

prevent further bloodshed ; courageously visits the murderous king of Ukerewe, and makes blood-brotherhood with him. Finds that everywhere "drink is the curse of Africa." For himself, chiefly on this account, he became a teetotaler, and so continued, testifying, as many others have done, that "abstinence from intoxicants is the true secret of unimpaired health in the tropics." He patches up the "Daisy" and sails for Uganda, at the northern end of Nyassa: is shipwrecked; patches up the "Daisy" again and sails on, reaching the place he had chosen as his home in November, 1878. His work in Uganda was of the most varied kind—digging wells, constructing windmills, making metallic coffins, furniture and implements, building houses, printing, and what not, and all the while doing the work of an evangelist. He makes friends with every one, and specially gets into the good graces of the great king Mtesa, with whom he has frequent talks on Christianity versus Mohammedanism, witchcraft, and other heathen delusions. Mtesa, "almost persuaded," to become a Christian, at least affords the missionaries protection, and many of the natives are instructed in the knowledge of God and the way of salvation. Mackay's description of the cruelty of the heathen in Central Africa is appalling. "It is a fact that Mtesa 'the humane king of Uganda' one day before Stanley's arrival ordered two hundred youths to be burnt alive because they had gone a little further than himself in adopting the new creed of Islamism." Not long afterwards, two thousand human victims were butchered on one day, and still later another holocaust of two thousand more, after suffering excruciating torture—all to gratify the "enlightened and intelligent King of Uganda, who professed to Stanley that he was a Christian, and whom the R. C. priests claimed to be a good Catholic." Mtesa, though he favoured the missionaries, to serve his own ends, was from first to last a pagan—out and out. His son Mwanga, who succeeded him in 1884, was no better, and signalized the commencement of his reign of terror by the murder of Bishop Hannington and all his party in 1885. For more than a year after that sad event Mackay remained—*alone*—at his post in Uganda, virtually a prisoner, in jeopardy of his life every hour. So long as a ray of

hope remained for putting an end to such atrocities, he resolutely held the fort. On the 30th of December, 1887, he was permitted to leave Uganda, which he did with a heavy heart, but with no thought of abandoning his missionary work. At Usamiro, near the south end of Nyassa, he threw himself into the work with unabated enthusiasm. One of the most delightful passages in Stanley's "Darkest Africa" is an account of three weeks spent in Mackay's mission station there, in September, 1888.—"To see him working day after day without a syllable of complaint, and to hear him lead his little flock to show forth God's loving-kindness in the morning, and His faithfulness every night, is worth going a long journey." On the 8th of February following, the hero of Uganda succumbed to a severe attack of malaria fever. By his death, Africa lost one of its truest friends, and Christianity one of its most brilliant and successful missionaries.

Our Missions in British Columbia and the North-West.

By REV. DR. COCHRANE, CONVENER.

THE following notes of a hurried visit to the North-West and Pacific Coast I submit at your request, although I feel that very little can be added to the reports submitted by Dr. Robertson and our missionaries as to the state of matters in these remote fields. When asked by Rev. Mr. Fraser to re-open his church in Victoria, I hesitated to take a journey of three thousand miles unless I could be of some other service at the same time. Accordingly, I arranged to see as many of our missionaries on the journey to and fro, and visit as many of the fields as was possible within the space of three weeks. For the past seventeen years, during repeated visits to the North-West, I have spoken or written on the subject, but every new visit impresses me more with the vast Home Mission field opened up to our Church, and the great possibilities of the future, if the men and the means are only placed at our disposal by the members and adherents of our Zion.

Leaving Toronto on Wednesday evening, October 29th, we hurried along during the night, reaching NORTH BAY at nine on