

tense under cover of which he had communicated with enemies of the king. Just then a rumor of the approach of white men, at the northeast of the lake, in Usoga, added fuel to the flame of suspicion. The chiefs of Uganda were ablaze with alarm. Toward the south the lake itself was a barrier; the west they had not come to regard as a perilous quarter; but the northeast seemed to them a highway of danger. While Bishop Hannington was approaching Mwanga's country, the route he had chosen was daily involving greater risk, and he knew it not. With his letter to his wife, dated Kikumbulu, August 11, 1885, all his correspondence ceases; and its last words are, "And now, just leave me in the hands of the Lord, and let our watchword be, 'We will trust and not be afraid.'" His friends heard of him no more until that fatal telegram, received from Zanzibar New Year's Day, 1886. Let us linger a moment over these last days.

It was Sunday, November 8, 1885, twenty-eight days after the Bishop left Kwa Sundi for the lake, when Bedue, one of the men, came to Mr. Jones, sighing and breathing hard, reporting that two men had come with the report that the *Bishop and party were killed*. On further investigation, it was said that October 31 was the fatal day, though it now seems to have been two days earlier.

Bishop Hannington, all unconsciously, had marched into the very jaws of death. When the friends at the mission in Uganda learned of his approach, they did all they could to rid the king's mind of suspicion; but in vain. He and his council of chiefs considered that the Bishop was only the head of a conspiracy to take possession of the land, and must not be allowed to enter. Indeed, it was seriously proposed not only to kill the Bishop, but to stamp out the whole mission, killing all the white men in Uganda. The suspense was terrible. A fatal pitfall was before him, and friends could give no signal. On October 25, one of the court pages reported that a tall Englishman was in Usoga, who had lost a thumb. The king's council decided on his death, but represented to the missionaries that he was only to be escorted out of the country.

Hannington came within sight of the Victoria Nile, at the head of the lake, when he found himself confronted by more than 1,000 insolent soldiers, and was subjected to robbery and insult. While dragged by his leg over the ground by the ruffians, he said, "Lord, I put myself in thy hands. I look alone to Thee." Believing he was about to be murdered, he sang "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." Hours of awful suspense followed. His panic-stricken men were all held as prisoners. Thrust into a hut, which was horribly filthy with ordure and vermin, he was guarded by twenty men, though so exhausted as scarcely to be able to hold up a small Bible. Yet, even when tears were wrung out from him by sheer exhaustion, he still praised His holy name whose servant he was. Expecting to be murdered, he simply turned over, shut out