ON THE BORDERS OF PIGMY-LAND

RUTH B. FISHER

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Yours heartily
Ruth B. Fisher

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BY

RUTH B. FISHER

(*née* HURDITCH)

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PREFACE

TO none of her many friends in England and Ireland does the writer of this book, whether as Miss Ruth Hurditch or Mrs. Fisher, need any introduction; but I gladly accept the opportunity offered to me of commending her graphic story of Mission life and work to a still wider circle, including the American Christian public, among whom we are assured the work will find ready circulation.

No one can read it and not be impressed by the evidence with which it abounds that the same Gospel which conquered Europe, civilized or barbarous, in ages past is as potent to-day to transform the most degraded and dormant races into peoples of quick intelligence and spiritual consciousness, and has given them in a marvellously short time a measure of self-respect, a sense of the dignity of labour, and a devotion to the welfare of others, not always found in Christian lands or even Churches of ancient fame. At a time when the jaded faith of many at home is giving way before the incessant undermining of the old foundations, and when we are invited to recast the "details" of the Gospel, it is no small thing that the Bible is seen to be making new history again, and giving fresh evidences of its divine vitality. The Mission Field is paying back its debt to the Church at home. Africa, emerging from the night of ages, is bringing her treasures of grace to make up the "fulness of the Gentiles." The pigmies themselves are worthy of a better lot than to be carried off by a traveller and be made a show for the sordid curiosity of holiday crowds.

Preface

There are other reasons also why we welcome Mrs. Fisher's journals. She has drawn with her pen pictures of the country and people as lifelike as the excellent photographs which adorn the book. She has enabled us to share her adventures without the discomforts. The tropical storms and glaring sunshine, the swamps of Semliki, and the snow peaks of Ruwenzori, the camps and caravans, the dispensary and the school, the good King and the gentle Queen, the Prime Minister and poor Blasiyo the pigmy are all as real to us as though we had seen them and known them ourselves.

Mrs. Fisher has shown us how a devoted couple whose hearts are filled with a longing to win souls for the Saviour can face dangers, and cut themselves off from the common comforts of home, not only with patience but with cheerfulness. No one will feel the playfulness and the sense of humour with which she often describes the most trying situations to be inconsistent with the more serious purpose of her Missionary life, or to unfit her for the gracious ministry of comforting the sorrowful, teaching the ignorant, and healing the sick, in which she has been engaged.

If each reader of these pages will let them raise before the conscience such questions as these, "What have *I* done, and what can *I* do to help such blessed work" or "Why should *I* not follow in such steps myself," and if such questions be honestly answered as in the presence of the Lord, I cannot doubt that results still more wonderful than those which this book describes will find a record in the near future,—that may be even the Coming of the Lord.

May the Holy Spirit moving in many lives bring this to pass.

H. E. FOX,
Hon. Sec., C.M.S.

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CHAPTER I

A Journey on the Uganda Railroad Four Years Ago

IT was in the beginning of the year 1900 that a British India steamer cast anchor and set down on African soil a party of seven missionaries bound for distant Uganda. Six of that number might be termed "freshers," for they were complete strangers to the "dark continent," and absolutely uninitiated in the art of African travelling. It is a little difficult to define the feelings of a new arrival who has before him or her the prospect of life and work in that country. The memories of magnificent lives laid down for its people fill the heart with an intensely solemn sense of responsibility and dignity; records of travel and adventure kindle a love of daring, and a desire for opportunities of heroism; while the meagre knowledge that exists on the interior districts breaks the imagination of the traveller away from its leading strings.

The port of British East Africa—the Island of Mombasa—is a typical foreign mercantile coast town, with its medley of craft, ships, yachts, tugs, boats and canoes manned by seamen of various nationalities, pushing, hustling and screaming in all the tongues of Babel. The handsome old Arab fortress that stands on its jagged rocky prominence as a sentinel at the entrance of the harbour, takes one back to the time before the port was taken over by the British, and when it was used by those who had carried on the terrible slave traffic in the

interior. A little to the left is to be seen the British Consulate with its Union Jack fluttering from the mast as the emblem of liberty and justice to all who come under its jurisdiction.

As we stepped from the ship's deck on to the landing-stage the sun felt distinctly African. The dazzling white and somewhat congested streets seemed to singe our very boot leather. It was a relief to have pointed out a strip of bright green mainland which lay at the extreme end of a sheltered bay, as the place where hospitality would be offered me and two others of our party of seven, while preparations were being made for our journey up country. A short row brought us to this mission station of the Church Missionary Society—Freretown—the situation of which is very pleasing; in front stretches the transparent blue bay, beyond to the right the white minarets and red tiled roofs of Mombasa, and all around dense foliage—mango and banana trees, creepers and shrubs and flowers in tangled confusion. A warm English welcome awaited us from our missionary friends there who were domiciled in a solid two-storied brick house.

The guest room delegated to me was evidently an afterthought, as it was constructed of corrugated iron with plaited grass stretched across for a ceiling. The room opened out on a broad balcony, and as it is the custom to leave open the doors at night to catch the least suspicion of a breeze that might blow in across the bay, the bats and rats made free use of my room until daybreak. The first night I found the rats had shewed an appreciative appetite for Cadbury's chocolate, for they completely finished off my half-pound tin which had been tusselled for at a chess tournament on board ship.

The terrible famine up country had brought many half-starved folk to the coast. Bishop Peel had sent down some 30 to 40 girls and boys from the Wanika tribe to be clothed, fed, and cared for at the mission dormitory. Starvation

PORT OF MOMBASA.

had played frightful havoc with them. One wee babe of about two years, all skin and bone, had had her hands held in the fire by her mother because hunger had driven her to steal a banana. Her tiny fingers were twisted back and much distorted, some joints having entirely gone. Other children had no toes, these having been literally eaten away by the little insects known as jiggers, which are very numerous inland, and trouble Europeans as well as natives.

On Sunday we went to morning service in the splendid brick native church. As it was conducted in the Swahili language we could only follow in silence the order of the liturgy. The church, holding about 500 people, was almost full. Colours were very pronounced among the women. The girls were dressed in white gowns with red handkerchiefs round the head; but the elder women adopted the most remarkable hues: orange-coloured sashes and violet head gear were the most conspicuous. They attended very devoutly, and as I knelt at the Communion rails with a native woman on either side, that text appealed to me with a new power "Other sheep I have . . . and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." In the afternoon I delivered my first message to Africans. I had been asked to speak through interpretation to a class of women; it was not easy to stand up before one's first audience of dusky faces and to try and adapt the message to their minds—an unexplored land as yet to me—to choose carefully words which would lend themselves to interpretation and to recollect the point stopped at between the sentences.

The morning after our arrival we all met in the office of the Church Missionary Society's agency. Before us were arrayed a dozen Swahili lads who were coming up country with us to act as our personal attendants. Each of us was to be allowed the sole service of one, the half of another, and a quarter of another; that is, one boy was

to act as housemaid, two of us would share a cook, and four a cook's mate. Minute instructions were given us as to travelling arrangements, which resulted in, for one thing, the re-adjusting of every one of our loads that weighed anything over 65 lbs. It let me in for some days of arduous labour. If it had not been for my newly acquired "housemaid" Richard, who had attached himself to me after that morning in the office, the unpacking and re-packing would have proved an almost hopeless task in such melting temperature. The last load nailed down contained a heterogeneous collection of groceries, Monkey Brand soap, photos, a saucepan, and a few garments, all of which had been taken out of loads of overweight. Quite unexpectedly we heard that our start up country was to be made on the fifth day after our arrival at the coast. A breakdown was hinted at as being likely to occur on the railroad on account of the heavy rains that had fallen. Apart from this we were told that the train would accomplish the 364 miles of its journey in one day and night. At railhead our caravan of porters was awaiting us, as also the two donkeys and two jinrickshas, which would prove essential in case of sickness on the road. We speedily fixed our bicycles up on hearing of the immediate start to be made, which seemed to make us all desperately impatient to be spinning along the African roads to Uganda.

On February 23rd we left Mombasa. A large party of missionaries met at Freretown Church at eight o'clock for united Communion. Then we hurried down to the shore where a boat awaited us to take us across to Port Mombasa. After getting together all handbags and other small baggage we were packed away in a ghari—a tiny truck for four persons, with shade, run on rails along the street. A curious party we looked; three gharis left the town, boxes, bags and rugs heaped up in a pile, a few natives scattered about here and there among us, and

boys pushing behind. These vehicles simply fly along when going downhill; one box toppled over in one of these wild escapades, and the whole contents burst out and were scattered about on the road. Then a derailment of one ghari necessitated the passengers dismounting, and the cars that followed in the wake being carried round the obstructing car. The terminus of the railway is at Kilindini, which lies about two miles outside Mombasa. At the station a strange scene confronted us. People from various countries were rushing about in a state of great excitement, all struggling to crowd into the few compartments allotted to fourth class passengers. They were so jammed together that one could only expect to see the carriages burst apart with the pressure from inside. Our compartments were ever so much better than I had expected; two had been reserved for our party of seven. Perhaps some of us were a little disappointed that there was no "roughing it," but we tried to console each other with the thought that there might be a breakdown on the line. Our feelings can be imagined when the train whizzed away and kept up a most respectable speed, in fact, behaved itself like a civilized being. We had armed ourselves with plenty of provisions, but found that good meals had been prepared for us at various long halting stations on the route. Wanting to lighten our supplies, however, afternoon tea was suggested, and as passengers could walk from one compartment to another by means of an outside foot-board, even though the train was running, we invited all the members of our party in to a social tea. My canteen was produced and efforts were made to boil the water, but the train was shaking so unreasonably that the small kettle needed to be constantly replenished during the boiling. We had to warn our guests to avoid the streams of water that were running down the carriage from the kettle spout, but the last arrival made a dreadful mistake by sitting on

the top of the teapot just as the tea was made. This was not discovered until the whole contents were upset and the offender realized a scalding sensation.

The first day on the Uganda railroad was certainly not the most enjoyable; the heat was stifling and the dust so obtrusive that in spite of having the windows closed, in less than an hour everything had assumed a brownish-red appearance; the carriage cushions, our clothing, hair, and eyes were full of it, and if one did venture to open the lips to pass a remark, a mouth-wash was necessary. Mile after mile of country was passed where the grass was entirely burnt up, and almost all trees and shrubs dried and bleached. The land was in the grip of famine, whose hand of death had touched all nature. Some of its last victims dragged their exhausted limbs to the banks of the railroad as the train passed through their land of hunger. Poor wee children, their sharp bones standing out in a most ghastly manner, looked like skeletons moving. We gave them food which they voraciously seized, but alas, many had got beyond the power of eating.

Our first halting place was Voi, which we reached at seven p.m., after a run of eight hours. As the train was not leaving again till eleven o'clock we were allowed time for a short rest after dining at the station bungalow. Native couches of woven grass stretched over wooden frames were given to us, but the need of mosquito nets and blankets drove all ideas of sleep away. The next morning we found the scenery had entirely changed; vast stretches of plain and gently undulating country extended for miles on either side. This district, known as the Athi plain, is thickly populated with all sorts of wild animals. There were scores of antelopes, zebras, and ostriches. The tracks of lions were pointed out to us, but these are the only animals that apparently do not venture near the trains in broad daylight.

Nairobi, which has been named the "tin-town" on

account of all the buildings being composed of corrugated zinc, is quite an important place. It is one of the head-quarters and workshops of the railway company, and a large and rapidly increasing European, Indian, and Arab population has settled here. From this point we had to take up our porters, and this was not an easy matter. Instead of the 300 or so required, only about 150 were procurable to carry all our loads of food supplies, clothing and household requisites for the road and our destination, besides various other boxes and literature for missionaries and mission work in Uganda.

After leaving Nairobi another complete contrast opened out before us. Dense thickets, forests and jungle covered hill and dale, without a sign of human life. Truly the world seemed here as in infancy, and the railway a harsh discord of civilization. It is a rest to the mind and soul to pass through these world's natural parks; the deep long silence, unreached by man's babble, carries in its air a breeze from Home and one's whole inward being rises on the wing to its God. I wondered why such miles and miles of uninhabited land existed when "He created it not in vain, He formed it to be inhabited." Was it that He might give us "the treasures of darkness and hidden riches of secret places" which God deposits in regions where, untrammelled by the footprints (not the results) of sin the Shekinah dwells revealed in such natural splendour?

On Sunday at two p.m., we found ourselves at rail-head. The train before ours had been derailed several times on account of the heavy rains washing down the new embankments, but as trains only run once a week, repairs had been temporarily completed, so we finished our journey without a single mishap.

I wish you could have seen our plight as we arrived. To begin with, even in the finest weather the country would always appear somewhat dreary; nature has no

behaved very liberally. The train drew up abruptly, not because of its having reached a station, but there was no more line on which to run. The only buildings were a few tents and iron sheds, the property of the six Europeans and score of Indians employed on the construction of the railway. The whole country was under water, and the rains were sweeping down in a deluge. Out of the waters appeared our two jinrickshas and a few boxes, and these indicated the spot where we were to camp. Our first inclination was to remain in the train, but as that had to return at once, we waded out and about, and did not quite know what to do next. Here the Europeans came nobly to our assistance and offered the ladies shelter in a tent called the post-office. It is remarkable what a lot it takes to make you depressed in Africa. In England I believe most of us would have felt rather despondent, but none of us confessed to those feelings. After a cup of tea, with condensed milk, had warmed us up, we gave a right good British cheer as a tapping at the telegraph wires in our tea room told us of a splendid British victory at the seat of war.

Towards evening the rain ceased and as the ground was well digged round with trenches the water quickly drained off, so our tents were unpacked and erected. The railway officials kindly supplied us with a number of solid planks, which formed a firm flooring over the mud.

The tents looked so warm and bright in the midst of such grey surroundings. Camping out was quite a new experience to most of us and we immensely enjoyed moving in to our new quarters. When we had got straight the whole party came together in our tent, squeezed round the tiny table, and we had a thanksgiving service. Through the goodness of God, things had marvellously adjusted themselves, considering the short time and the swamped condition of the country. We all sang the *Te Deum* till our little tent rang with voices.

THE KIDONG ESCARPMENT

Photo by W. D. Young, Mombasa.

As we joined in the general thanksgiving and prayers I can truly say that no more heartfelt praise ascended into the courts of Heaven from any temple that Sunday evening, than from our little tabernacle in the wilderness.

Outside, darkness reigned, except for the porters' fires, burning in every direction, with the black figures squatting round, which gave the whole scene a weird and fantastic appearance.

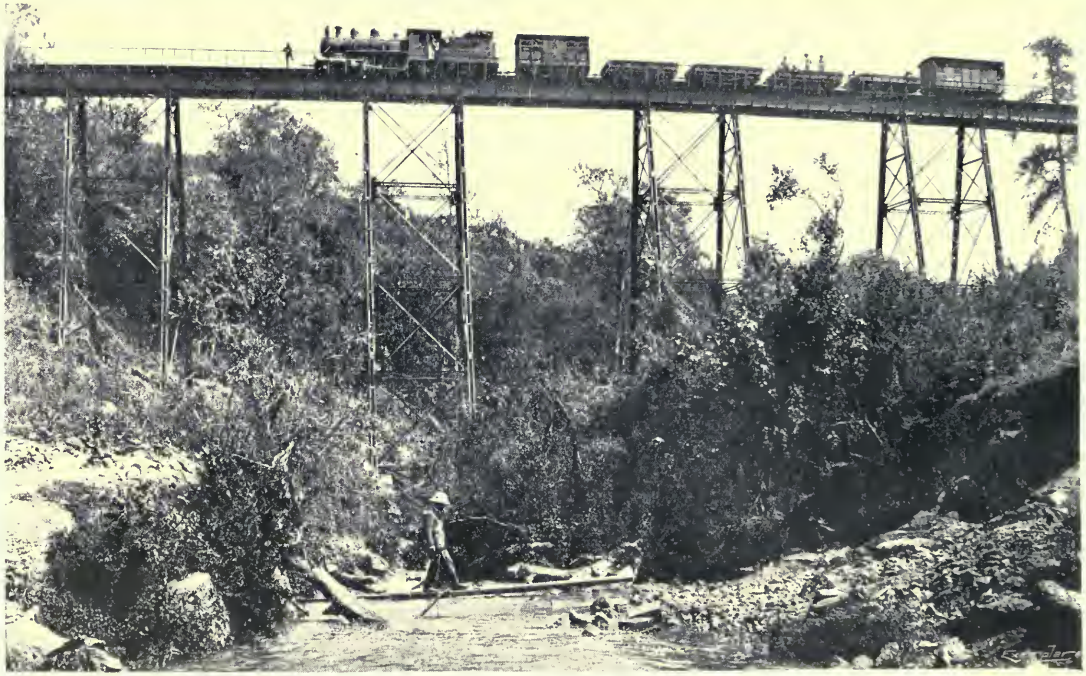
The next morning all our loads were hauled out for inspection, and owing to the lack of porters we were obliged to choose out such as would be required for more immediate use; the remaining boxes had to be stacked in a rather too well ventilated shed to await reinforcements of porters. This particular district was in rather a disturbed condition. The day before we had arrived some natives fired upon a European and killed him; in consequence a small detachment of soldiers had been sent out to see into matters and had shot two natives. We were warned at night to have our camp carefully guarded by askaris,* as thieves were about in addition to any unfriendly folk who might be prowling round. So a fire was lit just outside our tents, and sentries stationed at close distances. They accosted every passer-by in angry tones, and those who did not use the password "friend" stood a very poor chance of getting off.

As we stood round the log-fire at evening, the thunder and lightning roared and flashed; and then down came the rain and pelted hard all night. One of the tents was quite flooded; the bed and furniture were rescued and the occupant moved into another's tent pitched on slightly higher ground. We had arrived in the rainy season, and were told that we must not be surprised if we got a daily soaking. It rather damped one's enthusiasm for camping out and cycling. This district is called the Kidong Escarpment, and is a ledge of land that suddenly drops

* Native guards or soldiers.

some 500 feet. The railway takes a circuitous route to avoid this drop, but at that time a most elaborate temporary line had been laid down the precipitous bank, the cars being worked by cables. One had here an example of the almost insurmountable difficulties that faced the engineers of the Uganda railway, difficulties emphasised by the fact that all material required had to be imported from India or England. Viaducts, some of which are of gigantic height, frequently connect rock to rock, and along these the train has cautiously to pass. At other times the brave little locomotive pants and gasps as it toils along with its burden ; now and again it stops to gain breath, then it goes on again, climbing, ever climbing, till it has reached an altitude of 7,000 feet.

After the burning heat of the dusty plains, along which the train rushes with hysterical speed, filling the traveller with misgivings and treating him to plenty of rough shakings, how welcome is the cold frosty air of these African Highlands, which have proved no barrier to the Uganda railroad.



A VIADUCT ON THE UGANDA RAILROAD.

Photo by W. D. Young, Mombasa.

CHAPTER II

On Land and Lake

WE certainly set off for our first so-called tramp most professionally fitted out, but this only lasted for one day. The marching Norfolk dress was soon discarded for a loose blouse; the water bottle, which did give one rather a heroic aspect, was quietly given over to the "boy"; that wonderful compendium of knife, corkscrew, file, button hook, and so forth, which includes everything that you never want and nothing that you do, was likewise voted too heavy; even the puggaree that had offered a suggestion of trimming to the very unbecoming bald topee, was thrown out, and any consideration for personal appearance that might have secretly lurked within was superseded by the one desire for comfort, as we steamed along on our bicycles over good, bad, and indifferent roads, the sun beating down upon us all the time.

Lake Naivasha seemed scarcely large enough to satisfy our inordinate thirst as we pulled up; we were not a bit polite when tea was generously doled out to us by the Europeans stationed there, for none of us refused a fourth and fifth cup, even when we saw the supply was running short. I got very behindhand in my journal while on the road. Never had I been successful in keeping one for longer than a week; on the seventh day it had become so intolerably dull that Dryasdust must even have yawned. Of course, Africa supplies you with plenty of material, but the methodical mind and will

power are somehow wanting. Let me tell you why. At 4.0 a.m. daily one wakes up with a start, for as the sun does not rise till 6.0, night still seems to rest heavily on the land and on one's eyelids. But the caravan leader is beating a drum, accompanying it with a shrill falsetto call to rise; and if one dares to stay rubbing the sleep out of the eyes, the porters are fumbling away at the tent ropes, and before there is time to complete one's toilette, the whole tent flops down like a closed umbrella. A truly undignified exit is made by a dishevelled figure, and one turns up while breakfast is being served round the camp fire on tin crockery.

In the dusk we push off; a real expert rider you must be to dodge in and out of the porters who are already filing along on the narrow path, and have a happy knack of swinging round at the sound of the bicycle bell just as you pass—the tent-pole carrier was a veritable man-trap, and more than once pitched machine and rider into the ditch. I am sure I shall never complain again of English or even Scotch roads; the ridges we have ridden over (often ending in a swamp) have helped to strengthen one's nerves and powers of balance. We generally reach camp before our porters, and then seek out some shelter till our tents arrive. It is a quaint sight to watch the long line of the caravan coming in; the men become very excited at sight of the halting place, and as the first man who carries a drum beats it with all his might, swinging a zebra tail round and round his head, the men all break into song and a slow dance, which gradually increases in volume and speed until the 65lb. box on the head is quite forgotten, the body springs about in mid-air, and finally throws itself down with a shout of ecstasy and an eloquent outburst of self-praise and congratulation

When tents have been pitched and bodily restoratives have been applied in the form of cool baths, a good meal and a sleep, the only possible hour for journalling has

A GROUP OF MASAIS.

Photo by D. V. F. Figueira, Mombasa

come. But who could resist the desire to peep outside the tent door, and then into the new and fascinating features of folk, animals, birds, and country that surround the colony of tents? So my pen remained idle for many days on the road, and as we were constantly going forward, it was not easy to go back and pick up broken threads.

The day from Lake Nakuro must have a few lines to itself. The usual 15 miles' journey had appeared exceptionally short on account of the good roads, and there being no houses or even signboard to tell you "this is camp," we rode past it unconsciously. While resting mid-day on the banks of a shady nook for a cup of tea and biscuits, two bicycles unfortunately fell over on my gear case and completely smashed it up. This made riding a little difficult for the remainder of the day, as the skirt would keep catching in the chain, and the gear-case strapped across the handle-bars did not allow much knee space. Very hot, dusty, hungry, and tired at 3.30 p.m., we came across a small Indian encampment which had journeyed up country for railway survey with a large number of pack mules. The campers told us we had come 34 miles. This rather alarmed us, for we wondered how our porters could cover that distance. It was a ghastly spot. The ground was strewn with numbers of bleached skulls and bones, which we afterwards learned were part of an Indian troop that some time previously had travelled down country under Mr. Grant, and had died for want of water.

After waiting some time scouts were sent out to search for our men, but as night fell they returned with the tidings that our caravan was camped some 15 miles away, and was too exhausted to push on. Having eaten nothing since 4 o'clock a.m., with the exception of that mid-day impromptu lunch, I must confess that our first consideration was for food. Fortunately one of our party

had shot during the day a bustard. This was speedily prepared and cooked in a pot lent us by the Indians. A few biscuits and some tea still remained in our canteen, and so sitting round an ember fire inside the stockade constructed for the mules as protection from the lions, we enjoyed, perhaps as never before, a hearty, simple and crude meal, without chairs, spoons, forks, or even chop-sticks. We tried to effect further loans, and through the generosity of our new friends succeeded in procuring one small tent for the night. It *was* small, 6 feet square, and we five ladies had to pack into it. We did manage it by strictly adhering to the agreement of sleeping on one's side and not attempting to change over. There were no blankets, but certainly none of us felt the need of them! The gentlemen kept guard round the watch fires all night, but I think they got in more sleep than we did.

In case such a thing should ever happen again, the men of our party were evidently determined to be prepared, for on the following afternoon we saw them shouldering their guns, and after hearing a few distant sounds of shot, two zebras and three antelopes were carried into camp; and before we had finished admiring and pitying these splendid fallen lords of the country, they were carried off and skinned. The next sight we caught of them was in the form of long, gory strips festooned from branch to branch of a tree close by. The porters, hawk-like, were standing round, as hungry East Enders outside fried fish bars. Perhaps they can be partially excused when we consider the monotonous, unpalatable millet which constitutes their daily diet. At 7 p.m. a drum was beaten, and every man presented himself in as famished a condition as he could assume. They stood like soldiers waiting to be decorated with the V.C. In a few minutes the tree was quite cleared, and outside each tiny tent was fixed on sticks venison and

THE NEW BOAT ON VICTORIA NYANZA.

wild beef roasting over the fires. The sounds of revelry had scarcely died away when the morning call drum sounded.

The people who live in the district through which we had hitherto passed are called the Masai tribe, a nomadic folk who travel about from one place to another, according to the pasture the land offers for their goats and sheep. They have distinctly warlike propensities, and a warrior chief is often met having a few armed followers, who, like their master, smear their bodies with grease and red earth, only wearing a small strip of cloth, or an animal's skin over the shoulder, and sometimes a few feathers in their matted and oiled hair. The fierce opposition they showed to the pioneer Missionaries is now no longer displayed; in fact they appear somewhat timid and reserved.

The general physical feature of the land is soft, gently undulating country. But for the lakes Naivasha and Nakuro, and the River Gilgal, there is a marked scarcity of water. Not until we reached the Eldoma Ravine did we pass anything worthy of being called a forest. At that point we had risen 7,000 feet above sea level, and exquisite stretches of tangled forests of cedars and bamboos afforded a welcome relief after the dried up and treeless track we had been accustomed to. Cycling was quite impossible owing to the many trees that had fallen across the road, and the deep ruts made by the ox waggons which had passed along in the wet season; one waggon, carrying along parts of a new boat to be floated on the Victoria Nyanza, was overthrown and broken up by one of these ruts the day we passed through the forest.

In spite of the weariness that often overcomes one travelling day after day under such a fierce sun, how glad I am that the railway had left us 300 miles of tramping before we reached the lake! Those who come up country now the railroad is completed will never experience

the fondness, and shall I call it proprietorship, that one seems to feel for the land when each step has involved labour, every little change from the prairie grass and thorn bushes been noticed and welcomed, and each new district and tribe prayed and longed over to be claimed for Christ. How can I describe the scene that stretched before me as I stood on the Nandi plateau overlooking the tranquil silver lake, the Victoria Nyanza, lying 3,000ft. below. The sun was slowly sinking towards the west, and, as it did so, drew the attention to the other side, our land of promise, Uganda. As the distant horizon and sky were flooded with a gentle red and golden light, salvation and victory seemed written in the handwriting of God upon the walls of that country.

Turning round towards camp what a contrast the scene presented. Hundreds of natives had congregated together dressed in animals' skins, and armed with shields and spears, which they were flourishing in the air with wild dancing and shrill war song—they were going out to fight with a neighbouring tribe. In the morning I had had an undesirable encounter with some of them. Having taken my writing case and pocket Bible to a hill a short distance away from where we were encamped to get a view of the wonderful panorama of plain and lake beneath, I had been somewhat startled by a number of men suddenly appearing from what at first were quite undistinguishable grass huts. Void of clothing they had painted their bodies with bright red earth, and had made various designs with grease on their limbs. Their hair was long and twisted into streaks by means of goat's fat, and each man carried a spear and shield. Soon a small crowd had gathered round, and I must confess to a certain feeling of uneasiness at the isolation of my position. However, I determined to evince no fear and tried to make the best of it. I undid my writing-case and showed it to them, and my watch. They literally

A NANDI FAMILY.

Photo by W. D Young, Mombasa

shrieked with delight and surprise when they saw the hands run round. The gilt edges of my Bible attracted them, so handling it reverently I tried to tell them it was God's Book, and drawing one of the children to me by signs, sought to convey to their minds that God loved us. I do not know if they caught my meaning, but I do know that God caught up the prayers that ascended for them.

The same evening a violent storm broke over us. One of our tents was literally washed out, not having had a deep ditch digged round in case of emergency.

After moving off again and descending very precipitately to the level of the lake, the heavy rains were found to have made marching exceedingly difficult. We had to plough through thick black mud till we reached Port Florence, a distance of twenty-one miles. At one point on the road a stream about thirty yards wide had to be waded, as our porters were unavailable for carrying, having all gone on in front. The water in some parts was a foot deep, and it was by no means an easy thing getting through it when there were inches of mud from which the boots very reluctantly parted.

News had reached us that the steamboat *Ruwenzori* which had been sent to meet us and take us across the lake had been wrecked on the way, so we had to put off in an Arab dhow, a sailing boat used for transport purposes only, and one that offered no passenger accommodation.

Three thousand square miles! Can you imagine a lake about that size? And yet on our maps it is no larger than a boot button. Quiet and peaceful as is its normal condition, there are times when its mighty waters are lashed into uncomfortable anger, and casting up foaming crests break on the shore with the force and roar of an ocean's storm. Abundant in its resources, it can afford to be generous in its supplies; with prodigality it pours its fulness into its off-spring, so that distant Egypt subsists on its benevolence—the Nile.

On the Borders of Pigmy Land

Although only 7 p.m., darkness had already set in as we made our way down to the rough landing-stage to be shipped for Uganda. The dhow looked uncomfortably small for its crew, seven English passengers, twelve "boys," and all their cargo. It could not get up to the little wooden pier, so we rowed out in dug-out canoes by the light of a hand lamp. This took time, and it was nearly midnight before everything was on board.

A small portion towards the stem had been reserved to our use for sleeping, feeding, and living purposes. One of the ground sheets of the tent was fixed up on four insecure poles to form an awning over us.

Our sacks containing camp beds and blankets were placed about to act as bolsters as we lay down on the bare boards in the vain hope of sleeping. But they were the most bony bolsters I have ever known, for on whatever corner you took up your position, there was a point of the bedstead running into you. We were all glad when a sharp breeze sprang up in the early morning, and the sails that had been nodding all night braced themselves together for work.

Mid-day we passed a small island which is inhabited by fisher folk. They trap the fish by means of baskets with inverted necks like a safety ink-pot. Someone suggested pulling into shore in a canoe that was passing at the time for the purpose of buying some fish, but the people had misinterpreted our intentions and had armed themselves with spears, and were waiting for us entrenched behind large rocks. So it was decided to lunch off tinned sausages that day! Our prospects of landing and enjoying a change at night from the hard boards of the dhow were shattered by the captain assuring us that he could not possibly waste such a splendid wind as was blowing, but must push on. Accordingly, mattresses and pillows were pulled out and spread on the deck, so that our couch might be a trifle more comfortable than on the preceding night.

The wind did blow, and the dhow pitched to and fro like the tub of Diogenes. He must have been a better sailor than most of us were, else he could never have steered his craft.

It was wonderful how the food was cooked. The Swahili boys are prodigies, and can somehow manage under any condition. Finding a large iron tray they built up their wood fires on it in the bow of the boat and with the usual three stones they boiled their kettle, saucepan or other kitchen requisites.

The scenery round the shores of the lake is exceedingly pretty. The land gently slopes upward. Here and there a belt of forest stretches down to the water's edge; the grass huts huddled together in small communities just appear peeping out from the creeks and woods, and birds of gorgeous colours fly about or build their nests in the branches overhanging the water's edge.

On the third day of our trip we were becalmed, and it was decided to land on an island for the night so that we might get a complete change of toilet and rest. There was no canoe at hand to take us ashore, so a raft was constructed of poles and two large Masai hide shields which had been given me up country. We crossed over, two by two, carefully balanced in the centre of the raft, with shoes and stockings in our hands. The men managed to get a few things across, but the raft would not bear the weight of the tents. A ground sheet was once more utilized by tying it to branches of trees to form a covering over our camp and beds at night. Looking through the mosquito net I saw the stars peeping down, and the fireflies and glow worms lighting up the air and shrubs, and heard the croaking of the frogs and the night bird cooing in the trees. It seemed like a page out of childhood's fairy book.

There was no chance of getting off in the morning, and we made a tour of the island. It chanced to be the

one on which the *Ruwenzori* had been wrecked. The captain and his native crew had succeeded in getting safely to land, but were in a sad plight without shoes and socks and provisions. It was most fortunate our party happened to have lighted on that particular island, and so were able to replenish the meagre stores of these ship-wrecked mariners. The natives flocked together when they heard of the arrival of white men, and begged them to shoot the hippopotami that had been destroying their cultivation. They showed us round their village, in the centre of which was their devil temple. The head priest alone was allowed to enter. Round the courtyard were placed flat and upright stone slabs; these were the seats of the priests, who sat round in a semi-circle when their head priest was inside invoking the evil spirit. The only one in our party who knew their language spoke to them, and they all united in asking that teachers might be sent to them to instruct them in these "good words." Now there is no need to send to them, for since then the island has been depopulated by the sleeping sickness. Not one inhabitant remains—and they died with their request unanswered!

On the morning of the eighth day we were all eagerly examining the fringe of land lying straight ahead. The opera glasses spied out a few dark figures moving about close to the landing stage. In imagination and Pears' Soap advertisements I had often seen the picture, the blue, transparent water, a stretch of sandy shore—the background of banana trees and palms, a few grass huts, and a dark-skinned figure standing out in bold relief with the broad smile displaying a row of white teeth. "Otyano Munange" (How do you do, my friend?) and a prolonged exchange of grunts greeted us as we stepped from the dhow on to the shores of Port Munyonyo.

During the few minutes of waiting for our boxes to be unloaded I moved toward a little hut from which the

sound of voices was coming. Peeping in at the low doorway, I saw a man dressed in white linen (evidently the head of the household). He was sitting, reading aloud to a group of men and women gathered round him. The Book was the Gospel of St. John.

Surely this was Uganda, where the people who sat in darkness have seen a great light. It is wonderful what the Bible has done for them. Its influence penetrates the entire country, and its very utterances are the language of the people. Its expressions of greeting and farewell are used, and with reverence.

How our bicycles did run away with us over those seven miles to Mengo. After mounting them, we were followed by numbers of natives, and from every direction they came out of their shambas to greet us, falling down on their knees and saying, " You are our prayers, thank you."

On hearing of our arrival, our missionary friends had all started off to greet us. They described it as a little bit of England to see seven cyclists coming along with an impress of home which the five weeks' knocking about had not quite obliterated. The first one to meet us must have been guilty of scorching, as he was far ahead of the others, and he was determined to give us a real taste of Uganda right away, for he produced from his pocket some bananas (shall I own it, rather squashy) wrapped up in a newspaper ; they were good !

Next came along a mule, bearing towards us Bishop Tucker, who had come out to welcome his new recruits. I do not remember quite distinctly the other faces, for we were literally hemmed in by scores of excited natives, hustling, bustling, clapping, and chattering, seizing our hands and thanking us for having come so far to them, while tears of gratitude glistened on some of their splendid, intelligent, brown faces.

CHAPTER III

Mengo, Uganda

JUDGING from the view obtained from this, the native capital of Uganda, Mengo, the country seems composed of hills. On one of these stands the cathedral and missionaries' houses, and the splendid hospital, then just ready to be opened (but since burnt down), and holding fifty to sixty beds. The Roman Catholic Mission commands another hill, while on the highest is the King's palace. The head man of the district builds at the top of each hill, and his dependents live round, their site being determined by their social position. The whole district is densely populated, but this is difficult at first to see, as the huts harmonize with the vegetation around, or are hidden by the large banana plantations that surround each dwelling. What strikes a new arrival are the very wide, well-made roads that have been cut in various directions, quite a novel feature for Africa.

Living out here is necessarily very simple. The English houses then resembled bungalows constructed of poles and light, long reeds sewn together by means of a black fibre: two layers formed the walls, with dried leaves stuffed between, the roof being thatched with grass. The floors were beaten earth, with skins or grass mats thrown down in place of carpets. There were only outside doors, pieces of terra cotta coloured bark cloth being hung as curtains between the inside doorways. The apertures made in the walls for windows were closed in

A GROUP OF BAGANDA.

Photo by D. A. E. Figueira, Mombasa

at night by shutters of sewn reeds. The rooms looked distinctly rural, with bookshelves, wardrobes, and cabinets made with packing cases of uniform size stacked one upon another. A few native curios and chairs placed about were rather more useful than ornamental.

Each missionary's house was fitted up with a spare room, but visitors were expected to bring their own furniture and attendants, even though it might be but a Saturday till Monday visit. If you were not a bonâ-fide fresh arrival you had to bring your cow as well. The European's staff of domestics consists generally of small boys varying from eight to thirteen years of age. These cook, wait, clean up, wash, in fact will do anything you want them to do and a great deal more besides. As we passed the little cook shed one evening the chef was rubbing up the roast chicken with his grimy little hands to give the final touch before sending it to table. The ladies employ female labour, and the girls range from three to fifteen years of age, after which they marry. One small thing of five years was "parlourmaid" to their household at the time of our arrival. At afternoon tea she strolled into the room with the tea-pot balanced on her head ; in the same exalted position were the vegetables brought in at dinner served up in a large plaited basket shaped like a Japanese hat, with leaves placed under the unsweetened cooked bananas or potatoes.

The kitchen, like the servants' quarters, is built apart from the houses. There are no ranges or stoves. The cooking-pot, saucepan, kettle, or frying-pan sits on three bricks or large stones between which the firewood is rammed. The cooking-pots make successful ovens for bread-making if a tray of fire is placed on the top.

The day after our arrival being Sunday we had an early opportunity of witnessing a little of what Christianity has done for Uganda. The unreached tribes

we had passed through in their nakedness and savagery, propitiating demons, and offering human sacrifices, are what these people were before the Gospel reached them. Now, as the huge church drum, echoing from hill to hill, called to morning prayer, a continual stream of people was seen pouring into the large "basket" cathedral. As we entered at 9 a.m. what an impressive sight awaited us! Perhaps the first thing that attracted one's attention was the veritable forest of poles that supported the roof; but, then, looking down, the eye travelled over a sea of black woolly heads—of about two thousand men dressed in spotless white linen on one side, and of women draped in the bark cloths, so soft and restful to the eye, on the other. There were no chairs or pews, but each one brought a goat skin or grass kneeling mat. With no muffled, inarticulate voice did they join in the service, but as they all united in the Lord's Prayer a noise as of thunder sounded throughout the building. When the time for reading of the Scriptures had come, there was a general unbandaging of Gospels or Testaments, which their owners securely bind round in strips of calico to protect them.*

In the afternoon we paid a visit to the young king Daudi Chwa. His palace is approached by passing through an endless number of courtyards formed by woven cane fencings ten feet high. In some of these are circular reed houses for his courtiers and servants; the last one is the royal enclosure. Three round buildings stand here, coloured grass plaitings over the entrance distinguishing them from others. In one, the audience chamber, sat the King, then aged four years.

* Surely the most ardent critic of missions could not have failed to be convinced of the reality of these people's Christianity had he looked at the order of this great service. Their reverent behaviour as they worshipped in a church built with their own hands, and listened to one of their own native clergy, must have deeply impressed even the most cynical onlooker.

There was no furniture in the apartment; fine grass was carefully and uniformly laid on the ground, over which mats were placed on a slightly elevated reed dais. He was an important-looking little lad; his curious get-up made him appear twice his age. In spite of the great heat, a man's European shirt fell in folds to his feet, and over this was an English greasy black morning coat, made to fit a man of abnormal proportions. Five women and two chiefs waited upon him. Not a word did he speak, but stared uninterruptedly, and when on leaving we had reached the last courtyard, I was peremptorily recalled. It was my velvet collar band he wanted to inspect.

The form of native government is very highly developed and remarkable, for a tribe that had had no contact with the forms of government adopted by civilized nations. The feudal system is practically that in vogue throughout the country, which is divided up into shires or districts placed under a chief called the Saza, who has his own sub-chiefs. He has the power of settling trifling local questions, but everything of importance has to be transferred to the King.

The English Government had recently levied upon the whole Protectorate a hut tax of 3 rupees yearly. This creates a new demand, and has had a salutary effect on a people whose needs are so few, and these so easily supplied, that they have had little necessity for learning the dignity of work.

Tourists could easily spend some days profitably in Mengo, where there is much of real interest to be seen. I will give my few days of excursion trips, as there is no Baedeker on the subject.

First day.—Grand reception by natives.

Second day. — Visit to Cathedral, Schools, and Industrial Department of the Church Missionary Society, open each day from 8.0 to 4.0. Pay respects to His Majesty Daudi I., King of Uganda.

Third day.—Uganda "Picture Gallery" in the Bishop's Palace (constructed of mud and wattle). Every picture produced by the Bishop's own brush while journeying through the country. They were so beautiful and give such a faithful idea of the country I simply longed to despatch the whole lot home.

Fourth day.—Three miles' walk to the ruins of Mackay's Church and house. Banana plantations now extend over his once carefully cultivated garden, a few scattered bricks (the first and only introduction of bricks up to that time in Mengo) point out the place where the foundation of the great invisible Church of Uganda was laid. As one stood there one almost felt surrounded by that crowd of witnesses of whom the world was not worthy. Just to the front is that sacred spot where the first native converts were martyred for their faith.

Fifth day.—Visit to the Hospital. I went with the doctor to observe and take notes for future use. The day's work commenced with a half-hour's service held in an open outside court. The gate was closed then against those who might come for the medicine without the morning prayers. Some 150 patients were seeking attention this day, and they were allowed into the tiny consulting room five at a time. They evidently have a good idea of anatomy, for they have a word for nearly every bone and gland. Their faith in the white doctor speaks eloquently of the cures he has effected. One man was quite hurt because the surgeon would not take out his liver.

On the same day can be fitted in a bicycle ride to the native potteries. Outside a small hut we found two men squatted moulding the soft clay with their hands; a well rounded flint gave a polish to the pot, while a strand of coarsely plaited grass stamped on the soft clay gave a border impress. A huge wood furnace was burning in an adjoining court into which the vessels were placed and

baked. We were so interested in this process that the sun had set before we were aware of it, and our ride home was in pitch darkness over the deep rutted roads. I had a nasty fall which suggested that it might be wiser to walk our machines the remainder of the distance. When we reached Mengo sharp pain and swollen ankle told of a sprain. This kept me a prisoner for three days. It was rather providential, for the mail from England came in, and as no letters had reached us since leaving the home shores, just ten weeks ago, a very big budget was handed in to me. Only those who have really experienced it can enter into the awful homesickness that sometimes a girl feels on her first long separation from England. After some amount of tossing about and roughing it, to be suddenly carried back by a letter into the peace and quiet of the home, and to read all the interesting little natural bits which make you feel once again among the home circle, for a minute, when no one is looking, you may behave like a big baby.

The destinations of our party of missionaries were soon definitely fixed; I was asked to go as one of the first women to Toro, a separate and independent kingdom nearly 200 miles further inland to the north-west of Uganda. It involves a journey of 12 to 14 days, as the road is rather tough and there are no conveyances. The wonderful growth of the work there dates from the conversion of the King Kasagama at the beginning of the year 1896, who was the first monarch to be baptized in the whole Protectorate. In 1897 he wrote the following letter to the C.M.S.:—

TORO, February 1, 1897.

To my dear Friends the Elders of the Church in Europe.

I greet you very much in our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us on the cross to make us children of God. How are you, sirs?

I am Daudi (David) Kasagama, King of Toro The reason why I commence to tell you that is because I wish you to know me well.

On the Borders of Pigmy Land

God our Father gave me the Kingdom of Toro to reign over for Him, therefore I write to you my brethren to beseech you to remember me and to pray for me every day, all the days.

I praise my Lord very very much indeed for the words of the Gospels He brought into my country, and you my brothers I thank you for sending Teachers to come here to teach us such beautiful words.

I therefore tell you that I want very much, God giving me strength, to arrange all the matters of this country for Him only, that all my people may understand that Christ Jesus He is the Saviour of all countries, and that He is the King of all kings. Therefore, sirs, I tell you that I have built a very large Church in my Capital, and we call it "The Church of St. John."

Also that very many people come every day into the Church to learn the "Words of Life," perhaps 150, also on Sunday they are very many who come to worship God our Father in His holy Church and to praise Him. I also tell you that in the gardens near here we have built six Churches. The people of this place have very great hunger indeed for the "Bread of Life," many die every day while still in their sins because they do not hear the Gospel. The teachers are few and those who wish to read, many. Therefore, sirs, my dear friends, have pity upon my people, in great darkness ; they do not know where they are going.

Also I want to tell you that there are very many heathen nations close to my country—Abakonjo, Abamba, Abahoko. Abasagala, Abasongola, Abaega, and many others in darkness. We heard that now in Uganda there are English ladies ; but, sirs, here is very great need for ladies to come and teach our ladies. I want very very much that they come.

Also, my friends, help us every day in your prayers. I want my country to be a strong Lantern that is not put out, in this land of darkness.

Also I wish to make dear friends in Europe, because we are One in Christ Jesus Our Saviour. Now good-bye, my dear friends. God be with you in all your decisions.

I am your friend who loves you in Jesus,
DAUDI KASAGAMA.

How well I remember the deep impression that request

made on me as I read it, little realizing at the time that God would send me out in answer to it. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lloyd were also located to Toro, and Miss Pike, who had arrived in Uganda six months previously.

As soon as we knew our location we went off to Kampala, the market place and Government station of Mengo, to lay in a stock of oil, wheat, matches, bark cloths; also cowrie shells, beads, and calico, which are the currency of the Toro district. Our purse took the shape of two large sacks, each weighing 65lbs., and these needed two men to carry them.

Kampala was very different from Namirembe. Swahilis, Indians, Arabs, and natives crowded the narrow, stuffy street called a market place. Open booths extended down either side, and on shelves were displayed various native grains and vegetable produce, while gorgeous coloured prints and calicoes, beads, and brass wire adorned the outfitters' shops. As we passed along, small amused crowds followed us to see the "tall ladies."

The law court would have shocked the members of the profession of Fleet Street. It was a barn-like structure built of reeds; there were no benches and witness boxes, the only official item being a coat of arms wrought on an enamelled iron plate over the judge's seat and table.

We heard there was a nice little white-washed mud house awaiting us in Toro, but there were no windows or doors. The European missionary already working there promised to make these when we supplied him with wood from our packing-cases.

Toro was still in its very dark state, but the people were willing and eager to learn. The Uganda of the present has been the result of years of labour, the cost of noblest lives, the scenes of grandest heroism, the patient, untiring, lonely work of such men as Mackay, Pilkington, and many others. Toro appeared to have few physical dangers, but the moral and spiritual difficulties were just

the same. A fortnight's journey seemed a long distance to the nearest European station, especially to one straight out from the roar and bustle of London life, the noise and rattle of a large family of brothers and sisters.

We felt very incompetent implements, but remembered the prayers going up for us in England, and believed that they would have power with the great Master-Builder, the Architect of the ages—so that the habitation being builded together for God in Toro might be "all glorious within."

CHAPTER IV

Toro: The Land of the Mountains of the Moon

ON Tuesday, April 10th, 1900, the start was made for Toro. Our caravan of porters had been sent on before to have our first camp in readiness on our arrival.

Bishop Tucker, who was coming our way for two days on a visit to an out-station, set off on his mule, with Miss Pike mounted on a most apologetic-looking donkey. The Lloyds and myself arranged our departure two hours later, as our cycles promised a quicker method of locomotion. Having said the last good-bye to friends, I went away for an hour's quiet to get strengthened for the journey. Taking out my "Daily Light" I looked for its message, which was the promise given to Israel while in captivity, "Thy renown went forth among the heathen for thy beauty, for thou art perfect in the majesty (R.V.) that I have put upon thee, saith the Lord." What a glorious responsibility through the graciousness of God to be allowed to proclaim the renown, beauty and majesty of Christ among the heathen.

At 3.0 three cyclists could have been seen scorching down the hills from Mengo with a crowd of boys and men as bodyguard, all the twelve miles to camp. Africans seem to be possessed with an extra breathing reservoir, for they can run almost any distance without stopping to regain breath. It was dark or semi-obscure in the small forest opening where we found our encampment. Miss

Pike was unceremoniously seated on a big box swallowing pints of tea ! The porters had tried to erect our tent, but had not learned the knack, and we had to creep into flabby folds of canvas. It looked like a native who wants his one daily meal—it sadly needed inflating. Oh, dear ! How did we manage that night ! It became dark so soon, everybody had to fish about with candles among a medley of boxes, porters and food. Our Baganda boys were certainly not trained like the Swahili attendants who came up with us to Uganda, in the mysteries and arts of camping out. European equipments were unsolved conundrums to them. Our four youths looked hopelessly vacant, jabbering about round the tent, doing nothing but getting into one's way. When we did sit down to a personally-superintended cooked meal, the "waiter" knocked the wash-hand basin of water over my pillows, which had to be round a fire all night to dry. The "boys" can learn to do things fairly nicely if you have patience to allow them plenty of time for an idea to filter through their minds. They wanted an hour for preparing our table at each meal, which was only furnished with the simplest and most limited number of things. Sitting down before the food box they took out every tin and contemplated each one for some minutes before deciding whether salt was eaten with tea, jam with meat, and so on.

The next morning at 4.30 we were all astir again, and as soon as our belongings were packed up, were on our way. How I wish I had the power of descriptive writing to enable others to peep into one of the many exquisite belts of forest that crossed the road at constant intervals. They surpassed any Kew tropical greenhouse. Unlike the tangled disorderly forests passed on our way to Uganda, date palms, trees, climbers, flowers such as orchids, sunflowers, wild pea and tomatoes flourished there in perfect life and vigour.

Emerging from the cool shade of these trees, our track passed through stretches of papyrus and pampas grasses eight to fifteen feet high. It was almost impossible to see the path of about one foot wide which had become overgrown and covered by broken tiger grass. Cycling was anything but easy. We had to butt our sun helmets into the long, wet waving grass, blindly careering forward. There is absolutely no level ground between Toro and Uganda, but a succession of hills over the tops of which the road has been cut. The descents, sometimes very steep are dangerous on account of the thick muddy swamps that frequently wind round the bases of the hills. The bridges over these swamps often get washed away in the rainy seasons. One almost feels the treacherous malaria, as heat waves sweep heavily along, while being carried through these "Sloughs of Despond" on the shoulder of one of the strongest porters. I suppose one of these was responsible for the heat sickness that I woke up with one morning. A long tiresome march lay ahead, so the hammock was insisted upon, and six men, lent by the chief of the village, came as carriers. It was rather ludicrous to watch the sympathy of the natives. I could have imagined myself dying; but the shock they sustained when the first little bit of decent road was reached! In half-a-minute the awe-struck men stood gasping as, calling out to be lowered, the poor, dying "Mukyala" (lady) coasted down a tempting hill. They looked quite relieved when they found her awaiting the hammock at the foot of the next climb.

In one camp the chief came to pay us his respects and brought six old men with him and several folks to whom he wanted to show the white ladies, none having passed along that way before. I could do nothing more than greet them with an extenuated string of grunts, but this pleased them immensely. Mr. Lloyd asked if I would let down my hair, as they had never seen

anything different from their own cropped, frizzy pates, and the short hair of a few white men. Out came the hairpins, and as the hair tumbled down a loud laugh of delight and surprise came from every onlooker. A lesson in hairdressing followed, and each twist, turn and pin was watched with lively excitement. A spoonful of salt was given round to every visitor before leaving. Their eyes glistened, their hands were lifted to their mouths, the tongues protruded, and, oh, the delight of that moment! They smacked their lips and relished it as much as I enjoyed sherbet in girlhood's days. The remaining dainty morsel was tied up in a piece of banana leaf.

The roads proved too much for my poor wheel. Until it could be attended to by a London specialist it had to be regarded as a chronic displacement. The strain on the fork had been too incessant and heavy with only a front rim brake. The ruts, ditches, and obstacles had given it a terrible shaking, and finally succeeded in literally tearing the fork away from the bar. The remainder of the journey, about 140 miles, had to be covered on foot. Miss Pike was in the same predicament, as the donkey gave in even before the bicycle.

On the sixth day from Mengo we reached Lwekula and put up at a European fort, vacated now, but built and occupied at the last Soudanese rebellion when the Nubian troops and Mohammedan population were up in arms against the British Government. It is a square fenced-in enclosure with sentinel boxes at each corner and a deep, dry moat surrounding it. Two or three reed sheds stand inside, one of which we made use of instead of our tents, which are intensely hot during the day time. Unfortunately, Mrs. Lloyd was taken with bad fever as we reached here, and as her temperature remained at 104 on the third day a special runner was dispatched to Mengo asking Dr. Cook to come out to her. The six

following days of waiting for his arrival were anxious times to us all, and we watched by her bedside day and night. When he did come the fever refused to yield to treatment. After a fortnight spent thus it was decided that she should be carried back to the nearest European station three days away. Before leaving, the doctor had an opportunity of relieving several poor native sufferers. One was a tubercular case, which necessitated amputation of the finger. In lieu of an operating theatre the patient was laid on the ground and given chloroform! We enjoyed a few regular out-patient days of hospital life again.

The knowledge that our two travelling friends must return had come to us on my birthday, and a new weight seemed added to my quarter of a century of life. They had been like brother and sister to me ever since leaving England, and now it was like going away from everything that connected one with the old land. Then I turned to my Bible, and Psalm 22 was the birthday portion—"The Kingdom is the Lord's" stood out as written in gold. I could never get beyond God's country, God's territory. It brought such peace, comfort, protection. No longer was it one person almost alone in a big strange land, but a child of a King who reigneth in Africa as in England, and never sends without Himself going, too.

The doctor left at 12.0 p.m. on April 30th to get ready the camp for the Lloyds, and at 4.0 p.m. we fixed the invalid up in the hammock and left the Fort with them. It was a sad and silent procession, and a talk with Mr. Lloyd showed us how bitter was the disappointment to them both. At sunset we stood and wished them good-bye, and it just needed all the strength we could command to keep back the hot tears that wanted to fall with those that shook the poor little patient. Neither of us could speak as Miss Pike and I returned to the desolate Fort. Already two of our companions has been obliged to turn

back, and we two girls were left to go on with a missionary who had come out to escort us to Toro.

At midnight my companion was seized with violent sickness and slight temperature. Donning slippers and enveloping myself in a blanket, I ran out across the Fort to rouse one of the boys for hot water. It was awfully uncanny. The starlit sky was entirely shut out by angry clouds, and the darkness was intolerable. Only the shrill shriek of the hyenas broke the stillness, and I half expected the faint light from my candle lamp to fall upon a leopard or reptile.

After two days, however, she so far recovered as to be able in a hammock to take up the journey once more.

I am quite sure Heber had never visited Uganda when he wrote :—

> "Where Afric's sunny fountains
> Roll down their golden sand."

If he had done so it might have run :—

> "Where Afric's swamps and mountains
> Meet one on every hand."

Our experience next day especially proved this. At 6 a.m. a cloudless sky greeted us, and damp white mists were sleeping in each hollow. At the foot of the first hill we were confronted by a long swamp with tall papyrus grass growing on either side. We had recourse to the hammock, and as the water reached the carriers' waists, one felt the canvas was some inches in water and that it was a case of floating through the dirty, stagnant river. I wondered if poor little Moses in the bulrushes ever felt as we did among the papyrus. The second swamp gave us a little variety, as the reed bridge had been broken down and the step down into the swamp was so steep that we felt uncomfortably like sliding over the front carrier, while the climb up at the other end gave us our first sensation of standing on our heads.

At 11 o'clock we halted under a tree and feasted on sausages (tinned), sweet potatoes, cornflour, biscuits, and tea. Sausages are a great treat out here, and we only indulged as we were doing a double march to reach Toro that day week. We then waited till 2 p.m. so as to allow the sun to cool down a bit, and enjoyed reading an English newspaper, the "British Weekly," of February 16th date. After that we felt quite ready to continue our march, reaching camp at 4 o'clock, only to find our tents had been pitched on such a disgustingly dirty old camping ground that they had to be taken up and erected some hundred yards further on.

Diary-making that day was impossible. Our tent, from the bottom to the top, was literally lined with mosquitoes, and their singing quite put in the shade the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall. In the two previous camps they had covered the roof, but evidently never tasted the joys of European flesh and feared to descend. These others were more initiated.

Arriving at Butiti, which is only 30 miles from Kabarole, the capital of Toro, we found a most prosperous work going on among the people. Our kind escort from Lwekula, Mr. Ecob, was stationed there. A marriage was solemnized in the Mission Church on the day of our arrival. We went out of curiosity and to get a peep into the native customs. Never have I disgraced myself by such uncontrollable laughter. First of all, the pair were not forthcoming, and so the parson organized a search party. A hilarious sound from the porch warned us of the bridegroom's arrival. He was a lanky stripling of about 17, dressed in a long white gown. His best man wore a very hole-y shirt, Jaeger-coloured for want of a wash. An unwound turban was thrown over his shoulder till required. The bridegroom went forward and squatted on a grass mat in front of the chancel to await his betrothed. Soon a slow, solemn procession

coming in at a side door brought in view the belated bride, accompanied and surrounded by about thirty maidens. How can I describe that picture! She was ugly—as ugly as the imagination could picture; somewhat advanced in years; her face was marred by cutting and branding, and she was reeking with grease which was amply smeared over face and shoulders. On her head sat a red Turk's cap worn as a sign of marriage or high station. This, on account of its size, had the appearance of a candle extinguisher. Then her body was swathed in all sorts of coloured prints and beads. After the ceremony, the couple left by different doors, the bridesmaids holding an old torn "brollie" over the retiring bride, who was weeping copiously. The women regard marriage in rather a philosophical light. They say it has two arms. One brings a home, protection, and presents of clothing and rejoicing. The other shuts the door of liberty; it brings work, and that means sorrow. The thought of the latter predominates on the wedding day.

When six miles away from Butiti we got our first view of the Mountains of the Moon. I can never forget the sight that was suddenly opened up as we turned a sharp bend round a high hill. It was 4.30 p.m. Huge peaks, sharp and rugged, stretched from north to south in an unbroken range of sixty-nine miles long. Heavy black thunder clouds rolled over some of the summits, while the lightning shot out angry tongues of fire. Torrents of rain were sweeping away to our right, while the sun beat down in full strength upon the valleys. Above all, calm and serene, shone the region of snow. For all ages the sun has directed its equatorial power against that ice fortress. Storms have thundered and crushed against its foundations, but it has ever stood as the one impregnable and unsullied witness of holiness and purity to God, in a land where darkness has reigned, and the storms of passion, vice and barbarity have laid desolate.

Descending to the forest just beneath us, we sat under the shade of its trees, keeping well in view of glorious Ruwenzori. While tea was in preparation we just gave ourselves up to the influences of environment. For a moment we even dared to feel poetical. Long forgotten stanzas lived again in the memory, but were all put down as original and momentary genius. My turn having come round, I made a rush at something with a guilty conscience of poaching on another one's preserves, and it ran something like :—

> "Mountains on whose rugged breast
> The labouring clouds do often rest."

But I got no further, for who should appear but someone suspiciously like a tourist. So unusual a sight made us forget English customs, and we waited for no introductions. We received a real warm welcome straight away from our companion-designate and only co-worker in Kabarole.

Next morning we rose at 5.0 and saw the sun rise on the snow peaks and then started on our last walk.

Almost immediately runners met us bearing letters from the King and Queen, the Namasole (the King's mother), the Prime Minister, and chiefs, all welcoming us in words of warmest thanks. These men scarcely waited for our verbal answer before rushing back. In fact, the road for a long way ahead was defined by men and boys rushing toward and from us with messages. As we drew nearer a few teachers and others came to prepare us for the reception that awaited us, and informed us that the women of Toro were congregated just beyond our next hill. We little guessed what an army lay entrenched there. As we approached, one moving mass of fluttering white and crimson gowns came bearing down upon us, rushing, clapping their hands, and shrieking. Then crowds of black arms were thrown wildly round our necks, and as many pates placed from one shoulder to the other.

We talked as well as we could to them, but our progress was slow, as every now and again they stopped us and repeated their demonstrations. Over the next hill the male force had rallied, and here a no less hearty though more formal welcome awaited us.

We made for the church, which was crowded, and a few impromptu prayers and hymns of praise went up on our behalf. Then we inspected our future white-washed home, and from that moment, all day long and every day, we were crowded with visitors.

The royal band was sent down by His Majesty to play outside our house. It was composed of six drummers and twelve fifers, whose instruments are able to produce about five notes, and with these they produce indistinguishable tunes. Their appreciation of music seems to depend on the volume of sound produced, so in order to give us a proof of their welcome they blew to bursting pitch. All day long we were serenaded and at night, too. It went on into the second day, and thinking the bandsmen might prove to have stronger lung power than we had of endurance, we sent a polite message to his Majesty asking that they might be allowed to rest at night till daylight.

So at last we had reached our journey's end. The sixteen weeks that had run out since leaving home had been long and eventful. As the evening fell on our first day in Toro, we gathered round our log fire and sang together " O God our help in ages past."

CHAPTER V

The Country

TORO is one of the four Kingdoms that comprise the Uganda Protectorate and lies on the North-west boundary. The present outlook would lead one to think that it will remain unaffected longer than the other three neighbouring States by the inroads that civilization is making in Uganda, which the railway has brought into such close proximity to the outside world, while traders pass along the splendid caravan roads through Bunyoro up to the Nile, and to the Southern cattle-rearing Kingdom of Ankole. There is nothing to attract them to Toro, as the journey is a real physical effort, and there is no commercial prospect of mineral wealth or remunerative industry to justify the long journey. The ivory that formerly brought the Arab traders into the country is now almost entirely preserved by the British Government. So, unless Toro is visited by more successful prospectors than those who have already casually looked round, who shall discover some hidden mine of wealth, in all probability it will remain undisturbed in its present state of rusticity.

But it is a wonderful country, and one that must ever fascinate a lover of nature and its freaks. The mountains are in themselves a unique feature. One can scarcely reconcile the co-existence of an equatorial sun and eternal snows, yet so it is. Strange mountain tribes in quite primeval state live among its forests and creeks, while just on its other side extends Stanley's Great Forest with its pigmy inhabitants.

On all sides one sees the results of the operation of mighty unseen forces. Numbers of extinct volcanoes are visible from our hill, the craters of which form the beds of lakes now, with vegetation and forest growth stretching down their sides to the water's edge.

They must have enjoyed a good long sleep, as no hints of their activity are traced in the native traditions, which go back to a corresponding Adamic period. There are quite a number of legends, however, which invariably associate them with evil spirits that are supposed to live in the craters. This is believed even still by some of the raw peasants. One day a woman told me that her two little boys had been playing in the courtyard while she was at work, and the " Muchwezi " (evil spirit) from the Crater hill two miles away had come and run off with her elder child. For two years he had remained lost to them, when suddenly he returned clothed in a strip of bark-cloth and a charm round his neck peculiar to that evil spirit. He was sworn to divulge nothing of what had happened to him while being with the evil spirits in the crater, under the penalty of being caught away again by them.

Here let me recount a rather unique picnic we had at one of these crater lakes three miles away. It happened on a Monday—the Missionaries' off-day—when general repairs and washing are usually done, or visits paid to neighbouring villages. We started off on our bikes in high spirits which managed to survive a heavy thunder-storm that overtook us half way and soaked us through. We hung ourselves out to dry round a fire in the hut on the lake shore, and having warmed ourselves with tea made for the lake in search of wild-duck. We baled the water out of the dug-out canoe and set off with three boys as paddlers. You never met with anything more aggravating than an African dug-out ; they are so badly balanced that the least movement threatens to overturn

THE MARKET PLACE.

Photo by D. V. F. Figueira, Mombasa.

the skiff; and as for steering, that is out of the question. Anyhow, when we were far away from our landing point, the canoe refused to move, except in complete circles. We could make no headway; the united efforts of all—barring myself, who did not row—failed to move the boat except in rapid revolutions. Then a storm blew up and darkness seemed to be suddenly settling down on us. One of our party, who knew from experience our danger, was in a terrible fright. I tried hard to tune up to "Excelsior" and "Midshipmite," which eventually evidently appealed to the kind heart of the elements, for the boat moved and we were safely landed. But the return home was the difficulty. The moon went in as soon as it appeared, and as it was so dark a different route was suggested, in order to escape the river which we had to cross on our way out. About half way we found out that the recent storms had washed away the bridge we had relied upon to get us across the river and so were obliged to trust to other means. Miss Pike headed the procession on a boy's shoulder, but as the water came up to the lad's armpit her position was far from enviable. Then I ventured on the donkey, sitting in a sort of tailor fashion, but, alas! the water refused to let me off scot free. After that, in a miserably drenched condition, with our flapping skirts like reservoirs of water, we trudged on through long grass and thick mud, and at last reached a succession of deep swamps. One of these looked so tragic and interminable that the men insisted on crossing hands and taking me through in dandy-chair style. I shall not forget that experience. Like Christian of old, one of my carrier's strength and courage failed him, and half-way I became suddenly aware that he was rapidly disappearing under water. A violent yell brought small boys to the rescue, who, supporting me, managed to extricate him from the mud depths, and a second start was made; but just as we were reaching the other side the same poor, unfortunate

man landed in more mud, into which he sank. Before I could release my hold, I saw him go completely under the water, and felt myself rapidly descending into the depths over his head. The situation was so ludicrous that the awful after-effects were forgotten in the peals of laughter which no one could restrain, in spite of the poor man's miserable condition and my own.

To resume our description—on the east of Ruwenzori the land presents an unbroken stretch of undulating country; on the west side the land falls rapidly and forms the Semliki plain, so called after the river that winds zigzag through it, uniting the Albert Edward Nyanza on the south to the Albert Nyanza on the north.

Descending to this plain round the north end of the mountain range, the configuration of the land indicates two distinct ancient water levels; this is confirmed by the quantities of small shells that are often found in scattered heaps among the sandy soil, similar to those now found on the Lake shores.

With the exception of the fringe of the Congo Forest that enters the Toro boundary, and the Bamboo Forests that grow so thickly on the slopes of the mountains, Toro is not abundant in trees and timber. Wide veins of woodland winding along the river courses, however, form welcome relief to the prolific elephant grass that covers hills and valleys. Looked down upon from a distance these extended forests present a rich variety of tints. Winter is never seen, for when old age strikes the branches, the tree breaks forth into its second childhood under the influence of the sun's rays. But on entering beneath the shade of these tempting oases, one realizes a feeling of disappointment, for everything appears to have outgrown its beauty. Powerful and unkempt creepers and rubber plants have wound their long bare limbs like poisonous snakes round the barks and branches of the trees till the vegetation has ceased to breathe in their grasp,

and has withered away. Then the mischievous little monkeys as they frolic and scamper about leave such litter behind !

Toro is almost entirely void of isolated trees. The annual grass fires that are lighted to clear the country for the sowing of the crops have given them no chance of an existence.

Banana groves are gradually springing up over the country, for the Batoro are emulating the example of the Baganda in adopting the unsweetened banana called "Matoke" as their staple food. Formerly they lived entirely on "Bura," a small millet which possesses a very low percentage of nutritive quality. The only thing that commends it is the infinitesimal amount of labour needed for its cultivation, and this is the chief consideration of these folk. They grind the grain between two stones which gradually crumble away in the process, making the food when cooked hardly distinguishable from boiled sand.

Ruwenzori gives the whole kingdom of Toro a very plentiful water supply. The streams, flowing down from the ever-melting snow and ice, unite and form clear and swift rivers which provide the land with pure cold water, but at the same time make the country difficult for travelling about in. The crude bridges made by the natives get washed away in the rainy season, which often monopolises nine months out of the twelve. The mountains seem to attract every cloud that rises above the horizon. Nature indulges in most phenomenal pranks out there. There may be a perfectly bright cloudless afternoon, when suddenly it looks as if all the clouds of heaven had been unchained and let loose. From every direction they gather in impenetrable blackness, then girding themselves with fury, they burst forth and, with a hurricane in their wake, menace Toro with a few angry tears of passion and break with roars of thunder and

tongues of fire on Ruwenzori's side. Failing to shake that mountain ridge, they rebound and empty themselves upon Kabarole. In a few minutes the whole country is a wash-out ; the hills send down sheets of water, and so do our thatched roofs. Unless these are under constant repair, all our little black boys, when they see a storm coming, are armed with pots, pans, basins, and dishes, and stand about in the rooms to catch the rain water, and so save themselves the trouble of going to the spring.

One afternoon a terrible thunderstorm broke over Toro ; the force of one clap, which was simultaneous with the most vivid lightning, was indescribable. A thunderbolt seemingly had fallen just over our heads and sounded as if a million dynamite explosives had burst over us. Scarcely had one recovered from the momentary shock, when the dreaded sound " Tera enduru " was heard ; this is a fire alarm which the natives produce by clapping their lips with the palm of their hand. Hastening outside, we saw clouds of smoke issuing from Mr. and Mrs. Maddox's house, which adjoined ours. Not waiting for hats or umbrellas, we hurried across to the yard, where boys and girls were rushing frantically about; Mrs. Maddox was in bed with fever in the very room where the fire had broken out. Her room was blazing away, while she was asleep, unconscious of her danger. Wrapping her in blankets, we managed to have her carried across to our house. The lightning had struck the corner of the room, instantly igniting the thatch, poles, and bamboo ceiling ; the flash had travelled through the room, just escaping the bed, but singeing a little Bible on the table close by. Really, her escape was nothing less than a miracle. In a very short time the Katikiro was on the spot with his men, and we all worked hard at carrying out the things. To save the house was an impossibility. It was merely a fight with time and fire—pulling down packing cases and books, carrying out stores, boxes, bedding, clothing,

crockery, tables, and chairs, and feeling the flames were quickly devouring all that lay in their way. When almost the last item was out, we were ordered away, and with a crash the end of the roof fell in, while the flames ascended in one solid, angry mass. Meanwhile, the King had posted an army of men to guard our house, and fan away all sparks with large banana leaves. All this had taken but fifteen minutes, so you can imagine the rapidity with which everyone had worked. The only things burnt were a tent and camp-bed, which had been stored in the roof, and were quite unreachable.

Fortunately, this happened just ten days before they were due to leave for England, so they were not homeless for long.

The whole of Toro seemed to crowd into our court, congratulating us all on our escape, and thanking God for protecting us. You will easily imagine how dead beat we were when the day was over, and how we welcomed sleep; but this was not to be for long, for at 12.0 midnight the same alarm of fire awakened us, and tearing on our dressing gowns and slippers, we found Mr. Fisher's women's house a conflagration. This was truly terrifying, as it was in such close proximity to his own house; while, as the house was entirely built of grass and reeds, the flames were more rapid and dense. Black figures, silhouetted against the flaming background, were seen wildly scrambling up on to these two roofs, beating away the flames and sparks. It really seemed an impossibility to save either, especially when you heard people shouting "Muije okutukonyera enju yahya" ("Come and help us, the house is on the point of burning.") But I am glad to say the God of Deliverances was again with us to save, and to show forth His power. Nothing was lost but the women's house, and the possessions and clothing of the seven women. In the morning, this was found to be a case of incendiarism; a small girl, who had recently

left through stealing, had set fire to the house to revenge herself on the women.

These things are a little bit upsetting to one's nerves; the constant earthquakes and terrific thunderstorms keep one always girded for flight. One afternoon the missionaries had met together for afternoon tea, and suddenly there was a slight underground murmur, and the house shook as if it trembled. There were three windows and one door to the room, and out of them the three men instantly disappeared; they looked rather shaken when they came back for their tea. It was agreed not to let out names!

On the western wide of Ruwenzori, and close to the base of that mountain range, are boiling springs containing a considerable proportion of sulphur. The natives have discovered their medicinal properties for skin diseases and have digged channels so as to divert part of the water into trenches or pits where they can sufficiently cool it for bathing purposes. They also carry their food down to the springs, and in a short time the plantains or potatoes are cooked and ready for use.

Lying as it does on the Equator, Toro experiences scarcely any change of seasons all the year round, and in consequence of its being some 5,000 feet above sea level, the temperature scarcely rises above 75-80° Fahr. in the shade, while the nights are often cold enough to justify the log fires that the Europeans indulge in. The prodigious and constant rainfalls just rob the country of a reputation it might have held for possessing an ideal climate for the colonist and for agricultural purposes. Except in the low-lying marshy districts, Toro is exceptionally free from mosquitoes and malaria, and, up to the present, not one case of sleeping sickness has been known.

The soil is abnormally rich. Eucalyptus seed sown in the open produces trees of 12-15ft. in 18 months.

Strawberries yield two and three plentiful crops annually, in fact growth has often to be checked, as in the case of cauliflowers, which need transplanting three times if fruit is to be obtained. Excellent coffee is grown in the country, and a very limited amount of inferior wheat. There is no reason why rice should not be successfully cultivated in the swampy soil, and tea on the sides of the mountains. The great obstacle to the developing of industries at present is the difficulty of transport to the districts where there is a profit-yielding demand. No minerals have yet been discovered with the exception of an appreciable amount of iron, which the people have instinctively learned to work; they are able to turn out good spear heads, hoes, knives, and even rough needles of clumsy proportions.

This is undoubtedly one of the world's natural zoological gardens. Huge herds of elephants, sometimes numbering 200 or 300, trundle through the tiger grass; leopards and lions may be heard at night roaring after their prey, sometimes even round the capital; crocodiles and hippopotami infest the lakes; monkeys and chimpanzees scamper about the forests; snakes lie coiled up in the long grass; and everywhere teems insect life, from the infinitesimal jigger to the locust. Lions are feared less by the people than leopards. In Bunyoro, where lions showed a leaning towards human flesh and blood, the King or Chief of the infested district used to send out two black cows or calves, and the lions, after having tasted their blood, no longer troubled the people, but dieted from that time on pigs and hyenas.

Toro is still in the infancy of its development; the land, its resources, the people, and their possibilities are fields that give promise of a harvest of rich fruition to those who go to labour with mind and will.

CHAPTER VI

Home Life

LIFE in Africa offers as sharp a contrast as is possible to imagine to the rush and bustle of the old country. Perhaps this is one of the earliest impressions that strikes one when coming straight from a large and noisy household in the Metropolis. The keynote of this country is "mpora, mpora"—"slowly, slowly," and its effects are seen and felt everywhere. Time is of no consequence or value to the people. The wheels of life revolve so slowly that I felt as if my whole being had been pulled up with a jerk. The clockwork of activity had to be allowed to run down gradually, in order to fall into correspondence with things around.

Having left England just after Christmas, with its memories of busy thoroughfares streaming with lights from the gaily decorated shops, and teeming with folks big and small all chattering and preparing for the festive season, I had scarcely had time to forget all this noise and rattle before arriving at the antipodes of existence. Step out of the house one evening with me at about 8.0. Miles and miles of country lie faintly outlined by the phantom light of the moon—that orb of death. No other spark or ray breaks the long, wide expanse of darkness, and all the land and nature lie in profound sleep: no song of mirth or infant's cry reaches us, everything is mute and everywhere is sleeping.

Home Life

Suddenly a shrill shriek from the hyena or a leopard's low growl drives us indoors. Oh for the rumble of a London 'bus or the rush of the Irish express as it passes the old home in a mad hurry night after night. There is the faithful companionship of a scratchy pen, so that is how one generally turns out a voluminous correspondent in these parts of silent Africa.

Now let that same pen tell something of our home and various domestic odds and ends. Our house was built of wood and mud daub with a roof of thatch. The rooms, five in number, were lofty and fairly large, with walls which could be called neither straight nor smooth—in fact they rather reminded me of "Uncle Podger's" wall that looked as if it had been smoothed down with a garden rake after he had been hanging a picture. But ours were whitewashed, and this, at least, gave them a clean and cheerful appearance. The fact was that a violent storm had slightly blown the walls out of gear before the ground had sufficiently hardened round the framework poles. The windows were ingeniously made of wood with calico nailed across as a substitute for glass. We had only one door to start with—the front door—made of the unpolished and unplaned material of two packing cases, ornamented with the names and destinations of the owners of the boxes. There was a verandah all round the house which kept it cool from the midday sun.

Really, it was a marvellous building when you consider that the workmen had never built anything different from the round beehive grass and reed huts in which the people live. The poles had all to be brought in from a forest seven miles away, and were carried in on men's heads. The mud was beaten by their bare feet. They had to be overlooked at every point and turn as they have no idea of work, or even a straight line, unless the European is actually on the spot to show them. And when that European was absolutely alone and endeavouring to act

as pastor, teacher, and schoolmaster to hundreds of eager and teachable people, the question is how he ever squeezed in time to build this and his own house.

Our tent furniture was far too diminutive and scanty to fill our five rooms, so we turned cabinet-makers, and produced some highly creditable articles, all things considered.

Piling up six packing cases of uniform size, and nailing round strips of native grass matting, we had a splendid "Liberty" bookcase.

A "cosy corner" was made out of two more boxes turned upside down, stuffed with shavings and covered with cretonne. It *looked* very comfortable but rather belied its name.

Our dining-room table consisted of the lids of cases joined up and nailed to four posts planted in the mud floor. After a few weeks the legs took root, and the young branches supplied novel decorations.

We framed a few large photographs in reeds and hung them where the walls were flat enough.

The nights in Toro are cold, for although we are only 1·5 degrees lat. North, the capital is 5,000 feet above sea level. In consequence the houses are built with brick chimneys. With a bright log fire burning in the open hearth and a comfortable arm chair our sitting-room looked very cosy and bright. It is quite remarkable the amount of enjoyment one can derive out of things which cost nothing but a little hard work and a good deal harder thinking out.

One learns sometimes from rather trying experiences that several things which have been regarded as absolute essentials in England can so easily be dispensed with out here.

A lot of things brought out from home reached me in a hopelessly wrecked condition. As I have said before, on account of the scarcity of porters we had been obliged to

leave several boxes behind. Three of the twenty-three I had left were never again heard of. As these were food supplies I hoped they nourished some of the half-famished natives we passed up country. But the cases that did arrive had been exposed without protection from the rains, and were absolutely rotten when they reached me; the zinc linings had been destroyed by rust, and the contents reduced to pulp. In a sort of mechanical way I sorted out the different things, throwing aside books, letters, clothing, and nick-nacks on the rubbish heap. Some things could never be replaced—little recollections of the past and home-links. How reluctantly were these cast out!—but God showed me that this was known and allowed by Him, and when once He shows us this, the sunshine bursts forth and the heart rejoices. It strengthens one all round when sometimes the temporal is shattered to allow the Invisible and Eternal to appear. I should not be at all surprised that our missionary example St. Paul had had all his loads spoilt by shipwreck when he wrote: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content; not that I speak in respect of want."

On another occasion when our annual supplies from England were within one day's march of Toro the porters' shed was burnt down and all our loads but two were destroyed.

Now, as to food, there are just three items you can buy out here: goats, or sheep that have not an ounce of fat except in their tails. These cost about 2s. 8d. Chickens, which provide sufficient flesh for one person's meal of very normal appetite, can be purchased for fifty cowrie shells (1¼d.), twenty eggs for the same price, but these are not often cheap, as very frequently they are brought for sale when they will not hatch.

Of course our store room, furnished from England, is our grocer; the garden answers to greengrocer and

fruiterer, for it produces nearly everything; crops can be had in constant succession if care is taken to sow systematically. We also have from our cows a constant supply of fresh butter, cream, and milk which is churned on the premises in a native gourd. Besides this we are our own bakers. Flour is grown in limited and fluctuating quantities in the country. This is ground up, mixed with carbonate of soda and buttermilk, baked in a native pot with fire above and under, and in less than an hour a very decent wholemeal loaf is ready for afternoon tea.

The only drawback is that most of these departments of industry have to be worked by one's self. It is rather curious the number of professions a European holds out here, simply because he must, there is no one else to do it. The natives have such exalted ideas of the powers of a white man, that they appeal to him in every difficulty.

The first week we had brought to us an umbrella to be re-covered, one watch with broken mainspring needing repair, a lamp to be soldered, all sorts and conditions of sick people wanting medicine, and one raving madman!

The servant question was one that had to be faced immediately on our arrival, so we decided to write up to the King and Namasole. In reply, four young girls were sent down who did nothing but weep in spite of our kindly assurances of friendliness. They had never seen white ladies before, and were literally scared at us. They all ran away during the first night! So we had to keep on our road-boys until we had won the confidence of the women. We sometimes wondered if we should live to see that time; for one day a cabbage was sent to table that had been cooked in about one pound of soda. The cook had seen the European put a pinch in the water, and judging the diminutive quantity was with an eye to economy, determined on giving us a liberal treat for once!

Our best "cosy" was served up at another meal as a dish cover to the roast chicken!

It is not often, however, that they knowingly deviate from the model lesson given them; they sometimes err too faithfully on the other side by reproducing the European's mistakes and never improving on them. If you have once taught them a heavy pastry, your pies will always have that same unfortunate crust in spite of a more successful second lesson. They believe absolutely in reverting to original type. However, this is a one-sided view of the little black cooks. Imagine an English lad of twelve serving up a six-course dinner as these little fellows can, after some training; and with such a kitchen range, three bricks or stones and some twigs, and a very limited storeroom. Give a Toro cook a leg of goat and he can turn out a most satisfying meal of varieties—goat soup, goat curry, goat stewed, goat boiled and roast; and then if you want one more course, give him flour, eggs, milk, and a little butter, and he could send you in goat pie and goat pudding, or pancakes, boiled or baked batter, boiled or baked sponge pudding.

If you live on poor food in Toro, you must not blame the country or your cook, but yourself, that you did not arm against the future by occasional visits to your English kitchen. That is by far the best way of learning; cookery lectures and cookery books are not much use for a country like this; they generally tell you to "take" something you have not got and cannot get, and on that seems to depend the success of the recipe. Often have I recalled the long, tiring hours spent in learning to knead bread, and then the patience of waiting for it to rise; we should be eating tinned biscuits (like our predecessors) till this day if our bread depended on that method out here.

Vegetables form rather an important part in the daily diet; in fact, one is inclined to be a vegetarian where

vegetables are so plentiful and meat very tough and tasteless. On some occasions fifteen different kinds have been sent to table at a meal. They are all cooked in one large earthen pot, each vegetable being tied up in a large banana leaf with water—the leaf is water-proof and made soft and pliable by passing it through the fire.

The white ants and snakes show marked appreciation for the Europeans' houses. In spite of digging deep trenches round outside, the ants, which are supposed to travel only a few inches under the surface soil, manage to get at the poles and so gradually undermine the safety of the walls. They are the most indefatigable workers. In one night the floor of a room will be covered with little heaps of soil which they have carried up; a mackintosh coat was half eaten away by these little pests that had discovered it on a peg behind the bedroom door. Sulphur, hot water, Keating, pepper, thrown down proved quite ineffectual in driving them off. The natives advised a European to leave the little ant-heaps for a few days until a crop of small mushrooms appeared on the ant-heaps, and that would satisfy the ants and off they would go to begin their work elsewhere. The experiment was tried, with the result that on the third day the floor was covered with tiny white fungi, and the ants really did disappear after that. I will not attempt to explain the reason scientifically.

More stringent measures than passive resistance were needed for the snakes that came and built under the sitting room floor. Their appearance was first discovered by one of them leaving his top coat behind him in one of the rooms.

One evening we were roused from our peaceful occupations hearing two rifle reports and a regular stampede outside our house; we rushed to the door, but were quickly told to shut it up, as a leopard was rushing about. Two shots had been fired, but missed it. A large search

party was formed of excited, frightened natives with spears, rifles, and long torches, but all their endeavours were in vain. Three nights after that another and even larger leopard prowled round the houses, entered the donkey stables and dragged out a small baby donkey. In the morning an awful sight met our gaze on the path outside the stabling. The two hind legs had been completely eaten and the body torn open; the ground was covered with blood, and many claw marks were visible. The war drum was beaten, and, according to the law of the country, all the men turned out, from the chiefs to the poorest peasant, armed with spears and clubs. The excitement was intense, the King's Hill was thronged with dancing, rushing natives, singing war songs and making dashing onslaughts toward imaginary foes. They all danced and rushed in step, accomplishing the curious body dance in perfect order. They tracked the beast, and Mr. Fisher, who had led out the party, shot it as it gave one spring from its lair. The return home was a yell of victory, all assembling under the large tree on the top of the King's Hill to salute the Katikiro (Chief Minister), who sat in state to wait the arrival of the prey. Afterwards all the wounded were brought to the dispensary for surgical attention; one arm was so severely cut with spears and torn by the leopard's claws that I had to stitch it up. Leopard's claws are very poisonous, and inflammation immediately sets in; many cases prove fatal on account of blood poisoning.

Just one word more before closing this. Life out here is not one of constant "roughing it." No girls in England could have been happier than we were, and there are heaps of things that make up for some left in Merrie England.

For instance, a punt down the Thames is not to be compared to a paddle in a dug-out canoe or a sail in the same by a square of calico hoisted. There is a delightful

lake right away among the mountains, only five miles off, and no one ever enjoyed a lunch like the one we had in the little reed bungalow on the shore. Our first picnic there was unique. The lunch was provided by the Government officials, and really, I had never imagined men were so domesticated. They superintended the culinary arrangements. The Administrator made a meat pie, the crust of which might have been improved; another produced a sort of trifle; while a third manufactured scones; and we tried not to notice the lack of baking powder. But we survived all three.

CHAPTER VII

Royal Life

KABAROLE, the capital of Toro, may be described as a city of hills. On the highest of these, commanding a panoramic view of the country north, south, and east of Ruwenzori, stands the palace of King Daudi Kasagama. The Uganda Protectorate differs from Nigeria and the other west coast districts, in that it possesses no old-established cities and towns. The custom of the Kings of each of the four independent Kingdoms of the Protectorate formerly was to remove the capital as each succeeded to the throne. This involved a constant exodus of the people, who cleared out bodily in order to be close to their King. Scarcely any traces can be found of the previous capitals, as the houses were constructed merely of reeds, poles and thatch, which offer no resistance to the destroying hand of time; occasionally a worn grinding-stone or a broken cooking-pot is met with among waving elephant grass that immediately assumed mastery of the ground on the removal of the people.

In 1891 Kasagama succeeded to the throne of Toro, which was then being plundered and ravaged by the Kabarega, the neighbouring and powerful King of Unyoro. For some years the whole district was distressed by the merciless tyranny of the raiders, and the people were obliged to flee to the shelter of the mountains. Now peace and order reign, the security and authority of the King and his counsellors have been

established by the British Government, and the country sown on all hands with the seed of Christianity which has effected a complete reformation in the lives and condition of the people.

The King's house is the only brick building at present in the country. It is two-storied, with walls two and a half feet thick. The staircase is roughly constructed of bricks and runs outside. On the ground floor are three rooms. The centre one, into which the front door opens, is the reception room. The walls and ceiling are gaily hung with bright printed calico strips of varied design and colouring, stitched together. Over these are large, coloured Bible pictures illustrating the life of Christ. On the floor are spread grass mats and leopards' skins, which are the sign of royalty. An Indian rug is placed under a table and chair in one corner where His Majesty sits and receives his guests. The room is supplied with no other furniture. A waiting-room leads off from this, which is unfurnished, with the exception of a native divan made of reeds for important or sick attendants; the others lounge about on the fine, soft grass strewn on the floor.

Kasagama's study is on the other side of the reception-room, and that is where he does most of his business and carries on his correspondence. Upon the rows of shelves fixed to the wall are to be seen small piles of documents and letters received from his chiefs in the outlying districts, who are just learning to write. The boxes at the end of the room contain all his treasured presents received from the Government officials, missionaries and friends in England. If you call in any afternoon about five o'clock and are a friend of His Majesty you would perhaps be allowed into this sanctum, and there might find him working away at his typewriter or dictating to his typist, who can run his fingers very rapidly over the keyboard. Kasagama is now hard at

KING DANDI KASAGAMA OF TORO AND HIS CHIEFS.

Photo by D. V. F. Figueira, Mombasa

work writing a history of the country. To prevent any unauthentic references to the past he has two old men, well versed in ancient lore, to refer to.

The Council Hall, in which Parliament assembles every Monday, is in an adjoining country, and this is a large reed structure decorated inside with coloured calicos like the reception room. The railed off partitions are intended for the King's chair, and for the Queen Mother or Sister, either of whom is expected to attend each week, The Ministers of State are arranged in straight rows down the building, and the people involved in the various cases brought up for trial come and kneel in the wide aisle which leads up to the King's seat.

I only attended once, as women are generally debarred the privilege, but the first thing that struck me was how very civilised is the House in Toro and much in advance of one's own native land, for we were not put up in a third gallery behind wire caging to merely catch a glimpse of the Speaker's head, but had seats given us next to the King! However, there was a sad need of an Opposition or Nationalists' Bench, to add a little gusto and sensation to the proceedings. To make up for this at the conclusion of each case, the Royal band broke out into uproarious melodies, and the bandsmen accompanied their instruments with caricature Irish jigs.

A visit to the King must always include an inspection of his flower garden, of which he is very proud. It dates back to our arrival in Toro. As he used to drop in for afternoon tea, he would often find us armed with rake and spade, just ready to tackle the patch of weeds outside our house. It was a matter of surprise to the natives when they heard that the white ladies were "cultivating," and a still greater wonder when they learned that they were not sowing food but flowers. Whatever was the use of flowers? However, Kasagama thought it must be the correct thing, so one day ventured to beg a few flower

seeds to start a garden for himself, and then very hesitatingly and half apologetically he asked what was the exact use of flowers, as he wanted to have an answer ready to give to questioners. However, the beauty and fragrance of our English flowers have spoken to these people and awakened in their hearts a real admiration and love, so that outside many a Toro homestead now can be seen borders of carefully tended flowers ; and often prettily-arranged bouquets will be brought by them as greetings or offerings. At Easter time one result of this is seen in the Church. On the Saturday each one is asked to bring in the decorations and to help arrange them. The first time this was done the chancel was simply banked with bouquets, wreaths, and bunches of wild or cultivated flowers; palm leaves and papyrus grass, fixed to the columns of reeded poles down the church, made continued arches right along each aisle, while the open window sills were festooned with wild clematis. Most of this was done entirely by the natives.

Court life in Toro has a very attractive home side to it. One can scarcely wish for a more touching picture than when, the affairs of State being over for the day, Damali, the young Queen, comes into the Royal Palace with the little Princess Ruzi (Ruth). The Queen first bows before her husband-King, and the tiny child follows her mother's example, and in baby language greets His Majesty. Then Kasagama for a time lays aside his regal dignity and clasping the child in his arms fondles her and talks and romps like a big school-boy.

The old custom of the men and women feeding apart has disappeared in the King's household, and every evening Kasagama and Damali dine together. The menu never varies from one year's end to another. Each day the King has his own particular cut from the goat, namely, the chops and cutlets, and the Queen has a leg. They generally manage to finish their joints, besides the

quantities of boiled plantains and various native vegetables served up with the meat.

Kasagama has recently developed distinct sporting inclinations, and although it cannot be said that he has made his name, certain it is he has made his mark at them. Tennis was the first pastime he indulged in. One court was enough to allure anyone! A space was thoroughly cleared of vegetation in the mission compound and beaten by foot in place of a roller; two posts were firmly planted in the ground, a rope stretched across and strips of banana pith knotted on to it, hanging down like kippers put out to dry. The King was rather too powerful with his racquets; scouts had to be posted like fielders at cricket. Seeing the ball coming he made a desperate plunge toward it and either missed it altogether or slogged it as if intended for Ruwenzori's snows. So he gave that up for football; the dimensions of the ball I suppose appealed to him as being more adapted to his size. He is now a great player; his grief is that he has never experienced the excitement of a scrimmage, as the men are afraid of hustling their King; the only member of the team who apparently does not mind doing so is Blasiyo, the pigmy! Another reason is that there is little chance of getting too close, as he is followed about the field by one attendant who holds an umbrella over his head and another man careers about with a chair, so that His Majesty can rest when the ball goes in an opposite direction of the field to where he happens to be.

In all Church work, Kasagama has been a leader and example to his people. Almost daily, at 8 a.m. as the people gather from all directions for Bible Classes or school teaching, a procession may be seen slowly issuing out from the reed enclosure that surrounds the royal palace. With a large company of retainers and an armed bodyguard at the front and rear, on his bay steed rides the King, a fine majestic figure, 28 years of age, and

6ft. 3in. in height. The Katikiro and other important Chiefs, with their attendants, if they have not already started, come out from their houses on their side of the King's hill, and fall in behind His Majesty. They are bent on no Ministerial business, but if you were to ask the King, he would say "to learn wisdom from God, for how can I rightly rule my country without having first received that."

When the drum beats for Sunday services, Kasagama is nearly always at his place in the church to join with his people in prayer and worship. Besides encouraging his young men and chiefs to offer themselves as missionaries to the neighbouring villages and districts, he helps in every possible way to supply the necessary means in order that the native organisations shall be supported by themselves. When the large reed Church showed signs of old age, Daudi Kasagama, like his namesake David, King of Israel, set his heart to "build a house unto the name of the Lord."

Calling together his Christian Chiefs, he conferred with the Missionaries as to the quantities of material needed for a large Church, and when the approximate number of poles was given, he divided it up asking his Chiefs each to be responsible for a proportion.

The new "Temple" was not to be built of carefully-hewn stone, prepared bricks, or granite pillars, but of forest poles brought from long distances, many needing fifty men to carry them in; bamboos from the forest-clad heights of snow-peaked Ruwenzori; grass brought in by the women for thatching; reeds fetched from the swamps by men and children, and red mud for the walls. Every morning the King came down to work with his people in the erection of the building, and when the framework was completed, helped to bring in the grass which was cut up and beaten with the mud to form a kind of solid brick wall.

NEW CHURCH, KABAROLE TORO.

At 8.0 a.m. the Katikiro, Chiefs and others made their way down to the mud pits, into which there was thrown red earth, straw and water. About twenty men then would jump in, clasp arms in a circle, yell anative air and stamp the mud with their bare feet till the right consistency was reached. By that time they had become splashed and disfigured into fearsome representations of painted Red Indians. The mud was then put into baskets and shouldered by a body of carriers, who marched single file to the scene where the building operations were being carried on, while a drummer always went on before to give a spirit of militarism to the work.

With shirt sleeves rolled up, Kasagama and an army of mud-layers were ready to receive the mud and slap it into the walls with a whoop and occasional mutual congratulatory exclamation "Wehale"—"well done."

In this manner the Church, holding eight hundred people, was completed in six months free of debt and not having caused any expense to the Missionary Society!

When it is remembered that until the advent of Christianity six years previous, the King and Chiefs had never done one day's manual work, one can only regard this Church as a standing testimony to the reality of a religion that can call forth such a spontaneous demonstration of the sincerity of its disciples.

One day while watching the unmistakable earnestness of the men at their toil, I turned to Kasagama and said: "King, your people are really enjoying their hard work." He replied: "Oh no, my people have not yet arrived at liking work, but they are rejoicing because this is God's house."

Pending the arrival of the Bishop, an informal dedication service was arranged on the first Sunday of its completion. The Church was packed from end to end, the men on one side led by their King, the women on the other with the Queen Damali. A great stillness fell on

that large congregation as King Daudi, who scarcely ever takes an active part in the services, rose and offered up a prayer of Consecration. In it he said: "O God, we know Thou dwellest not in temples made with hands, but this House has been built with our hearts' devotion; therefore come down and take up Thy dwelling place, that sinners entering may be saved by Thy presence."

Kasagama in his time has played several "parts." Two days after the opening of the new Church, he was called upon to fill a position in a novel function for Toro, namely, the first European wedding. A great deal of excitement had prevailed for some time among the people, and whisperings of the unique event had filtered through to the villages, bringing a large number of people into the capital out of curiosity. It was a beautiful clear morning, and before sunrise the bride designate was needlessly reminded of the day by a loud shuffling and scurrying going on outside her calico window. The Katikiro's loud baritone was heard commanding a regiment of workmen, and by way of creating an excitement in the proceedings, he accompanied his orders by eloquent aerial cracks with his whip of hippo hide.

In order to have a share in the festive preparations they had come down to strew fresh cut grass all round the house, in the courtyard and along the road to the church. On the preceding days, the chiefs' wives, headed by the Queen, had been with their spades levelling the mud floor in the scarcely completed church and carpeting it with soft green grass. It was a welcome substitute of nature for the customary red felt drugget, and no one would have exchanged for canvas awning the archway of palm leaves and bushy papyrus grass heads that adorned the verandah and porch leading from the house.

All the Europeans in Toro were invited—they numbered five—and each had an allotted task. One performed

the ceremony, another stood as best man, the organist pedalled away nobly at the portable baby organ and even persuaded it to produce the Wedding March creditably. There was one bridesmaid, and the fifth took the part of "guest."

At 9.0 a.m. the church drums beat, and King Kasagama, dressed in a cloud of white and elaborate silk draperies, came down to act "father" to the bride. His Majesty looked almost pale with the responsibility of his new position, and scarcely trusted himself to speak as he took his "child's" hand and led her from the house along the road lined with crowds of his excited people. The church presented a sea of black faces and white linen garments freshly washed for the occasion. Everyone was standing, for there was no room to sit down. A Lunyoro hymn was sung, and then the service proceeded in English till the close, when the faithful old native deacon Apolo offered prayer in the language of the people.

The usual carriages and greys had to be dispensed with as the livery stables were a little too far off! But a regulation reception took place and about seventy guests crowded into the very limited space of the European's sitting room. A real iced cake specially imported, was mounted on a stool draped with trails of wild clematis. Heaped up dishes of thick sandwiches, stodgy jam tarts, cakes and biscuits, that suggested a Sunday School treat for at least some hundreds of hungry English bairns, proved a scarcely adequate supply for the visitors, who started on the cake, then tucked in sandwiches, jam tarts and sandwiches again, and so on, in a hopeless mix up. The tea was served round time after time, till the guests, out of sheer inability, had reluctantly to refuse further supplies. One chief, with a sigh, regretfully eyeing a dish of cake, exclaimed: "Okwongera nukwo kufa"—"Any more would be death."

As the guests departed, timidly limped forward old Mpisi, the first dispensary patient. He had been silently waiting his opportunity to slip in and give the bride his little wedding gift of five cowrie shells: their value was one-third of a farthing, but they were all he possessed.

The honeymoon was spent "on the Continent"—the dark continent of Africa, a trip of about 700 miles, across lake and over land, visiting a continual succession of mission stations. It included a visit to the Government Capital of Entebbe, where an official repetition of the marriage service had to be performed. Fancy being married twice within one month!

As the happy pair rode off on mules, actually the customary rice followed them. A mob of natives enjoyed this part immensely; but some of the women ran up, and tearing the bracelets and necklaces from their own wrists and necks, gave them to the bride with sympathetic tears!

Even the slipper was not wanting; it was delivered to a native to throw at the couple as they turned off at cross-roads, but not quite seeing the point, and having a respectful regard for the shoe, he solemnly presented it as a parting greeting from the Europeans!

CHAPTER VIII

The Women of Toro

ALTHOUGH undoubtedly belonging to one and the same parent stock, as a race the Batoro are in features superior to the Baganda, but physically inferior owing to the different conditions under which their lives have been lived. Women, both high and low, until within recent years, were practically the slaves of the Baganda households, and even now are expected to do the cultivating and cooking of the food. Before the sun has risen the Baganda women start on their digging in their banana plantations or potato fields. This has developed their muscles and at the same time had a healthy effect on the mind, for no one can handle nature without consciously or unconsciously being influenced by it for good.

The Batoro women, on the other hand, have been merely the chattels of the home. The upper classes scorned menial work and left it to their dependents and peasant folk. The middle class did no more than was absolutely essential, which generally resolved itself into cooking the one meal for the day. Their homes offered no occupation for them. The rude grass huts possessed no furnishing, for their wants were of the simplest. Bark cloth stripped off the wild fig tree and beaten out into a soft texture, or animals skins, provided them with clothing by day and covering at night. Their water vessels consisted of the hollowed out gourds that grow round their huts. One cooking pot sufficed for the household. A plaited

grass mat took the place of mattress over a bed of reeds strung across a wooden framework and built in along the side of the hut. Grass covered the floor of every house—seldom changed and never aired. Soot and cobwebs hung in festoons round the inside, as there are no chimneys in the huts to carry away the smoke from the open fire in the centre of the floor.

In recent years the upper class women have discarded the barkcloth as apparel for white calico and coloured prints. When these garments show signs of wear the general custom is neither to wash nor change them for fear of hastening their end, but clean draperies are thrown over them when the wearer appears in public.

Some of the women can work very prettily with grass and fibre. Having discovered various vegetable dyes, they are able to make very attractive designs in basket-work by dyeing the grass different colours. The fibre they make into string and then form beautiful knotted bags in which they have their gourds. It was only by living some time among them that we discovered these hidden trophies of a spasmodic industry. Very few care about rousing themselves and devoting the time and care needed for this work; the fault of the women is their inherent laziness; the generality of them desire nothing so much as to sit still and do absolutely nothing. They are so fond of begging, begging, begging, but when you suggest their *working*, off they go and you never see them any more. Others will remain in their homes ill for days, and no one will have the energy to come down and ask for medicine. An industrial exhibition was suggested by two of our missionaries in 1903, and will be held every year, it is hoped. Most ingenious bee-hives and rat traps were brought in as exhibits, besides all sorts of grass and string work, painted bark cloths and gourds, and so on. The novelty of the exhibition caused great excitement among the people, and the schoolroom was packed to its

THE BATORO AT HOME

Photo by D. V. F. Figueira, Mombasa.

utmost capacity with competitors and others. His Majesty, Daudi Kasagama, opened the proceedings with an earnest appeal to his people to make the show an even greater success next time by increasing the number of exhibits and raising the standard of proficiency.

Before the advent of Christianity there had been nothing to break the dull monotony of the women's existence. As they sat, day after day, huddled together in their dirty little grass homes, their conversation scarcely ever ventured outside the well-beaten track of real or imaginary sickness, and the usual revolting topics that polygamy and heathenism suggest. Modesty, reserve, shame and sensitiveness were not known among them. One's whole nature recoils from the recollection of Africa's lost womanhood.

Girls are sometimes betrothed as infants but do not marry till they have reached the age of 14 or 15. The husband is judged rarely according to his merit—that receives small consideration—but chiefly according to his means. The girl's value is determined by her rank or physical appearance. Her parents or master fix her price at so many heads of cattle or goats. A peasant woman can be had as cheap as one goat; should the husband be fortunate enough, in course of time, to possess a sheep or second goat, he will sometimes take it and his wife and exchange them for a stronger and better woman who will be able to do more work for him, or add more variety, quality or quantity to the day's menu. A peasant, living on the mission hill, married one of our women, and coming to the missionary in charge, fell down on his knees and eloquently praised him for his gift of potatoes, bananas, and beans. The European looked rather perplexed, and at last had to own up that the present had not come from him. "Oh yes, Master," answered the man, "it was you who gave me my wife."

When we arrived in Toro in 1900 there was quite a goodly number of baptised women, including Vikitoliya,

the Queen Mother, Damali, the Queen, several of the Chiefs' wives and ladies of the royal households. Several of these had been taught to read before the arrival of the European missionary, by King Kasagama, who was baptised in 1896 during a prolonged visit to Uganda. On his return to Toro he had become a true missionary King, and gathering his women around him day after day in his courtyard he instructed them in the things he had been taught, while the men went to the two Baganda Evangelists in the little reed church.

When the European missionary arrived he found a large body of eager women as well as men, ready to be prepared for Baptism. Vikitoliya was one of the first whose heart responded to the new religion of love and holiness, as she listened to the earnest words of the King —her son. She is a woman of considerable influence and of decided intellectual ability. Her features present none of the negrotic characteristics, but on the contrary they are sharply defined and somewhat aquiline; her expression, sweet and pleasing, betokens her kindness of heart and gentleness of disposition. She has built for herself an imposing two-storied mud house with a verandah and balcony all round. From the inside doorway hang reed and bead curtains which she made herself after seeing a Japanese model in a European's house.

She lives about two miles from the capital, and in order to encourage her people to learn to read and attend daily Bible classes she erected on her estate a church, which holds about 400 people. I rode over there one Sunday morning as I had been asked to stand as godmother to the first little son of the sister of the King. When I arrived the Church was crowded—it is a large cane building, with innumerable poles inside to support the walls and roof. It contains no stained glass windows, but the blue cloudless sky, tall, waving banana trees, and the graceful grasses of the Indian corn with its golden heads

of grain, made a charming background to the aperture windows and helped the soul in its flight toward God perhaps more than such exquisitely elaborate windows as are seen at Notre Dame, which always struck me with their rich colouring. At the west end stood the font, a black native pot fixed to a wooden packing case which was draped in Turkey twill. Who could help being impressed as the words "Suffer the little children to come unto me" sounded out in the foreign tongue, and a sweet, wee thing, lying on white flannel worked with pink silk, was brought forward by its delighted royal grandmother. At the east end were spread the sacred memorials of our Redemption, speaking with such force of that one Sacrifice which uplifts and unites all nations under Heaven.

Vikitoliya possessed a peculiar love and reverence for our late Queen, after whom she was named. She never tired of listening to stories of the "great white Queen," and it was her ambition to strive to be to her people something of what Her late Majesty had been to her subjects. Never shall I forget her grief and that of all the leading women when the news of her death reached us. Immediately they came down to us to sympathize, and were at first quite silent in their grief, then with tears running down her cheeks, the dusky Queen subject said, "Your sorrow is our sorrow, we have lost our Mother, our friend." It is wonderful the influence that such a reign of purity and righteousness has had even on far off Africa, rousing the best chivalry and patriotism in the hearts of its people, and inspiring them to nobler ends.

Christianity is doing for Toro what it has done for every other country where it has effectually entered—it is raising its women from their depths of degradation and beautifying their lives, cleansing and refining their speech and habits. Clean, tidy homes are now seen, and care-

fully cultivated land in place of the pestilential filth and gaunt elephant grass. Happy family life is springing up among the people, and everywhere there is a stir and progressive vigour.

Upon the Christian women as well as the men has been laid the responsibility of doing something toward spreading the knowledge of Christ among the surrounding heathen. At first a district visitors' band was organized to go two and two into the near villages when the daily classes in the church were over. They took their books, and either collected the villagers together or entered their houses and taught them their letters and syllables, after having read and spoken to them. I used frequently to go out with them to see what progress they were making; a shrieking bodyguard would at once attach itself to me under pretence of frightening the wild animals off! Our arrival was always hailed with delight, and a dirty mat that acts as bed, couch, and footscraper was generally politely placed for me on which to be seated. The small children generally showed their appreciation of the white lady by opening their commodious mouths as wide as possible and screaming prodigiously. It took one a very long time to find them attractive, they so sadly needed a rub down with Pears' soap or Monkey Brand.

Sometimes I found 100 or 150 natives eagerly struggling with their reading sheets, all squeezed into an infinitesimally small hut. Somehow they always found room for the European, for they were very impatient to be questioned by her and passed on to a higher class. When the reading lesson was over we used to have a short service with them, and it was exceedingly impressive to listen sometimes to the young Christian women speaking to them naturally of Christ's love. They never attempted an impossible address or delivered a thorough out-and-out sermon, but with touching simplicity told in their own

language what was a living and real thing to them. It seemed impossible to believe that so wonderful a change could have taken place in these Batoro women in so short a time. When the visit was over, all the women, children, and some of the men used to tear off in front to the neighbouring huts to inform them that the European was passing, so on my homeward journey I was accompanied by excited, chattering men and women and a crowd of naked little folk, many of them bringing small offerings of flowers, beans, or eggs to deposit at our door.

Although these folk can make plenty of noise they can make very little music. They have never been educated up to it. The royal band has been their only conservatoire of music, and their few songs were connected with drink or plunder, themes scarcely conducive to the highest poetry. But their singing is great. You should have heard a singing class I used to have on Saturday mornings. About twenty of the ladies used to turn up and exercise their vocal powers. They only knew a few of Sankey's most unmusical hymns, and to these they resigned themselves with a fixed expression and still more fixed attitude, without making the slightest facial movement. They produced a curious grunt through their nasal organ, quite irrespective of time, key, or tune. I sacrificed myself to making the most hideous grimaces it is possible to form my features into, in order that they might imitate, and so bring a few muscles into action. But neither tonic sol-fa nor any other tonic would bring about results, so I gave up the class very hoarse from my efforts.

In August of each year is held in Toro a Teachers' Conference. All other work is suspended and the native teachers come in from all the villages and distant districts. In 1901 we decided to invite the women who were church members, so that a united Women's Conference might be held for the deepening of spiritual life, and discussing methods of work.

We had three separate meetings for women, at each of which a native and a European spoke. The subjects treated were :—1st Meeting—The work of teaching for Baptism and Communion—its methods and responsibilities. 2nd Meeting—The work of visiting and teaching in the gardens—its methods and its importance. 3rd Meeting—The organization of women's work, and farewell word.

On the last day, at the close of a very solemn afternoon gathering, one woman rose from among the large number present, and in a trembling voice said, "My heart pains me for those around in darkness, and I want to go and teach them of Christ's love." A great stillness fell on the meeting, and Damali, the Queen, scarcely able to steady her voice, closed in prayer, thanking God for having called one from among them to be a missionary and asking that others might hear the voice. On the third day nine more women had come to offer themselves as missionaries. One was Ana Kageye, the head woman of the Royal household, one of the leading women of the country. Before coming to us she had been to the King, and received his permission for her to leave him for God's service. She had, before her conversion, led a desperately wicked life, and, being old and so steeped in witchcraft, one almost supposed her to be beyond the power of reformation. She had first heard of Christ from Kasagama's lips, and although her eyes were then getting somewhat dim with age, she learned from the King to read the Bible for herself. From that time a complete change came over her whole life and appearance, so that her scarred face became quite attractive. Since then she had proved a most indefatigable teacher and helper in all Church work.

A class was at once arranged for instructing these candidates morning and afternoon for six months in St. Matthew, St. John, Acts, the Pauline Epistles, and a

sketch of Old Testament history. At the end of that period they were examined for one whole week. During that time their excitement and anxiety were strained to their highest pitch; they refused to eat at mid-day for fear they might become incapable of hard thinking, and were found in their places at class nearly one hour before the appointed time. After the first week old Ana Kageye took pity on their troubled appearances, and insisted they should all go to her house after the morning class and she would give them a substantial meal. Out of twelve who were questioned two reached ninety-eight per cent. marks and the lowest did not fall below seventy-five per cent. After that they were brought before the Native Church Council and ten were assigned to stations. Two (one being Ana Kageye) were located as foreign missionaries to distant Ankole, two to a hill station four days' journey away on a southern ridge of Ruwenzori, and the remaining six villages two and three days away. This was a brave step for these Batoro women to take, after having led such indolent and sheltered lives, and in spite of the intense joy that filled their heads, they did not leave without tears in their eyes as they bade good-bye to all their friends for the first time. Surely they teach a lesson to many in favoured England who have not yet faced their personal responsibility to the unreached heathen.

All of these first women teachers did splendidly. After six months' work they returned for a few weeks, as no native worker is allowed to remain at his post without coming in for occasional rest and restrengthening. The deadly influences of heathenism might prove too strong for such young Christians if they were to live away from helpful surroundings. Eight of the ten again returned to their work, and the other two were married and afterwards went out as teachers with their husbands.

Ana Kageye at first found the women of Ankole eager to learn to read, but not so quick to believe the new

religion she brought to them. One day a young Princess fell sick, and their own cures failing she was carried up to the European doctor temporarily stationed at the Government fort. When it was declared by him to be almost a hopeless case the natives gave up all idea of her recovery, saying that if the white man could not cure her nothing would.

Good, brave old Ana then came forward and told them again of the Living God who hears and answers prayer, and they answered together "If your God will heal her we will believe." The young dying Princess was thereupon carried to Ana's little grass house, and as night fell the fires died down in every hut but the one in which the sick girl lay, and all night long the faithful old servant of God, as she watched by the bedside, wrestled in prayer for the life before her. What a wonderful act of faith was witnessed that night in the little hut in Darkest Africa! This woman so recently brought to know God even dared through faith to prove her God before these heathen. As the day dawned the women gathered round the hut expecting to mourn over the dead body, but the God of Life had come forth and revealed His power, the girl's unconsciousness had passed off and she had taken the first step to recovery. The result was that after Ana had been working there nine months she had instructed and prepared for baptism the first five women of Ankole.

Is it not worth leaving home and friends to search among the dust and mire of that dark Continent and find such gems, even if they be but few? "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

CHAPTER IX

Child Life

CHILD life! How immediately our minds linger over happy scenes of mirth and innocent laughter, romping, rollicking games of mischief or of fun. Bright, happy childhood! No cloud of care and trouble has arisen on life's horizon, and sin has not yet tainted the atmosphere of Heaven that still lingers round its offspring.

But where can memory rest upon such a picture as that in darkest Africa? Look upon a tree, the tender buds of which half fearfully peep through the bare branches just to catch a glimpse of the outer world, when a cold frost blast of winter strikes across the frail young life and withers it for ever. That is child life in Africa. Innocence and purity were withered just as they dared to step from infancy. Happy, careless mirth was crushed with the weight of the burdens laid upon the shoulders of childhood. Their mother's home, as has been described, was their earliest environment, their language was learned from her, and then lovelessness was the children's portion, as they were sent away as servants or slaves to neighbouring chiefs. Parents scorned the idea of bringing up their own children; they affirmed that a child would never listen to its parent and would refuse to work, so they exchanged their children at the age of four or five years for others who would be as slaves to them. Even at this tender age they were taught to gather the sticks and twigs, and then sit by and feed the fire while the food

was cooking, or they carried the gourds or pots on their little woolly pates down to the river to draw the daily supply of water. They were generally fearfully neglected and underfed; their dislike to water was accounted for by the fact that they possessed no clothing and the dirt kept them warm. If anyone had been born with a leaning towards cleanliness his mother would have effectually crushed this by the cold water treatment administered during infantile blutions. It was the custom every morning between 4.0 and 5.0 a.m., when the cold night air still clung in damp mists to the land, to hold the babies naked out in the courtyards, throw cold water over them, and then leave them out to dry.

Their little insides were treated with no greater consideration. One morning a woman brought down to the dispensary a wee morsel of three weeks: it was a pitiful little object of mere skin and bone. The mother explained that it had either been poisoned out of spite, or it was possessed of an evil spirit. "See," said she, "I have done all I could to let out the poison or devil." Looking at its body I saw it was covered with a number of small, deep cuts, and the blood had been left to dry. Low moans and a tired cry came from the poor little helpless mite as the flies tortured its mutilated body. After questioning the mother the "evil spirit" took the form of bananas and mushrooms that she had been bringing the three weeks' infant up on! Feeding bottles were an unknown luxury, and as no equivalent had been invented, babies were compelled to lap from the hand, an art they never properly learned and thrived very poorly on. Some three dozen india rubber "comforters" were sent out to me, and these I managed to fix on empty ink bottles or medicine bottles, and so a new-fashioned "Allenbury" feeder was introduced. The demand far exceeded the supply, so they could only be lent out by the month. "Stephens' Ink" would have been immensely pleased

could it have snapshotted the babies being solemnly fed in church with its bottles held to their mouths.

Certainly it was a case of the survival of the fittest with the Toro infants, and as the "fittest" were few and far between, mortality was very great among them.

The first two dolls that arrived in Toro met with a very mixed welcome; the children howled and fled in terror, but their mothers showed a most profound admiration for them. At first they held the doll very gingerly and at a distance, as if in fear of being bewitched, but finding that nothing happened to either one or the other, and the doll still smiled at them like the Cheshire cat, they became great friends and begged that they might borrow it for a few days to play with.

Whether it was the large circulation that those two dolls got, or the gradually increasing confidence of the Toro children in the white ladies, the fact remains that in a few months all childish prejudice had disappeared, and often a little voice was heard asking for "a child that causes play." When this was known in England over 100 dolls were sent to me from two working parties. I never saw such a wonderful doll show as they made. They were all displayed on our verandah, and the house was literally besieged with men, women, and children for some days.

A bride, beautifully dressed in white satin and kid shoes, who, even in her wedding attire, cried "Mama" and "Papa," was sent to little Princess Ruth, but the report reached me that King Kasagama had constituted himself guardian, and kept it locked up in his study for slack moments! The Mother Queen wrote an imploring letter to me for a dainty little Parisienne who arrived with her travelling trunk; and Apolo, our faithful native deacon—confirmed bachelor—asked me in secret if men ever played with dolls, and beamed with satisfaction as he most triumphantly carried one off, peacefully sleeping.

The others were given out to the little girls who had been most regular at the school, and were noted for having come with clean faces and bodies.

When the boys saw that the dolls were only given to girls, some borrowed their sisters' garments to try and appear eligible! I did not know till then they were versed in such cunning! It was so pretty to watch the joy and even playfulness that those dolls brought into the lives of so many little ones who had scarcely known what this meant till then. Christianity has completely revolutionized child-life in Toro. No longer are the new-born babes given over to the Devil by causing their blood to flow as a dedicatory offering; the teeth are not now extracted to propitiate the Evil One, and happy family circles are seen in place of slavery.

I am sure in no Sunday School in England is there brighter singing than among the Toro infants when about 200 of them, with very lusty lungs, open their rather prominent mouths and sing "There's a Friend for little children above the bright blue sky."

Certainly the girls and boys make very clever little domestics. I have sometimes wondered whether the problem of the over-taxed English market could not be solved by exporting some of these small people. I had a little maid named Keturah, who was 12 years of age, and she could almost manage the work of a housemaid and parlourmaid. She kept my room in perfect order, carefully putting away anything left about, and cleaned it regularly every Saturday. On Mondays she carried off the soiled linen, washing, starching, and ironing it as well as I had been able to teach her; and she could wait at table like a Gatti's waiter! Was that not splendid for a little girl who had come to us without ever having seen an English bed, garment, knife, fork, or iron?

Of course, one has occasionally to put up with small inconveniences. One day a pair of boots were sent out

to be dried by the fire, with strict injunctions not to leave or scorch them. In a few minutes they were brought in with a big hole burnt out of the leather, and the sole shrivelled up beyond repair—and these were a last pair! Pocket handkerchiefs frequently find their way into the boiled starch, a white muslin blouse sometimes loses its identity completely by a strong dose of the blue-bag; if it is needed for a special occasion the quantity is increased! A flannel nightgown was boiled for three hours on one occasion; fortunately it was a very unattractive Jaeger, but even then it did not surrender its colour. That shade of flannel is like the Ethiopian's skin—I could never even get it to fade. Take my advice, and try white instead.

But, after all, these are mere details. They are faithful little people, and would never refuse to follow their master as he travels up and down the country, though they scarcely ever escape malaria when marching through fever districts, in spite of strong doses of quinine. Often concealing a high temperature from the European, they hurry on in front to see that his tent and a refreshing cup of tea are ready when he comes into camp. As we travelled down to Uganda, on our way home to England, our staff of six boys started out with us; one after another knocked over, and had to be carried back, till we were left with only two to do everything for us, and in spite of their being ill, they insisted on coming as far as Victoria Nyanza. As the big lake steamer weighed anchor and cut through the water, two little white caps were waving at the end of the pier until we disappeared from sight.

CHAPTER X

Religion

CENTRAL Africa may be said to have no religion, if by that we understand belief in a God. It has produced no Buddha or Mahommed to make known to its people some revelation of a deity, neither has it possessed any ancient writings that a Confucius could bind together as a foundation to a nation's creed. In its belief we see the most pitiable product of a dark, ignorant, and degraded mind, that, left to itself, has worked out some antidote for that which is inherent in every man—an indefinable longing after the spiritual. Its faith bears in it the seeds of inevitable decay, for in its tenets can be found no trace of truth, purity, or holiness, which, varying however much they may in degree, hold together the great religious systems of the world. It might be described briefly as Devil-worship or the Propitiation of Evil Spirits; it differs in its rites and rituals among the various tribes. In Uganda the practices of the people were more extreme, perhaps, but certainly less torturing than in the Western Provinces of the Protectorate, where superstition led to the most barbarous infliction of human suffering from the cradle to the grave. For every real or imaginary evil and sickness that fell upon the individual, family, or community, branding, cutting, and mutilation of the body took place; while, without exception, all the front teeth in the lower jaw were extracted as soon as ever they appeared.

These customs, practised for so many generations, have had a very deteriorating effect on the physical constitution of the people. The strength of the natives has been sapped, their minds degraded, and their energies crushed. They possess very small physical resources, and fall an easy prey to any sickness that visits their district.

A few years ago, before the teachers of Christianity reached their country, tiny devil temples, made of grass and twigs, stood in the courtyards of the houses, and in these were placed, from time to time, offerings of cowrie shells or food. One day there was brought to me at the dispensary a child who was said to be devil-possessed. The physic prescribed was so far successful that the grateful mother brought a little thank-offering. It consisted of ten cowrie shells tied round a small piece of papyrus stalk. When the child had fallen ill, the mother had tied one of these shells to the strip of grass and given it as a propitiatory offering to the devil; as the sickness increased, each day another shell was added, until, finding her child become rather worse than better, she brought her down to the dispensary. And as the European had done what the devil refused to do, the woman took the shells away from him and gave them to the white lady!

Generally speaking, the people are in partial or total ignorance of their belief; they have never been taught it, and practise the rituals from habit without realising their significance. The priests prescribe what form the offerings shall take and their claims are never questioned; besides this, they extort heavy fees each time they are consulted. They profess to divine the will of the evil spirit by means of charms made of sticks, hide, horns, and the entrails of fowls and goats. When Kasagama was brought from Budu by Sir Frederick Lugard to be re-installed in his kingdom of Toro, from which he had fled, as a young prince, from the raiding bands of Banyoro

under King Kabarega, a white fowl was killed and examined. The priest declared the omen augured that success and peace should attend his reign. But Kasagama, being unacquainted with what they had done, nearly brought upon himself the worst misfortune by approaching near to the grave of the fowl. Had not his attendants just stopped him from walking over the grave a moral offence would have been perpetrated upon the body of the fowl and its spirit would have avenged the wrong!

By carefully clearing away the accumulated legends of centuries, one finds, however, faint suggestions of a purer belief, which reminds one of a saying by an Indian monarch, who lived in the 3rd century B.C., "The sap of all religions is alike."

There are a few Batoro whose memory recalls their primitive belief, which, despite the contortions which time and repetition have effected, bear a recognisable similarity to Old Testament revelations.

At the beginning of all history they say God and his brother Nkya were in the world and made all things. Nkya had three sons whom he brought to God to be named, and in order to do so He proved the heart of each man. When the sons were brought in at night, to each of the sons was given a pot full of milk and God ordered them to take care of it until the morning. At midnight the youngest dozed and some of his milk got spilled; then he turned to his brothers and asked them to fill up his pot with a little from each of theirs, and this they did. After a short time the elder son knocked over his pot and all the milk was spilled out. Then he begged the others to give him of theirs, but they refused, saying, "And what shall we do?" When the night had passed God came and uncovered each of the milk pots. To the second son he said, "Where is your milk?" And he answered, "The youngest's milk was spilled and I filled

up his pot." And to the eldest God said, "And yours?" He replied, "I slept and mine was all upset and I asked my brothers to give me of theirs but they refused." Then God cursed him and called him Kairu (a little servant), saying that he should become his brothers' servant. And God said to the youngest, "You shall be called Kakama (Little King), you shall rule all people, you shall be King, and your second brother shall live with you and be your minister."

After this God took counsel with his brother that they should leave the world and go to their home in heaven, for there was very great sin in the world, and God did not wish to kill man whom he had created. So God and Nyka left the world and Kakama was left to rule the people. The Banyoro trace all their Kings back to this great Monarch.

Their fifth King was named Kantu, who they say, brought punishment and death into the world. Like his predecessors, he disappeared suddenly, and is believed to have gone up to God to beg that disease and death might visit the people. God then spoke with Nkya, his brother, and said it was well people should die and come to life again after four days. But Nkya said, "Let them die absolutely." After this the little son of the reigning king became ill and died, and the King Isaza sent to God and said, "My son will not wake up." God said, "What is his sleep like?" And he replied, "Since lying down to sleep he will not move and he does not breathe." Then God sent to Isaza and told him to dig a hole and bury the child. But the King did not understand what death was, and as he sat in his house he sought for his son and ordered for him to be brought. But his people told him that he would never again see his son; hearing this the King lifted up his hands and as he stood over the grave he cursed all men for the death of his child. For this God plagued his people with sickness, but Isaza remained unsoftened, so God sent death to his second son.

After this the King of Hell sent messages to the King Isaza, tempting him with gifts to make a covenant with him; and after much hesitation Isaza yielded and set out with his companion the Moon to visit the King of Hell. When he had gone some distance the ground suddenly opened, and Isaza was cast down till he reached the gate of Hell, from whence he never returned. Whereupon the moon, grieving over the loss of his royal friend, went up into the sky and has ever remained there.

The method of these people for making a covenant was that of blood-brotherhood.

Each of the two parties took a coffee bean, dipped it in the blood from a small incision made in his body, then handed it to his companion to be eaten. It was a most sacred pledge of indissoluble union, a breach of which met with immediate death. Whoever the King chose to honour with blood brotherhood, was raised to the highest position, regardless of his birth or estate. This has often made clear to them the passage, "we who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." It is said that when the first English official passed through the neighbouring country of Ankole, the King and people were in a state of great consternation, speculating as to the purport of his visit. The explanations of the Englishmen were not sufficient to allay their suspicions, but on his agreeing to make "blood brotherhood" with the King an understanding was arrived at and the confidence of the people established.

Their ideas of an after life seem to have been of the very vaguest. Their belief that the soul continues to exist after death was evident in that they had a great fear of the spirits of the departed. A man on the death of his wife (or one of them) did not marry again till the body had decayed, for fear of offending the spirit of the dead. Frequently in the villages are to be seen long zig-zag paths leading

to the huts that are supposed to baulk the spirits which only travel in straight lines.

Burial takes place immediately after death. The body is wrapped round in bark cloths and with it are buried quantities of white calico, bark cloths, and blankets, according to the wealth of the chief mourner. When the head of the household dies he is buried in the court-yard of his house, after which the hut is removed to another spot, so that the spirit of the deceased shall not trouble the surviving members of the family. When the King died the custom was for five women and four men of the chief families of the land to be taken by force and buried alive with the King, to complete the number ten, so that he should not be alone. A house was then erected over the grave, and inside the surrounding fence the Queen came and lived. Every day at daybreak she went with the keepers of the tomb to clean it down and sweep out the courtyard. They lived on the food and cows stolen from folks passing along on the roads. A man had to forfeit all right to anything claimed for the "Gasani" (the King's Tomb), and could look for no reparation.

If a man dies without expressing any wish as to the disposal of his belongings, his brothers, and not the wife and children, inherit them. Among the Bahuma tribe the wife is included in the personalty and is handed over as wife to the brother of the deceased. Our small milk boy, of about fourteen years of age, came to me one day with a petition for a rise in his wages, as he found it difficult to support his wife and children on his present earnings. He then went on to explain that his brother had died, leaving him to marry the rather elderly wife, who had two children. I felt the right thing was to sympathise with him, but quickly learned my mistake, for he was very well pleased with his legacy, which gave him a wife to cultivate and cook for him without the usual payment of goats and sheep.

The Batoro have little or no fear of death, in fact some seem rather glad to create a iittle sensation among their friends by becoming for the time the chief object of interest! On one occasion I was called to visit a dying man in the Namasole's village. With a little bag of medicine strapped on to my saddle, I rode out to see if anything could be done. An unusual stillness had fallen on everyone, for the sick man was none other than the Katikiro ot the place. Suddenly, as I stepped up to the doorway of the hut, there arose a wild shriek from inside; this was taken up immediately by everyone around and the air was rent with wailings and loud, piercing screams. I knew at once my medicine would not be required, but, entering, tried to quiet the frenzied mourners. I drew out from my bag the Gospel of St. John, and read the words "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Immediately the tumult ceased, and everyone listened to the message of Life spoken in the presence of Death; and as we all knelt in prayer one realised perhaps as never before how death hath been swallowed up in Victory. One of the greatest joys one can know is to wave the torch of Life and Immortality across the darkness of ages that has never known a hope beyond the grave.

The result of the people's belief is stamped unmistakably on almost everything in the country. With the lack of physical energy has died the desire to master their country. The rich, productive soil, with its abnormal generative properties, has been left uncared for and unkempt, till "thorns also and thistles," the insignia of a blighted world, cover a land that might have been a veritable Eden.

Tall, tangled weeds creep up to the very doorways of the houses, while most of the roads are merely narrow, beaten tracks. Whenever an attempt is made to tackle an appreciable task, a few days suffices to exhaust

the labourer completely; at the end of that time he may be seen in a state of total collapse, with a strip of rag bound tightly round the hand, the outward and visible sign of being *hors de combat*.

In Toro one realises at times the dead weight of life and its environment. The changes of the seasons—spring with the freshness of infancy and vitality of youth; summer decked in the exquisite glory of a new life; autumn and winter folding tired nature up in a long, deep sleep—are sadly missed where the trees are always green. The sympathy in nature is lacking; flowers lose their subtle and delicate charm; the bright, soft sward is there exchanged for the elephant grass with its saw-like blades. The birds have no song; the voices of music and poetry have never been heard; and as age after age has rolled by, no lip has breathed a prayer to its Creator. There are instances when heathenism seems to surround one with such blackness that the soul stands as if isolated in a foreign Land, breathing a new atmosphere in which there is lacking the spiritual ether of one's native land.

CHAPTER XI

Language

THE language spoken in Toro is Lunyoro, and quite distinct from that used in Uganda; but it is undoubtedly the parent dialect and almost identical with that spoken in the Kingdoms of Unyoro and Ankole, besides being very generally understood by the tribes beyond Ruwenzori.

For the first three years, Missionary work in these districts was carried on in Luganda, as neither the European nor Baganda teachers had sufficient knowledge of Lunyoro, and there were no books or reading-sheets in the language. Luganda was understood by some of the upper class men and a few women, but it was scarcely ever spoken, and none of the peasants were acquainted with it. Until these people could have their religion and reading-books in their own tongue, it seemed as if vital Christianity must remain more or less outside their actual lives. So towards the end of 1899 Mr. Maddox went up to Toro with the intention of studying and reducing the language of the people to writing.

When we arrived in 1900 a little reading-sheet had been printed, and St. Matthew's Gospel was in hand. But there was no book or literature to help us, and as the natives did not understand one word of English it seemed a hopeless difficulty. Miss Pike, my companion, had studied Luganda for six months, so was able to speak with those who knew it, and through interpretation to those who did not. By this means she piloted us both through those first days when the house was thronged with

people from morning till night, and they pelted us with kind remarks and every imaginable and unimaginable question. I never felt so absolutely stupid as when they addressed me with a torrent of eloquence, until the idea struck me of retaliating with a continuous flow of English. It pleased them immensely, but certainly did not check them.

The third day after our arrival, Mr. Maddox kindly gave us our first lesson in Lunyoro. He was trying to impress on us that the words were largely formed by prefixes and suffixes, so one had only to find the stem and it was all right. "Tinkakimuherayoga" was obviously, said he, from the verb "okuhu," to give; find that, the meaning of the word was made plain: "I have never given it to him there"! My mind was chaotic, and I wondered if it ever would be anything else.

After a few weeks our patient teacher had to go off on an itinerating trip, so we were left alone to flounder through the quagmires. I believe the best and quickest way of acquiring a new tongue is to summon up all the courage you possess and go in and out among the people until you adopt it much in the same way as an infant does its mother language. Undoubtedly it requires pluck. The first time I ventured forth with a remark, peals of laughter came from my audience, which almost quenched the one spark of courage left. Afterwards I learned this was a mark of their appreciation!

In the fifth month, and after a great deal of hard persuasion, I decided on attempting to take a daily Bible Class. As the 8.0 morning drum sounded and I made my way to the church, my nerve powers fell below zero, and I felt decidedly limp. The words "Who hath made man's mouth; I will be with thy mouth" pulled me together a bit, and I hurried in to my class to find between twenty and thirty women waiting for their teacher. Talking for one whole hour was a terrible tax

on my vocabulary, and must have been even a greater tax on the endurance of the class. I was quite done when they were in a questioning mood; it would have been bad enough if there had been no foreign language to understand. The very first morning they asked me about Michael disputing with Satan over the body of Moses!

It is rather surprising to find that such simple people possess so advanced a form of etymology. The parts of speech and general construction in a broad sense resemble the other dialects of the Bantu class, but the verbs are very complex and more technically developed than its offsprings, Luganda and Swahili. All our English tenses are employed besides several others met with in Greek. Most of these effect a complete change in the relative form. Verbs practically dominate all the other parts of speech; the nouns, with very few exceptions, are their parasites. A few straggling prefixes tacked on to the verb root are the only attempts the nouns make toward an individuality of their own. Adverbs and prepositions are rarely granted an independent existence. They add to the corpulence of the verb by being absorbed in it. The perfect harmony between nouns, adjectives, and verbs is a veritable man-trap, for a native will rarely understanda discord, however untutored he may be. Besides grammar and pronunciation, there are two other important things to study—the proverbs, and the mode of expressing ideas. The Batoro are not quite so versed in the metaphorical form of speech as the Baganda, who are capable of carrying on a lengthy conversation in the most mystical and involved proverbs, only quoting the first two or three words of each, and quite expecting you to imagine the rest. I trembled literally when this was first told me, for I had never been able to get beyond "never too late to mend" in English proverbs. But Lunyoro is really kinder in this respect. They do, however, exist in spasmodic forms. If you want to really win the love and

confidence of the people you have to make a regular business of learning their catch expressions and idioms, and dropping completely the habit of translating English into Lunyoro, then they will confer on you their highest degree "Oli Mutoro," "you are a native of Toro."

The Batoro have what I believe is a unique custom among these tribes, that is, every mother gives a pet name to her child, and this clings to him always; it is used when addressing as a token of love or respect by friends and dependents. Ana Kageye constituted herself my African "Mother," and straight away gave me the name "Adyeri" (pronounced Ar-de-air-y). This was very readily taken up by the people, as my name absolutely beat them. Only the King and one or two others got so near as "Hurudeki," and really it took some time to answer up to "Beki" "Deki" "Heki" "Bodeki" "Hedeki" and even "Paratata," which were all supposed to be "Hurditch." Really, to save the poor family name from such rough treatment I was not sorry to put it away entirely except in memory.

In less than five years a great deal has been accomplished in translation, and with the exception of a few hymns, it has been entirely undertaken by the one missionary who has also been responsible for direct mission work. During that period the New Testament, the Prayer Book with Psalms, two Catechisms, a hymn book of nearly one hundred hymns, and a reading sheet for learners have been completed in the language of the people. Since Lunyoro was adopted in place of the neighbouring dialect of Luganda, the work has gone forward in leaps and bounds, and to it must be attributed largely the wide spread of Christianity among the peasants in the villages. It is not an uncommon thing to find a village that has given up devil-worship, not through the instrumentality of a European or native teacher, but simply through the people having learned

to read the Bible for themselves from someone who had been instructed in the alphabet or syllables.

When Mr. Maddox was about to leave Toro for England, the King and chiefs came together and presented to him a letter signed by a very large number of Christian men. In it they expressed their warm appreciation of all the work he had done for them in translating the books, and earnestly hoped he would soon return to them again. These books form the entire library of the Batoro. They are most insatiable readers, and as you pass along the roads any hour in the day you will hear a voice here and there issuing from the little grass huts reading in loud measured tones from the Bible. It is impossible to estimate the purifying and sanctifying influence this literature has had on the national and family life. The conquering martial strains of the "Onward Christian Soldiers" have displaced and driven out of the country the old songs of plunder and bloodshed. Instead of the little children learning demoralising heathen songs and dances they are being taught to sing such hymns as "I think when I read that sweet story of old." Right away among the creeks and crevices of the ancient Mountains of the Moon, on the very borders of the great primeval forests inhabited by the little pigmy tribe, you hear to-day the strains of these Christian hymns.

CHAPTER XII

Festivities in Toro

I. Christmas.

CAN it be that this is the season that in one's mind is always associated with snow, Jack Frost, Santa Claus, shops and streets ablaze with gas jets, holly and mistletoe, people hurrying and jostling each other good naturedly, wrapped up in the warmest furs to keep out the crisp, frosty air, and wishing each and all the compliments of the season. Yes, it is really Yuletide! And yet the hills and dales are waving their ripening grain under the deep sapphire of a cloudless sky. The dry season is near its close, hills and mountains are scorched and parched, the banana groves and the tiger grass of the swamps which wind like a serpent's trail round the base of the hills, are the only bright and green tracks that have survived the conflict with the equatorial sun. On all sides are to be seen tiny patches of cultivated land, even reaching up to the lofty peaks of Ruwenzori's range, where the people have sewn their grain (Buro), and this will soon be ready for the harvesters.

In the garden round our bungalow mud house are gorgeous zinnias, balsams, mignonette, carnations, sweet peas, geraniums, nasturtiums, and two little rose buds. A few steps further will bring you round to the vegetable garden. One gardener being an Irishman, potatoes are very much in evidence, and of course cabbages. Besides these there are cauliflowers, green peas, beans,

celery, only wanting the nip of frost to make it excellent, lettuces, beetroots, cucumbers, tomatoes, onions, carrots, and turnips. And yet this is Christmastime! It is little wonder that one has constantly to revert to the calendar to be assured of this.

And so we set to work to get the little gifts together that our kind friends from home sent us for our native friends—knives, pencils, bags, sashes, blotters, and so on. The wee tots from the school come down for their attendance prizes, and go away beaming with their new possession of a pinafore. Then the oxen are killed, and on the day before Christmas all the sick folk come to the "missionary butcher" and hobble off rejoicing with their joint of beef wrapped up in a banana leaf. And, although Father Christmas has assumed a black face in Africa, he does not pass by the white man's door, and he leaves his gifts of a grass mat, animal's skin, beans, beads, or bracelets, the only things with which he can fill his Toro sack.

At 12.0 a.m. on Christmas Eve from the King's, the Queen Mother's, and the Mission Hills the drums are set beating, and from the English forts the guns are fired to proclaim to all the country that the Christian's day of rejoicing has dawned, for the Christ child—Immanuel—has come. Then on the midnight air is borne the strains of "O come all ye faithful" and "Hark the herald angels," sung by some of those who have been redeemed from the heart of Darkest Africa, and now step out from their little huts to join with us in praising God.

At 8 a.m. on Christmas morning the church drum is beaten, calling the people together, and by 9.0 the church is completely crowded out, many being obliged to sit outside. In the schoolroom over four hundred of the peasant folk and children have gathered, and in the dispensary the sick have come together for morning service.

The church is beautifully decorated with palm leaves and flowers that have been brought in by the people, and the building echoes with voice as the audience unites, as one man, in the service.

On Afric's sunny shore, glad voices
Wake up the morn of Jubilee
The negro, once a slave, rejoices ;
Who's freed by Christ, is doubly free.

After that we all go to our homes, the natives to make merry over their beef and bananas, and we to prepare as near an approach to an English Christmas dinner as is possible, and although there are no grocers' shops or fruiterers' to supply the usual details, and our cook for the twelve years of his existence has been reared in African ignorance, still one can fare very excellently, for the guinea fowl and sausages are really turkey in all but name. The baron of beef, although far removed from the prize oxen of the English markets, is very good, and the home-made plum pudding, with its few suspicious native ingredients, brings up the menu to almost English standard.

Boxing Day is generally a grand field day, when sports are arranged on an extensive scale, including running, pick-a-back, hurdle, three-legged, and obstacle races. This latter involves scaling a bamboo scaffolding, crawling through packing cases with the ends kicked out, climbing a tree, and wriggling through a stack of reeds. Then there is a greasy pole placed in an oblique position, at the end of which is hung a leg of goat. Big and small, old and young attempt this, quite regardless of the undignified tumbles each experiences. Loud was the shout of applause on one occasion, when the Katikiro, who is of clumsy proportions, after many falls landep safely at the top and secured the joint. A banana peeling competition for the women comes next. The competitors,

some twenty at a time, sit in a row with their knives and twenty green bananas on a leaf before them. When the whistle sounds they attack their task with great excitement. Some women, in place of knives, use sharpened pieces of wood. Those who finish first and peel the best receive prizes of calico. Scrambles for cowrie shells generally bring the sports day to a close.

On more than one occasion Bishop Tucker has honoured Toro by dating his annual visit about Christmas time. This was the case during our first year in Toro. We had had a busy time previous to his arrival questioning and examining the hundred and fifty women candidates who were to be presented for confirmation, and when all this was completed we ran away to the crater Lake, eight miles distant, to snatch a few days' rest. But on the second day we were unexpectedly recalled, as one of our fellow missionaries had been taken very ill and was obliged to be carried into Mengo under the care of the other one. So for the first time we two girls were left quite alone, eight days away from the nearest European. But we were too occupied to realise it. The engineers, surveyors, and foremen (?) having suddenly left us in this manner, we were obliged to see through the completion of the jobs they had taken in hand in order to get things into shape before Christmas. Here at last we found a chance of putting to use our youthful study of Euclid. With a measuring line and sticks we felt distinctly professional as we tried to mark out a new road, but we found that if only the ground space had been long enough to test it our two straight lines would certainly have enclosed a space. So perhaps Euclid's axiom is only an absurdity after all!

Then the house where the Bishop was to be entertained needed repairs. The roof was in such a state that one evening, while we were tidying up inside, a big storm visited us and simply poured down through the reed

ceiling into the sitting-room. Fortunately there are no carpets in these parts, for the floor was covered with puddles in a very few minutes. But the water soon drained off into the holes the white ants had made; they must have suffered from rheumatism that night!

It was a difficult matter to find workmen just then, for most of the chiefs had gone off, each with some hundreds of men, to capture young elephants. Sir Harry Johnston had offered a certain sum for each young elephant brought in alive, as he was hoping to have them trained for transport use. A few days after the first party had set out, a loud report of distant yelling and screaming reached the school, where daily classes were going on. Nearly everyone ran out to discover the cause of the uproar. A large crowd was seen approaching, beating drums, blowing pipes, dancing, and shouting. There seemed no apparent occasion for such a row till one spied a tiny, hapless baby elephant, with ropes round its body and four legs, limping along among its captors. It died, like all its followers. But for a few days just then Toro threatened to become a most undesirable menagerie, for, besides these elephants and various monkeys, the King had collected, and sent to the Commissioner, one of the largest, most repulsive, and horribly human-looking chimpanzees. The mode of capture had been rather unique. The tree in which it had taken up its position in the forest was isolated by the capturers cutting down all the surrounding ones for some distance. Then, placing a circle of men with spears to guard the boundary, they felled the only standing tree, and as it suddenly crashed down with its coveted and unsuspicious object, a net was thrown over the black monster, that was then hustled into a large cane cage standing in readiness.

One of our runaway Missionaries managed to get back to Toro just in time for the Bishop's arrival three days before Christmas. We went with the King's wife, his

mother, his sister, and about 250 women, and waited for his arrival on the brow of a hill. All the men, headed by the King and Katikiro on horseback, had preceded us. When the Bishop came up, riding on his mule, he was literally besieged, and we could scarcely move on for the crowd. The days that followed were big days. Three hundred and sixty-four candidates came forward for confirmation.

It was a truly wonderful sight to see the church with over 500 men and women assembled for Holy Communion. My mind travelled back in thought to six years ago, when outside the houses had stood the devil temples. Generation after generation had passed, the Prince of Darkness exercising undisputed sway and holding the people in the most degraded and merciless allegiance. Now his power had been completely shattered, his temples cast down, and a great Invisible Temple was being builded together for a Habitation of God through the Spirit.

Together at the Communion rails knelt the King in his royal robes, and close by was one of his peasant subjects dressed in a small goat skin. There was old Apolo Mpisi, the dispensary patient, with a beaming and peaceful countenance—this was his first communion. Among others, hobbled up an old lady on crutches, who had had her leg amputated during a visit from Dr. Cook, of Mengo. The responsibility was a solemn one of feeling that we had done something toward preparing many of the women for this holy ordinance. When we shall stand together, all united before the Throne in Heaven, will it not be glorious to have had a share, however small, in leading forward some of the multitude from Africa!

As the powers of Heaven looked down upon Toro that day, surely they broke forth into a song of victory. Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might be unto our God for ever and ever, Amen.

Festivities in Toro

II. Coronation Celebrations.

Although so far from things that stir and thrill the great heart of the British Empire, Toro must not be considered behind in loyalty to that centre of its Government. Certainly it exercised its utmost ingenuity to follow close in the wake of the plans and excitement that occupied the mind of every English subject for commemorating the great event of the Coronation of its King—Edward VII.

Our mails from England for months seemed to have no other subject to talk about. Our minds pictured it all—sombre London stripped of its usual calm sobriety, decorated in full war paint. We were seized with a violent fit of patriotism, and because we could not join in the London throng, or even go to the grand festivities that were prepared by the Government at Mengo, we determined to do our best for Toro.

First of all, some days before the event, invitations were sent out to the four other Europeans, and to the royal native court, for a coronation dinner. Ordering the donkey to be harnessed, someone was despatched to our village shop to purchase red, blue, and white calico, with which were made two long lines of streamers for decorating our station, and a large Union Jack to cover the Table in the Church. Some of the people came down to decorate the outside, while we decked the church inside with the royal and imperial colours. At 8.0 a.m. on Coronation Day over 1,000 people had gathered in and outside the church for a brief service. After prayer and Scripture, a Royal decree was read that had been sent out from England and translated, and this was followed by a brief address on the event of the day. Then we all rose and united in the good old National Anthem, that had been translated and type-written for the occasion.

That was the first half of the day's proceedings. The

second half started at seven, when the dinner came off. The table was decked out with a table centre of red geraniums, white balsams, and cornflowers, the serviettes were folded as crowns, and the first course consisted of crown-shaped patties covered with the yoke of eggs, and studded with the white to represent crown jewels! King Kasagama and Queen Damali, dressed in draperies of silk and white linen, arrived with the other native guests, who had hung about the outside courtyard so as to avoid being the first arrivals. It was marvellous how easily and quietly our native guests manipulated the European table equipments; half concealed glances were cast in our direction every now and again. The serviettes rather puzzled them—were they to be left on the table or used as handkerchiefs? When the plum pudding came in, all ablaze, with a little British flag stuck at the top, three hearty cheers greeted it, the King joining in with boisterous glee.

On the table there were three dishes of strawberries, the first we had been able to produce in Toro, and we were keen on introducing them into the country generally. Preparing a plateful with sugar and cream, I respectfully begged his Majesty to try a real English luxury. He glanced timidly at them, and showed the usual disinclination that is always evinced when given a new English dish to sample. He assured me that he was so satisfied that anything more was impossible, but, passing the plate to the Katikiro, told him to try it. The poor man, looking the picture of misery, begged to be excused, so it fell to the lot of the unfortunate chief minister to submit himself to the task. With a pitifully resigned expression he took one strawberry on a spoon, then another, and another, till he called out "Excellent, excellent, the best of all." Forgetting his recent excuse, the King took the dish near at hand, and simply finished off the whole lot! The day following requests came from one and another

for strawberry roots, and King Daudi superintended the Queen as she herself planted them in a plot outside the sitting-room window of his Majesty's new house.

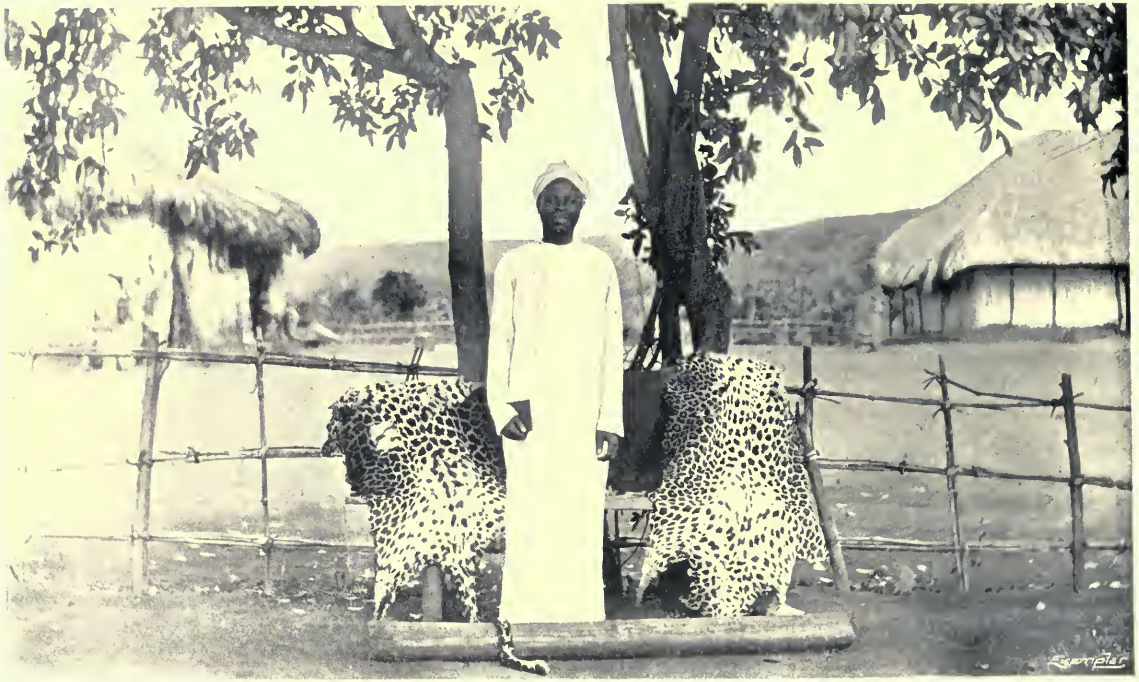
After dinner the King was determined to do his part, and insisted on our all going up to his home. To our utter amazement we found our court outlined with hundreds of flaming torches, ten to twelve feet long; the bearers were waiting to conduct us to the royal palace. The whole distance was lined with double files of torch-bearers, which made the country look like Earl's Court Exhibition on an exaggerated scale. Big bonfires were burning on the surrounding hills, the torches of guests coming from all directions looked like so many fireflies. On arriving at the Royal Court, we were met with a blaze of fire. Quickly falling into order, the people unanimously shouted a salute to his Majesty and his friends, as we made for the chairs all set out on leopard skins outside the two-storied mud palace. Then the performance began. The Royal band was then in full force. On striking up one of the most weird, discordant tunes, nearly the whole crowd of people broke into dancing, their fluttering, white linen garments flapping about them as wings. More and more excited they got, till they danced so high as to appear held up in mid-air. Then they gave way to the pipers, who performed on instruments made from crude pieces of reed. Singing accompanied this performance—such fantastic tunes, all praising the greatness of their King and exalting in the prowess of his people, with ringing cheers interspersed for England, its King, and King Kasagama. The evening closed in giving us all a longing that the great Edward VII. might have seen how one of his kingly subjects in the heart of Africa had commemorated that important day.

CHAPTER XIII

Tramp I. To the Albert Edward Lake

THE year after our arrival in the country my companion and I were again on the tramp toward the Albert Edward Lake, combining an itinerating tour with a holiday. We started under not very propitious circumstances. The wet season was not over, and promised to treat us rather shabbily, for the rain began drifting down just as we had put off from home. We had a small body of caravan porters numbering about fourteen in all, and an ordained native deacon, named Apolo Kivebulaya, as protector and overseer of the forces. He is just one of the best natives you could ever meet.

His experiences seem like a page out of apostolic history. He, with his friend Sedulaka, came from Uganda to Toro in 1896 as teachers. When a European was afterwards stationed there, he went further afield, even as far as Mboga, on the boundaries of the Pigmy Forest, and there he established a Mission Station. At first he met with a great deal of opposition from the chief Tabala, which might have been expected from the graphic account the late Sir Henry Stanley gives of these uncontrollable people in his book "Darkest Africa." Apolo's house and few possessions were burnt by incendiarism, and for three weeks he remained hidden from his persecutors in a house of a woman, who had become a "reader"; but his zeal and faith never flagged even when he was cast into the chain gang, for there he commenced to



APOLO KIVEBULAYA.

speak to his guards, and taught them to read the Testament, which he always carried about with him. Shortly after these things Tabala himself got converted to Christianity through the instrumentality of this very man, and, from being one of the fiercest opponents, he became, and has remained since, one of the most ardent supporters of the Christian Faith. Apolo is a well-known character throughout the country; nothing succeeds in ruffling his quiet, contented nature, but with a chronic beam on his old dusky face, he goes along in his daily routine of instructing catechumens or confirmation candidates, officiating at burials and marriages, or visiting the outlying Mission Stations.

Certainly we could not have had a native escort so respected and beloved all round these parts than good old Apolo.

In order that we should find camp comfortably fixed up on the first day, we had despatched our belongings some time ahead. We were anxious to wait for the heat of the day to pass before actually starting off on our wheels. Just outside Kabarole the rain came down in torrents. We struggled to cycle on through it, but it was tough business. The mud, added to the hilly condition of the path, prevented us from making much headway. My wheel was a solid tyre, generally known as a "bone-shaker"; it would *not* stick on the down hills, and insisted on skidding along the narrow, slanting paths cut round them. Once I did a most uncomfortable somersault, and having for a second time got thrown into thick mud, relinquished the bicycle for the remainder of that day's journey. When we reached camp, we were in a condition better imagined than described. Evidently the rain had rather damped the energies of our porters, for we found the tent only just commencing to be tackled, and mud, mud, mud, everywhere. It was certainly rather confusing; 5 p.m., and in a tiny space surrounded by

banana trees were the jabbering porters; boxes were lying about in the mud, and a small crowd of inquisitive natives stood round gaping with astonishment. One of them kindly offered to turn out of his tiny hut to allow us to change our soaking clothes, and our stay there turned out to be somewhat longer than we bargained for, for one of our porters came to us with a cheerful grin saying that he had left the ground sheet of the tent behind. Stacks of soaking grass had been laid down over the wet mud inside the tent, and our low camp beds were almost sitting in it. So we had them removed into the hut, and there we passed the night. Oh, these native huts! There are no apertures for light excepting the low entrance; this one was partially divided into two apartments by means of a reed screen, and in one of these we slept; in the other, our girls cooked and knocked about. There was just squeezing space for our two beds. Above mine was a ledge, where some fowls were roosting and strutting about, shaking down the soot and cobwebs that hung round the inside of the hut. We scarcely dared attempt to close our eyes, as rats were scampering about very excitedly all night. We cleared off as soon as we could in the morning, hoping to settle on a more congenial spot next time. The road left much to be desired: it was a constant succession of hills and deep ridges, with a few swamps to add variety to one's mode of travelling. Feeling scarcely like wading through these, I mounted the shoulder of a stolid porter, who stumbled through the mud and water above his knees. It is a tragic experience to balance yourself up so high, and only a woolly pate to tenaciously hold on to, especially when your carrier gets stuck in the mud, and extricating it, with an unexpected jerk, nearly sends his burden and himself head-first.

At every halting-place food was brought to us by the natives for our porters; they generally offer it as a gift,

THE ALBERT EDWARD LAKE.

but would be very disappointed if they did not get something of greater value in exchange. One has to be provided with a purse of curious dimensions, for at some villages reading sheets, hymn books, or gospels are the payments most valued; in others, calico, cowrie-shells, pice, or even beads of the particular design which happens to be the latest fashion in clothing there at the time. The scenery on our second day's travel was exhilarating; the road lay near the base of Ruwenzori's mountains. We steamed along on our machines with sun-hats and big sun-shades over ridges and through mud at which even a horse would stop and consider. Our noble Apolo insisted on keeping pace with our bicycles, and as small batches of natives passed on the road, gazing with blank astonishment at these "running snakes," he called out with pride and elation "Look at the wisdom of the white man." Just as this remark was shot out for the third time the front bicycle tumbled clean into an ant-pit, and was irremediably smashed up. The people did not evince any concern or surprise: they evidently considered it a part of the show. One of the onlookers was chartered to shoulder the fragments back to Kabarole. I am not quite sure if he did not wonder where the "wisdom" came in.

When we were within one and a-half hours of our next camp, streams of natives came running out to meet and welcome us. They continued increasing in number till we reached the village, Butanuka, which seemed well awake, what with the shrieking excitement of the people and the howlings of the children, who yelled with fear and alarm. Really our welcome resembled our first appearance in Toro, for here as everywhere in these parts the people had never seen white women. The drum was beaten, and although we were tired out and longed for a quiet rest and a cup of tea, we were borne along with the crowd there and then into the little grass church, where

the native teacher thanked God for sending us, and we expressed our joy at coming out to them. The chief had erected a large grass shed where we could sit during the time of day when the sun makes a tent absolutely unbearable. His wife brought us in her offering in the shape of a sheep, six chickens, eggs, twenty bundles of bananas, native spinach, and two large gourds of "mubisi"—banana juice. Butanuka is a charming spot, surrounded on three sides by mountains. Toward the south these suddenly terminate and expose an arm of Lake Dweru. In nearly all the valleys are stretches of cultivated land and banana groves, while the little brown grass huts peep out like so many eyes from among their green surroundings.

There is a peculiar fascination in journeying through these unknown districts of Africa. When one can talk with the people in their own language they become an intensely interesting study. Cunning plus lying plus theft plus indolence—these qualities seem to sum up the very generally accepted idea of a black man. Thus the European approaches him with a distinctly biassed opinion, and instinctively realising that the white man distrusts him; the real self of the negro shrinks back into itself, the fidelity, dog-like affection, generosity, and keen penetration of his nature remain unrecognised because untouched. Dispel all preconceived ideas, study the people's environment, the external and internal influences that sway them, approach them not as "niggers" but fellow creatures, and the European will never need to complain of the black man's presumption, but will find it even possible to accept the inspired statement "God . . . hath made of one blood all nations of men."

During our three days' stay at Butanuka we were besieged with callers. The sick came in for medicine, readers to be questioned for baptism, and others desirous of being written down for instruction. A teacher from a

neighbouring village was sent to us with an eager request that we should visit them. We agreed to squeeze it into one afternoon. Although the teacher had only been there at work one month we found quite a lively interest had been awakened among the people. The chief of the village, who was captain of the King's soldiers, came out in big style to welcome us. After a little service and a great deal of medicining, we were taken to the chief's hut, where a meal had been prepared for us. After seating ourselves on the soft, fresh grass that had been laid down on the floor we started operations. First of all water was brought in for hand ablutions, then the unsweetened cooked bananas were brought in, and a boiled chicken, all wrapped up in the banana leaves in which they had been boiled. The chicken was broken up into tempting morsels by the host and an immoderate helping of the bananas was plumped down in front of each. Then commenced the process of rolling the bananas into small balls in our hands, and punching a depression in the middle by which the gravy could be scooped up. A sheep and three chickens were brought to us as presents, and as we started off nearly the whole village followed on behind. In spite of hurrying we did not reach home before the darkness fell, and a thunderstorm broke over us, extinguishing the long, flaming torches which the natives carried; so we had to push along as best we could, and arrived in a wearied and very bedraggled condition.

Leaving Butanuka and keeping a southerly course we found ourselves shut in by the big mountains that rise up so erratically from their gently undulating surroundings. For the first time I indulged in the questionable luxury of being hammocked. We had been experiencing some days of heavy rains which had made the paths very muddy, and the long grasses through which we had to push our way was very wet, so that I determined to take

advantage of the voluntary offers from some of the young Christian men, headed by the teacher, to act as carriers. The men gaily hoisted the hammock pole on their heads, and trying to appear unconscious of their 10½ stone burden, rushed off at a motor-like speed. They evidently felt a little uneasy of the possible consequences, for the front man kept calling out to me "Do not fear, my child," but suddenly I was precipitated backward, the heavy pole on the top of me, and my black "father" was sprawling unceremoniously in the mud. After that they were convinced of the necessity of going slowly, especially as our imperceptible path lay somewhere between tall thistles that gave us uncomfortable pricks and scratches as we pushed our way through. When we reached our destination for that day the hammock bearers yelled and literally jumped with joy, regardless of my feelings, calling out "Juli Abakuru ba Buingereza," "We are great people of England," as they put me to the ground with "Well done, very well done, mistress"; but I felt in an advanced stage of mal de mer.

That day we had a typical African travelling experience. After descending a long, almost perpendicular hill we landed where our path lay through a broad, rushing river, the force of which was so great that the men could scarcely stand. The recent rains had swelled the river, which, coming from the lofty snow peaks, formed into a perfect cataract. The first man who very gingerly went to test the strength of the water was carried off his feet and just saved himself by clinging on to the bank at a bend. After long deliberation Apolo, our leader, got together six or eight very powerful men, who volunteered to post themselves where the current was strongest and help the others along. The first load that was taken across was our sack of kitchen utensils, which floated cheerfully down stream for some distance. Then the men suggested taking me across in the hammock. I generously hinted

to my companion that she should go over first, but she would not see it. So, summing together all my courage, I got into the hammock and they plunged along, dragging their burden through the madly rushing waters. After about three hours had elapsed everything was safely landed on the other shore, baggage and all. The only tragedy we had to relate was the sad fate of a chicken that, at sight of the tempestuous waters, broke from its captivity and was carried away by the relentless river to supply food to the hungry little fishes.

Things were not much better on the following day. We had almost walked on to the Equator and the sun did its best to make us know it, so that at the end of four solid hours' marching we literally collapsed under the shade of a big tree and sent scouts on ahead to ascertain the condition of the River Mubuku, through which our path lay. They returned with the news that the waters were so high that it was impossible to attempt crossing that day. We determined not to be done if possible, however, and pushed on to see for ourselves. The mountains seemed to close in upon us on all sides, and from their precipitous heights rushed down numerous rivulets, which united and formed the mighty Mubuku River. We halted on the stony bank and viewed the situation. On the opposite side could be seen groups of natives crouching down among the long grasses and peering with frightened glances in our direction. It was evident that we must wait till the waters had abated somewhat, so pitched camp close by and made the best use of our time by rallying the villagers round us, who gathered together in swarms. There, as everywhere, the cry was, " Give us a teacher." The desire on the part of these people for instruction is quite remarkable, but to speak intelligently to them is very far from easy. They have never thought in the abstract, so it is essential to clothe every spiritual truth in parables or concrete

qualities. One must get back further than the A.B.C. and adopt the kindergarten method. If one does not reach them it is because the teacher has forgotten how to be a child, or has failed to make the invisible visible. God in revelation and God in manifestation employed parabolical means for presenting to the natural man in his infancy truth which is infinite and incomprehensible.

When once the desire for reading has been actually awakened in these people, nothing will deter them from mastering the letters. If they possess nothing with which to purchase the five cowrie shell reading sheet, they will be quite willing to bring in firewood or do any work in order that they may obtain it. One old woman at this particular camp brought her spade and cleared a small space round our tent, and when we gave her the longed-for wages she started right away to struggle with the Alphabet, although her eyes were dim and her bristly hair was tinged with white.

Thus, when no teacher can be sent to the people, they are not left in total darkness, as the Bible is slowly penetrating the entire land and being read eagerly by its people.

The next morning we found the waters had gone down sufficiently to enable us to venture cautiously. It was not, however, a very desirable experience; about twenty men supported the hammock while the waters were foaming and roaring beneath and coming right over the sides of the canvas; two men who were attempting to lift it out of the water by holding on to the sides were carried away by the strength of the current, then all the remaining availables made a hasty grab at the other side, with the result that I was on the point of being overturned and pitched out. I just managed to save myself by hanging on to the pole, but got drenched through.

The following morning we started off at 7 a.m. The scenery was enchanting and the air very invigorating.

We continued steadily marching until 11.30, passing through hamlets absolutely deserted on account of the destructive visits of the elephants, which had torn up the banana trees from the roots, trampled down the Indian corn, and razed to the ground the little grass houses of the people. They themselves had fled in terror, leaving the wild pigs to feast on their potato patches.

The four and a half hours' walk gave us a decided hankering after an A.B.C. or Gatti, also a change of clothing, as our boots felt like water cisterns and our skirts were weighted with mud and water that literally trickled off the edges. The porters put our boxes down under a tree and went off in search of what they could pick up in the way of food, while we fished out some dry things and indulged in a meal of goat soup and cold chicken. Our guide told us another hour and a half would find us in camp, but at the end of two hours hard walking and no signs of our tent being visible we inquired how much further had we to go. "Oh," said one of the porters, "it is impossible to halt here, three hours more will bring us to water and food." This fairly did for us; we had somehow doled out our walking powers without reckoning for this extra distance, and we felt decidedly despondent. The natives always underestimate distance in order that the very prospect should not have a discouraging effect on a pedestrian's spirits.

The scorching sun had made us very thirsty, and we worked our teapot very hard that day; the mosquitoes gave us a lively time of it, but faint, yet pursuing, we dragged on, reaching our welcome little tent at 6 p.m. But oh, what a resting place. A strong smell of stale fish pervaded the air, mingled with all the odours peculiar to African huts, where cattle, sheep, chickens and people all huddled together. We found our tent pitched in the middle of a court completely surrounded and suffocated by fishermen's huts, for we were close to the lake shore.

The only compensation for this and the mosquito discomforts was the enjoyment of tasting fresh fish once more. The lake fish somewhat resemble fresh haddocks and are of delicious flavour. On our arrival men were sent to catch them, and in half an hour they were served up steaming hot from the stewpan! Their method of fishing is primitive in the extreme. They have wicker baskets open top and bottom, which are shot down in the water; when they have enclosed a fish its kicking about is heard on the sides of the basket; then they thrust in their arms and draw out the captive.

Nyagwaki, the mission station for which we were making, is situated on one of the southern points of Ruwenzori. A short, steep climb next morning brought us face to face with streams of people, who came hurrying down the mountain side to greet us and to help push us up the rougher places. When we reached the summit of the hill on which stands the village, a truly marvellous view stretched beneath.

Evidently the Albert Edward Lake once extended over the miles of plain which lie to the north of it, for bare, flat islands appear here and there in the large arm of the lake that lies almost surrounded by plain. It is just as one might imagine the world looked when Noah came out of the ark with his family. At sunset the view was most impressive, the lake lay shimmering like a sea of gold, while the evening mist that gently touched the land made it appear as though it were blushing as the sun kissed good-night and disappeared behind the distand hills.

A very vigorous work we found was going on here; the little mission church, with its capacity for about 200 people, was well filled, and several came to be written down for baptism. An occasional visit to these isolated stations from a European missionary does much toward encouraging the young teachers and Christians who often are subject to severe and subtle temptations to fall back

into the old heathen practices by which they are surrounded. The Chief of the village, Kasami, had been brought into touch with Christianity when visiting Kabarole during a visit from Dr. Cook. There he had undergone an operation for opthalmia, and, having received "new windows," he returned to his country to use them in learning to read.

Our experiences on the homeward journey were much the same, although we took a less circuitous route. Almost without exception, we got soaked through and through twice daily: first with the heavy dews, which necessitated a mid-day halt and change if malaria was to be avoided, then again, in the afternoon came the rains, which fell regularly from 1.0 p.m. and onwards. Our first thing on reaching camp was to have a large fire kindled and all our wardrobe hung round to dry, singe, or stiffen. Our boots suffered terribly—and so did we when we struggled into them each morning.

One day, after five hours' marching, the thunderclouds came tumbling together and sent down torrents of rain. We tried to squeeze up under a tree, but this soon offered no shelter, and even our mackintoshes could resist the water no longer. It was impossible to cook any food as the fire would not light; meanwhile our thirst became tragic, until the idea occurred to us of standing under each other's umbrella and quaffing the streams that ran from the spokes! Hunger at last drove us on toward camp, despite the rain, but the roads required one to be rough shod. Faithful Apolo insisted on grabbing my arm with such a grip that when it finally lost all power of feeling, a row of bruises presented themselves to prove the conflict passed through.

For a whole week we had been passing elephant tracks, which the porters declared were quite freshly made, but once only were we fortunate enough to see these magnificent monsters. At mid-day the porters had

spied three some distance off, slowly tramping along in the tall grass, but we only saw their heads and tops of their backs. At 5.30 p.m., however, that same day, a herd of fifteen passed comparatively close to us. In single file they solemnly marched over the brow of a hill, silhouetted against a gorgeous sky. A yell from one of the porters brought their heads round in our direction, when we saw that five had immense tusks. It was an imposing sight, the whole was so perfectly harmonious; there is something vast, untrammelled—a strange abandonment and magnanimity of nature in scenes like this, that even an Englishman must feel small!

Antelopes, birds, and butterflies of the most brilliant colouring abounded in these parts, and these make up for the less attractive shades of an African tramp.

We arrived home very much braced up (the malarial germs had not a chance of settling down), and feeling that we had perhaps been enabled to accomplish something toward the carrying out of the marching order, "Go ye into all the world."

CHAPTER XIV

Tramp II. Holidays

AUGUST, I believe, is generally admitted to be the month of domestic monsoons. Bradshaw, Baedeker, and time tables are the hardest-worked books in the house at that time ; trunks and boxes are all upset; and every conceivable seaside town and village is considered and rejected in turn as a possible antidote to the general disgust with which we regard home at that time of the year. Even in the remote corner of the world known as Toro, my companion and I managed to create something of the old disturbance by announcing that we wanted a holiday. Perhaps the conventionalism of our up-bringing was to blame for the suggestion, but I believe we were honestly a wee bit tired after eighteen months of wrestling with the language and becoming acquainted with such new conditions of life and work. But the fuss that Uncle Podger created whenever he undertook to do a little job was nothing compared to the business our little holiday involved. First of all we had to get the permission of the Missionary in local charge, and he had to write in to headquarters at Mengo to find out if the Committee were agreed on the point. Then the whole district had to be carefully considered as to the spot most likely to offer real rest and enjoyment without encountering any perils of microbes, perils of hunger, perils by animals, perils by heathen, and perils by cannibals! That seemed a difficult matter, but when it was at last all fixed

up the drum was beaten to rally together porters ; food boxes, tent and furniture were packed up into parcels, and two cows were ordered to the front to complete our daily rations. Swarms of people came down to wish us good-bye ; one dear old lady declared she was consumed with grief, and another that she was on the point of death because of our leaving, but we told them all to cheer up and hurried away to assure ourselves that we were really off. We found ourselves with two military attachés, who had been told off by the King with strict injunctions to guard his European friends on their travels. But rarely have I set eyes on more spindle-like specimens of humanity ; if it had not been for the thick puttees, heavy jerseys, and cartridge belts with which they were laden, one would scarcely have noticed their presence.

It had been decided to make for the southern shore of Lake Albert, which as the crow flies appears to lie about forty miles north of Kabarole. The first day we struck camp at the crater Lake only a few miles away. This spot has a peculiar charm; a turn in the road brings one suddenly in view of this still sheet of water, and there is something rather uncanny about the dead waters lying in sepulchres of the past. I am not surprised that the natives associate them with stories of devils and hob-goblins. One side of the crater has been worn away, leaving an outlet for the water that has accumulated in its mouth, and this flowed out a few hundred yards before it found its level. Numbers of duck play about the waters of the lake, and beautiful purple and pink water-lilies grow close to the banks. We found a regular orchestra of frogs croaking *forte fortissimo* as an all-night serenade. It was just one of those days when the world feels flooded with self-satisfaction and peace and God seems "to rest in His love" as we started off early the next morning. Having the loan of a Muscat donkey given me, I hurried off to get ahead of the caravan and

reach of listeners, and then gave full vent to my feelings in that glorious hymn, "Praise my soul, the King of Heaven." An old woman, who had been fearfully startled at the unusual sight and sound, peered suddenly through the long grasses on the roadside, and so stopped my noble steed in his lively gallop. Exercising the usual native politeness, I greeted her with "How are you, my mother?" She replied in the most complimentary terms "How's yourself, mother of my grandmother?" I then asked her why she wore the shell and bit of wood threaded on string round her neck, and she told me it was to cure a pain on the chest. The words felt like a harsh discord. When "Heaven lies about us" and every common bush is aflame with God, it is inconceivable how any man can remain cognisant only of the Spirit of Evil.

Our path led us right close up to the north end of the Ruwenzori range, where it gets broken up into a succession of pyramid peaks, ridge intersecting ridge. Bamboo forests crowned the crests, as few points reached a higher altitude than eight thousand or nine thousand feet. The dry season had just about exhausted itself at that time, in consequence of which the grass on the mountains was dried up or had been burnt away in huge patches, exposing the bare soil and jagged rocks that frowned down upon us with uncompromising severity. As the second day closed in upon us, we stole out of our little tent to watch the storm freaks on the mountain sides. An old dame, with a basket of sweet potatoes balanced on her shaven pate, passed us, and stared hard from our headgear down to our boot leather, with grave disapproval. She insisted most vehemently that we must live without eating, for where could the food go when we were tied up in the middle like that! Which reminded me of a chief who visiting us one day just as we were going in to lunch, asked if we became like the Batoro when they had finished eating, who resemble inflated balloons.

Instead of being able to take a direct route to the Lake over the hills we were obliged to get down into the Semliki plain, a long, unwholesome tract reeking with malaria that lies between and unites with a broad navigable river, the Albert Edward and Albert Lakes. Although actually in sight of the broad sheet of water, to our dismay we found the only path zig-zagged continually across the plain, so that we were actually let in for five days floundering up and down it—pushing our way through grass five to ten feet high always laden with moisture as we started out each day on our tramp. The river Semliki winds along the plain like a glittering snake: it is about thirty yards wide, and has a very rapid flow which prevents swamps from collecting along its course. A few straggling huts sprawled about on the banks go by the name of fishing villages. With small harpoons the fisherfolk spear the fish, which are chiefly of the carnivorous species. Great care has to be exercised by the people as the river abounds in crocodiles. The inhabitants of the plain are a timid, dull folk—they did not even venture to look up at us as we passed them, although they had never seen a white woman. Arriving at one village we found it absolutely deserted; the people had all fled on hearing of our approach, leaving their homes with their few possessions scattered about. A search party was organised from among our porters, and after a long hunt one poor, unhappy creature was brought in. He looked as if his last moment had come when he was brought to us, but when he heard his own language spoken and learned our peaceful intentions he went off and hauled in the others who were soon on the most friendly terms with us. Towards evening they all came round us as we had prayers with our boys and porters. They were delighted with the singing, and without waiting to be correctly taught the tune of "Jesus loves me" they rushed into it, all together, and soon fell into

unison. The original air was quite unrecognisable, but one must forget to be orthodox sometimes out here. Singing never fails to arrest the minds of the people, and offers an opportunity of telling them something of the Great and Loving Creator whom we laud and worship. Christ alone who is Wisdom can give one the confidence to attempt, in one short time, to draw aside the veil from the eyes and reveal the Father to those who have never heard His Name. Yet once having seen Him, one dares not allow that opportunity to pass by.

Within the last few years this plain has been placed among the game preserves of the Protectorate; it will consequently be a tantalizing route to the sportsmen, as it abounds in antelopes of several kinds—harte-beestes, wilde-beestes, water-buck, wild boars, and birds of exquisite colouring. We could get practically no food for our porters, and on the second day's fast, regardless of laws and regulations, we ventured out with a gun to try and bring down something. But it was impossible to get anywhere near the animals, as our scouts got so excited that they frightened them away before we could get within shooting distance. Then we tried the plan of despatching one of our noble soldiers with a number of men from one of the villages to the nearest market in order to buy food. The men procured some potatoes, and started back with them, but, as the military went on slightly in advance, they all decamped one by one, carrying off the food with them. They had evidently taken in the measure of their leader!

The following day, Sunday, we could not do otherwise but press on, while our men were without food. At midday we reached a most indiscribably desolate stretch of country; for many miles there extended scrub, interspersed only by thorn bushes and tall cactus trees. Being thoroughly exhausted with fatigue, we struck camp by three lonely huts that unexpectedly were dumped down

in this wilderness, without any sign of cultivation around. The people were wretchedly emaciated and seemed to have no spirit or strength to provide themselves with nourishment. They declared nothing would grow, and they were obliged to live on what they hunted or the food which occasionally they could get in exchange for animal flesh or hides.

The only prolific life was mosquitoes. We got out our prayer books towards evening to sing one of the well-known hymns, but our spirits were at low ebb and would not rise. Two hungry-looking vultures sat on a naked cactus tree opposite our tent, watching our effort; they did not encourage song! I do dislike those birds so!

The fact was we were all feeling the dreariness of our surroundings, and needed a good, sound chop!

During a holiday, perhaps more than at other times, one just longs for a Sunday back in the dear country. The exposure and frugality of camp life makes one appreciate the shelter and calm of the home life. That all seemed so far off, and yet the setting sun said it is but two hours away. It is always thus when we look up. Here below it is distance, time, and change; up there it is infinity, Eternity, God; and our citizenship, after all, is in heaven. Our earthly life, home, and loved ones are gradually passing beyond the arc of time, and hereafter we shall find all again, perfected and completed, like the rainbow, round the Throne.

We were really getting very alarmed on our porters' account, but they were very plucky about it, and, seeing our concern, assured us they could go without food nine days! Nevertheless, they all sent up a shout of joy on the third day when a fairly flourishing little fishing village was spied close by, on the south end of the lakes. It consisted merely of a few scattered huts, but food was plentiful. As we arrived, the fishing smacks (dug-out canoes) had just come, bringing in a two days' haul.

The fish, which resembled large cod and dabs, looked delicious, and was a rare treat after the everlasting goat and chicken. In the evening the proprietor of the boats came, asking if we would like to be paddled out on the lake. It was a case of paddling, for the canoe let in the water as quickly as two men could bale it out. Stacks of grass were laid at the bottom of the canoe for us to sit on, but we got horribly wet. The beauty of the scenery made us forget this, however. From the eastern shores rose, sheer out of the lake, cliffs rising to 800 or 900 feet, with thick vegetation growing down to the water's edge; and round the wooded banks on the west the most gorgeously-coloured birds and herons sported about. The wide, tranquil waters, like a great sleeping ocean, rested in a dead calm. Suddenly, without the least warning, five huge hippopotami raised their ugly heads out of the water and snorted at us furiously, which made us beat a hasty retreat. But they were evidently keen on catching another glance at the Europeans, for in the middle of the night, when the whole camp was peacefully sleeping, we were awakened by feeling the ground literally shaking under us. A premonition of impending destruction seized us; then the ropes of our tent cracked, and we made for the poles, which were tottering. But the tent withstood the attack, and with loud, hungry snorts our clumsy mammoth intruders trundled off, under cover of night, to seek their prey.

The people round the southern end of Lake Albert are extremely primitive. In their homes is no indication of the least exercise of intelligence to furnish themselves with any tool, utensil, or garment. Only a very few of the men and women adopt clothing; their food consists almost entirely of fish, which they hang out in the sun to dry. Those who possess a boat, a cooking pot, or a food basket have obtained them from other folk in exchange for fish, or inherited them from their ancestors. There

are times when one asks if the soul of these people has ceased to pulsate, all human instincts are so crushed in them. But even here were the temples of a deity—in the centre of each courtyard stood a rickety wee grass hutch, in which offerings of food had been placed. Carlyle has rightly said that man was made a worshipping creature.

At evening prayers we called the people round us, and tried to talk with them. One typical grey-haired old heathen appeared interested, but hurried the audience back to their homes as soon as possible. When we proposed moving off to a village higher up on the lake, he generously offered himself as escort, and, on our reaching the spot, went from hut to hut, as we thought, asking the people to bring us in food for barter. He then wished us farewell and returned to his home. We afterwards learned that he was circuit priest and had been to every home forbidding the people to visit or listen to the words of the white ladies for fear of offending their god, the fish of the lake, who might withhold their only means of sustenance. Demetrius has many descendants!

Judging from the few days we spent roaming along the shores of the lake, I should say that it would be difficult to find a more fascinating spot for a holiday when once you get there. The botanist finds rare treasures hidden away in the creeks and crevices of the cliffs; the sportsman has a free hand to carry home as many hippo teeth or crocodile hides as he may desire, and the modern historian would find on its shores not a few materials for writing up the story of present day Africa.

Quite close to where we were camped, took place some years ago the meeting between Emin Pasha and his rescuer, the late Sir Henry Stanley, who had, in his search for the lost general and his column, penetrated right through Africa from the West coast, overcoming almost insuperable difficulties. In spite of the attractive-

ness of the Albert Lake it is scarcely a cheerful place to be isolated at, and standing so near to the same spot one felt a strong pity for that Egyptian leader as he gave orders for his boat to be sunk to prevent the enemy seizing it, so cutting off all chance of his own escape.

Time has wrought a phenomenal change; the country from being threatened by strong foes on the north, and harassed by rebellious tribes within itself, has now settled down into a quiet peace, and two English girls were able to stroll over the same soil in perfect safety, with nothing to fear, save perhaps that they themselves should fail to rise to the privileges given them of living and working in such a land where lie footprints in the sands of time.

CHAPTER XV

Tramp III. Through the Four Kingdoms of the Protectorate

THE Uganda Protectorate is built up of four independent self-governing kingdoms, besides some outlying districts to the South East, which are under the control of Chiefs. The kingdoms are — Uganda, Toro, Bunyoro, and Ankole. Toro is ruled over by a once rebellious branch of the Bunyoro tribe, ttha many years ago drove out the original inhabitants and established an independent kingdom. With this exception each state is absolutely distinct from the other in the general physique and customs of the people. All of the four reigning sovereigns have been baptised into the Protestant Faith, and excepting in the case of Daudi Chwa, King of Uganda, who is at present but a small lad, they are leading exemplary Christian lives and helping forward Missionary work in every way.

A circular tour of 600 or 700 miles through these districts could be accomplished just within one month, but this would involve heavy travelling and give but a feeble chance of appreciating the rapid transitions that are met with in country, animal life, and people.

It took us nearly nine weeks to go the round, as our object was to visit all the mission stations along the route. In Toro we deviated slightly from the direct path in order that church sites might be measured and pegged

out. The English Government some months before had granted to the native church a certain amount of land which could be divided up and marked out wherever required. In the kingdom of Toro about 130 plots were chosen where, in the near future it is to be hoped, mission centres will be planted, manned by trained native teachers. Already between 90 and 100 have been taken up and occupied, which means that the country is slowly being net-worked with Christian testimony. Measuring and marking out land in these parts is a rather complicated business. Once only did I attempt to offer the help of my services, and never again. It means geometrically describing circles and right angles through the rankest weeds and tiger grass, stepping it out through swamp and marsh; planting young saplings at every point as boundary marks only to find all these carefully calculated demarcations removed after perhaps a few days, to suit the convenience of one of the land holders who was in need of firewood, or wished to extend his boundaries. *Quod non erat faciendum.*

Starting from Kabarole, we took a south-easterly direction toward Ankole, making the first halt at Isumba, a charming spot on the banks of a crater lake. There are seven more of these large volcano puddles in the immediate vicinity, lying in the heart of mountains of various altitudes. The waters are extremely picturesque with the rich tropical vegetation extending from the lip of the crater down to the water's edge. Hippopotami plunge about in the day time, while at night they lug their heavy bodies up the steep banks and snort about from one lake to another in search of food. The country round is very beautiful and reminds one faintly of Cumberland—hills, mountains, forests, and lakes—the monkeys and ourang-outangs, however, would not allow that idea to take root; they made a fearful noise as we passed near their quarters. They were too much for our

little fox terrier, who worked himself into a great rage at being unable to get at these intruders of the peace; he simply made for the next native on the road (evidently thinking him one of the same tribe), but was driven off at the point of the spear that his antagonist was carrying.

The forest close to our camp was swarming with monkeys, which made wide turning movements from branch to branch when disturbed. I kept on wondering if one was not going to land on my head. The two days old baby monkeys led their big sedate mammas exhausting scampers from tree to tree. What a good thing it is that they improve in behaviour during the process of evolution!

At 9.0 p.m. a message came asking me to give medicine to a sick person close to camp. Taking our lantern we went out and administered physic, then hastened home as lions could be heard roaring some distance away. The oil unfortunately gave out before we reached our tent, and I must admit to a horrid sensation of fear lest one of them should spring out upon us from the pitchy darkness, as the roaring seemed to get nearer and nearer.

In the morning our cowman came in with the tidings that one of these creatures had broken through the zariba built round the cowshed and run off with one of the calves.

While encamped there a terrible storm visited us in the afternoon. We had watched the clouds rapidly gathering from all directions, increasing in density and rapidity until they collided together and crashed with terrific force on a near hill, blotting out all objects from view. Then, with united energy, these heavily charged thunder clouds bore down upon us with such anger that it seemed our little tents must be torn up and twisted into shreds. All the porters had been called out to stand each at his post to meet the enemy; and right well they did it, too, for as the tent cords snapped we must have soon been

houseless if the men had not held on to poles and canvas. In less than half an hour the storm had passed, and then the porters set to work, repairing ropes, hammering in pegs, and redigging the trench round the tent.

The following day, after a hot, dusty march, we reached one of the mission stations, and before we had the chance of a wash-up and rest, the teacher came begging us to go to the church, where the people were all waiting. So in we went and found nearly two hundred squeezed into the tiny reed building (intended to hold one hundred), all roaring from the various grades of the reading sheet. Instead of stopping the clatter when we entered, a sign from the teacher made each one put greater exertion into his reading and they simply yelled out their lesson to impress us with the progress they were making.

After a short service with them, we were escorted to our tent by a considerable following. When my medicine chest appeared the scene was like the "*Zoo*" let loose. A guard had to stand round to prevent me from being suffocated; of course the majority of the applicants were shams. They watched to see which patient received the largest dose, then asked him what his complaint was, and by the time they had pushed their way to the dispenser were suffering from the same trouble, but in an acute form.

On the fourth day we reached the capital of a Saza or country Kitagwenda. Toro is divided up into five large chieftainships or sazas, each of which is governed by a man who has tributary chiefs. The "lord" of Kitagwenda was ready in state to receive us as we arrived. His round reed house is built on the brow of a hill, and is surrounded by a tall, imposing plaited reed fence. As we slowly climbed up the broad, well-kept path, the chief, dressed in white linen, came down to meet us with a large crowd of followers. He was very keen on impressing us with his greatness, so ordered a drum to precede him and one piper. The people were all wildly excited,

dancing and shouting themselves husky. While this pandemonium was at its height, two poor, miserable-looking fat-tailed sheep were pushed forward for our acceptance. With these Uganda sheep all the good points were embodied in the tails. These are often as broad as the back, and hang in festoons almost to the ground. They are poor creatures, and are not cheap at 2s. 8d., which is their market value. I doubt whether one animal contains as much nourishment as two pounds of Welsh mutton. At this place two of our first trained women teachers had been at work. They had experienced some difficulty in getting the women interested, for digging, cultivating, and cooking had provided ample excuse for staying in their homes. On the second day of our visit we rallied all the women together at the tall mission church and urged them to stand by their teachers, who had come with a message of love and peace and would instruct them in wisdom. There and then classes were formed, and some sixty came forward for daily teaching. At night a body of soldiers were sent down by the chief to guard our camp against the lions, which were very numerous in these parts. The head officer, feeling the importance of his commission, essayed to issue his commands in true British fashion by using a few words he had picked up from the English lieutenant in Toro. He drilled his men just outside our tent door, and it was evident that the language of their general, as he bawled out incomprehensible English, was quite a conundrum to the men, and in concealed whispers he was obliged to repeat his orders in the native tongue.

A remarkably fine view of Ruwenzori snows was obtained at the junction of Ankole and Toro. With no cloud to intercept, miles of glittering ice stood out against a sapphire sky, and pushed down a hundred streams that tumbled in impetuous speed and flowed as swift rivulets through the forests that crossed our path.

Only those who have known the weariness of continual walking in the tropics can rightly appreciate the joy that these forest shades and the cool, refreshing rivers bring. At no time of the year could the country have been seen to better advantage; the grass fires had carried off all the long withered grass, and the hills were now carpetted with fresh, green glades. The forests displayed a strange variety of colouring, for the young buds of spring, the luxuriant verdure of summer, blended in exquisite contrast and harmony with the gold and ruddy tints of autumn. Shrubs of wild jessamine and seven-petalled tuber roses were in rich bloom on the roadside. These latter are called by the natives "Eky skulema njoju," "that which gets the better of the elephants," for although the bark is comparatively slender, it can stubbornly resist the force of the powerful elephant trunks that make matchwood of the larger forest trees.

Two days further marching brought us to the boundary of Ankole, and glad were we to leave behind the rains of Toro, which had made the paths so slimy that with difficulty we maintained the perpendicular. Our peaceable caravan was evidently mistaken for a raiding horde. The villagers were in a most perturbed state of mind as we pressed on; the men collected together all their women, children, and goats and packed them off with all speed to hide in the swamps and hills, while a few of them remained hidden on the outskirts of the huts to sound an alarm at our approach.

The language at this point deviated from that spoken by the people of Toro. Besides employing a few entirely different words, the Banyankole soften down the s, j, and k, and until the ear has become accustomed to these changes one might imagine it a distinct dialect. A rather welcome sight was the *men* working on the roads and digging in the banana plantations, in place of the peasant *woman* who do all the rough manual work in Toro.

Ankole is a large ranch country. A gentle range of mountains extending toward the east shores of the Albert Edward is the only interruption to an extensive area of rolling land of which the whole kingdom is composed. It is inhabited by two separate races, the Bairu, who are the original people of the country, and the Bahima, the ruling race. The latter are an extremely superior order of people; generally speaking, they are of lighter complexion, and their features, in the sharply defined nose and chin and the thin lips, are in marked contrast to the other tribes of inland Africa. Another peculiar characteristic is that the women live in entire seclusion and keep the face and head covered, as in Mahommedan lands. It is generally believed that they migrated from Abyssinia or Arabia; probably disease among their cattle drove them from their native land, and they travelled south until they reached the pasture land of Ankole.

At first sight the country looks scarcely inhabited—there are no fences or patches of cultivation which elsewhere denote villages. The population, however, is considerable, but the people are a tribe of herdsmen, who build unpretentious little grass huts among the soft, waving grass, and live almost exclusively on their cattle, which graze together in enormous herds. The oxen are splendid creatures, with immense horns; there is not so much hump with them as with the cattle of Uganda.

The unvaried diet of milk and butter has produced a people of abnormal dimensions. The King, although only about 19 years of age, weighed 20 stone. He could not walk, but had to be carried about in a gigantic kind of clothes-basket. One little chief waddled into our tent to salute us who stood about three feet high and was nearly twice as large in circumference. The higher a person is in social position the larger is the amount of milk he must daily get down in order that he may reach a worthy correspondence in weight. On one occasion,

while walking along the road, we heard screaming and shouting coming from a hut, and, on going in to find out the cause, saw a young princess with her eyes bandaged and face dripping with milk; an old hag was standing over her with a cane, which she brought sharply down across her shoulders when the unfortunate girl declared she could take in no more milk. Being remonstrated with, the old woman explained how the young princess was only going through the customary preparation for her bridal days.

As Uganda gradually opens up, Ankole will probably become the Leadenhall Market of the Protectorate. Excellent roads have been cut for transport to Entebbe, on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, to Albert Edward Nyanza and Koki, and the Government has built a strong fort at Mbarara, the capital of Ankole, which is under civil and military control.

After years of bigoted opposition to the missionaries, the country has now been thrown open to them. A large mud church had just been completed when we visited there, and a large number of men and women were under Christian instruction. For generations there had stood in the Royal courtyard a large drum, which was absolutely believed to bring death to the King who beat it. Immediately after the baptism of the King, he, Kahaya, in the sight of a large crowd of his subjects, went deliberately towards the drum; then, loosening the sticks, he stood for a moment looking round at his people, who were expecting his instantaneous death. With one mighty swing he brought the sticks down on the drum, which only thundered out, as it were, the doom which fell that day on their old heathen superstitions.

Soon after arriving at the capital we went to pay our respects to the Royal Household.

Passing out from the new mud "palace" of the King,

I went across to the ladies' quarters. The seven wives of His Majesty Kahaya, who at that time was only an inquirer after Christianity, were all sitting silently in a semi-circle round the inside of their grass hut. The atmosphere was unbearably stuffy, and reeking with odours of rancid butter, for the custom is to rub this well into their bodies, and, without washing off the stale, they rub in a fresh quantity each day. They treat in exactly the same way the bark cloths in which they entirely envelop themselves. Not until I had become accustomed to the dim light could I distinguish the seven shrouded, dusky figures. Then they resembled so many ant heaps. After the usual voluminous salutations, they begged me to take off my hat and show my hair. I agreed, if they, on their part, showed me their faces. Immediately fourteen merry eyes popped out of the oily bark cloths, and a row of fat, smiling faces appeared. After satisfying their inquisitive questions about my clothes, my age, my parents, and how long I had been married, I tried to find out a little about them. From what I could learn, they seemed to spend all their lives huddled together as I saw them, with absolutely nothing to do except to feed. They neither cooked, sewed, plaited grass, cultivated, nor worked at any of the small industries common among other tribes. The Christian women teachers were visiting them each day, and a large number of women had shown a real desire to read. As their minds have been allowed to lie dormant for so long, it is a wonder that they can learn to do so really quickly.

After a few happy days spent in Ankole, we pushed on in a south-easterly direction to Koki. Scarcity of water necessitated rather longer marches than usual, so I indulged in the luxury of a hammock. Six men were taken on as carriers who did not understand the art in the least. They literally galloped away with me. The hammock swung to and fro with such force that the ropes

on the pole gradually slackened, and the canvas hung like a sling with its burden doubled up inside. My gesticulations and calls were quite unavailing, as the carriers ran on, singing gaily; then they suddenly hauled the pole over from one shoulder to another, which was more than it could stand, and, with a squeak of pain, the ropes burst, and the hammock fell with a big bump to the ground. While I stood endeavouring to recover from the rather boisterous mode of travelling, the carriers walked round inspecting the shattered ropes and congratulated each other on being such men of strength!

We had reached a wide, scorching plain with no trees or shelter save a few tall thorn bushes, which made the ground all about like a pincushion with the points standing out. We had come along at such a rate that the caravan *and* lunch basket were miles behind. One hundred and five minutes were spent under that thorn bush waiting for the rear with nothing to read, nothing to look at, and nothing to eat. I tried to think a thought that might find a niche in my next journal letter, but the sun must have nearly melted all the brain cells as it poured down its burning rays, for nothing took shape. To punish the men for their rash behaviour I inflicted on my carriers the punishment of searching for firewood, so that when our detached corps joined us we soon had the kettle singing and a chicken frizzling to replenish exhausted strength and revive our fainting spirits. The following morning camp was awake at 4.0 a.m., and a hurried start was made in the dark so as to get the day's march over before the sun had a chance of treating us as it had done previously. But it was rather an unfortunate day to have tried the experiment, as our path for the first three or four miles skirted a long swamp, the haunt of mosquitoes, and these little pests had not been frightened away by sunrise before we ventured through their domain. They swarmed round us like locusts, and

although we kept furiously beating out at them in all directions at once, the prodigious application of Homocea afterwards was, for the first time in my experience, ineffectual in allaying the inflammation and irritation. We spied a few monkeys in the trees, but instead of being up to their usual pranks they solemnly sat staring at each other, looking deplorably sorry for themselves; evidently the mosquitoes had proved too much even for them. I am sure they would have been willing to pay a pied piper any fee.

After five days journeying from Ankole we reached Rakai, the capital of Koki. The C.M.S. had two ladies stationed there and an ordained Muganda.

Koki was in former years an independent kingdom ruled over by Kamswaga, but in recent years it has been joined to Uganda, on the King agreeing to become a "Saza" of his stronger neighbours.

Excepting for Lake Kanyeti, which twists about among rich and varied vegetation, the scenery is unattractive—in the dry season the chalky soil gives an anæmic appearance to the country, and the rather too plentiful supply of swamps necessitates a large stock of quinine being always at hand. Kamswaga himself at that time had gone up to Entebbe on business, but hearing of our expected arrival had left us a greeting in the shape of an ox and quantities of food for our caravan. Visitors in these parts were rather a novelty, and the people came down in large numbers to look at us. I returned the visit of the wife of Kamswaga before leaving. Her reception house quickly filled with a number of men and women, each trying to get a word in edgeways with the "white" visitor. A handful of boiled coffee beans in the pods was passed to me to dispense to whomsoever I wished to honour. I was obliged to take a share, but that was very limited, for they are as hard as nuts to crack and like physic to swallow. On leaving they pressed round

and bedecked my wrists with all sorts of curious wire and bead bracelets which they had taken off themselves.

The work being carried on there was, happily, prospering. The school, daily classes, and the church, holding two hundred people, were well attended.

A whole day's excursion in a native skiff on the Lake gave us an opportunity of seeing something of the village work that has been opened up by the Mother Church of Rakai. We could not stay longer than three days, as there was still a long programme before us. Budu was the next district on the list to be visited.

This is the stronghold of Roman Catholicism. At every side road we found a tall wooden cross standing and nearly everybody wore a medallion or scapular.

At Kajuna the people were evidently not accustomed to seeing European visitors, and they came tearing out of their houses like mad creatures, dancing round us and clapping their hands. It was a perfect pandemonium, and we were not sorry to escape from such a rabble.

The two missionaries welcomed us very warmly. They were hard at work on a much needed house for themselves. The new building was a unique structure, for it was built only of one brick—that is, the walls were formed of solid mud beaten down between wooden boards, which were removed when the mud had dried. The roof was thatched with strips of banana bark knotted on rows of poles. This is supposed to offer stronger resistance to lightning than the usual grass. A regular timber yard had been set up in a strip of Forest close by to supply doors and windows for the new house, and the natives were receiving from the missionary practical lessons in carpentering as they felled the trees, adzed them out and then sawed out planks in pits. The scene suggested pictures of Canadian life among the Rockies. Truly a missionary in Uganda is a compendium of trades.

One of our hosts was an out-and-out Irishman, and

when he was joined by an enthusiastic compatriot the conversation waxed very warm. I wonder if everyone belonging to the Emerald Isle regards it as the pole-star of the Universe—the two Sassenachs did not quite agree to it.

At the time of our visit twenty-one men and women were being finally questioned with a view to baptism. No chiefs were then under Protestant instruction, and in consequence there was little inducement for their dependents to associate themselves with our missionaries. It was therefore very pleasing to find this number ready to publicly confess their faith in baptism, for one felt they must have been prompted by an honest and sincere conviction.

A fifteen miles march from Kajuna brought us to the shores of the Lake Victoria Nyanza. Nearly six miles of the road was across a sand plain, and walking it was too much for me, for the boot at each step sank in four to six inches of burning sand. I was obliged to call the hammock-bearers to my assistance, who panted along without a murmur; but when they had safely landed me under the first tree of a lovely wood, they exclaimed "We are nearly dead."

The two boats provided for us looked very frail and small to carry two Europeans, eight "boys," two steersmen, two balers-out of water, twelve rowers, and all our loads. The boats on this Lake are constructed of boards hewn out by native knives, and sewn together with cane. There are no seats for passengers, but sticks and grass are laid at the bottom. There was a big gale blowing when we wanted to make a start—foam-crested waves broke on the shingly shore as if it had been the Atlantic. One is surprised to miss the brine in the spray, forgetting momentarily that so immense an expanse of fretful water is other than an ocean. We waited two hours for the storm to abate, when the boatmen came saying we could

put off. As soon, however, as we had rowed well out, the wind got up again and blew with terrific force; immediately the lake was lashed into anger, and had no mercy on our little craft. The oarsmen were quite unable to keep her from being driven broadside to the storm. Sitting at the bottom of the boat we watched wave after wave bear down upon us like a wall and break over our heads. The boatmen assured us that we could not stand much more, for the cane fibre that kept the boat together was rotten and giving way under the strength of the breakers. The heavy tossing made us feel wretchedly sea-sick, but we dared not let our courage flag, as the men were losing heart. We had drifted completely out of our course, but fortunately were driven toward one of the Sese Islands, which we ultimately reached, drenched through and very exhausted. Here we pitched our tent for the night, and as evening came a dead calm settled down on the Lake, and insect life awoke, swarming round us in clouds. All night we kept waking up to assure ourselves that we had not contracted sleeping sickness, as this was one of the haunts of that disease.

The next morning dawned bright and calm, so we started before sunrise, startling the many gulls, divers, and herons that were indulging in a morning bath. The paddlers broke out into weird nautical songs; there is generally one man in a boat whose special work is to lead the singing to encourage the oarsmen. He begins with a loud shrill note, sustaining it with a few minor variations till a short stanza of the song is sung; then all the others join in with a deep, guttural grunt of assent to the words; this is repeated over and over and over again until the voice cracks. Seven hours' rowing was as much as they would undertake in a day, so we landed on a beautiful little island which since then has been entirely depopulated by sleeping sickness. The sun was just about to say good night when we put into Entebbe on the

following day. The view from the water was quite enchanting. A bold, rocky promontory reminded one of a bit of the borderland coast between England and Scotland, otherwise the shore and islands were covered with the most prodigious forest growth.

As we landed from the boats and looked up at this town we really asked ourselves if this were Uganda. There are rows of neat villas with the strips of gardens back and front resembling the bijous of London suburban life; splendid wide roads with avenues of trees planted; a market with an English butcher, a dairy, an Indian bakery where delicious little loaves can be purchased for four annas, and an aggressive Indian firm that is the William Whiteley of Uganda, and manufactures mineral waters at two annas per bottle, are some among the many surprises. There is a very cosmopolitan population, and comparatively few of the real natives—Baganda—are seen in the town. The fifty or more Europeans made it feel very homelike after the isolated life in Toro; and yet after the first surprised impressions had partially worn off, one was conscious of two distinct elements running side by side—the English and the African—without actually becoming assimilated the one by the other. The result was that so many reminders of England brought with them feelings of home-sickness, but the next moment one was sympathising with the country yokel in London who pined for the rusticity of village home life.

Our four days there were spent very pleasantly. Colonel Sadler, H.M. Commissioner, Mrs. Sadler, and several friends were most kind and hospitable; indeed we were almost strangers to our tents.

A visit to the Botanical Gardens was most interesting. Mr. Mahon, who was then in charge, took us round and pointed out the tea, coffee, cocoa and cotton shrubs which gave promise of agreeing very amiably with their newly-adopted land. Fruit trees, vines and pine apples

were also being experimented on, and the flower beds were aflame with colour. The idea is, I believe, to test what flourishes successfully in the Uganda soil, then to send out cuttings and encourage the cultivation of that plant throughout the Protectorate. Colonel Coles, who is in command of the troops, is a very keen horticulturalist, and has been most successful in rose-growing and in bringing to perfection the native crinum lily.

Leaving Entebbe, we made for Port Munyonyo by canoe, which took six hours in consequence of a wind working against us all the way. Reaching the Port at 5.0 p.m. we had no time to inspect the vigorous dhow-building that was in operation. We hurried off on our seven to eight mile walk into Mengo, which we reached just after seven o'clock. A roast leg of goat and steaming potatoes were being served up by our kind hostess as we entered. I think we had rarely enjoyed a dinner more than that one, as we had eaten nothing since 7.0 a.m. excepting two cold sausages and some bread and milk, the only things procurable from our food basket in the canoe.

This was the only time I had visited Mengo since first arriving in the country, and it was interesting to find out how many of one's first impressions remained. Two years ago it had been to me a country unpenetrated, its people and lauguage unknown, and now in a limited—very limited—degree the closed door had been pushed open and something from within had been revealed. In that time Mengo seemed to have made wonderful progress. A colossal brick cathedral stood on the site of the previous wicker building; it is a striking witness of what the Baganda can be taught to accomplish under such persevering and able instruction and superintendence as they have received. The educational work had developed considerably. At 8.0 one morning we went across to Mr. Hattersley's boys school: he certainly had

his work cut out, for I should not like to guess at the number of men and boys that were packed into the large class rooms, through which ran rows of desks and forms made at the Industrial Mission. At each class stood a native teacher setting sums or copies on the blackboards. His pupils were a strange collection, for a grey-bearded old chief would be sitting next to a sharp eyed infant, both eagerly wrestling with pen and ink. Specimens of writing, which had been acquired in six months, were shown to us, and they compared very favorably with a fourth or fifth standard in England. Every afternoon classes were held for the teachers for instruction in blackboard writing, geography, astronomy, natural history and Scripture, and these men were being sent out to the villages for educational work, when their course was completed. Since that time, scholastic work has received very special attention. A boarding high school for the sons of chiefs was opened in 1904, and the number of lads that were immediately sent by their fathers or guardians was a proof of its need. The Baganda are quite conscious of the fact that the time has come to rouse and equip themselves in order that they may be able to stand before the civilized nations with whom they are now brought so closely in touch.

A third school is also in course of erection, which will be an intermediate step for those desiring to train afterwards for Holy Orders.

The Industrial Department of the Mission is certainly one of the most necessary and practical methods of helping these people who possess no trades or crafts of their own. On passing along the road toward the Industrial quarters, one sees a crowd of men hard at work in the brick-fields, and others employed at rope-making. Entering the actual work-shop compound a buzz and whirr of machinery meet the ear. The first building is the carpenter's sheds; here were men turning out book-cases,

chairs, tables, and really a first-class sideboard. Across the courtyard the printers and stitchers were hard at work producing Lunyoro hymn sheets, Luganda hymns, Luganda commentary on St. Mark, and a book of Uganda fables by Ham Mukasa. Until within six months of our visit all this work, including the building of the Cathedral, had been started and supervised by one man. Uganda owes a great debt to Mr. Borup for the invaluable help thus rendered to the country.

The hospital, which was nearing its opening day when I had first seen it, was now in good working order and quite full up with patients; some, alas, suffering from the dread sleeping sickness.

No one then dreamed that the fine building was on the eve of being completely destroyed by fire. But such was the case. Within a very few months the scene of pain, yet of peace and comfort, had given place to one of noisy activity, for on the old spot there was immediately put in hand the erection of the present solid brick building with an iron roof to resist the lightning which destroyed its predecessor, and a concrete floor that can withstand the constant traffic up and down the wards. After a few days we again set off on the march, making for Bunyoro, in a northerly direction. A good road had been cut for a distance of a hundred miles by order of the Government for transport purposes toward the Nile. On the second day we overtook an oxen wagon caravan, which was being conducted by a young Englishman, who we found was down with bad fever and cough. We sent him milk and meat juice, but could not dissuade him from pushing on in the evening. The scarcity of food for porters on the road makes delays very difficult, and in his case, travelling by night was essential as the oxen cannot bear the heat of the day. But being jostled along on springless carts in the damp and cold African nights did not suggest much comfort for a patient suffering from malaria!

Next day on arriving in camp we found no less than three other European caravans settling in. A military captain and a ship captain were coming down from Bunyoro, and a trader was making for that direction.

Uganda is getting overrun with civilization! There is generally a little consternation and hurried confusion when an English woman is seen in camp. There is at once a shout for the "boy" who had relieved the pedestrian of his coat on the march, and a long search is made for the razor that very apparently had been some days in disuse. One of our fellow travellers who came in at afternoon tea suggested that a new regulation should be passed by the Government, ordering all ladies travelling on the road to send a white flag three miles ahead to warn fellow countrymen!

We did some fairly long marches on this road, as we were anxious to complete our tour, and although fifteen to eighteen miles do not look anything to the Londoner who is accustomed to record spins on his bicycle, yet I think he would find five hours walking day after day a laborious task, especially when it means rising at 4.0 a.m. We had been a little unfortunate in our culinary arrangements, for our cook was taken ill and had been obliged to return to Toro. We took on a substitute from our porters' ranks, who knew nothing about cooking. I carefully taught him how to turn out a decent pancake which he seemed really to master, but a few days afterwards he served up hard, solid, flour-and-water dough-balls, saying he feared he had forgotten the recipe, so the process of teaching had to be gone through over again. He never would believe that anything could be cooked without water—roast goat he cooked in quantities of it instead of fat, and buttered eggs were swimming in brown swamp water! Then all our other boys got down with fever, and one day we were without a single attendant.

When we were half-way to Bunyoro, a Nubian caravan

encamped close to us. We instantly ordered a close watch to be kept on our goods, as these folk have the reputation of being not too strictly honest. In spite, however, of vigilant guard, very soon things were missing. We succeeded in rescuing some articles from one of their temporary huts, but a large plate, which converted an open cooking pot into an African oven, was never found, and so we were deprived of bread and all baked food for the remainder of our journey.

The country was a monotony of undulating land, with no hills, forests, or rivers to interrupt the continuity of sameness. For three days we were travelling through a district of Uganda called Singo, where eight years ago Mr. Fisher was stationed. A particularly dreary spot was pointed out to me as the place where he lived for months quite alone, and had one attack after another of fever. During one of those occasions, a woman, the wife of the district chief, came a long distance twice a day to nurse him, and, when he lapsed into unconsciousness, she took a razor and shaved his head to ease him. He was rather a shock to himself when he was well enough to see his own reflection in the lid of a Huntley & Palmer's biscuit tin—the only looking-glass then in his possession, as he had lost most of his things through a recent act of incendiarism.

We were delighted to catch sight of the hills that lie round Hoima, the capital of Bunyoro, on the seventh day. Mr. Lloyd, who had been Mr. Fisher's fellow-worker in Toro, and chaperon to the party from England of which I had formed part, came scorching down on his bicycle to meet us, with a large following of natives who had come to greet "their father." In the year 1895 Mr. Fisher had visited these people, who, up to that time, had never heard of Christianity, and in 1898 was located at Hoima in order to establish a European Station. Then the country was in the grasp of famine; the people, from

the King down to his peasant subjects, came each day to the European teacher and his two Baganda assistants begging food. Through the generosity of friends in England and Uganda, a fund was organized, and with presents in kind from the Christians in Uganda and Toro, hundreds of the Banyoro were saved from starvation. With the return of the rains, the famine terminated, but this time of trouble had created and cemented a confidence between the natives and missionary, who learned to know them then better than if he had lived years in the country at the time of its prosperity. The King, his brothers, sister, and several of the leading chiefs, became sincere inquirers after Christianity, and ultimately acknowledged their faith in public baptism.

The kingdoms of Bunyoro is one of the most ancient now existing in inland Africa. Formerly it was the pre-eminent power of all the districts round and including Uganda, but for many years its strength has been on the wane through internal disaffections and external warfare. Toro, which was once ruled over by Bunyoro, broke away from its rule, and the Baganda gradually ascended north, appropriating to themselves large districts of Southern Bunyoro. Kabarega, then King of Bunyoro. was for years the terror of the surrounding weaker tribes. He was quite a remarkable character. Realizing the gradual decadence of his kingdom, with persistent effort and despotism he rallied his people together for one mighty struggle to regain their lost power. Marching on the surrounding weaker tribes, he raided, plundered, and burnt their villages, and King Kasagama (of Toro) and his people fled to the mountains for shelter. But in 1899 the British Government sent up a force of Baganda under Colonel Evett, who succeeded in taking prisoner Kabarega. The latter has since remained a prisoner in the Seychelles Islands. His son Andereya, an earnest Christian and an able man, is now reigning in his stead.

OUR HOME IN TORO

The Banyoro have always had a most elaborate priesthood and abundant ritual connected with their belief; hence it will be a long time before heathen customs and degrading forms of superstition will be effectually uprooted.

After the discomforts of the road it was delightfully restful to revel in the refreshing luxury of easy chairs, sipping cups of tea, surrounded with a hundred and one reminders of dear old England, while a pink-cheeked, chubby baby grabbed at the flat nose of his black boy nurse and cooed with satisfaction at having two, new, civilized admirers. A week spent with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, during which time we were enabled to visit the people and hold some meetings with them, brought us to the final stage of our circular trip—a seven days' march home. The anticipation of once more seeing Ruwenzori, our mud bungalow house, and all the Batoro folk, made one forget to write notes and comments of those few days. But no written records were necessary to keep at least one day green in the memory. The wet season had begun in real earnest, which did not improve the many unbridged swamps that lay across our path at constant intervals. One day we were plunging through grass, often twelve feet high, for nearly three hours right off. Emerging from that, we had to pass through a succession of nine swamps. The only possible means of getting across was to sit on the shoulder of a thorougly sturdy and sure-footed porter, holding on with all one's might to his woolly head. At the ninth swamp I had maintained that position for ten minutes, with feet held straight out in front, as my noble carrier stumbled among a broken down bridge, sometimes to his armpits in black mud. Actually weeping tears, I called down to my steed, "My friend, you must put me down, my back is broken with weariness." Without a word he floundered off through the grass, having spied a fallen tree trunk on which to

put down his burden. There we stood panting, too tired to speak, but a hallooing and a shouting at one side made us both turn round. There we saw the other European in a most indescribably mixed-up position, being brought along on the shoulders of two men, while two more hung on to a leg each. With scarcely a note of warning, the front man lost his foothold and disappeared with the second. The European immediately followed suit, but the remaining two stood their ground, still holding on to those legs.

Never did the Mountains of the Moon appear more fascinating than when we returned to our home under their shadow after nine weeks' absence. The first to welcome us, four miles out on the road, was old Apolo Kivebulaya, the native deacon. Close by on his heels followed my little god-son, the first baptised pigmy, who looked characteristically grimy, but his ugly little face appeared really pleasing as he ran up and welcomed his master and mistress back with a grin that seemed to stretch from one ear to another. Then the Katikiro came out with thirty to forty retainers, all of whom he had dressed up in brand new white linen turban caps as a token of welcome to us. Last of all rode out the King. "Well done, my friends. God be praised for bringing you back." And we could only in our hearts respond "Amen."

CHAPTER XVI

Tramp IV. Towards the Pigmies

WHILE the Kingdom of Toro has distinctly defined boundaries on the East, North, and South (the latter two being the Albert and Albert Edward Nyanzas) there are no lines of demarcation that bound it on the West. It adjoins the Protectorate to the Belgian territory that extends across from the Congo Free State, and until that boundary is officially fixed the Kingdom of Toro may be said to include a number of untamed savage tribes with a portion of the pigmies, who recognise no authority and rule outside themselves.

Immediately the Toro Mission was established its first branch station was planted about sixty miles west in Mboga, the district that touches Stanley's Great Forest —the home of the pigmies. Although the chief offered much opposition to the Baganda missionaries, yet the workers persistently held on, realising its important strategic position for reaching the many tribes round its borders, and it formed one of the few last links yet to be forged in order that Krapf's dream of a chain of missions extending across Africa might be fulfilled. After opposition had burnt itself out and the Chief Tabalo had himself become a Christian the work prospered vigorously, and in 1903 the number of men and women baptised reached over two hundred.

In that year the question of boundary line between Belgian and British territory was again raised to be finally marked out. The decision would either result in the district of Mboga being retained by the British, or given over to the Belgians in exchange for a strip of land

farther south, in which latter case the River Semliki would form the natural dividing line.

It was considered expedient, pending the arrangement between the two Governments to strengthen in every way possible the mission work at Mboga so that it might not be shaken should it ultimately lie outside the Uganda Protectorate.

It was, therefore arranged that in the five months remaining before leaving for furlough in England we should fit in a visit to that district. The time of year fixed on for starting was a little unfortunate, as the wet season was in full working order, and that never adds an enviable charm to the gipsy life of African travelling. It was evident that we were getting near the end of the prescribed period of service, for instead of gaily trudging off in stout boots and puttees, we pushed off from Kabarole with a donkey and a hammock, the only available modes of conveyance.

When only three miles out we were overtaken by one of Toro's special storms. The heavily laden clouds had been running off towards the west when Ruwenzori stood in their way and forbade them. So, in a terrible temper, they turned back and gave us the full benefit of their tears. My hammock bearers did not seem to mind; certainly they had nothing on that would spoil, and I believe these casual drenchings are the only occasions on which many of them feel the touch of water on their bodies. I have often seen them trying to avoid even this by taking shelter under a tree and holding a huge banana leaf over their head, when only clothed in a tiny goat skin. The donkey slipped along behind with its rider enveloped in a commodious mackintosh that left only the donkey's nose and feet visible. In order to get to the mission station of Busaiga, where we were to spend a day, we had to turn off for two miles along a sloppy kind of sheep-track path, which the donkey managed better than my men,

who stumbled along in the mud, very fearful lest they should let their burden down. The man carrying our bath went before to warn them of danger; but we passed him halt-way, for with a splash he fell. No one seemed to regard it as anything unusual, and continued marching on. Looking over the side of my hammock, the last I saw of him was a hopeless mix-up of black man's limbs and bath sitting in inches of mud.

It was very good to find a big fire burning and a hot cup of tea ready in a well swept native house that had been prepared for us, and designated for our temporary use. In the afternoon our tent was well surrounded by broad grins and inquisitive eyes as we were "at home" to callers. They continued coming in from 1.30 to 5.30, by which time the air felt heavy, so we escaped for an evening look-out. The complete range of mountains was clearly defined from south to north and terminated close to us, in the Semliki plain. Towards their northern base rested a heavy dense bank of white cloud that slowly glided along. When it had reached the farthest shoulder of the range, it woke from its soliloquy and with a mighty effort plunged upwards, and in a few minutes flooded the whole country with a dense, damp mist.

The first of May dawned in all the brightness of its reputation. Lake, plain, valleys, and mountains appeared in their brightest garments to do honour to the day, and the air trembled in its endeavour to laud the Creator. No wonder that the people swarmed out of their stuffy little huts for morning service. It was then pointed out to them that their house of prayer needed rethatching, and in less than three hours the "restoration of the church" was completed, for streams of tiny naked figures went off and returned with a few strands of grass balanced on their heads; the women followed with heavier burdens, and the men were standing ready to tie it into small bundles and stuff them into the thatch. There was here

as everywhere a great demand for "reading sheets," and those who did not possess five cowrie shells (half a farthing) wherewith to purchase one brought in a bundle of firewood, two eggs, or undertook any little job in order to earn the sum. In the afternoon we had meetings for men and women. At each gathering over one hundred were present, which must have included nearly all the adult inhabitants of the place. The audiences one meets with in the villages are distinctly responsive; they evidently have an idea that it is a slight to leave the European to do all the talking. In the middle of your "sermon" one native will burst out with "Aye, aye, that's so," and the whole company will agree in chorus. Then, again, they will repeat after you a whole sentence that has struck them, and when your oration is over they all exclaim "That's very good; well done, very well done." It is most encouraging to a nervous speaker.

Leaving Busaiga, we descended to a wide plateau, which was most likely at one time a lake bed, but the water has run off and left it quite dry. The curious parallel gorges, where villages now nestle, resemble immense yawning cracks formed by the land calling out for water. In one of these clefts, where there was a sleepy little hamlet, we pitched camp. The old chief of the place was sitting in his courtyard contentedly smoking a huge pipe. He did not take the least notice of our arrival, and, from what he said, if we had been a party of plunderers, he would have assumed exactly the same immovable attitude. It was a very stuffy place; the heat seemed to fall down listlessly in the little valley and had no strength to move off at night. As for the varieties of insects that visited us as the candles were lit, even the most initiated naturalist must have been puzzled at classifying them.

On the following day we were up at daybreak to cheat the sun, which we expected would do its worst for us in

THE SEWLIKA RIVER.

the exposed Semliki plain. When we reached that level, although it was only 8.0 a.m., the heat was almost unbearable. The little donkey must have felt it rather badly, for it upsèt itself in the mud, and this twisted into weird contortions the invaluable umbrella that was being carried on its back. The Semliki River has to be crossed halfway across the plain ; its waters are of a thick grey colouring, and in them are smuggled away crocodiles, all sorts of fierce fish with tusk-like teeth, and fever germs. A big dug-out canoe came over from the opposite bank to ferry us across, and then returned to fetch our porters, ass, and cows. The animals took most naturally to the skiff — which might perhaps be traced back to their ancestors of the Ark period.

In the cool of the afternoon an old fisherman punted me out in his canoe. He attracted my attention to a big crocodile drawn up on the bank—it suddenly woke from its sleep and slipped into the water for an evening ablution. These dug-outs are scarcely what you might call inviting. I have never seen one that does not leak considerably, and it is difficult to imagine yourself comfortable when seated on a few rushes at the bottom of the boat, feeling all the time the water oozing in under you.

Antelopes simply abound in the plain. In one spot alone there must have stood forty of these peaceful creatures. They evidently understand that all their district is preserved against the sportsman, for they now venture quite close to the path and look at passers by with the greatest impertinence. Two fine creatures with handsome antlers stood defying our caravan only about fifty yards away, and simply refused to be frightened off.

Mboga stands on a ridge of hills about 18 miles on the opposite side of the plain to Ruwenzori. The scenery was in charming contrast to that on the previous day's journey as we lifted up on to high land. Forest arteries flowed through every bend and hollow from the great

aorta of Stanley's Pigmy Forest that stretched away for miles behind the Mboga Hills. The trees closely resembled the English oak and mountain ash; there was a marked scarcity of flowers, and my butterfly net remained quite limp as we climbed up for three hours till the Mission station appeared in sight. The people that came out to meet us broke up into two parts; the one went with Mr. Fisher to superintend camping operations, and I was borne off by the others to the Chief's reception hall to hold audience with his mother, who had ready a big black native pot of smoked milk to offer me. Over one hundred women then streamed in to look at the first European lady who had visited their country. They exclaimed, "Bwana Fisher has much grace and love, for he was the first white man to come and tell us of the religion of Christ, and now he has brought to us the first lady." A large open shed had been erected by the Chief Paulo Tabalo, under which our tent could be erected and so sheltered from the burning heat of the day, and it also provided us with a large airy sitting room, which was necessary for the four weeks we intended to remain.

The first thing that was absolutely essential to take in hand was the building of a new Church, for the reed one standing was totally inadequate to accommodate the people. Consequently each morning after a brief service the men and women poured across to the new site to start operations. The men, headed by their Chief, went off into the forests for poles, and the women, laying aside their white linen draperies, handled their hoes, and in a few days had completely cleared the plot of all the long grass with which it had been covered. It was quite astonishing to see the rapidity with which everybody went to work, and although the proposed large mud church looked rather a formidable undertaking, the Christians insisted on building a permanent mud house adjoining the Church, which they hoped would secure

TABALA, CHIEF OF MBOGO, AND SUITE.

more frequent visits from the Missionary, or procure them an ordained teacher from Uganda.

The late Sir Henry Stanley, in "Darkest Africa," has given a most vivid picture of Mboga in his time. It was there he met with so much trouble and savage opposition from the natives. Paulo Tabalo tells a thrilling story of how his father collected together a large army to oppose the great white man on the banks of the Semliki River, but was compelled to flee, leaving behind a number of slain.

Oppression has given place to justice, turbulence to peace, and the most abject fear of and subordination to the Evil Spirit is gradually being overcome by knowledge and trust in God.

Stepping out from our tent one evening, I strolled away to a near hill to watch the sun set. As it slowly disappeared behind a low ridge of distant mountains it scattered trails of golden light across the plain, through which the white waters gleamed. Then for a few brief minutes the vast Ruwenzori Range appeared completely vestured in a deep pink transparent mist, above which shone as a coronet the pure white snows. Never again in the four weeks we spent there was such a wonderful effect repeated.

The hushed stillness was suddenly broken by a voice that issued from a little hut almost hidden from view. Glancing round a tall rock that stood between, I saw a dusky figure sitting in the doorway peeling potatoes for the evening meal. She was quite unconscious of any intruder, and as she bent down over her work she sang in the native tongue "Like a river glorious is God's perfect peace."

Mboga of the present is a "Cave of Adullam" to the numerous surrounding tribes who have fled from the hands of plunderers and raiders and come to settle down under the peaceful rule of the Christian Chief.

Among the thirty-six men and women who had been instructed and were then presented for baptism there

were representatives of five different tribes, three of whom were the first-fruits from those tribes. I held a daily class with them for three weeks, and so had a chance of comparing the brain power of these people. Certainly the one pigmy did not by any means stand last in the class; on the other hand, he displayed a very keen perception and often turned round to his neighbour and tried rather impatiently to rub in the point. On the other hand, he was entirely lacking in concentration, and it seemed impossible to pin his mind down to the subject under discussion. Every afternoon the people stopped work for two hours in order to go to Church to listen to the white missionaries' words. On the first Sunday a hint was thrown out to them that they should study together in their homes, and so help each other to understand their Bibles better. The day following Paulo called his people together in his audience hall and told them that they had listened to very good words from their European friend and teacher, and he felt that if they were to become strong and be blessed by God they ought to carry out the advice given. Several of them thereupon started systematic Bible study in their homes. Many of the Christian women came to my afternoon class with questions prepared which they had planned out together; and they helped each other to make notes of my answers. I was surprised at the intelligence shown in their questionings, for they had received practically little teaching and are not naturally sharp. They asked many things about the Epistles, when they were written, whether on St. Paul's journeyings or when in imprisonment; then they wanted to know the meaning of "Alpha and Omega" and "the woman clothed with the sun," etc., etc.

One afternoon, just as the class was closing, I looked up, and in the doorway of the Church stood two most repelling figures. Their hair had grown to the shoulders

and was rolled into thin streaks with an ample quantity of white goat's fat; they wore a mere fragment of clothing, and held in their hands a bow and sheaf of arrows. My lesson came to a dead standstill, and I asked the women who the two men were. "They eat each other," was the reassuring response. I dismissed the class right away and made off, but found the two cannibals standing outside. Very bravely I went up and saluted them, but they only stared and grunted, then when I turned to hurry back to camp they came too! In spite of being told that they only eat their own people, I did not like to run any risk, so enticed a number of women to come with me all the way to our tent by saying I had some pictures just out from England to show them.

As we stood there in Mboga among some of the most primitive of the human races it was difficult to realize that they formed part of that greatest existing empire of the world. Let us hope the time will soon come when these people will be brought within the circle of its moral and intellectual influence as well as the circle of its civil rule. One can scarcely imagine that there ever existed a more unenlightened age in the history of man than the present twentieth century among these distant subjects of Great Britain. From the brow of the Mission hill at Mboga no fewer than seven distinct practically untamed tribes, each with its own peculiar customs and dialect, lie within the range of eyesight. During the four weeks spent in these parts we had an opportunity of coming in direct contact with some people from each of these tribes, and as we learned something of their habits and modes of existence we realised in a deeper sense than ever before the significance of the words, "And darkness was upon the face of the deep."

After one month's life under canvas, nomadic life loses its charm, especially when the rains are a little too generous. The last three weeks of our stay in Mboga

proved somewhat distressful on this account, for the storms beat down upon our skeleton shed and poured in through the tent almost daily. The wide trenches dug round our quarters were quite ineffectual in carrying off the water which came sweeping in upon us like a flood. Frequently we were obliged to sit on our chairs or boxes with our feet tucked under us while the water gaily took possession of the ground floor of the tent.

Then food was a difficulty, for no one would sell the few goats and chickens that they possessed. After the first fortnight they assured us that we had eaten up all the chickens in the place! (In spite of this we certainly lost weight.) Eggs were very scarce, and were sold at the same price as a chicken, for, they argued, an egg is a chicken, and the ones they brought for sale nearly proved their argument! All our boys got ill with malarial fever, and when they were at their worst a case of cholera was brought in to me for treatment. This seemed to be an unknown complaint in these parts, and the people had no idea of its infectious character. Already three deaths had occurred, and two households were stricken down with it through visiting the sick house. We immediately ordered all the infected huts to be quarantined and the strictest attention given to the burning of all contaminated matter. Fortunately the disease was thus checked from spreading, but not until four had succumbed to it.

Our last Sunday spent there was a memorable occasion, for thirty-five men and women were admitted into the fold of Christ through the confession of their faith in Baptism, and sixty-two from this little "lighthouse" station united with us in Holy Communion. After the evening service two young men came forward and offered themselves to be trained as teachers to the villages beyond. So although darkness yet covers the land of Mboga it might be said "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

THE FOUR PIGMIES IN KABAROLE.

CHAPTER XVII

In Darkest Africa. The Pigmies (Batwa) and their (Bambuba) Neighbours

IN attempting to describe some of the tribes that we have come in contact with round Mboga, I feel the first place should be given to the Pigmies, for although they are the smallest of all folk, yet they are one of the most ancient peoples of history. Not only do they appear in the pages of the Greek historian, Herodotus, but to-day their representatives may be traced on the Pyramids. Beyond these bare facts of their existence nothing was definitely known about them until the late Sir Henry Stanley penetrated their forest home on his search for Emin Pasha, and startled the civilised world by his marvellous accounts of these legendary folk. Judging from their present conditions of life it is impossible to believe that they have made any advance, physically or morally, during the hundreds of years that have passed by since first they were known to the outside world.

Their home is one vast, impenetrable forest which extends about one hundred and twenty miles north to south and nearly two hundred miles east to west ; without intermission its vegetation has assumed abnormal proportions ; out of dense, tangled undergrowth the trees

have forced their way, and, as if to find breathing space and shake themselves free of the crush and their tiresome parasites, have reached a gigantic height. But the rubber plants, ivy, and creepers have proved equal to the task, and pushed their way up the tree trunks, have crawled along from branch to branch, until only glimpses of sunshine and sky appear through the thick foliage.

Doubtless this obscurity and the seclusion of their environment have acted as a narcotic on the development of the people.

Although small of stature they are by no means dwarfs, for their little bodies of four feet to four feet eight inches are perfectly proportioned. A very close view shows them to be covered with an almost imperceptible downy hair; on the arms this meets at the elbow as in monkeys. It may be due to their habit of sitting with arms crossed round their neck while the rain constantly drips down upon them through the trees. Their features are not prepossessing—in fact they are really ugly; a very broad bridgeless nose and two wide protruding lips appropriate as much space as the face can spare.

They possess no permanent homes, but are constantly on the move, never spending more than three to five days at one spot. They burrow among the thick undergrowth, and make clearings round the trees in order to erect their tiny grass huts, which are built in less than an hour, with saplings stuck round in a circle and tied at the top; grass and leaves are then thrown over as roofing. Very few adopt any clothing. Each man travels about with a bow and quiver of poisoned arrows in order that he may keep the family supplied in food. Although peaceable among themselves, there is no civil cohesion among the pigmies. They recognise no king or chief; each man is perfectly free to control his own household. There are no class distinctions; but the best huntsman will have the largest following because with his spoils he is able to

effect exchanges with the near neighbours of the tribe—the Bambuba, a sturdy, thick-set race varying in height from four feet eight inches to five feet, who live on the north-east fringe of the Forest.

Necessity has never taught the pigmies to make fires. They are dependent on wood ashes from the Bambuba folk, which they carry about tied up in leaves, in which the fire smoulders for hours and is kindled into flame with a little gentle blowing. The Bambuba have learned to produce fire by means of igniting two little bits of stick by friction. They also make tiny torches of three or four thin twigs tied together by fibre; these are dipped into rubber juice freshly drawn away from the plant; then on the point of the torch is placed resin, which moderates the rate of combustion. One of these torches will keep burning for two to three hours. The pigmies do not cultivate the ground; they are exclusively a tribe of huntsmen who travel about in search of their prey. Their remarkable agility enables them to spring from branch to branch when watching the track of an animal. Often they are obliged to follow an elephant for hours before this forest monarch succumbs to the poisoned dart that has lodged itself in its tough skin; then as the huge animal rolls over like a thunderbolt falling, the little pigmies jump down from the trees, stand on the carcase, and draw out of a crude leather sheath their knives which have handles made of animals' bones; they then commence cutting up the joints. Some of these will be carried off to the agricultural Bambuba tribe, who give potatoes, Indian corn, knives, or arrows for the meat. The rest is taken up into the trees and dried, after which it is either roasted or eaten raw. Although all their meat is poisoned they do not attempt to purify it, and the blood is regarded as a special delicacy. They do not, however, suffer any ill-effects, for the poison is said to have lost its power when once it has acted. The pigmies

are regarded by the neighbouring tribes in very much the same way as the wild pigs, inevitable plunderers. At night they creep up to the potato patches, under cover of the long grass, and carry off their booty into the copse. No one dares to venture on revenge; indeed the surrounding tribes stand in terror of the little people because of their wonderful powers of self-concealment and deftness with their bows.

A pigmy rarely possesses more than one wife, and never more than two. A man purchases her with poison or fowls—a woman is valued at eighty to one hundred chickens. The wives are treated kindly and with consideration; only when a husband is provoked by abuse does he attempt to subdue his fractious helpmate by a sound beating.

A pigmy baby is the funniest little atom imaginable. A woman once brought to me her infant of three months; it was her first, and she evidently regarded it as an exceptional beauty. It was about the size of a sixpenny doll. I did not venture to touch it for fear of hurting it.

Having only reached the outskirts of the Congo Forest we never had an opportunity of seeing the pigmies at home. Those we have met and conversed with are women and boys that were stolen some years ago, and now have no desire to go back to the forest. At Mboga we found seven under Christian instruction, one of whom had been baptised. In Kabarole there are two pigmy girls and one lad learning to read besides Blasiyo, who was the first of his tribe to be baptised.

He was my first God-child, the first of these wee and ancient people to step forth from their physical and spiritual darkness and before the listening Host of Heaven declare his belief in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, his faith for salvation, for salvation in Christ's sacrifice, and his desire to never be

BLASIYO. FIRST BAPTISED PIGMY.

ashamed "to fight under the banner of the Cross." He is a quaint little figure, with a high sense of his own importance, and is quite able to stand his ground alone when assailed by his taller companions. Work is a great trouble to him, but he is always ready for tricks and games. Football is his speciality, and he never misses a chance of squeezing his way into the game, even when the men's team is on the ground. In order that he might have a game with his friends whenever he could shirk his work, he invented a very ingenious football of a goat skin stuffed with dried banana leaves. While learning to read we took him on our staff of boys, not that he did much work, but in order that we might try and instil clean and industrious habits into him. His duties were to help the cook by feeding the fire with fuel and keeping clean the pots and pans, but when he knew his master and mistress were at lunch, he would run away from his post, and fetch a large ivory war-horn; then, taking up his position outside the dining-room window, would blow for all he was worth. He accompanied the blasts with weird, swaying movements that gradually developed into wild dancing, and transformed the little figure into a veritable imp or gnome. His idea was that this entertainment would quite justify his act of truancy; and he reasoned that if he could get his master and mistress to laugh their anger would be dead, for laughter drives out wrath. When he came to us, cleanliness was not a strong point with him, and he was for the time being quite debarred from playing football on account of being crippled with jiggers—an irritating, infinitesimal insect that bores in under the surface skin of the feet, and if allowed to remain there sets up mortification. The fact of their being there did not trouble him in the least, but his inability to kick the football drove him to get them extracted. A message one day was brought in that a man wished to see me on business. Going out on to our

verandah I found a powerful, muscular figure dressed in a colobus monkey skin. He told me that his name was Mbeba, which means "a rat," and that he had been sent by the pigmy to contract for his jiggers. His fee would be five hundred cowrie shells, which was a big price, but it would be a long job. I felt it was an offer to close on, and did not in the least regret my investment of sevenpence halfpenny when the pigmy proudly emerged from a ten days' operation with his unshapely little feet considerably battered, but in sound kicking order.

Each week it was our custom to give round to our boys fifty or hundred cowrie shells for pocket money. These generally went to purchase pencils, or exercise books, or were carefully put by till sufficient were collected to buy a sheep or goat. But Blasiyo was never able to save a shell, for his great ambition was to ride about on a horse like the king, and as this was an impossibility he hired the tallest available man to run him up and down the roads on his shoulder for payment of shells.

One day a loud altercation was going on in our courtyard, and I was called out to arbitrate between Blasiyo and his two-legged steed. The man's grievance was that he had agreed to ride the pigmy round our courtyard for five shells, and now he was refused payment. Blasiyo listened until he had finished presenting his case; then, when called on to give his defence, declared the man had not fulfilled his contract, for he had cut off all the corners. He was told to pay down three shells, and these he produced from under his tongue! When he had learned to read, he was very anxious to exhibit his wonderful intelligence, and asked that he might have a class in the reading school. Accordingly he was enrolled as a teacher. With an air of great importance he used to strut into school and take up his position among his scholars, some twelve to twenty men, whom he had asked to be allowed to teach in preference to boys. One

day while going the round of the school to take the register I found Blasiyo's class in rebellion. The reason was that the teacher had brought with him a little cane and whacked them all round because they did not pay him due respect. "Without respect," said he, "progress is impossible."

For several obvious reasons it will be impossible to send teachers to the pigmies under present circumstances. While they continue constantly moving about they cannot be satisfactorily reached; and no European or native of another tribe could live in the semi-obscurity of the dense forest, or exist solely on poisoned meat. The only hope of effectually reaching them is to teach and train those who are living outside among other people; for there is every reason to hope that some from among them might be found who will in the future be ready to go back to their old forest home and carry the torchlight of Truth to their own kith and kin.

Meanwhile it is a cause of great rejoicing that already some of these strange tiny folk have been baptised into Christ Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth was named.

The Bahuku.

In a strip of forest lying between the Semliki River and the Congo Forest, and within four hours of Mboga, lives a savage tribe known as the Bahuku. Among all the distinct races to be found on the western slopes of the Semliki Plain, these people undoubtedly are the most degraded and void of intelligence. Like the Ba-amba, many of the men allow their heads to remain unshorn: when the hair has reached to the nape of the neck they twist it into thin strands with goat's fat, which is frequently mixed with a quantity of red earth. This gives them quite a terrifying appearance. They live in circular huts composed of closely-packed poles, with

roofs of grass and leaves. They have no means of digging up the soil, but their method of cultivating is to cut down the grass and shrubs, to fell the trees, and sow their crops of Indian corn, beans and sweet potatoes among the stubble and roots.

A Muhuku may have any number of wives, but is obliged to build a separate house for each, as the women are very quarrelsome among themselves. If any favouritism is shown for one wife the others make no attempt to conceal their jealousy, and sometimes poison or spear the unfortunate woman. The custom of procuring a wife is to take her in exchange for a sister, cousin, or any other available female relation. When these fail, goats will be taken as a substitute. By the former method a woman is free to leave her husband and marry another if she wishes, but purchase by goats is binding on her; she has become her husband's property absolutely. Should she run away and return to her people they are immediately suspected of bribing or stealing her. The injured husband then sounds the warhorn, and a sharp encounter with spears and knives takes place between the two families. When the victor has succeeded in driving off his antagonists he claims the bodies of the slain, which are taken to his home and feasted upon in honour of the occasion.

The warhorns of the Bahuku are regarded by them as family heirlooms, and have been handed down from their distant ancestors. They are formed out of small elephant tusks, which have been scooped out and shaved down to within two or three inches of the mouthpiece. Strips of elephant hide or lizard skin are sometimes neatly fitted round part of the horn and sewn with gut. The centre part of the instrument, which has become much discoloured by time, is decorated with various curious designs. These probably were intended for hieroglyphic writing or distinguishing family marks, but their

THE BAHUKU: CANNIBAL RACE

significance, if ever their really was any, is quite unknown to the present generations. The Bahuku are very loth to part with these horns for fear of offending the spirits of their forefathers. A few, however, were willing to risk their displeasures when they saw the skinny little goats we sent out as purchase money.

Human flesh is regarded as a luxury among them, besides corpse-eating. The upper class buy from the peasants their dead for two to six goats. The bodies that are not sold for food are buried with a very prolonged ceremony. A deep hole is digged and the corpse is placed in a sitting posture with the hands crossed on the chest. It is then covered over with earth as far as the neck; the head is left exposed for six days, during which time the friends come and bestow on it their farewell glances. Then the burial is completed and the grave is carefully swept and guarded day and night until the family removes to another place.

Their religion is a form of fetishism. Tiny devil temples are built among the long grass away from the homes of the peoples so that the evil spirits may be kept at a safe distance. Only the men and old women are allowed to visit these little grass temples to take offerings of food or to practice divination. The men take with them a horn in order to acquaint their wives with the time of their worship.

Several from among these people came and visited us during our stay in Mboga, and although they were quite friendly, they expressed no wish for a teacher to be sent to them. Indeed, their minds seemed so unutterably void that they appeared incapable of receiving any new impression.

Babira and Balega.

A few years ago, before European rule was established over the country, Mboga could scarcely have been a

desirable quarter in which to find oneself shut up. The Bahuku, on the west, then practised cannibalism without any restraint, and captured anyone who ventured near their domain.

Then, while the vindictive little pigmies and half-tamed Bambuba enclosed it on the south and west, two powerful and savage tribes joined hands and claimed the district running north, right along to the western shores of the Albert Lake. These Babira and Balega people are very closely allied in features and customs, but the former are numerically very inferior. These have a peculiar practice, which I believe to be unique among Central African tribes, that is, the women bore a hole in their top lip and gradually increasing this until it is able to enclose a disc of wood two and even three inches in diameter. A Mubira woman came to call on us whose disc measured two and five-eight inches across. The size of the wood inserted proclaims the rank of the person. Peasants are only allowed to wear pieces of stick the same dimension as a match. The weight of the wood causes the lip to fall down over the mouth, and, in order to eat, it is necessary to lift up this shutter with one hand while the other conveys the food to the mouth. Frequently the lip breaks under the strain put upon it, in which case the disconnected ends are carried back and tied to the ear.

While the Balega do not adopt this inhuman custom of their neighbours, they have not reached to their degree of civilisation in introducing clothing. The Balega women still groan under the weight of pounds of thick brass wire wound round their arms and legs. This is supplemented by a prodigious amount of beads.

Until brought under Belgian rule these people refused to recognise allegiance to any power. Nominally they were under Bunyoro, for the King of that country years ago went across and laid waste the whole district plundering

AN MUBIRA LADY: AN AFTERNOON CALLER.

A NATIVE OF BULEGA: The first to be baptized of his race.

their sheep, cattle, and women. This was repeated by successive kinds till the people were compelled to yield to the claims of the Banyoro. But their submission was compulsory and not permanent, so that when Bunyoro was troubled with civil war and outside foes the Balega ceased to be controlled by them. But the Banyoro are very proud of a legend that relates how their King, Ndohura, who conquered the Balega, while fighting them broke his stick and from it sprung up the Forest of Kirare. Returning from the war the same King is said to have slipped on a rock, and his footprint is to be seen to this day.

These people are very clannish and insular. Children remain under their mothers' roof until they marry. If, like the "old woman," they lived in a shoe, the mother would need a fairly roomy one, for often her offspring number twenty to thirty. As a man possesses many wives he has a lively time trying to keep his children in hand. When the sons marry they bring their wives and build close to the old homestead, and generally continue to recognise the authority of their father, and no other.

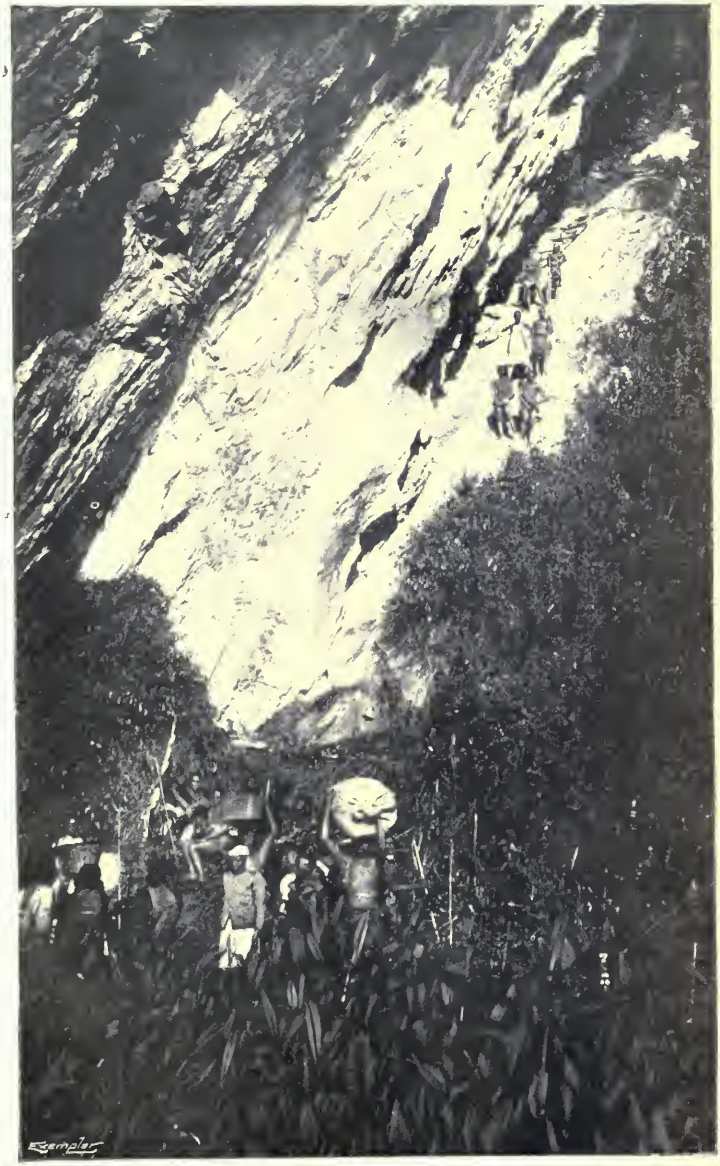
They believe in an evil spirit called Nyakasana, for whom they build a little grass temple in the court yard of their houses. They always offer to him the first-fruits of their potato, Indian corn and millet crops, and when they kill a goat for meat or entrap an antelope they take to their little temple a portion of the flesh, before tasting it themselves. The spirits of the dead have constantly to be propitiated by gifts of food and live stock. These are carefully kept apart, and when any member of the family is taken ill, the offerings to the dead are brought in, so that the sick person shall look on them and recover.

During our stay at Mboga, the first man from the Balega tribe was baptised, and since then several teachers have gone to them from Bunyoro and found

a great willingness and desire among the people for instruction.

Thus gradually the Light is dawning on "Darkest Africa."

"Arise shine, for the light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For behold the darkness shall cover the earth and gross darkness the people but the glory of the Lord shall arise upon thee . . . And the Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising." Isaiah.



STIFF CLIMBING: A CLIMB TO THE SNOWS.

CHAPTER XVIII

A Climb to the Snows

IT is impossible to live any length of time in close proximity to Ruwenzori without being overcome with a desire to reach the land of glittering ice that resembles an enchanted city with its pinnacles, turrets and domes pointing upward to the sun, which with all its equatorial strength has ineffectually endeavoured to displace the age-long snows and ice. The highest point has, in recent years, been estimated to reach an altitude of 20,000 to 22,000 feet. The snows are not often clearly visible, for in the dry season the hot heavy mist that envelops the whole country completely hides the range from view, while in the wet season clouds frequently veil the highest peaks. From the glaciers rush numerous streams that flow down into the Albert Edward Lake, and out again by the River Semliki to the Albert Lake and the Nile. In ancient times an Egyptian caravan road extended right down into these interior districts along the route of this great natural watercourse. Doubtless the Egyptians, and probably Solomon, drew their supplies of ivory from the vast herds of elephants that still ramble about round Ruwenzori with tusks some weighing 150 to 200lbs. each.

The old legend that the sacred river Nile had its source in Heaven may have originated from the reports brought back by traders that one of its most important tributaries flowed down from a mountain that seemed to reach into Heaven. The Baganda call the mountain

"Gambalugula lufumba ebiri," which means "the leaf that cooks the clouds." This has reference to their custom of cooking all their food in banana leaves. Their imagination regards the mountains as a big leaf which holds the clouds over the boiling springs that bubble up from the base of the mountain, the mists that sweep down the mountain sides is the stream from the "cooking pot."

Ruwenzori does not consist of one single snow peak like Kilimanjaro and Kenia, but vast fields of intercepted snow and ice extend for over twenty miles North and South.

The late Sir Henry Stanley heard of its existence in 1875, but not until his second visit to its locality in 1887 did he obtain a complete view of the snows.

Since that date several have tried to reach the glaciers, but only three expeditions had been successful up to the time of our ascent. Others had proved unfortunate in the time of year, for it is impossible to accomplish the task in the wet season. Mountain sickness, and pneumonia among the carriers had compelled others to turn back from the attempt. Until 1904 no one had tried to reach the snows from the Western side of the mountain range. From the east several had unsuccessfully endeavoured to discover a route to higher altitudes, but the one along the course of the Mubuku River was the only one that had proved practicable. During our visit to Mboga we were very fortunate to obtain continual views of the snow peaks, and we were convinced that an ascent from that side of the mountains would prove more resultful. This has been conclusively confirmed since by a recent explorer, Dr. David, who reached a point 16,000 feet high; that is, 1,200 feet higher than anyone previously. To scale Ruwenzori's highest point must remain an impossible task. No one could endure the penetrating cold for the period of time

A PEEP AT THE SNOWS.

required to master the prolonged and precipitous heights. Besides a complete Alpine outfit being required, tent and food would be compulsory, and no native would undertake the transport of these things beyond the lowest glacier point, and even if this difficulty could be overcome, camping space might be sought for in vain. Judging from the angle at which my bed was placed at one camp, I can picture an over ambitious adventurer, having pitched his tent within 3,000 feet of the summit, suddenly finding himself and his belongings tobogganning down over the glaciers at lightning speed, only stopping to find himself landed in a freezing morass.

In 1903, Rev. A. L. Kitching, Mr. Fisher, and myself started off for a trip to that unfrequented region. Our baggage looked more suitable for a Polar expedition than a climb on the Equator. Every conceivable fusty and moth eaten winter garment was hauled out and packed into a waterproof sack; eiderdown quilts, India rubber foot warmers, and bales of blankets for ourselves and boys formed part of the caravan. The reports of our mountaineering predecessors led us to anticipate an arduous and colossal task, but our ambition was not to attempt more than those who had a wider experience in mountain climbing than ourselves, but to stand on that untraversed land of ice where scarcely mortal foot had trod, and to inhale its cool life-giving air so that we might be refreshed for a return to work in the hot tiring lowlands.

January was the time fixed on for the expedition. That is generally regarded as one of the most reliably dry months in the year, but the mountains manage to upset all one's calculations, and in Toro fine weather is more the exception than the rule. So we found ourselves in a few very stiff storms before we had even reached the base of the mountains. Our porters were aggravatingly discouraging, and on the first day, regarding my skirt flapping

about after a drenching shower, shook their heads, and said, "Perhaps the two Bwanas will reach the snows, but who ever heard of a woman doing it." They did not understand that their very argument was one of my strongest incentives! Four days of strong marching from Kabarole brought us to a village of the Bakonjo called Bihunga. It was about 6,000ft. high, tucked away in the very heart of the mountains. Frowning peaks and ridge upon ridge of dense foresting completely shut us in from the outside world. Save for the noise of the River Mubuku, as it rushed madly down and tumbled into the valley beneath, there was no sound to break the deep silence of the mountains. All nature was at perfect peace with itself, and the few clouds that seemed wearied in their flight through the hot, dry air rested for a while on the green slopes as if to enjoy the quiet and beauty of the scene. It was to these strongholds that the Batoro fled in past times for security when the raiding King Kabarega of Bunyoro made plundering expeditions into their country. Although they found safety and shelter in the thickly-wooded crevices and creeks, the refugees searched in vain for food, and while some were able to drag through the time of their temporary captivity by subsisting on the roots and leaves of wild plants, hundreds are said to have died from hunger and exposure.

The so-called village at which we halted was a collection of three tiny circular huts, built of poles packed as closely together as possible. Round and outside these was tied a thick padding of dried banana bark, leaves, and saplings, as protection from the gales and storms that blew down from the snows and whistled round these little dwellings.

A grandsire and his dame, two sons, one daughter-in-law, and an infant composed the entire population. The old man, in a very contented state of mind, sat in

SNOW PEAKS.

the doorway of his hut smoking a pipe over a foot in length. He gave us a most reassuring smile of welcome. The two females, heavily decked round the knees and arms with scores of plaited and greased bracelets, immediately made off with themselves into the thick vegetation, and only came out of their hiding by a great deal of persuasion. We explained to the people the object we had in view, and how we wanted to leave our Batoro porters with them to await our return, while we took on men from among them who were acquainted with the mountains and inured to the cold. The two young men at once offered their services, and promised instantly to get together as many other porters as required. We wondered how they could do this, as there was no sign of a habitation, excepting two lonely huts on a far distant height. But, after making a long, far-reaching sound with their lips, there suddenly appeared, as if by magic, quite a number of figures emerging from far and near. The Bakonjo, in the old times of rapine and oppression, had chosen out the most secluded spot where they might safely build their homes, and they still adopt this practice, from custom—no longer from necessity. Among the dense forest growth it is quite impossible to detect their huts, and as only a very small minority of the Bakonjo cultivate the soil, there is nothing around to indicate human existence.

As is the case among most of these tribes, the women do all the digging and sowing, but they are very few in number as compared with the men, and in consequence are regarded as valuable property, and not to be worked to excess. Being naturally more prone to indolence than industry, the furnishing of the daily board depends almost solely on what the husbands can bring in from the hunt and exchange, but they generally keep in store a stock of arum roots (the women's cultivation) on which they can fall back when fortune fails the huntsmen.

The men are a striking race, their arduous searching after rats and conies (hyrax) often leads them up to the regions of ice; this constant climbing and exposure to the cold have developed their muscles in a remarkable manner, and with the surefootedness of a mule and lightness of a gazelle they spring up the steepest bank and rock, experiencing no fatigue.

Besides being their chief item of diet, the coney supplies them with practically their sole clothing. Six or eight of the little skins are sewn together, and worn over the shoulders, secured by a thin piece of hide round the neck.

Although the conies have enough sense of self-preservation to burrow among the rocks for shelter, they have not sufficient instinct to escape their capturers when once they have tracked them down. The men sit patiently for hours outside the conies' entrance door, and when at last the little creatures come out in single file to search for a meal, a stick suddenly descends on one head after another; sometimes fourteen to fifteen in one family are killed off in this way.

Twenty men were chosen out, from those that offered, to act as carriers, two more were appointed guides, and two of special strength were told off to help me over the exceptionally rough bits of climbing. While the necessary agreements were being gone through, the sky became suddenly overcast with dense, threatening clouds, and a loud clap of thunder, that reverberated all round us again and again, scattered us in every direction with great speed to our several homes. From the tiny window of our bedraggled tent we peeped out at the storm, as the forked lightning struck one peak after another almost simultaneously, and the thunder concussions made the very mountains tremble.

An Academy picture, of many years back, illustrating Dante's Inferno, seemed to have assumed living form

SNOW PEAKS.

here. It was almost impossible to believe that such a transformation could have taken place in so short a time, for in comparatively few minutes day was plunged into night, calm into torrential storms, and quietude into a fierce battle of the elements.

When we at last ventured to draw back the canvas doorway the rain had ceased, and mud, mud, mud lay everywhere. The storm had left behind it a cold, raw, dismal evening. And there drawn up in single file before the tent were our twenty porters and guides, who, in order to appear more pathetic, had come without their fur shoulder garments. One of the guides stepped forward as spokesman and explained that they wanted to be paid in advance. They absolutely refused shells and rupees, and would only accept calico, which, they said, would protect them from the cold on the journey to the snows. Judging from the quantity of clothes we had heaped already on ourselves to keep off the penetrating damp wind, their demand threatened to be a real difficulty, as we had only equipped ourselves with a limited supply of calico. They were then asked what length of material each required as wages, and in a half timid voice, as if afraid of uttering such an extortion, the answer came "three hands apiece" (one and a half yards). Our calico managed to run to that, and thereupon each man received his advance payment. With a broad grin of satisfaction and pride they struggled to tuck as much of themselves as possible inside their fifty-four inches of material. The result was quite ludicrous, but they appeared perfectly delighted. Evidently their plea had only been a ruse to insure their wages, for none of the calico was seen on the journey. The only personal impedimenta with which most of them travelled were a few strands of smouldering grass encased in a bark sheath. This was brought out immediately we struck camp, and they had ferretted out a shelter for themselves

under a rock or trees. A fire was quickly kindled, and round this they all squatted and roasted the conies they had entrapped during the day's climb. At night they did not attempt to erect a hut or covering, but maintained this same cramped position round the fire; they interlaced arms, and each one slept with his head resting on the next man's shoulder. On one occasion the rain poured down upon them all night long, and although their little shoulder coney-skins were hopelessly inadequate to insure them against a thorough soaking, they turned up in the morning in the most cheerful spirits, absolutely unaffected by their uncongenial surroundings.

In preparing for the actual ascent to the snows from Bihunga we were obliged to reduce our outfit to mere essentials. A large caravan would have experienced considerable difficulty in the matter of food; and each man was only able to carry a load of twenty to twenty-five pounds, which was fastened to a strong sling of fibre and slipped round the forehead. This method of carrying is adopted by the Bakonjo tribe, and leaves the arms perfectly free for climbing up on fours, which is so often necessary. I was the only member of the party privileged with a bed; the two men had to content themselves with waterproof sacks and blankets. Our boys judged spoons, forks, and knives as non-essentials and reduced us to two forks and one pen-knife, so for some days we had to return to the most primitive manners at meal-times. Our first days real climbing began in a kind of retrograde direction, for we had to slide down a hopelessly greasy track for some two hundred yards. My two supporters evidently anticipated a lively time; they were required to render aid at once; the fact was, my feet refused to stick, and in struggling to keep me back with yards of calico brought round under my arms, I nearly succeeded in dragging them down head-first. They were urged to manage better than that, and they promised to

CROSSING THE MULUKU RIVER.

improve, but explained how they had had no practice at that kind of travelling, and were a little unprepared for it. I again tried the plan of a calico body sling when a very steep bracken ascent had to be scaled, and the sun was at its height. The men went in front, each pulling most vigorously at the calico end which he held, but they somehow always managed to jerk in the wrong place. Just as I had breathlessly succeeded in securing a foothold a big pull from the front almost robbed me of my last gasp. So I dispensed with such questionable aid and found all the help I wanted in a long bamboo which our guide presented to me as a kind of charm, for it had taken him up to the glacier when he escorted Sir Harry Johnston's expedition. At an altitude of seven thousand feet we reached the point where tropical vegetation assumes its most exquisite form. The river Mubuku had to be crossed and recrossed six times in the one march, and all along its river bed was the richest display of varied forms of vegetable life. Several species of palm trees, a few wayward bamboos, tree-ferns, a tree resembling the English yew, and the bright red-flowering Ekirikiti tree. The forests passed through frequently recalled some of the most charming parts of Devonshire; the ground was carpeted with ferns and moss interspersed with forget-me-nots and orchids.

At Bihunga we left behind all human habitation. Our first halt after leaving it was under a rock at a height of eight thousand feet. From the almost intolerable silence it seemed as if we had also got beyond all animal life. We listened in vain for the insect's hum, the bird's chirrupping, or the squabbling of the monkeys. However, similar welcome sounds had not entirely ceased, for very occasionally a night bird hooted, a rat squeaked, or a solitary fly cheered us with its living presence.

Our camping space was decidedly cramped, and the tent felt very insecure, for it was impossible to drive poles

or pegs into the rocks; the canvas merely had to be balanced by tying the ropes to large stones. Water was also very scarce, and, in spite of a consuming thirst after our hot climb, we were obliged to content ourselves with two cups of tea and half that amount for a wash down.

The region of Bamboo Forests was next reached, and it was disappointing to find that what looked so attractive from a distance beneath when seen from within was nothing but a monotonous stretch of stiff brown sticks surmounted by masses of green grass. The bamboos had completely monopolised the soil to the exclusion of almost every other plant. For hours we were pushing our way through these obstinate poles that would not bend or budge an inch to let us through. Men went before to slash them down, and as we stumbled over the broken stems my poor skirt was literally torn into shreds, even though it had been shortened eight inches the previous day. Emerging from bamboo-land we crossed a stretch of marsh and found ourselves surrounded by frowning bare rock peaks which rose almost perpendicularly from where we stood. Pointing up to a spot about one thousand feet above us, our guide indicated the only possible halting place. Although so near, it took us over two hours to reach; with the utmost caution we had to drag our bodies up the sheer face of the rocks. At one place we had recourse to a rough native ladder formed of two long bamboo poles with rungs of the same tied with grass. This was placed against an absolutely smooth-faced stretch of rock, where for a space of ten to fifteen feet no hold could be obtained. To add to the danger, strong mountain streams were pouring down over the rocks, no t only soaking us through, but making our grip less secure. Certainly I had never before been in such a critica position; it was quite impossible to get a real firm footing, and one slip might have resulted in dragging others down into the seething waters and rocks that lay beneath.

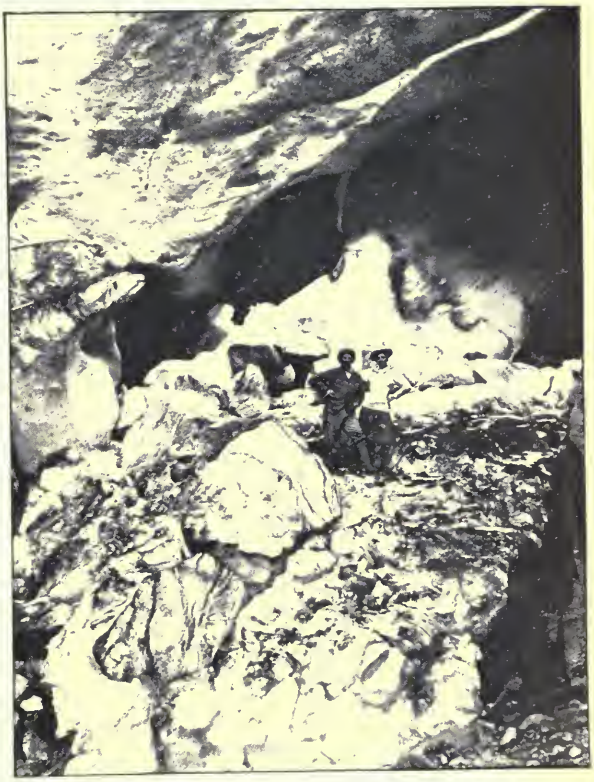
KICUCEI CAMP

On reaching the top, vegetation assumed an entirely new form. The only trees were gigantic heaths, but it was almost impossible to distinguish them, for the stems were covered with a thick moss, which in some places was 12 inches deep. In colouring it varied from a dark brown to a light golden or deep red. The trees were almost entirely denuded of leaf, and festoons of whitish lichen hung from branch to branch. The ground was very marshy, for the hills that enclosed us emptied down into it numerous small torrents. About fifteen square yards of dry land was found on which to erect our tent and hang up the clothes to dry. Our stout marching boots had already succumbed to the rough usage, and we each took a strong needle and thread to see who could turn out the neatest job. In the evening the rain poured down upon us in a deluge, and continued all night till it even penetrated the double roof of our canvas waterproof tent; besides this, as we were now at an altitude of 10,000ft., the cold was indescribable. Each breath we took seemed to cut at the chest like a knife, and, in spite of blankets and an eider-down, it was impossible to sleep with the damp piercing cold. All the following day the rain continued and kept us prisoners at this indescribably cheerless spot. I had time to overhaul the shattered skirt; it looked a hopeless task, for it really would not bear shortening again. The advice was then given me to cut it up and put it into bands under the knees, which I acted upon on hearing the toughest bit of climbing was yet to come. When we were at last able to push on, and the garment was worn with puttees and a football jersey, I felt like an evoluted man.

For three hours from Kicucu camp we did not once touch the ground; during the whole of that time we were slowly climbing with hands and feet over fallen heather that for scores of years must have lain in that position, only becoming more seasoned with time. The thick moss

that still clung on to the slender bark was very deceptive, and, when mistaken for firm soil, broke away from the tree and one suddenly found oneself slipping down, down between branches and barks; fortunately there was a depth of fallen forest underneath, and this saved me from disappearing beyond the armpits. These heaths grow on the rocks in a very thin surface soil which is not able to support them when they reach great heights, consequently the tree falls, and in this way the irregular jagged rocks have been bridged and joined up by the continually increasing amount of timber thrown across.

Having once disentangled ourselves from this tumbled-down forest, a weird scene was opened out before us. Almost surrounded by a lofty ridge of rocks was a wide river basin fed by the melting snow from above. With the exception of one waterfall which poured down from a height of about 200 feet, the water did not descend in streams, but fell slowly in sheets from the surrounding rocks. The few trees visible were entirely enveloped in the white lichen, and the ground was covered with thick drab moss, dwarf cactus plants, and a tall green poker called by botanists lobelia, but resembling in shape Cleopatra's needle. The effect was that of a world tottering in its old age on the verge of death—it was easier to imagine it another planet, for is it possible to recognise Earth without voice, without colouring, and almost without life. We plunged through this morass and found the moss saturated like a sponge with freezing water. The effect was chilling in the extreme, and before we had crossed it half way my limbs felt quite numbed with the cold ; I scarcely knew how I dragged myself up into our last camp. The roof only of our tent was somehow fixed up under a rock, over the entrance of which water continuously trickled. But these little discomforts were quite forgotten when towards sunset the clouds rolled away and the land of snow and ice was revealed



MULUKU GLACIER.

crowning near ridges and peaks with its dazzling whiteness, while in the hollows and clefts all round lay patches of glistening ice. Before sunrise next morning we were all astir, impatient to reach the goal of our expectations. The air was clear and crisp, patches of freshly fallen snow lay around us on all sides, icicles hung from the rocks, and little frozen puddles glistened like glass. The wet penetrating cold of the two previous days was now exchanged for the dry frosty breezes that nipped toes, finger-tips, nose, and ears. Although the thermometer had fallen to freezing point, no numbing sensation was experienced; but as the blood tingled through the veins it seemed to impart a feeling of rejuvenation, and an uncontrollable exhilaration laid hold of the spirits. In the valley of the Muluku glacier vegetation had once more assumed its healthy green colouring; a little silver-leafed buttercup even ventured to peep out at us, and a tiny white flower, almost identical with the Swiss edelweiss, concealed itself among the rocks. This beautiful little fertile spot seemed a special pet of the snow mountains, for they clasped it in their great white arms as if desiring that its only life should impart some degree of warmth to their implacable nature.

Ruwenzori certainly has not left one point of its snows unfortified against intruders. Having taken possession of the most unconscionable heights, all sorts of subtle man-traps have been laid up the mountain's sides, and even if an attempt is made to merely stand on the threshold of its domain an almost impassible rock barrier guards the portal, just as the adventurer imagines all difficulties have been passed. But that realm of ice allures one on to dare much, and so while two ropes were thrown down from above the forbidding rocks, one was hastily tied round the body and with the other we slowly climbed up hand over hand. Twice we attempted this performance, and twice we succeeded in mastering the situa-

tion, and then—we stood face to face with one of Ruwenzori's glaciers. It was in the shape of a huge, open mouth, and as it slowly pushed its way down into the valley, the tongue collected the few fragments rubbed off the rocks and taken up from the soil, but the cave itself was one spotless mass of dazzling white.

We had decided to dismiss any idea of prolonging our stay at this altitude, realizing the terrible suffering that this involved among the porters in previous expeditions, so, instead of using any of the precious time in attempting to reach a higher point, which seemed futile without Alpine implements, we explored the Muluku glacier cave, from which flows that remarkable river that carries its cool, life-giving stream into the scorching plain till it loses itself in the Albert Edward Lake.

Only one of our personal boys had succeeded in facing out the difficulties of the climb. While standing on the ice with us, he took out from his pocket a little tin pot, which he filled with ice. He explained it was a present for his wife. Afterwards, when we had descended to camp, he took it out to show the other boys, and, although disgusted beyond measure at the trick nature had played him, he consoled himself by taking the water to his wife to explain to her how it was once a stone.

Scrambling up on to the glacier, we looked beyond over miles and miles of ice that for hundreds of years God—the Creator—alone had been beholding. Although we were standing nearly 14,000ft. above sea-level, the highest peak, that rose as a white dome above its companions, appeared miles above us. It was difficult to judge of its approximate height, as so many other points intervened, but it could not have been much less than 20,000ft.

Having climbed above cloud-land, there was nothing to break the reflex in the ice of the deep sapphire sky, and

BACK FROM THE SNOWS: BAKONGO PORTERS.

as the sun poured down its white heat, the whole world around glittered and sparkled with iridescent hues.

"A step . . . opened to my view,
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth
Far sinking into splendour—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires
And blazing terrace upon terrace high
Uplifted . . Forms uncouth of mightiest power
For admiration and mysterious awe."

CHAPTER XIX

Missionary Work

MISSIONARY enterprise in Uganda has been justly described as one of the greatest modern triumphs of Christianity. Indeed, the record of its workings read like pages from the annals of the infant Church in Apostolic days. But, whereas in those times Christianity had to face the most exclusive and bigoted form of belief, Judaism, the highly developed intellectual power of Grecian learning, and the shameless profligacy of civilized Rome, in Uganda it has had no force to contend against save barbaric ignorance that could not stand before the advent of Truth and Righteousness. After the missionaries had been working some years in the country it occurred to them that the most effectual way of reaching the people was to try and meet their insatiable demand for instruction by instituting throughout the country little synagogues or reading schools, where the people could come together daily and be taught to read by one who had received some training. A little graduated reading sheet, consisting of the alphabet, syllables, words, the Lord's Prayer, and a selection of texts, was circulated by the thousand at a charge of ten cowrie shells each. By these means within a comparatively short time the land had been sown with portions of Holy Scripture, which were being eagerly read by the people, who possessed no other books.

Certainly the success of Christianity in Uganda has been due to the widespread distribution of the Bible

among the people and the remarkable desire and ability on the part of the Baganda to impart whatever knowledge they have been able to assimilate. It has been rightly said that every country must be evangelized by its own people. Certainly this has been proved to be so in Uganda. A European pioneer missionary is obliged to travel with a certain number of things, and, however meagre they may appear in his eyes, yet to these poor Africans they represent great wealth and create a deal of suspicion. They will gather round him half timidly and full of curiosity, and while he is endeavouring to deliver his message to them, their eyes are travelling from his collar stud to his boots, then from his bath to the frying-pan, and all the time they are thinking within themselves, "Wonderful, wonderful; the white man is beyond our understanding quite!" When they, at last, attempt to listen and find that he is speaking to them in their own tongue, and not in English, in spite of the slight foreign accent, they are absolutely incredulous, for they cannot believe that they and the European can have anything in common. The European is white, he has wisdom—great wisdom—he is rich, but the African is black and a fool, and a beggar; the white man worships one great, wonderful Spirit, and the black man worships a spirit—only it is an evil one. On the other hand, if one of the native converts goes out on pioneer work, he ties all his possessions in a sleeping mat, and off he starts with the little bundle on his head. When he reaches his destination, he creates no suspicion or fear, as he unrolls his mat, shakes out his bark-cloth covering, and takes a drink of water from his gourd; they see he possesses nothing beyond what they themselves own. But as he draws out of a little cotton bag a Book, they all gather round to inspect the novelty, and he tells them that the Book is a written voice, and the letters stand for the words uttered; he has learned to read the signs, and he

has come to teach them to do so, for it is God's voice that has spoken to them. Immediately their excitement is aroused, and the teacher from that time has found his pupils. As there is no house large enough to hold them all, they set to work to build a reading school, and, as many come from a distance and are anxious not to arrive late for the day's lessons, a big drum is hung outside the building and beaten every morning at 7.0 and 1.0 to warn everybody that in one hour reading will commence. After a few months, when the European visits the station on an itinerating tour, he finds a demonstrative welcome awaiting him. Food is brought and banana juice to show their gratitude for the teacher having been sent. Then their books are produced in order that the European may hear the great wisdom they have learned, and others come with questions about words they have read in their Gospels and do not understand. Uganda to-day is calling out for European missionaries more than it ever was, not to evangelise the heathen but to organise, train and instruct the thousands of Christian men and women, that they may be capable of taking their place among the civilised nations of the world, and become a praise and a glory in their land.

It was through two young Baganda teachers that Christianity was first carried into Toro in the year 1895. At that time the country was in a very unsettled state. The King, Kasagama, had not long been established on the throne, and his chiefs were not too eager to own allegiance to him. Soon after the arrival of these two evangelists, Kasagama was falsely accused before the British Officer in charge of the Government Station there, and was thrown into the chain gang. On his release he was advised to go into Mengo to the Government head-quarters and have his case gone into. His stay there ran into some months. During that time he was deeply impressed by the change that Christianity had effected in

Uganda, and attended the Church classes daily that he might receive instruction. When Her Majesty's Commissioner had heard the charges and exonerated Kasagama he was told to return to his Kingdom with full power ratified by the British Government. Before leaving Uganda he begged Bishop Tucker to be allowed to publicly confess his faith in Christ by Holy Baptism, and asked that a European missionary might be sent to Toro to help him and his people to increase in the wisdom of God. Meanwhile there was great excitement in Toro when the people heard that their king, after such a long absence, was coming back to them, and they collected together in hundreds at the capital to welcome him. As he mounted the hill, leading to his house, the people thronged him, dancing and screaming with joy and poured into his courtyards. Then, standing up and ordering them to remain quiet, he delivered his speech to them. He told of all the wonderful things he had seen in Mengo, of his own confession of Christianity in the Cathedral, and concluded by saying that he wished his country to go forward in strength and wisdom, and this could only be obtained from God, so he called on his people to believe in his God, to stand by him faithfully in the united desire for the good of their country.

From that day the teachers had as much as they could do to instruct all those who came forward to be taught; and when Bishop Tucker arrived there the following year with Mr. Fisher, who was to establish a permanent station, he found fifteen men and women ready for baptism.

Excepting in the case of old people, everyone in Uganda desirous of being baptised must first learn to read. When they have passed the standard required of them and are ready to enter a baptismal class, they are obliged to bring with them two witnesses or sponsors who can vouch for the sincerity of their belief by the outward

conformity of their lives to the teaching of Christianity. Then, for from three to six months instruction is given them for two hours four days a week. At the end of this course of teaching each candidate is carefully examined, and should the result be satisfactory the name is read out twice in Church and anyone is asked to bring forward a reason, if such there be, for keeping back the candidate from baptism. Thus every care is taken to test converts thoroughly before admitting them into this sacred rite.

Toro very soon sought to emulate the church in Uganda in recognising its responsibility to those living in darkness around, and one year after the founding of the work in the capital, young men came forward and offered themselves to be trained as teachers to the distant villages. Apart from an honest desire to enlighten those who have not received the Truth as it is in Christ Jesus, there is little to tempt men to devote themselves to this service —the only payment they receive is sufficient unbleached calico with which to clothe themselves. The people in the villages who have sent in the pressing request for a teacher are expected to build their own "synagogue," as well as house, and feed the teacher sent to them. In this way the whole native church organisation throughout the Protectorate is self-supporting. In Toro alone, seven years after the introduction of Christianity, there were no less than eighty-five mission stations established throughout the Kingdom, with a staff of one ordained Muganda deacon and one hundred and five paid men and women teachers, all supported entirely by the young Christian Church. Besides these there was a strong band of honorary workers who taught in the capital on week-days or went out to the near villages on Sundays.

Once a year there is a "review of the troops," when all the teachers—regulars, reservists, and volunteers—come into the capital for re-equipment and reappointment.

One of these events took place after we had been in the country only a few months, when we were decidedly new to the way things were managed out here, and still retained a fair amount of the provincialism of home training; so when a teachers' conference was announced we conjured up in our minds a kind of forthcoming Mildmay or Keswick Convention on a small scale, but the arrangements took a slightly different form. The first day opened with a big feast to all the workers. The dispensary was converted for the day into the banqueting hall; the entrance was draped in gaudy native cloths, and the floors of the two rooms were carpeted with banana leaves. The men were allocated to one room and the women to the other. Long before the hour of the feast the guests had arrived and packed themselves as closely together as was possible in circles of seven or eight, the King and his chiefs forming one of the groups. An ox had been killed for the feast; it was boiled in banana leaves and served up with quantities of unsweetened, cooked bananas. Prodigious piles were placed in the centre of each circle of guests, and then business began! Off came their top draperies or coats, and with bare arms all eagerly outstretched towards the food they dived into their food with astonishing rapidity and energy. The banana mash was rolled round the fingers into balls and stuffed down their throats without any regard being given to mastication. The King and chiefs seemed to momentarily forget their dignity, and ate till the perspiration rolled down their faces. Tea was served round in kettles; every available cup, mug, basin and jug on the station had been collected together for the use of the guests—and the two-quarts jugs were far more popular than afternoon tea cups.

With no small compunction I submitted myself to the native custom and joined in the feast. After a series of hand ablutions I sat on the floor next to the King's

mother, who picked some of the choicest bits of meat off a bone and set them before me. It was such an effort for 3.0 p.m. in the tropics, and visions of Mildmay's shilling tea tent, with its ices and strawberries, made at least the first stage of the Conference appear very different.

The King's band, with its medley of instruments, round drums, cylindrical drums, squat drums, horns, and reed pipes decorated with monkey tails, performed boisterous symphonies outside. But when, after the feast, the people were for the first time introduced to the phonograph, the Toro band stood still in astonishment, and as an English orchestral band roared out "Soldiers of the Queen" it felt quite eclipsed and could only exclaim "Ekyamahano, ekyamahano" (marvellous, truly marvellous).

The following day the real Convention started, and was continued over three days. The mornings were entirely given over to devotional meetings, and in the afternoons the workers were asked to bring forward difficulties met with in their work, and discussions were invited as to what more effectual measures could be employed in organisation and in strengthening of the various mission stations. Throughout all the meetings a deep and earnest interest was evinced by the teachers. It was most encouraging to watch the enthusiasm gradually growing and to hear the young teachers talk of their work and their peculiar difficulties relating to the subject treated.

A specially impressive service was held when all the workers gathered in from near and far distant heathen districts met together at Holy Communion.

Before returning to their spheres of service a large missionary meeting was held in the church, at which most stirring accounts were given of the victories against the powers of darkness. At the close, a collection was

taken up. For this a large packing case was placed in the centre of the chancel to receive the larger contributions and a row of baskets for the smaller offerings. Then the people came up in single file to place in their gifts; one brought a tusk of ivory, another a huge bundle of bananas, others beans, potatoes, and sugar cane, the Queen forty yards of fine white linen, others chickens, and finally a goat was brought up and tied to the pillar. One little boy, carried away by the impulse of the moment, put his little fez cap into the basket, and as this was only a loan it had to be redeemed afterwards.

The sight was very remarkable. It was as if one had been taken back to the Court of the Tabernacle at the Feast of First fruits. The similarity of these people's lives with those of Old and New Testament history is so strong that it is difficult to convey to the native mind the idea of distance in time, and often one is asked if Joseph, the son of Jacob, was the husband of the Virgin Mary, or if Paul before his conversion was the first King of Israel.

The Toro Church has now reached its sifting time. The excitement and rash enthusiasm of infancy have matured into the more evenly balanced judgment of manhood. Its disciples are learning to weigh the demands of its tenets, its refusal to compromise with sin and with almost everything that has constituted their existence for centuries past, and its call for constant activity of heart and hand as opposed to the intolerable indolence of their nature. All these things must constantly be borne in mind by the missionary if he is not to be unnecessarily depressed by occasional failure on the part of the converts. One must not look for impossibilities, and the growth of past centuries cannot be destroyed in a day. I am not sure but that too much is expected of the young teachers. For instance one goes out to the villages when only quite a youth with a hereditary taint, many generations

old, of the worst forms of heathenism as against two or three years of religious instruction. He is the only Christian in the village, and, indeed, for miles round; and there he is surrounded by the old heathen practices and constantly tempted to return to habits of the past, while he has not the same normal amount of moral and intellectual strength which nerves an English lad to fight against these external influences and internal tendencies. And yet only about twenty per cent. of them really fail.

King Daudi Kasagama once said that the white man could never understand how fierce was the black man's conflict with himself at times. The one has generations of civilization and Christianity as a rear-guard, and the other, centuries of corruption and self-indulgence. Without trust in a Divine keeping power, said he, one would inevitably fall. Ten years have now passed by since the Baganda teachers left for heathen Toro, and in that time the character of almost the entire country has been practically transformed. British jurisdiction has established peace throughout the Kingdom, and now that an end has been put to tribal and civil warfare, there is nothing to distract the mind of the people from settling down and learning to improve their land.

In the districts that have come under the influence of Christianity, heathenism has been abolished, if not absolutely at least in the outward form of practice. Over three thousand converts have been baptized, and although this only represents a very small proportion of the inhabitants, it includes mainly the more influential and leading body of men.

The desire of the Batoro for teaching and their love of reading promise much for the future of the country if this can be satisfactorily coped with immediately and not starved by inability on the part of the missionaries to meet the need. It certainly cannot be said of Uganda and

Toro "of the making of books there is no end." The Baganda are, I believe, limited to ten books, namely:—

Holy Bible.	Oxford Bible Helps.	"Pilgrim's Progress."
Prayer Book.	"Search and Find."	"Kings of Uganda."
Hymn Book.	Geography Book.	English Primer.

Commentaries on three Gospels.

Those of the Batoro who do not understand Luganda and so are confined to books written in their own language, only possess the New Testament, Prayer Book, with Psalms and Hymn Book. Through the generous aid of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, and the S.P.C.K., which have provided the country with almost the whole of its literature, these books have been supplied at a cost price, much under their cost of production and carriage, so as to bring them within the possible reach of the people, who, as a whole, are exceedingly poor.

But even so, it is generally necessary, in the villages especially, for the people to make real efforts to supply themselves with books they require. A curious scene was enacted in the courtyard of our house when the teachers came in from their stations on the first Monday in every month to execute the orders for books or stationery entrusted to them by their people. Our yard was temporarily converted into a live-stock market, for the purchases were rarely made with cash. The most popular currency was cowrie shells, which were tied up in bundles by means of dried banana bark, but when these were beyond the means of the would-be purchaser, he would send in by his teacher a goat, or chickens, or eggs. A curious shaped till was needed by the salesman! One of his orders would be for "One chicken, Matthew," which being interpreted was "One Gospel of St. Matthew, price one chicken."

Another man, after purchasing a hymn book for six eggs, would ask if he had enough eggs over to buy

Bunyan. It frequently happened that a lad had been carefully collecting the eggs from his one hen for weeks, but as the hen had not been very obliging by the time the right number was reached, the salesman was distinctly out of profit through his customer.

Others, who possessed nothing saleable, came in from distances of ten to fifteen miles and asked to be hired for work during the day, in the late afternoon they would set off on their journey home the proud owners of the little hymn book or reading sheet which had been thoroughly earned.

At the close of one of the terms of the teachers' preparation class, prizes were to be given for the best answers at their examination, and the first prize was to be the option of four yards of calico or a Bible. The one who on this particular occasion stood out pre-eminently first was a peasant youth of about eighteen years of age with exceptionally well-formed and forceful features. His dress consisted of a coarse piece of the barkcloth knotted on the shoulder: having come from a distant district he had never known the luxury of the calico garments worn by the more fortunate town folk. As he came forward to receive his prize, the choice between the calico and the Bible was given him. For a while he stood handling the material, then looked down at his own shabby garment; but it was only a momentary hesitation—laying aside the calico, he took up the Bible and clasping it with both hands, said "My master, the Bible has got the better of the cloth."

CHAPTER XX

Medical Work

REALISING that the acquisition of the language would be slow work, with no books to study, and only five hours teaching a week, I had decided on arriving in Toro to plunge into work right away. It was not a case of going out in search of work, for outside one's very door was the mute call for help. When the tidings of our arrival had filtered through to the villages, sick folk came from every direction to see if the white women had brought medicine. In our courtyard each morning there was quite a large company of maimed, halt and blind, who had hobbled along, or been brought in, some from very long distances, by their friends. The very prevalent forms of skin diseases, ulcers, and the hacking cough required no language even for diagnosis by an amateur dispenser; other patients, by eloquent grunts and gesticulations, managed to convey some idea of their complaints; and the remaining class, whose language and sickness were conundrums to the European "quack," received a mild dose of nauseous physic; certainly it did them no harm, and in some cases their faith in that dose of "white man's medicine" worked the cure.

At first I used to receive the sick folk on our verandah, but they became too numerous, so a removal was effected. The first house of the European missionary in Toro was still standing, but was quite uninhabitable, as it had been made of reeds which rot very quickly. It stood in a very forest of weeds. The long elephant grass

barred all the windows and doors against would-be intruders, snakes suspiciously lay hidden among the thick tangled undergrowth, and a few half-choked flowers struggled to exist as a witness to a past cared-for garden and in protest against their present usurpers.

A few days of hard work with hoe and shovel cleared a breathing space all round the house, the ceilings and walls were swept down and repaired, new beaten mud floors laid in all the three rooms, shelves and boxes fixed up as fittings, a rough table, chair, enamel wash-hand basin brought in as furniture, and there was a splendid dispensary quite formidable in appearance and decidedly pretentious for one who possessed no qualifications beyond a few months hospital training. In Africa a little knowledge is not dangerous so much as useful. The most appalling forms of suffering are met with on every hand, and nothing but inhuman, superstitious, and absolutely ineffectual means are employed to alleviate it, Even if one can only cleanse and bind up the wounds and pour in oil, the look of gratitude and contentment that reward the soothing of the pain reminds one that it has not been wasted labour.

This first dispensary consisted of three apartments, the "consulting room," drug store, and waiting room, where patients assembled every morning at 8.30 for instruction in reading and a short bright gospel service. This primitive medical work was a distinctly effectual means of reaching the bakopi (peasants), who had not hitherto been touched in any large numbers. The King having been the first in the country to adopt Christianity, the work in its initial stage had extended almost exclusively to the upper classes, while the "foreign" language had been an obstacle to the peasants who could not understand it.

It was frequently found that the curiosity and interest of patients in the letters and syllables were so awakened

that when there was no longer need to attend the dispensary several passed on to the school to be further instructed.

One of the first patients was an old man who had been receiving ulcer medicine from the missionary then in charge. Although his hair was sprinkled with grey, and he suffered from an impediment in his speech, nothing would daunt him in his assiduous struggles to master the alphabet. Day after day he came, and even when cured of his ulcer continued coming, as he was afraid to go to the big school to learn. Actually he did in time master words of three letters, and then, as he was so anxious to be baptized, he was put into an old men's daily Bible Class for instruction. His joy was beyond description when with tears streaming down from his eyes he came to me one day saying, "My mistress, I have finished being questioned, and now I am going to be baptized." I asked him, "Mpisi, will baptism save us?" And he answered, "Oh no, only Jesus who died for us on the Cross." "Then what is the use of baptism?" "Well," said he, "Christ told us to believe and be baptized, and it shows that we want to leave our bad habits and follow the habits of Christ." From that day he has rarely missed coming to the dispensary, not always for medicine, but that he might teach the patients what he has learned.

A daily attendance of thirty to fifty sick folk soon exhausted our limited supply of drugs, and when Dr. and Mrs. A. Cook, on an itinerating round, paid a medical visit to Toro twelve months after our arrival they found the medicine almost completely used up. Till the arrival of fresh stores the patients were being kept together by supplementing the diminished stock with table salt, mixed spice, and curry powder. This latter I found was a much-appreciated prescription, and as none of the missionaries were partial to it and each had a good supply among their stores, I dispensed it generously to

dyspeptic patients. You never saw such agonizing grimaces as when they swallowed a spoonful raw, but they smacked their lips, saying, "Omubazi mubingi muno muno," "Medicine very very good," and would have finished off the whole tin if they had been allowed.

That visit from the real "medicine-man" was a grand time for our people, and they were not slow to show their appreciation and wonderment when opthalmic patients found themselves with "new windows," and surgical subjects, the possessors of "new bodies." After that the Toro dispensary became amalgamated with the Mengo Medical Mission, and was regularly supplied with medicines. The chief diseases met with out there are skin complaints, malaria, dyspepsia, pleurisy, bronchitis, besides paralysis, muscular rheumatism, dysentery, and pneumonia. Owing to the inexperience of the dispenser nothing surgical was attempted in those days beyond lancing abscesses and gums, cutting tongue-tied infants, and stitching up leopard-torn patients. One man was brought in from a leopard hunt in a terrible condition; limbs and body were badly damaged, while the face was scarcely visible, the flesh of forehead and one cheek having been torn away, exposing bone and teeth. The extraordinary thing was, that after weeks and weeks of careful treatment, some very deep scars were the only signs remaining of the terrible ordeal he had passed through.

These Batoro have grown absolutely reckless in the hunt. Their method is to surround the spot where the leopard is known to lie crouched, and slashing down the thick vegetation that conceals their prey, they gradually draw closer and form a smaller circle round it. All the time they scream and pour down invectives on the head of the leopard, and by the time it actually appears in sight they have worked themselves up into such a state of excitement that, losing all self-control, some will actually throw themselves upon the infuriated creature,

With one last death effort the leopard throws all the strength of its fury into its final attack; torn, and perhaps with mangled limb, the man is released from the grasp of his foe by a hundred spears being run through its body. The injured are then borne on stretchers in triumph to the dispensary, and while the wounds are being attended to, the carriers and friends laud the extraordinary prowess of the patient. Every man who is able to carry home a blood-stained spear is sure of his wife killing the fattest goat or cooking the best possible meal in their honour.

One day, while dispensing medicine, an unusual shuffling and pushing seemed to be going on in the doorway, and walking round to find out the cause, I saw a cow being pushed by force toward me. The herdsman explained that it was very sick with "Kifuba" (chest—generally meaning indigestion). In order to quickly get rid of this undesirable patient I mixed up some castor oil with salt and ordered it to be administered in one hour's time. I thought that would allow the cow and its master to get a safe distance off.

I rather regretted this afterwards, for very soon another veterinary case was brought in for treatment. This time it was our own faithful Muscat donkey; it was suffering terribly from the plague of flies that generally appear in the dry season. The poor creature's legs were absolutely raw, and it had almost lost the power of standing. After the donkey boy had applied antiseptic washing and ointment I tried to fix on bandages, but donkey's legs were evidently never made the right shape for that—I could not get the bandages to stick. Mr. Fisher was then consulted on the point, and of course, man-like, he suggested trousers. It really sounded very suitable, so I set to work on a pair, and when the donkey was put into them he looked most distinguished. The people gathered round in numbers to see it, and exclaimed, "What honour the European gives his animal!" There were

several spectators who were not clothed so magnificently, and being afraid of giving the impression of extravagant waste, I explained to them the object of the garment and our ideas of kindness to dumb animals. The donkey did not take at all kindly to his first pair of trousers; perhaps they did not fit well; at all events, he kicked them to pieces in two days. A second pair was made on a modified scale, and whether or not the owner had cultivated more civilised instincts, it is not easy to affirm, but they remained intact till they were no longer needed, and the owner was able to run about and be up to his usual pranks again.

Great care has to be exercised in administering drugs, as the people have absolutely no idea as to how they act on the system. Medicine intended to last for some days has often been swallowed down in one dose, as they argue that if so much physic can cure them at all, the sooner it is taken the better. Powders for internal use have been received with incredulity and sometimes scorn by those suffering from skin diseases, and they will insist on impressing the dispenser that they are quite well inside. If, with all their persuasion, they cannot obtain some blue stone to apply to the sore (which they simply love, as it causes them to scream uncontrollably), then they go off with their packet of powders and show the superiority of their wisdom to that of the white doctor by using it externally.

One of the very few medicines that it is absolutely necessary to keep under lock and key is sulphur, which is well known to them as an unfailing skin remedy when mixed up with butter. Our cook once bribed one of my little assistants to smuggle some away for him, and being misled by the similarity in appearance, the lad gave him iodiform instead. This he mixed up into an ointment and smeared well all over his body. As he sent up dinner that evening iodiform was as pronounced as oil is

in a German table d'hote. It was soup à l'iodiform, viande à l'iodiform, confection à l'iodiform, café à l'iodiform, in fact there was no getting away from it. When we left the table in despair we were like a chemist's laboratory.

As for ideas of hygiene, these are absolutely absent from the native's mind. When a person is very ill, regardless of her station in life, she is carried into the dirtiest and smallest hut. This is soon crowded up with well-meaning and sympathetic friends, whose one idea of condolence seems to be to assure the invalid that she is on the point of dying. The hut continues filling up till the only inlet for fresh air (the cramped doorway) is entirely blocked up, by which time the condition and atmosphere of the hut becomes so indescribable that it is a wonder anyone comes out alive. These things suggested to my mind that a few elementary lessons on hygiene might perhaps prove beneficial, so, taking to my afternoon class a diagram of the human body, I described to them the anatomy of the body, blood circulation, &c. Their interest and surprise were great. They had always imagined that blood circulated from the head. This was their argument for cutting their heads in cases of fever; they reasoned that malaria was an over-heating of superfluous amount of blood, so they must let out some. At first they were inclined to doubt the soundness of the new theory of circulation from the heart, and asked "can a river flow up, does it not always flow down?" "What about a spring?" said I. They thought for one moment, and then answered "The European's wisdom has overcome ours." Then a new difficulty struck them, how was it in the case of women, for they had no hearts. Their old King Kabarega, when he killed off his wives, had cut open some, and never found one with a heart. So the statement had become an accepted fact with them. How could they have believed such an error!

They also imagined that mind was tucked away in the heart, and did not in the least associate brain with intellect. Poor woman, minus heart, therefore minus mind, was very poorly endowed.

Their attention and interest were very keen, and did not seem to diminish when the moral was applied in the shape of ablutions, fresh air, and the care of the body being essentials to health.

It is sometimes difficult to arrive at an exact diagnosis of a patient's ailment. One will describe her complaint, pointing to her lungs, as a voice inside that says "Chew, chew." Another affirm that a spear is running into every part of his body. Infants are always suffering from evil spirits or poisoning, in cases when a dose of dill water would be generally prescribed.

Although I have occasionally met with a native doctor in a sick house, I have never been able to discover a native drug or remedy outside cupping, branding, and revolting forms of witchcraft. These men make a regular study of the art of deception and exact exorbitant fees in the form of goats or even oxen. As an example let me give the case of a lad who was suffering from tuberculosis. He had consulted the witch doctor, and after having paid his fee was told that he had been poisoned. Whereupon the "surgeon" drew his knife out from his belt and made a number of small incisions. He then declared he could see the poison inside the youth and took it away. But the lad was not cured and so came down to give the European's wisdom a trial.

This ignorant credulity of the people has sometimes proved useful to the white man in times of extremity. In one instance a European noticed that his daily supply of milk was continually disappearing in an unaccountable way, and one day he determined to investigate the cause. It had been proved that the cows were not to blame; they had given their usual supply. The milk boy was cleared,

for the boys of the household vouched for having seen it being delivered. The discrepancy in the amount had unmistakably occurred in the cook house, where the cook alone was resident at the time. So the culprit was called up to be examined. He insisted on his innocence declaring all the while that he did not know how to drink milk. As no eye-witnesses could be called the idea struck the "magistrate" that he would conclude the matter quickly and unquestionably by their own means. Turning to a youth close by he said "Just fetch me my little pocket knife to bore a hole and see if the milk is inside the cook." Whereupon the culprit fell on his knees exclaiming, "Oh, master, I did drink the milk. Forgive me, I pray you."

After the affiliation of the Toro branch with the medical headquarters at Mengo, the work was placed on a far more satisfactory basis. A report had to be sent in every three months with statistics dealing with daily attendance at the dispensary, out-patients' visits, etc. Then, in addition to this, a list was made out yearly of drugs and dressings needed for the forthcoming twelve months, which ensured an adequate and regular supply of medicine. The work, however, passed through a varied succession of small vicissitudes. Our faked-up building had to be pulled down, as the site was needed for a new missionary's house, but in exchange we got a brand-new airy dispensary. We scarcely knew ourselves with such spacious surroundings, and the two little native assistants, who had been trained to attend to all dressings, assumed quite a ridiculous air of professional importance, to say nothing of the feelings of the quack doctor! But at the end of a fortnight we were completely evicted from our grand premises—patients, staff, drugs, and all. A violent storm had destroyed the only house that had been standing ready to receive a fresh addition to the staff of missionaries, which was then only within a few days of

arrival in Toro. As there was not another available inch, the new dispensary had to be speedily converted into a domicile.

Feeling decidedly crest-fallen, my little assistants and I packed up all the medical impedimenta and carried them over to a little reed building that had been the reading school till the constantly increasing inside pack had necessitated more ceremonious premises.

We completed our removal, and had not been installed many weeks when a furious hurricance swept over the little hill capital, and succeeding in throwing our new dispensary completely over on its side. When the debris and roof were cleared away, a most heterogeneous collection of medicines were revealed, all hopelessly mixed up in wild confusion. Pills of every shape and form were scattered about, bottles of liquid drugs, and stock mixtures had been smashed up, and the combination of odours was enough to frighten away all the microbes for miles round. Once more, and for the fourth time, the dispensary was transferred to different quarters, and there it remained until the present complete medical compound was erected at the advent of the much-longed-for and long-expected doctor in 1904. Through the generosity of a friend in England the "Gurney Hospital" and new dispensary were then built, together with the doctor's house. The former is a good-sized building consisting of two wards for thirty-four patients, besides consulting and waiting rooms, while the broad ten-foot verandah which runs all round allows ample space for convalescents.

At first the Batoro were inclined to be fearful of undergoing chloroform, but King Kasagama, half out of curiosity and half out of a real desire that his people should derive the fullest benefit from the "doctor's wisdom," successfully banished these fears. One morning he came down to the dispensary asking that a slight ulcer

from which he was suffering might be lanced under chloroform. This was kept a profound secret from his people till it happened to reach the ears of his mother just as he was getting over the operation. The poor old lady came bustling down in breathless speed very fearful of the effects the "sleeping medicine" might have had on her son. She was intensely relieved to find that nothing worse had resulted than rather a sorry expression on the usual smiling countenance of the patient. It soon became the topic of the hour, and even to the distant villages the news spread. From that time surgery was in great demand ; in fact it became a kind of fashionable epidemic.

The need for medical work in these parts is seen in the one hundred to one hundred and fifty out-patients that came up every day for doctoring, and the scarcity of vacant beds ever since the opening of the new hospital. Indeed it seems a practical impossibility to carry out to these people the message of love, peace, and goodwill unless one can at the same time do something to alleviate the terrible physical suffering to which they are subject. Besides being a most effectual channel for conveying balm and healing to their souls, the object lessons given to the in-patients must accomplish much in introducing new ideas of cleanliness and possible comfort into their own poor, dirty homes.

CHAPTER XXI

Scholastic Work

THERE are many people who, not being quite up-to-date in missionary literature, have an idea that the work of a missionary in such places as Africa is to stand under the shade of a huge sun-hat, umbrella, and palm-tree, in the broiling heat of the day, and preach to a small crowd of open-mouthed astonished semi-savages. The picture does not attract them, and they dismiss the subject from their minds with "I could never be a missionary."

Well, although I have found in Africa the identical topee, the umbrella, palm-tree, the broiling sun, and a few gaping crowds, yet the picture is a painful distortion of the truth. If there is one thing that a missionary has less to do with than any other, it is preaching—at least, that is so in Uganda. He rather assumes the rôles of teacher, schoolmaster, builder, carpenter, doctor, nurse, and everything else, for he has learned that the African cannot be a saint without being a scholar and an artisan, any more than men of other nations can.

Besides the more direct spiritual work and the medical work that are being carried on in Toro, there are also industrial and educational departments. This former branch has not been developed to any extent, owing to the lack of workers, but, as far as he is able, King Daudi Kasagama personally superintends it. Being most anxious that his people should be instructed in useful trades, some years ago he sent a youth, Iburahimu, into

A SCHOOL IN TORO.

Mengo to be apprenticed for two years to carpentering at the Industrial Mission of the Church Missionary Society. When the period had transpired and the lad had served his time, Daudi wrote to England ordering Rs.300 worth of tools, and, close to his own house, the King had a large suitable shed erected. Iburahimu was then installed as Carpenter to the Royal Household, and twenty youths, who had signed for a two years' apprenticeship, were placed under him for instruction.

Any serving lad of the King who was employed on no particular service, and refused to be taught, was put in the chain gang for three months; for His Majesty was determined to put a price on loafing in his household.

The entire educational work of Uganda is being carried on in Church Schools. Receiving no subsidy from the British Government, up to the present there has been no question of Education bills, and consequently there are no passive resisters among the Baganda!

The School system is, I believe, the one adopted by the Americans in their board schools, where boys and girls learn together, and no social distinctions are recognized, but in Uganda, besides non-differentiation of sex and caste, there are also no age limitation—children, parents, and grandparents all attend the reading schools.

On reaching Toro, Miss Pike immediately took over this department of the work, and within a few months the School had outgrown two different buildings, and an extension had to be contemplated in order to make room for the 300 average daily attendances. As soon as this was made known, a willing band of workers was collected together under the Katikiro, and started throwing out the end of the mud building. I am quite sure no Member of Parliament ever laboured more strenuously than this one did! Whether it was levelling the soil, demolishing the old wall, erecting the new, or roofing it in, he was always in the thick of it. But his dignity would not

permit him to throw aside any of his superfluous garments! And the coarse, Jaeger-coloured vest, tweed coat and waistcoat, and top layers of draperies proved very oppressive. Every now and again he sank back in his chair quite exhausted, gorgeous coloured handkerchiefs were applied as mops to his steaming brow, and two attendants stood round with an umbrella and fan.

A mistress in these reading schools must be free from any neuralgic or nervous tendencies. I was simply overcome with admiration at the spirit of fortitude and calm endurance that my colleague was displaying when I paid my first visit to the Toro seminary. Morning prayers had been concluded, and the School had sorted itself out into about twenty classes, which represented various grades, from the alphabet to St. Matthew's Gospel stage, and each was presided over by a native teacher. The scholars were a queer medley; chiefs clothed in their white linen gowns sat on tiny round stools, which they brought tucked under their arm, and in the same class, struggling over the same letters, were seated on the ground serving boys, probably their own, and raw peasants. Women who had just left their cultivation and, strapping the baby to their shoulders, hurried off to school, were sitting with quite small infants, perhaps being taught their syllables by their own little daughters.

Excepting in the alphabet classes, the scholars sat in a circle round their teacher who, with a strand of grass, pointed to the letters which all the pupils were expected to shout out together. The one little reading sheet only allowed those directly in front to read the letters right way up; the others, who were careful to take up the same position each day, learnt at all angles. Quite a large proportion of the Batoro are able to read their books upside down in consequence. When all the classes were fairly started and each of the three hundred pupils was trying his best to drown his neighbour's voice, the

THE BAKONGO AT HOME.

noise was indescribable. Each class had its own formula which was recited metrically. Take for instance, the one dealing with syllables of three letters—all the pupils sang out "b—w—a, we call it bwa," then the teacher intoning, asked "how many letters and what are they called," and the answer was shouted back "letters three, b—w—a, and they are always bwa." Then they tackled b—w—e, b—w—i, b—w—o, in the same way and so on all down the alphabet. While this pandemonium is going on, one after another is sent up by his teacher to be examined by the European. The pupil who answers satisfactorily is then given a pass to a higher form; he returns to his old class to receive the profuse congratulations of his contemporaries, and then marches off to his new quarters full of pride and elation.

One would wonder how it is possible to ever learn to read in such a hubbub, but the Batoro have a remarkable power of insulating themselves from their environment, and some have been known to pass right through the school, from the alphabet to the highest reading class in four months.

Until 1902 no other secular subjects were taught excepting writing, but at that time it was thought advisable to increase the educational work amongst the Christian men and women, consequently two separate schools were arranged for them in which they could be taught writing, arithmetic, geography, and dictation.

Miss Pike, who was then in charge of the women's work, took over their school, and I was responsible for the other.

My pupils consisted of members from the Toro Cabinet, House of Lords and House of Commons! The Katikiro, our Lord Chief Justice, was nominated school chastiser. Corporal punishment was his usual method of dealing with a noisy scholar; with a sudden bound off his chair he made a rush at the culprit, and if he was not quite

sure who the offender was he struck a box on the ears at all in the vicinity of the noise. The King reserved for himself the office of school inspector, and generally looked in on his way home from morning service at the Church.

Arithmetic was not at all an easy subject to start teaching these people, and they could not for a long time understand figures in the abstract. Numeration was the thing they were started on. With a blackboard and chalk I wrote up the usual 1, 10, 100, and then attempted an explanation. One pupil instantly interrupted with "But what are the ten?" "Oh, I said, ten anything, ten chickens or ten eggs." "But if its a chicken how can it be an egg," he replied. The Katikiro found arithmetic very difficult. He stuck at "twice two" for days; he would insist that it made twenty, and even when he was convinced otherwise, his memory refused to agree with his conviction. But when he at last mastered the "two times" table and numeration up to a million, he rubbed his hands with satisfaction, and exclaimed "What wisdom!" When Kasagama heard of the different subjects being taught he evidently thought that tailoring ought to be included, for, one day he sent down a lad with a roll of white duck, and an earnest request that I would teach him how to make coats. The boy was sent away with an explanation that in our country men did the tailoring. But His Majesty was not to be put off, and so the message came back "would 'Bwana Fisher' teach him?" Our protestations only called forth more beseeching requests, so in despair I took a pattern from a London coat and showed the boy how to put it together. The result was far from being complimentary to the original, but Kasagama did not take into consideration the cut, so much as the fact that it *was* a coat.

A few of the more promising pupils used to come together each afternoon for extra instruction, in order

that they might be able to help in the morning school which was getting beyond the work of one person. Elementary astronomy was added to their list of subjects, and was a theme of intense interest and wonderment to them. One afternoon a very simple explanation had been given them on how the world was held up in space by the law of gravitation. After asking a number of questions they begged me to teach them nothing more that day, for they wanted to take the words away and think them out. One man, who was a Muganda, stayed behind and very apologetically, as if afraid of suggesting that he doubted the veracity of my words, he asked if the world is held up by gravitation, how did it manage for the first three days, for in Genesis we read that the sun, moon, and stars were created on the fourth!

Uganda to-day presents a land rising from a sleep of centuries. The outside world in its onward march has stepped in, and with its Babel of Tongues roused the people from their long deep slumber. Thus startled out of lethargy, the surprised nation stands gazing in wonderment at a great world controlled by undreamed-of mental and moral forces. And a new desire has been born within them, a desire to bring themselves under the same irresistible powers. The possibility is there, but the guiding of the mind and soul of the people cannot be undertaken by itself. England holds herself responsible for the protection of its national life, and it is for the Church of God to-day to stand at the helm, and steer past the rocks and shoals till the people have learned to take over the control themselves.