

we do not say a railroad—of three hundred and fifty miles; establishing a post or two; putting two or three steamers on the Victoria Lake; and organizing a minute force—say three thousand men—of Ghoorkas and Soudanese, with three mule batteries of artillery, we can give a country as large and fertile as England, with a large population, profound quiet, commercial order, the opportunity of rising from the African to the Asiatic grade of civilization. We can allow Christian teaching, Protestant and Catholic; we can set every man and woman free; and we can render it as safe to practise the simpler arts—agriculture, weaving, and house-building—as it is in Caithness or Sutherlandshire. Englishmen can hardly understand what it is for negroes in Africa to make even that beginning; but perhaps they may understand the consequences of our absence. The Arab slave-raiders, already on the verge of sovereignty, will enter Uganda, supported by their savage allies, the Munyuema, and the fierce converts they arm with muskets, and turn the whole land into a wilderness whence all villages have disappeared; where no man or woman will be safe from kidnappers for a day; where order will be unknown, except in the invaders' camps; and where one third of the population will have perished, one third will have been sold into slavery—predial slavery, not domestic—and where the remaining third will have been driven out of its fields into the jungle to live a hunted life on roots and fish. In one generation hope will have disappeared, Christianity will have been forgotten, and the people, just emerging from savagery, will have been thrown back into the condition from which in three thousand years they have only escaped at intervals—a condition worse, because a little more conscious, than that of the gorillas. And this not in a land of which we know nothing, or with which we have no concern, but in a land which we have entered, where we have made treaties giving us rights, and therefore duties, and where

we have actually secured to ourselves by diplomatic effort a recognized though thin kind of sovereignty. It seems to us that the House of Commons, if it votes for such a retreat, does a shameful thing—as shameful a thing as could be done, except, indeed, one which, to our amazement, is also pressed upon us by semi-official arguments. We can keep the protectorate, it is said, it being guarded by a European treaty, and yet evacuate Uganda. That is to say, we can keep our rights and do none of our duties; insist on our claims, and fulfil none of our promises; leave Uganda, 'the garden of savage Africa,' and warn off any rival who might, from interested or other motives, restore a semblance of order. It is monstrous counsel. If we go, let us go utterly, and confess openly that our energy is overtaxed, and leave any white race that will try to perform the duty from which, from mere selfishness—for there is no other motive—we have shrunk."—*The Spectator*, in *Church Missionary Intelligencer*.

—Lord Rosebery, speaking of Uganda, says to the C. M. S. deputation: "We—at any rate I—view it as a country of great possibilities, as the key, perhaps, of Central Africa, as commanding the Nile basin, as a field recently of heroic enterprise, as a land that has been watered by the blood of our saints and martyrs; and I, for one, as a Scotchman, can never be indifferent to a land which witnessed the heroic exploits of Alexander Mackay, that Christian Bayard, whose reputation will always be dear not only in his own immediate northern country, but throughout the empire at large. Gentlemen, I say that, whereas we view Uganda from all these different aspects, in my opinion you represent the greatest force of all, because you represent what Mr. Bosworth Smith eloquently called that continuity of moral policy which Great Britain cannot afford, at any time or in any dispensation, to disregard. That continuity of moral policy is a moral force by which, in my opinion, this country