherto I had been riding, fell lame, and I was obliged to take to a hammock. In this I was carried into Kabarole, the capital of Toro, on March 21. On the 25th, 269 candidates were confirmed, and six days later 132 more, making a total of 401—a wonderful token of the progress of the work. On April 1, I started on the return journey to Mengo, still feeling terribly weak and unable to walk more than a few yards. However, as the days passed by I gradually got better, and on reaching Mengo on the 14th, had regained a fair measure of health and strength.

The next two months were occupied in a series of local engagements—Confirmation services, a ladies' conference, and on June 7 (Trinity Sunday) an Ordination Service, when seven natives and three Europeans were ordained. The way was now clear for a long-contemplated journey to Mount Elgon, where Crabtree and his devoted wife were at work. On June 9 I started with Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Cook on an expedition which involved at least 500 miles of travel.

Our programme included visits to all our stations in Busoga, and that at Kisalizi, near Mruli, in the north of the kingdom of Uganda. By this time one's health was re-established, and the daily journey, instead of being a toil, was a very real pleasure. Busoga was familiar ground, but on reaching the great river swamp—the Mpologoma—new country full of interest was entered upon.

The passage of the Mpologoma was no light task. Our caravan consisted of some fifty men and boys, seven head of cattle, two mules, half a dozen sheep and goats, and some forty loads. "Dug-out" canoes were the only method of transport. The

ferry-men—if it be not an Irishism to say so—were women, and they worked with a will. In rather less than three hours everything was upon the farther shore. The onward journey was through Budaka, where Chadwick and Buckley had been working until the breakdown of the former through fever, then on to Nabowa, where we got our first view of Mount Elgon, the goal of our journey. The atmosphere was somewhat hazy, but at the same time so free from clouds that the whole range was visible from end to end. The highest point, 15,000 feet above sea-level, was in full view, and free from the snow with which at certain seasons of the year it is not infrequently clad. Elgon is a noble mass, majestic in outline, and solemn in the significance of its isolation, as guardian-like it seems to watch over the low-lying lands of Kavirondo and Bukedi. Clouds commenced to gather and cling to the summit, soon to hide it from view as we left the crest of the hill at Nabwa and continued our journey to Masaba, where we arrived on June 27, 1903.

In a previous chapter I have alluded to the planting of this Mission among the wild Bagishu at the close of the year 1899. For nearly four years the Crabtrees had now been at work, and the result was visible on every hand. Tender care of the sick had won the hearts of the people, and the little church crowded on Sunday, and the classes gathering day by day during the week, were an earnest of an ingathering by-and-by. Crabtree had done a notable linguistic work. The first reading-book, a hymn-book, prayer-book, a book of Bible stories of some one hundred pages, all most beautifully printed, told of unsparing effort, both intellectual and physical. Two Gospels had been translated, and would soon be published. All this was, indeed, good news. It told us that after years of intense desire and earnest prayer the language of the Bantu-speaking Kavirondo people had been reduced to writing, and that the Word of God was in the way of being placed in their hands.

An ascent of a shoulder of Mount Elgon, called Nkoko Njeru (the "White Fowl"), the summit of which was 8,500 feet above sea-level, concluded our visit to Masaba, and on July 1 we made our way to Mbale, some eight miles away, where Kakungulu, the great Uganda chief, whom I have more than once mentioned, had settled himself. It was a great surprise to find what a wonderful impression he had made upon the wild waste on which he and his people had settled some three or four years before. He had indeed made "the wilderness and the solitary place to rejoice and blossom as the rose." Broad roads, well-built

houses, cultivated gardens, neat and trim fences, all told of unsparring effort and brave perseverance in the face of immense difficulties. A church had been built, and regular services were being carried on by Andereya Batulabude, a native pastor from Uganda. As we looked around upon this remarkable colony of Baganda, with its population of something like a thousand souls, we could not but speculate as to its possible influence upon the tribes around. A silent influence there could not but be, as most of these Baganda men were Christians, and what influence can equal that of the true Christian? "Ye are the light of the world—ye are the salt of the earth," said the Master Himself. Here, thought we to ourselves as we looked upon these Baganda, is an instrument ready to hand for the evangelization of the peoples around. Why should they not be the evangelists to win these souls for Christ? Alas! upon inquiry we found that little or nothing had been done towards reaching them. Whether it was that being "at grips," so to speak, with the forces of nature, battling with the wilderness for means of subsistence, they had little time or energy left for evangelistic work, one cannot say; the fact, however, was clear that nothing had been done. However, we called the principal Christians together and set the matter before them, and it was cheering to see the immediate response to our appeal. The fact was, they needed a leader to suggest and inspire as well as control. He apparently was lacking. We promised, however, on our return to Uganda to send them one.

From Mbale we went on our way, recrossing the Mpologoma to Busoga. After spending a quiet Sunday at Iganga we took the road to Kamuli, where Allen Wilson and Davies were at work. Greatly cheered by the evident tokens of the progress visible on every hand—sixty-seven men and women offering themselves for Confirmation, one hundred and six communicants on the Sunday gathering around the Table of the Lord—we continued, on Monday, July 20, our journey to the Nile. The ferry was only two and a half hours from Kamuli, so that we were on the river-bank early in the day. Two miserably small and cranky canoes were all that were available for the transport of some fifty men, together with loads, sheep, goats, mules, and cattle. The whole day was occupied with the work of transport, and when night came several of the cows were still on the east bank.

From the Nile we went on our way through Bulondonganyi to the Sezibwa River. The journey was in many respects a sad

one. Large gardens, once the scene of busy life, we found almost deserted. Houses were falling down, fences were in ruins, weeds and wild undergrowth were choking the life out of the banana-trees. The cause of this widespread ruin was not, as we supposed at first, the sleeping sickness, but a tiny fly called "embwa" (dog). Its venomous bite causes exquisite pain, and ultimately sores of the most serious character, often dangerous to life, and certainly destructive to health and vigour. Our brief experience of this pest led us to wonder how anyone able to leave a district so infested could possibly remain to endure such torments as are inflicted by this tiny creature.

The Sezibwa River we found well bridged, and its passage only occupied something like a quarter of an hour; but the Lwajali, which to our dismay had overflowed its banks, was more than a mile wide, and the only means of crossing were by two dug-out canoes, both with large holes in their bottoms. In my diary I find the following account of the way in which the problem of crossing the river in these circumstances was solved :

"Our native guides decided that out of these two useless vessels (the dug-outs) one whole canoe might be made. With great energy and resourcefulness, they set to work, and brought a native forge down to the water's edge, where one of the canoes was already lying. Iron spikes were made red-hot, and with them holes were bored in the sound wood, round the great hole in the bottom of the canoe. Then a large piece of wood was cut out of the other boat, and holes bored with the red-hot spikes round the edge. The patch thus prepared was sewn with fibre to the bottom of the canoe to be restored. The holes and cavities were then caulked and plugged, and the boat was ready for service."

Embarking in the renovated canoe, we made our way very slowly through the shallow water until we came to the main stream, where our progress was much more rapid. Ultimately we landed upon an ant-hill jutting out into the waste of waters, while our canoe went back for the mules and loads. Anxiously we watched load upon load being put into the canoe, whilst every vacant place was filled by porters desirous of crossing. With difficulty the overladen boat was pushed off, and as she got into the deep water an incautious movement on the part of one of the porters brought about the catastrophe for which we were all looking, and over she went. Happily the cargo consisted mainly of tent-loads, and not boxes of provisions or wearing

apparel. They were all recovered, and the men managed to scramble back to the bank, none the worse for their involuntary bath.

A five days' journey still lay between us and Kusalizi. The rains had apparently been heavy, and we found so much water in the swamp and roads that going was anything but easy. However, we won our way through, and on arriving at our destination, received a very warm welcome from the Christians, who came out in large numbers on the road to greet us. We were delighted with what we saw of the work. The schools were flourishing, the classes thronged, the teachers in earnest, and the scholars eager. On Sunday no fewer than 960 souls came together for the worship of God. Of these 106 were communicants. Fifty-seven men and women were presented to me for Confirmation. Dr. and Mrs. Cook had their hands full in ministering to the sick, who came in large numbers for treatment.

Having spent five days in this happy work, we started on August 3 for Mengo, travelling by way of Luwero and Ndeje. At each of these latter places there was a full programme of work. At the former eighty-one candidates were confirmed, at the latter one hundred and fifty-seven. This practically brought our tour to a conclusion, and on August 11, after nine weeks' absence, we found ourselves once more at Mengo.

A busy six weeks in and around the capital followed the conclusion of this highly successful journey. Then came preparations for a visit to Nkole, in the far west. Dr. J. H. Cook, who was anxious for a medical itineration, was my travelling companion in this, the third great journey of the year.

Having in a previous chapter described a similar journey to Nkole and Toro, it will be unnecessary to do more now than to touch briefly upon the main incidents of an expedition which was an almost unqualified success from first to last. Leaving Mengo on September 22, and travelling by way of Kasaka and Kajuna, we arrived in Koki on October 7, and received a very warm welcome from the king, chiefs, and people alike. At the stations through which we passed on our way I had been enabled to confirm 193 candidates, and the doctor had prescribed for large numbers of sick and impotent folk. In Koki we were both for the several days of our stay as busy as we could well be.

Only by one untoward incident was our visit marred. It was in this wise. On Saturday, the 10th, I had just concluded a

Confirmation service in the church, and being anxious to make an inquiry of Miss Robinson, who was assisting Dr. Cook in the dispensary hard by, I made my way thither. It was a wattle and daub building thatched with grass in which I found them at work. In one of the two large rooms into which the building, somewhat old and decayed, was divided, were a number of sick people awaiting treatment. In the other the doctor was at work with his drugs and instruments. Hardly had I entered into conversation with Miss Robinson than I noticed that the poles and beams supporting the roof were in motion. "The house is coming down," I shouted, and flung myself upon the ground. It was one's only chance. Escape through the doorway was impossible. That was blocked by people trying to escape from the next room. To remain standing was simply to be crushed to the earth and to death with a broken spine. But lying upon the ground there was some hope that, as the timbers came down, they might shield one in some way or another from suffocation by the heavy thatch above. It was but a moment, and one was down, and all was darkness and silence. Then after a while, how long it is impossible to say, one was conscious that efforts were being made to rescue us. Voices were heard, and gleams of light became visible, and then a lifting of the timbers. Dark hands soon laid hold upon me, and I was dragged out into the light of day, my arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets in the process. In a moment or two one was able to take in one's surroundings, and to realize that a great peril had been escaped absolutely without injury.

But how about Miss Robinson and Dr. Cook? They were still, I found, beneath the ruins of the house, at which a hundred men were at work. A few anxious minutes passed by, and then first Miss Robinson and then Dr. Cook were dragged out from among the débris—the former uninjured, and as calm and cool as though nothing had happened; the latter with a somewhat severe bruise upon his shoulder caused by a falling beam. It was a marvellous escape from serious injury, if not from death. One poor fellow I was sorry to hear was suffering from a fractured skull, but before leaving Koki we were glad to learn that he was doing well.

What had brought about this catastrophe? It was in this way. When I left the church at the conclusion of the Confirmation service, I was followed by the greater part of the male members of the congregation, and as I entered the dispensary large numbers crowded on to the baraza, in order to get the shelter

of the veranda from the heavy rain which was falling. The pressure of this great crowd was too much for the stability of the old and decayed house in which the doctor was at work, and over it went.

A five days' journey brought us to Mbarara, the capital of Nkole, where, on Sunday, October 18, I had the great joy of confirming the king and the prime minister (Katikiro), as well as seventy-eight other candidates. What a contrast was that day with the one of four years before, when we sat in front of our tents surrounded by a horde of savages with their wizards and witch-doctors, and strove to gain an entrance into the country for the Gospel of Christ! What could we but exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" as we realized the wonderful change which had come to pass in so short a time?

On October 21 we took the road to Toro, where we arrived some eight days later in company with Dr. Bond and Maddox, who had come out as far as Esungu to meet us. A busy five days followed, and then once more we were on the road, bound for Mengo, where, with the good hand of our God upon us, we arrived on November 17, having accomplished a journey of well-nigh five hundred miles in something like eight weeks, in the course of which I had held nine Confirmation services, and confirmed no fewer than 751 candidates. This was the third great journey of the year brought to a happy and successful conclusion.

In looking back over these weeks and months of travel in which some 1,500 miles were covered, one was filled with gratitude and thankfulness to God for all His many mercies and loving-kindnesses. *Preserved* from sickness, dangers by the way, road, swamp, and river; *permitted* to see wonders of grace in souls brought out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel of Christ; *privileged* to have a part and share in the carrying out of God's gracious purposes of love—for all this, and much, very much more, one could but humbly thank and praise Him who

"Such wondrous things had done."

CHAPTER XLII

POSSIBILITIES AND OPPORTUNITIES (1904)

“All our natural endowments, all our personal histories, all our contrasted circumstances, are so many opportunities for peculiar work.”—BISHOP WESTCOTT.

IN looking back over the past history of the Church in Uganda, we notice that certain periods stand out beyond others, marked with very special features of significant interest. At one time extension is the special characteristic, at another consolidation. At another it may be declension, at another evangelistic zeal, and so on. The period upon which we have now entered is distinguished by a great advance in educational work. I have already alluded to the efforts made in 1898 to place our educational work on a better footing by enlisting the help and sympathy of chiefs and parents alike in the education of their dependents and children. The success of our efforts was most marked; for whereas in 1898 the children under instruction were only to be numbered by a few hundreds, at the close of 1903 no fewer than 22,000 were being gathered day by day into our primary schools. At the time of writing this number has grown to nearly 32,000.

But so far little or nothing had been done for the children of the upper classes, who in many respects were worse off than the children of the peasantry. They were rarely brought up by their parents. They were, in consequence, neglected, out of hand, and allowed to run almost wild. We felt strongly that if the ruling classes in the country were to exercise in the days to come an influence for good upon their people, and have a sense of responsibility towards them, it was absolutely essential that something should be done, and that speedily, for the education of these neglected children on the soundest possible lines.

It appeared to Mr. Hattersley, who was in charge of the primary school in Namirembe, that if anything effectual was to be done in the way of moulding their characters and fashioning their lives, with a view to their bearing bravely the responsibilities and discharging faithfully the duties of their chieftainships, it could only be in a boarding-school, where we could have them in our own hands, so to speak, during the greater part of the year. With his usual resourcefulness, he devised a plan by which such a school should be self-supporting. It was

to be on the "House" system—say, twenty boys in a house under a house-master (native). The houses were to be built by the parents themselves, each of whom should have a right to nominate one pupil in perpetuity. But, besides the cost of building the house, which was thus divided among the parents of the boys, each parent or guardian became responsible for the maintenance of the boy nominated. The scheme "caught on" at once. First one house, and then another, was built, until now, at the time of writing, there are one hundred and forty boys in the school, each of whom is either a chief who is a minor, or the son of a chief. The school is known as the "Mengo High School."

It was with very much the same idea in our minds, coupled with a conviction that University education must sooner or later find place in any well-devised scheme for the intellectual training of the Baganda, that early in 1903 we planned a school for "Intermediate education." A. G. Fraser, who was the prime mover in the scheme, was obliged, on account of his wife's health, to return home. It was taken up, however, by H. W. Weatherhead, who worked at it with unbounded enthusiasm. A site was secured about eight miles from Mengo, on the hill of Budo, intimately bound up with the history of the kingdom of Uganda. For many generations the kings of Uganda have, on the summit of the hill, gone through a ceremony equivalent to coronation. The king through his regents having granted the site, the school has been named "King's School." It has been founded on the principal of self-support, the annual fees amounting to about £7. The school buildings already completed consist of three blocks—a fine schoolroom 50 feet by 30 feet, with class-rooms on each side, and three dormitories on the cubicle system. To complete the scheme, we have to build a technical school, a gymnasium, a chapel, and a sanatorium, besides another dormitory. Our aim, as in the Mengo High School, which is intended as a feeder to "King's School," is not only to bridge over the gap between primary and University education, but, by the discipline of work and games in a boarding-school, so to build up character as to enable the Baganda to take their proper place in the administrative, commercial, and industrial life of their own country.

It will be noticed, doubtless, that whilst describing the educational advantages and facilities provided for boys, nothing has been said about any provision for the girls. They had not, however, been forgotten. It would be worse than a mistake to



A VILLAGE IN THE ACHOLI COUNTRY, NILE VALLEY

neglect them. As a well-known writer has said, "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."

Since 1895, when the first party of lady workers arrived in the country, womanly influence had been brought to bear upon the children, and especially the young girls of Uganda. Many had learnt those lessons which only women can teach. The degraded womanhood of Central Africa could not but be the better, and therefore the children the better, for those years of devoted service which had been so ungrudgingly rendered since that day in October, 1895, when Miss Furley and her five fellow workers arrived in Mengo. That band of six single ladies had grown into one of twenty at the close of 1903, whilst at the time of writing the single and married ladies working in the Mission number fifty-two. The work of this strong force has had to do largely with the education of the girls, with whom we are in contact at all our Mission centres, and many native women teachers have been trained for this same branch of work.

In the primary schools at the close of 1903 no fewer than 7,800 girls were under instruction, a number which has increased so rapidly that it stands at the present moment at 14,300. As in the case of the boys, however, it was felt that a special effort should be made to reach the girls of the upper class, and a boarding-school on the same self-supporting lines as the Mengo school was started for their benefit. It has attained a large measure of success under the fostering care of Miss A. L. Allen, and those who from time to time have been associated with her. Similar schools are being planned for the capitals of Toro and Bunyoro. Our object in all this is not, as Ruskin says, "to turn the woman into a dictionary," for we believe with him that "it is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events or celebrated persons," but it is deeply necessary that she should make virtue lovely to children, and by her life and bearing draw men to high and holy and heavenly things.

Whilst all the educational work was being planned and brought into being, the silent process of extension into the regions beyond was still working. The latest move was into the Nile Valley, upon which we had long had our eyes fixed. Lloyd at Hoima had come in contact with a number of natives of the Acholi country, who for a while were sojourning there. A young chief

named Ojigi had become greatly interested in our teaching, and strongly urged a visit to his country on the farther side of the Nile. He declared that the Acholi people would welcome teachers and readily place themselves under instruction. Lloyd responded at once, and undertook a lengthened tour through the country, visiting in turn a number of the principal chiefs. He was deeply impressed both with the vastness of the need and the greatness of the opportunity, and begged me to go and see for myself how the land lay.

Early in 1904 the way seemed clear for a two months' absence from Mengo, and having first obtained the sanction of the Commissioner, Colonel Hayes Sadler, to whose kind sympathy and help the Mission owes so much, I started on March 8, in company with Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Cook, for the Acholi country. Space would fail me were I to attempt to tell in detail the story of this most interesting journey. I can only roughly sketch its main features.

It was not the best time of the year for travelling; the rains were upon us, and we had literally each day to "dodge" them. Sometimes we were caught, but more often than not we escaped the drenching which continually threatened us. Eight days brought us to Hoima, and another two days to Masindi, where we had a Saturday to Monday rest. Then on we went again towards the Nile, until a smart attack of fever obliged me to rest for a couple of days. The passage of the great river was successfully accomplished, and on March 29 we arrived at Ojigi's village, where we received a very warm welcome both from the chief and his people.

The village was a collection of circular houses built of mud with granaries in the midst, and surrounded in most cases by a "boma" of thorns and euphorbia. A characteristic feature of the Acholi village was the place of assembly. A roughly-built shed without side walls, filled with hewn and unhewn timber seats, constituted the parliament house of the village elders. Here justice was administered, the gossip of the countryside retailed, cattle bought and sold, marriages arranged, raids planned, and last, but not least, beer drunk. Another peculiar feature of the Acholi village was the bachelor's house. It was generally raised some six or eight feet above the ground, and was entered by a door hardly larger than would enable a slim young man to creep through. In this building the unmarried youths of the village were required to sleep, whilst the ground around was strewn with fine dust, or sand, in

order to detect the footprints of any youth so bold as to leave it during the night.

We spent the best part of a week, including Easter Day, at Ojigi's. It was a lovely spot where we were encamped, a very paradise of beauty. A wonderful panorama was spread out before us. Westward the Bulega mountains, a hundred miles or more away, were clearly visible. Northward the hills around Nimule were in full view, whilst in the middle distance, wood, rock, and river alternating in sunshine and shadow, enchanted us with their ever-varying beauty of colour, of glowing and at times subdued light. The air was fresh and invigorating, the nights cool and restful. The crowds which daily thronged our camp added a human interest to our stay, which never flagged from first to last.

From what we had seen of the disposition of the people, their friendliness, their earnest desire to be taught, coupled with their evident degradation, one felt that an opportunity was offered to-us which ought not to be neglected. But Ojigi's was hardly central enough for a Mission-station. We therefore journeyed on to Patigo, some forty miles away, where, to the great delight of the chief, Bon Acholi, we decided to settle. It was a position of strategic importance, if considered in relation to the tribes north and east. It was healthy and fairly populated.

We stayed longer at Patigo than we intended, owing to an attack of fever (spirillum) from which Mrs. Cook suffered, and which, recurring at regular intervals during the remainder of our tour, was the source of no little anxiety to us from time to time. However, on April 13, we arrived at the village of a great chief named Owin, some thirty miles away in a north-easterly direction. Acholiland is peculiarly a cattle-rearing country of rolling hills with rich pasturage. But at Owin's the *Borassus* palm made its appearance, indicating a different geological formation. The herbage was shorter than we had seen elsewhere, and goats, in consequence, seemed much more numerous than cattle.

From Owin's we journeyed back to Bon Acholi's, and then on to Wadelai, where, after some delay in crossing the Aswa, which was in flood, we arrived on April 26. It had now been settled that Kitching, who for several years had been working in Toro, was to be associated with Lloyd in opening the new station at Patigo. He had been sent for, and was expected in a week or two. In the meanwhile Lloyd arranged to await his arrival on the hills some ten or twelve miles away, where it was decidedly more healthy than Wadelai.

On April 30 we went on our way towards Bunyoro, recrossing the Nile at Fajao, near the Murchison Falls, with the grandeur of which we were very much impressed. Masindi and Hoima were reached in due course, and on May 10 we found ourselves once more at Mengo, after an absence of ten weeks, during which we had covered something like six hundred and fifty miles, while Dr. Cook had treated over four thousand sick folk. Thus was the expedition, which had been planned with the object of opening up the Nile Valley, brought to a happy and successful conclusion.

An event was now at hand to which we had long looked forward with the greatest expectation and interest—the consecration of the new cathedral. It was a remarkable structure, built of brick, the foundations of burnt, the superstructure of sun-dried, bricks. It was cruciform in shape, with chancel, nave, and two aisles. The roof, constructed of heavy hewn timbers, was supported by a double row of round brick columns with octagonal bases. The pointed arches of the windows and doors harmonized with the pointed arches which connected the columns together. Perhaps the most striking feature of the whole building was the interior decoration of the roof, which was of the most beautiful reed work to be seen in the country. The yellow reeds were first washed, and then polished, after which they were cut to the required length, and then, laid side by side, were tied with a dark-coloured fibre in long parallel lines, and here and there with varied designs. The whole effect was very striking, and, being entirely native, was the more interesting.

June 21 was the day fixed for the ceremony of consecration. It dawned bright and clear, and ere the sun's rays had touched the golden vane of the cathedral spire, crowds of men and women were climbing the hill of Namirembe in order to secure their places. It mattered not that an hour or two must elapse before the doors were opened, and then another hour or two before the service commenced. Their places they felt would be secure, and time was of no consequence to them. By seven o'clock the hum of voices had deepened into a roar which could be heard half a mile away. At nine o'clock all were in their places, some 4,500 inside the building, and some 6,000 outside. A little later the king arrived with the Katikiro and the great saza chiefs. Then came the Commissioner and Mrs. Hayes Sadler and suite. A procession was formed, and to the strains of "God Save the King," I had the privilege of conducting His Majesty's represen-

tative to his seat in the chancel, with the Kabaka on his left, and Mrs. Hayes Sadler at his right hand. Returning to the vestry, the procession of clergy, nearly fifty in number (native and European), made its way through the dense throng of men and women who filled the body of the church.

It was a thrilling moment when, in the presence of that vast throng, one stood up to pronounce the solemn words of consecration, with these evident tokens of God's blessing upon our work on every hand—the beautiful cathedral in which we were met; the vast congregation which filled it and its precincts; that body of clergy, native and European; those evangelists and teachers gathered from every part of the diocese. And then how the rolling and reverberating tones of the responses stirred one's soul to its very depths! And the *Amens*, how they reminded one of what we are told of the Christians of the primitive age—that their *Amens* were like the roll of distant thunder.

But the offertory—how full of interest the scene was! Scores of men, provided beforehand with large bags, went slowly in and out among the white-robed throng of men, and the mass of women in their beautiful terra-cotta-coloured bark-cloth dress. In a short while the bags were full of cowrie shells (value one thousand to a rupee, 1s. 4d.), and brought to me as I stood at the Holy Table. They were quickly refilled, and again brought to me. This went on for some time until it was clear that all in the church had given in their offering. Then the sidesmen went outside to gather the offerings of the six thousand sitting patiently in the sunshine. In the meantime other gifts were being brought to me in the chancel—fowls (laid down at the foot of the Communion Table), sugar-cane, bananas; then two goats were with difficulty led forward, which, after I had received, I asked might be taken outside and tethered to a tree. Then it was whispered to me that a number of cattle, whose lowing was plainly audible, were in the churchyard. “What was to be done with them?” “Oh! don't bring them in,” I whispered hurriedly, with, I confess, a certain amount of trepidation; “let them remain outside.” Still the work of collecting went on, until the Communion Table could bear no more. Then a cloth was spread on the floor in front of the table, on which a huge pile of shells was quickly reared. Gradually it became apparent that all had given in their gifts, and half-filled bags told that the collector's work was over. The total amount of the collection was 1,613 rupees (including 90,000 cowrie shells), 36 cows and bul-

locks, 23 goats, 31 fowls, and 154 eggs, besides bananas, sugarcane, and Indian corn—a total value of over £150. With praise, prayer, and the Benediction, this memorable service was brought to a conclusion.

Among our honoured guests at this most interesting time were Mr. and Mrs. Victor Buxton. The former was the first member of the Committee of the Church Missionary Society—that Society to which Uganda owes so much—to visit the country. He had been with us for some little time, taking part in a conference of Missionaries which, on June 15 and two following days, had discussed, but I am sorry to add with very little practical result, the old, threadbare question of a constitution for the Church. On June 25 I started with him and Mrs. Buxton on their way to Jinja, where, on July 2, they embarked on the *Sybil*, one of the Lake steamers, *en route* for England. I then went on with Willis through Busoga to Masaba, and from thence with Purvis we travelled through Kavirondo, visiting Mumia's on the way. The object of our journey was to find a suitable site for a Mission-station. We had been feeling for some time past that the time had come for reopening that work in Kavirondo which, through scarcity of food and other causes, had been reluctantly closed some twelve years before. From Mumia's we went on to Maragole, and there we decided to settle. Willis, who had worked first in Nkole and later at Entebbe, volunteered to open the work. The site was a very beautiful one, in a healthy situation, in the midst of a numerous population, and in close contact both with the Bantu and the Nilotic speaking Kavirondo peoples.

CHAPTER XLIII

FINAL SCENES (1905-1908)

“Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve.”

BROWNING.

THE extension into the Nile Valley and the country of Kavirondo, as mentioned in the preceding chapter, brings to a close, so far as this retrospect is concerned, the story of the development of the work of the Church of Uganda in the regions beyond. It only remains for me, therefore, to indicate the chief features of interior progress which characterized the remainder of the period covered by this narrative, mentioning, it may be, in passing,

various incidents of interest as they occurred, and then as shortly as possible to summarize what has been presented to the reader in perhaps too detailed a fashion.

On Monday, May 22, 1905, a remarkable incident happened which must not go unrecorded. It was nothing less than the finding of the bones of the young lads who had died for their faith some twenty years before. The discovery was in this wise. The Bishop of Zanzibar, Dr. Hine, was paying me a visit, and had seen a good deal of our work, and had preached on the Sunday to a large congregation on the duties of citizenship (it was Empire Day). In the course of his sermon he remarked on the wonderful change which had come over the country since the days when Mwanga, with fire and sword, had attempted to stamp out Christianity. This suggested to my mind the possibility of our visiting Busega, as the place of martyrdom was called. The Katikiro undertook to provide a guide who had been an eye-witness of the scenes with which the early days of Christianity in Uganda will for ever be associated.

It was early in the morning when we started, and, having met our guide at the foot of Namirembe Hill, we pursued our way to Natete, the site of our old Mission-station. We crossed the swamp at the foot of the hillside (happily it was bridged), and then up the opposite hillside we went, until we caught sight of the bright green surface of the great swamp Mayanja. Making our way through banana groves, and winding in and out among gardens of sweet potatoes and Indian corn, we found ourselves ere long within a few yards of the dismal swamp. Our guide halted, and, pointing to the long grass where two or three stunted wild date palms were showing their feathery tops, exclaimed, "There they died—there they were put to death."

We looked upon the sacred spot with deep interest, but there was nothing to tell of the tragedy enacted so long ago. The same sunshine gilded with its rays the tops of the papyrus and rushes growing in such profusion on every hand; the same breezes as long ago swept the surface of the long grass, and made that gentle rustle in the banana-leaves which must sound so sweet to the ear of every Muganda, for it has grown sweet to us who are but strangers in the land; the same birds wheeled hither and thither in the sunny atmosphere, save that then, doubtless, the vulture and the kite hovered not far away, waiting for that feast which in those days was seldom long denied them. We had been told that not long ago some fragments yet remained of the wooden frame in which the martyrs were burned to death,

and our guide, we could see, was searching for them in the jungle. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation, and, hearing the word "egumba"—*i.e.*, a bone—we hurried to the spot. He held in his hand a bone which was plainly human, and half hidden in the grass were others—a skull, a thigh-bone, then another skull, and so on. The Bishop of Zanzibar, who is a doctor of medicine as well as of divinity, was easily able to identify them as human remains, and apparently those of the youths sixteen or eighteen years of age. They were the bones, our Mohammedan guide confidently assured us, of Lugalama, Kakumba, and Seruwanga.

The reality of those awful scenes of bloodshed twenty years before burst upon us with an intensity of realism hard to describe as we stood there by the margin of that swamp with the remains of that martyr band before us. We thought of the tyrant Mwanga, the dissolute chief, the Arab power, the heathen darkness brooding over the land, the faint glimmer of light just visible on the horizon; the solitary Missionaries, the daily teaching, the sowing of the seed, the ear, and then the blade just peeping up above the surface of the rocky soil; the young lads just coming out into the light, new-born babes in Christ, but who, nevertheless, by that supernatural power which will never fail the true witness, were enabled to be "faithful unto death," and so to win the crown of life.

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

And so, with hearts filled with gratitude, and praise to God for the sustaining grace vouchsafed to that martyr band, we made our preparations for laying those whitened bones in their last resting-place. A trench was dug with a hoe which we borrowed from a neighbouring hut. This was lined with sweetly scented grass. Reverently we gathered the precious remains together, and solemnly laid them to rest, while with bared heads and uplifted hearts we stood, thanking and praising God for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear, but specially for those young Christian lads who in His love and by His grace had been enabled to be faithful, in the midst of darkness and distress, even unto death.

For some time past we had been realizing that a large number of our Christian people in and around the capital were living beneath their privileges; many of them, who had been baptized



GRANARIES IN A NATIVE VILLAGE, NILE VALLEY

years ago, had not offered themselves for Confirmation, and not a few communicants were very lax in their attendance at the Lord's Table. Besides which, there were many unbaptized men and women who had for years been most regular in their attendance at church, had been hearers of the Word, and yet had not made up their minds to be Christians. We therefore decided to hold a series of special Mission services in the cathedral with the object, if possible, of bringing these latter to a decision, and of enabling the lukewarm Christians to realize how far below their privileges they were living.

Special preparation was made by weeks of prayer, and when, on Sunday, March 4, 1906, the vast crowds came together to listen to the message of the Gospel, it was with a spirit of expectation and of hope. For eight days these services continued with ever-increasing interest on the part of those who attended them. On the first day some 3,500 men and women came together at the morning service, and some 1,200 at the afternoon. On the last day the figures for the same services were 5,800 and 2,000 respectively. During the eight days of the Mission there was an aggregate attendance of over 60,000 souls.

But what of the spiritual results? They were very much what we had been hoping and praying for. Drunkards signed the pledge in large numbers. Heathen enrolled themselves to such an extent as candidates for Baptism that for a while it was difficult to arrange for their instruction, whilst the candidates for Confirmation were so numerous that we were obliged to invade the cathedral and hold our classes there, no fewer than thirteen such classes finding accommodation within its precincts. Some people may perhaps be shocked at such use being made of a consecrated building, but in my opinion no worthier purpose could be served by our beautiful new cathedral than to afford shelter from sunshine and storm for those who were being taught, some the way of salvation, and others the way to a higher, a purer, and a holier life.

This large ingathering of souls through the special Mission services at the capital was an indication of a similar ingathering which was going on more or less throughout the whole country. We were now at high-water mark in our work. For the five years ending September 30, 1907, no fewer than 36,000 souls were baptized into the Church in Uganda. In other words, for the last five years in succession an average of more than 7,000 souls each year had been baptized into that "Name which is above every name, and to which every knee shall bow." The

number of Confirmation candidates, too, had also largely increased. Of this I had remarkable proof in the course of a journey through the Bunyoro-speaking countries of Nkole, Toro, and Bunyoro, in the autumn of 1907.

Previous to starting on this journey, a meeting of Church representatives was held in the latter days of June, and a step forward taken in the organization of the diocese. It was agreed that a Synod should assemble yearly, and that the laws regulating its powers and providing for its coming together should be embodied in the constitution known as the *Amateka ge Kanisa* (*i.e.*, the laws of the Church), agreed to in the year 1899, and in accordance with the provisions of which the work of the Church had ever since been carried on. It was a matter of regret to me that the Missionary body was still reluctant to come under the terms of the constitution; but at the time of writing I am happy in the knowledge that this reluctance has passed away, and that there is good hope that at the first opportunity provision will be made in the constitution for a legal participation of all European workers in the councils of the Church.

The conference over, on July 2 I started on my long journey through the Lunyoro-speaking countries of Nkole, Toro, and Bunyoro, referred to above. It was a cheering and heart-stirring experience from first to last. Within a few hours of leaving the capital I was met on the road by crowds of young native Christians, some with drums and flutes, some with flags and banners, some—especially the school-children—with bunches of flowers tied to the ends of long reeds which they carried in procession. Sometimes one was greeted with the singing of hymns; at other times by the beating of drums and the clapping of hands; but more frequently by the “*Kuba ndulu*,” which consists of shrill cries rendered intermittent by the hand beating the lips. For several weeks this kind of reception was almost a daily experience.

My first Confirmation service was at Buwere, some fifty miles away. Then on I went through Budu, confirming on the way, and receiving that daily welcome which was so marked a feature of this my latest journey.

From Budu I journeyed to Koki, and thence on to Nkole. The king unfortunately was in Uganda, but Mbaguta, the prime minister, and all the Christian chiefs were most warm in their greetings. The atmosphere of the whole place was vastly different to that in which Dr. A. R. Cook and I were nearly (metaphorically speaking) stifled on the occasion of our visit in 1899.

Then the atmosphere was purely heathen; gross darkness covered the land—a darkness that might be felt. Now, however, all was changed. Instead of being greeted by medicine-men with their incantations, one was welcomed with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. Men and women were evidently making melody in their hearts to the Lord. Teaching was going on all around. The school was prospering, and (greatest change of all) the women had been given a large measure of freedom, and had now come out of their seclusion. Many, indeed, half hidden in veils and under umbrellas, managed to walk a mile or two on the road to meet me. It was a weird sight to see them, their faces half hidden in veils, one eye only being visible, and each with a huge black umbrella sheltering her from the gaze of the common people. It was, however, a welcome proof that the old order was changing and giving place to the new.

An eight days' journey brought me once again to Toro, where I was a witness of one of the most remarkable demonstrations of feeling of which the history of the Church in Uganda has any record. Some three thousand men and women and children came out on the road to welcome us. There was the king in his State dress, with his guard of honour, the prime minister on horseback, and crowds of minor chiefs, all in their holiday attire, and all apparently bubbling over with joyous excitement. The air was rent with cries of welcome. The running to and fro was incessant. The hand-shaking, the crowding and the crushing, were almost overwhelming. This wonderful reception was not, however, a personal greeting. There were, no doubt, many present who were glad to see me and welcome me as an old friend. But, wonderful to relate, it was rather a demonstration of joy at the news which had recently reached them, that the whole Bible was to be translated into their beloved mother-tongue. So far they had only got the New Testament in the vernacular. They had, however, the whole Bible in Luganda, a language which many Batoro understood fairly well. But to use a foreign tongue for spiritual instruction is to employ an ineffectual instrument. And this the people of Toro had been feeling strongly for some time past, and they pleaded earnestly that Maddox, who had made a very close and earnest study of Lunyoro, which is the vernacular of Toro, might be allowed to translate the Old Testament, as he had already translated and given to the people the New Testament, in their own tongue.

In November, 1906, the king had called a meeting of chiefs

and leading Christians, at which a petition was drawn up and presented to me, setting forth in touching terms their earnest desire for the whole Bible in their own beloved mother-tongue.

The receipt of this petition opened up a very wide question. It had been the hope of many workers in the Mission that Luganda might in course of time displace Lunyoro and minor languages. At one time some of us seemed to see signs that this was actually coming to pass. The advantage of having one great language with one literature was manifest, and was not a policy to be lightly laid aside. However, natural forces were at work, and soon made themselves apparent. A strong national feeling had for some time past been seething beneath the surface, both in Toro and Bunyoro. This had strengthened the demand for Lunyoro as opposed to Luganda. It was a feeling very natural, and in some of its aspects even laudable. Moreover, it was one which I felt it quite impossible to oppose without serious risk to the prospects of our work. I therefore strongly urged upon the governing body of the Mission in Uganda that the prayer of the petition should be granted, and that Maddox should be asked to undertake the great work of translating the Old Testament into Lunyoro. The discussion was long and exhaustive. At length, to my great joy, my proposal was carried, and a few days later I had the still greater joy of communicating the result to the Church in Toro. The demonstration of king, chiefs, and people which I have described above was the expression of their delight and gratitude.

In every department of the work marked progress was apparent. Under the auspices of Dr. Bond the hospital and dispensary were reaching and relieving large numbers of the suffering sick. The schools were crowded. Classes for Baptism and Confirmation were in full swing, the instruction of women by Miss Pike and Miss Baugh Allen in lace-making and weaving was being attempted, and industrial work under Maddox's supervision had attained such success, that I found a beautiful new brick church, more like a small cathedral than an ordinary church, awaiting consecration.

This ceremony took place on August 1, and was the occasion of immense crowds coming together. The Sub-Commissioner was present in full uniform, and of course the king and his chiefs in official dress. The service was a very joyful, and yet to many of us a very solemn, one. The manifold blessing of God upon the work, while it filled our hearts with thanksgiving and praise, also humbled us as we thought of our shortcomings and failures

and how undeserving we were of the use which He had made of us. The offertory was a wonderful token of liberality on the part of the congregation. It amounted to nearly £40, made up of cowrie shells, cattle, sheep, goats, fowls, and produce of various kinds, as well as rupees and pice.

The supreme moment came at the service on Sunday, August 4, when two natives of Toro—Andereya Sere and Yosiya Kamuhigi—were solemnly set apart as Deacons for the work of the ministry. At the same time no fewer than 619 communicants gathered around the Table of the Lord. To crown all, before I left Toro I was able to confirm some 401 candidates.

After leaving Kabarole I visited both Butiti and Bugoma, where Confirmations were held, and then took the direct road to Hoima, where I arrived on August 16. The work in Bunyoro had suffered considerably from political disturbance earlier in the year—a disturbance which had been quelled by the energetic action of the Acting Commissioner, Mr. G. Wilson; but I found the classes in full swing, a large new church being built, and a school-room in course of construction. After holding a Confirmation service and attending a meeting of the Bunyoro Church Council, at which various matters affecting the administration of the Church funds came under discussion, I took the road to Mengo, where I arrived on August 31.

CHAPTER XLIV

SUMMARY (1890-1908)

“ We turn and look upon the valley of the past years. There below are the spots stained by our evil and our fear. But as we look a glow of sunlight breaks upon the past, and in the sunshine is a soft rain falling from heaven. It washes away the stain, and from the purity of the upper sky a voice seems to descend and enter our sobered hearts: ‘ My child, go forward, abiding in faith, hope, and love, for lo ! I am with you always ! ’ ”—STOPFORD BROOKE.

My story of busy life in Uganda and Equatorial Africa has in its details now drawn to a close. It only remains for me to sum up, as briefly as possible, what has gone before, and to indicate as shortly as I can the main features of those wonderful changes which, in the comparatively short period of my Episcopate, have come over those countries in which for eighteen years of happy service my lot has been cast.

Eighteen years ago the political future of East Africa and Uganda was still hanging in the balance. The British East Africa Company was staggering under a burden greater than it could bear; Germany had recently enunciated the doctrine of the "Hinterland," and was casting envious eyes upon Uganda; whilst the fate of Zanzibar was still uncertain.

France, too, was not without longings for a Central African Empire. Two Missionaries and a solitary representative of the British East Africa Company were the sole Englishmen in Uganda. Now, however, Zanzibar and East Africa are both British Protectorates, the latter ruled by a Governor and a Legislative Council, assisted by a large and capable staff of officers. The kingdom of Uganda has her own native ruler (Kabaka), who has, with the chiefs, treaty relations with Great Britain, by which her independence under British protection is secured. A resident Governor, assisted by Sub-Commissioners and Collectors, not only supervises the administration of Uganda, but also that of the protected countries of Toro, Bunyoro, Nkole, Busoga, and other territories included within the boundaries of the Protectorate.

Eighteen years ago slavery, with all its attendant horrors, still flourished, not only in Zanzibar, Pemba, and Mombasa (and that in spite of treaties and decrees), but also in the far interior, where no such legal enactments were possible. Now, however, not only has the status of slavery been abolished in the Protectorates of Zanzibar and East Africa, where the Sultan still holds a nominal sovereignty, but also in Uganda, by the will and free choice of enlightened Christian chiefs.

The journey from the coast to Uganda, which in 1890 took me nearly six months, can now be done in as many days. Instead of the long, sinuous line of porters winding in and out of the jungle, crawling along at the rate of between two and three miles an hour, we have the luxuriously fitted railway train doing its thirty miles an hour. Instead of the canoe creeping along the Lake shore, or from island to island in its passage across the great Lake, occupying some two or three weeks of precious time, we have now such steamers as the *Clement Hill*, the *Sybil*, and the *Winifred*, with their saloons and cabins fitted with electric light and electric fans, and doing the passage in as many days as it formerly occupied weeks.

In the old days we sometimes waited eight or nine months for a mail, and were hungry indeed for news from the homeland. Now a weekly mail is the established order of things,

and should it be delayed on account of a "wash out" on the line, the complaints are both loud and deep. Eighteen years ago roads in Uganda were non-existent, except in and around the capital. Footpaths there were in plenty, but for the traffic of to-day they would be absolutely useless. Now, however, broad roads intersect the country in every direction. A motor-car belonging to the Governor now runs between Kampala and Entebbe, and before long it is evident that motor traffic will be one of the principal means of locomotion between Uganda and outlying countries such as Bunyoro and Toro.

Then, again, the outward aspect of the everyday life of the Baganda differs vastly from that of eighteen years ago. Then there was nothing but the bee hive-shaped hut to be seen. Even the king's house was of the traditional type. Now, however, the chief who has not a brick house with a corrugated iron roof is regarded as altogether behind the times. American and Japanese "rickshas" are now the order of the day for any self-respecting great chief. Some ride bicycles, others mules and horses. Most of the great chiefs have their typewriters, and secretaries who conduct their correspondence for them. The dress, too, both of chiefs and people, is indicative of that higher standard of living to which the Baganda have now attained.

The forces which have operated in producing these remarkable features in the present-day life in Uganda have been many and various. I have alluded to them more than once in the course of my story. I need therefore now only touch upon them very briefly, ere I pass on to sum up the progress of that Missionary work which I hold to have been the greatest of all the influences which have combined to make Uganda what she is to-day.

First of all, the civilizing influence of the more advanced life of the Arab traders of the early days must not be lost sight of in reckoning up the forces which in one way or another have wrought upon the national life of the Baganda, which, as I have already suggested, had been anciently to a certain extent moulded and fashioned by an earlier Egyptian influence. Nor can that weight of testimony as to the possibility of a higher life given by such travellers as Speke, Grant, and, above all, Stanley, be left out of consideration. Then we have to remember the part played by the pioneers of the Imperial British East Africa Company, represented by Lugard and Williams, and also by that influence exerted by men like Macdonald, whose name will always be held by the Baganda in grateful remembrance.

But perhaps the greatest of all these moulding political forces,

to which from time to time in the course of my story I have alluded, has been that of the British administration, established at the coming of Sir Gerald Portal in 1893. The power of that moulding force has been very largely what it has been through the wise and judicious way in which from the very beginning it has recognized and striven to work in harmony with those stronger moral and political forces exerted by the Christian Missions, which by strenuous labour had for wellnigh sixteen years been preparing the way for that unifying and consolidating influence commonly known as "Pax Britannica." Under its ægis, law and order have been established, and economic forces, being allowed fair play, are gradually doing their work, and the Baganda are surely, and not slowly, working out their own future.

And so I pass on my way to a brief summary of that remarkable Missionary work which has been the main topic of the eighteen years' retrospect which is the subject of this work, and for which I claim a first place in the list of those forces which, in the providence of God, have had a share in the making of the Uganda of to-day.

In 1890, when first I arrived in the country, the number of baptized Christians was probably two hundred. Now this little band has grown into a great host of 62,867. Of these, more than 36,000 have been baptized within the last five years. In other words, for the last five years in succession over 7,000 souls each year have been baptized into the Church of Christ in Uganda. But it may be said numbers are not everything. How is it with the Church as to her spiritual life? What about the communicants? On January 20, 1891, they numbered 70. In 1897 they had increased to 2,655, the proportion of communicants to the baptized members of the Church being about one in four. On September 30, 1907, however, the proportion was about one in three, the total being no less than 18,078.

The increase in the ministry of the Church has been co-extensive with the increase in her membership. As I have explained elsewhere, I include in the term "ministry" all formally enrolled workers for God, whether men or women, lay or clerical. In 1891 it was my happy privilege to be permitted to set apart six Lay Evangelists for such work as they might lawfully do as laymen. This was practically the foundation of the native ministry as we find it in Uganda to-day. In 1893 the first deacons were ordained, and three years later (May 31, 1896) the first native priests. In 1897 the native lay teachers and

Evangelists numbered 685, and the native clergy 10. To-day the former number 2,036, and the latter 32.

The influence of such a body of workers on the life of the country cannot but be deep and far-reaching. Nor has the advance been only in numbers. The educational standard of all Church workers from the clergy downwards has risen immensely during recent years. At most of the out-stations a training work is being systematically carried on, whilst at the Central Station on Namirembe no fewer than four Missionaries devote the whole of their time to this most important part of the work. Half-yearly examinations are held for those who are qualifying, men and women alike, for the authorization of the Church for the work of teaching and preaching. The result has been a great stimulus to study, and a very real advance in the standard attained. One further point is to be noted with regard to this native ministry, and that is, that it is maintained entirely from native sources. Not a single halfpenny of English money is used in the support of either clergy, Lay Readers, or teachers.

From the worker one passes by a natural transition of thought to the building in which the work is done. In 1890 there was but one grass-thatched church in Uganda—that at Mengo. In 1897 there were some 321 places of worship scattered throughout the country. In these churches there was sitting accommodation for 49,751 persons, with an average Sunday morning attendance of 25,300 worshippers. In the latest available statistics the figures under the same headings stand as follows : Places of worship, 1,070 ; sitting accommodation, 126,851 ; with an average Sunday morning attendance of 52,471.

It must not be imagined that these thousand churches scattered throughout the land are substantial stone or even brick buildings. The brick or stone church is gradually being evolved out of the reed or wattle and daub structure, which is so easily built and as easily repaired. Ten years ago every church in the country was built of timber and reeds, with a grass thatch. To-day we rejoice in the completion of the brick cathedral on Namirembe, and the uprearing of similar brick structures, of smaller dimensions, however, in Toro, Nkole, Hoima, Gayaza, and other places ; whilst large and substantial churches built of wattle and daub, with heavy timber framework, are replacing the less substantial reed church in the more out-of-the-way parts of the country.

There is one fact to be carefully and thankfully borne in mind in relation to these thousand churches in Uganda, and that is

that they have been built and are being repaired by the natives themselves, and from their own resources.

“ The little church on yonder hill,
That seems to touch the skies,
Gives birth to mingled feelings
As oft it meets mine eyes.”⁵

It tells eloquently of the new era which has dawned upon that land of old-time cruelty and oppression. It speaks of the self-sacrifice, the trial, the difficulty, endurance of sorrow, sickness, and even death which has been a marked characteristic of the work of planting the Gospel of Christ in that land once so remote from Christian civilization. It speaks, too, of the simple faith and child-like trust of those who, from day to day and from Sabbath to Sabbath, gather together for the worship of Him whom, not having seen, they love, and in whom, though now they see Him not, yet rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. It proclaims, too, and that in trumpet tones, the glorious truth which I desire above all others to bring home to the mind of the reader, and that is, that the Cross of Christ has not lost its ancient power, and that it is still the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.

Then another influence which has had its share in the making of Uganda has been the work of the Medical Mission both in dispensary and hospital, as well as in the wide field of medical itineration. Just as Western civilization has been influenced and, indeed, permeated by that care for the sick and suffering which is of the very essence of Christian truth, so the barbarism of Central Africa is learning through Medical Missionary work something of that Divine pity which will ever be manifested by the true followers of the Great Physician towards those who, in the mysterious providence of God, are called upon to suffer.

But next to the purely spiritual power exerted by the preaching of the Gospel, perhaps the greatest force which in recent years has influenced and impressed the life of the Baganda has been that of education—education in its widest and deepest meaning. The industrial training which has been an essential part of our educational system since the days of Mackay has been the means of influencing large numbers of the Baganda, and of fitting them to take their proper share in the material development of their own country. The result has been that carpenters, joiners, bricklayers, printers, and other mechanics have been so trained that they in their turn are training others, and so the work goes forward, with the consequence that the people are now becoming

possessed of better houses—houses in every way more suited to the higher standard of living which is becoming general throughout the country. This industrial work, under Borup's supervision, attained such large dimensions that it was felt necessary some time ago to hand it over to a company of sympathizing friends, in whose hands the cultivation of cotton has prospered to such an extent that it promises to become one of the staple products of the country.

With regard to what is popularly known as education—that is, instruction (at the very least) in the three R's—I may say that practically all our candidates for Baptism, men and women alike, have from the very beginning been taught the art of reading. In the early days our staff of Missionaries was so small, and the number of those seeking Baptism was so great, that all we could do was to teach those who were thus passing into the Kingdom the fundamentals of Christianity. But during more recent years the education of the children has been taken seriously in hand, and systematically pursued. The result is that, whereas in 1897 only some seven hundred children were under instruction, at the present moment no fewer than thirty-two thousand boys and girls are to be found in our primary schools. It is safe to say that during the last decade at least a quarter of a million of persons, men, women, and children, have been taught the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic. This is proved conclusively by the statistics of our book sales. For instance, I find that during the last three years no fewer than 109,362 copies of the first reading-book in Luganda have been sold, together with 23,000 portions of Scripture, including Bibles and Testaments, and 34,000 other books of various kinds, making altogether a total of 166,000. During the same period no fewer than 610,280 sheets of writing-paper, together with 49,916 note and exercise books, have been disposed of to the people, by sale, whilst 47,730 pencils and penholders have by the same means found their way into the hands of those who were learning, or had learnt, the art of writing. These facts speak for themselves, and are an eloquent testimony of the widespread character of our educational work. This work is now superintended by a Board of Education consisting of the prime minister (Katikiro), the Kago, the senior native clergy and Missionaries, and presided over by the Bishop.

The greater part of our educational work is carried on in the vernacular, for the simple reason that we have no wish to denationalize the Baganda. We have no desire to turn them into

black Englishmen (if such a thing were possible), but rather to strengthen their own national characteristics, and thus to fit and equip them for taking their proper part in the administrative, commercial, and industrial life of their own country. This teaching in the vernacular has involved us in a great translational work, in which the names of Pilkington, Crabtree, Rowling, and Maddox find prominent place. Besides the Bible, we have in our list of books in Luganda the Prayer-Book, a Hymn-Book, the Oxford "Helps to the Study of the Bible," Commentaries on all the Gospels, Norris's "Commentary on the Prayer-Book," "Pilgrim's Progress," Robertson's "Church History," "Æsop's Fables," a Life of Mohammed, a Geography, an Arithmetic, Grammars, Vocabularies, and sundry works calculated to help generally in our scheme of education in the vernacular.

These, then, are the forces which have operated during recent years in fashioning the life of the Baganda as we see it to-day, and which have wrought those changes which to those who are able to look back upon the days that are gone—days of gross cruelty and darkness—seem so wonderful. I say not that the life of the Baganda is all that we wish to see. It is far otherwise. We see much to deplore and to sorrow over in their ingrained sensuality, their untruthfulness, their failure to realize, as we think they might do, their higher duties and responsibilities. But, at the same time, when we think of the hole of the pit from which they have been digged, when we remember what they were, the centuries of gross heathenism and barbarism which are behind them, and, above all, when we bear in mind the force, the fearful power of hereditary tendency, we are lost in wonder and amazement at the marvellous change which has passed over their lives—a change as from darkness to light, one that can only be compared, in its greatness and glory, to a change as from death unto life; a change that can only have been wrought by supernatural power—the power of the spirit of the eternal God.

And so my story of eighteen years of busy life in Uganda and Equatorial Africa comes to an end. But ere I lay down my pen I cannot but add one word more—a word of thankful acknowledgment of that gracious goodness and love which has permitted me to see such things as those of which this story tells, which has suffered me to bear some part in that great work which God, through His witnessing servants, is doing for the redemption of Africa, and which He has done in the hearts of the people of Uganda; which has watched over and kept me in

perils innumerable in twenty-two thousand miles of wandering in Equatorial Africa.

However dark at times may have been the scene, however profound the gloom, one characteristic of the Church's work in Uganda has never been hidden, one feature has never been obscure to those with eyes to see and ears to hear, and that is the glorious fact which I trust I have made clear and plain in the course of this work—the fact of the *Presence* of the Divine Lord and Master Himself, the great Head of the Church, guiding, controlling, blessing, and overruling everything, even the devices of wicked men, to His own glory in the salvation of immortal souls. He has indeed been to His Church in Uganda and East Africa the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. He has abundantly fulfilled His own promise :

“ Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.”

POSTSCRIPT (1909-1911)

“ Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.”—1 TIM. i. 17.

WELLNIGH three years have run their course since the close of the record of the events set down in the preceding chapters. Sunshine and shadow still alternate in the ever-varying aspect of the work. Sometimes we are gladdened, and sometimes saddened, but nevertheless the work goes forward, and the Divine purposes are being wrought out.

One of the most notable of the events of the period to which I refer has been the extension of the work of the Church in the countries outside Uganda. Bukedi and Nandi have been definitely entered, and their evangelization seriously taken in hand. In February, 1909, in company with Archdeacon Buckley and Dr. A. R. Cook, I was able to make an extensive tour through the Teso country. Our original idea was to make our way to Kasamoja by the caravan route running round the eastern base of Mount Debasien ; but, upon arriving at Mbale on February 6, we found that, owing to the scarcity of water at that particular time of the year, the road was impassable. We therefore made up our minds to turn aside into the Teso country, in order to see what opportunities there might be for work in that direction. Kitching was already on the spot, and plans were being formu-

lated for making Ngora, where he was stationed, a great training centre both for sons of chiefs and local Evangelists.

From Ngora we made our way to Kyere and Serere. At the latter place a large number of sick were treated by Dr. Cook, many of whom were found to be suffering from leprosy. Crossing an arm of Lake Kioga on February 20, we passed through Bululu without halting, and continued our journey to Kalaki, and thence on to Dokolo. At each of these places I had interviews with the chiefs and headmen of the various districts through which we passed, all of whom expressed their utmost willingness, not only to receive Evangelists and teachers into their villages, but also to house and feed them.

At Serote, where we spent Sunday, February 28, Dr. Cook was besieged by a little army of sick ones, to whom he ministered untiringly from midday till night. Here again leprosy was largely in evidence and specific diseases. A two days' march brought us to Longoi, an interesting place to the north of Lake Salisbury. Here, to our great delight, we found ourselves within sight of the Kasamoja country, and within a two days' march of Mani-Mani, our original objective, when turned from our course by the absence of water on the caravan road. Mount Debasin now lay in full view, its rugged outline being visible from end to end. It was to us a matter for deep regret that engagements at Mengo obliged us to make Longoi our turning-point, and to postpone our visit to the Kasamoja country to some future date. But, happily, the main object of our journey had been accomplished. The way had been prepared for evangelists and teachers who should occupy the posts offered to them by the friendly chiefs whose acquaintance we had made. In addition to this, two provisional sites for Mission-stations had been chosen—one at Dokolo, and the other at Longoi.

Our return journey took us across Lake Salisbury and through Kumi. From thence we made our way to the Mpologoma swamp, and then on through Busoga to Kamuli. On Monday, March 15, the Nile was crossed and Uganda entered. Two or three days' further travelling, and we were once more at Mengo.

The success of our journey suggested to my mind the possibility of employing such funds as the Pan-Anglican Thank-offering Committee were willing to entrust to me in the maintenance of Baganda Missionaries for the evangelization of the country through which we had so recently passed. It seemed to me that our opportunity was a unique one. The Mohammedans had not yet made their appearance, but their coming was

only a question of time. It would be our wisdom to anticipate them. But how? In Uganda was a living Church of some 70,000 souls. Not to make use of such a spiritual force for such a work would be the greatest of blunders. Why not call for volunteers, and send them forth, as the Mohammedans go forth, carrying little or nothing with them? Their maintenance would cost but little. Two or three pounds a year each would be sufficient. Why should not the Pan-Anglican Thank-offering be used for such a purpose? The Church of Uganda would not be expected to evangelize the whole of Africa, and when her capacity stopped, why should not outside assistance be rendered without a violation of the great principle of self-support? The proposal was put before the Pan-Anglican Congress Committee, and gladly sanctioned. The next step was to issue an appeal for volunteers for this service. I calculated that the interest of £4,500 would enable us to maintain at least a hundred Baganda Evangelists. It would hardly maintain a single English Missionary. The response to my appeal has been such that at the moment of writing eighty-five out of the hundred for whom I pleaded have already gone forth to the work.

The spirit in which some of these men have gone may be gathered from the following extract from a letter which has recently come into my hands. Alluding to the common idea that the Bakedi are a fierce and savage people, and to go amongst them is to go at the risk of life, the writer says: "I do not fear death in Bakedi, for if they kill me for the preaching of the Gospel I shall rejoice greatly. For what does it matter if I die the death of all men? When I am killed for religion I shall rejoice, for I know that those who so die have great reward in heaven. Do not pray that I may be saved from their cruelty, but pray that I may be saved from the fierceness of the enemy of my soul."

To the value of the work of those who have already gone forth Archdeacon Buckley bears the following testimony.

"The young men from Uganda," he writes, "are doing a noble work. Young and untried as they are, thank God not one single instance of misconduct has been reported against them. With such native stuff to work with, what might not be accomplished, if only we had some men to lead! The land from the Nile to Abyssinia lies open before us. Surely the Church at home will not let the opportunity pass by.

On April 21, 1909, a month after our return from Bukedi, came the meeting of the Synod of the Church. It was a remarkable

gathering. Representatives were present from Toro, Bunyoro, Nkole, and Busoga to the number of nearly three hundred. The principal measure under discussion was the constitution of the Church. The great question of the inclusion of the Missionary body within the terms of the constitution was now coming to an issue. All depended upon whether a clause in the "Laws of the Church," which stated that whenever the terms "clergyman" or "lay reader" occurred, they should be held to apply only to natives of the country, should stand as a part of the document or should be struck out. If the latter, then automatically the laws would affect all clergy or readers, whether native or European. Happily, the Missionaries were of one mind, and, to my great delight, the clause was struck out, and the constitution for which for twelve years I had been striving was unanimously adopted. The whole instrument was later submitted to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and approved by him. Thus, in the good providence of God, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, the Church of Uganda became a self-governing Church, with power to make its own laws and canons, and to administer its own discipline and funds. The effect upon the life and growth of the spiritual body cannot but be great. Activities and energies will be brought into play by giving to the humblest member a share in the government, and an interest in the life and work of the Church.

This important matter settled, I started on June 19 for a tour through Bunyoro and Toro. At Hoima I had the privilege of consecrating a new brick church capable of seating some thousand worshippers; and at Masindi, on July 2, of laying the foundation stone of a similar structure, though on a smaller scale. The weather was very wild and stormy, and shortly after leaving Hoima on my way to Toro I caught a severe chill, which brought on fever and other discomforts, so that for several nights I was a stranger to sleep. On arriving at Kibanga on Saturday, July 10, I made arrangements for resting until Monday morning. Towards evening it was apparent that my sleep was coming back to me, and shortly after eight o'clock I retired to rest, and almost immediately fell into a heavy slumber. However, shortly after midnight I was roused out of my deep sleep by what seemed to me the bellowing of my cattle (I always travel with two or three cows for the sake of fresh milk). It not infrequently happens at night that these cattle escape from the custody of the herdsman, and wander about the camp. Of course, if they get among the tent-ropes there is danger of their bringing down the tents. I

therefore shouted out to my boys, "Tell Timoteo [the herdsman] that if he doesn't fasten up the cows I will have him punished in the morning." Whereupon they shouted back, "They are not cows; they are *lions!*" This was startling information. They were so near I could hear them snuffing. However, I was so heavy with sleep that almost immediately I fell into deep slumber again. I woke up again in about an hour's time, but the lions were still there, and still roaring. Once again I fell asleep, and when I again awoke day had dawned, and the lions were gone. It was an amusing experience, and, I fancy, a somewhat unusual one.

On July 15 I arrived at Kabarole in company with Dr. Bond, who had come out to meet me. The next day 184 candidates were presented to me for Confirmation, and on Sunday, the 19th, there were no fewer than 500 communicants—a striking evidence of the progress of the work.

From Kabarole I made my way to Butiti, and from thence, in company with Wright, I journeyed on to Kikoma, where Lewin was at work, and where no fewer than 350 candidates awaited Confirmation. These were confirmed on Sunday, August 1, and on the Tuesday following I started on my way to Mengo. On reaching the main road, I camped in what looked like an utter wilderness. Here I had an experience which I shall never forget. The afternoon, which I had spent in sketching, was bright and sunny, but shortly after sunset clouds began to roll up from the west, and darkness came on apace. At about half-past seven, whilst waiting for dinner, the storm, which had been making in the distance, suddenly burst upon us with crashing thunder and quivering lightning. This of itself was sufficiently alarming, but in a moment there rushed down upon our camp a mighty wind, with torrents of rain. It seemed to be an awful combination of a whirlwind and a waterspout. I was standing up in my tent, when in a moment it was caught by the blast and swept away in the tempest. The wind and the rain nearly beat me to the earth. My headman Jeremiah, who had rushed to my help at the moment of alarm, seized me by the hand, and dragged me to a little grass hut which the boys had built for themselves. Had this most precarious shelter not been at hand, I do not think I could have survived such a storm more than a few minutes. As it was, I was breathless and exhausted in the extreme. Although housed for the moment, the prospect seemed hopeless enough. The little grass hut might be swept away at any moment. The night was pitchy dark. I was

drenched to the skin. Water streamed in through the grass roof, and my feet were in water. Outside the storm was still raging. We had no fire, no light, no food.

At length I suggested that possibly a lantern might be found among the débris of my tent, and a boy ventured out in search of one. One was brought in, but, alas! it had been overturned, and all the oil had run out. Another boy then ventured out in search of the cook's lantern. This was found, and happily its oil was safe. The next thing was to get a match. In the hut with me was my cook. Yes, he had matches. True, the rain had soaked into the box. One match after another was tried, but without a glimmer of light being emitted. At length, in the centre of the box, a dry one was found, and in a moment we were rejoicing in the light of a hurricane lamp.

All this while the storm continued to rage. Trees were crashing around us as they were being blown down. The thunder still rolled, and the lightning still blazed. What was to be the end of it?

Suddenly the voices of men were heard. They had come, they said, from the chief (Lwe Kula), whose enclosure was about a mile distant. We had no knowledge of any people living near us. Happily, when my tent was swept away, one of my boys, with great presence of mind, had beaten an alarm upon the drum with which I always travel. This had been heard in the chief's enclosure, and he, divining that some disaster had happened to us, had sent these men to our rescue. How gladly we turned out into the somewhat lessened storm of rain and wind, and made our way through the jungle and long grass to the haven of shelter! A fire, a box of clothes—brought up from the ruined camp—soon changed the aspect of things. Of course, there was no bed, and consequently no sleep all night. But I was profoundly thankful for our escape from a situation which seemed hopeless.

The next day was bright and sunny, and the whole of it was spent in drying clothes, blankets, and bedding; and so I was once more in a position to take the road to Mengo, where I arrived on Tuesday, August 10.

The year 1910 was full of moving incidents, the most interesting of which, perhaps, was the dedication of a memorial cross which, through the munificence of Bishop Wilkinson, of North and Central Europe, had been erected on the margin of the Mayanja swamp to the memory of Lugalama and the other young martyrs who had perished in the persecution of 1885. On the

second day of the session of the Synod all the members made their way to Busega (the place of slaughter). It was a most touching scene as the representatives of some 70,000 Christians stood around that cross and joined in thanking and praising God for the faithfulness even unto death of that martyr band. There were those standing there who had actually passed through the persecution, having been mercifully spared the trial of their faith. The inscription upon the memorial cross runs as follows :

“TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN MEMORY OF THE
BAGANDA MARTYRS,

WHO CHOSE PERSECUTION AND CRUEL DEATH RATHER THAN DENY
THEIR SAVIOUR.

“Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to destroy the soul.”

“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

On August 2 our minds were once more carried back to the old days by the arrival in Mengo of the remains of the late king, Mwanga, from the Seychelles, where he had been interred, and where he died in 1903. It will be remembered that some months before his death he had yielded to the claims of Christ, and had been baptized by the name of Danieri. Many of the Baganda had hitherto refused to believe in the fact of Mwanga's death, and in consequence they had declined to recognize Daudi Cwa, his son, as king. It was with the object of satisfying these doubting ones, and thus securing for the young king their allegiance, that the Government consented to Mwanga's remains being brought to Uganda.

The country was greatly moved by the event, and great crowds came together for the reception of the remains. A short service was held in the cathedral, and then they were taken to Kasubi, where on the following day they were interred with Christian rites in a grave dug close to that of Mutesa. And so the last page in the history of Mwanga's fevered and troubled history is closed, and he rests in his fatherland and among his own kith and kin.

On the day following, Daudi Cwa was solemnly invested with the insignia of the kingship before his palace gate. It was a most interesting ceremony. The ancient seat of state, called Namalondo, was placed in a prominent position, and covered with a lion-skin. Upon this the young king stood, and there before his people he was invested with the skins and bark cloths with which for generations it has been customary to clothe the kings of Uganda on these occasions. Mutalaga the Blacksmith

brought the sword, which he gave to Kasuju, who in his turn presented it to the king, saying: "Take this sword, and with it cut Judgment in truth. Anyone who rebels against thee, do thou kill with this sword."

Then the drum, which is called Mujaguzo, which has python carved on it, and which is supposed to be at least 400 years old, was brought and ceremoniously beaten by the king. The spears and shield, the bows and arrows, were then put into his hands. They signified the way in which the kingdom had been won and was to be retained.

Offerings from the various craftsmen of the nation brought this most interesting ceremony to a close, and, mounted upon the shoulders of the chief Namutwe, the king was carried off to his house, where he received the congratulations of all his friends, both European and native.

It was a great joy to me, a few days later, to confirm him at a service in the cathedral at Mengo. That he is an earnest Christian cannot be doubted, and with the wise and careful training which he is receiving at the hands of his English tutor, Mr. Sturroek, there is every hope that in the days to come he will be a blessing to his people.

And now comes the story of a great disaster. On September 23, in the midst of a violent thunderstorm, the cathedral—our beautiful cathedral, our joy and pride—was struck by lightning and completely destroyed. Mr. Britton thus tells the story: "At 12.30 p.m. the Missionaries living on Namirembe were startled by a flash and a crash, remarkable even for this land of continual thunderstorms. No one was surprised to hear the alarm-call. But when it became clear that it was the cathedral drum that was solemnly booming out its appeal for help a great thrill of consternation fell upon all who heard it. Within ten minutes the whole great roof was ablaze, the flames shooting up fifty feet into the air, and in another fifteen minutes it had all fallen in. By that time the blazing mass was surrounded by thousands of grief-stricken Baganda." "Many men, women, and children," writes Henry Wright Duta, "wept bitter tears as they saw their cathedral burning." For three days the fire continued; the interior of the great nave and transepts being little else than a burning furnace. "We are indeed in heaviness," continues Mr. Britton, "but by the blessing of God the Church of Uganda will arise from this fiery trial the purer and stronger for it."

The loss to the Church by the destruction of the cathedral is much more than the loss of a mere work of art. The cathedral

was the centre of a great and widespread spiritual work. Around it were grouped the Theological Hall, the Mengo High School for sons of Chiefs, the Normal School, the Boys and Girls' Day-school, the Women's School, and the Hospital and Dispensary. All the workers, scholars, and students connected with these institutions were identified in the closest possible manner with the cathedral, worshipping daily within its walls. They mourned for it as for the loss of a home. "We are now homeless," was the cry. "Ichabod—our glory has departed."

It was indeed a great disaster, and one which for the moment seemed irreparable. The Baganda, however, immediately set to work to see what could be done to rebuild their loved cathedral. Early in October a meeting of Christians was held at the house of the Katikiro—no European being present—and the following resolution passed :

"In the matter of rebuilding our cathedral in Namirembe, we rejoice very much to take it in hand, to carry it through to completion. The money we will save from the rents of our estates, and we think that, without doubt, we shall be able in three years to raise £10,000. Every chief who has ten tenants will give the rent of four, and those who have hundreds and thousands of tenants will give in like proportion."

In other words, these Christian chiefs decided to give 40 per cent. of their rent-roll for the three years during which it is thought the new cathedral will be under construction, the poorer Christians giving in like proportion. And thus it comes about, in the good providence of God, that this great disaster seems likely to prove for the Baganda a blessing in disguise. It will teach them yet another lesson in the great school of sorrow—even the most precious of all lessons—that of self-sacrifice.

All this while I was on my way to England. It was with a light heart I was journeying. Everything was going well in Uganda. The Church was clear of debt. She was extending her borders. Baganda Missionaries were going forth to the evangelization of Bakedi. Kisumu and Nandi had been occupied. The Synod had got to work on the lines laid down in the recently adopted constitution. A memorial had been dedicated to the precious memory of the Baganda martyrs. The young king had been solemnly invested with the insignia of the kingship, and, above all, he had recently been confirmed. These were indeed matters for deep thankfulness and praise to God. But, alas! on reaching Aden a telegram was put into my hands : "Cathedral destroyed by lightning, September 23."

It was indeed a stunning blow, and one hardly knew what to do. My first thought was to return to Uganda, and do my best to comfort and cheer the people in their time of deep sorrow. My second thought, upon which I immediately acted, was to send a telegram of sympathy, and to decide to continue my journey, in the hope of being able to so move the Church at home that some substantial help might be rendered to the distressed Baganda, as a mark of sympathy and love, and as a token of appreciation of that spirit of independence which has been so marked a characteristic of the life of the Church of Uganda.

On October 17 I issued an appeal for £10,000 to assist the Baganda in rebuilding their cathedral. To that appeal there has been so generous a response that at the time of writing (January, 1911) £7,000 have been received. That the balance will be forthcoming I have no manner of doubt, being fully convinced that the Church in the homeland will rise to the occasion, and will in this practical way manifest its love for, and sympathy with, the Baganda, its appreciation of their spirit of self-sacrifice, and, above all, its thankfulness to Almighty God for that wonderful blessing which He has poured out upon Uganda during those years of which this story tells, and which is here brought to a close.



BRITISH EAST AFRICA AND UGANDA.



SCALE: 1 INCH = 50 ENGLISH MILES TO 1 INCH

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APPENDIX

STATISTICS OF THE UGANDA MISSION.

Stations.	Native Christians Lay Teachers.			Native Christians.			Native Communicants.			Baptisms during the Year.			Scholars.			Native Contributions.
	Male.	Female.	Total.	Baptized.	Catechumens.	Total.	Adlts.	Children.	Total.	Schools.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.	Seminarists.		
1887																
	—	—	—	200	100	300	50	2	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	
1897																
	479	42	521	12,089	2,368	14,457	3,343	2,757	802	3,559	9	245	228	269	742	R. C. 4,841.00
1907																
UGANDA PROVINCE :																
Kyadondo : Mengo and environs	48	30	78	14,460	172	14,632	4,154	329	249	578	4	749	334	50	1,133	5,388.21
Makerere	28	12	40	2,568	42	2,610	508	102	28	130	3	230	219	—	449	269.97
Gayaza	90	8	98	5,190	159	5,349	1,356	191	144	335	2	1,045	1,146	—	2,191	275.03
Busiro : Entebbe	9	—	9	1,257	25	1,282	300	37	47	84	1	40	48	2	90	276.72
Jungo	65	8	73	2,436	96	2,532	1,254	153	112	265	2	951	971	—	1,922	336.46
Nsangi	17	1	18	1,331	64	1,395	402	114	81	195	1	522	526	—	1,048	216.31
Bira	29	3	32	2,121	60	2,181	314	121	39	160	2	429	434	—	863	108.40
Kyagwe : Mukono	42	12	54	2,068	86	2,154	541	100	91	191	4	748	599	2	1,349	466.50
Ngogwe	23	8	31	1,116	63	1,179	250	105	79	184	2	700	556	5	1,261	146.34
Nakanyonyi	18	2	20	2,183	87	2,270	529	108	91	199	1	566	469	6	1,041	219.87

Bugerere : Bale	14	3	17	574	15	589	138	20	23	43	1	360	259	619	107-98
Bulemezi : Ndeje	304	32	336	7,060	160	7,220	1,734	506	323	829	7	1,115	1,285	2,405	1,668-75
Iuwero ..	86	5	91	1,968	91	2,039	600	198	46	244	3	529	398	934	1,111-09
Buruli : Damba ..	48	2	50	820	9	829	192	21	3	24	4	1,086	933	2,021	304-11
Singo : Mitiana ..	35	1	36	1,898	80	1,978	545	157	115	272	1	616	725	1,341	652-22
Kinakulya ..	24	1	25	1,103	49	1,152	229	131	79	210	1	362	364	726	198-81
Buwekula : Kikoma	166	2	168	1,118	112	1,230	297	242	42	184	8	914	514	1,428	246-56
Gomba : Kasaka ..	36	4	40	1,508	61	1,569	366	87	46	133	2	320	153	473	699-10
Bntambala : Bweya	14	2	16	448	22	470	135	41	15	56	1	149	170	319	31-08
Mawokota : Buwere	18	3	21	703	13	716	105	85	60	145	1	123	165	288	59-66
Budu : Kikise ..	97	24	121	847	82	929	263	58	48	106	2	422	350	772	413-20
Kakunyuu ..	91	37	128	635	34	669	207	50	32	82	1	496	433	929	39-30
Koki : Rakai ..	25	7	32	1,102	55	1,157	513	29	35	64	1	356	288	656	352-56
Se-se Islands ..	16	2	18	966	15	981	267	23	59	82	2	498	501	999	91-45
WESTERN PROVINCE :															
Ankole ..	40	3	43	625	112	737	226	139	27	166	1	372	402	774	523-00
Toro : Kabarole ..	57	49	106	2,574	191	2,765	1,300	143	104	247	1	901	934	1,856	1,752-28
Bufiti ..	55	20	75	575	66	641	220	44	32	76	—	146	141	287	202-20
Bunyoro : Hoima	70	25	95	1,371	263	1,634	422	164	52	216	3	1,277	614	1,923	2,181-87
Bugoma ..	19	6	25	305	43	348	97	68	10	78	2	143	90	233	75-00
Masindi ..	10	—	10	267	7	274	32	39	9	48	2	214	234	448	218-72
NILE PROVINCE :															
Patigo ..	3	—	3	20	4	24	—	1	6	7	—	—	—	—	—
CENTRAL PROVINCE :															
Masaba ..	7	2	9	102	5	107	32	16	2	18	2	84	98	182	76-57
Mbate ..	2	—	2	154	5	159	56	19	5	24	1	15	25	40	336-00
Busoga : Kamuli ..	29	4	33	295	64	359	129	63	13	76	2	341	90	431	200-50
Kumbya ..	29	—	29	89	35	124	25	32	8	40	1	255	58	313	150-47
Iganga ..	34	9	43	629	98	727	214	129	11	140	5	282	105	397	688-58
Jinja ..	5	2	7	230	18	248	89	16	14	30	1	76	31	107	254-02
KAVIRONDO :															
Maseno ..	1	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	22	—	22	47-84
USUKUMA :															
Nassa ..	3	—	3	151	3	154	37	2	7	9	1	62	61	123	56-55
Totals, 1907 ..	1,707	329	2,036	62,867	2,566	65,433	18,078	3,783	2,187	5,970	80	17,516	14,723	32,393	19,441-28

INDEX

- ABAMASAZA**, the, 286
Abdul Aziz bin Mohamed. Sultan of Zanzibar, 24, 25
Acholi country, visit to, 322
Achte, Père, 79
African journeys, routine of, 28
Ainsworth, Mr., at Machako's, 95, 172, 215
Albert Edward Nyanza, 223, 224
Albert Nyanza, 227, 253
Aligangira village, 231
Aliwonyna, Rev. Silasi, 256
Allen, Miss A. L., educational work of, 321
Allen, Miss Baugh, 291, 333
Aloni, Pilkington's "boy," 204
Amateka ge Kanisa, the, 330
Andereya, Kimbugwe Bunyoro, 241, 252
Andereya and Filipo, Baganda missionaries, 277, 282
Anglo-German Treaty (1890), 23, 40
Apolo Kagwa (Katikiro). *See* Kagwa
Arab influence in Uganda, 270, 335
Arthur, Captain, 120, 131
Ashe, Rev. R. P., in Uganda, 7, 13, 78, 134; resignation, 146; his work, 106, 111
Aswa River, 323
Athi plains, game on, 172
Athi River, 93, 95

Babamba natives, 227
Bacteria in sleeping sickness, 307
Bafransa (Roman Catholic party), 16, 79, 113, 123; in Buda, 250; chiefs, 293; Sir Gerald Portal's settlement, 123
Baganda, Mackay's work among, 17; loyalty to King, 81; defeated by Sudanese, 204; progress of civilization, 335; martyrs, 347; *et passim*
Bagenda, Rev. Mikaeri, 294

Bagge, Mr., 216
Bagishu, the, 295, 313
Bagnall, Captain, 202
Bahima, the, 272
Bailey, Mr., 20
Bairu, the, 272
Bakayana, Rev. Edwadi, 291
Bakunga, Paulo, 49
Banda Hill, 104
Barham, Mr., death of, 210
Baskerville, Rev. G. K., 38, 52, 195; on demand for books in Uganda, 83; on mission services at Namirembe, 141
Basti, work at, 210
Batoro, social and political condition of, 189
Batulabude, Rev. Andereya, 314
Baxter, Dr., at Mochi, 72; medical missionary work, 238
Bellefonds, Lenant de, 3
Berkeley, Mr., British Administrator of the Uganda Protectorate, 92, 260
Beverley, Mr., missionary at Kisokwe, 31
Bilal, Sudanese rebel leader, 203
Binns, Rev. —, 3, 69, 196
Bird, Miss, educational work, 234
Blackburn, Mr., 13; death, 14
Blackledge, Rev. —, 181, 197, 294
Bond, Dr., 345
Bond, Mrs., death of, 311
Books, demand for, 48, 83, 107, 222, 290
Borup, Mr. K., industrial training by, 236, 288; architect of Mengo Cathedral, 298
Brad, Père, conference with, 50
Brown, Miss, 169, 198
Bruce, Colonel, investigates cause of sleeping sickness, 308
Buckley, Rev. T. R., 169, 197, 222, 231, 341, 343

- Budu, Mwanga at, 199; scenery in, 273; visit to, 330
- Bugaya, island of, 181
- Bukasa Island, 180; progress of work at, 192
- Bukedi, wild peoples of, 294, 343
- Bukoba, 40, 56
- Bukumbi, 57
- Buligwanga, Rev. Zakayo, 256
- Bulinguge Island, 41; Mwanga at, 81
- Bülöw, Baron, 73, 84, 85
- Bunyoro, mission work, 239; political disturbances, 333
- Bushire, Arab chief, 31
- Busi Island, work at, 185; church dedicated, 291
- Busoga, natives, 102, 183; Moham-medan revolt in, 201; work at, 216; condition of Church and State in, 259; climate, 267
- Buwere, service at, 330
- Buxton, Mr. and Mrs. Victor, 326
- Buxton, Sir T. Fowell, 169
- Bwekula, mission work in, 293
- Byabachwezi, Bunyoro chief, 239, 245
- Byakweyamba, Yafeti, Chief of Mwenge, 188
- Callis, Mr., 195; death, 198
- Canterbury, Archbishop of, 344
- Caravan-travelling, 57
- Casson, Rev. G. H., 291
- Castellani, Dr., and sleeping sickness, 307
- Cave, Mr. Basil, H.M. Consul at Zanzibar, 194
- Chadwick, Miss J. E., 169; educational work, 234
- Chitty, Captain, 242
- Church in Uganda, 47 *et passim*
- Church-building, 337
- Church Missionary Society, 2 *et passim*
- Clayton, Mr., 195, 247, 251, 271, 274
- Cole, Mr. H., 13; ordained, 31
- Cole, Captain, H.M.S. *Swallow*, 148
- Colville, Colonel, Acting Commissioner in Uganda, 115
- Cook, Dr. A. R., missionary, 195, 198, 216, 272, 291, 341; medical services, 223; founding of medical mission, 238; at Luba's, 204; and sleeping sickness, 307; on Sudanese rising, 200, 203; and Mrs. A. R., 312, 322
- Cook, Dr. J. H., 279, 316
- Cotter, Mr. J. B. M., missionary, 19; death, 145
- Crabtree, Rev. W. A., 69, 197, 261; translation work, 240; and Mrs., 295, 313
- Culverwell, Miss, missionary, 195
- Dagamura, mission work at, 210
- Daudi Cwa, King of Uganda, 201, 347; lays foundation stone of Mengo Cathedral, 299
- David, the Tamil evangelist, 140
- David, George, native worker, 9
- Davies, E. C., missionary, 291, 314
- Deekes, Mr., missionary, 14
- Dermott, Mr., missionary, 23
- Dokolo, site for mission station, 342
- Dunn, Mr., missionary, 23; death, 38, 145
- Duta, Rev. Henry Wright, 7, 47, 49, 110
- Ecob, Rev. C. T., 256
- Education, intermediate, 320; of girls, 321; advance of, 233, 288, 319, 337 *et seq.*
- Edwards, Dr., 136
- Eldoma Ravine, 99
- Elgon, Mount, 313
- "Embwa" pest, 315
- Emin Pasha, 40, 56
- England, Rev. T. S., 69, 195
- Entebbe, destruction of hospital at, 307
- Erdhardt, missionary work and geographical discoveries, 2
- Evatt, Colonel, capture of Mwanga, 252
- Exeter Hall, meeting at, 63
- Famine in E. E. Africa, 148, 155
- Farthing, H., death, 311
- Felkin, Dr., medical missionary, 5, 238
- Feudal system, among the Basoga, 260; in Uganda, 288
- Fielding, Captain, killed, 203
- Fisher, Rev. A. B., 126, 291; on the Buyoro, 240; on work at Koki, 248
- Fitch, E. A., death, 145
- Fitch, Miss, death, 145
- Fletcher, Mr., missionary, 135, 143, 197
- Forster, Mr., mission printer, 117, 200
- Fraser, A. G., missionary, 291, 320
- French priests in Uganda, 16, 42, 250. *See also* Bafransa
- Frere, Sir H. Bartle, 2, 196

- Freretown, stay at, 78 ; new church, 196
 Furlley, Miss E. M., missionary, 169, 321
- Gabrieli, the Mujasi, 199, 217, 253
 Gabula's visited, 268
 Gardiner, Mrs., missionary, 195
 Gayaza, mission station opened, 180 ; educational work, 234 ; visit to, 256
 Gedge, Mr., 17
 Germany and East Africa, 10, 11, 23, 40, 87 *et seq.*
 Giriama Waya, 164
 Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E., his promise concerning Uganda, 66, 89
 Glass, Miss A. B., 291
 Gleaners' Union meeting, 64
 Gordon, Rev. E. C., 7, 13, 52, 135, 270
 Grant, Mr., 201
 Greaves, C. H. V., death, 145
 Guaso Masa River, caravan destroyed at, 175
 Gunther, Mr., 126
- Hall, Rev. Martin J., 169, 197, 216, 263, 274 ; drowned, 291 ; on the Industrial Mission, 288
 Hamoud bin Mohammed bin Said, Sultan of Zanzibar, 195
 Hannington, Bishop, 7 ; last journey and death, 11 ; grave, 101, 106
 Hannington, Lieutenant, 242
 Hardinge, Sir Arthur, 155
 Harrison, Captain, 204
 Hattersley, Mr. C. W., educational work, 234, 319
 Henderson, Captain, of H.M.S. *Conquest*, 24, 60
 Hicks, Captain, 245
 Hill, Mr., missionary, 23 ; death, 27, 145
 Hine, Dr., Bishop of Zanzibar, 327
 Hirth, Mgr., 81, 123
 Hobart, Lieutenant, defeats Gabrieli, 201
 Hoima (Kahora), 244 ; church at, 344
 Hooper, Rev. Douglas, 13, 19, 25, 38, 210
 Hooper, Mrs., 136, 145
 Hospital at Mombasa, 75 ; at Mengo, 238 ; at Toro, 292
 Hunt, Mr., missionary, 25 ; death, 38, 145
 Hurditch, Miss R., 291
 Hut tax in Uganda, 287
- Ibanda village, 281
 Iganga, missionary work at, 266
 Imperial British East Africa Company in Uganda, 90 *et passim*
 Indian Ocean, 211
 Industrial education, 235, 288
- Jackson, Mr. F. J., Deputy Commissioner, 202, 203
 Jacob, resident teacher at Dagamura, 210
 Jilore, missionary work at, 75, 76, 136, 164, 210
 Johannes, Captain, 85
 Johnston, Sir H. H., Special Commissioner, 284, 292
 Jones, W. H., native deacon, 9
 Jones-Bateman, Archdeacon, 154
 Jordan's Nullah, Victoria Nyanza, 35, 37
- Kabagambe, fight at, 206
 Kabarega, King of Bunyoro, flight with Mwanga, 206, 239 ; wounded and taken prisoner, 252
 Kabarole, capital of Toro, missionary work at, 226, 312, 345
 Kabras country, thunderstorms in, 176
 Kabula, 270
 Kabuwoko, Mwanga defeated at, 249
 Kafu River, 239
 Kagwa, Sir Apolo, K.C.M.G., Kati-kiro of Uganda, 43, 47, 298 ; defeats Kalema, 16 ; attacked by Bafransa, 79 ; acknowledged sole Kati-kiro, 126*n.* ; appointed regent, 201 ; scheme for evangelization of Nkole, 271 ; visit to England, 305 ; *et passim*
 Kahaya, King of Nkole, 271, 275
 Kahora. *See* Hoima
 Kaidzi, Rev. Yonasani, 110
 Kaima, Chief of Mavokwata, 199
 Kajaya, Busoga chief, 264
 Kajuna, mission station, 251
 Kakumba, martyr, 8, 328
 Kakungulu, Simci, Chief of Bugerere, 294, 313
 Kalebwani Stefano, Protestant Buganda chief, 81
 Kalema, King of Uganda, 16, 270 ; defeat and death, 16
 Kampala, Fort, attacked, 80
 Kamswaga, King of Koki, 247, 251
 Kamswaga's Lake, 275
 Kamuhigi, Rev. Josiya, 333

- Kamuli, missionary work at, 314
 Kamwakabi, Rev. Samwili, 291
 Karagwe mountains, 275
 Karibu, Kheri, slave girl, 208
 Kasagama, King of Toro, 184, 188, 222
 Kasaka, work at, 187, 247
 Kasubi, visit to, 53
 Katabalwa, chief, 200
 Katikiro of Uganda. *See* Kagwa
 Katonga River, 273
 Katwe, 223
 Kavirondo, people of, 102
 Kawanga, 191
 Keith, Dr., 2
 Kemp, A. W., 291
 Khalid, proclaims himself Sultan of Zanzibar, 194; deposed, 195
 Kidong Valley, 215
 Kiganda, church at, 191
 Kikoma, church at, 294, 345
 Kikuyu, 96
 Kikwabanga, Rev. Nuwa, 40
 Kilimanjaro, 1, 70, 84
 Kinakulya, mission at, 180, 187
 King's School, Budo, 320
 Kisalizi, 241; siege by Sudanese mutineers, 242; work at, 316
 Kisbey, Rev. —, 154
 Kisitala, work at, 241
 Kisokwe mission, 31, 134, 152
 Kitaimba, King of Bunyoro, 239
 Kitangi, 150
 Kitching, Rev. A. L., 323, 341
 Kiteita language, 162
 Kivebulaya, Apolo, 222, 229
 Kiwavu, Rev. Josua, 256
 Kiwewa, succeeds Mwangi as King, 15; deposed and murdered, 16, 270
 Kizito, Rev. Yosiya, 291
 Kizito, Zakaria, chief of Budu, 47, 49, 110; appointed co-regent of Uganda, 201
 Koki, work at, 180, 247, 274; devastation of, 251
 Komo Island, 185, 256
 Krapf, Johann Ludwig, his work in East Africa, 1
 Kwa-Sakwa, 100
 Kyango, fight at, 200
 Lamb, Rev. J. A., 3
 Leakey, Rev. R. H., 197, 215, 248
 Lewali, Governor of Mombasa, 24
 Lewin, H. B., 197, 240, 294, 345
 Lilwa River, 173
 Lions at Tubugwe, 193
 Lloyd, A. B., 197, 321; on siege of Luba's, 204
 Lloyd, Mrs., 291
 Locusts, plague in South-East Africa, 156
 Longoi, 342
 Longonot, Nek of, 97
 Luba, Busoga chief, 263
 Luba's, siege of, 204, 216
 Lubare worship, 6, 261, 265
 Lugalama, martyr, 8, 328
 Luganda language, 40, 262, 332
 Lugard, Sir F., 42, 53, 79; Governor of Hong Kong, 116
 Lukiko (Church Council), influence of, in Uganda, 110, 218; constitution, 257, 286
 Lulembo, capital of Nkole, 275
 Lunyoro language, 273
 Lusoga language, 261
 Luwero, work at, 316
 Lwajali River, 315
 Lwaki, Rev. Isaka, 256
 Macdonald, Captain, 93, 94, 131, 133; inquiry into cause of war, 115
 Macdonald, Dr., 154
 Macdonald, Lieutenant, killed at Luba's, 205
 Machako's, 95
 Mackay, Alexander, 4; his work and death, 17; translation work, 262; system of industrial education, 235; on the Mengo Church Council, 111
 Mackay, Sembera, native Christian, 47, 49; killed, 80
 Mackenzie, Mr. G. (of I.B.E.A. Co.), 60, 169
 Mackinnon, Sir W., 64, 167
 Maddox, H. E., 282; translation work, 331, 340
 Malali plains, famine, 150
 Malindi, Arab town, 60, 211
 Malony, Captain, killed, 206
 Mamboya, 30; mission, 135, 149, 153
 Mandara, King of Chagga, 9, 72
 Manyema mutineers, 230
 Masai warriors, 301, attack by, 93; aspect of, 97
 Masindi, capital of Bunyoro, 244
 Matthews, General Sir Lloyd, 155, 165
 Mau, ascent of, 215
 Maungu, 70, 301
 Mayanja swamp, 327
 Mbaguta, Katikiro of Nkole, 275, 330
 Mbale, work at, 313

- Mbarara, work at, 318
Mbaruk, of Mwele, in rebellion, 165 ;
deposed, 166
Mbogo, Mohammedan chief, 132, 201
Medical missions, 237, 292, 338
Meli, King of Chagga, 72, 84
Meliare, chief of Merangu, 73
Mengo, 105, 120 ; cathedral, 297, 324,
348 ; Church Council at, 111 ; hos-
pital, 198 ; mission work, 191, 218,
256, 329 ; *et passim*
Mengo High School, 320
Menziess, Rev. —, 3
Merangu, 73
Mgunda Mkali forest, 32
Mikaeri, 248
Millar, Rev. E., 214, 305
Miro, chief of Iganga, 266
Miro's, mission at, 180
Mission to Uganda, 46 *et passim*
Missionaries and politics, 52 ; in
Uganda, 66 ; services acknowledged
by *Times*, 133
Mitiana, capital of Singo, mission at,
127, 187, 191, 220, 247, 291
Mochi mission, 72, 86
Moffat, Dr., 120
Mohammed bin Thwain, Sultan of
Zanzibar, death, 194
Mohammedans in Uganda, 6, 15, 270 ;
in Busoga, 201 ; in Singo, 127
Mombasa, 20 ; hospital buildings at,
75 ; end of I.B.E.A. Co.'s rule,
167
Morris, Mr., 146
Mpindi's, 267
Mpologoma River, 312
Mpuku River, 223
Mwapwa, mission centre, 4, 59, 134,
150, 193
Mruli Fort, 243
Mudambado's, 267
Mufta, 8
Mugema, the, 271
Mugwanya, Katikiro of Budu, ap-
pointed regent, 201
Mukasa, Ham, 305
Mukasa, Rev. Henry, 254
Mukasa, Samwili, 241
Mukwenda, the, overlord of Singo,
127, 199
Munyaga, Robert, martyr, 12
Munyonyo, 41
Murchison Falls, 324
Musitwa's, 265
Musoke, Rev. Batolomayo, Protestant
Baganda chief, 81
Mutakyala, Rev. Jairo, 110
Mutanda, Busoga chief, 177, 265
Mutesa, King of Uganda, 4 ; death,
8 ; tomb, 53
Muyinda, Rev. Aloni, 291
Muzito, Bugaya chief, 181
Mwanga, King of Uganda, succeeds Mu-
tesa, 8 ; driven from throne, 15 ; ap-
peals to Mackay, 16 ; letter to, from
Tucker, 22 ; letter to, from Sultan of
Zanzibar, 25 ; State reception of
Tucker, 43 ; returns to Mengo, 81 ;
wishes to become Protestant, 82 ; at-
tends Hannington's burial, 106 ; son
born, 198 ; on Queen's Jubilee, 199 ;
defeat and flight, 200, 201 ; seeks
refuge at Bukedi, 206, 239 ; defeated
at Kabuwoko, 249 ; capture and
death, 252, 255 ; buried at Mengo,
347
Mwapwa, 30
Mwenge, 190
Mwira, Rev. Johana, 49, 110
Nabumale, mission at, 295
Naivasha, Lake, 97, 173, 215
Nakanyonyi, mission at, 256
Nakiwafu, Rev. Nuwa, 256
Nalinya, the, 53
Namirembe Hill, Mengo mission at,
16 ; church, 83, 105 ; Hannington
buried, 106 ; officers killed in
mutiny buried, 219 ; educational
work, 234
Nasa, 37, 134
Native ministry in Uganda, 108
Native teachers at Singo, 142
Native women, missionary work in
Uganda, 157
Native workers, necessity in Africa, 49
Ndeje, church at, 256, 316
Ndengi, Peter, Rabai head-man, 98
Nelson, Captain, 96
Ngogwe, mission at, 181, 216, 263 ;
educational work at, 234
Ngonyo, convicted of slave-trading,
164
Nguru Valley, 59
Nickisson, Mr., at Nasa, 134 ; death,
192
Nile scenery, 104, 243
Nkangali, Asa, at Toro, 222
Nkole, missionaries take refuge at,
15 ; condition of Church and State,
270 ; physical features, 272 ; work
at, 331
Northern route, 10

- "Nsiko" problem, 285
 Ntale, King of Nkole, 270
 Nzoia River, passage of, 177
- Ojigi, Acholi chief, 322, 323
 O'Flaherty, Mr., 7
 O'Neill, Mr., murdered, 5
 Opedi, chief, 231
 Owen, Major, at Mengo with Portal, 120
 Owin, Achilo chief, 323
- Pan-Anglican Thank-offering Committee, 342
- Parker, Bishop, 13, 14
 Parker, W. E., missionary, 195
 Patigo, mission at, 323
 Perrin, Miss, 146
 Persecution of Christians, 8
 Petero's, 245
 Peters, Dr. Carl, in Uganda, 16 ; treaty signed with Mwanga, 17 ; unsuccessful administration, 84
 Phillips, C. J., 291
 Pickthall, Mrs., missionary, 195
 Pike, Miss, 291, 332
 Pike, Rev. A. J., 179, 215, 248
 Pilgrim, Miss L., 169
 Pilkington, G. L., at Mombasa, 19 ; confers with Mwanga, 82 ; work, 140, 143, 195, 198 ; goes to Luba's, 204 ; killed, 205 ; translation work, 48, 108, 340
 Portal, Captain Raymond, illness and death, 128
 Portal, Sir Gerald, letter to, from Tucker, 86 ; mission to Uganda, 116, 119, 283, 336 ; death, 129 ; announcement of British Parliament on his report, 139 ;
 Portrage, 301
 Presbyterians of Scotland protest against abandoning Uganda, 65
 Price, Rev. J. C., 13, 31, 150 ; death, 151
 Price, Rev. W. S., 3
 Printing in Uganda, 117, 289
 Purvis, Rev. J. B., 169, 197 ; industrial education, 236
 Pygmy tribes, 231
- Rabai, 69, 74 ; work at, 163, 212
 Railways in Uganda, 207, 212, 300-304
 Rakeri, 309
 Ramsay, Miss A. Wardlaw, 146
 Raschid, Liwali of Takamngu, 165
 Rattray, Dr., 169, 238
- Rawson, Admiral Sir Harry, destroys Mwele, 166 ; at Rabai, 171 ; bombards Zanzibar, 194
 Rebmann, John, missionary, 1, 2
 Rhodes, Colonel Frank, at Mengo with Portal, 120
 Rift, or Kidong Valley, 97
 Ripon Falls, 104
 Robinson, Miss A. H., 291, 317
 Robson, Mr. and Mrs., 146
 Rodd, Sir Rennell (H.M. Consul-General in Zanzibar), 194
 Roman Catholics. *See* Bafransa
 Roman Catholic chiefs, 293
 Roscoe, Rev. J., 142, 248, 261, 282
 Rosebery, Lord, on administration of Uganda, 139
 Rowling, Rev. F., 135, 143, 181, 197, 261 ; translation work, 340
 Rowling, Mr. and Mrs., 215
 Rubeho Pass, 30, 152
 Ruga-Ruga (forest robbers), 33
 Ruwenzori Mountain, 188, 225, 227
- Sadaani, 27
 Sadler, Colonel J. Hayes, Commissioner, 307, 322
 — and Mrs. Hayes, 325
 Sakwa, chief of Kwa-Sakwa, 100
 Salisbury, Lord, 65
 Scotch Industrial Mission at Kibwesi, 172
 Scott, Mr., engineer, taken prisoner, 202 ; murdered, 203
 Sebwato, Nikodemo, chief of Kyagwe, 110, 118
 Sedulaka at Toro, 222
 Sekibobo, 222
 Selim Bey, head of Sudanese mutineers, 130, 202
 Sematimba, Mika, 49
 Semfuma, Rev. Tomasi, 110, 240, 256
 Somler, Rev. Ishmael, 9
 Semliki River, 227, 228
 Scre, Rev. Andereya, 333
 Serengete, plains, scenery, 70 ; game on, 213
 Seruwanga, martyr, 8, 328
 Sese Islands, 41, 253
 Sewaya Island, 250
 Sezibwa River, 315
 Shaw, Downes, missionary, 9
 Simba, head-man, 27
 Simooni (Mr. Roscoe's "boy") eaten by lion, 193
 Singo, desolation of, 127 ; mission at, 142

- Skens, Rev. S. R., 256, 266
 Slave question, 122, 168, 207, 280, 301, 334
 Sleeping sickness, 307
 Slurrock, Mr., English tutor to David Cwa, 348
 Smith, Colorel Eric, '78, 114
 Smith, Colonel Sir C. Euan, Consul-General, 24, 169
 Smith, Dr., death, 4
 Smith, F. C., 146, 260
 Smith, Shergold, murdered, 5
 Somali chiefs, 75
 Spoke, discoveries of, 2
 Stanley, Sir H. M., in Uganda, 3
 Steam communication in Uganda, 299
 Steggall, Rev. A. G., '71, 84
 Stock, Mr. Eugene, 305
 Stokes, Charles, 22, 23, 34
 Stuhlmann, Dr., 57
 Sudanese soldiery, 130, 132; mutiny, 201, 202, 217, 219, 242
 Sugden, Rev. H. R., 135, 143, 191, 197
 Swahili, 74; language, 262
 Synod of Uganda, 344
- Tabalo, chief of Mboga, 229
 Tabingwa's, 267
 Taro Rocks, 69
 Taveta, 158, 214
 Taylor, Miss, missionary, 195
 Taylor, Rev. W. E., 9, 163, 164
 Tegart, Rev. H. W., 195, 198, 293
 Teita, mission in, 9, 162
 Teita Hills, scenery, 70
 Telegraph in Uganda, 299
 Ternan, Colonel, 200, 241, 249
 Teso country, 341
 Thomsett, Miss M. S., 169, 198; educational work, 234
 Thurston, Major, taken prisoner, 202; murdered, 203
Times correspondent on influence of missionaries, 123
 Timpson, Miss (Mrs. A. R. Cook), 195, 198, 291
 Tomkins, Mr. Stanley, 202, 216
 Toro, progress of work at, 180, 222, 232, 282; demonstration at, 331; political organization, 189
 Translation work, 258
 Travelling, past and present, 334
 Treaty between I.B.E.A. Co. and Mwanga, 42; signed between Mwanga and British Government, 126
 Tsetse-fly cause of sleeping sickness, 308
- Tucker, Bishop, consecration of, 18; work in Uganda, 55, 57, 62, 68 *et passim*; letter to Portal, 9; on native missionaries, 112; on the Bafransa question, 114; on the slave trade, 121; on arrival of missionaries at Freretown, 170
- Uganda, church in, 11; climate, 221; progress of work, 51, 196 *et passim*; treaty signed, 81; unrest, 42
 Ugogo, 32
 Ukambani, 1
 Ukerewe, Lake, 2, 37
 Unyamwezi, 58, 59
 Urima country, 34
 Usambiro, 1, 35, 57
 Usongo, 34, 134
 Usukuma, 34
 Ututura Wells, 33
 Uwe, Sheikh, 208
 Uyui, conference at, 14
- Verbi, Mr., 214
 Victoria, Queen, Jubilee Commemoration at Mengo, 198; death of, 293
 Victoria Nyanza, 2, 3, 34
 Victoria (the Namasole, Toro), 189
 Villiers, Lieutenant, with Portal at Mengo, 120
- Wakoli, chief of Busoga, 103, 260
 Walker, Ven. R. H., first Archdeacon of Uganda, 14, 135, 143, 270, 291
 Waluleta, mission at, 180, 241
 Wamala, Rev. Yoweri, 291
 Wanandi, caravan massacred by, 174
 Ward, Mr. B., superintendent of industrial work at Freretown, death, 155
 Wateita, the, characteristics of race, 70; work among, 212
 Weatherhead, Rev. H. T. C., 195, 198, 216
 Weatherhead, Rev. H. W., 263; education work, 320
 Whitehouse, Rev. A. W., 195
 Wigram, Rev. B. E., 195, 198
 Wilkinson, Bishop, 346
 Williams, Captain, 80, 113
 Willis, Mr., 291
 Wilson, Rev. Allen, 169, 197, 263, 314
 Wilson, C. T., 4
 Wilson, Mr. G., in charge of fort at Mengo, 178, 199, 201; Acting-Commissioner in Bunyoro, 333

- Wilson, Mr. N. A., taken prisoner, 202 ; murdered, 203
 Winsloe, Captain, of H.M.S. *Bristol*, 23
 Wizards at Lulembo, 276
 Wolfendale, Dr., 27
 Women missionaries, arrival in Uganda, 169, 177, 178 ; conference of, 259 ; position of, in Lunyoro-speaking countries, 189
 Women's work in Uganda, 117, 156, 197
 Wood, Rev. A. N., 13, 31
 Wray, Mr., 9, 70, 162
 Wray, Mr. and Mrs., 212
 Wright, Dr. Gaskoin, medical missionary, 146, 238
 Wright, Rev. F. H., 169, 197, 345
 Wulfrum, Lieutenant, killed, 85
 Yokana, lay reader, 71, 161
 Yusufu, evangelist, 269
 Zanzibar, 21 ; bombardment of Sultan's palace, 195
 Zebra, herds of, 98

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