THE LAST JOURNALS OF JAMES HANNINGTON

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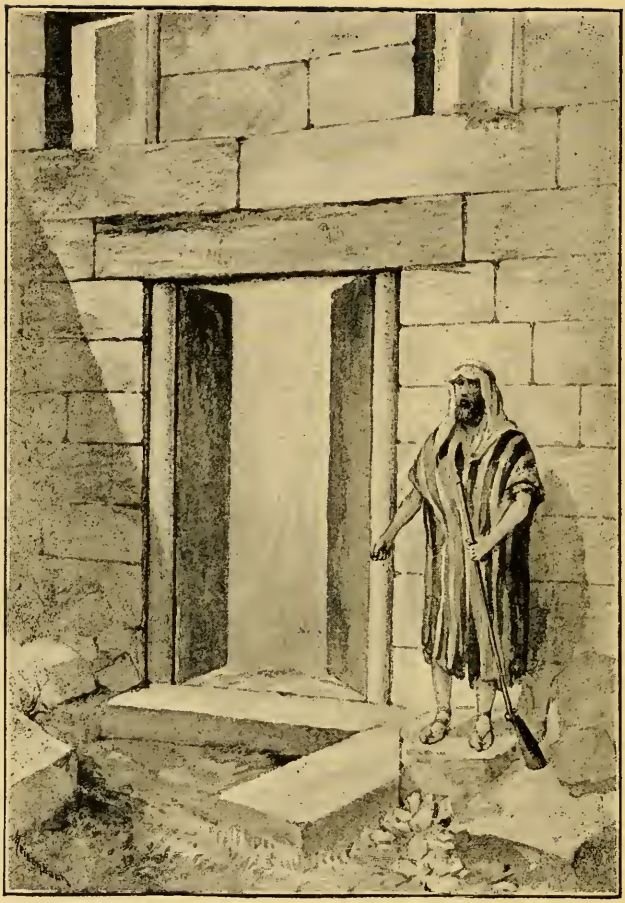

GIANT HOUSE OF BASHAN.

THE LAST JOURNALS

OF

BISHOP HANNINGTON

being Narratives of

A JOURNEY THROUGH PALESTINE IN 1884

and

A JOURNEY THROUGH MASAI-LAND AND U-SOGA IN 1885

EDITED BY

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With Illustrations from the Bishop's Sketches

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"We ring true still when anything strikes home to us ; and though the idea that everything should 'pay' has infected our very purpose, . . . there is a capacity of noble passion left in our heart's core ; . . . and there is hope for a nation while this can be said of it."—RUSKIN.

THE LAST JOURNALS

OF

BISHOP HANNINGTON.

INTRODUCTORY.

It has been remarked by more than one reviewer that the period between June, 1883, and November, 1884, was very lightly touched upon in the *Life and Work of Bishop Hannington.* But, as one kindly critic shrewdly suggested, "the materials were not abundant." When the *Life* was published, the Bishop's diaries which relate to that period, and which have since been sent home, one by one, from the centre of Africa, had not been recovered. Among these was a detailed description of his visitation to the Churches in Palestine

and Syria. This Palestine journal is written in a good-sized, leather-bound note-book, and was evidently compiled either during his journey northward through Masai-Land, or else during his imprisonment in U-Soga. It breaks off rather abruptly. It was not concluded. Apparently it was scribbled in his travelling tent when the day's march was done, or during such long compulsory halts as that at Ngongo-a-Bagas, while he was negotiating for supplies with the shy and suspicious natives. This seems clear, since the Bishop mentions* that, while in Jerusalem, the American Consul showed him an animal "the very counterpart of which," he says, "I killed afterwards in U-Kamba." Now U-Kamba is a district to the north of Kikumbuliu, from whence he wrote his last letter home. It was probably jotted down mostly from memory, for many of the names of villages and places are left blank, and the exact dates are not always inserted. It is, however, wonderfully complete, and but few emendations have been necessary in order to prepare it for the public eye.

*Page 125.

That the Bishop should have found time or inclination for such an occupation amidst the toils and worries of a caravan, and amidst the excitements and hazards of a journey of that sort through a country where everything interested him, and in which his eyes and ears were open to everything that was new or notable, is another evidence of his singular mental activity, and of the manner in which he was accustomed to fill in every moment of his day. In addition to this journal of his visit to Palestine, he kept two diaries of his march to U-Ganda. In one of these he noted only such facts as might be useful to those who should come after him, whether travellers or missionaries—facts anthropological, geographical, zoological, climatic, and so forth; with careful memoranda of the amount of *hongo* required for the passage of each tribe, and the price of provisions in each district. In the other diary he gives an account, in almost microscopic writing, of the general events of each day's pilgrimage. This latter diary was recovered from King Mwanga, on the 19th of June, 1886. It did not, however, reach home until October

the 25th, when the *Life* was fully written, and the printed sheets were actually in the binder's hands. I was not, therefore, able to do more than supplement Mr. Jones' account of the journey by a few extracts from it; and was obliged to be content with publishing in full only those last leaves into which were crowded that most pathetic narrative of the long-strained sufferings of the concluding days of his life.

With regard to the recovery of this diary, Mr. Ashe wrote from U-Ganda, "This evening Mackay obtained the most valuable thing belonging to the Bishop which has yet come to light—the diary of his march, full of thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes, written up to the very day of his murder." As this African journal has been read by few outside the immediate circle of those who are specially interested in the missionary periodicals which are issued by the Church Missionary Society, it seems possible that there may be some who will welcome a popular edition of it. It has, therefore, been published in full, together with the Palestine Journal, in order that all those who were interested in the career of Bishop

Hannington, as narrated in the volume of his *Life*, may hear the details of his last heroic endeavour in the hero's own words.

I will try to let the diaries which follow tell their own tale, with as few interpolations of my own as may be necessary to form the connecting links of the narrative. For myself—

> "I but advance a moment, only to wheel and hurry back in the darkness."

CHAPTER I.

AT HOME.

(JUNE 12th, 1883—NOVEMBER 5th, 1884.)

"Awake, arise! speak forth what is in thee; . . . Higher task than that of Priesthood was allotted to no man: wert thou but the meanest in that sacred Hierarchy, is it not enough therein to spend and be spent?"—*Sartor Resartus.*

"Incipiat mundum contemnere, pro nihilo habere quæ homines amant . . . omnes sui cognati commoventur. Quid insanis? Ista stultitia est, ista dementia est" . . . "Si autem perseveraverit, et eos superaverit perdurando, . . convertunt se et dicere incipiunt, Magnus homo, sanctus homo . . . Honorant, gratulantur, benedicunt, laudant."—*August. Serm.*

When James Hannington boarded the homebound steamer at Zanzibar, on May the 12th, 1883, he was in a very poor way. Quite a broken-down wreck of a man. However, the complete rest of the voyage and the lusty sea breezes soon set him up again; and when, after an exceptionally fine and rapid passage of less than a month, he again sighted the shores of Old England, mother of pioneers, he felt—so he tells us—almost as though he were "a fraud,"

and as though his proper place were Rubaga, at the source of the Nile. On June 11th, the steamship brought up below Gravesend. The familiar faces of "dearest Sam, best of brothers," and of his sister-in-law had greeted him at Plymouth, and accompanied him to London. There he hoped to meet his wife.

"*June 12th.* — Anxiety about Blanche. Started 3 a.m., but fog compelled us to return to Tilbury, where we landed. Met Blanche at station. Went to C.M.S.; welcome. Arrived home 2.15. Welcome all quarters. Very exhausted."

Old friends from all the country round came to greet him at Hurst, and the faithful band of "Hannington's saints" soon clustered about him once more. At the Saturday-evening prayer-meeting that week there was, he says, "a happy reunion." On Sunday, too, large congregations filled St. George's Chapel to welcome their pastor.

Hannington, however, soon found that he could do very little work. In spite of his apparently rapid recovery, his constitution had received a severe shock from the tremendous

strain to which it had been subjected in Africa. He was soon fatigued to prostration. Notwithstanding, he took, at first, no regular holiday, and not only did the work of his parish, but found time for several visits to London.

"*Thursday, June 21st.*—Went to town with Sam. Visited Kew; poor reception. Went to British Museum; warm reception. Slept at C.M. College. Gave address to the students.

"*Friday, June 22nd.*—Gave another address at morning prayers. Brighton 11 a.m. Gave address at the C.M.S. meeting in the Pavilion.

"*Saturday, June 23rd.*—Rather tired with the week."

On *Monday, July 2nd*, Hannington presented himself for examination before the Medical Board at Salisbury Square. Their verdict was, that he must rest during the next six months. This was wholesome advice, but not very easy to follow in his then state of mind. He was excited and eager, and intensely anxious to be up and doing. He hurried back-

wards and forwards between London and Hurst : now at Salisbury Square, "writing a report upon portable houses," or something else for Africa ; again at the British Museum, making arrangements about his various collections ; then at some meeting at Brighton or Hurst. At last it was seen that the only thing for him was that he should be packed away to some holiday place where he might find scope for his feverish activity without mental fatigue. Accordingly he passed the greater part of July and August in revisiting his old, familiar haunts among the breezy downs of North Devon and Cornwall. He also wandered a little in Wales. Here his health rapidly improved. His former vigour began to return. The following entry was made on August 10th—

"Went to volunteer inspection at Bwch. Very prosy. Walked back fourteen miles without fatigue."

In September he visited Clifton. "When out to-day, met U-Ganda Wilson and wife, to great surprise. Went for a walk with him. News of Mrs. Cole's death."

In October, Hannington recommenced his work at Hurst, and got on so well that he went up on the 8th with quite a good heart to be examined again by the C.M. Medical Board. The doctors, however, did not take such a favourable view of his condition as he did himself.

"*October 8th.*—Went up to town, 11 a.m. Saw Medical Board. Never to go again to Africa! Words cannot tell pain it was. Had an interview about going out elsewhere. Am to wait till April."

Then follow jottings in the small Letts' diary which refer to sermons preached and meetings held in various places in behalf of the Church Missionary Society. Only the names of places, and perhaps that of the clergyman, or some leading friend of the cause, are to be found in the diary; with such additions as "hearty reception," or "good meeting; people greatly interested," or, it might be, the reverse.

I scarcely think that I need occupy space in attempting to describe Hannington's many journeyings to and fro as a deputation for the C.M.S. No doubt many interesting anecdotes

about him could be fished up from the parson ages in which they now lie buried ; but, after all, there must always be a certain sameness about the experiences of a "deputation." His work is seldom a light one. He is not only "in journeyings often," and perhaps even "in perils," but almost certainly often "in weariness and painfulness" at the hands of inconsiderate brethren who are determined to get the utmost possible amount of work out of their visitor while he is among them. But there is, as a rule, little in the career of a deputation about which it would interest the general public much to hear. It may be sufficient, therefore, to say that Hannington did not spare himself as an advocate of Foreign Missions during the next twelve months. Whenever he was not required at Hurst, he was to be found running up and down, to and fro, throughout the length and breadth of England, preaching and speaking with an earnestness and persuasive power which has left its impression upon many memories, and which brought many a willing offering into the treasury at Salisbury Square. But in the midst

of all this zealous running about *de propaganda fide* Hurst was not forgotten. We read :—

"*November 23rd.*—Busy making an African travelling hut for the C.M.S. bazaar."

Of this "caravan" a Brighton paper says, "On the platform were three African huts made of willow and straw, and all about were undressed ostrich feathers and skins of wild beasts. An acacia and a palm added to the effect of the representation, while on the platform lay a large elephant's tusk, spears, drums, shields, and other articles from Africa."

On *December 3rd*, Hannington was again examined by the Medical Board, and this time with a better result. "Report, Go anywhere but Africa. Again, hallelujah!"

On *December 8th*, he was elected a Fellow of the Linnean Society.

On the *14th* of the same month, he went to London to meet Mr. Gray with regard to a missionary appointment in India. This, however, came to nothing.

The early part of 1884 was occupied largely with the advocacy of Foreign Mission work in various parts of the kingdom. In January

of this year he visited Edinburgh, and stayed a week with us. It was quite evident that, in spite of the adverse verdict of the doctors, he had by no means lost heart about returning to Africa—"dear Africa," as he somewhere writes of it.

"*March* 10*th*.—Interview with Dr. Baxter on subject of return to Africa. I can see he is against it. Cole of Mpwapwa dined at St. George's."

In the entry of *March* 17*th*, occurs a mention of the proposed Bishopric.—"Went up to town. Met Dr. Baxter, and visited Sir J. Fayrer, who passed me for Africa. The Medical Board, however, refused to pass me, so that I cannot be appointed Bishop."

The next reference to this subject appears in the entry of *April* 8*th*.—"Confirmation at Hurst. Bishop gave an excellent address. Lunch at Rectory. Consulted Bishop as to whether I should accept Bishopric of E. Eq. Africa. He advised me to do so.

"Letter from Mr. Wigram, saying if I get testimonial from Fayrer they saw their way clear to appoint me.

"Wrote to F. for certificate, and to Mr. Wigram asking for conditions."

"*April 9th.*—Satisfactory testimonial from Fayrer.

"*April 11th.*—Letter from Mr. Wigram saying that the business about the Bishopric would be brought forward on Tuesday next.

"*Tuesday the 15th.*—Town with Clement Gardner. Business about my being appointed Bishop had to be postponed through an error in agenda.

"*April 29th.*—Correspondence Committee elected me Bishop of East Equatorial Africa. This has, however, to pass the General Committee, and the Archbishop."

Thus, since there was no reason to suppose that the Archbishop would refuse to appoint the Committee's nominee, the matter was virtually brought to a conclusion. Hannington had had some three months to think over the proposal. He had tried to weigh it and scan it from every point of view. He had prayed that the intense desire of his heart to return to Africa might not be suffered to mislead him; and he now was fully prepared to accept the

offer together with all its heavy responsibilities.

"*May 5th.*—Long interview with the editor of the *Graphic*."

About this time Hannington published the illustrated sketch of his first African journey, which appeared in the *Graphic* newspaper, and which has since been published in a small volume by the Religious Tract Society.

On *May 5th and 6th*, Hannington took part in the annual meeting of the C.M.S. in Exeter Hall, and spoke at the evening meeting.

"*April 22nd.*—Letter from the Archbishop, offering me the Bishopric of E. Eq. Africa. Wrote and accepted, for the matter has been long before me.

"*April 30th.*—To breakfast with the Archbishop. He was exceedingly chatty. Chapel afterwards, and then had an interview with him in his study.

"*June 22nd.*—A prayer-meeting after evening service, to ask for a new man to be raised up to take my place (in St. George's)."

The consecration to the office of Bishop took place on St. John the Baptist's Day, June 24th, in the parish church of Lambeth.

"*August 1st.* — A tumour has formed in my chest. It is painful, but I don't think dangerous. I want to go to my diocese. Would that my loving Father would spare me to work long, and to win souls for Him!

"Four old friends present at the prayer-meeting to night. (Here follow the names.) God be praised, I believe I was instrumental in leading them all to Jesus. To Him be all the glory. Amen. Amen."

On *August the 9th*, Hannington attended a conference at Southampton, to which reference is made in the "Life." * There he met many friends, and made many others. The following brief extracts from the diary may be interesting:—

"Met Mr. Spurgeon, and sat with him while he smoked.

"Eleven a.m. meeting. Spurgeon spoke. Very, very beautiful.

"Long conversations with Stanley Smith, stroke of Cambridge eight.

"I am much taken with Canon Wilberforce,

* Page 301. (Cheap Ed., p. 261.)

and his son Herbert. The curates strike me as much in earnest."

Towards the close of the month he again visited Southampton.

"*August 24th.*—Preached at St. Mary's, to a thronging congregation. Choral celebration of Holy Communion. Three p.m. spoke at children's service. About 1,200 present. Evening, preached at Chapel of Good Shepherd, and gave an after-meeting address."

Hannington now refreshed himself by a visit of a few days to Martinhoe.

"I went with Cecil (a young African, a convert from the Universities' Mission*) over all the old haunts on the cliff, and had a lovely time of it. At one place, the Eyes, near where Rowden almost lost his life, Cecil lowered me over the cliff by my coat collar.

"The old ladies (some of his old friends from the cottages) came to tea and enjoyed themselves much. I afterwards had a long talk with ——— and fully believe that he was converted to God. Cecil M. has delighted

*Life, p. 232. (Cheap Ed., p. 200.)

Copplestone and myself much by his sound, clear views.

"*September 5th.*—Preached in Norwich Cathedral, from 2 Cor. ii. 12 and 13, with great liberty, to a breathless congregation.

"*September 7th.*—Preached in the parish church, Yarmouth, the largest in England. I had strength given to fill it from end to end, and had a most attentive audience.

"*September 8th.*—Met E. A. Fitch, with whom I spoke about going out to Africa. He has been much on my mind.

"*September 20th.*—Preached at Hurst College, for the Universities' Mission.

"*September 22nd.*—Interviewed Fitch. Although matters are far from settled, yet I do believe that the Lord will let him come with me.

"Salisbury Conference. T— — very bitter about Ceylon question and C.M. secretaries, and grew very bitter with me because I upheld them.

"*September 23rd.*—I had a day of great trial. The fact is I don't know my own heart. I thought that I did not mind taking a low

place. But when others with rough hands shoved me into it, I had a fearful struggle with myself and Satan.

"*September 24th.*—Spent a much happier day; less of self and more of the Lord. O for 'none of self but all of Thee!'

"*September 30th.*—Dismissal meeting. I spoke, and said I hoped to be a very troublesome Bishop.

"*October 1st.*—During the past nine months I have travelled 9,292 miles, or thereabouts. I have preached during the same time one hundred and eleven times, and spoken at one hundred and eighty-seven meetings, besides being present at thirty-four others.

"*October 5th.*—Hurst. Preached morning and evening. Fine congregations, but I did not feel much power. I had given no time to preparation: so busy, or, at least, thought so.

"*October 8th.*—Bath. Preached to fine congregation at St. Mark's, with much manifest power.*

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*A Bath newspaper says:—"The Bishop of Equatorial Africa delivered a sermon which rivetted the attention of all present. Seldom has it been my lot to hear a more

"*October* 13*th.*—Left Cromer 6.27. Sir Fowell saw me off. Met Lombe, and went on with him to Salisbury Square. One hundred and twenty present on T——'s motion about Ceylon. It was marvellous how the Lord, in answer to prayer, steered us through the difficulty, and how the motion was withdrawn; and, without a division, agreement arrived at.*

"*October* 21*st.*—Interview with Thomson of R.G.S. I liked him exceedingly."

October 22*nd.*—contains a warm-hearted entry, which strikes a string upon which the Bishop harps rather continuously during this period. "*I love my Chaplain.*" Hannington's friendships were singularly fresh, and his tribute of admiration to those for whom he cared were most ungrudging. Friendship with him was never a mere synonym for acquaintanceship;

---

able discourse, so plain that the most ignorant could not have failed to benefit by it, and yet one that could be listened to and enjoyed by the cultured mind. . . . He brought tears into the eyes of many of those present, who will not readily forget Bishop Hannington's address."

*"*Life*," p. 302. (Cheap Ed. p. 262.)

he gave his heart with an almost boyish ardour, and admired with something of a boy's enthusiasm those whom he made his friends indeed. Elsewhere he notes, "I am deeply thankful for my Chaplain," and again, with a sort of fatherly pride, when Mr. Fitch was accepted by the Correspondence Committee, "I have never heard anybody come with higher recommendations."

On *Friday*, *October* 31*st*, Hannington received his D.D. degree at Oxford.

During this month of October, he spoke in public thirty-six times, and travelled nearly two thousand miles. The time of his departure drew near.

"*November* 1*st*.—Spent a rather miserable day, making incessant calls to say farewell.

"*November* 2*nd*.—Preached in St. George's to a densely-crowded congregation, sitting in pulpit and elsewhere wherever there was room.

"*November* 4*th*.—The dismissal took place at Salisbury Square. My Chaplain spoke very nicely. I was very poor and washed out. Left town 3.27. Met by Sam at the station (Hurst);

and as the train to-morrow does not start until two, I am going to remain the night.

"It was a very dull* time, but the Lord helped me greatly.

"*November 5th.*—What a sad morning! Dear little Meppy was inclined to cry, which very nearly set me off. I had great difficulty in taking prayers, but my dearest wife kept up so well. I went off alone at 9.14 a.m.

"Went to Salisbury Square; settled up remaining matters. Said good-bye, and went to the steamer accompanied by dear Eugene Stock and his sister.

"I completely broke down when saying good-bye to Mr. Fitch and to Stock; but after they left I set to work to tidy my cabin and get ready for sea."

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* Comp. letter to Mr. Wigram. *Life*, p. 268. (Cheap Ed. p. 232.) "Dull" was a favourite expression of Hannington's. In his vocabulary it represents the equivalent of the old meaning of the word "dreary," of which Trench gives as an example:—

> "Now es a man light, now es he hevy,
> Now es he blithe, now es he *drery*."

CHAPTER II.

THE PALESTINE JOURNAL.

(NOVEMBER 5th, 1884—JANUARY 5th, 1885.)

"Do you think of me as I think of you,
My friends, my friends?"

E. B. BROWNING.

"Joking decides great things,
Stronger and better oft than earnest can."

MILTON, *Trans. Hor.*

HERE the Palestine Journal takes up the narrative. This Journal was, as has been said, evidently compiled from loose jottings during the journey through Masai-Land to U-Ganda. It is written in a light strain, and was, very probably, intended partly for the children at home; but in it will be found much, too, that is deeply serious, and worth perusal by all who are interested in the Holy Land, and the condition of the Church there.

"*November 5th*, 1884.—What a bustle there is at the Liverpool Street Station! What an unusual amount of leave-taking! Even as the train moves out of the station many run along-

side well-nigh the length of the platform to give one last look, one more parting blessing.

"What does it all mean? Why that we are in the special train that is conveying P. and O. passengers to Tilbury, thence to embark for their several destinations.

"It was but eighteen months ago that I was hurried along that same line in exactly the opposite direction. And with what different feelings! Each beat of the engine was then conveying me nearer home, and now it is tearing me away—but I must not soliloquise, for I have many things yet to say to those who have so kindly determined to see the last of us; nor can we refrain from enquiring who that queer old gentleman is in the corner. We learn that he is uncle to a noble earl, and is to occupy a berth in the same cabin as ourselves, so more of him by-and-by.

"Wedged in on the steamer that is running up alongside the P. and O. boat we hear a voice at our elbow, 'Hulloa! there is to be a bishop on board, won't you get dosed with ——!" with what I never heard, for just at that moment the speaker's eye was raised from the

list of passengers to the strings on my hat, thence it wandered to my gaiters, and finally stole a furtive peep at my face—where, to judge from the confusion that followed, it read in my enquiring glance, 'Dosed with what, sir?'

"What a motley crowd there was on deck! Officers in uniform (we learn with horror that there are three hundred troops on board), Lascars, British tars, Chinese, Indian ayahs, agents, and passengers, and nobody knowing exactly what to do or say next, until at length the bell rings, and relatives who have come to say farewell must do so now as best they can. The final wrench, the most agonising of all, because it breaks the last link with England and home.

"There may be but little time for a man to get his cabin shipshape before he finds himself battling with the billows, so I take the initiative and slip below, put a week's supply close at hand, and arrange a few little mysteries, as O. D. C., toilet vinegar, Eno, matches, and plenty of spare pocket-handkerchiefs. You expect, then, to catch a cold? No, but it might be rough for a few days!

Having completed my arrangements to my own thorough satisfaction, I was not sorry to hear the unmistakable peal of the dinner-bell ; we congratulate ourselves that we are still in the Thames.

"*November 6th.*—We woke and could hardly believe we have left the river, it is so smooth ; however, to our great delight, we find, on arriving on deck, that we are off Hastings. We found our appetite for breakfast sharpened by the fact that we had expected we should prefer going without it. Judging from the breakfast table we must have put several passengers ashore during the night, or perhaps they have merely overslept themselves ; but listen—a sea chorus, with *Bass-in* accompaniment (the *Nepaul* is an old-fashioned ship, cabins all round the saloon), informs us what has become of them. With many breakfast was but a sorry meal ; even on deck silence reigned, and not a few mouths were firmly compressed with a determined pout which said, in the unmistakable language of silence, 'not yet.' A little gang of 'brutes,' as read in a lady's eye rightly, have lighted their

cigars, and are laughing hilariously ;—laughing at what I should like to know—I, I, I don't see m-much to lau-laugh at. Yeow ! Ya ! Ya-a-a ! Yu-u-up ! why do they make the bulwarks so high ? you can scarce lean over to admire the beautiful colour of the ocean. Three of that little gang I named respectively the World, the Flesh, and Mephistopheles, and ventured to prophesy that they would develop, and curiously enough they did. The World was the leading man at cards. The Flesh, a fat man without any whiskers, became M.C., and undertook the concerts. Mephistopheles took charge of the sweepstakes, lotteries, etc.

"By dinner-time more of the passengers had disappeared, and stewards were seen gliding to and fro mysteriously like ghosts.

"The sea is no respecter of persons ; the other Bishop* we have on board, some of the officers, and many of the soldiers utterly collapsed.

"Tommy Atkins intoxicated is a sad, sad sight ; but Tommy Atkins sea-sick is certainly worse to behold, if not to think of. He be-

* Bishop Caldwell, Coadjutor of the Bishop of Madras.

comes so utterly limp and angular and raw and drivelling, crying, in fact, for his mother to wipe his mouth. More than one exclaimed—Can this be the man to face the fierce and wary Boer? Even one of the officers' servants had the weakness to turn up. I heard his master, a whiskerless little cub in an eyeglass, who dwank bwandy-and-sodah, anathematising his optic organs in no measured terms for his impudence in giving way to such self-indulgence when he ought to have been waiting on him. 'Tis a singular thing, people in that position of life will try and imitate their masters. Can you explain why they take such liberties? The 'Bay' did not mend matters; it was not until Saturday, when we ran under the lee of Cape Finisterre, that the butterflies crept out of their corners to air themselves in the genial atmosphere of sunny Spain; many strange faces appeared on deck, and acquaintances that one had almost regarded as dead and buried suddenly came to light again.

"*Sunday*, 9*th*, proved to be a delightful day, even the whales and dolphins seemed

eager to swell creation's chorus of praise. Alleluia! Bless ye the Lord! whose mercy endureth for ever!

"A grand giant of the deep, a sperm, leapt high into the air, close to the ship, as if in an ecstasy of delight, and curious to take a flying glance at the noisy monster that was churning its way through his dominion.

"It was truly delightful to assemble together in Thy name, O Lord, and praise Thee who spreadest out the heavens as a curtain, and rulest the raging of the sea, for Thy mercies in having preserved us and brought us thus far on our journey in safety.

"I believe the majority of the passengers felt this. I preached to the soldiers, and to judge by the attention they paid, they seemed to appreciate the Service as much as any of us.

"During the day we safely stole past the Berlengas Islands, Torres Vedras, Cintra, and Lisbon. I don't know whether it was fancy, but I certainly thought that I scented the perfume of the myrtle groves of fair Cintra; perhaps it was imagination, I may only have caught a whiff from the cook's galley, which is

very agreeable in these appetising regions. I had enough historic enthusiasm to pace the deck till we were almost at St. Vincent, and then retired to rest and to dream of Nelson, Trafalgar, and the Peninsular heroes.

"*Monday*, 10*th*.—I was usually early on deck, for between Tommy Atkins, who, is an early and a noisy riser, and the elders in my cabin not caring for much ventilation, there was not much to keep me below. This morning, however, Tommy distinguished himself. I have already remarked that he is not a sailor. At three o'clock a.m., it struck six bells, which Tommy mistook for six o'clock; accordingly he and his mates turned out, and three hundred pairs of the hobbiest-nailed boots began in one incessant stream to clatter up and down the companion. How thankful I felt that two hundred pairs are to part company with us to-day, and to embark on the *Orontes*, which is awaiting them at Gibraltar.

"There is one more who is an early riser, S. P., nephew to our good President. It is delightful to find even one amongst the passengers eager to see all that there is to be seen. He will

miss no headland, finds a charm in every sunset and moonrise, discourses on the stars with fervour, and watches with a merry twinkle a gourmet opposite to us enjoying his dinner. By-the-by, for a man to be a complete epicure on board a P. and O. vessel he must have a small bag with him in which he carries a particular breed of 'Bombay-ducks,' a bottle of his own chutnee, and a reserve of curry powder such as can only be obtained in a certain street (name unknown) and shop in that street in Bangalore or Tivandrum.

"This morning P. and I were disappointed. We expected to see Trafalgar, but no Trafalgar appeared in view; broad ocean, nothing more.

"About midday the beautiful mountains of Morocco became visible. Africa?—yes, that is Africa; there was something about it, I could not tell what, very thrilling. It is there, beneath its burning sun, and amid its almost trackless forests, that my lot is cast, and I could not look upon Africa once again without a deep feeling of emotion.*

* Elsewhere he writes, "*November* 10*th*.—Clear and calm; beautiful views of dear Africa."

"Late in the afternoon we entered the Government harbour of Gibraltar, and they commenced hauling alongside the quay to disembark the two hundred pairs of naily boots. It only struck one little group of passengers that there was really no occasion to wait until that operation was accomplished. These slipped very quietly down the other side of the ship into a boat, and for a shilling were landed at the flag-staff a good half-hour before any one else.

"I shall not describe the town nor our vain attempt to climb to the signal station in the dark, nor my rage at purchasing a tea-pot, beating the man down to such a low price that it ought to have set me thinking rather than chuckling, and then, when safely on board, finding the spout was stuck on with glue; and how all my little schemes and hopes of afternoon teas melted with the glue which dissolved at once in the cold water which I poured into the pot to wash the dust out.

"The town, with its many lights in the terraced streets piled one over the other, reflected in the calm sea, was like a fairy scene, and pretty

enough, and yet, in spite of all its beauty, we were not sorry to give our last glance, and then steam round the headland, losing sight of town, moles, and shipping almost instantaneously.

"14*th*.—We were close to Malta. I was very early on deck, and not finding P., ran to his cabin and awoke him from a most refreshing morning nap. I was forgiven. We had a beautiful sunrise, and saw St. Paul's Bay as I have not seen it before. There was a rock where a ship certainly might have been jammed, standing out as clearly as possible. I was glad to have had such a delightful view of it.

"Malta seemed to me more beautiful and yet more beggarly than ever. At every turn of the streets one was saluted, shouted at, touted, and pestered; ordinary shrugs of the shoulders, abnegations, and abjurations seemed utterly useless; however, we succeeded better than some, who, in spite of all protests, were followed by a guide who finally succeeded in extorting blackmail.

"It was a clear, cool day with threatening rain, storms which never came, but which added

greatly to the light and shade of the landscape; but a kind of day with thunder in the air which makes one irritable, and flies and beggars particularly hovering and trying.

"I acted as guide to the sights—a kind of Waterloo hero going over the scenes of the battlefield.

"During our twelve hours' stay in Malta, winds had arisen which soon produced the usual marine disasters amongst the passengers. My Scotch friend attributed it to the fact that he had 'nae ta'en twa peels' the night before. I think it was the good lunches, and the melons, leeks, and cucumbers of Malta, rather than the absence of the pills.

"16*th*.—Sunday has come round once more. Just such another day as the last Sunday off Portugal;—a day when the great deep seemed to shout with gladness the praise of the Creator.

"We still have one hundred troops on board, so, having instituted myself as army chaplain, I again preached to a very attentive audience. A steward was found who could play the accordion, and we had quite a musical Service.

"Immediately after the soldiers' Service I hurried aft, and at special request preached to the passengers. In the evening I gave a missionary address on East Africa, and was agreeably surprised at the largeness of the audience and at the presence of some who I scarcely thought would venture. The address quite unexpectedly produced a large donation.

"Late on Monday night we arrived at Port Said.

"18*th*.—What a night we had; we sat till nearly two a.m. to hear about Gordon and to receive letters from the agent. I was bitterly disappointed about home letters, nothing but business communications. Went below, but Tommy Atkins was still tramping about, and the engineers amused themselves blowing off steam; then coaling commenced and discharge of cargo; so that altogether we had very little sleep. Went ashore as soon as possible; perhaps, after such a night I was biassed, but Port Said did not appear to improve on acquaintance. The only redeeming point about it—if it is a redeeming point—is that the natives are not so pestering as those of Malta, but they

are more impudent, so that the gain is almost infinitesimal; then everything is french, and french without a capital F—viz., of the most meagre and vulgar description.

"Enquiring about a boat to Jaffa, I could hear of nothing definite until Saturday, so, fearing five days in Port Said, I asked permission of the captain to continue in the *Nepaul* until they reached Ismailia, and received a very gracious permission, and, further, a warm expression of welcome from my friends on board.

"We started about 8.15 a.m.; however a small, slow merchant vessel managed to steal in just before us, and, as we thought, delayed us greatly. I doubt if she went more than regulation pace—five miles an hour. There was the usual mirage and the usual dispute, which, however, rose to a very unusual height and animation; part asserting that there was no mirage; part that all the scene before us of sandhills and rippling water was mirage; and part that the water was mirage while the bushes and sandhills existed, though perhaps exaggerated. So warm was the discussion that the first officer,

boatswain, and pilot were all called in. The verdict then was that those were right who looked upon the water as mirage, and the sandhills, etc., as real. When one went aloft the water disappeared. I account for the mirage in this case (and the pilot tells me it is always to be seen there) in the following way : The sandhills are beyond the horizon, rather more than seven miles off. The ground is virtually perfectly level, and therefore anything upon its surface beyond the horizon line is out of sight. Thus, the space between the line of the horizon and the more distant range of high sandhills appears as water ; the ripple being caused by heat, dazzle, and evaporation.

"This theory may be utterly wrong ; so far as I am concerned it has the merit of originality. I have frequently seen the same effect on the mud at Lymington.

A. Vessel in the canal. Between A. and B. Level sand plain. B. Horizon. C. D. Sandhills. B. E. Beyond horizon, and hence not seen. Between B. and C. appears as water.

"About noon we passed Kantara, the spot where the canal crosses the pilgrim or desert road from Syria to Egypt, and *vice versâ*. For ages travellers have passed this way. Wonderful associations—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, the patriarchs and Joseph, Moses in his flight to Midian, Jeremiah, Joseph and Mary, and the Holy Child—what a tale Kantara could tell us! and there, as in the days of old, was a camel caravan, now by modern progress compelled to be ferried over the silver streak of water that entirely divides the continent from the peninsular.

"Not far from here we were compelled to anchor; so no Ismailia to-night.

"The passengers gave a waxwork entertainment; it was capitally done, but amusing as it was it seemed a little out of place in the midst of the land of the patriarchs.

"19*th*.—Quite a new experience in the canal, a dense fog and no starting at six. It will clear, they cried, at seven; but no, it grew denser than ever. The oldest hands on board were certain it would be gone at night; but at nightfall it was still very thick. We shall be off by

nine, said the captain cheerily; of course, he was an authority whom all relied on. Pilot, what do you say? *Peut-être, messieurs, peut-être, nous verrons.* At nine o'clock it seemed hopelessly thick; however at about ten o'clock we were under way, but had no hopes of catching the train for Cairo. At Ismailia we were soon comfortably housed in the Hôtel de Paris, a very unpretentious place. Madame presided at the dinner-table; Monsieur—was he Monsieur? we could not quite make out—was a very secondary person. Then came in the *chef de gare*, carefully folding up his braided coat before he joined the repast; he dined with us in his shirtsleeves. By-and-by came the postmaster, and, for a special treat I should say, since the two Englishmen called forth all the efforts of the cuisine, the telegraph clerk added himself to the *table d'hôte.* It was amusing to note the unexpressed yet unfeigned astonishment of the chaplain. This was his first introduction to foreign manners. Wider and wider did his eyes dilate as the haricots were skilfully manipulated and conveyed to mouths on dinner knives, and as chicken bones

were cleanly picked with no other implements than hands and teeth. As the conversation waxed more and more animated, and the *enfant terrible* developed with the conversation, and when Madame, true to her southern education, drew forth her case and lighted a cigarette, I thought it better to retire to our rooms lest his optic nerve should materially suffer by the intense strain put upon it.

"Except the one little quarter called the Arab town, Ismailia is utterly French, or modern Egyptian. It is an immense improvement on Port Said, for everywhere it is well planted; even in the midday sun shelter can be obtained under the beautiful Leblekh trees. I most unhesitatingly advise anybody compelled to remain a few days in this neighbourhood, if it is a choice between Port Said and Ismailia, to choose the latter even at the expense of the journey in the steamer there and back. The sights of Coursi you may put in a nutshell—the canal, the waterworks, and the broken-down palace of the late Khedive, and the Arab town to boot, might occupy, at an expansion, three hours; and if you did not put yourself out of

A PEEP IN ISMAILIA.

the way to see one or the other—well, you would not be a very great loser.

"20*th*.—Cairo being for the present out of the question, we decided to-day to visit Tel-el-Kebir, the scene of the recent battle. The trains were agreeable to our going and returning the same day, so we took second-class tickets and proceeded to cross the desert by the worst-laid line in the world, let alone the most dusty. In many parts quite a sand storm was raging. It is, however, intensely interesting thus to cross a desert, you see it without sharing its horrors; all the peculiar natural features present themselves one by one without the fearful fatigue and the burning heat that one has experienced during only a short march.

"But little is to be seen at Tel-el-Kebir. Only Arabi's barracks, the trenches and English lines, the sad little cemetery, and a great many date palms. This is one of the principal Egyptian date districts; the trade being sufficiently large in the season to demand an extra service of luggage trains. I have drawn a sketch or two of the spot. We found it difficult

to occupy the two hours the train allotted to us, in fact, half the time was spent at the railway station, for the encampment was too hot a walk for us to attempt, and we saw its general appearance from the line as we went past.

"When the train drew up, great was our astonishment to see the dusty but familiar face of John Barton protruding from the window. No, he would not speak, he refused to recognise us, and it was not for some seconds that 'Bishop! I never!' burst from his astonished lips. How we who ought to have been safe at Jerusalem turned up at Tel-el-Kebir, was more than even a more than ordinary man could possibly imagine, and it was not until a full explanation had been given that he abandoned the idea that we were ghosts.

"21*st.*—Went up this morning to see the train arrive with the troops from the *Nepaul.* One or two of the passengers and W. E. Taylor were there. After a very quiet day we embarked on board the steam launch which carries the mails at five p.m.—an awkward time, for Madame's dinner is not till six o'clock, and we had forgotten that we ought to take

RAILWAY PLATFORM AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.

food. I fumbled in my bag and found some chocolate, and from one of my pockets turned out a neglected biscuit. It had no longer need to complain of want of appreciation. Between eight and nine o'clock we stopped at Kantara ; I ran up to the station house and was highly delighted to secure a good big lump of somewhat sour bread, on which we thankfully dined. Twelve at midnight we reached Port Said.

"*22nd.*—Even the few hours we had to spend here to-day were very wearisome, and one was glad to embark on board the ——. Our only other first-class passenger was a Jew from Jerusalem, who proved, as far as his English carried him, a very agreeable companion. The captain at once struck us as being particularly boorish and sour, nor did he improve until he had had a severe attack of indigestion, which softened him considerably. The doctor whom he consulted had told him to feed simply ; so he confined himself to one meal a day, his dinner, at which he would eat in about five minutes an immense plateful of beef-steak, and a huge mass of watercress or beetroot. He was then surprised that he felt

queer, and quoted his simple diet! But to see the old gentleman at the best advantage was when he employed himself carressing a sweet little bulbul (a Persian nightingale). A grim smile overspread the hugely-heavy jowl, and many a tender kiss proceeded from the thickly-moustached lips, while the gentle little dicky would lie quite passive under the operation. But the captain of the —— has drawn me to run on faster than the ship.

"*23rd.*—The next morning we sighted land early, and ran close by the Bay of Acre; still closer to Tyre, the once mighty mistress of these seas; and quite close to pretty little Sidon. At five p.m. we entered Beyrout, and at once were thrust into quarantine. As dinner followed almost immediately after, and all the meals were good on board, we did not mind very much. It was on the morrow, the 24th, that we began to pace the decks like caged lions and wonder how four days could possibly be got through, especially as the Jew had migrated to the second class. However, it was noised abroad that I had arrived, and boat after boat came alongside to call and bring

TEL-EL-KEBIR.

letters, and so-forth; and the result was that the time fled so rapidly that when Friday morning came we scarce felt ready to disembark and again enter the battle of life." *

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* "I am, as usual, full of different items—reading, painting, writing, etc.—so that I find very little spare time."—(*Letter home from quarantine.*)

CHAPTER III.

(NOVEMBER 23rd—DECEMBER 11th, 1884.)

"Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion."—*Isai.* lii. 8.

"WHAT an abomination this quarantine is! It is protracted and protracted by this wretched Turkish Government, because three or four otherwise ill-paid officials make a market out of it. One has the profits arising from the sale of food in provision boats; another has the tax that is charged to all who call on friends, a man having to accompany each boat to see that they only talk and don't enter the ship; while finally the doctor has six shillings a head for the final examination of the patients; and so it is prolonged and prolonged, and the Holy Land nearly emptied of travellers, while the hotel-keepers are fainting under the bad season.

"28*th*.—Out of quod the first thing this morning. Mr. Bellamy brought a boat, and Cook's agent likewise, and accompanied us to the shore and the Hôtel Belle Vue.

"Beside the quarantine which brought us here, I have business with regard to a dispute that has arisen about the J. Wilson Memorial Schools. Disputes are always painful, and so I shall let all the details pass, and merely note that I believe that my visit will do somewhat to set matters on a better footing.

"After being pent up on board ship, a visit to the old quarter of the town, and a drive to the Pasha's Gardens outside, was a delightful change, and caused past grievances to evaporate like the dew on the Lebanon before us.

"But I was not allowed to play long. The afternoon was filled with a round of visits to the various Christian institutions in the town. To anybody who has followed the history of European work in Palestine, it will seem quite natural that we should first proceed to the late Mrs. Bowen Thompson's schools. I was a little nervous examining various classes of girls through an interpreter, and my discomfi-

ture was nearly completed when an enormous Persian cat went off in the most fiendish yells pen can describe! Having just read the life of the sainted foundress, a hallowed charm seemed to clothe everything with intense interest. One would have thought that the little Scottish school we visited next would have been seen to a disadvantage, but could a bed of forget-me-nots in the master's garden—for such it was—do aught but delight one's inmost soul? And then the Prussian Hospital, and the sweet sisters, fair, fat, and genuine Germans; none of your angular, pinched-up, mouth-drawn ladies, but buxom, easy, and good-natured, just such as one would choose to nurse him were he taken here with a nervous malady. Dinner over (it was meagre, and not improved by the presence of a fast middle-class French family), we hurried away to a full-dress reception, given in honour of the Bishop pro-tem., by Mrs. Mentor Mott, sister to Mrs. Thompson, and who now carries on her work. The various consuls and residents had been gathered together to meet me, and after a certain time I was invited to give a

history of the work in my diocese, and to relate my travels.

"Before breakfast the next day I was at the American Institution and gave an hour's address in English to the upper classes of students. Then came various calls, and Mrs. Low and dear old Mr. D. had to be got off by the steamer, which was taking its departure. A long afternoon was spent examining the above-mentioned college, and its most interesting Palestinian museum, and above all making the acquaintance of its various professors, nearly all of whom I met again at an after-dinner reception at Mr. Marriott's, at which Mr. Sharpe, of Hampstead, who arrived to-day from South Palestine, was present. To be candid, there is a spicy juice about Americans that we phlegmatic Britishers do wholly lack. Enquiring into their work, and as to how far self-support could be looked for, I was told with a marked nasal twang that when Paul first went to Europe he made a collection for the poor saints in Palestine, and they had been counting on the same collection ever since, and he (the speaker) supposed they always

would ! At the same time I got a great deal of valuable information from them, and found them to be men of no ordinary power or parts.

"Sunday was a day to be recorded in my episcopal annals, and only such a day as a Bishop could spend happily in a spot where much could conveniently be laid aside. The Scotch Presbyterian Church had been offered and accepted, and I and my chaplain, Mr. Marriott, and the Scotch minister officiated. The sermon fell to me, and met with the most marked attention from Elders who could far better have stood up to teach me. Then a quiet dinner with the Marriotts, and, immediately after, addresses through an interpreter to the large native Sunday schools, held under the auspices of the Americans, many of whom were present. Next followed the Baptism of the daughter of the Danish Consul, and then evening Service, followed by Confirmation of several candidates. I administered the Holy Communion to a large number, I think I may say, of many denominations. A day of work, but of much peace and happiness. Had there been no spiritual reward I would have given

double the labour, could I have done so, to the kind friends amongst whom I had fallen, and would have expended, if necessary, twice the strength to have enjoyed, as I did, meeting in His name many so free from party spirit. Another delight of this joyful Sunday was, that during the night there had been heavy snowstorms on the Lebanon, which had completely covered the various peaks with a mantle of white, not only affording us exquisite scenery, but also leading us to Bible associations.

" *Monday*, about 2.30 a.m., our dragoman, N'jem, called us up to get breakfast, or whatever you like to call it, before taking our seats in the diligence, at 3.45. What was my surprise, horror, and yet gratification, to find that dear Mr. M. M. was awaiting our exit on the steps of the hotel, having got up at that unearthly hour at his great age to bid us farewell, bringing with him English roses and Beyrout oranges.

" The coach proved to be crammed full. Our seats were in the front banquette, and would have served comfortably for two at either end, but to have a dirty Armenian priest in one

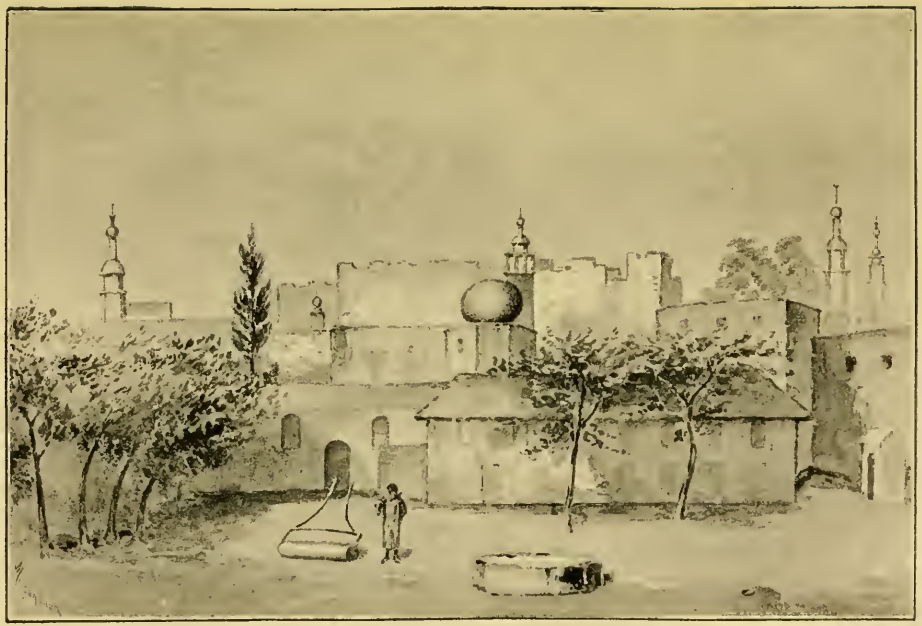
corner, and a still dirtier conductor in the other, and to have to share what remained in the centre with your chaplain and a patent break, was not even tolerable in the intense cold of a winter's morning. However, I had had experiences of the kind before, and I relieved the chaplain's intense misery by prophesying that we should get smaller and shake down better as our food digested; and so we did. But oh! my friends, picture to yourself the Damascus ''bus'—a diligence that once ran in France, but was superseded by the modern invention of railways. It is within the bounds of possibility that, before I was born, my father in his journeys to Paris rode in that self-same diligence; but never mind, I have to enjoy as best I can under such circumstances, and through the dusty panes of the windows, the lovely scenery of the Lebanon. Beautiful, indeed, even though not seen to special advantage on this route. Ever and anon the landscape was enriched by magnificent flocks of sheep following in the wake of their good shepherds, who, it is said, not unfrequently lay down their lives in defence of their sheep.

"Towards the middle of the day we came across an almost continual flow of camel caravans, either bearing the riches of the East westwards, or carrying American oil and the commodities of the West to Damascus, and parts yet more remote. How strange!—Solomon's apes, peacocks, and almug trees, giving place to paraffin, Manchester cotton, and Brumagem brittles.

"We ascended several thousand feet and experienced a great many changes of temperature during the day; sometimes scorched by the sun, sometimes perished by biting wind; and yet it was a most enjoyable day. At the last stage, in the beautiful valley of Barada, we espied two English faces, and found that Mr. Connor, the C.M.S. missionary, and the Rev.——, agent to the Jews' Society, had come to meet us with a carriage, for, said they, if strangers ride through this valley in an open carriage (N.B.—The diligence was close shut), they are sure to get fever. We felt intensely gratified at their kindness, but I felt a feverish shiver run down my back when I found that we were to have a tighter squeeze than before,

and that by some unlucky accident the carriage refused to shut, so that I almost got fever by thinking about it ; the more so, as from my African experience I was fain to believe I was a very feverish subject. However, no harm came of it in the long run, and we were soon comfortably ensconced in the new hotel.

" In Damascus : perhaps the oldest city in the world, ever altering, modernising, and yet remaining in many respects so much the same. Eleazar of Damascus still sits under the shadow of Abraham's tree, still leads his camels laden with rich stuffs through the streets and crowded bazaars, yea, the very street that was called Straight in the days of St. Paul is called Straight still. Fragments of all ages, associations of all known times, are met with on every hand. One breaks away from a few wretched Franco-Turkish modern barbarous vulgarisms into all the rich beauty of the East. Out of our new hotel we plunged into a maze of bazaars, with a marvellous admixture of Damascene works, and Sheffield and Paris ; yet all looked strangely bright and beautiful and different to anything we had seen before



DAMASCUS, VIEW FROM MY HOTEL WINDOW.

To me one of the most striking scenes that meets the eye is from some dirty narrow lane—street you can scarce call it—to get a peep into a rich Arabesque court, with its fountain of water and intensely-beautiful Mauresque work. Some of our friends whom we visited lived in exquisite houses, at least as regards the internal decoration. Little alhambras with niches, and a variety of patterns over which the eye could wander, tracing their meandering without wearily harking back again and again to the point from which it started.

"Of course we visited the legendary spots; it is a duty, and it sets one a-working out one's own theories upon mooted questions. Our time, however, was so short that we were rather inclined to let the traditions stand unquestioned, and try to realise more fully that it was indeed in this city that the eyes of the great Apostle were opened to see the glories of the Gospel of Christ; it was here, too, that he first began to realise the trials and sorrows which awaited him in the world, being let down from the wall in a basket to escape his former friends. Some years ago I met a

man in the ancient capital of Russia who told me that he was more reminded of Damascus by the view outside Moscow than of any other spot. We climbed the hills, which encircle the city, to some little distance, but the view of the town is disappointing, its minarets are comparatively few, and not, to my mind, in any way to be compared to the bright domes of Moscow.

"The most interesting sight in the city to me was the early Christian church, which is now the grand mosque; and the climb through various narrow passages to the roofs of the surrounding bazaars to see the great inscription, was not the least interesting part of our visit. It is sad to see how, under Turkish misrule, the ancient Damascus work of the mosque is falling to pieces. But the special charm of Damascus is its bazaars and their occupants. Bedouins, Druses, and various Easterns in their gay clothing throng them. As long as we were able to take things quietly and go on foot I enjoyed strolling about immensely; driving, however, was a perfect misery, for we were ever running the closest

shaves of killing old and young—the streets are not built for the modern carriage, even though perhaps at one time they may have been bejostled with chariots of iron. My duties soon called me from sight-seeing. First there was a Confirmation, then a Baptism, then a Bible reading, and after that the different schools and institutions were visited. I then made calls on the devoted workers who are spending and being spent in the good cause. I must not forget to note a visit to the prison inside the castle ; a douceur to the captain of the guard obtained admittance. The horrid, close stench that met us at the doors, and the look of misery on the faces of those at the very entrance, was enough to damp the ardour of exploration. There are three prisons, one inside the other, out of the third and innermost dungeon prisoners are supposed never to come out alive ; into this awful den we did not venture.

"The Lepers' Hospital—if hospital you can call it—we also visited. There seemed to be almost a deeper keynote of despair ringing through it than even through the darkest

dungeon of the prison. If anything can help us to realise how hideous sin is in God's sight it is the fact that leprosy is its type. At length time came to start. Since my arrival plans had altered. Turkish misrule, while it had been permitting the French Jesuits to work freely in the Hauran, had been seriously interfering with the movements of Mr. Connor, the C.M.S. missionary. I found that he had been threatened with arrest should he attempt to enter the district ; the only reason being that the Jesuits do not hesitate to bribe the wretched officials heavily. The C.M.S. cannot work in this way. However, after much consultation and searching of heart—for a visit to the Hauran is fraught with danger on account of the dangerous Druses and Bedouins of the Leja—I determined to go and visit the schools there, and to take Mr. C. with me. I felt that if I were arrested it would bring the question to a crisis. If I were robbed I was but travelling with a small outfit, and little worse threatened, since the Arabs appeared to be thieves and robbers, rather than murderers. For instance, the Brighton tragedy of the

'one-horse shay' was repeated upon the persons of a gentleman and his wife, in the neighbourhood of Damascus. They were so completely stripped that a *Times* newspaper had to be divided between them in which to clothe themselves. The day before the start I called officially on the consul, and told him I had not come for advice or permission, but to tell him I was going, and much hoped that my visit would give him no trouble; since, although he ignored all responsibility, yet, had anything happened, he must have closely investigated the case. He was rather ominous and reticent, and hoped that we might get safely through. 'Yes, yes, I should think perhaps you might, but nobody has visited those parts for a long time; an English Bishop never.'

"So the dragoman N'jem was sent for, and won my admiration by raising no difficulties whatever, not even asking for a Turkish escort, which would have been sure to bring us utterly to grief.

"Our intention was to make a small détour to visit a school in the neighbourhood of

Damascus, but Mr. C. having failed to keep the appointment which I had made with him, there was not sufficient time, so we mounted our horses and struck straight for the Hauran.

"The country was strange but not beautiful; in a short time scarce anything green graced the landscape and rough lava beds, while fallows that in the wet season wave with corn stretched away bare and brown for miles. In the middle of the day N'jem called a halt, and astonished our hungry eyes by the feast which he spread before us. N'jem's cases were like the magic boxes of Fairyland. A never-ending variety came out of them, and everything just as it was wanted. How it was managed I do not know, but we lived like aldermen in the midst of a desert land. I only wish we could manage a little more like it in E. Eq. Africa! At night we halted at a Druse village. The sheikh was ill, and our visit to him was consequently not very interesting. We heard there were some hieroglyphics in a neighbouring mountain; they asked us to stop to interpret them, supposing they related to hidden treasure.

"The next day was an exciting one. In the first place we were approaching the north border of the Leja, the stronghold of the fierce Bedouins; and in the next place towards noon we must run the gauntlet of the Turkish fort, where they had one hundred soldiers to block, or—as they call it—to 'guard' the entrance to the Hauran.

"After riding a short time the smoke of Arab encampments was discerned, and at last we came across a few stragglers; but if all are as quiet as these we shall not get much hurt. Presently we were rendered still more uncomfortable by seeing the Turkish banner floating over a modern barrack, and by-and-by we met soldiers, but apparently they took our approach very quietly. Nearer and nearer we drew, and at last one of them came up and spoke to us, asking the news of the day. There did not seem any signs of the guard turning out or even disturbing itself on our account. The captain, I imagine, was either asleep or playing cards with his subordinates, and, having received no instructions from Damascus, let us pass without a question. So

I am not to be sent back in irons to the ancient city, and henceforth we have only to keep a watchful eye upon Druses and Arabs. Towards sunset we camped at the foot of a fine mass of ruins, standing on a considerable eminence. The day was too far spent to admit of our making a survey there and then, although this was really our first introduction to a giant city of Bashan.

"*Saturday, December* .—The chief of the village was absent, so his son, a lad of twelve years, did the honours, and led us round the ruins and pointed out a few fragmentary Greek inscriptions. The remains here were mostly of the classical period; all the more ancient ruins have been removed by constant occupations; so there was little to delay us. A village or two further on the chief was a friend of Connor's, so we turned aside and made a call. We were received with the true hospitality of the East, and, as we protested against a feast, light refreshment was provided for us. The measure of our march to-day being fixed, not by the setting sun, but by the nearest of the C.M.S. schools, I had time to turn aside and to

inspect some stray ruins which seemed sunk in the rents and chasms of a lava spur projecting from the Leja into the Hauran, and I certainly was richly rewarded by my venture. I found a three-storied house almost as entire as when it left the hands of the Anakim, or whoever built it. It had been left a nameless ruin, over which the hand of Time had passed but lightly; and in this dry climate even lichens and mosses had been unable to mar the fresh appearance of the basalt which seemed but yesterday to have left the mason's hand. There hung the huge stone doors, turning easily in their sockets of stone. Seven feet high, together (for they were double) five feet broad, and about nine inches thick. There, too, were windows of stone; here one shut, there one open. Giant monoliths resting on corbels formed the roofing of the chambers and the floor of the story above; and all I saw was so fresh that, except for the desolation of stones around, and a few broken places in the walls, it scarce looked like a ruin, far less one over which more than three thousand years had rolled. On our arrival at —— we met with a hearty reception

from the Druse chief and the schoolmaster and elders of the village. We were sorry, however, to find that the chief had not yet given the schoolmaster either a habitable house or a schoolroom. It must, however, be said that not much time had slipped away, and water is just now so valuable that all dealings in bricks and mortar are brought to a standstill, and will be until rain falls.

"*Sunday, December* .—We greatly needed a day of rest, and we at least had it as regards the saddle, but it was rather like an African camp Sunday. Connor, who is an able and a fluent Arabic scholar, held a Service, inviting all who liked to come, and several of the Druses heard the Words of Life. Messages had been sent to all the neighbouring sheikhs of our arrival, so one after the other they came in gala-attire to pay their respects, with their retainers; and the chief of the village prepared a large feast for the evening. Not only Druses, but also Arab chiefs from the Leja came; for just at present they are at peace with each other—a lucky circumstance which very seldom occurs. Some of the prin-

cipal Arabs of the north part of the district being camped near, we also found time to pay them a visit. The black tents of Kedar are mere curtains of camel-hair bent over a few short poles, and look in the distance like a gipsy encampment. A traverse curtain separates the women's quarter from the men and the guest, above and below which inquisitive eyes might be seen to peep. Out of all keeping with the kind of Irish squalor of chickens and goats and sheep all around (pigs are excepted) were the magnificent Persian carpets on which we were stretched. I don't think it has ever been my lot to sink down into richer dyed wools, and had it not been for its other occupants, I think I should have been tempted to slip round that way at night to see if the Arabs sleep soundly! The great event of the visit is the coffee. The host has a kind of brazen shovel brought, in which he roasts the beans; then he takes a pestle and mortar of the oak of Bashan, and with his own hand he pounds it to powder, making the hard oak ring forth a song of welcome to the guest. Many of these pestles and mortars are

heirlooms, and are richly ornamented, and beautifully black and polished by age and use : such was the one in question. Having drunk coffee (for the honoured guest the cup is filled three times), you are quite safe in the hands of the most murderous. So far do they carry this superstition, that a man who had murdered another fled to the dead man's father, and before he knew what had happened drank coffee. Presently friends came in, and, as they were relating the news to the bereaved father, recognised the murderer crouched beside the fire. They instantly demanded vengeance. No, said the father, it cannot be ; he has drunk coffee, and has thus become to me as my son. Had he not drunk coffee the father would never have rested until he had dyed his hands in his blood. As it was, it is said that he further gave him his daughter to wife.

"After a round of visitors, a servant came to the tent to say, 'Come, for all things are ready,' so, putting on my robes by Connor's advice, we crossed over the fosse to the sheikh's house. The houses in these ruined cities are nearly all the same, they occupy the solid

ground story of one of the best giant houses, which have often had fine vaulted arches added by the Romans, or inferior ones by the Arabs themselves. On entering the door there is the public court into which you walk with your boots or sandals, and which is as open to all comers as the street itself; then, under the same roof, only a step higher, and railed off by a low stone wall, is the guest chamber. Before stepping up, shoes are removed. I was conducted to the chief's corner, where the best carpet was spread, and cushions for the elbow provided; and the other guests were placed according to their respective rank. Coffee must of course first be served, and then the guests' tray laden with the delicacies of the day; these are of various descriptions, meat and sweets are rather promiscously mixed up, and clarified butter and honey play a large part in the ingredients. Easterns believe strongly that fingers were made before forks; the host advances to the tray and tears off a delicious mouthful or two, and either places them before the chief guest or thrusts them into his mouth; then with the thin, flexible wafer-bread, which

serves as a table-cloth, napkin, spoon, and fork, you help yourself to one or all of the dishes, as fancy bids you, only breaking silence to entreat the host to partake with you of that which he has provided. The honoured guests having satisfied themselves, water is again brought, and the right hand, which alone must be used to eat with, is washed as it was before the feast. Then a huge tray is brought, around which other guests of less importance and the family seat themselves, and it is marvellous to see how the huge masses of provisions silently disappear. After dinner conversation began, and we endeavoured to limit it to the object of our visit, and the reasons for missionary effort. The principal Arab sheikh of the north part of the Leja was particularly anxious that we should send him a schoolmaster to teach his children and people ; in fact, one and all are anxious for education, and, to put it in plain language, will brook any amount of Christian teaching, provided only their children can move with the times. But the topic which is nearest to their hearts is English occupation. Druses and Bedouins groan under Turkish

oppression, and possess an extraordinary amount of information about foreign politics and Mr. Gladstone, and would rise to a man, at a moment's notice, to drive the Turk from the holy soil. Next to politics comes finance and money-lending; they are all more or less in fearful thraldom to Jewish usurers. Nothing they possess can be really called their own; they groan under a yoke which they themselves have forged; utterly dishonest in their dealings, they can only get dishonest scoundrels to deal with them. And yet none, I should say, are more quick to recognise and honour an honest man, either amongst themselves or others; they say of such, if an Eastern, 'He is a man with the word of a Frank.' I firmly believe that an honest substantial firm of bankers would make a fine fortune in Damascus, in spite of having to deal with clients who could only be designated as thieves and cheats.

"*Monday, December 8th.*—Nothing in the shape of direct payment for yesterday's hospitality must be given, much as a few dollars were needed. Matters have to be arranged with the subtle delicacy of the East. The

sheikh was asked to send his chief servant to hold my stirrup as I mounted horse, and, perhaps as a matter of curiosity, the price of sheep asked, and if I wanted to buy; then, with a good bit of pretended secrecy, though in reality with an immense amount of clinking and fumbling, in order that not only his fellow-servants but his master might know exactly what he received, the value of the sheep killed was thrust into his hand, and away we rode leaving them to adjust matters to their own satisfaction. A very big chief would leave all with the servants, seeing perhaps a fair division, content to hear them sing his praises in terms of this sort: 'The sheikh is a very great man. See what a feast he gives; what rich guests gather round his board!" but mostly the chief would, when our backs were turned, have the douceur handed over as a matter of course.

"Between the two Bedouin sheikhs whom we met yesterday, there was a striking contrast in appearance. The one looked savage and wicked to a degree, the other mild and benevolent—a remarkably handsome man, he

would have made a splendid artist's model for an Abraham or Jacob. Conversation, however, took a warlike turn, and this sheikh bared his body and showed an amazing number of scars, and, as he dilated on one and the other, his eyes flashed fire, his brow grew fierce and gloomy, a change gradually crept over the mild-eyed old man, and when at last, at our instance, he took a sling and showed us how he could strike a rock at one hundred yards distance with a force that broke the stone slung, he was changed into a veritable fury. Then again the storm that had gathered under the excitement of the moment sank to rest, and there reappeared the sage of the tribe and our hospitable host. We shivered and felt glad that we were his guests and not his foes.

"Skirting the Leja for some distance, and at times even dipping into this extraordinary lava field, we at last turned off in the direction of the Druse mountains, and, after an intensely hot climb, entered Philipopolis, a very extensive late Roman city. Much remains standing—columns, houses, amphitheatre, gates, and well-paved streets; and under the shade of one of

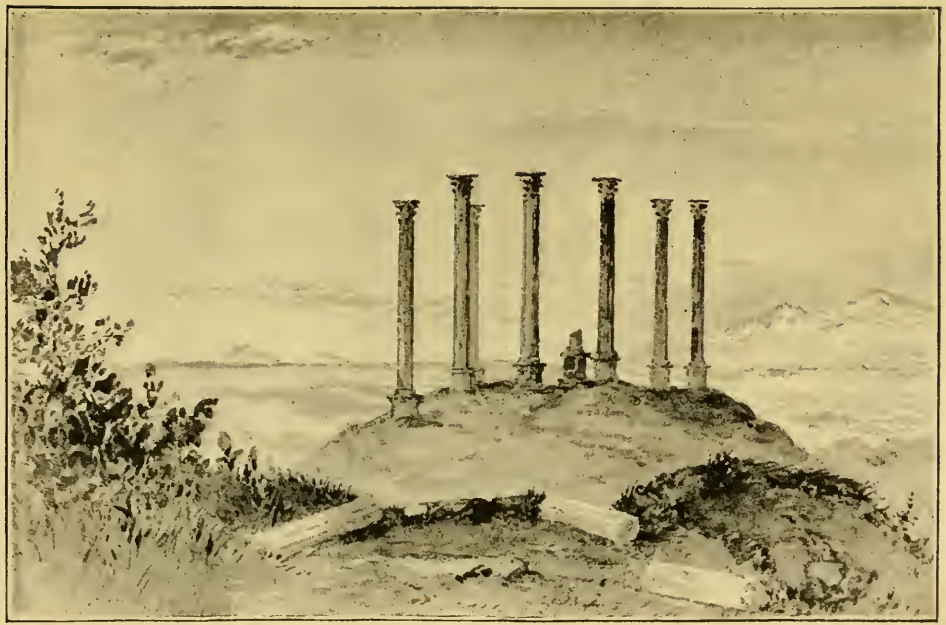
the finest city portals, we ate our lunch. The Jesuits have a school here, the master was very anxious to show us everything, and that we should examine his scholars, we, however, thought better not. Ascending a steep hill on the east side of the town, we entered a lava field of the very roughest description, and having reached the top, we were delighted to find the verdant landscape before us dotted with veritable oaks of Bashan. After three or four days without a tree, scarce a blade of grass at this time of the year to be seen, it was an immense treat, a feast to the eye wearied with stones and jagged lava. The oak of Bashan has a magnificent acorn, but is very stunted, gnarled, and knotted. Looking at the trees you can easily understand how it is that the coffee pestles and mortars formed of them are so handsome. Descending a steep valley we came to the crater of a volcano, above which was a fine ruined fortress ; to this C. and I climbed, while the less adventurous F. and N'jem rode quietly round the foot. Going down on the other side we lost our way in a maze of vineyards, and, curiously enough,

came across a native in whom C. recognised a friend of former days. Sunset brought us to the magnificent ruins of Karrawat. Here we had the opportunity of seeing something of a Druse marriage festival, but, as it lasted about seven days, we only saw, as may be imagined, a small portion of it. The chief of the village was a lad of about seventeen, who had learnt to read in the C.M.S. schools; but he was too much taken up with the feast to pay us any attention.

"*December 9th.*—The early morning we devoted to the ruins, which are Roman and Greek, and on a very extensive scale. There are fine remains of an early Christian church, and fragments of beautiful moulding and reliefs, but the gem of Karrawat—the ancient Kerioth—is its Greek Temple. It is simply a small group of Corinthian columns, irregular now from the gaps made by the rude hand of Time; but Corinthian columns are always beautiful, and, with an eye to the picturesque, seldom neglected in early days, these have been placed on a slight eminence which isolates them from all around, and adds to their magnificent loftiness. Immediately behind them,

and yet below, are the green oaks of Bashan ; yet further, stretches away the black field of Leja, with its singular eminences and peaklets ; and, yet further still, snowclad Hermon, and the Lebanon, Tabor, and, in faint, blue outline, yea, even Carmel on the shore of the Mediterranean : a Pisgah view of the possessions of the Northern tribes. No ruin that I have ever seen appeared to me so beautiful as these few remains of the Karrawat Temple. But we had to tear ourselves away, since there was much business to get through that day.

" Taking a westerly direction we reached and took by storm the little town of ——, where we were led to expect that we should find a flourishing C.M.S. school. We called on the chief, who accompanied us, and then, without warning, entered the schoolroom and found it in perfect working order. It was a refreshing treat to hear the answers of the children, and to watch the evident delight with which the parents, who had now flocked into the room, listened to my astonished comments. I was the more pleased when I found that the bright young schoolmaster had only been there



RUINS AT KARRAWAT.

about six months. I think I am right in saying he was trained by the Americans at Beyrout, and his brother is doctor at Jenin. It was an immense disappointment to them that we insisted on hurrying on. The sheikh and people were prepared to display the utmost hospitality, but much work was before me, and although a few strokes of the pen suffice for a description of what we did, there was, in reality, much pleasant toil to be undergone, and, much as one might wish it, delay was impossible. A horse is soon to be obtained in these parts, so, dismissing the school for a half-holiday—no treat to them—the schoolmaster quickly leapt into the saddle and accompanied us to the next village, where arrangements had to be made about the fulfilment of a promise to open a school. Here, at C.'s instance, I bought a very beautiful coin of Ptolemy. We had not gone very far when I subjected it to a close examination, and pronounced it to be a 'duffer.' Why not examine it at first? I was completely taken in by the extreme out-of-the-wayness of the place where I bought it—a spot without one attraction to draw a

stranger, Jew or Gentile. I did not at all like having been cheated, especially as there was plenty of opportunity to have examined it. However, to follow it up, I showed it to two or three Palestinian 'conosers' and got laughed at; sold it in fun to an amateur, then told him how I had taken him in, and took back my bargain. Finally, in Egypt, I gave it away as a model, hereafter to learn that it was an original, but of such pure, soft silver that it cut like lead. That coin was a disappointment to me from first to last! I felt more taken in by its genuineness than when I thought it was a forgery.

"Resuming our march, we arrived at the important Druse stronghold of ——. We found here a powerful chief and a telegraph station, and a great thirst for European news. There were several Turks about, doubtless in the capacity of spies, for South Druse-Land has ever been a thorn in the sides of the Turks. The sheikh had built a large guest chamber for summer use, and had conveyed thither a few interesting fragments; but though the situation was fine the ruins were nothing very

particular ; and fleas, the scourge of the Holy Land, afflicted me as I never was afflicted before ; fortunately, the African fleas, though at times they jump upon you in countless numbers, far exceeding even the inhabitants of a Druse village, are not nearly so virulent in their biting powers. During the night a tremendous gale of wind raged, and besides being swamped by dust and perished by cold, we had the utmost difficulty to keep the tent on its legs.

"*Wednesday, December 10th.*—A short ride brought us to the village of——, the most important of Druse sheikhs. He has lately been signalising himself by oppressing the Christians in his district, but he received us with the greatest politeness, and at once ordered a meal to be prepared, and sent for an old man named Alexander, who was formerly a Greek priest, but has since become, under the most desperate persecution, a Protestant. It was delightful to see the old man fall on Connor's neck and kiss him on both cheeks ; it seemed to be an illustration of the meeting of Jacob and Joseph. The chief, amongst other questions,

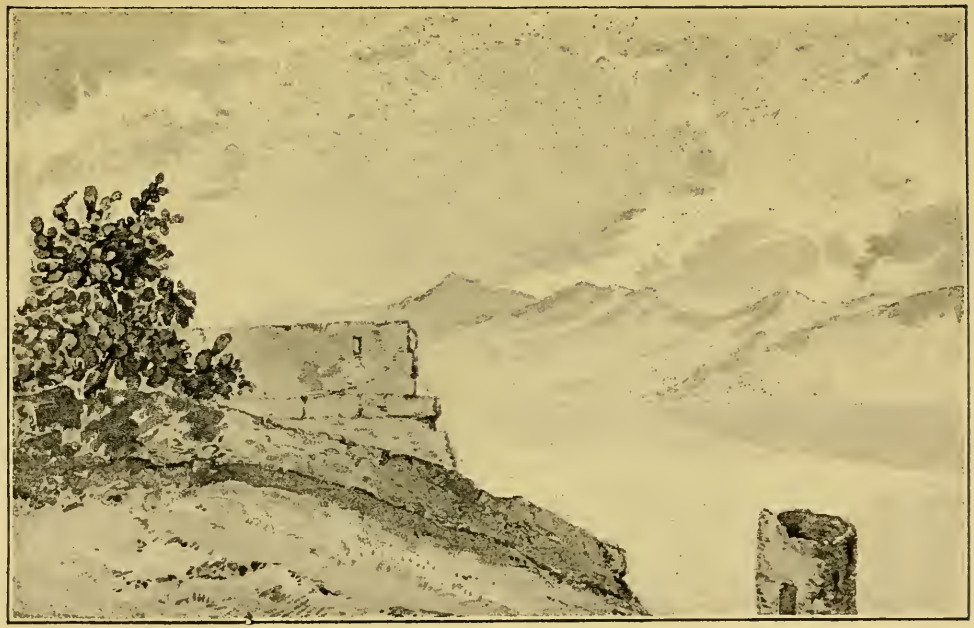
asked about bishops; he had heard of priests and deacons, but the office of overseer was new to him; whereupon Alexander brought forth the New Testament and read 1 Timothy iii., which seemed to please the chief much. He was himself able to read, and professed to have read the Bible through, but could see no necessity for reading it again. He had heard what it had to say. The ancient Alexander to day feasted in the house of his arch-enemy and oppressor, to whose care we especially commended him, asking the chief, as a favour to us, not to oppress either Greeks, Protestants, or Roman Catholics, but to be kind to all who professed to call themselves Christians. The request received a ready assent, but I could not help feeling that it was not unlikely that it might rather stir up a fresh burst of persecution. The feast over, we broke away from the direct route as regards work to visit Bostra, the most important town in these parts and the largest pile of ruins in the immediate neighbourhood. Like Karrawat, it is late classical with ruins of early Christian churches, Greek temples, streets and buildings,

and a fine ruined fort now containing a Turkish garrison. Here one could trace the touches of many hands, and we could well have delayed had the place not been in such a filthy state that one feared to tarry for fear of catching a plague. As it was I sadly grudged the time we had to give to sipping coffee with the Turkish commandant, and felt, too, rather sad that I could not slip the backsheesh into his hand instead of the sergeant's ; the poor man would have been so glad of it, could only pride have been disposed of. No doubt, however, at *écarté* or some such game, the coin went the round of the authorities of the fort before daylight again dawned upon them.

" We had now reached the farthest and most easterly point in our journey, but still we had no steps to retrace. We arrived in the evening at the Christian village of ——, where the C.M.S. have another school. Here our arrival was anticipated, for ancient Alexander had mounted a horse and crossed a plain to have the pleasure of seeing more of Connor All the village turned out and gave us quite an ovation, the Greek priest at their head, but

it was too late for anything more than welcome, and the news of the day must be left for morning light.

"*Thursday, December* 11*th.*—Work first, pleasure after, is an excellent motto, so before sitting down to breakfast with the village authorities I inspected the school. The last time Connor had visited this school he had found it necessary to reprimand the schoolmaster somewhat severely, I was therefore very pleased to find that there were great signs of alteration, and that the answers of the pupils were most satisfactory. The priest lent his church for the purpose—a primitive building considerably below the level of the ground outside, and bearing traces of the hands of Bashan builders. It was very pleasurable to see the building crammed with children and parents, and to watch the intense eagerness of all as to the answers given, the fathers scarcely able to refrain from answering for their children. Having pronounced favourably on the work, we adjoined to my tent for breakfast. N'jem and staff being chiefly Greeks, they had taken, if possible, extra pains with the feast.



TIBERIAS, FROM MY TENT DOOR.

Unfortuately, however, it was a fast day. Will the priest take some steak? No, it is a fast. 'Am I to fast too,' said the chief elder of the village, in such a piteous whine that it nigh brought tears to my eyes. 'Yes, man,' was the terse reply. I so far forgot my own importance as not to think of overruling the priest's decision, for they have, I believe, sufficient reverence for an English bishop to accept his dispensation, especially on such an occasion. The ancient Alexander had, for once in a way, the best of it. He has suffered even more at the hands of the Greeks than of the Druses, and while sharing persecution equally with the Greeks from the Druses, simply as a Christian, his most bitter cup is from his own relations and friends as a Protestant. I fancy I saw a grim smile of satisfaction steal over the old man's face as he, alone of the guests, laid in a breakfast for himself and them. After the feast—I suppose I ought to call it a fast—we mounted our steeds, and Alexander, having been secretly bidden to follow a little and kiss the bishop's hand, he found to his glee that he was kissing a solid silver lining.

"As there were spies in the village, the Greek elder sent on with me a man to ostensibly show the way, but virtually to pour into my ear a dismal story of the persecutions and oppressions they were receiving at the hands of the Druses. The tale of woe touched my heart, although I could not help remembering how cruelly they had dealt with Alexander, and how bitterly the Christians, Greeks, and Roman Catholics, in parts where they were the strongest, were at that very time persecuting the Druses, who had many of them been compelled to leave their homes and fly to other parts. To my mind, every corner of the Holy Land, every section of work, every denomination, with a few bright exceptions, seems to tell the same tale, that on the land there rests at present a curse."

FATIGUED WITH THE DAY'S RIDE, THE CHAPLAIN PEACEFULLY CONTEMPLATES THE VIEW OF THE LEJA.

CHAPTER IV.

(DECEMBER 13th—20th.)

"When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the colour-petals out of a fruitful flower."—RUSKIN, *Sesame and Lilies.*

"OUR ride to-day was not an interesting one until the ancient Edrei came close in view ; its natural situation is very fine although there is nothing in its remains to cause delay. So seldom does it appear to be visited by Europeans that all who passed us said we were Circassian refugees. The Circassians at the present time are fleeing from Russian oppression and taxation in very great numbers, and taking refuge in Mohammedan lands to the south.

"What a tale a fact of this kind tells !

"The people here were rather inclined to behave badly towards us, but scarce enough to complain about. We experienced a worse inconvenience by getting lost in the dirty streets, and night was well advanced before we discovered N'jem and the tents. And a hearty

meal, with hunger—the best sauce—soon bids one forget troubles of that sort.

"*December 12th.*—Leaving Dehat, we took a more southerly direction, and although the villages were less and less interesting, and all traces of hands older than late classic period were wanting, except perhaps in a socket or fragment of an ancient door, yet Nature rose to the occasion, and the scenery vastly improved. At one place we came to so steep a cutting in chalk cliffs that the muleteers absolutely refused to try the descent, and, taking the law into their own hands, turned back by another route. On this occasion, and this only, my wrath broke forth upon N'jem in a storm that took away his breath. And for this reason: We wanted to leave the well known route and go by another less known road, upon which N'jem and the muleteers declared that there were dangerous Arabs; but both the Arabs and the deep cutting were an excuse that I saw through. The fact was, that they wanted to make a wide circuit which would take two extra days, while we wished to reach Tiberias by Sunday; and, besides, the way they wished

to take would have missed several interesting corners. I felt there was a reason to break forth upon N'jem, when, after having fought the battle and insisted on going by the road which we had determined upon, I found that the muleteers had after all slipped back, and that we had only to follow. Descending the valley at another place, I thought that a judgment had come upon me when we suddenly espied an Arab emcampment! the men however were all away, and, in any case, I daresay they were quiet enough.

"We camped early in a very pretty spot, and while wandering round the town, we thought we discovered, in fact doubtless did discover, an unopened tomb, but none of our weapons or the tools we could borrow in the village rose to the occasion; the men of that city, though desperately anxious to find treasure, could not be induced to work with a will, their object being to tire us out and open it as soon as we had departed in peace.

"*December 13th.*—I held to my original plan, and, despite the détour of yesterday, started for Mkes, the ancient Gadara. Every step of

the way the scenery improved, until we found ourselves in a beautiful forest region, but travelling over slippery limestone rocks, on which I had two very dangerous stumbles with my horse. By the middle of the day we found ourselves literally among the tombs, the whole place swarming with broken sarcophagi and rock-hewn chambers, the doors of which in many instances remained perfectly entire and in working order. There was a weirdness about the whole scene that marvellously pressed upon me the demoniac tomb-dweller, and the destruction of the herd of swine. But Gadara, whether it be its tombs, or its site, or its Roman remains, is intensely interesting. I suppose that the tombs have had more than one set of tenants, and although they have been stamped as Roman by Roman ornamentation and bas-reliefs cut upon them, I imagine that they also bear traces of much older hands. We lingered over them even too long, for we had much yet before us. Descending a very deep hill we entered the valley, and soon came to the Jarmuk, across whose rapid stream we with great difficulty

crossed. My horse attempted to lie down, and one mule was as nearly as possible swept away, and bedding and several things were badly wetted.

"We are to be attacked by Arabs at last, and on the very threshold of the City of Refuge, for, once across Jordan, there is very little to fear. About twenty horsemen are scouring the plain we are crossing: they are not following one behind the other, as usual on the road; they are not even riding abreast, as if in conversation; they are scouring in search of prey and coming rapidly towards us. I made up my mind I would have the honour of being first attacked, so I put spurs to my horse and moved a little ahead of the rest, while N'jem examined the locks of his gun. On they draw. Those are not Arabs surely! They are Europeans, we shall perhaps get some news: it is a party of travellers. No, they are not Europeans, in spite of one party carrying an umbrella aloft. They prove to be a party of Turkish soldiers in search of some sheep-stealers. And so excitement dies away as suddenly as it rose, and we turn our

speculations to Jordan. 'If we scarce crossed the small Jarmuk, what about the larger waters of Jordan?' N'jem has no fears. Sacred associations are again interrupted, and our meditations broken, not by robbers, but by a horse fair, held at a small village south of the sea; but our recent experience has in no wise tempted us to renew our acquaintance with the trade. So we pass on, and find ourselves on the banks of the Jordan and the shore of Tiberias, just at the very spot where the stream has its exit. N'jem was right; there was nothing to fear. The river is broad, shallow, and slow, and very different to the narrow but deep, stony Jarmuk. But already daylight is growing dim. I made up my mind to reach Tiberias, and, in fact, now we have come so close all are anxious to press on, but we had a very rough ride, and at last had to abandon our steeds, and then, after arrival, had immense difficulty in getting our tents pitched in a suitable spot.

"*Sunday*, 14*th*.—Slumbers were during the night slightly shaken by the piety of the sisters in the Roman Catholic Convent. A huge bell reminded them of the hours, and about four a.m.

clanged all sleep away, so that, personally, I did not find myself so refreshed as I should have been. We had hoped to have camped in the usual spot, so near to the banks of the lake that in the morning you dash from your tent and drop into the sweetly fresh waters of the lake, but that special plot of ground had been sown with corn; and so in the hours of darkness we had searched for a hap-hazard plot, and lighted on a most picturesque nook on the hill to the north, overlooking the town and lake. From here one could enjoy the whole panorama in its various aspects of sunrise and sunset, and the lights and shades of bright sunshine, and, as we hoped, also a raging storm. I don't think I shall compare the little sea with any other I have visited. It has a beauty of its own, though its shores are so arid and treeless; but it is not so much that Nature has made the place beautiful, but the fact that here, on every side, the great Master wrought so many of his miracles both by land and sea. Wherever the eye turns it feasts unweariedly, and lingers and turns to feast again—it feasts on the mystery of association, connected, not

with doubtful sites, but with the whole expanse and with every nook and corner of hill and dale. Everywhere the Master's feet have pressed, except, indeed, the Herodian metropolis where we stand, for we never hear of our Lord in Tiberias.

"Tiberias is, however, to-day one of the great Jewish centres, one of their most revered cities, the burying place of many of their great and rabbies. It is quite a Jewish stronghold, and that is as much as to say that it is in a most filthy state. The only interesting things I noticed there were the Herodian walls, which remain very fairly intact, and the hot springs, which are a mile or two without the city. Mind, I do not say that there is absolutely nothing else, we were in a frame of mind which sought diligently, not for sights, but for rest—and we found it.

"*Monday*, 15*th*.—As soon as we could we entered a boat—yes, there was an association in that—and sailed across the lake to the ingress of the Jordan and the coasts of Bethsaida, and having lingered for a time, we rowed around the northern shore to the now,

I believe, almost universally-received site of Capernaum, and stood within the ruins of the White Marble Synagogue. The few beautiful fragments that remain—stones that echoed to the voice of Jesus—are in great danger of being destroyed by the wretched Arabs who linger near the spot, breaking off bits to sell to passers-by. Well could we have tarried here, but back towards the other Bethsaida, where the cast net was thrown, and the fishes caught and broiled on embers by the water side. Then Magdala, its coasts crowned by a low bluff, perhaps the most striking spot on the whole lake, especially if you see it as we did, lighted with a golden glory by the western sun. And then?—why mar the beauty of the day with the bitter question of backsheesh? No, it is beyond being marred; and having spent a few hours in a mystical mood in the ages gone by, and having grasped histories and scenes as we never grasped them before, we will not let them go and suddenly return to our dismal day, but just for once, even selfishly at the expense of those who follow after us, we will give the men the backsheesh they

demand, and return to our tents in peace and thankfulness. This has been one of the most interesting days I ever spent.

"*Tuesday, December 16th.*—We cannot leave the lake behind, though tear ourselves away we must. We make our way past the two ruined forts, to the foot of Tabor. The ascent, which has been very abrupt for horses, is being improved by a broad road now in construction, which is to lead to the two monasteries which crown the summit—wretched modern structures tacked on to the more ancient crusaders' buildings, which to one who, like myself, revels in architecture, are of the very deepest interest.

"Apart from association with the Transfiguration, the view from the summit is more than worth the climb. Here, as elsewhere, one is amazed to find how the sacred scenes of the Holy Land lie in a nut-shell. There is no difficulty in understanding how the undimmed eye of Moses beheld the whole of that then bright land, for wherever one climbs, Pisgah views, so to speak, are obtained. I need not run over what we could see, it were

briefer to say what we could not see. The immediate surroundings, battle-ridden Esdraelon, threaded by "that ancient river Kishon," were enough to hold our eyes for longer time than we could allow for a survey of the whole. N'jem had the refectory of the Roman Catholic Monastery placed at his disposal, and had brightened the foreground by a display of well-filled plates and dishes. The lay brother who served us would receive no open remuneration, so, after the fashion of Haroun al Raschid, we deposited a donation beneath the cloth, to be revealed to his wondering eye when the remains of the repast was removed. I hope the good man kept every penny of it for his own little comforts.

"From the heights of Tabor, Nazareth was soon reached. I am inclined to think that from almost any point the view of the modern town is the most striking of anything of the kind we saw, excepting the Holy City; but it is so modern and modernised, and such a whited sepulchre, so bright without, so filthy within, that hallowed associations seemed to fly away. What remained were almost blotted out from

our mind when three sites for the Hill of Precipitation—the brow, mark you, on which the ancient city was built—were pointed out. What do you argue from that? Why, that next to nothing as to the actual site of the little village is now known. Only around the ancient fountain, which has gently flowed on for ages, seemed to linger some traces of the Divine footprints. Very similar in His day, and at that very spot, must have been the scene that we witnessed. There, village maidens still vie with one another; there, still rise the joyous shouts of children at play; but to myself everything else seemed lost and gone. Not that we could forget, when we had escaped from the modern town, and could shake off all connections with Romans, Greeks, and Protestants, that it was amongst these lovely hills and dales, and on the heights around, that so much of His life was spent. Here He *increased* in favour with God and man. Here was the school-yard of the Boy Christ. It was this spot which the Father chose for the early education of the Son of Man.

"*Wednesday, December 17th.*—One of those April days in the life of a bishop when one

hour seems filled with joy of the sunshine and the next is black as a cloud. Our first visit was to Dr. Vartan's hospital, which still remains in an unfinished state on account of the various hindrances put in its way by the Turkish authorities. It is dismal to think how much philanthropic work they stop merely through an ignorant jealousy. In the meantime, Dr. V. is surrounding the fine property with a wall, and carrying on dispensing work in the town. Then, following round the hills, we came to the Nazareth schools, which occupy the thoughts and prayers of so many excellent English ladies. Here, in spite of changes which had made the work very uphill, I was more than pleased with what was being done, and with the fine pile of buildings. And now a little recreation while we climb above to the Neby Ishmael, and enjoy the magnificent prospect. A spot, tradition says, and we can easily believe it, dear to the Master. Here He would have a panorama of the fields of His future labours, and here He would behold many of those spots sacred by association with the history of His people Israel.

"Then a descent—a very *descensus Averni*—into the filthy streets; and after a few windings—and the fewer the better—we found ourselves in the C.M.S. Boys' School. There are a grand number of scholars, and their replies are very able. The schoolmaster impressed us with his ability as a master, whatever he may be in other respects. We now led away dear old H., the C.M.S. missionary, for an hour or two's quiet and a meal in the tent. Quiet, did I say? I found, first, N'jem in a clamorous state of excitement. One of his men, and the man who carried our bedding on his mule—he need not have told us that—had undoubtedly developed small-pox. Secondly, an old man persistingly trying to sell some coins, and refused to be driven away. Thirdly, more clamorous than all, a Jesuit priest anxious to change his religion. We received the latter with great caution, and found him to be a Hungarian, who for some time had been working under the Bishop of Portsmouth. By a little skilful manipulation we discovered that the good brethren of his persuasion, though not of his order here, had treated him to but pilgrim

fare ; and, by a little more beating about the bush, we elicited that he was exceedingly anxious to visit the Holy City and had no money. Loud was his abuse of his religion and all connected with it, but here he stopped ; so, while I examined into the small-pox case, which was also very pressing. I got H. to put him through a cross-examination in his vernacular German. Meanwhile, N'jem, who had put him through his facings as to what he wanted with me, for he had waited my return no small time, had come to the conclusion he wanted a wife, and told him so. We decided to offer him a five-franc piece, which he instantly flung down in disgust, and stalked off asking if he was a common beggar, and, as he took his departure, a murmur of a distant anathema, or something like it, smote our ears. H. naïvely said, If you had made it five pounds you would have had his blessing.

"We now proceeded to the neat little C.M.S. Church, and robed for the Confirmation. My address was interpreted by the Rev. O. Nasir,

the native curate of Nazareth. The number was large. To show the unsettled state of episcopal administration in the Holy Land, there had been no Confirmation for thirteen years. A very German feast followed, as dear old H., during his many years in English service, has lost little of his nationality, and now we said to ourselves, this heavy day is to close with the bright little gathering at his house. But not so : when we returned to the tent, a deputation waited upon us begging me to come to the house of one of the leading Protestants, a large gathering having assembled to interview me. Not liking to refuse I went, only to hear—though it was better I should hear it—a bitter tale of faction and wrath within that little community. Till the early hours of morning we tarried, trying to give the best advice, and to pour oil on troubled waters.

"*Thursday*, *December* 18*th*.—Early next morning I was astir again, for two pleasant little pieces of work had had to be omitted through absolute want of time, so, before mounting horse, I inspected the Girls' and

Infants' School, and fell desperately in love with a dear little blind infant. God, who makes the dumb and deaf, the seeing and the blind, lighten that life with His Light!

"A large cavalcade followed us, but I had more especially to occupy my time as we ascended the mountain pass between Nazareth and the plain of Esdraelon with entering into the conversation of the past night, and telling H. what had been done and said, for I could consent to nothing secret, or that had the shadow of underhandedness about it. In the plain we were treated to a display of horsemanship. The springs of Kishon, now at this time of the year dry, Nain, Endor, Shunem, and the mountains of Gilboa were passed on the left hand; while to the right rose the ridges of Carmel. Then the utter ruin of Jezreel, finely situate on the spur of a hill commanding views on all sides, and away past Gideon's well and Bethshan to the Jordan, from the other side of which (Ramoth Gilead) came Jehu furiously driving his chariot, his approach becoming visible soon after crossing the river. Here we made our midday halt, and were astonished at

the immense number of cisterns which pierced the rocks on every side, and which made walking almost dangerous. Here, too, we met the only traveller, excepting Mr. S., whom we encountered during the whole journey (I except priests and pilgrims), a Frenchman travelling as you might expect a Frenchman to travel: Hessian boots, holsters, cartridge belt, and the tricolour proudly floating on his tent. We exchanged civilities and passed on. Jenin was our halting place for the night—an extraordinary change from the country through which we had passed. In its present condition a perfect garden of fruit trees; and we camped, I think I may say for the first time, in a sheltered grove of olives and figs. The native doctor I found to be brother to the promising young schoolmaster in the Hauran. He joined us at our evening meal, and confirmed of his own accord much that I heard yesterday in Nazareth, which makes me the more resolved to bring these matters before the C.M. Committee.

"*Friday, December 19th.*—I find a great change in the vegetation from this point, and

the number of fine olive groves is especially noticeable. . . . Away in the far distance could be seen Cesarea across the plain of Sharon, and soon the picturesque ruins of the ancient capital came in view. They were more than worth the détour that we made, and tell an eloquent tale of the princely magnificence of Herod the Great, for most of the present remains and the fine colonnade date from his time. In the afternoon three weary and be-travelled horsemen presented themselves at the door of the C.M.S. School in Nablous, the ancient Shechem. 'The children have gone to their homes. Master has finished for the day. You can see nothing at this time.' 'Ah well, I am disappointed, and must move on first thing to-morrow. Is the missionary about?' 'He is out for a walk, will be here shortly. Any news of the Bishop's coming this way?' 'Well—yes—hm—ha—yes. I did not tell you that *this* is the Bishop.' In a marvellously short time schoolmaster, scholars, and missionary were all on the spot, and I found in one of the most bigoted Mohammedan towns in the land a very flourishing school and work,

and I took them as may be perceived quite at a disadvantage. There ought to have been a Confirmation here, but owing to the most serious illness of Mr. Hall, the able Secretary of the C.M.S. Mission, matters had all gone adrift, I made one or two suggestions, one of which was to meet me in about ten days' time at Jaffa, which is within a day's ride, but matters could not be arranged.

"We had arrived unwittingly on the right day, for it was the commencement of the Samaritan Sabbath, and after inspecting their ancient copy of the Pentateuch, and having some conversation with the High Priest, we were invited to be present at their service, which consisted in a monotonous recital of prayers and portions of Pentateuch, accompanied by various prostrations always in one direction, I think towards their ruined temple on Gerizim; for although they had their sacred books and shrine in front of them, I especially noticed that these were placed in the angle of the synagogue or room (it was nothing more) that pointed that way, and that the congregation, led by their priests, knelt all

of them in the same direction, out of square with the walls of the chamber.

"Nablous itself has a very ancient and Eastern appearance ; the streets, which are extra filthy, tunnel under the houses, and are dark and stifling. The inhabitants are, as I have said, most bigoted ; not long ago, Mr. Falscheer the missionary was shot at, or rather, his horse was shot under him. Having dropped in so unexpectedly, we were the entertainers and gave the dinner ; in fact, this was generally the case, for N'jem's arrangements were so excellent that a baronial feast was produced on the shortest notice. Dinner, however, having had justice duly done to it, we adjourned to larger quarters, and a reception of the elders of the place was held in my honour. After I had heard their difficulties and encouragements they drifted the conversation into an African groove, and were intensely interested in hearing about our special doings. Thus the hours of evening unwittingly stole away, and as I particularly wanted to keep the feast at Jerusalem, fresh horses and fast had been ordered for Connor and myself, and we decided to leave

N'jem and his tents in the charge of the chaplain and to proceed before daylight towards the Holy City."

CHAPTER V.

(DECEMBER 20th—24th).

"Here all is dust. After the destruction of the city, the whole earth blossoms from its ruins; but here there is no verdure, no blossom, only a bitter fruit—sorrow. Look for no joy here, either from men or from mountains."—FARRAR, *From Dr. Frankl.*

"Let him that wishes to have neither *aulom haze* ('the pleasures of this life'), nor *aulom habo* ('those of the life to come'), live at Jerusalem."—*Ibid.*

"*Saturday, December 20th.*—Having heard no good thing of the Shechemites, it was not pleasant to have the short time we had allotted to sleep broken by gun-shots and bullets whistling in the air not far from the tent, followed by the most piercing shrieks as of women being murdered. We heard afterwards that it was a sheep-stealing case. Before daylight C. and I were in the saddle, and were presently joined by Mr. F., who had decided to see us on our way. Despite a very long and rough ride, Ebal, Gerizim, Jotham's Pulpit, and above all, the well at Sychar must be inspected. Little or nothing remains of the sacred spot, but some

foundations of crusaders' ruins. It is, perhaps, part of the same well that is pointed out—one likes to think it is, nor does there seem much occasion to doubt. Anyhow, the locality is the same, and one could picture the whole scene with a feeling that the mind-painted picture at least approached to the great original. F. has bidden farewell, and soon C. falls sick, and the faint hopes of seeing Jerusalem to-day have almost disappeared. Shiloh is passed; steep hills are climbed; rough valleys are descended; we reach a very weird spot where Arab attacks are reputed to be made, but we pass on unscathed, and find ourselves sitting near a bright spring taking a little well-earned rest at Bethel. The chief object of interest there appears to be an enormous water-tank. And now the domes of the Holy City come in sight, and with thrilling emotions we move on, entering a little into the spirit of the Songs of Degrees. Beer is left behind, and Gibeon. Neby Samweel on its lofty eminence has long been in view; but there is a black figure on horseback, and yet another, and in a short time I have grasped my old college companion, my brother

in African toil, my dear friend Wilson, by the hand. Others are behind, our cavalcade has considerably increased, and we forget our fatigue and the ridges on the saddle, which but half-an-hour before we could have described with far greater accuracy than the road we had lately passed. We reached the Holy City in triumph, and found we were to lodge with Wilson in the Preparandi School, on the hill of Zion. Despite the late hour, callers came, and arrangements had immediately to be made for the morrow.

"*Sunday, December 21st.*—I am not going to say very much about Jerusalem, Jerusalem society, or Jerusalem work. The prophets always found that they got stoned when they sojourned there. Had I found that things had been made pleasant and comfortable for me, I might have been led seriously to consider whether I was not one of the false prophets, and whether my mission was not rather for ill than for good ; but in the midst of the party distractions, we found shelter in the dear Preparandi School under Wilson's wing. Perhaps if the baby—but never mind. We found

ourselves revelling in a hundred recollections of the past, and had much to say about the present—and future, too, all unknown. I had but a light Sunday, preaching at the Jews' Church in the morning and the C.M.S. in the afternoon, being present at the Jews' Church again in the evening. Saddened by the sight of the tombs of the three bishops;—but why should I be sad? Charmed to an intense degree by a stroll down the valley of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, past the beautiful tombs of Zechariah, James, and Absolom; and I still think, of all spots within and without the city, this is the one that charms me most—viz., to stand opposite these tombs, gazing across the Brook Kedron, on the Mount of Olives. And near the same spot to grub amongst the ash-heaps that fill the valley of Hinnom, and secure little treasures of ancient pottery, was my most delightful employment. My good friends, when we had spare time, would ask me, 'Where will you go? What do you want to see?' My answer invariably would be, 'The ash-heaps!' They were exceedingly cruel to me, for it was very seldom I was allowed the treat;

there was almost always on such occasions some particular sight I must see.

"*Monday, December 22nd.*—But where had my chaplain been all this time? I left him at Nablous, he spent Sunday at Bethel, and to-day he is making his way past Ai to Jericho, where I am to join him. The ride is not a long one, and as holidays commence almost directly, I filled up the morning by inspecting the Jews' Society Boys' and Girls' Schools and buildings, the C.M.S. Girls' School and Preparandi College. Amongst the catch questions I sometimes ask—I am not fond of catch questions as a rule—is this, 'Did the shepherds of Bethlehem worship the Child Jesus?' I received from a very little boy a perfect answer which intensely delighted me, 'We are not told so.'

"Bidding a short farewell to our friends, Connor and I mounted fresh horses and climbed the Mount of Olives, and it is as you mount here that you get the finest view of the Holy City, completely overlooking it. It is curious that while in ancient warfare the situation of Jerusalem was so wondrously strong, in modern warfare it would be the very reverse,

and if armies gather once more around it they will be able to pour in shot and shell from distant heights on every side. I refused the tomb of Lazarus, at Bethany; such sights are not worth the delay, better far to linger on the very paths that Divine feet must necessarily have often trod. May I thus too tread in the spiritual track and follow after Him. In these regions the blackmail system is still in full force, and there are still plenty of robbers waiting for those who travel from Jerusalem to Jericho. Travellers, however, are unnecessarily terrified by exaggerated tales in order that they may be frightened into taking an escort of soldiers, or rather, mounted Arabs, and the pay for their unnecessary services in reality inflicts blackmail upon all who pass that way.

"On the way we passed an enormous Circassian caravan travelling with their goods from very distant parts. It was an interesting sight, and one to be remembered; even more interesting was a lost sheep which cried pitifully and seemed at once to touch a chord in all our hearts. One of the soldiers picked it up in his

arms, for it was too faint to walk, and carried it some distance to another shepherd who recognised it by its mark, and promised to restore it to its owner. About half way to Jericho the scenery becomes almost grand; one deep valley is really quite so, and is unique of its kind, at least so far as my experience goes in deep tufa cuttings. Presently the broad Jordan valley came into view, and by a rapid descent we reached Er-Riha, a far pleasanter camping-place than Jericho itself. There we found the chaplain safely housed in the tent and a repast ready; but before we sat down a furious fight broke out amongst the men, and, of all people in the world, the Bishop was seen to rush in, knock one man on the head and send him in one direction, and seize hold of the other and thrust him aside like a wisp of straw, but then he had had a little training in such kind of scenes in Africa.

"*Tuesday, December 23rd.*—From Er-Riha we passed over to Jericho, the city of no palm trees, and thence on to the fords of the Jordan, another really beautiful and interesting spot. The river, which is thick and muddy,

flows through a lovely grove of tamarisk trees, and some prettily-stratified tufa cliffs. Thence we followed on to the Dead Sea. How many times have I gazed wistfully at the map and longed to stand on the shore of the Dead Sea! I found it hard to realise that one of my fond wishes (and fond I can scarce tell why) had at length been gratified. But there it was, desolate to a degree: here the bitter, clear water; here the lumps of bitumen and the pickled fish brought down by the fresh water of the Jordan. I stripped, put in one foot, then another; it was cold—all water is cold on December 23rd in northern latitudes—I pressed on to the knees; I expected peculiar sensasions, but expected in vain; even to the chin the waters rose, and I could still keep my feet to the ground. It was not easy to detect the difference between this and ordinary salt water until indeed we tried to get dry, and then we found that we had suddenly become like Lot's wife. Intense irritation followed, and it took some days of washing before we got really rid of the unpleasant effects. N'jem told me that had we bathed at the south end of the sea, we

should have found its floating powers very much greater; the north end is much affected by the large amount of fresh water poured in by the Jordan. We followed round the north-east bank for some little distance, and then began to climb towards Mar Saba. Here Connor was taken ill from the effects of the salt water, and we were obliged to leave him in charge of the two Arab soldiers to seek refuge in a shepherd's camp, while we pressed on to our own tents which had gone by another road. It soon proved that N'jem was utterly lost, and Baedeker's Guide, which had been most useful to us, but a great bugbear to him, now rose fully to the occasion, and I led the way in triumph. At length, lighting upon some Arabs, he preferred their advice to the book; and as the road now became dangerously steep, and I had been almost precipitated over a cliff, my horse falling with me in a fearful place, I gave in, and the result was that we got thoroughly lost and benighted. At last we again came across an Arab camp, were shown the Cherith valley, and soon found ourselves in our tents at Mar Saba. Connor, for whom I

was most anxious, came in a short time afterwards, having fairly recovered from his sickness.

"*Wednesday, December 24th.*—Mar Saba, in the Cherith gorge, built in and out of the corners and crevices of stupendous rock, is very fine. In some respects it may be spoken of as a monastic Gibraltar. The monks have bored and tunnelled into the rock, and again have built battlements and turrets and filled every practicable spot with their bastions, ramparts, and buttresses, which they share equally with the wild birds, here as tame as domestic fowls. In Mar Saba we found the very realisation of our ideal monastic retreat. The Greek monks are also custodians of Mar Saba's date-trees, the fruit of which is a specific against barrenness. Our cook's wife being thus afflicted, he took the opportunity of laying out a franc on two dates, one of which he was to eat himself, the other to give to his wife, and then followed some very sanitary advice, which, we could not help thinking, was a very shrewd accompaniment to the sacred fruit, and far more likely to be productive of result.

"Mounting the hills above the monastery and obtaining some very striking views of the Dead Sea and mountains of Moab behind us, and the Frank mountain to our left, we soon entered the sweet vales of Bethlehem, which once rang with the joyous shouts of the reapers of Boaz and re-echoed to the songs of the sweet singer of Israel. Here David pastured and fought for his flocks; here, in that cave to the left, tradition says the shepherds watched by night—that great night of which this is the anniversary. We were soon encamped in a magnificent spot overlooking the town and commanding wide views on every side. The town was thronged with pilgrims, chiefly Roman Catholics, for this is their great festival. Presently the Roman Patriarch entered the town on horseback in purple robes, followed by a long cavalcade of ecclesiastics, and preceded by the various cavasses of the Roman Catholic Consuls. The entry of the pro. tem. Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem was not quite so demonstrative.

"As to the reputed cave, many do not doubt its authenticity, and both it and the church

built on it at so early a date are intensely interesting ; I scarcely expected though that I should find them so, especially on a day when they were thronged with worshippers. But it struck us, as it has and must strike everybody else, both here in the Church of the Nativity and of the Holy Sepulchre, as sad beyond measure to see Turkish sentinels standing everywhere to keep the peace between Greeks and Roman Catholics, and to prevent the free fighting which not unfrequently breaks out between them. I spent several hours within the church, and more than once visited the cave. I paid a delightful quiet little visit to Miss Jacombs, who keeps the small school for girls, known as the Bethlehem Schools, to which my wife was a subscriber even before we were married. We knocked at the door in our riding costume, and asked to see the lady of the house and the school ; we did not give our names, nor were we asked. The ladies receved us, ordered in afternoon tea, and then gathered together their scholars. I examined them, and was charmed with their thorough answers and the excellent punctua-

tion of their reading; there was a natural manner and a readiness in reply that are so often found lacking in schools. 'Tell them, Mr. Connor,' I said, 'that the Bishop is delighted with their answers,' and, as I said this, my eye stole a furtive glance at the ladies, who each gave a slightly convulsive jump, and exchanged looks. It was unkind, you will say, thus to take them unawares; and my Chaplain was right down angry with me, because he thought he traced a mischievous twinkle in one of my eyes; but experience proves that if the Bishop announces himself unexpectedly, everybody—teachers and children—are thrown into a flutter and become unnatural and excited, and do not do themselves proper justice.

"As to-day is to be our last day of tent life until we camp beside Afric's sunny fountains, N'jem gave us our Christmas feast to-night—a spread worthy of a prince. To conclude with, Peter, our valet, brought in with much triumph an extra sweetmeat beautifully served with rich syrup. 'Whatever is this, Peter; it looks amazingly like a sausage?' 'Oh, no!' he said, with protestation, 'it is not meat, it is a rich

Damascus sweetmeat that N'jem has kept on purpose for Christmas.' The Chaplain's eyes sparkled, he has a sweet tooth, and the Bishop's is not a sour one. I took a slice with confidence, and basted it with the clarified syrup at which our cook is especially clever. A new dish this entirely to me. The Chaplain's eye glowed like a firefly, and all watched intently as the delicate morsel was raised to my mouth in a silver spoon. 'Hamsir!' ('pig!') I cried in an excited voice, as I ejected a mouthful of Bologna sausage and sugar from my mouth. 'Pig!' yelled the waiter in a shrill scream, as he caught up the dish, rushed from the tent and absolutely flung it at the cook's head. 'Pig!' shouted the man who was washing the dishes, and fled in terror lest he should be rendered unclean for to-morrow. 'Pig!' exclaimed N'jem, 'impossible!' as he hurried into the tent, bringing a tin box which was labelled indeed with the name of some sweetmeat made in England, but into which undoubtedly a German sausage had been put. Thus, tragically closed our Christmas dinner. Immediately after we were wafted away to the

Fatherland—the German sausage was surely a prelude to it. Visiting the German pastor who was busy entertaining his flock, we found the good man presiding at a Christmas-tree, at the foot of which, and around, were models of German houses, water-mills, fountains which were made to play—all so intensely German, that I was back again to a Christmas-Day which I spent years ago in Berlin. But, in spite of all our mixed surroundings, the Roman pomp and ceremony, the simple pastor, the crowds surging in the narrow streets, we were enabled, as we sang the shepherd's song in our tent by the light of the moon, to realise that we were come 'even unto Bethlehem.'"

CHAPTER VI.

(DECEMBER 25th—JANUARY 5th, 1888.)

"We have come, I know not how, to imagine that Heaven may be gained 'in an easy chair,' and that crowns of victorious amaranth will be dropped quite naturally on dozing brows. It is not so. It never can be so. All Scripture is a protest against our thinking so."—FARRAR, *St. James' Lectures.*

"*Christmas-Day.*—I could not afford to set apart this bright day to entire rest, it was not to be expected that I should. Almost before daylight we were in our saddles and on the way to Jerusalem; for while I was very anxious to spend Christmas in Bethlehem, friends at Jerusalem were equally anxious that I should spend the day with them.

"We passed Rachel's tomb, and then a rock where Elijah is supposed to have rested and left the imprint of his body;—by-the-by, he must have been a much bigger man than Goliath. Some Russian pilgrims, who had arrived before us, bade us dismount and kiss the ground, but this request I saw no

occasion whatever to comply with, although I hope I am always unwilling to violate the feelings of anybody.

"We spent a quiet day with the Wilson family, attending service at the Jews' Church, privately. To-morrow begins the examination of candidates for Ordination, and their papers have already been handed in to me.

"*December 26th and 27th.*—During the next two days we were very busy. The history of each of the five candidates we had to examine was full of interest. My own heart-searchings and the anxiety of this my first Ordination, and the intense desire which possessed me to do right under most difficult circumstances, I can scarcely write about. When I could snatch a few minutes, Wilson was always ready to refresh me by leading me off to some interesting spot, generally not one of my ash-heaps. Thus the tombs of the kings and the Church of the Sepulchre, and what our Palestine explorers suppose to be Calvary, were all visited. I dare say my next good friend will tell me that I did not see the very most interesting and important thing in Jerusalem. That is always

the way. Anyhow, my guides were most careful to show me almost every nook and corner.

"On Friday we went to see the Jews' wailing place. The wailing struck me as a hollow sham. There may have been mourning hearts. The eye of God alone could see. They have cause. Poor things, I could wail for them! Strangers, outcasts, despised and oppressed in their own city, they well might wail. Next to the Hinnom ash-heaps the few remaining stones of Solomon's building rivetted my attention. Their enormous size—I measured one thirty-five feet long, seven feet high, and of about the same thickness—is most astonishing. They are simple oblongs, ornamented only by the 'Jewish bevel,' yet there is an exquisite beauty in their perfect symmetry. They fit one upon the other with an accuracy that is wonderful.

"We were some time in deciding where the Ordination should be held. The claims of both 'Jew' and 'Gentile' were strong. The Jews' Church was the best. It has always been the Pro-Cathedral, and my mind was most towards it. I, however, decided in favour of

the C.M.S. Church of St. Paul, since the C.M.S. had in the first place invited me out expressly to ordain their candidates, while the others, who were connected with the Jews' Society, had been added to my list afterwards. On Saturday evening, therefore, we met in St. Paul's, and I addressed the candidates and those connected with the work. Then a state reception was given by Wilson, at which all Jerusalem was supposed to be present, and I was asked to give an account of my travels and to describe my diocese. Wilson himself was far more fit to undertake this, but he sternly declined, remarking that plenty of opportunities would present themselves for him to descant upon Africa, so I did my best.

"*Sunday, December 28th.*—'Beginning at Jerusalem'—yes, it was to me a happy omen that I should have been permitted to hold my first Ordination there in the Holy City. How humbly grateful I feel that I have entered into so deep an association with the Apostles of our Lord, and how earnestly do I pray that those upon whom my unworthy hands have been laid may be true followers of the first

Deacons upon whom hands were laid in Jerusalem.

"In the evening we assembled in Christ Church, and I held a Confirmation Here, again, a deeply-interesting tale might be told of some of the candidates, who were all of them connected with the work of the Jews' Society in the Holy Land. The ceremony was made additionally striking by the presence of the newly-ordained deacons, who took part in the Service. This day also has been one of the most interesting in my life.

"*Monday, December 29th.* — Pleasure is harder than work! So my grandfather used to say, and would impress upon us that it made old clothes and old bones. However, in spite of all the wisdom of the ancients, we determined to-day to throw off the yoke and make the most of our last day in Jerusalem.

"The American Consul occupied the early hours of the morning by kindly showing us his collection of Palestinian birds, which is fast assuming quite important proportions. We were able to discourse upon not a few of them,

some of which had not yet been named ; as an additional object of interest he had that morning had a fresh-killed wolverine brought in, the very counterpart of which I killed afterwards in Ukamba.

"I was then conducted in state to the Mosque of Omar, with a large party of friends, by Mr. Schick, the architect to the Mosque, and the chief sheikh, and was shown everything that it is permitted to anybody to see. Mr. Schick made the visit especially interesting, for he not only has access to all parts, but he has made them his special study ; and afterwards he took us to his house to see the models he has made of the three buildings, Solomon's Temple, Herod's Temple, and the Mosque and its buildings as it now stands—an exquisite work of art, and showing extraordinary insight into all that is known of past and present. I scarce like to say which delighted me most, whether the colourings in the dome of the rock, or the massive approach by which Solomon went up to the house of the Lord. When the Queen of Sheba had seen all Solomon's wisdom and the house that he had

built . . . and, finally, 'his ascent by which he went up into the house of the Lord,' there was no more spirit in her; and I for one do not wonder at it.

"Then again there are the underground stables, and the Mosque of Omar proper, perhaps the least interesting part of the whole enclosure. The chief sheikh was very amusing with a few grotesque sentences of English he had picked up; a little tiresome too at times, as 'Come this way, if you please' was a large part of his vocabulary, and was exercised upon us directly Mr. Schick began a description that left him out in the cold. So at last we abandoned the ladies to the sheikh's care, and I am shocked to say he was not in any way backward; while one or two of the choicer spirits entered deep into all that was before them, and many hours of the day silently stole away. What remained was spent in a round of visits, running from one house to another, for there was not time to walk, and the day concluded with a Christmas feast given at the Jews' Mechanic Institution, at which I had to speak. No, it did not conclude, for when I

returned to the College the young men, who by-the-by had retired to their beds, sent word they wanted me ; so, having made a throne of a bed whose occupant had gone into the country for Christmas, they kept me for a while answering and asking questions, and listening with deep interest to some of their Eastern anecdotes.

"*Tuesday, December 30th.*—Another parting wrench as I said farewell to Wilson, for we have known each other long, having, as I have said, been at college together, and our African experiences having brought us very close together.

"A carriage, no, a char-a-banc, three seats one behind the other, with insufficient room to sit straight, and two squeezed in to whom the bargain had not extended. N'jem, therefore, retired to await another carriage that would for certain have only two ladies in it, and having nearly played us out, saw no harm in picking up an odd franc or two by a little outside civility ; and all I say is I hope he did, for, though growing old (he fights against it with hair-dye and a padded great-coat), he is a

splendid dragoman, and, curiously enough, was dragoman to old R., and to B., whose book has been so useful to us. N'jem, in the morning, astride a very pretty little palfrey (he took care to be well mounted, whatever we were), in Greek gaiters, richly-embroidered great-coat, and crowned with the best silken Arab head-gear that gold could purchase, to say nothing of the jet-black moustache fiercely twirled, shone forth (N'jem means star) as a bright constellation, Arcturus in Boötes, or at least in gaiters. But N'jem in his night-cap, after a shower of rain had streaked his face with the dye and taken the curl from his moustache, while gaiters and coat were hung across a clothes-line to dry, was more like the Pleiades in a foggy night.

We squeezed ourselves into the char-a-banc with sad hearts as we bade Wilson and the interesting students of the Preparandi farewell, and soon we had our last views of the Holy City from the only remaining side from whence we had not yet beheld it. 'Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our King.' Beautiful, sadly beautiful in deepest

degradation, and yet, we believe, to be the joy of the whole earth.

"I was told on all sides I should be disappointed with what I saw, and so, thanks to such preparation, I met with no disappointments, except in the cryptogamic world, and this I had been fully prepared for too, though I could scarcely believe that I should find such utter barrenness. Fortunately for me, my interest in the Holy Land was not tightly pinned to sites. I could draw a charm out of Nazareth, for instance, without the further association which we might have had, could we have identified one of those three Hills of Precipitation. I could carry away a little store of sweet recollections from Bethlehem without necessarily believing or disbelieving in the cave which is shown as the stable. The fictitious surroundings did not prevent me from full enjoyment of what undoubtedly still exists. Turks and extortion would be better out of the way, but one can survive them, and, like a busy chick, scratch away the dirt and pick up the grain.

"My three regrets are Hebron, Banias, and

Baalbek, but something should be left to supply a collation, however cold, for hope to feed upon.

"Hold on, Chaplain! I see a drop in the road at least a foot deep, and we are going at a sharp spin down this hill. Too late! the Chaplain's head has come into collision with the waggon-frames that shelter us from the sun. Oh, what a rough road this, the only other road, besides the Lebanon-Damascus, that the country possesses! Oftentimes it paid us to leave it altogether and drive across the open fields which now lie fallow. One's liver which had run a little danger of getting overgrown from Jerusalem plum-puddings and the other dainties of Christmas cheer, was now reduced, jolted down indeed to proper dimensions; and we all agreed, though two of us were not fond of the saddle, that it was arm-chair work to this. However, miles flew by. Emmaus was passed—the midday rest for the horses; and at last Ramleh, where I delayed for a little to inspect the C.M.S. Schools, and where the scholars made me a present of a blue silken scarf of their own work; then the orange-

groves of Joppa—acres laden with the fresh fruit; and finally the hotel. Why, instead of being an infliction, an hotel is quite a treat in Palestine; we have not entered one since Damascus. Hearing that a boat was immediately starting northwards we made a dash and got off, Connor to be welcomed home by his friends as the Reverend. I would pay a parting eulogy to his excellence both as a man and a fellow-traveller; for not only is he a capital Arabic scholar, never appearing to be at a loss for a word, but he is stored with rich information and folk-lore which wiled away many an otherwise dreary hour on the road, and took many uncomfortable ridges out of my saddle. Then we called at the house of one called Simon a Tanner—whether Simon's or not the guide books must determine, but a fragment, and an interesting fragment, of the ancient city it appears to be. Afterwards we visited the able Secretary of the Society, whom we found still very ill and weak—he would see us, though I felt that he ought not; it was however almost unavoidable.

"Last day of Old Year. I have no oppor-

tunity here* of seeing where I was and what I was doing at the beginning of the year, but I expect I was not idle, at all events I found plenty to do to-day. It has been a wonderful year in my history. It has been a year of much travel and moving about. I have traversed, if I mistake not, nearly 15,000 miles, and I think never got through more work in any year of my life. At Jaffa, the first thing I inspected Mr. Hall's Schools, and then, after seeing the town and its surroundings—it is a pretty spot—and most interesting market, we mounted horse and went on to Lydda. We ought to be in pretty good training after being for a month nearly every day and all day in the saddle, but the horse I picked up here quite beat me from first to last; I could not get into its pace except in a short gallop after some gazelles on the plains of Sharon. If the rose of Sharon is the scarlet anemone (it is the autumn crocus according to R.V.) it is out very beautifully just at the present time, and seems constantly inviting me to dismount and pluck it. But we were late in starting, and so had to go at a

* Written somewhere in Masai-Land or U-Soga.

rapid pace and give as little time as they would allow us to the place itself. We tried to keep ourselves incognito, but could not be hid, as it was known we were in the neighbourhood. Hurrying back we lost our way, or took a long 'short cut,' got benighted, had to swallow down our dinner in a mouthful, so to speak, and then hurry away through the wearying sand—it is about fourteen inches deep in the streets—and arrive breathless and wet through at the little church, where we addressed a good congregation without an interpreter being necessary, and thus closed the Old Year.

"*January 1st*, 1885.—One trembles on the threshold, it seems fraught with such great difficulty and dangers, but

> 'Peace, perfect peace, the future all unknown:
> Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.'

Up early to inspect Miss Mangan's dispensary work, and to see the patients assemble at prayers. Then I called on Mr. Hall and took leave of him, and went on to Miss Arnott's School, which, excepting the Bethlehem School which is very much smaller, bears the palm from any that I saw, and leaves a most

delightful recollection as the last school I inspected in the Holy Land. It was more than charming, deeply touching to me, to hear them sing, in English, 'What will poor robin do then, poor thing?' I nearly dissolved in a flood, it brought back so forcibly, 'Home, sweet home,' and the dear little ones there. And so farewell to Canaan's shore. The Austrian Lloyd was waiting to hurry us away—hurry, did I say, there was very little of that about it; we were told to be off punctually at two, and I think it was at all events after our arrival that they discovered that there was a fresh batch of cargo—chiefly cows, which they cruelly hauled up by their horns, and the hornless ones by their fore-legs. The boat was crowded with deck passengers, and greater part of the first-class quarters were given over to their use. However, after seeing the sun set over against the picturesque city, and the moon rise behind it—who shall say the delay was not worth that?—we took our departure, and woke up to find ourselves nearing Port Said.

"*Saturday, January 2nd.*—Great was our

horror to be politely informed that, owing to the large amount of extra cargo, the steamer must delay until to-morrow, Saturday evening, instead of starting this afternoon as advertised. Then came a deep searching and examination into what we should gain and lose by starting at twelve at night for Cairo, arriving there late Saturday evening after a wearying journey. I came to the conclusion that our bargain would be worth next to nothing, and we should lose a peep at Alexandria, which I greatly wanted, before it had recovered itself from the effects of the siege.

"Port Said seemed more vile than ever. Not only had they had a deal of rain which made it filthy, but we had now lost the sense of whatever little charm it ever possessed, on account of its slight Eastern appearance which arrests a new comer from the West, but only disgusts a fresh arrival from the East by its mongrel Orientalism ; and then again, knowing every corner, every agent's house, every shop, it was unendurable to be incessantly touted by the most pertinacious of guides. We broke away from the town and strolled on the sand flats of

the Mediterranean, only to find filth and garbage instead of, as I hoped, pearly shells. We fled to the canal, only to find ourselves getting wet feet in black mud, and in the midst of worse filth than before; and the country upon which we happened in this direction is poisonous, and tells a tale of terrible mortality, at least, if my judgment is not misguided. But it is a long lane that has no turning, we did leave at last on Sunday morning, and found ourselves at daylight getting a view of Damietta, then, presently, Aboukir Bay, and soon were rivetting our attention on Alexandria. We were fortunate in having on board a fellow-passenger, a resident at Alexandria, Mr. C. N., who was well acquainted with the story of the siege; so, as we slowly steamed up to our moorings, he kindly dilated on all the points of interest. This alone was worth all our delay at Port Said. We were fairly early in harbour, in fact in time to lodge our effects at the hotel, and join the congregation in the handsome English church close at hand in the Communion Service. Alexandria is, as regards its streets and general

appearance, a slice of Paris cut off somewhere about the Parc Monceau, and dabbed down around a beautiful harbour ; but Port Said is a sore offence in the eyes of Alexandria and the Egyptian authorities ; and who would not confess that it is disgusting to see that miserable upstart now crippling the trade of this fine historic city ?

"Deluges of rain fell in the afternoon and rather thinned the evening congregation to which I preached, but the small number was atoned for by their earnest attention. Mr. D., the chaplain, afterwards dined with us at the hotel.

"*Monday, January 5th.*—The very first train, in spite of its slowness, and that it runs upon one of the worst lines in the world, and several other objections, carried us at last into Cairo. Irrigation and ibises and the intense fertility of the delta were the striking points of the line, if you let alone a drunken Brightonian soldier, for whom, in spite of his disgusting state, I felt a great liking for home's sake. We had a mutual recognition with the Ismailia station-master, who dined with us in

his shirt sleeves, and has since been promoted to a station on this line. And, on nearing Cairo, at a small side station, to our intense astonishment, I recognised the well-known figure of W. E. Taylor, who I fondly imagined had departed long since for Mombasa. His delight in thus meeting us found vent in his suddenly introducing me in Arabic to the astonished station-master, who, in common with myself, seemed unable to conceive any possible reason for the introduction.

"A thrill of delight—resting the eye unexpectedly on the pyramid group. It far exceeded my fondest expectation, for grown old in travel, I take the sour side and expect to be disappointed.

"By-and-by we found ourselves at the celebrated Shepherd's with the best part of the day still before us. But business before pleasure, so on to Dr. Klein's and to Miss Jane Whateley; though far be it from me to exclude very great pleasure and interest from those visits, especially from that to the strong-minded lady who, in spite of all difficulties, has carried on so large and successful a work in the

Egyptian capital. Then into a really luxurious carriage, and to the magnificent mosque that crowns the city, and the astonishing view of the city and Upper Egypt from the various stand-points around.

"It seems strange, in the midst of mosques, minarets, and pyramids, to see the English soldier mounted sentry and apparently master of the situation. It was not Jemadari Abou Shakahdi, or Daoud Pasha who gave leave for me to inspect the fort, but Major —— of the 1st Sussex. * * * * * *"

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST JOURNAL.

(AUGUST 1st—OCTOBER 29th, 1885.)

Through Masai-Land to Ngongo-a-Bagas.

"A boundless continent
Dark, waste, and wild under the frown of night."

MILTON.

"We are not visionaries . . . . Nor do those waste their lives who waste themselves in striving to extend the Kingdom of God on Earth. This is what life is for."

PROF. H. DRUMMOND.

BISHOP HANNINGTON'S work in Palestine was finished. The serious work of his episcopate was about to begin. He welcomed the fact, and set his face gladly toward "dear Africa." As has been described in his *Life*, he arrived at Frere Town, after a rapid and weather-favoured voyage, on January 24th, 1885, and at once took up the reins of government. We must again refer our readers to the *Life* for the manner in which he was able to set in order the things that were wanting, and for the various plans which he made for the

KIBO, FROM KITIMBIRIU.

organisation of his vast diocese. An account will there be found of his visit to Chagga and the districts which lie between the coast and Mount Kilima-njaro. The reasons are there also fully set forth which induced him to think that a shorter and healthier route to U-Ganda might be found than that which had hitherto been pursued through the deserts and fever-haunted swamps of U-Gogo. He was moreover fired with the holy ambition of opening up Masai-Land, and establishing a station and a shepherd somewhere in the midst of those unruly flocks whose fine promise had strongly attracted him.*

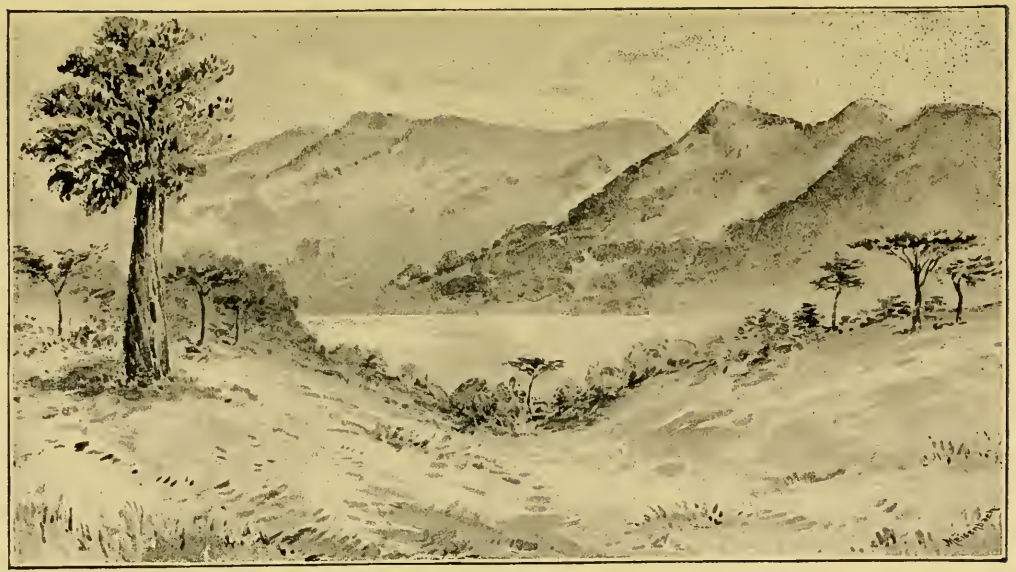
Accordingly he left Rabai on July 23rd with a caravan of two hundred porters, and accompanied by Mr. Jones, a native deacon whom he had himself ordained, and to whose

* Had Bishop Hannington's journey been successful, there are indications in his correspondence that he would have endeavoured to push the outposts of the Church as far as the Albert Nyanza. It is almost certain that, if he had been spared, and if he had been able to keep the new route open, he would not long have allowed Emin Pasha to complain that he could not persuade missionaries to come and labour in his Province.

journal the account of the march which is given in the *Life* is largely indebted. He reached Kavirondo, at the north-east corner of the Victoria Nyanza, on October 8th. There he left Mr. Jones, and proceeded alone with fifty porters through U-Soga toward U-Ganda. He succeeded in almost reaching the place where the Nile issues from the lake, but was there arrested by order of King Mwanga, and, after a week's imprisonment, was put to death together with the greater number of his porters.

The diary which follows commences at Ndi, which lies to the north of the Mission-station of Taita, where the Bishop branched off from the ordinary route to Chagga and made his first plunge into the unknown. I have connected the Bishop's brief jottings with words of my own only where it would seem that the sense really required it.

"*Saturday, August 1st.*—We have come too much to the west, but I see the reason : there is food to be obtained here, and we can rest. The men have had a hard time this week, and many are complaining. I myself am not over well.



LAKE JIPÉ AND THE UGONO MOUNTAINS.

"About one a.m. roused by sudden cry of fire, and found my tent all of a glow. Terrified I sprang from bed, dashed into shoes and trousers, seized a gun—I could find no stick—yelled to Jones, who was still fast asleep, and rushed to help beat it out. I thought for a short time all was lost, as the flames leapt into the air, but soon found it was not so bad as it looked, and that nothing was hurt. I fell on my knees and thanked God for the preservation.

"Spent a quiet day re-arranging loads, washing, and mending.

"*Sunday, August 2nd.*—Since there is food here we can enjoy the Divinely-given rest; two days is not too much rest for any of us, and this week should, if all goes well, be a very hard one. I am not over well, having never yet thoroughly recovered from the intense strain of starting, and there is, though there ought not to be, a fear of failure. For instance, we have only about three days' food remaining, and seven days' journey to go through the desert country of Kikumbuliu; nor can we buy here beyond our daily want.

"The men are in good spirits.

"*Monday, August 3rd.*—We were off early. The men vowed they knew the way; but we soon got lost, so we forced a way across country and found a road which the men again vowed they knew. All then went well till Jones and the guides pressed ahead. Presently I and the men lost them, then lost ourselves. I climbed a tree and saw some rocks, which Bedue declared was the place at which Thomson slept, and that there was water. So we made our way across country, but found no road. I got lost again, and was in the depth of black despair, when we came upon an open space and saw our way. Presently we found Jones, to my intense thankfulness, urged the men on, and at sunset arrived at the rocks. No water! Bedue then quietly turned round and said, 'This is not the place, it is over there!' We were all greatly exhausted. I had a little water, but not enough to refresh me.

"*Tuesday, August 4th.*—Slept in the open. Men very noisy. Up twice and boxed some of their ears. Slept very badly. Felt cold keenly. Up at six; men very fractious, and we lost a good hour of the cool part of day. Last night

we took advice of everybody we knew and struck for Mount Mchatzo.

"Finding wild beast paths, we got astray once or twice. Sun intensely hot. Nyika utterly shadeless. Once or twice I crouched under the trunk of a tree and gasped for breath. Then, quite suddenly we came upon a magnificent river about one o'clock, which greatly revived our spirits. I, however, had a sharp attack of sun-fever soon after arrival. The men suffered much to-day. They caught numbers of fish in the river. Through mercy we have lost little by our getting astray. It has greatly fatigued and worn me, but there is some great gain, no doubt, which I now see not.

"*Wednesday*, *August* 5*th*.—Men cooked their food at the river. I and two or three others started early, and marched on till about noon, when I halted and waited for the rest. Shot a brace of partridges and slept. Saw spoor of giraffes, rhinos, and buffalo quite fresh.

"Halted without water at three o'clock in an open space in the forest.

"It has been a nice cool day, but I have felt very poorly and complaining, and have had

great difficulty in getting along. I think the intense monotony of the Nyika *horrida* has much to do with it. You seldom see more than a gunshot ahead. The thorns are terrific, and every moment you expect to see a change of scene and are disappointed. My sufferings have been rather severe to-day. I don't feel like getting through.

"*Thursday, August 6th.*—Off at break of day, having first despatched some men to look for a boy who has apparently decamped, and has probably thrown my tent poles which he was carrying in the road.

"I led and thought the jungle more dismal than ever. Jones sighted a cow rhinoceros and two calves, and another crossed the caravan and led some to drop their loads. About eleven, and most unexpectedly to all, for we understood we were not to get any till to-morrow, we came upon water. My joy was intense, for I dreaded many of the men breaking down before the day was out, to say nothing of to-morrow. How gracious God has been!—(Ps. ciii. 1, 2.) After cooling, we march on again at two. I sighted giraffe

and zebra, but only got a long shot. Dined on roasted parrot and pigeons. Still poorly, but I have walked better.

"*Friday, August 7th.*—During the first part of the day the jungle was much more open; game was sighted, and a rhino scare got up. I fired at a hartebeeste without success. About ten, we came upon water at Mutito wa Andei (not as Thomson), and presently a hunter crept out of the bushes. It seemed pleasant to come across a stranger after seeing no man all the week. Lunched off weasels curried, but they were not a success. A man brought in taken very ill, but I could not discern what was the matter with him except that he seemed to be dying. Off again about two, and encamped without water at Ngurunga Nyoka. Shot a very large partridge, off which we dined, but, as spurs an inch long betokened, he was about a hundred years old! The Mkamba gave me some wild honey, which also added to the feast.

"*Saturday, August 8th.*—That poor man died in the night. The ground was so hard that we could not bury him. The men

covered him with thorns. Met some Wakamba in the road, one of whom, a woman, on seeing me, fell down in a fit as if dead. I expected they would say that I had done it, but found out that it was a frequent occurrence. Arrived in the Kamba country at ten. Pleasant to get out of this terrible desert and to be in a land of food and water. God has been very gracious, though I am an ungracious sinner. The people seem very kindly disposed.

"I went out for the pot with Jones and killed an eagle, also a huge baboon; he was so heavy that Jones, I, and my boy could not carry him. The Wanyika eat both freely. J.'s excitement was very amusing. Doubtless these very large apes when wounded are very dangerous. No. 5 shot finished him.

"*Sunday, August 9th.*—Service at eight o'clock. There turns out to be very little food here, and the head men wanted to march on, but I resisted a move being made. A chief came and saw me and was very friendly, and small presents were exchanged. Once I was nearly ordering a start because the head men had neglected to buy food. I was so

angry and distressed that I went afterwards and took a quinine pill, thinking fever must be near.

"O Lord, help me to run with patience!

"Service again in the evening.

"*Monday, August* 10*th.*—Off at break of day, and after about a five hours' march, we reached our destination amidst streams and in the midst of a very populous country. Dozens of Wakamba soon surrounded us, and I was an object of great attraction. Food soon began to pour into camp in great plenty, and the men are in for a regular feast. I took a short round, and killed a fine monkey for dinner.

"Meeting with a man who professes to be going to the coast before very long, I set to work and wrote letters, in hopes of their reaching in a month or six weeks' time.

"*Tuesday, August* 11*th.*—Crowds of people pour into the camp, and food is sufficiently plentiful to enable us to buy a little ahead. In consequence, and on the men's account, I have delayed our start until the afternoon. We were off at half-past twelve, and marched on till about four. This brings us to the outskirts

of Kikumbuliu, close by the Mbuanzau Mountains. I tried in vain to get a shot at monkeys or anything else.

"*Wednesday, August 12th.*—Off early and brought down a beautiful black monkey, a long shot, No. 5. Presently a flock of guinea-fowl rose, and two fell to my gun. Jones, coming up after, likewise bagged two. The boy had neglected to bring cartridges, and the other boy with the spare supply had remained far behind, so my sport and the men's supper were now curtailed. Met two parties of Wakamba, and lost our road, arriving about five in evening at water— River Kuombi. Found that the boy with my medicine-chest had disappeared—the verdict is, he has run away. I suppose we ought to turn back, but no, not yet. I have one or two bottles of extras. I must trust and not be afraid. I was, for a short time, very impatient with my wretched crew of head men, who are greatly to blame. In addition to this blow we are again lost in the desert.

"*Thursday, August 13th.*—Sent a search party of ten back, which delayed our start considerably. Shot a wolverine and sighted large herds

of hartebeeste and zebra, and a waterbuck. We arrived at the Warnia at about ten, and cooked. Then crossed a large open plain, with large herds of zebra and antelopes. We then camped in the open forest, exceedingly fatigued with our long march. Shortly after our arrival, a rhinoceros came out from a jungle close by and took a good look at us, standing some time and then strolled leisurely away. I was dozing and saw him not, and the men who reported the case were a long way off.

"*Friday, August 14th.*—I led the way, and sighted a fine specimen of a male ostrich, the green species with red feathers. Pigs and other game and huge black baboons abounded.

"We arrived at the Kiangeni, after a long march of five hours and a half; then, hearing that the camping-ground and villages were only an hour ahead, we marched on without halt or food for another five hours. I arrived more dead than alive, but a greater bustard flying up, and pitching again near at hand, I was obliged to go, and bowled him over with No. 5 and at once a table was spread in the wilderness.

"Sorry to say I lost my temper with the men and with Jones, whom I thought rather perverse, but now think it was a misunderstanding. He afterwards behaved exceedingly well. The elders of the village assembled and refused to sell food until we had paid *hongo*. I made our people nervous by taking high ground with them.

"*Saturday*, *August* 15*th*.—Delayed a little, and settled very easily with the elders; we marched off; then there was a rush of natives to try and stop the men. We had proceeded but a short distance when we found the road blocked by a body of men. I ordered a forward march, and led the way. An old man rushed at me with bow and arrows and seized me, another with a spear. I forced them back and dragged and lugged my way through, closely followed by Jones. After passing, I ordered him to proceed slowly while I returned to see the men safely past. I found that they had been stopped, so I scolded the men for halting, and then sat down and called the old man who had seized me, and laughed at him, and made excellent friends. Our way was

obstructed no more. Arrived at the sultan's village about twelve, and found the people very friendly, but food rather scarce.

"*Sunday*, *August* 16*th*.—Spent a very quiet day. The chief came and visited me, and sadly wanted to give me two oxen, but I steadfastly refused, as it only means buying them at an exorbitant price. We had our two Services as usual. Jones preached both times, as always. He took a portion from the Sermon on the Mount—'The House built on the Sand,' and our situation on a mount with a sandy torrent below singularly illustrated it. People particularly well-behaved and kind.

"*Monday*, *August* 17*th*.—Started badly; could not get the men on their feet, and it is so important to me to get the cool hours. I got sadly angry, and afterwards despaired of ever getting through the journey.

"We suffered much from the burning sun, arrived in camp about one o'clock. People came in crowds, and at first assumed an unpleasant air, and met in solemn conclave. They were, however, reasonable in their demands, and we were soon on the best of

terms, and dinner revived our drooping spirits. A wizard appeared on the scene, and prophesied a pleasant journey and a present of milk to-night ! 'Tis with much misgiving that I have consented to break away from Thomson's route for a little, and take a still more northerly direction.

" *Tuesday, August 18th.*—The effects of my rage yesterday markedly manifest to-day. We started in splendid time. Our way led through a densely populous district, crowds following, and yelling and hooting in a deafening manner.

" Twice *hongo* was demanded, to which I turned a deaf ear. At last I found the caravan on the halt, and proceeding to the front I found a panic among the leaders. The Wakamba had most peremptorily ordered us to camp, and were threatening to fight. I said I am ready, and marched on with my umbrella. Swords were drawn, bows strung, and the offensive assumed. I laughed and proceeded. The people of the next district now came and urged us to proceed, while our enemies rushed in front of me and drew up in line to fight

them. I broke through and stood between the lines, so that I must have received the arrows of either party, and still continued to laugh in spite of the horrid yells, and the intense alarm of those with me. Quite suddenly matters assumed a peaceful aspect, and the enemy said camp as soon as you reach their river, and we will come and sell you things.

"*Wednesday, August 19th.*—Yesterday the elders made a plea of levying a small *hongo*, because we had moved an ostrich egg which it appears had been placed under a tree as a charm. Made another splendid start, and found the natives everywhere numerous, and anxious for us to stop, but friendly withal. After a long march north-west on a high plateau, our guides suddenly turned us to the north-east. I strongly objected, but was assured by our men that they were right, so, after dinner, I proceeded for an hour. At last I utterly refused to go further, and said I would find my own way, and was manfully followed by Jones. 'As you *will* go that way,' said one guide, 'may I go home and get some things to sell

you?' His treachery was now patent; we had been led into deep valleys to reach his home, and our proper route was left behind. It was impossible to recover ourselves, so we had to sleep in a ravine not altogether knowing where we were; but all are agreed that we are to reach the village of Machako, a great Wakamba chief.

"*Thursday, August 20th.*—We plunged into a tremendous valley, and then began to climb, when our guide wanted to go back. I refused, and took the lead, and soon arrived in a densely populated district, where we were conducted to the usual camping-ground. We asked about the chief, and were told that if we wanted to see him we must send and tell him so; but it did not matter, so we decided not to do so. Heaps of provisions were poured into the camp—butter, milk, and Indian corn.

"We find that we must buy for the men, so we opened a market. I found that two yards of cloth would buy food for one man for ten days.

"Shot a partridge which supplied my table for the day.

"People exceedingly friendly and well behaved, but, except ornaments, entirely naked. I am an object of intense interest.

"*Friday, August 21st.*—Having food to buy for four days for two hundred odd mouths we are compelled to stop where we are. The market is very brisk and the price is falling considerably. The climate here is very cold; we are 5,500 feet above sea level, so we rejoice in fires all day, and at night pile up a perfect bonfire.

"The natives swarm round me, but are always well-behaved and kind, and they resent anything like a liberty being taken by anybody. They are, however, a little afraid of me, and the slightest gesture of impatience causes a stampede. I never liked savages so well. They say I am a child of God, and so they are afraid.

"*Saturday, August 22nd.*—We were off as soon as we could, but we had to give out food to the porters first. Soon after starting I shot a fennec. A covey of partridge got up, and I brought nine down. A rhinoceros now hove in sight, so Jones and I started for him. We

stalked him within sixty yards, when he winded us and went off. I gave him a shot which made him jump into the air, and we were quickly after him, but he soon out-distanced us. A guinea-fowl fell next to my gun, and another to Jones.

"We reached Lanjora at about one o'clock, 5,500 feet above sea level, and bitterly cold. The men were utterly collapsing.

"*Sunday, August 23rd.*—We could not arrange to stay all this time at Machako's, and even if we had done so, we should have had a most noisy and uncomfortable day. We could not, however, stop in the wilderness, so we marched on. I refused to go by Thomson's road, although on the map it appears shorter. We arrived in excellent time at the Attie. In a pool close by my tent I saw five huge hippopotami. I saw, too, about five rhinoceroses, giraffe and ostrich, besides numerous herds of antelopes.

"*Monday, August 24th.*—Off at daybreak. The men again wanted to take a wrong direction, but were overruled by my compass. A bittern fell to my gun, and as two rhino-

ceroses now hove in sight I gave a chase, but they heard the caravan and made off. Three more appeared in the distance, but did not tempt me. Soon two more were sighted, and these we approached to within fifty yards, when they made a furious charge upon us. I fired at thirty yards at the bull and caught his flank; he now turned viciously at me, and those who were with me retreated precipitately. At five yards' distance I gave him my second barrel in the head, and expected to see him fall at my feet; he wheeled round and fled badly, but not mortally, wounded, and we could not come up with him. My wretched little twelve-bore is a mere pop-gun against such monsters. A quarter of an hour later two huge buffaloes were met with, but we could not get near them. Afterwards we saw other rhinoceroses and an enormous drove of buffaloes fully a mile long. The men caught great numbers of fish, many over a pound, at our camping place, and thus, in spite of our ill-luck with the gun, did not fare badly."

CHAPTER VIII.

(AUGUST 25th—SEPTEMBER 14th.)

Ngongo-a-Bagas to Lake Nakuro.

"The plain was grassy and wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray;
Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold, white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows."

TENNYSON.

"Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is in the field when He
Is most invisible."

FABER.

"*Tuesday, August 25th.*—Various wild schemes were suggested by the headmen, who had made up their minds that we could not reach Ngongo to-day. A herd of gnus trotted past on the opposite side of the river; I counted a hundred and thirty. I next saw some thousand zebras, and three or four ostriches. Soon after I began to stalk two elands, when I was distracted by two rhinos. Following them I was again distracted by Jones, and made nervous.

I hit the bull in the flank, at about thirty yards, and both of them made off. During the chase a man picked up an ostrich egg. We sighted ten rhinos to-day. Presently we entered the lovely Kikuyu forests, and soon after, to everybody's astonishment, found ourselves at Ngongo. Not a soul to be seen.

"*Wednesday, August 26th.*—At about eleven o'clock I went after guinea-fowl and bagged five. I only missed one, and that was through my gun going off before I expected.

"At one p.m. there was an alarm of Masai, who proved to be some Wa-Kikuyu women returning home from a Masai kraal. They say that the Masai have all gone to Naivasha. We anxiously waited all day for people to come to us with food, and sent men, but they returned empty.*

* The Wa-Kikuyu inhabit the recesses of an inaccessible forest. They are excessively timid and treacherous. They are accustomed to deal with the unscrupulous Swahili slave-traders, and upon the least alarm fly back from the open to their fastnesses, and leave the traveller to starve. To enter their forest glades without a strong force would be to court a massacre. Bishop Hannington

"*Thursday, August 27th.*—As soon as I could I was off to buy food, but found the men had been before me and had caught up the little that was brought, so I could not get a word with a native. Nor could I see any game beyond a guinea-fowl which fell to my gun.

"These forests are particularly beautiful. I found to-day Thomson's celebrated larkspur, and have obtained seed in fine condition.

"The men are simply starving, so I made up my mind that if I saw a rhino I would walk up to him, if possible, and blow his brains out at a yard distance. Alas! none appeared. It now leaks out that the Swahili caravan last year fought the people and took many slaves. Consequently, they are afraid to come out of their dense forests, and are very probably waiting for a good opportunity to take revenge. I must be most careful about the men. I don't anticipate personal danger. I searched part of the forest with only one boy, it is very beautiful.

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put his life in great danger more than once in his anxiety to prove to them that Christians both trusted others and were themselves to be implicitly trusted.

"*Friday August 28th.*—Off at daybreak to try and get food. Found a gang of men before me, but, coming up to them, I drove them back. After waiting in a certain spot near a river for three hours, I rose in despair to return, when a loud voice broke the stillness, and from the dense thicket opposite we were bidden to come on further. My men were all terrified to enter the forest, as, according to all, the Wa-Kikuyu are very dangerous. I said 'I shall go alone'; so off I started; the rest then followed at a sufficient distance to bolt if I was attacked. Committing myself into His hands I went forward through the dense forest for an hour. Presently emerging into an open glade I saw some armed men. Ordering my timid followers to stand still, I advanced alone and unarmed, with a bunch of leaves in my hand to show peace, at the same time calling out 'friend.' They advanced, evidently full of fear. I now sat on a rock, shook hands, gave beads, and made peace, and bought all that they had, which proved barely sufficient for two hundred mouths. The mental experiences

of this day alone have been enough to fill half a volume, let alone the curious experience with the Kikuyu people.

"*Saturday, August 29th.*—Off at daybreak to search for food. I had especially ordered that no man should leave camp before me, when, to my wrath, I discerned that two had done so. After waiting in the appointed place for three hours I returned, and found that the men had again disobeyed orders, and were in eight small gangs close about where I had waited, as though they were in ambuscade. It will be our own fault if no food is obtained to-day. Very much over-tired and over-wrought; the burden of two hundred starving men is a terrible weight; and yet I keep saying 'I will trust and not be afraid.' We are three days in any direction from food. Here it is abundant, but the natives were so badly treated by the Swahilis last year that they are afraid to come.

"The men returned terribly crestfallen, and without food. The natives refuse to trade with us unless we make a present to ten villages. We held a long counsel as to what we should do. Many said, Go back, which obviously is bad

advice. I determined to pay the demand and let the men try again to-morrow. I am not to go myself. We continued advising till far into the night. Just able to give men a cap box full of food each.*

"*Sunday, August 30th.*—I spent much of the night in prayer, and was up at earliest dawn to start the men. But even in a matter of their own life and death I could not get them to start as early as I wanted them to do. Jones went in charge of the party, while I spent the day in prayer, fasting, and rest, with the blessed assurance that He will supply our need. About three an alarm was given, and a war cry heard from the direction our men had taken. The camp armed itself, whilst I, ordering them to keep their place in camp, advanced with my walking-stick to meet the foe. One man alone stole after me. The shouts grew louder ; my feelings were awful. Our men had been murdered, and now the rest were coming to attack the camp ! With a sigh of relief I caught sight of the glittering spears of some Masai—the first I had seen ! Confidence being

* A small tin box, made to hold percussion caps. See *Life*, p. 397.

restored, I again advanced to meet them. About seventeen young warriors appeared, and I at once saw that their spears were stained with fresh blood. I went round among them, and soon we were the best of friends. Their look was enough to paralyse my men with fear. Far, however, from meeting their demands, we refused half their requests. Presently a fresh anxiety beset me ; no news came of our men from Kikuyu. I walked to meet them, and at sunset had the joy of seeing them return with a little food, but with a dismal tale also of quarrelling with the natives, who had shot several poisoned arrows at them. Jones, with much difficulty, had restrained our men from retaliating upon them, and all are more or less in great tremor. I have assured the men, who are loud in their cries to return, that it is only their fear which threatens them, and that had I been there I should have driven the Wa-Kikuyu off with a stick ! I further laughed at them right and left, which caused, I am afraid, a little wrath to Jones, who had never had poisoned arrows shot at him before, and was feeling especially heroic.

"*Monday, August* 31*st.*—It was thought advisable that I should remain at home again, as we expected a return of the Masai. I sent about fifty men to the forest to buy food, and soon news came that things were going well; whereupon all wanted to start at once. Had I been away from camp it would have been deserted. I gave permission to a few, but others disobeyed and also left. Presently the first party returned, having bought a little, but had then begun to quarrel with the natives. In vain the headman ordered the others who had just arrived to return in vain. They disobeyed. Presently a man came running into camp stark-naked, with a sword-cut on his shoulder. 'What news?' 'Good news!'—(the stock reply)—'but the savages have killed two men, and wounded me here, and another one in the head, and stolen four guns.' 'Are the men dead?' 'Quite, I saw them killed.' Great was my despair. Somehow I seemed crushed. In came the other man clubbed in the head. 'Are they killed or left wounded?' 'Killed—dead.' 'Well,' I said, 'it is no use getting their corpses, the Masai won't let us bury

them ; there seems nothing else to be done. Half an hour afterwards, during which I suffered intensely, in walked the two dead men, one with a dreadful sword-cut in the leg, which I proceeded to sew up and dress ; but with what altered feeling. Bless the Lord, O my soul, we have been preserved from death. But what about the morrow ? Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

"*Tuesday, September 1st.*—We have begun the month in this horrible place ; after yesterday many seemed to be for moving off, but without food it is next to impossible to do so. I said I would go and see what I could effect, so, taking about sixty men, I arrived on the ground. I soon saw two natives making frantic signs and shouting. Ordering the men to stop, I advanced alone ; I was in rather a perilous position, but did not feel nervous. We made friends again and the market went on briskly ; my men, however, nearly succeeded in spoiling everything. I began a discussion about the four guns stolen yesterday, and got promises of restoration. Several times I had to go with the natives

quite alone, in spite of the fear of my men. At last one youth made a grab at Brahim's cloth, and carried it off, when B., like a fool, not only gave chase, but fired his gun right into the middle of them. The retreating natives dropped their things right and left, amongst other things one of our guns. My fury with B. was intense. The peace I had been at such pains to make was again broken, and my hopes dashed to the ground. I picked up some of their things, and ignoring the danger, followed them alone, shouting to them to return. At last I got the ear of one man, and threw him a basket, which, on my retreating, he picked up. I then showed him where the rest of the things were. On my retreating again he came up to these, I then by various spittings and waving of grass, got him to let me come up and shake hands, and we parted on the understanding that we would meet again to-morrow. I had a better lot of stuff bought to-day, and some in hand after supplying the wants of the caravan. After reaching camp I had a long, wearying, unsuccessful hunt after some zebra.

"*Wednesday*, *September 2nd.*—It is far harder work for me here than when on the road, and a most anxious time. We were off again soon after daybreak, the men being very troublesome. The market opened briskly, but some new comers appearing suddenly round the corner, my men shouted 'Masai!' and off went the natives at full speed. One or two returned afterwards, but the market was over for the day, and we had bought next to nothing. I had a most exciting chase after a huge herd of black baboons, but without success.

"*Thursday*, *September 3rd.*—Took about seventy men with me with orders that nobody but myself was to buy anything. Arriving on the battlefield I found the foe ready with goods—Indian corn and sweet potatoes. Then, the preliminaries having been gone through, a brisk trade began. My first wrathful burst was occasioned by Brahim who was behind me, and who thinking I had no eyes in the back of my head, stole beads and bought. Then the natives, among whom there are three opposing parties, began to fight between themselves, and

I had to make peace, passing first to one party, then to another.

"At last their numbers overwhelmed me, and my men, seeing the state of things, broke loose, scattered hither and thither, and fought for themselves to the utmost peril of us all. Mild measures were in vain, and shouts of no avail ; it was a matter of life and death. Kicks and blows alone got them together once more into the spot which I had marked out as our camp. During the scrimmage I nearly broke my toe, and once fell exhausted to the ground while giving a man a shaking. I suffer far more from the folly of my own men, who at the risk of everything will try and buy, and scatter right and left, than from the Wa-Kikuyu. In spite of all, I was able to buy potatoes enough for two hundred men, and Indian corn sufficient for six hundred men for one day, which means about as many as eight hundred separate purchases, each with a string of beads. On the way back another headman stole a small load, but again I had eyes in the back of my head.

"*Friday, September 4th.*—This is a most wearying delay. We hear that there is no food

ahead for a fortnight at least. Thomson collected a month's food here, and speaks of that as the minimum which can safely be taken. The Swahilis make a point of collecting three months' food, and often stay nearly as long to do it. By this time I have gathered sufficient for nearly two hundred men for a short four days. To-day I took Jones with me, and he looked after the men while I bought. The natives came by scores, and one or two stampedes took place. One man's cloth was stolen, and finally I had the utmost difficulty in preventing one of my fools—I can call them nothing else —from being killed. It was so close a shave that I who had remained far behind in the midst of the natives, while my man retreated at the double, had to sound the war cry. Fortunately our men were too frightened to think of returning, and the threatened man bolted beyond the reach of harm. I believe myself to be safe with them. They know that I am not afraid. Twice I seized the man who tried to spear Togiki, and held him tight in the midst of them, and followed him unarmed when he was again charging him with his spear.

"They never attempt to offer me the slightest show of insult. Half a mile from the men I was not unfrequently alone with them, while if a black man is with me it is with the utmost difficulty they keep their hands off him, nearly stabbing him at my side. God is more than gracious in giving me a strong nerve, so that I walk up to them unarmed, when their poisoned arrows are poised on outstretched bows. Having bought as much as we could retreat with quite early to-day, in spite of great fatigue and a painful foot I returned to the fray; the result of the two purchasings was one hundred measures of corn. The natives the second time, however, came much closer to meet us, which made matters easy.

"The disobedience of my men is fearful—the first few days hunger and the savagery of the natives have utterly dissipated them. I have had to administer some hearty thrashings. People may say what they like, it is a matter of life and death.*

* "Frequently order has to be introduced into the fighting pack by the dread uplifting of the birch."

THOMSON.

"*Saturday, September 5th.*—After our experience yesterday we attempted to entice the natives to the place to which they came yesterday. After waiting for a long time, and building a fence, when nobody came we went further till we came within sight of each other. Three hours passed, and the Wa-Kikuyu withdrew, so we still followed them. In a short time some old people emerged from the bushes, and began making the usual fuss about preliminary presents; this I refused and drew back, when they entreated me to return, and business soon began with a vengeance. To-day I may say hundreds of them surrounded me. Of a sudden the war cry was raised, and, leaping to my feet, I saw an arrow fly towards the camp, and the natives and my men posed for war. I instantly seized a stick, dashed into the middle of my men, and made them drop their guns, and sit (the attitude of peace), and then I advanced into the midst of the lines of the foe, single-handed and unarmed, and made peace. Twice more did matters assume the same phase, until, having bought sufficient, I ordered a hasty retreat, while I remained alone

in the midst of the enemy. Even then my villainous men rushed hither and thither, trying to buy against orders, and to the utmost peril of their lives and the wrecking of the whole party. Through infinite mercy we escaped without harm, but the danger was several times acute, and the strain was very, very great.

"*Sunday, September 6th.*—Last night, close to my tent and possessions, the boys accidentally set fire to their hut. Amongst other things, there was a loaded gun in the midst. A scrimmage took place, and Brahim bravely rushed in and seized the gun, while I confess (as all property inside was evidently destroyed) to having cried to all to run away and myself set them the example. The men were clearing Indian corn at the time, and, with eyes in the back of my head, I saw one avail himself of the general confusion and steal, while in an opposite direction I saw a pair of shoes, which had been carelessly left in the hut, abstracted from the embers and hidden. In a few days time it would have been, 'Where are those shoes?' Every box would have been hunted, and then, finally,

'Possibly they were burnt, master!' Such are the people among whom I dwell. A double portion of food was provided yesterday, so that to-day we have no need to buy, although the temptation to get sufficient to enable us to move on is very great. When I told the men last night that no leave to buy would be given to anybody, because since it was Sunday I would not go, and that it was unsafe for them to do so alone, almost a rebellion broke out, and many cried, 'We will go though we die!' and, yet, I am giving them plenty to eat now; it is simply wilfulness; they *will* buy for themselves, though all might die for it. We had our two usual Services, Jones preaching both times, and I spent a very quiet Sunday. The day opened with bitter cold. Though the thermometer was only down to 50°, I thought it was freezing. It then turned to an intensely hot, cloudless day, and everything looked most beautiful.

"*Monday, September 7th.*—Still obliged to stop and buy, and I doubt if even to-day we shall obtain sufficient. I am obliged to confes to having felt a little nervous at starting. My

men are such fools! Arriving on the ground I at once found that we were in the midst of the very worst set. Stealing began immediately, and a fight took place between the natives themselves. I at once ordered a retreat, buying as I went, and so retreating and buying, retreating and buying, men carrying sacks in front of me, and receiving beads, a string at a time, I went on. The men lost several things; two guns were stolen, I redeemed them; when, looking behind me, I saw a man aiming a poisoned arrow at me. There was nothing to be done but to go on quietly, buying and retreating, and taking no notice of the danger, for there was not provocation enough to fire, and to betray the slightest sign of discomposure would have been fatal; besides, I wanted to buy. Presently my men turned traitors again, and scattered right and left to purchase, and our danger was extreme. I dealt blows on all sides, and got matters a little square again, but the result was that I had to give up buying long before I otherwise need have done. I afterwards went to redeem a gun alone into the midst of these savages;

but in this way I don't fear them, in fact I asked to be taken alone to one of their villages, for nobody yet has been able to visit them in their homes. We were not, however, able to arrange it, they wanted me to sleep the night, which I felt was impossible, on account of insect life. I found on return that I had bought a most astonishing quantity of food—one hundred and thirty-four measures of corn, besides an immense number of potatoes. We can now, D.V., start.

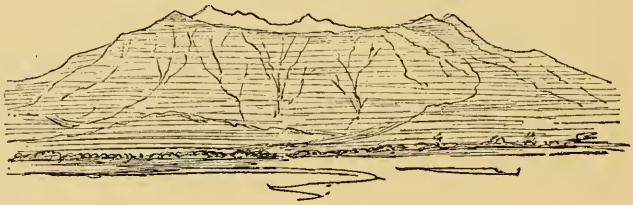
"*Tuesday*, *September 8th.*—We made everything ready overnight and slipped off as still as mice very early in the morning, hoping that the murderers would not find us out.* In about an hour we reached a large pond. I might easily have shot a goose, but I feared to rouse the natives. Presently, as we were resting, I heard a gun-shot behind, and was told that some sick men had straggled. I seized my gun and dashed back in time to see one of the sick men hotly pursued with the spear. Without a moment's hesitation, in order to save his

* The Wa-Kikuyu are accustomed to harass retreating caravans, and to cut off all stragglers.

life, I gave them a charge of No. 2 shot at about one hundred yards, and magical was the effect—they fled right and left. Having got my scattered adherents together, none killed or wounded, we hastily proceeded, and reached another pond, where natives again hove in sight. (Read *Thomson*, chap. viii.) I went alone unarmed to parley with them, and found them peaceable.

"Presently I saw my men, who were about half a mile off, flying in all directions like madmen, and no foe nor wild beast to be seen. Very near the spot I heard a shout, 'Bees! Bees!' and instantly I was attacked in the most savage way. Loads were scattered by the terrified men, and the natives accumulated around. I was frantic, as I felt sure the natives would dash in and seize the loads, bees or no bees. I wrapped myself in a cloth and essayed to go, but was utterly put to flight, hundreds of bees surrounded me. Then I bethought me of my mosquito net, and, enveloping myself, tried again and again, but was driven back; about twenty bees got inside and I was nearly mad. A third attempt and I succeeded

better, and made a rescue or two. Jones also attempted, and got worse stung than I did, and many of the men also were fearfully stung; out of one's back we took, I think, fifty stings. The natives made an attempt, I think, to steal, but were utterly routed, and about three hours passed before we succeeded in getting straight. For a radius of three hundred yards bees raged in every direction. On halting, a rhinoceros bolted through the caravan, but I could not get a shot, though I gave him hot chase.



Donyo Longonot.

"*Wednesday, September 9th.*—Through the good hand of our God no attempt was made to attack us by the natives, though we more than half expected it; and, from what I hear, very few of the men enjoyed anything like a night's rest. We were off quite early, and rejoiced to

leave the Wa-Kikuyu behind. Although what success awaits us among the Masai, who are now in dense numbers at Naivasha, I know not.

"I came across the coniferous tree, discovered by Thomson, to-day, and saw many interesting specimens. The scenery was something grand, and unlike anything I have yet seen in Africa.

"At eleven o'clock we stopped and cooked at Guaso Kedong, and then proceeded until we reached a deserted Masai kraal, of which we took summary possession. As we came out of the thicket two lions made a bolt, and so did I after them, but I could not come up to them. I forgot I was not to chase lions!

"After having got comfortably to sleep, I was aroused by the cry of fire, and beheld through the corners of the tent a strong blaze. Had great difficulty in getting out my things and myself from the tent, and thus learnt a lesson, however cold, not to have the doors tied. Two men had set the kraal on fire, and the wind spread it at a fearful rate. By pulling down a part we saved the rest, and had the other fires put out. I expected a restless,

nervous night, but soon fell sound asleep, and did not wake again till morning.

"*Thursday*, *September* 10*th*.—The road at first went straight, but presently we had to turn off to get water. A rogue elephant crossed my path about one hundred yards off, but I got no shot. After a hot walk Naivasha suddenly came into view, a grand sight indeed to one who had been nervously expecting to see it for many days. And now that we do see it, who can tell whether we shall pass it? Several fires in the distance betoken the presence of Masai; we heard at Ngongo that they have mostly come here for pasture. We camped in a deserted kraal. Just before reaching it two magnificent ostriches made off across the plain.

"*Friday*, *September* 11*th*.—The cold was quite intense. We were not far from 7,000 feet above sea level.

"Our road lay across a plain which was literally covered with antelopes, jackals, and pigs. Presently the bray of an ass sounded in my ears far more terrific than the roar of a lion, for it betokened the close proximity of

Masai. By-and-by herds of cattle came into view, and lastly, the Masai themselves. The first whom we met were very quiet, and we passed without hindrance. After a little, however, we were stopped, and *hongo* (very small) was demanded; this we meekly paid, but I declined to camp as they demanded. Others came and almost insisted on our stopping where we were. I, however, refused until we reached the proper place—near a small stream and a mimosa thicket. Here we soon ran up a fence of thorns, but in spite of it the camp was soon besieged, and the usual *hongo shauri* began, first with the warriors and then with the old men. The *shauri* was going on when I unfortunately put in an appearance, and wrathfully demanded whether they expected to receive all we had. This led to a display of wrath on their part and a feint at an entire withdrawal. My people were dreadfully frightened and angry with me, and I began to feel a little nervous. However, we presently found they were all more meek, and matters were satisfactorily settled; but my misery was about to begin; I was besieged

on all sides, pawed, and begged from, until I was nearly crazy. I would have broken up camp and left, as the Masai did, at sunset, but everybody was against our departure at present. To-morrow they say things will be quite different, so, worn out with worry, and with these pleasant assurances, but with grave misgivings, I went to bed.

"*Saturday, September 12th.*—Flies and mosquitos swarmed, and so did Masai. As soon as ever the sun showed, a fresh and powerful band of warriors came at once and demanded *hongo*. A very covetous and wicked-looking old medicine-man came with them. After some delay we settled their claims, but, before doing so, a fresh band had arrived, and far more insolent; and then a third; and then a fourth; and now the elders began to be even more troublesome than the rest; at length matters reached a pitch, and the women were ordered from camp, and fighting seemed imminent. Jones and I rushed hither and thither, and got matters straight again somehow, but I was nearly torn to pieces by the warriors pulling my hair and beard, examining

my boots, toes, etc.; at last, nearly demented, I went to hide myself from them amid the trees. After three ineffectual attempts I at last succeeded, when Jones, who knew where I was, came rushing to call me. The warriors were attacking the loads. I dashed back and found them in a most dangerous mood, and backed by the elders, who were worse than all. By dint of the keenest policy I amused the warriors while Jones gave presents to the elders. Then a fresh and yet more exacting band of warriors arrived, and had to be satisfied. How often I looked at the sun! It stood still in the heavens, nor would go down. I agonised in prayer, and each time trouble seemed to be averted; and, after all, we came out of it far better than could be expected, and really paid very little—not two loads altogether, and bought six goats to boot. About sunset things grew quiet, so I went out and bagged three geese. All the men, elders, Jones, and myself agree that we must try and escape to-morrow.

"*Sunday, September 13th.*—I had gone to bed and asleep, when I heard a noise. The

loads were being attacked. I rushed out and found that two thieves had been seen to enter through a thin place in the fence. I was on the spot so soon that I heard them in the bushes, and had a bullet sent over their heads. We immediately turned out all hands and made the fence much stronger. I expected a bad night, but, unmindful of Masai, fell asleep, nor woke till the proper time to move off. After starting, what was my horror to find Esau insisting upon accompanying Jacob, otherwise, a band of warriors determined to show us the road, and our men very weak some of them, and inclined to straggle. However, in spite of all our fears, they behaved very well, and let us camp in a strong kraal in peace. A fresh party of warriors arriving, however, they became more exacting, though not what you might call insolent, for I had made warm friends with many on the road by a constant display of the curiosities of my person and pocket. Again the day refused to depart, and when utterly exhausted, a third small party, yet exceeding any in insolence, arrived. We were all tired and

cross, and refused to be bullied, giving them next to nothing, rather against my wishes, for I was flattered into a most meek mood. However, Jones and the interpreter prevailed against me, and consequently we all parted right down bad friends, a circumstance which fidgetted me terribly, the more especially as I had but just read of a caravan being cut to pieces for a trifling dispute. We expected thieves in this neighbourhood (see *Thomson*, p. 347), but were left unmolested. My nerves, however, are in a shattered condition, and overstrained.

"*Monday, September 14th.*—We left camp at daybreak. The men were very troublesome about starting. We soon came upon an extensive kraal of Masai. As, however, there were no warriors I got off with three strings of beads, much to my joy. Though they seemed to have immense herds of cattle they refused to sell, saying they had but few, many having died of the plague. The views to-day were very beautiful, especially when we opened the pretty little lake Elmeteita. Having arrived at Thomson's second camping-place (return

journey) we brought to an anchor, without seeing any traces of Masai. I sat down in peace to write my diary, when my pen nearly fell from my hand at the words, 'Masai warriors.' There proved, however, to be only three, with a magnificent ox to sell. God indeed feeding Elijah by ravens. The day was far spent before a somewhat dear bargain (though cheap to us at any price) was concluded, when what was my horror as I said as a matter of course, 'You will sleep in camp?' a thing which warriors never do, to hear them say, 'Yes, we will.' However, they seemed so amiable, that I began to feel pleased; and to keep them in view, I invited them to sleep in my own tent, an offer which they to my astonishment accepted gratefully. In spite of Jones declaring I should be most miserable with three such evil bedfellows, I felt I would rather have them under my own eye than chance their prowling about the camp. The warmest friendship now seemed to spring up between us, and, having strewn the floor of the tent with the leaves of the sweet-scented caleshwa, a herb which the Masai use for beds, we laid

us down to rest, their spears and shields at their sides. They packed themselves away like sardines in a box, and I covered them over first with a leopard's skin, then with a grass mat, and finally a waterproof sheet. They fell almost instantly into a most gentle sleep. I followed their example, and, with one exception, I did not wake until time to start. Wherever we meet we are to be brothers.

CHAPTER IX.

Lake Nakuro to Kavirondo.

(SEPTEMBER 15th—OCTOBER 11th.)

"We reached
A mountain like a wall of burrs and thorns."

TENNYSON.

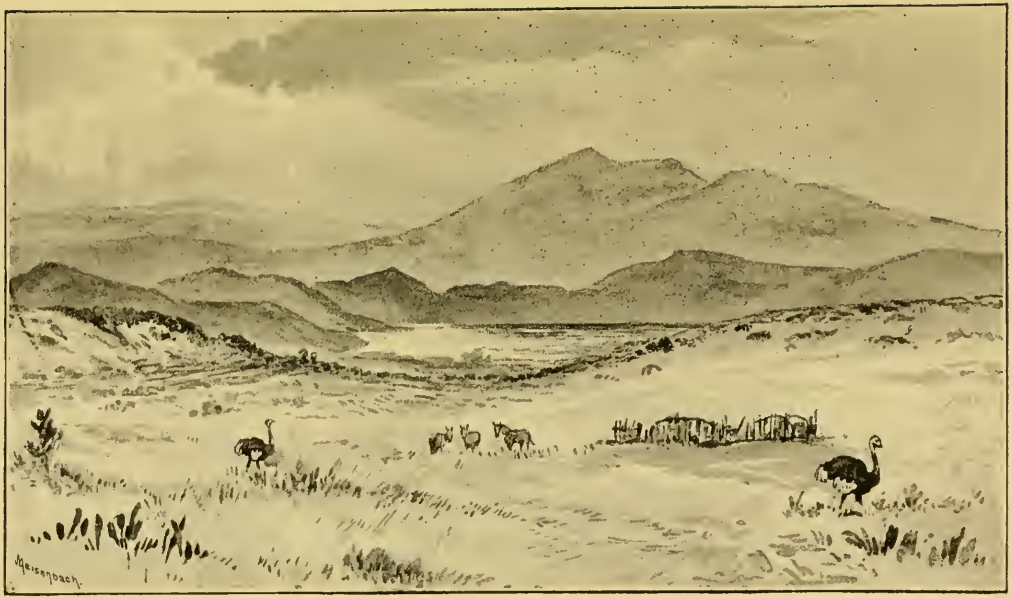
"When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the colour-petals out of a fruitful flower."—RUSKIN, *Sesame and Lilies.*

"*Tuesday, September 15th.*—To add to my poverty a man has lost my gaiters to-day. I got so wet and cold in the dewy grass that I had to stop and change after about half-an-hour's walk. Small streams and springs were in marvellous abundance, and the pretty little salt lake of Nakuro was in sight most of the day. Without much difficulty we passed one of Thomson's camps, and brought up at the second without any especial adventure, and without seeing any Masai—two circumstances which were a cause of great thankfulness, for I was so prostrated nervously and exhausted with our Masai experiences at Naivasha, that I nearly dropped after firing a shot at a wild boar.

"*Wednesday, September* 16*th*.—The men were most aggravating at the start, but my temper was rectified when Brahim and I between us knocked over a fine zebra. The meat I did not taste, but it made delicious soup, and the liver was excellent. A short march brought us to Thomson's camp. There I suggested striking the other side of the valley, much to our men's objection ; but, passing on, we came across two enormous herd of buffaloes, one of which I took after, but only got a long, unsuccessful shot. I got close to an old bull and gave him two shots, whereupon he immediately charged me, and, having an empty gun, I dodged behind a tree, and he passed on, stumbling from his wounds, but was soon lost to sight. I thought he had fallen, and was going along when I almost landed myself on his horns. I drew back to take aim, but Brahim, who was with me, insisted on my coming away, as he was in a most dangerous state. Seeing our undecision, he made off and we lost him. A quarter of a mile or less and I nearly stumbled over a rhinoceros, but got no shot. We were surprised by

coming across a new lake about four miles square, and find we have missed the road.

"*Thursday, September 17th.*—First, two lions in sight; then three ostriches; then a water-buck; then about three hundred buffaloes; then two rhinos; next a very large elephant, after which I took without success; then again I was enticed into an unsuccessful chase by twenty ostriches of the red kind; we then stumbled on four elephants. I gave the huge leader three balls, all of which I think took effect. Brahim fired at a cow, the bull wheeled round and fled a little, but, catching sight of me, charged with the utmost fury. At the same moment two rhinos charged towards me, and crossed the elephant's path, so he made at them and completely routed them; then he retired a little, and I pursued; and at the same moment a leopard gave chase to the dog. The wounded bull led the way up a cliff path, but had reached the top before I could get near enough. Not so the cow behind. I gave her two balls and brought her to a stand, two more and Brahim one, and dead she fell. I rushed after the bull, but, though streams of



LAKE NAKURO (?).

blood marked his track, I had not time to come up with him. After the meat had been cut up we resumed our way. I had an exciting chase after eland and zebra, and finally lodged a bullet in a wild boar ; the men giving him his despatch. One man stayed behind at the elephant ; I sent after him at night, but he could not be seen, and the next morning he was found dead.

"*Friday, September* 18*th.*—After leaving camp we soon entered a deep valley, and had to bore our way through haunts of wild beasts, and sometimes to climb steep boulders. After a bit a rhinoceros was seen at the foot of a tree. I advanced close up to it, followed by Jones and Brahim, and fired. Up it jumped, and proved to be a cow with a calf sleeping by her. I have no doubt that I struck the ground, as I fired low for the heart, thinking her to be standing ; the others, perhaps, did the same.

"We have altogether lost our way, and have got into a dreadful hole in the Lykipia hills ; nor can I yet see the way out for a day or two. The place seems to swarm with buffaloes

rhinoceroses, and elephants, but we don't see them.

"*Saturday, September 19th.*—After crossing the river ten times in about two hours, we climbed a tremendous hill, only to find ourselves surrounded by very deep valleys with nothing to do but to descend and climb again. We then found ourselves upon a wide-stretching lava field with water nowhere to be seen; and, as we had been crossing the river so frequently and left it quite unexpectedly, nobody had carried water, and the heat on the black lava was terrific. Views of Baringo and the Njemps plain, and Lykipia hills were very beautiful. We made our way down another terribly stony lava field, where I shot an eland bull. We then came to another escarpment, and had to circumnavigate for ever so far to find a track to descend. At the foot was a beautiful stream. Many of the men did not reach it till two hours after sunset. I think I never had a harder day's march, and was dreadfully exhausted.

"*Sunday, September 20th.*—I seem to see now why we lost our way. The elephant and

eland gave us meat and saved our corn, so now we can keep Sunday in a beautiful spot, without natives, in peace and quiet. Otherwise we should have been in Njemps, in the thick of worry and bustle. The heat is very intense, as Baringo lies in a deep hole. We have descended 3,000 feet since last Sunday.

"We had our two pleasant Services, and the day passed in the most absolute rest and peace. I don't think that I left the tent fifty yards' distance all day and spent a goodly time, stretched on my back in quiet contemplation, and sweet dreams of dear ones at home, and oft longing, oft wondering whether I shall be permitted to see them.

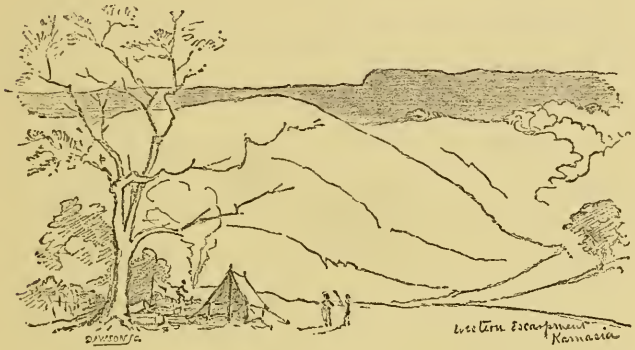
"*Monday, September 21st.*—After crossing in about two hours and a half a rich plain thickly strewn with umbrella mimosa, we reached Njemps. Another stage in our journey safely accomplished. The people are Wa-Kwafi, a tribe of Masai, and are most friendly, but our attempts to purchase food were futile. It is almost a rule everywhere, that nothing is to be got on the first day. Fortunately we had sufficient provisions in hand, though I should

have been glad to have kept it in reserve. The river was swarming with fish, which kept our men usefully employed.

"*Tuesday, September 22nd.*—We settled our *hongo* question to-day, which was looked upon on both sides as voluntary. In fact, nothing could exceed the friendliness of the people. The market was fairly brisk in Mtama only, and a few rhinoceros horns were brought to us for sale. As we had rested all Sunday and had a short day's march yesterday, I determined to press on; so at one o'clock a move was made. Our route lay across a dry sandy, or rather mud, plain, thinly strewn with trees and grass patches, swarming with game and intensely hot. In about two hours the Tigirish was reached, and here we are camped. Many of the Wa-Kwafi followed us and brought things to sell. I quite agree with Thomson that they have deteriorated, or else never did compare for beauty with their Masai brethren.

"*Wednesday, September 23rd.*—At daylight we started and had beautiful views of Baringo. A very rough and trying road led to Kamasia.

The people live on the top of the hills, and announced our arrival by a kind of Indian coee-coee, and, as soon as we camped, came trooping down upon us in tolerable numbers. They were exceedingly pleasant and were satisfied with a small present, taking it without



Western Escarpment, Kamasia.

demur. They are handsome and well-to-do, and remind me much of the Masai. A war dance was executed in my honour, but was interrupted by a boy who had a most fearful fit. We found great difficulty in buying anything to-day. To-morrow, to-morrow, was the cry. The camping-ground is very prettily

situated under a large sycamore-tree, from which it takes the Swahili name, Mukuyu-ni.

"*Thursday, September 24th.*—We here began to enter the heart of Kamasia, and a more lovely country I have seldom seen; the views are simply magnificent, and the vegetation is very like that of Europe in several of its appearances. There seems to be a large population, but though the forest is luxuriant, they can only grow a kind of millet. We paid *hongo* twice, and camped near a lovely Devonshire-like stream, after ascending and descending various hills and dales with shocking roads. We have now gained an elevation of about 6,000 feet. The people continue to be most amiable. We dined off porcupine and found it delicious.

"*Friday, September 25th.*—People literally came all night to sell flour, in spite of a vain attempt on our part to drive them to their homes. However, there was no anxiety about their stealing, they appear singularly honest. We opened a brisk market before daylight, and then I started with the caravan, leaving Jones to continue to buy.

"After mounting a severe hill we descended into a deep valley and camped opposite Elegeyo, which stands up as a wall 9,000 feet high, and has to be surmounted next week. We paid a small *hongo* three times, and did not find the people quite so amiable here as they have been, but I think it was our own fault. The elders would not listen to my advice and stop when wanted to.

Lava Cap of Elegeyo Escarpment.

"*Saturday, September 26th.*—Descending the western escarpment we crossed a rich plain, though apparently uninhabited, the people on both sides living on the hills. Guinea-fowl, partridges, and especially quail,

swarmed. I had an exciting chase after a buffalo, and a rhinoceros broke away at another time close to me.

"The men at the tail of the caravan fell in with bees again, and got utterly routed. I was more fortunate.

"At about noon we arrived at a pretty spot near the eastern escarpment, and with great difficulty got the men to camp at a distance.

"The people here are related to the Wa-Kamasia, but are more noisy, and demand rather more; however, they gave us little or no trouble.

"*Sunday, September 27th.*—We had finished all our buying last week, so we were able to have a very quiet Sunday. A fresh band came asking for *hongo*. At first I refused to pay any attention to them, as I felt sure some Wa-Kwafi who are living here were urging them on; but finding we should have no peace, I gave way, and made them a small present. We had our two Services; and feasted on tough goat, millet, and honey—the products of the land.

"As a sign how tired one can be, on Friday last, when going to bed, I took a bite from a

biscuit, and fell asleep with the first mouthful still in my mouth and the rest in my hand.

"*Monday, September 28th.* — We began almost at once a fierce climb of the magnificent escarpment. It looked all along very steep and difficult; and Thomson had written so much about it, that, like many other difficulties, it turned out to be much less than I had expected.

"We succeeded in covering two of his marches and reached not only the top, 8,000 feet, but also the outskirts of the gorgeous forest that crowns it. The sub-vegetation is exceedingly English — peppermint, white clover, pink orchis, etc. Soon after camping we felt the cold very keenly, and were glad to nestle near the fire and retire early to our blankets.

"*Tuesday, September 29th.* — Fortunately there was neither wind or fog, and so the men did not suffer from cold. I have an exceedingly bad stye, and can scarce see with my right eye. We began to cross a very treeless plain with a certain amount of wild beasts upon it. I suppose through the day one never looked up without seeing something far or

near, but I shot nothing. I tried to take a short cut, but found a huge swamp in the way, which we had to encircle. About three p.m. we reached a sheltered nook with a little firewood, and here we camped. A heavy thunderstorm threatened in the distance, from which we only got a few drops of rain. Truly God is gracious to us ! *

"*Wednesday*, *September* 30*th*.—We continued our march across the plain, which now has become dotted with trees. Large herds of hartebeeste (the South African variety), dot the landscape, and an immense herd of buffaloes appeared in the distance. Arriving at length at a beautiful wood, I come across a troop of the lovely and rare Colobus Guereza monkey, and had the good fortune, after an exciting chase, to bring down the leader—a magnificent specimen.

"We camped just below at the junction of two rivers, in a very sheltered nook.

"*Thursday*, *October* 1*st*.—We broke away from Thomson's route to-day, going more to

* See *Life*, p. 352, for the effect of continuous heavy rain upon the coast porters.

the north to avoid crossing the river so many times. A huge herd of buffaloes being sighted, I gave leave to two men to go in chase, not feeling well enough to do so myself. Presently, while sitting quietly under a tree, we heard a tremendous stampede. My boys rushed round me in terror, hampering my movements; otherwise I should have had a splendid shot at two buffaloes which had dashed straight for the tree.

"When we reached our camp I found that a sick man had been left far behind, having refused to be carried. I was very much upset, and decided to send back. He was found dead.

"We reached the river Kiborum very late in the evening. Many sick and weary.

"*Friday, October 2nd.*—To-day we endeavoured to cross the swift, deep river, but after several attempts we had to hold on our way downwards, and at length found a spot where some elephants had crossed and where the current was a little less rapid, though even here the water was chest deep. The shiftlessness of nearly all the Rabai and

Frere Town men was here apparent. In fact, out of the whole caravan about twenty men had to undertake the work of getting the loads over; consequently the time occupied was enormous, and we had scarcely completed when night set in. In a few days' time we ought to be crossing a much bigger stream. We camped immediately after we had got all over, and can scarce be said to have made any progress.

"*Saturday, October 3rd.*—Our track lay through very long grass to-day, and there were numerous small streams to cross with beautiful clear pools like Dartmoor rills; a shrub covered with magnificent camelia-like blossoms was common; and the distant undulating hills made a very pretty landscape.

"We crossed a long valley and ascended a rather sharp hill, and there lay Kavirondo before us.

> 'As when the weary traveller gains
> The height of some o'er-looking hill,
> His heart revives if 'cross the plain
> He sees the goal, though distant still.'

"We next lost our way in the dense, tall grass,

and finally camped for the night in a sheltered nook. Food having almost run out we must move on if nothing prevent to-morrow.

"*Sunday, October, 4th.*—We arrived at Kabaras, the first village of Kavirondo, about nine. The Swahili have agents here carrying on one of their abominable slave raids, but, through the mercy of God, the people received us very kindly after the edge of suspicion had been taken off by my going up to them and sitting down in their midst and refreshing myself with a Huntley and Palmer's biscuit. They say they have famine here from the war, but enough and to spare soon flowed in for the men. The people seem particularly friendly, and free from suspicion and roguery, and I do all I can to make them understand that I have nothing to do with the Swahili. Having heard about this fighting in Elegeyo from many different quarters, we were rather anxious lest they should attempt to wreak vengeance upon us. And who could blame them? I felt, however, that the good hand of our God was upon us, and at once went fearlessly on in front into their very midst.

"*Monday, October 5th.*—The people were still very friendly, so I remained until nine to buy a few things from them, but I thought that it would be better to get off early as the men seemed inclined to scatter. Arriving at a river we found it to be literally alive with fish, and so rested for half-an-hour to have a haul. Every mile, or even less, we came to a fresh village, but everywhere met with a friendly and kind reception. Thomson, who has innocently been rather a bugbear lately, was more than ever so to-day. As my leading men were with him I must needs do everything that he did, and follow his route slavishly. This afternoon I wanted to stop. No, Thomson had not stopped here; consequently we got overtaken in a fearful thunderstorm which literally drenched us, and we had to take refuge in a very dirty little village, startling the poor inhabitants out of their wits. We had a feast to-night of sweet potatoes and fried white ants, which are by no means unpalatable, and greatly prized by the natives.

"*Tuesday, October 6th.*—We started at daybreak and found ourselves in a yet more

densely populated district, but almost everywhere, on our approach, the inhabitants fled into their mud-walled cities and shut the doors, talking to us over the walls. In one place where I ordered a rest, they came out and sold milk and honey ; and at another place I hired a guide, as a great part of the morning had been wasted in following by-paths. At length three of Sakwa's warriors approached us, learnt who we were, and dashed off with the news. Then a body-guard arrived, and I was conducted in great state to Sakwa, a grand old man with twenty lusty sons. He gave me leave to camp where I liked, so I chose a spot outside the village. The usual present had to be sent, but there was no rumpus about it, and both chief and people seem very amiable. I politely refused an ox, as you only let loose the reins of incessant begging and dissatisfaction on both sides if you accept presents.

"*Wednesday, October 7th.* — The chief wanted me to stay three days. I promised to remain to-day as it seems to fit in with our arrangements. Sakwa is a very kindly disposed

old man, and although his sons beg for him, they have an agreeable way of doing it, which makes one more disposed to give. Our own men have been very trying and troublesome, and one or two bad cases of stealing have come to light. Amongst these people are a large number of refugee Wa-Kwafi, who are doing theWa-Kavirondo no good, but imparting Masai manners to them. Naturally the natives seem to be most good-natured and polite to strangers, and are by no means importunate. Another bad element among them is that of the runaways from caravans, who teach them Swahili ways. Then there are the abominable slave caravans. O that we might possess fair Kavirondo for Christ!

"I enjoyed a day of tolerable quiet, feasting on millet flour and honey, milk, and sweet potatoes. The village is clean and picturesque.

"*Thursday, October 8th.*—To-day we moved on to our head-quarters and the so-called terminus of this route, Kwa-Sundu; and the good God has brought me thus far without one day's ill-health or fever. I have had head-aches, a few internal pains, such as happen in

everyday life, and have been occasionally a little poorly, and often fatigued, but not once anything like ill. How thankful I ought to be ! We reached Kwa-Sundu in about three hours, and were received by the young chief at the gates of his village. First experience would speak of him as a quiet, meek man, and his people likewise ; and the place is a very nice one for head-quarters, and seems more healthy as regards situation than any other spot I have seen in Kavirondo. Food seems plentiful, but not abundant to any extraordinary degree, as I had been led to suppose. I have pitched camp outside the village. Standing about in the sun to-day I have got a sunstroke in my foot through sock and boot, which in a few minutes has given me great pain, so that I can scarcely hobble about.

"*Friday, October 9th.*—Quite incapacitated by my foot, and scarcely able to move off my bed. However, it did not hinder me from repacking and arranging my things for a start with fifty men to the lake. I rather doubt, however, if I shall be able to go for some days. The chief is exceedingly anxious that I should

make medicine for his enemies, who keep him in constant terror. He is also more than willing that a white man should come and teach his people. They seem intelligent, in spite of the utter nakedness of both men and women, the women being even nuder than the men. Looking at the pictures in Thomson's book, they were able to make minute distinctions in the various figures which he has illustrated, and were especially delighted with the Kavirondo women.* There is no great variety of food to obtained.

"*Saturday*, *October* 10*th*.—I am still almost confined to my bed, though perfectly well in health. I do not think I shall be able to move on Monday. It may just be the Lord's way of showing me I am to stop here a little longer for some unforeseen cause. My times are in His hands. The people here are very little trouble to us, although a good many come round about my tent and watch my every move. The only ones who are inclined to be overbearing are the refugee Wa-Kwafi. The chief has been absent all day making medicine

* *Through Masai-Land*, p. 475.

for rain, which is much needed. I have been busy preparing to start, and am compelled to hope that there will be no rain until I have crossed the rivers ahead, one or two of which are very large.

"*Sunday, October 11th.*—We held both our Services to-day in perfect peace, nobody interrupting us. In fact, the whole day passed very pleasantly, notwithstanding our numerous visitors. The Wa-Kwafi are the only troublesome ones; they all beg incessantly, and are very noisy.

"This would be a splendid place, in my estimation, for a mission-station. Not only are you in the the heart of Kavirondo, but also amongst a vast number of Wa-Kwafi, who are simply north-country Masai, pure and simple. We did our buying yesterday, so to-day we have been able to refuse trade of any kind, which often, as regards food, is impossible. I am still confined to the outside of my bed, but yet am able to announce a certain amount of hope as to my starting to-morrow. Everybody is to hold himself ready.

CHAPTER X.

(OCTOBER 12th—29th.)

Through U-Soga to the Nile.

"God is never so far off
As even to be near."—FABER.

"*Monday, October, 12th.*—At daylight, and almost before, I made a dash at my boot, and, with fear and trembling, laced it up and put foot to the ground. I stood, I walked, and without great pain; so I organised a start. The passage of the river which flows close by occupied till about eleven o'clock,* and by this time my foot was painful. However, I climbed the opposite hill intending to camp, descended the valley beyond, thinking rather less about it; then village after village was left behind, and at length I discovered that our guide had taken us by a roundabout way in order to reach his father's village.

* "The Nzoia rushes fiercely over a rocky bed three feet deep." *Through Masai-Land*, p. 488.

This was more than I could stand, especially as the men were siding with him, so, in spite of my lameness, I pulled myself together and arrived at Mtinde's at five p.m., tired but none the worse.

"Crowds of people surrounded me, and the elders of the village were slightly tipsy and very noisy, but I camped outside. Dark drove them away. The situation is very picturesque. There is an immense Masai town close at hand.

Samia, in U-Soga.

"*Tuesday, October 13th.*—I called the men very early and got off before people were astir, as I expected the chief would try and delay us with excuses as to giving me an ox.

And no sooner had I started than men were sent to ask me to return; but I pushed on, and a guide was sent to conduct me to the next chief. Our direction was nearly due west, which brought us to the south of the Samia Hills; and about one or half-past we arrived at a large village, and learnt that the chief had gone out to fight. About sunset he returned, and announced we must stay two days. To this I objected, and said that we would talk about that when I returned. He then annouced his intention of accompanying me to the lake, and acting as our guide.

"*Wednesday, October 14th.*—I again started before people were about, but was soon pursued and asked to await the sultan. After going some little distance I did so. He said that it was too cold to go on, he wanted cloth. Mindful of our other experiences I objected. He then led the way across the Sio—a direction I did not want to take. Next he stopped and said the sun was very hot, he wanted cloth. This I declined to give. After a long march I found that villages were getting scarce, and made anxious inquiries about food ahead, and

was assured that there were plenty of villages before us. Climbing a hill the lake burst suddenly upon us, long before I expected it, for hills that I saw miles away proved to be islands. We were to the west of the deep Sio Bay.*

Village in Samia.

Marching on until two p.m., and within half an hour from the lake, we discovered that the Wa-Ganda had recently attached the Samia coasts, and that all the people had fled. The places at which Thomson had stayed were

* This was Mr. Thomson's furthest point.

now desolate. So instead of reaching the lake just for the poetry of the thing, I prosaically turned back to the villages. We had only just camped when down came the rain terrifically. This has been a day of great fatigue and of no small anxiety, since Esau was again conducting Jacob.

"*Thursday, October 15th.*—The chief came first thing, and made exorbitant demands for cloth, guns, and powder. I had previously arranged to stay here the day and collect food, and send men back to what was Massala to see if I could get any news; but the attitude of the chief being so unpleasant, I dealt out beads to the men, told them to buy two days' food, and prepare to fly the country for the Nile. The beads I had served out took the fancy of the people, and food flowed in in plenty. The chief now forbade us to move, and made further demands. I told him to come and take all I had. I laughed at him, packed up my things and started, going up to him and shaking his hand, and wishing him good-bye with a supercilious smile. I then struck in a western direction, crossing one or two strong roads to

the north. We soon found we were in a comparatively waterless country, so different to our late experience, or even to the district of yesterday. So at about twelve, we struck towards some deserted villages, and came across a dirty pool of water with which we had to be satisfied. We next entered forest regions swarming with elephants. At about four o'clock, as rain threatened, we camped near another dirty pool and were soon in the midst of the almost daily evening storm.

"*Friday, October 16th.*—We started with the idea that no food was to be got for three days, so espying a quantity of banana trees (we had passed lots yesterday with no fruit), we thought we would try again. We were just about to help ourselves to abundant fruit, when lo! a man appeared, and we found that we had reached a village, where we were most kindly received by people calling themselves Wa-Kori. No doubt this is Akola of our maps. They were so pleasant that our men began congratulations. Wait, said I, till we come across the elders. The headman of this village then said he must take us to the sultan, and as it

was in a westerly direction I agreed. We started well enough and soon found ourselves in a densely populated country, then we began to turn off, reached the village of an elder and were delayed. Then at another village our guides, who had increased, asked leave to eat. I found they meant drink ; and in a short time they were half drunk. Foreseeing danger, I grew firm and started alone, but they followed and led on, or rather off, to another village where they asked leave to eat again. I now tried to get information, and found that my own interpreter was drunk. It was then about four p.m., I was dead knocked up, when they brought us to a village which they said was the sultan's, but that he was making pombe. I asked leave to camp, but was refused. After we had waited an hour, and seeing that the usual storm was impending, I said that I would have our things unfastened, but just then the said sultan appeared, himself drunk, and said that he would show us where to camp. We followed and pitched our tents. Then a drunken brawl took place between two parties on my account, which led me to see that there

was no sultan in reality. Presently they themselves confessed there was not.

"As soon as it was dark some attempts were made to pillage. The war drums were beaten in one or two quarters, so that I went to bed feeling very uncomfortable.

"*Saturday, October 17th.*—Pinto* screamed in his sleep! He does so from time to time. I sprang out of bed, could find no matches, no boots, no shoes, so I rushed out barefoot, only to find all still and to guess what it was. I called the men very early to get off before the drunkards of yesterday were about, but they must needs delay most provokingly. However, we got off, and I undertook to lead. Presently the caravan pulled up: a message was brought from the pretended sultan that we should await him. I refused to do so, and refused a guide. A dense population appeared everywhere. They are friendly and show no fright at our approach. To the surprise of all of us we struck the lake at about ten a.m., we had, in fact, run out on a headland before we knew we were even near to it, for again distant

* The Bishop's cook and body-servant.

islands deceived us. I found an enormous market in full swing, and canoes from the islands, but none of my inquiries satisfied me as to where we were, though I have strong suspicions that we have only reached a deep inlet opposite the M in Utamba of Thomson's map. They said we must go to the sultan, who was close at hand. To my horror we then turned due east, and so continued for an hour. I suddenly struck, especially as I heard he was gone to make pombe, and was on the verge of returning in spite of the danger, when lo ! he appeared. A better-looking man this time, but I am convinced only a village or district elder. We are in the midst of awful swamps, and mosquitoes as savage as bees, but I have made up my mind to stop till over Sunday if the way is made plain, as I may incapacitate myself by overwalking. The Lord keep me from fever ! The chief was very friendly and gave us no trouble at all ; in fact, all the people here are singularly nice ; however, I shall wait until I get away before I pronounce finally on the chief. I remember Romwa ! *

* *Life*, 259—262. (Cheap Ed., 225.)

"*Sunday, October 18th.*—I can hear nothing about the Nile; nobody has heard of a river running north, nor of the Ripon Falls, so I judge the distance to be greater than we think. The country is exceedingly fertile and beautiful, swarming with banana groves, and very like Uzinza, broken up with beautiful low rocky hills. The leap from Samia, which is dry, treeless, sterile-looking at this time of the year, was most marked. So also with the people. From an utterly naked people, we found ourselves amongst a tribe loaded with tapper cloth and skins, and most eager for coast cloth, and scarcely wearing any ornaments at all. Everywhere they hold large markets. One of them is enormous. Articles—bananas in all stages and states except ripe, fish, cloth, and tobacco. There are no cows, and only a few goats, but chickens are abundant. Yesterday I caught sight of Elgon, N.E., and of the south point of the Samia range about S.E. Elgon perhaps thirty-five miles distant. Samia twenty miles distant, scarcely so much. We have unavoidably made terrible circuits. I have but little doubt that my conjecture of yesterday was

right—these are the Wa-Kola of Thomson's map. They call themselves Wa-Kori. I passed a very restful and pleasant day, although it was difficult not to fidget myself nervous about the swamps and bad water. The nearer I get the more anxious I seem, wrongly, to be about arriving, though I am sure I ought not to be so, since God has been so very gracious to me, and has thus far led me by the hand.

"*Monday, October 19th.*—The so-called sultan of this place insisted on sending guides to accompany me. They struck due south with a shadow of east. Against this I rebelled and insisted on taking westerly roads, and presently they confessed that they wished to avoid U-Soga, but that it was much shorter. Then some Wa-Ganda came out to meet us, and were inclined to be impudent, so I refused to listen to them and passed on for a bit. Then others instituted themselves as our guides, and again insisted on our stopping for a so-called sultan. This again I refused. Presently we came to symptoms of war, and finally we fell in with a Wa-Ganda mob sent to subdue and settle in U-Soga. Their excitement at seeing me was

intense. Many of them knew Mackay. Most of their leaders were drunk, and in a most dangerous mood, coming round me, shouting and yelling, and ordering me about. Whereupon I took the high hand, and, in spite of overwhelming numbers, I refused to stop, shook my fist in the faces of the most noisy, gathered my scattered men, and pushed through the mob. Once clear we retreated at a rapid pace, twisting and turning in all manner of directions to avoid pursuit. All the neighbourhood is decimated by war ; hundreds of fine banana trees cut down and huge bunches lying about rotting. Our men had a full meal. We camped between the two war parties. I could hear them both, and was in a very dangerous situation, as it was dark and my men such fools they would not keep still.

"*Tuesday, October 20th.*—Through the mercy of God—and every step of the way is through His mercy—nothing happened during the night, but I fear we have arrived in a troublesome country. However, we passed on very quietly, I being guide, until we most unfortunately asked questions about the Nile,

and were told it was too far to reach the same day, and that we must sleep at a chief's called Lubwa, which was on the direct road. This set us asking for Lubwa's, and at last I was fool enough to let a man guide us. Instantly he took us to another chief; and it was then too late, when I found out the error, to proceed further. We have, however, made fine progress to-day, and almost in the right direction that should bring us to the Nile, near about the Ripon Falls; and I don't think I am much out in my reckoning. Here at least we seem to have peace for a night.

"*Wednesday, October 21st.*—About half an hour brought us to Lubwa's. His first demand, in a most insolent tone, was for ten guns and three barrels of powder; this, of course, I refused. They then demanded that I should stay three days; this I refused, and when the same demands were made, I jumped up and said, 'I go back the way I came.' Meantime the war drums beat. More than a thousand soldiers were assembled. My men implored me not to move, but, laughing at them, I pushed them and the loads through the crowd

and turned back. Then came an imploring message that I would stay but for a short time. I refused to hear till several messages had arrived; then, thinking things were turning my way, I consented; said I would give a small present and pass. My present was returned, and a demand made that I would stay one day; to this I consented, because I fancy this man can send me on in canoes direct to Mwanga's capital, and save a week's march. Presently seven guns were stolen from us; at this I pretended to rejoice exceedingly, since I should demand restoration not from these men, but from Mwanga. A soldier was placed to guard me in my tent, and follow me if I moved an inch. I climbed a neighbouring hill, and to my joy, saw a splendid view of the Nile, only about half an hour's distance, country being beautiful; deep creeks of the lake visible to the south. I presently asked leave to go to the Nile. This was denied me. I afterwards asked my headman, Brahim, to come with me to the point close at hand whence I had seen the Nile, as our men had begun to doubt its existence; several

followed up, and one, pretending to show me another view, led me further away, when suddenly about twenty ruffians set upon us. They violently threw me to the ground, and proceeded to strip me of all valuables. Thinking they were robbers, I shouted for help, when they forced me up and hurried me away, as I thought, to throw me down a precipice close at hand. I shouted again, in spite of one threatening to kill me with a club. Twice I nearly broke away from them, and then grew faint with struggling, and was dragged by the legs over the ground. I said, 'Lord, I put myself in Thy hands, I look to Thee alone.' Then another struggle, and I got on to my feet, and was thus dashed along. More than once I was violently brought into contact with banana trees, some trying in their haste to force me one way, others the other, and the exertion and struggling strained me in the most agonising manner. In spite of all, and feeling I was being dragged away to be murdered at a distance, I sang 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and then laughed at the very agony of my situation. My clothes torn to pieces so that I

was exposed ; wet through with being dragged along the ground ; strained in every limb, and for a whole hour expecting instant death, hurried along, dragged, pushed, at about five miles an hour, until we came to an hut, into the court of which I was forced. Now, I thought, I am to be murdered. As they released one hand, I drew my finger across my throat, and understood them to say decidedly, No. We then made out that I had been seized by order of the sultan. Then arose a new agony. Were all my men murdered ? Another two or three hours' awful suspense, during which time I was kept bound and shivering with cold, when to my joy, Pinto (the Portuguese cook) and a boy were brought with my bed and bedding, and I learnt that the sultan meant to keep me prisoner until he had received word from Mwanga, which means, I fear, a week or more's delay, nor can I tell whether they are speaking the truth. I am in God's hands."

The man who enticed the Bishop away from his followers, a few of whom had accompanied him to the summit of the hill, was one

Masudi bin Suleiman, a renegade Mohammedan, who has renounced his race and creed, and cast in his lot with the heathen. He is well known as a violent opponent of Christianity in U-Ganda. The Bishop was dragged by a circuitous route to the village; but one of the men, who happened to be wandering, was a horrified witness of his master's fate. He ran to tell his companions, and soon all was confusion and dismay. The panic-stricken men lost all nerve, and some of their goods were at once scrambled for by the natives. They were then all seized and detained as prisoners. The Bishop continues:

"*Thursday, October 22nd.*—I found myself, perhaps about ten o'clock last night, on my bed in a fair-sized hut, but with no ventilation, a fire on the hearth, no chimney for smoke, about twenty men all round me, and rats and vermin *ad lib.;* fearfully shaken, strained in every limb; great pain, and consumed with thirst, I got little sleep that night. Pinto may cook my food, and I have been allowed to have my Bible and writing things also. I hear the men are in close confinement but safe, and the

loads, except a few small things, intact. Up to one o'clock I have received no news whatever, and I fear at least a week in this black hole, in which I can barely see to write. Floor covered with rotting banana peel and leaves and lice. Men relieving nature at night on the floor; a smoking fire, at which my guards cook and drink pombe; in a feverish district; fearfully shaken, scarce power to hold up small Bible. Shall I live through it? My God, I am thine.

"Towards evening I was allowed to sit outside for a little time and enjoyed the fresh air; but it made matters worse when I went inside my prison again, and as I fell exhausted on my bed I burst into tears—health seems to be quite giving way with the shock. I fear I am in a very caged-lion frame of mind, and yet so strained and shattered that it is with the utmost difficulty I can stand; yet I ought to be praising His Holy name, and I do.

"Not allowed a knife to eat my food with. The savages who guard me keep up an unceasing strain of raillery, or at least I fancy they do, about the Mzungu.

"*Friday, October 23rd.*—I woke full of pain and weak, so that with the utmost difficulty I crawled outside and sat in a chair, and yet they guard every move as if I were a giant. My nerves, too, have received such a shock that, some loud yells and war cries arising outside the prison fence, I expected to be murdered, and simply turned over and said: 'Let the Lord do as He sees fit; I shall not make the slightest resistance.' Seeing how bad I am, they have sent my tent for me to use in the daytime. Going outside I fell to the ground exhausted, and was helped back in a gone condition to my bed. I don't see how I can stand all this, and yet I don't want to give in, but it almost seems as if U-Ganda itself was going to be forbidden ground to me—the Lord only knows. Afternoon.—To my surprise my guards came kneeling down, so different to their usual treatment, and asked me to come out. I came out, and there was the chief and about a hundred of his wives come to feast their eyes on me in cruel curiosity. I felt inclined to spring at his throat, but sat still, and presently read to

myself Matthew v. 44, 45, and felt refreshed. I asked how many more days he meant to keep me in prison. He said four more at least. He agreed, upon my earnest request, to allow me to sleep in my own tent, with two armed soldiers at each door. The object of his visit was to ask that I would say no bad things of him to Mwanga. What can I say good? I made no answer to the twice repeated request. He then said if I would write a short letter, and promise to say nothing bad, he would send it at once. I immediately wrote a hasty scrawl (I scarce know what), but said I was prisoner, and asked Mackay to come. God grant it may reach. But I already feel better than I have done since my capture, though still very shattered.

"*Saturday, October 24th.*—Thank God for a pleasant night in my own tent, in spite of a tremendous storm and rain flowing in on the floor in streams. Personally I quite forgave this old man and his agents for my rough treatment, though even to-day I can only move with the greatest discomfort, and ache as though I had rheumatic fever. I have, how-

ever, to consider the question in another light; if the matter is passed over unnoticed, it appears to me the safety of all white travellers in these districts will be endangered, so I shall leave the brethren who know the country and are most affected to act as they think best. The day passed away very quietly. I amused myself with Bible and diary.

"*Sunday, October 25th.*—(Fourth day of imprisonment.) Still a great deal of pain in my limbs. The fatigue of dressing quite knocks me over. My guards, though at times they stick to me like leeches, and, with two rifles in hand, remain at night in my tent, are gradually getting more careless. I have already seen opportunities of escape, had I wanted so to do, and I doubt not that in a few days' time, especially if I could get a little extra pombe brought to them, I could walk away quite easily, but I have no such intention. I should be the more inclined to stop should they say go, to be a thorn in the old gentleman's side, and I fear from that feeling of contrariness which is rather inborn. I send him affectionate greetings and reports on my health by his

messengers twice a day. What I fear most now is the close confinement and utter want of exercise. When I was almost beginning to think of my time in prison as getting short the chief has sent men to redouble the fence around me. What does it mean? I have shown no desire or intention of escaping. Has a messenger arrived from Mwanga? There is just time for him to have sent word to tell them to hold me fast. The look of this has cast me down again.

"One of my guards, if I understand him rightly, is making me offers of escape. He has something very secret to communicate, and will not even take my boy into confidence. I do not, however, want to escape under the present circumstances; but at the same time I take great amusement in watching and passing by various little opportunities. My guards and I are great friends, almost affectionate, and one speaks of me as 'My white-man.'

"Three detachments of the chief's wives, they say he has a thousand nearly, have been to-day to see me. They are very quiet and well-

behaved, but greatly amused at the prisoner. Mackay's name seems quite an household word ; I constantly hear it.

"My men are kept in close confinement, except two who come daily backwards and forwards to bring my food. This they take in turns, and implore, so I hear, for the job.

"*Monday, October 26th.*—(Fifth day in prison.) Limbs and bruises and stiffness better, but I am heavy and sleepy. Was not inclined to get up as usual, and if I mistake not, signs of fever creep over me. Mackay should get my letter to-day, and sufficient time has passed for the chief to receive an answer to his first message sent before I was seized, the nature of which I know not, probably 'White man is stopping here. Shall I send him on ? Waiting your Majesty's pleasure.' If they do not guess who it is they will very likely, African fashion, talk about it two or three days first of all, and then send a message back leisurely with Mwanga's permission for me to advance.

"About thirty-three more of the chief's wives came and disported themselves with gazing at the prisoner. I was very poorly and utterly

disinclined to pay any attention to them, and said in English, 'O ladies, if you knew how ill I feel, you would go.' When my food arrived in the middle of the day I was unable to eat. The first time, I think, since leaving the coast I have refused a meal. To-day I am very broken down both in health and spirits, and some of the murmuring feelings which I thought that I had conquered have returned hard upon me. Another party of wives coming, I retired into the hut and declined to see them. A third party came later on, and, being a little better, I came out and lay upon my bed. It is not pleasant to be examined as a caged lion in the Zoo, and yet that is exactly my state at the present time. My tent is jammed in between the hut and the high fence of the Boma, so scarce a breath of air reaches me. Then at night, though the tent is a vast improvement on the hut, yet two soldiers, reeking with pombe and other smells, sleep beside me, and the other part of my guard, not far short of twenty, laugh and drink and shout far into the night and begin again before daylight in the morning, waking up from time to

time to shout out to my sentries to know if all is well. I fear all this is telling on my health tremendously.

"*Tuesday, October 27th.*—(Sixth day as prisoner.) All I can hear in the way of news is that the chief has sent men to fight those parts we passed through. I begin to doubt if he has sent to Mwanga at all, but thinks I am in league with the fighting party, and is keeping me hostage. I begin the day better in health, though I had a most disturbed night. I am very low in spirits; it looks so dark, and having been told that the first messengers would return *at the latest to-day*. Last night the chief's messenger said perhaps they might be here as soon as Thursday, but seemed to doubt it. I don't know what to think, and would say from the heart, 'Let the Lord do what seemeth to Him good.' If kept here another week I shall feel sure no messengers have been sent, and if possible shall endeavour to flee, in spite of all the property I must leave behind and the danger of the undertaking.

"Only a few ladies came to see the wild beast to-day. I felt so low and wretched that

I retired within my den, whither they, some of them, followed me ; but as it was too dark to see me, and I refused to speak, they soon left. The only news of to-day is that two white men, one tall and the other short, have arrived in Akota, and the sultan has detained them. It is only a report that has followed me. I am the tall man, and Pinto, my Goa cook, the short one ; he is almost always taken for a white man, and dresses as such. I fear, however, with these fearfully suspicious people, that it may affect me seriously. I am very low, and cry to God for release.

" *Wednesday, October 28th.*—(Seventh day's prison.) A terrible night, first with noisy, drunken guard, and secondly with vermin, which have found out my tent and swarm. I don't think I got one hour's sound sleep, and woke with fever fast developing. O Lord, do have mercy upon me and release me. I am quite broken down and brought low. Comforted by reading Psalm xxvii.

" In an hour or two fever developed rapidly. My tent was so stuffy that I was obliged to go inside the filthy hut, and soon was delirious.

"Evening: fever passed away. Word came that Mwanga had sent three soldiers, but what news they bring they will not yet let me know.

"Much comforted by Psalm xxviii.

"*Thursday, October 29th.*—(Eighth day's prison.) I can hear no news, but was held up by Psalm xxx., which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet."

These are the last words in the little pocket-diary. The ink was perhaps scarcely dry when the Bishop was led forth to his death. The following extract from a recent letter of his able and devoted successor, Bishop Parker, who so manfully stepped into the breach, and who, like the First Bishop, has been so swiftly struck down on the shore of the fatal Lake, throws further light upon the manner in which he faced and met "the last Enemy":—

"Ukutu,* who was with the Bishop constantly during his imprisonment, and undid his hands

* One of the boys who escaped the general massacre of Bishop Hannington's porters.

when they bound him to lead him off to the spot where he was murdered, told us that as the Bishop walked to that spot he was singing hymns nearly all the way. As they were in English, he did not know their meaning; but he noticed that in them the word JESUS came very frequently."

The spears of Mwanga's soldiers cut him off from U-Ganda, indeed, but they were not unwelcome; they opened a way, sharp but swift, to the attainment of the long-desired vision of Him Whose Presence had gone with His servant throughout the whole of that arduous journey. Our's is the loss, and Africa's; his the eternal gain. For him we rejoice and yet we mourn, as for one who—

> "Hath had the vision face to face,
> And now his chair desires him here in vain,
> However they may crown him otherwhere."

THE END.

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