

Church Missionary Society determined to organize the churches of Eastern Equatorial Africa under a bishop; and it was plain that he combined just the traits needed for such a trust. And when Sir Joseph Fayrer, the climatologist, gave his opinion that he might safely go back, the position was thrust upon his acceptance, and he was consecrated June 24, 1884, and he sailed November 5, leaving his wife and baby to follow. He tarried in Palestine on the way, and reached Mombasa January 24, 1885.

He determined himself to go to the front. The bishopric meant for him no easy berth or sinecure; and the journal of his second journey reads like a romance of heroism. We see "the image of a weary, overdone man, who had given up his hammock to his sick friend, stumbling through the sodden grass of the muddy plain, yet refusing to own himself beaten, and doggedly plodding forward, ever forward."

The Bishop desired to push through to the north end of Nyanza. The way was shorter, healthier, better, and he had then no suspicion that the Baganda would oppose approach from the northeast. This ignorance led to the fatal mistake. The people of Uganda regard all visitors from the northeast with suspicion and apprehension. The tribes of Central Africa lived in fear of a European invasion. The chiefs were busy urging the young King Mwanga to repel any attempt of white men to enter his realm by the "back door" of Kavirondo. The report of German annexations and encroachments had penetrated to the interior and created a panic.

King Mtesa, who had invited missionaries to his dominions, was fickle. Arab traffickers in the souls and bodies of men had poisoned his mind against Englishmen, and persuaded him to profess the faith of Islam, and now they sought to render him averse to Christian teaching; while the French Roman Catholic priests tried to persuade him that Protestants would only delude and mislead him. The perplexed Mtesa would exclaim: "Whom am I to believe? The Arabs say there is *one* God; the English tell me of *two*; and now I am told there are *three*" (God, Christ, the Virgin). Christianity had been rapidly gaining ground in Uganda. Mtesa, who, for an African potentate, was unusually magnanimous, inclined to a liberal policy. The missionaries asked no favor, but were glad of an open door, and improved the opportunity. They set up their printing presses and distributed the New Testament books and other religious matter in Laganda. It became the fashion to learn to read. At the end of 1884 a native church of 88 members existed, of which Mtesa's own daughter was one. But after Mtesa's death, Mwanga, elated by his promotion, feeble, vacillating, vindictive, suspicious, presented a ready tool for designing enemies of Christianity; and when Mr. Mackay sailed to Msalala, at the south extremity of the lake, to meet three companions, and returned alone, there were not wanting those who persuaded Mwanga that his mission was a pre-