

by the particular style of music adopted by the great chief to whom it owed martial service. Thus Sambuzi's own force could be distinguished at a great distance by a peculiar strain, which, as the Waganda explained, announced "Mta-usa, Mta-usa is coming!" or, "The Spoiler, the Spoiler is coming!"

On emerging from under the shelter of our plain-embowered camp, we were drawn up in a long line along the narrow road, and at sunrise the great drum of Sambuzi gave the signal for the march. Early on the 2nd we crossed the Nabwari River, and entered hostile Unyoro, and, undisturbed, made a march of ten miles, occupying at the end of it several villages.

While in Uganda, bananas formed our principal food—and very good, wholesome, and digestible they proved. Throughout Unyoro our diet consisted of sweet potatoes and salt, varied with such other vegetables as foraging could obtain. It was an amusing scene to see the haste with which the several detachments rushed about to dig up their rations. It appeared, at first glance, as if we had brought the exploring army to recultivate Unyoro, so thickly strewn and so busy were the diggers over the village fields.

In the meantime, our advance was unchecked. Sambuzi drew from this sinister auguries. "The Wanyoro," said he, "must be mustering elsewhere to oppose us; for usually, when we make a raid on this country, the natives hail us from the hill-tops, to learn the motive of our coming; but now the country is all silent and deserted—not one native can be seen."

On the 9th of January, the drums sounded for the march two hours before sunrise, for we had a long journey before us, and Uzimbi—the country of Chief Ruigi—was to be entered on this day. Soon after noon, the main column arrived at the centre of a dip in the Uzimba ridge, 5,600 feet above the sea, whence, far below us, we viewed the fields, gardens, and villages of the populous country of King Ruigi. But the sudden advance of the vanguard amongst the surprised natives, with banners flying and drums beating, had depopulated for a time the fair, smiling country, and left a clear, open road for the main body. At night, however, the great war-drum of General Sambuzi revealed, far and wide, the character of the force, and announced that the Waganda were amongst them.

A council of all the chiefs and leaders of our expedition was held next day, at which it was resolved to send out that night two hundred men to capture a few prisoners, through whom we could communicate our intentions to Ruigi. As the lake was only four miles distant, it became necessary to know how we were regarded by the natives, and whether we might expect peaceful possession of a camp for a month or so.

Some ten prisoners were captured, and, after receiving gifts of cloth and beads, were released, to convey the news to their respective chiefs, that the Waganda had brought a white man, who wished to see the lake, and who asked permission to reside in peace in the country a few days; that the white man intended to pay for all food consumed by the strangers; that he would occupy no village, and injure no property, but would build his camp separate from the villages, into which the natives having food to sell, were requested to bring it, and to receive payment in cloth, beads, brass, or copper; assured that, as long as they offered no cause of offence, and kept the peace, they should receive no annoyance. An answer, we said, was expected within two days.

On the 12th an answer was brought, that the inhabitants were not accustomed to strangers, and

did not like our coming into their country; that our words were good, but our purposes, they were assured, were not the less wicked; and that we must, therefore, expect war on the morrow. This answer was brought by about three hundred natives, who, while they delivered their message, were observed to have taken precautions not to be caught at a disadvantage. Having announced their object they withdrew. This declaration of war unsettled the nerves of the Waganda chiefs—principally the inferior chiefs and the bodyguard of Mtesa—and a stormy meeting was the result.

The danger of a panic was imminent, when I begged that Sambuzi would listen to a few words from me. I explained to him that, though we were only a bullet's flight from the Nyanza, we had not yet seen the lake, and that Mtesa had ordered him to take me to the Nyanza; that, before we had even looked for a strong camp, we were talking of returning; that, if they were all resolved to return, I required them to give me two days only, at the end of which I would give them a letter to Mtesa, which would absolve them from all blame.

Large numbers of natives, posted on the summit of every hill around us, added to the fear which took possession of the minds of the Waganda, and rumours were spread about, by malicious men, of an enormous force advancing for the next day's fight. The members of the expedition even caught the panic, and prepared in silence to follow the Waganda, as common-sense informed them that, if a force of over 2,000 fighting men did not consider itself strong enough to maintain its position, our expedition, consisting of 180 men, could by no means do so.

At 5 p.m. a messenger from Sambuzi called me to a council—at which all his chief men were present—to discuss what advantages we possessed for offence and defence, for meeting the danger, or for flight. Sambuzi asked me to speak. Wrath almost choked my speech. However, I summoned up my patience, and said: "I do not see much use in my saying anything, because I know you will act against all advice that I can give. As your friend, I advise you to stay here two days, while I fix the boat and canoe. At the end of two days I will write a letter to Mtesa, which will absolve you from all blame. There is no great danger in staying a couple of days; but in returning to Uganda without my letter, you go to certain death. I have spoken."

After a little pause, Sambuzi said: "Stamlee, you are my friend—the Emperor's friend—and I want to do my duty towards you as well as I am able to. But you must hear the truth. We cannot do what you want us to do. We cannot wait here two days, nor one day. We will fight to-morrow at sunrise, and we must cut our way through to Uganda. The only chance for our lives is to pack up to-night, and to-morrow morning, at sunrise, to march and fight our way through them."

(To be continued.)

### Time-Candles.

ALFRED THE GREAT lived in an age when means of measuring time were very rude, and could only be applied during the day. Alfred knew the value of time, and was very careful in the use of it. Each day he gave eight hours to sleep, to meals, and to exercise; eight to matters of government, and the remaining eight to study and devotion.

He measured his time by the burning of wax candles or torches twelve inches long. These were notched at regular distances. One of these torches would last four hours, or three inches of the torch one hour, or one inch twenty minutes.

This was King Alfred's own invention, and at

first it seemed to work very well. It was soon found, however, that the wind, coming in through doors and windows, consumed the wax in an irregular manner. Then the king made a case of transparent white horn and wood, which kept his candle from wasting or flaring.

King Alfred won his title, "The Great," by the system and patience and perseverance which are shown in just such little matters as this. He felt that he must measure his time lest some of it be wasted. But he had no time-piece that would enable him to do this. He did not fold his hands before this difficulty, but overcame it by his wonderful courage and his strong will.

The story of his patience and ingenuity comes down to us to-day as a rebuke, if we are indolent and easily discouraged.

### Heirship.

JULIA C. R. DOW.

LITTLE store of wealth have I;

Not a rood of land I own;

Nor a mansion fair and high,

Built with towers of fretted stone.

Stocks, nor bonds, nor title-deeds,

Flocks nor herds have I to show;

When I ride no Arab steeds

Toss for me their manes of snow.

Yet to an immense estate

Am I heir by grace of God—

Richer, grander than doth wait

Any earthly monarch's nod.

Heir of all the ages, I—

Heir of all that they have wrought,

All their store of emprise high,

All their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs

Sheds its lustre on my way;

All their labours all their prayers,

Sanctify this present day!

Heir of all that they have earned

By their passion and their tears;

Heir of all that they have learned

Through the weary, toiling years!

Heir of all the faith sublime,

On whose wings they soared to heaven;

Heir of every hope that time

To earth's fainting sons hath given

Aspirations pure and high:

Strength to dare and to endure;

Heir of all the ages, I.

Lo! I am no longer poor!

### A Pathetic Unselfishness.

I REMEMBER being taken by mother, when I was a child, to see a poor woman who was dying of a cancer. The disease was eating its way to a vital part, and the doctor had given her a month as her utmost limit of life. She was preparing for her end in a way that seemed practical and prosaic enough, but that was pathetic in its self-forgetfulness. She was sitting up in bed, with a basket beside her, finishing up the family mending, showing her eldest daughter—on whose thirteen-year-old shoulders the burden of household care was soon to fall—how to fell down seams in the little brother's knee patches, and how to darn the heel of father's sock so that he would never feel the difference. She had impressed upon the girl how to make her father's favourite potato pone, how to manage her young sister when she got into the sulks, what to do for her father when he had his periodical fit of cramps, and everything else she could think of that would insure comfort in the humble home she was leaving. She had all the work planned which she would do during the short span of life that was given to her. Her burial clothes were folded away in a drawer, with sweet basil leaves among them.