

great house of cane and straw which the Waganda fondly term *Kibuga*, or the Palace. The prospect gained was worthy of the imperial eyes of the African monarch. On all sides rolled in grand waves a land of sunshine, and plenty, and early summer verdure, cooled by soft breezes from the great fresh-water sea.

Since the 5th of April, I had enjoyed ten interviews with Mtesa, and during all I had taken occasion to introduce topics which would lead up to the subject of Christianity. Nothing occurred in my presence but I contrived to turn it towards effecting that which had become an object to me, viz., his conversion. There was no attempt made to confuse him with the details of any particular doctrine. I simply drew for him the image of the Son of God humbling Himself for the good of all mankind, white and black, and told him how, while He was in man's disguise, He was seized and crucified by wicked people who scorned His divinity, and yet out of His great love for them, while yet suffering on the cross, He asked His great Father to forgive them. I showed the difference in character between Him whom white men love and adore, and Mahommed, whom the Arabs revere; how Jesus endeavoured to teach mankind that we should love all men, excepting none, while Mahommed taught his followers that the slaying of the pagan and the unbelievers was an act that merited Paradise. I left it to Mtesa and his chiefs to decide which was the worthier character. I also sketched in brief the history of religious belief from Adam to Mohammed. I had also begun to translate to him the Ten Commandments.

The enthusiasm with which I launched into this work of teaching was soon communicated to Mtesa and some of his principal chiefs, who became so absorbingly interested in the story as I gave it to them that little of other business was done.

Before we broke up our meeting Mtesa informed me that I should meet a *white man* at his palace the next day.

"A white man, or a Turk?"

"A white man like yourself," repeated Mtesa.

"No; impossible!"

"Yes, you will see. He came from Masr (Cairo), from Gordon (Gordon) Pasha."

"Ah, very well, I shall be glad to see him, and if he is really a white man, I may probably stay with you four or five days longer," said I to Mtesa, as I bade him good-night.