

tianity than all other missionaries united can number. The population of Mtesa's kingdom is very dense; I estimate the number of his subjects at 2,000,000. You need not fear to spend money upon such a mission, as Mtesa is sole ruler, and will repay its cost tenfold with ivory, coffee, otter skins of a very fine quality, or even in cattle, for the wealth of this country in all these products is immense. The road here is by the Nile or via Zanzibar, Ugogo, and Unyanyinbe. The former route, so long as Colonel Gordon governs the countries of the Upper Nile, seems the most feasible. M. Linant and his party of thirty-six soldiers were afterwards massacred."

Ascending a lofty hill my eye roved over one of the strangest yet fairest portions of Africa—hundreds of square miles of beautiful lake scenes—a great length of gray plateau wall, upright and steep, but indented with exquisite inlets, half surrounded by embowering plantains—hundreds of square miles of pastoral upland dotted thickly with villages and groves of banana. How long, I wonder, shall the people of these lands remain ignorant of him who created the gorgeous sunlit world they look upon each day from their lofty upland! How long shall their untamed ferocity be a barrier to the Gospel, and how long shall they remain unvisited by the Teacher!

But at present, verily, the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. Oh, for the hour when a band of philanthropic capitalists shall vow to rescue these beautiful lands, and supply the means to enable the Gospel messengers to come and quench the murderous hate with which man beholds man in the beautiful lands around Lake Victoria.

Next day as we sailed a little distance along the coast, we caught sight of a few figures which broke the even and smooth outline of the grassy summit, and heard the well-known melodious war-cries employed by most of the Central African tribes, "Hehu-a-hehu-u-u!" loud, long-drawn, and ringing.

The figures increased in number, and fresh voices joined in the defiant and alarming note. Still, hungry as we were, with nothing eatable in our boat, we were obliged to risk something, reminding ourselves "that there are no circumstances so desperate which Providence may not relieve."

Immediately the natives rushed down the slopes, shouting war cries and uttering fierce ejaculations. I saw some lift great stones, while others prepared their bows.

We were now about ten yards from the beach, and Safeni and Baraka, two rowers, spoke earnestly, pointing to their mouths, and by gestures explaining that they were hungry. They smiled with insinuating faces; uttered the words "brothers," "friends," "good fellows," most volubly; cunningly interpolated the words Mtesa—the *Kabaka*. Their pleasant volubility seemed to have produced a good effect, for the stones were dropped, the bows were unstrung, and the lifted spears lowered to assist the steady, slow-walking pace with which they now advanced.

Safeni and Baraka then, with engaging frankness, invited the natives, who were now about two hundred in number, to come closer. The natives consulted a little while, and several advanced leisurely into the water until they touched the boat's prow. They stood a few seconds talking sweetly, when suddenly with a rush they run the boat ashore, and then all the others, seizing hawser and gunwale, dragged her about twenty yards over the rocky beach high and dry, leaving us almost stupefied with astonishment!

Then ensued a scene which beggars description.

Pandemonium raged around us. A forest of spears were levelled; thirty or forty bows were drawn; as many barbed arrows seemed already on the wing; thick, knotty clubs waved about our heads; two hundred screaming black demons jostled with each other and struggled for room to vent their fury, or for an opportunity to deliver one crushing blow or thrust at us.

In the meantime, as soon as the first symptoms of this manifestation of violence had been observed, I had sprung to my feet, each hand armed with a loaded self-cocking revolver, to kill and be killed. But the apparent helplessness of inflicting much injury upon such a large crowd restrained me, and Safeni turned to me, though almost cowed to dumbness by the loud fury around us, and pleaded with me to be patient. I complied, seeing that I should get no aid from my crew. I assumed a resigned air, though I still retained my revolvers. My crew also bore the first outburst of the tempest of shrieking rage which assailed them with almost sublime imperturbability. Safeni crossed his arms with the meekness of a saint. Baraka held his hands, palms outward, asking with serene benignity, "What, my friends, ails you? Do you fear empty hands and smiling people like us? We are friends, we came as friends to buy food, two or three bananas, a few mouthfuls of grain, or potatoes, or cassava, and if you permit us, we shall depart as friends."

Our demeanour had a great effect. The riot and noise seemed to be subsiding, when some fifty newcomers rekindled the smouldering fury. Again the forest of spears swayed on the launch, again the knotty clubs were whirled aloft, again the barbed arrows seemed flying.

I sprang up to reiterate, with the two revolvers in my left hand. I addressed myself to an elder, who seemed to be restraining the people from proceeding too far. I showed him beads, cloth, wire, and invoked the name of Mtesa, their king.

The sight of the heaps of beads and cloth I exposed awakened, however, the more deliberate passions of selfishness and greed in each heart. An attempt at massacre, they began to argue, would certainly entail the loss of some of themselves. "Guns might be seized and handled with terrible effect, even by dying men, and who knows what those little iron things in the white man's hands are!" they seem to be asking themselves. The elder, whatever he thought, responded with an affectation of indignation, raised his stick, and to right and left of him drove back the demoniac crowd. Other prominent men now assisted the elder, whom we subsequently discovered to be King of Bumbireh.

Half the crowd followed the king and his council, while the other half remained to indulge their violent, vituperative tongue on us, and to continually menace us with their club or spear. An audacious party came round the stern of the boat, and, with superlatively hideous gestures, affronted me; one of them even gave a tug at my hair, thinking it was a wig. His comrades swayed their lances, but I smilingly looked at them, for all idea of self-preservation had now almost fled.

The issue had surely arrived. There had been just one brief moment of agony, when I reflected how unlovely death appears in such guise as that in which it then threatened me. What would my people think as they anxiously waited for the never-returning master! What would Pocock and Barker say when they heard of the tragedy of Bumbireh! And my friends in America and Europe! Tut, it is only a brief moment of pain, and then what can the ferocious dogs do more? It is a consolation that, if anything, it will be short,

sharp, sudden. And after that I was ready for the fight and for death.

"Now, my black friends, do your worst; anything you choose; I am ready."

A messenger from the king and the council arrives, and beckons Safeni. I said to him, "Safeni, use your wit." "Please God, master," he replied.

Safeni drew nearly all the crowd after him, for curiosity is strong in the African. I saw him pose himself. A born diplomatist was Safeni. His hands moved up and down, outward and inward; a cordial frankness sat naturally on his face; his gestures were graceful; the man was an orator, pleading for mercy and justice.

Safeni returned, his face radiant. "Its all right, master; there is no fear. They say we must stop here until to-morrow."

"Will they sell us food?"

"Oh, yes, as soon as they settle their talk."

While Safeni was speaking, six men rushed up and seized the oars. Safeni, though hitherto polite, lost temper at this, and endeavoured to prevent them. They raised their clubs to strike him. I shouted out, "Let them go, Safeni."

A loud cheer greeted the seizure of the oars. I became convinced now that this one little act would lead to others; for man is the same all over the world. Give a slave an inch, and he will take an ell; if a man submit once, he must be prepared to submit again.

After the warriors had departed, some women came to look at us. We spoke kindly to them, and in return they gave us the consoling assurance that we should be killed; but they said that if we could induce Shekka to make blood-brotherhood, or to eat honey with one of us, we should be safe. If we failed there was only flight or death. We thanked them, but we would wait.

About 3 p.m. we heard a number of drums beaten. Safeni was told that if the natives collected again he must endeavour to induce Shekka with gifts to go through the process of blood-brotherhood. A long line of natives in full war costume appeared on the crest of the terrace. Their faces were smeared with black and white pigments. Their actions were such as the dullest-witted of us and Baraka were astounded, and their first words were, "Prepare, master. Truly, this is trouble."

"Never mind me," I replied, "I have been ready these three hours. Are you ready, your guns and revolvers loaded, and your ears open this time?"

"We are," they all firmly answered.

"Don't be afraid; be quite cool. We will try, while they are collecting together, the women's suggestion. Go frankly and smilingly, Safeni, up to Shekka, on the top of that hill, and offer him these beads, and ask him to change blood with you."

Safeni proceeded readily on his errand, for there was no danger to him bodily while we were there within one hundred and fifty yards, and their full power as yet unprepared. For ten minutes he conversed with them, while the drums kept beating, and numbers of men be-painted for war were increasing Shekka's force. Some of them entertained us by demonstrating with their spears how they fought. Their gestures were wild, their voices were fierce, they were kindling themselves into a fighting fever.

Safeni returned. Shekka had refused the pledge of peace. The natives now mustered over three hundred. Presently fifty bold fellows came rushing down, uttering a shrill cry.

"Here, Safeni," I said, "take these two fine red