

your word?" The men laughed, and unblushingly acknowledged that they had told me what was false; but as they still maintained that the king had sent the letter, I thought it best to send three pieces of cloth with the promise that I would call and see the king on my return. I was on my way to the coast and did not wish to have this unsettled case in such a shape that it might cause trouble to Mr. Lee during my absence. I told the men, however, that we could give neither guns, powder nor whisky.

18th.—A small number of carriers came; many could not be expected in the unsettled state of the country, but I was glad to be able to start. Our march for the day was a short one, as is usually the case at the outset of a long journey. My mule seemed either unwell or quite lazy, I could not tell which. In the evening we heard a loud groan from where the animal was grazing. Ngula called out, "Ngana, our mule is dying." He thought a snake had bitten it. I ran forward and found the beast stretched on the ground, breathing heavily and in evident pain. It took but a few moments to pour a bottle of medicine down its throat. We then raised her to her feet, rubbed her briskly until she seemed much more comfortable. It was quite apparent that we could not depend on her help to the coast. The best we could hope for was to drive her on to a group of villages where she could be cared for until our return.

Mr. Lee arrived in my tepoia, toward evening, but could do nothing, and the mule died a short time after he came. I was sorry to lose her, for in addition to its being the gift of Bond St. Sunday school, it was one of the best natured animals of the kind I had ever seen. There is a form of lung disease, in this country which attacks pigs, cattle, mules, and I fancy other beasts of burden. The natives call it Kawenya. It is contagious and very quick in its effects. The people often lose a large number of animals by it, and undoubtedly of that disease my mule died.

The chief of the district came to our camp in a very haughty way, saying he was the brother of Stretch-out-the-Land (Iandavala, King of Bihè), and must have a gift from the white man. He seemed to think that the very sound of the king's name would make us shake in our shoes. We rather startled him by replying that we knew him not, and had no gift for him; he threatened to turn us out of the camp, and told a messenger to bring the king's young men. We told the messenger to hurry up, that we would await their coming, and then would see for what crime the king's white men were to be driven out of camp. He therefore changed his tune, told us to stay six days if we wished, and said he was our friend and wished nothing but a little piece of meat, which our men gave. The real purpose of his visit then

became apparent. He called one of my men; who proved to be his runaway slave, and that night had him put in irons.

A caravan of Biheans came into camp with us. They had suffered greatly on their way from the coast, and many of them were mere skeletons. Some had to be carried in and two had died on the way. The *doctor of Cisamba* was recognized and begged to help one of the worst.

22nd — While crossing the Mlulu-vulu, we passed the remains of a little child, who had been cast aside a few days before. The bare bones bleaching in the sun marks the spot where the hyenas had held a feast. In this country little is ever allowed to decay either of the vegetable or the animal kingdom.

One of my Bihean boys broke down on the journey and had to be taken into camp. This turned out to be a thing of frequent occurrence with him, for, as his fellows said, "He had no limbs to travel." He declared that the spirits had taken possession of him, and that they wanted an ox before he could revive.

23rd—Soon after we arrived at Biheli, the chief sent for me; for he said although I had often passed, we were unacquainted. This is the man who received the captains and soldiers when they were fleeing from Bihè. Like a good Samaritan, he took them in, cared for them, and then sent them with an escort to King Kurkivi of Bailundu. He received me very kindly and asked permission to send one of his old men to our village to have an ulcerated leg treated

24th—The Kuitu River was very much swollen. One of my men carried me across on his shoulders and we encamped at Malungas. Here I arranged to have porters gathered for me. The chief gave us beer, meal, a chicken and a pig.

*Bailundu.*—After a forced march, we arrived at our station here on the 26th, and were received with kindness by all the brethren; I becoming the guest of Mr. Stover. Mrs. Cotton was found to be the happy mother of a fine boy five days old. Mrs. Fay, having come down for medical advice, had decided to go to America without delay for treatment. All the rest were well, and the station flourishing.

Mr. Monach of the English Mission arrived a day before me, on his way from the coast. He was down with fever at the time. His journey with their mules had been a very trying one, and proved the utter futility of a mule transport service in this country. All their loads of flour were reported spoiled, and three of the animals had died on the way. This makes four mules that the English party have lost during the past two months; three of them having died of the same disease as my own.

From this station as my head quarters, I made