

MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS IN UGANDA, AFRICA.

The days of persecution for Christ's sake are not yet past, but that grace which sustained the Martyrs in the persecutions in bygone days can do the same work yet. We speak of the tribes of Africa as degraded, but these people lately brought out of heathenism have gone to a Martyrs' death as calmly and as bravely as did the Martyrs of earlier days.

Concerning,

THE RECENT MASSACRE IN UGANDA.

The *New York Sun* speaks as follows:—When Stanley came home from his trip across Africa he said there was a grand opportunity for missionaries in Uganda. His glowing description of the country, teeming with 3,000,000 of intelligent and fairly industrious people, fired the hearts of English Christians. They sent several missionaries to live in the beautiful country near Victoria Nyanza, in Uganda's chief town. French Roman Catholics soon followed the English pioneers, and all worked hard and zealously to help and instruct the natives. It costs, the French tell us, \$5,000 to put a missionary in Central Africa. These Uganda missions have cost not only many thousands of dollars, but also the lives of three white men and years of ceaseless toil and anxiety. The news reached us lately that the fruits of all these priceless labors and sacrifices have been wiped out in a bloody tragedy. The King of Uganda has murdered all the converts of the missionaries, who are themselves in great peril and implore assistance.

For a while a bright future seemed to be before these missions. They built churches, and made quite a number of converts. A short time before King Mtesa's death about eighty converts were admitted to the English Church on one occasion. Old and young crowded the school to learn to read. Mr. O'Flaherty learned to speak Kiganda like a native. Mr. Mackay sailed the great lake in the little bark "Eleanor," which had been sent in sections from England. Mr. Ashe excited much wonderment by digging wells and building a cart. But the King's counsellors always viewed these whites with suspicion. They often advised the King to kill them, on the plea that they were subverting the ancient beliefs and undermining his hold upon his subjects.

King Mtesa, on the whole, was friendly

to the missionaries, and they and their work were safe while he lived. His young son Mwanga, however, is the tool of his council, and they have filled him with fear that the whites may some day try to deprive him of the power which seventeen of his ancestors, during nearly three centuries, have wielded. The murder of Bishop Hannington, therefore, has been followed by the extinction of the native Christians.

When the story of the massacre reaches us it will doubtless be found that some of these hapless converts went to their death as fearlessly as the martyrs of old. A while ago King Mwanga warned his subjects of the dangers of embracing new faiths by burning at the stake two Christian boys who refused to renounce their belief. They died with Christian songs on their lips, perfectly sustained in the terrible ordeal by their unflinching trust in the Deity the whites had taught them to adore.

The *New York Evangelist* speaks of the same sad event in these words: "Details have been received of the massacre of native Christians of Uganda, Africa, by the order of King Mwanga. Many Christians were tortured, mutilated and speared, and 32 were burnt alive together. The appeals of the missionaries for a cessation of the atrocities were unavailing. The fate of these unfortunates did not serve to frighten candidates for baptism, and within a week after the massacre many natives were baptized at their own desire. Leaflets containing extracts from the Scripture, prayers and hymns in the Uganda language, are freely bought by the people, although their possession involves danger of punishment.

"The diary of Bishop Hannington, who was put to death by order of King Mwanga, has been published in London, giving the details of the last week of his life. He describes the arrival of his party at Lubwas, where the chief, at the head of a thousand troops, demanded ten guns and three barrels of powder. The chief asked Bishop Hannington to remain with him for a day, and the latter complied. While taking a walk, the Bishop was attacked by about twenty natives. He struggled with his assailants, but became weak and faint, and was dragged violently a long distance by the legs. When his persecutors halted, they stripped and robbed him, and imprisoned him in a noisome hut full of vermin and decaying