

passed this Scylla of her peril. But October 10, 1884, Mtesa died, and his son Mwanga came to the throne. He was a very different man from his father, who was an exception to African chieftains. Mwanga was greatly puffed up by his accession to the throne. Full of conceit, vain and vicious, proud and passionate, vacillating and vindictive, his own folly and fearfulness made him especially open to the misrepresentations and persuasions of designing and treacherous men. The chiefs were alarmed to see Christianity making progress so rapidly; it was creating a new atmosphere; it was dispelling ignorance and with it superstition; and so their power, which depended on superstition, was waning. So they wrought on Mwanga's feeble mind and suspicious spirit, and an era of trouble began. There was a cloud on the horizon, and it overspread the sky very fast.

Those who think the blessed gospel a human invention or unattended by supernatural power, we ask to consider how it came to pass that such remarkable results were so rapidly and so radically wrought among pagans. Witness the power already exercised over a rude and barbarous people. For centuries the interregnum following a king's decease, and until a new monarch ascended the throne, had been a period of anarchy. Invariably there was no law in the kingdom when there was no king. Every man did what was right in his own eyes. To rob, to assault, to kill, were common, and the mission authorities, warned by their converts, braced themselves to bear the brunt of persecuting violence. They conferred and prayed and determined quietly to wait, making no resistance to officially-authorized wrongs.

Somehow there was no "carnival of blood" or crime. Custom sanctioned the murder of the king's brothers as rival claimants to the throne, but, for the first time in history, there was no such slaughter.

But troublous days were before the mission. The African monarch was suspicious of the approach of white men, especially from the north-east; fearful of conspiracies against his government, with absurdly exaggerated notions of the power of the white men, and so Mr. Thomson himself, in coming through Usoga, might have fallen a victim as Hanington did, had he not got to Uganda about the time Mtesa died, and before matters had assumed their threatening aspect.

Mwanga was led to suspect Mr. Mackay of treachery; he found that with the exception of two or three all his own pages were pupils of the missionaries and counted Jesus as their king, and the monarch of the realm as only a man after all. Mr. Mackay was arrested by order of the Katikiro, at the instigation of Mujasi, who hated all whites and especially their religion, and who was glad to drag Christians and Christian teachers before the magistrate. In fact the mission barely escaped destruction.

The boys who were Mr. Mackay's companions did not escape. They were accused of joining the white men in a traitorous league against