

groaned with pain. One man, wrinkled with age, wasted with fasting, and utterly worn out with travel, was forced to drag his wretched frame out into the woods to gather fuel for his sturdy young master. Young and old, male and female, had each two small pieces of cloth or skin to cover their nakedness, and crouched shivering about the camp before the winds that pierced through my thick woolen covering, and as a result a number of them had severe coughs and pains, that in spite of their weariness would not suffer them to sleep by night.

Such scenes, however, are of frequent occurrence. God pity the people who, knowing of their existence, make no effort to put a check upon them.

At night we held a simple gospel service in my hut, in the midst of the camp, and for the first time many of them heard the voice of the white man, and white and black joined in worshipping the true God.

Next morning we were aroused by loud talk from the Sekula of the Ocipeya caravan. He was abusing the old woman above mentioned, and threatening to kill her if she did not walk that day without giving him any trouble. She set out upon her journey, but after going but a few yards fell to the ground. He smote her several times, and I, thoroughly aroused, went over to try how he liked that kind of thing himself; but as I drew near he ceased, and helped her to her feet. My boys said he had thought to plunge his spear into her, but was afraid the white man would be angry, and if I had struck him he would have killed her later on.

We camped that night at Kapanda. While I was attending to my horse, and before my tent was sent up, the chief of the district came to demand a present, saying the country was his. When the Sekula came to talk with me about the matter, I said, "My house is not yet built, and does he ask a present before I put up my house." When the tent was set up I enquired of the chief where the road to Bihe was; he pointed to it, but a few yards from where he sat. I said I am going on that road to the Umbaga of Bihe, to talk with the king, and give him a present, and I have none for you. You brought me no present and you seek one from me before my house is built.

When all was settled, a question arose between

the men and boys as to whether my gun would shoot a charm worn round the neck of one of the carriers, he having asserted during the day that it would not. I asked him with a smile whether that was a fetish. The men urged him to fasten it to a tree and let me shoot at it. He fixed it upon a stump some distance away, and when I had finished dressing a wound of one of the men, I took my shotgun and let blaze at it, fairly riddling the thing with shot, and knocking the inmost charm out of it some yards distant. A loud laugh was raised by the company, but the owner went to look at his charm, and for a moment fondly believed the shot had struck all round but missed the charm. He was, however, soon convinced of his mistake, and the men told him to throw it away, for it was a good-for-nothing thing. Thus a good blow was struck, not merely at a mark, but at a superstitious idea.

I arrived at Kamondongo September 7th. The brethren there received me with the utmost kindness. Bro. Sanders and his noble wife were rejoicing in the comfort of a new house.

On the following day we went to see the king, and give him a small present of cloth. He received me very kindly and said, "The white men are of the same love as I am, and when they come to see me it is like coming to see their own flesh." One of the head men asked him for some of the cloth to buy beer. He laughed, and tauntingly said, "My white children have brought me some cloth, and do you want to eat it up? What do you want with more beer, don't you get plenty of it here?" He then went into the storehouse and brought out some strong meat for us, and a small piece of dirty cloth for the head man.

The new king, Ciyoki, stands in striking contrast to Jambiyamina, of whom I wrote a short time ago. He is a man somewhat past middle life, tall and thin, sharp features and long chin, dull and sunken eyes, of quiet bearing, and gives one the impression that all within the mind does not show upon the surface.

After leaving the king we went into the hut of the prime minister, and there had a pleasant visit with a number of the head men, and came away feeling that both among the chiefs and with the king our brethren are in much greater favor than they were some months ago, when I visited them before, and so may they continue to be, that the Lord may use them as a means of great blessing.

(Concluded in our next.)