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Frontispiece

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THE CHRISTIAN HERO
OF UGANDA

BY

J. J. ELLIS

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ALEXANDER MACKAY

CHAPTER I

The Boy

ON October 13th, 1849, in the village of Rhynie, near Aberdeen, a little boy was born. He was Alexander Mackay, whose life was so closely interwoven with African Missions, and who, later, was known as Mackay of the Great Lake—Victoria Nyanza.

At the time of his birth it was bitterly cold and snowy in the windswept valley at the foot of those stern Scottish hills.

Rhynie lies in the beautiful level below Tap O' Noth. Alec's father was minister of Rhynie Free Church. The rugged-looking little house in which Alexander Mackay was born is still standing, an object of great interest to those who revere the intrepid preachers of the Gospel among the heathen.

In 1851 the new Free Church was building close to the Manse, and the little boy was busy every day with trowel and mortar, among the stones. The workmen loved to have him there. But little did they know that that same Alec Mackay would be building (in pain and sorrow, and loneliness often) in far Uganda—lively stones of the Church of Christ.

As Alec grew up he and his sister and brother led a free, open-air life among the hills, in the high-lying valley where Rhynie nestled. The old nurse, Annie, sometimes took him to a farm in Blackhills, and these visits were delightful.

The boy used to follow Mr. Smith, the farmer, everywhere, incessantly asking questions, some of them extremely difficult to answer. There, too, at Mrs. Smith's request, he would read aloud a chapter of the Bible every night.

Annie left the Mackay's when Alec was about five years old, and went to old Aberdeen where she boarded students for King's College.

So now it was that Alec and his mother became closer companions than ever.

This sweet woman, a descendant of Huguenots, clever and good, a true helpmeet to her husband, was also a good mother. She sought to interest her little boy in the work of God the wide world over.

On Sunday evenings she would tell him stories of martyrs and missionaries (both always so closely allied) and instil in his mind the importance of preaching the Gospel. And all the time she would long and pray for that moment when the boy sitting beside her should find the Saviour himself.

Alec's schooling during his early years was given entirely by his father. At 2 years old he was able to read the New Testament, and his seventh year found him

using as text-books: Gibbon's "Rome"; Russell's "Modern Europe," Robertson's "History of the Discovery of America," and Milton's "Paradise Lost."

The boy was an apt and intelligent pupil, and learnt from his beloved teacher far more than could be learnt from mere books.

Birds, bees, animals, rocks, all were of interest to both. But while studying things around the minister and his little boy took great interest in the discoveries which were then being made abroad—Africa in particular.

On the wall of the study there was a large and curious map of that Continent of Great Lakes. Alec, too, decorated his own attic bedroom with a discarded map of Africa. The father and son would add mountains, rivers and lakes as they were heard of.

Livingstone was in Africa at this time; and had been there since 1840, and there was much in the papers of his discoveries; his correspondence with the Geographical Society was also fairly frequent.

Ngami, of course, was inserted in the map before Alec was old enough to take cognisance of the fact. He was only about seven years old when the great missionary-explorer, Livingstone, returned for two years to England.

This was on Dec. 12th, 1856. On December 20th, 1856, Burton and Speke had landed at Zanzibar, and began their explorations. Naturally, it is not to be supposed, with that map of Africa on the study wall, that father or son were indifferent to these comings and

goings. Alec was, indeed, from his earliest days in touch with that land where he was to spend so many strenuous years, and—to die.

The small Scottish village and Africa seemed far apart, but, how near together when viewed through such intelligent and sympathetic eyes.

And so we see the small, sturdy, blue-eyed, brown-haired, open-faced kilted lad growing up under the shadow of Tap O' Noth. There were hours spent running over Blackhills, or wading in the Bogie ; indoors he was conning his books, and watching the progress of the map, or listening to the godly teaching of his parents.

In these days Alec was gradually being fashioned into the keen, well-tempered instrument which was to be used against the powers of darkness later on.

One day, in the year 1858, his father was going into Edinburgh, and Alec (nine years old) was with him in order to bring back the pony and trap. When they reached Gartly Station the father asked if there was any particular book Alec would like him to bring back.

The unvarnished request for a *printing press* rather floored the very scholarly parent. He considered his boy might waste his time over it, and told him so.

He also made some little trouble about the press when he reached Messrs. Blackwood's, his publishers, pouring the whole story into his friend's ears. But the laughter which this sad tale provoked, coupled with sage advice to allow the boy a free rein, *and* a printing press, de-

stroyed the anxious father's antagonism. Messrs. Blackwood further said *they* would supply the type, for they felt assured of good results.

Mr. Mackay reflected, too, that the boy was already a tolerable student of the History of the Reformation, and Alec had slily pointed out the fact of the power of the press in that marvellous work to his father. Altogether he did not find it difficult to become resigned to the boy's request.

Could he, and Messrs. Blackwood have foreseen the ultimate destination and spiritual usefulness of that same printing press and its type!

Thus Alec had his heart's desire, and his busy, clever fingers began to manipulate the type at once, learning to set up the letters with a skill and celerity which was to have part in the salvation of souls later on.

In 1858 came news of the discovery of Lake Tanganyika by Burton and Speke, on February 13th. Then Victoria Nyanza by Speke on July 30th, and forthwith Alec's father solemnly inked it in, the boy standing beside him in breathless interest. But neither of them guessed the part that last huge lake would play in Alec's life.

In 1859 there were visitors at the manse—Sir Robert Murchison and Sir A. Ramsay, of H.M. Geological Survey. Naturally their talk turned upon Livingstone just returning to Africa to explore the Zambesi—of Speke and Burton making their way into the interior, and of

the Lake so recently inserted in the map on the study wall. One can picture them all standing and looking at it—a spell-bound boy beside them.

Then Sir Robert expressed a wish to see Alec's printing press, and was astonished at the deftness and rapidity with which the boy set up the type.

A few days after the great man's departure came a book for Alec—"Small Beginnings, or The Way to Get On," which acted like a spur (if any were needed) to further activities.

From eleven years of age to about thirteen Alec seemed to lose some of his love for books, and spent a great deal of his spare time in garden and glebe. The pony came in for a large share of attention; the village smithy absorbed his interest by the hour, at times; visits to the gas works, the carding mill, the carpenter's shop, the saddler's shop were of frequent occurrence. Alec's charming manner and intelligent interest made him a very acceptable visitor.

Some days he would tramp to Gartly Station and back just to see the train to Huntly when it stopped there.

But, to parents who were hoping that their boy would become a minister this was all rather disappointing. What good was all this attention to iron welding, and carpentry, and the many handicrafts the lad enjoyed? How would it further his usefulness in that field of labour to which they desired him to turn?

They could not see a man with blackened hands

standing before the King of Uganda and preaching the Gospel to him partly by means of these very things. Alec—their son.

And so one can imagine how they would talk it over between themselves, and how they would counsel each other in patience, remembering that the boy had not himself accepted that Saviour of Whom they hoped he would some day preach to others. The light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ had not shone into his heart as yet. And these loving parents could not but pray that he might be called out of darkness into God's marvellous light.

When he was about thirteen Alec voluntarily returned to his books again attacking them with vigour and freshness.

His interest in Africa still continued, and the news of the death of brave Mrs. Livingstone (1862) and her burial in a quiet grave on the banks of the Zambesi would not pass unnoticed at Rhynie Manse.

It was during this year that Alec's scholarly father realised that the boy needed to go to a good school, for he himself had not sufficient time for the advanced study in which Alec would now have to engage.

CHAPTER II

A Mother's Prayer Answered

WE can imagine his parents discussing the question. Said the dear mother : " I suppose he must go ; but he is not yet a child of God, good boy though he is. How much easier I should feel in my mind if he were on the Lord's side."

Then the father : " I, too, have my fears, for the lad is so engaging, always such a favourite. There's much temptation for such a one in the city. If he were saved —well ! We must pray on." And pray on they did.

One day Mr. Mackay was greeted by a friendly voice at the Manse gate, and looking at the visitor he uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

" Hector ! good friend. I'm glad to see you—" and out went both the minister's hands to grip the stranger's.

Mr. Hector, from Aberdeen, was at once hailed indoors and installed in the minister's chair, preparatory to a " good crack," such as only old and dear friends can have material for.

At the tea-table Mrs. Mackay and Alec looked on the visitor's genial face with pleasure, and he on his part felt drawn irresistibly to the frank-looking, fearless lad who, he had heard, would probably be going to school in Aberdeen, his own city.

"You and John would be good friends, I think, Alec. He's a dear lad, though I say it. Hopes to be a minister like your father, one of these days," said he.

The boy looked interested. "I should like to know him. He goes to Aberdeen Grammar School, I expect," he replied.

The father nodded. He was very happy about this boy of his.

"Will you let John come here for his summer holidays, Mr. Hector?" asked Mrs. Mackay.

"Why, that I will, and when your boy comes to Aberdeen will you let him spend the winter term in our house?"

"We will be very grateful for that, old friend," the father said.

"And in the Spring I shall be able to come over and find lodgings for him," added the mother, and Alec spoke his pleasure in the arrangement in glowing terms.

The conversation later turned on missionary topics. No doubt the wall map started it.

"The Home Government have recalled Dr. Livingstone," said Mr. Hector, and Alec pricked up his ears. "The Zambesi, he finds, will float paddle-wheeled boats, and Nyassa Lake is a great inland sea with plenty of landing places."

"Yes," put in Mr. Mackay, "and it was no mean feat Livingstone crossing from Zanzibar to Bombay in that little steamer *Lady Nyassa.*"

"Something like 2500 miles," added Alec dreamily.

"He will be in England again pretty soon," Mr. Hector remarked. Alec wished Livingstone would be in *Scotland*—for, after all, was not Livingstone a Scotsman?

John Hector arrived at the Rhynie Manse for his summer holidays in due course, and thus it was that Alexander Mackay, future missionary to Uganda, Africa, and John Hector, future missionary to Calcutta, India, met for the first time. The boys proved to be very congenial companions.

And Livingstone arrived in London on July 20th of this year ('86), an event which would by no means pass unnoticed in the household at Rhynie Manse. The story of his deputational tour; the honours accorded him; and the accounts of his lectures would be followed eagerly by the boys as well as the older folk.

In October, 1864, when Alec Mackay was just 15, he became a student at Aberdeen Grammar School.

When term was over, he and John returned to the Manse for Christmas—the last Christmas the dear mother spent on earth—for she was at that time, becoming very frail.

In April she came up to Aberdeen, and found some good lodgings for Alec, spending more than a week with him. He saw her off reluctantly, and returned to his lodgings, to bury himself in his work.

But several weeks later he was summoned to her

bedside, and remained at home for a week. We can imagine what she said to him, and when she rallied a little (as they thought) it was in a thoughtful and saddened mood he returned to Aberdeen.

He did not see her alive again. On the 8th of June she passed away. She left him her Bagster Bible, with several portions marked for special study, and a request that he would *search* the sacred page and find eternal life in the Saviour of Whom it spoke—and then he would meet her in glory.

The friend to whom she entrusted the Bible, Mrs. James Flett, The Grange, Edinburgh, had many earnest talks with the motherless boy, and repeated the dying mother's message more than once. This message brought about the turning point in Alec's life.

There is no account as far as I can see of the actual time of his conversion, but the fact of it is abundantly shown very shortly afterwards.

His father observed the change with joy, and his hopes that Alec would become a minister rose high.

But Alec's opinion was that there were enough ministers already! Moreover, he shrank from it. He felt unworthy for the office. Neither he nor his father, at this time, seemed to realise that it is possible to preach salvation without "ordination," and being a "minister" in the usual acceptation of the term. Each of us who are "born again" can be ministers—just as we are—just where we are.

So Alec, much to his father's disappointment, still spent his spare time "looking at things," particularly engineering things. The Aberdeen shipbuilding yards claimed his attention every Saturday afternoon, and there he gathered knowledge which became a mainstay to him in his preaching and practising of the Gospel in later years in far Uganda.

He continued at the Grammar School in the "Granite City," imbibing, it would seem, some of its "graniteness," until the family moved into Edinburgh, where no doubt, the Rev. Alexander Mackay was able to attend more closely to the writing and publication of his scientific works.

Alec was now engaged in his studies at the Free Church Training College for Teachers, Edinburgh. He proved himself one of the ablest scholars, giving himself devotedly to the work.

His father, seeing that his son's heart was set on engineering, reliquished his long cherished hope of the ministry for Alec, and did all he could to help him forward in that way.

It was a very busy life for Alec Mackay. Strenuous days studying applied Mechanics, Engineering, Surveying, and Fortifications—acting as Secretary to the Engineering Society, besides giving three hours' instruction every morning at George Watson's College. Added to this he would go by train to Leith, to Messrs. Miller & Herbert's Engineering Works for the purpose of

erecting machinery, and to turn his hand to anything down there. Then there were also lectures on Chemistry which he attended.

Sundays he was busy too. Dr. Horatius Bonar was his minister, and to his spiritual teaching Mackay says he owed much. In the afternoon he conducted children's services—in the evening he taught at Dr. Guthrie's Ragged School. It was here that he made the acquaintance of Dr. John Smith, a teacher there, and they became close friends. As they shook hands the first time they did not know that each would run a swift earthly course, and each be laid to rest near that Great Lake in Africa.

CHAPTER III

A Letter

IT was on Nov. 1st of this year (1873) that Alec Mackay finally left his home (he did not know it was a final leave taking of it) and went to Berlin, where he was employed by a large engineering firm.

He had a letter of introduction from Dr. Horatius Bonar to Dr. Bauer in Hamburg, who was Cathedral preacher in Berlin, and Court Chaplain.

Dr. and Mrs. Bauer received the young English Engineer very kindly, and he felt at ease with them immediately.

Far, otherwise, did he feel amongst those with whom his work placed him. In one of his letters he says: "For some days I have had to contend very hard for the very existence of God."

Conversation, at any rate in his presence, was full of sneers at religion; blasphemy, scorn, and oaths were the chief specimens of that German conversation which he had been desirous of studying. He asked: What could he do to get out of this atmosphere?

At length he resolved on a bold step, and paid a special visit to Dr. and Mrs. Bauer. In the course of conversation with Dr. Bauer—carried on with a little

difficulty since neither was familiar with the other's language—he replied, to the doctor's invitation to visit them frequently, that he wanted to *live* with them, not visit them.

The doctor consulted his wife, and the worthy couple having a room unused gave him affectionate permission to take up his abode there.

The arrangement proved to be a very happy one all round, and Mackay was like a son to them.

We may be sure that under these pleasant conditions Alec Mackay learnt to speak in German very easily, and no doubt Dr. and Mrs. Bauer got some English.

At this time, Mackay, twenty-five years of age, is described by Dr. Bauer as being under the middle size, but slender and well knit. His eyes, blue, steady, fearless, bright and clear, yet with that indescribable light revealing his knowledge of and love to the Saviour. His forehead noble, and his head well-shaped.

There we see him, sometimes busy with his other Berlin friend, Rev. G. Palmer Davies, of the B.F.B.S., in the American Church, or at the Bible Class where interesting discussions took place among the American divinity students.

There were also Dr. Bauer's lectures, attended by many of the elite of Berlin. One of these, the Countess Von Egloffstein, took a great fancy to the "son of their host and hostess." She used to write to Alec Mackay regularly whilst he was in Africa. After his death she

wrote of him to his sister : " Life was to him a gift to be used for Jesus." Her commendation of the " young, serious, and faithful Scotsman," as she knew him in these Berlin days, is couched in high and sincere terms.

And in this quiet home he is again brought into touch with missionaries, for Dr. Bauer is making his German translation of the life of Bishop Patteson. The work of a missionary was now, therefore, very frequently the subject of Alec's thoughts.

Dr. Livingstone's remains (after verification by means of his mauled shoulder) had been interred in Westminster Abbey on April 18th, 1874. Henry Morton Stanley was one of the pall-bearers. The ceremony had been profoundly touching. Queen Victoria, who had been especially interested in the great explorer's career, sent flowers, and there were hundreds of tokens of respect and veneration from all parts.

An account of this would have been seen by Alec Mackay, and his missionary spirit would stir yet more vigorously as he read it.

During the year April 1874 to April 1875, Alec Mackay twice offered himself as a missionary-engineer, to the C.M.S. for Mombasa, but they just had accepted a missionary, and to the L.M.S. for Madagascar, which place he was told was not yet ready.

But God was working his purpose out.

A few weeks later Henry Morton Stanley met Mtesa, the great African " Emperor "—King of Uganda—at the

Royal Palace on the hill top, Rubaga, having navigated Victoria Nyanza from south to north.

"Stamlee" is a welcome visitor, and speedily becomes a great favourite. During his sojourn there he talks so often and so earnestly of the advantages and joys of Christianity that Mtesa begs him to write a letter asking for a missionary—"a pious, practical missionary."

The letter, dated April 14th, 1875, was finished, addressed to the *New York Herald* and *The Daily Telegraph*, and given into the care of Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, who, in the providence of God arrived at Mtesa's shortly after Stanley. He was thus on the spot to receive it, and when he departed he promised to convey it part of the way. It was passed on later into General Gordon's hands, and finally reached England, November, 1875.

This was the letter which Alec Mackay read in the *Edinburgh Review*, and which led him to offer himself for the work.

He received a reply from Mr. Wright, Hon. Secy., C.M.S., on Jan. 26th, 1876, accepting him. And thus he began his missionary career.

He arrived in England from Berlin, in March, after completing his engineering engagement, and began his preparations. Stanley had been careful to give a list of things the missionary should bring. Captain Grant was also a valuable helper too.

The boatbuilder, Mr. Messenger of Teddington, now

had another boat to build in sections—the "Daisy"—and the engine for it was Alec Mackay's own design.

Every package had to be considered in the light of man-porterage, and a track only eighteen inches wide at most places. So we may be sure that packing was no easy job.

He went down to Edinburgh for a visit to his family, but was so busy that they saw but little of him.

He went up to the C.M.S., London, and there he found his dear friend, Dr. John Smith, one of the party of eight who were going out.

This was their valedictory meeting. Being the youngest member of the party Alec Mackay's little speech was the last.

He pointed out that it was scarcely likely that all the eight of them would be alive six months later. He, himself, might have gone. But the C.M.S. must not be unduly distressed—the thing would be to send someone else at once to fill up the ranks.

He was the sole representative of the eight in three years' time.

The names of the party were : Lt. T. Shergold Smith, in command, two artisans (these three had gone on) Rev. C. T. Wilson, Mr. T. O'Neill, Dr. John Smith, Mr. James Robertson, and Alec M. Mackay.

They sailed from England on April 27th, 1876, on the s.s. *Peshawar*, across the Mediterranean, and reached Aden on May 17th, where Lt. Shergold Smith was

waiting. After one day's delay they embarked in s.s. *Cashmere*, and sailed for Zanzibar and the African Coast.

In his diary of May 2nd, Mackay says O'Neill woke him to see the African Coast. On May 8th he catches sight of Candia, and remarks that it is his last view of Europe for a long time. He never saw it again.

May 6th—Malta : dried up place !

May 10th—Port Said sighted.

May 17th—Aden and Lt. Smith.

They reached Zanzibar, May 29th. A voyage of about 7000 miles.

CHAPTER IV

Mackay Begins Road Making

ALEC MACKAY and his friends crossed from Zanzibar to the mainland of Africa, and he and Lt. Smith started to explore the River Wami. The C.M.S. had directed them to see if there was a way by water into the interior, up the Wami, or the Kingani.

The launch, *Daisy*, was put together, and with a crew of Africans, the two set off up the Wami, finding that it twisted and turned so much that they could have walked in two days to the same spot which took seven days by boat. The people were very unfriendly, and the chief expected very high pay for allowing the boat to proceed. They went on for eight days, doing about 70 miles and then decided that it would be useless to go further.

Lt. Shergold Smith had fever, and the best thing was to return to Sadani, at the mouth of the river.

It must have been very strange on that river at night—the jungle, coming down to the water's edge, with wild beasts prowling about. Mackay says: "The kind Eye of the Redeemer watched over us," and they felt safe in His care.

Down at Sadani, when trying to land, the waves

swamped the *Daisy* but the explorers lost scarcely anything, and Lt. Smith was put to bed in the chief's house to recover.

The Kingani River was the next venture. Mr. Holmwood, the Vice-Consul, went with Mackay this time, and they navigated 160 miles of the river. It was as winding as the Wami, and turned so sharply at some points that the *Daisy* could scarcely get round. And once more they went back, having proved that the only way into the interior was by land.

The *Daisy* was taken to pieces, ready to be carried by natives along the narrow winding track which had been used from time immemorial as the only way to and from the coast.

The Expedition had to be divided. There were two parties sent on, then Mackay's big lot had to be divided again into two—he went with the third caravan (or party) and Dr. John Smith and Lt. Shergold Smith came later with the last of the things, medicines and instruments, etc., as soon as they could find sufficient men to carry them.

Mackay found it a hard task to look after his 200 or so of men. He had to settle their quarrels, and see that they were keeping in good health, lastly, that they were not losing the loads.

The track, we know, was often only a foot and a half wide, overhung by trees which were wreathed with tough, wild vine, and thorny acacia ; and the under-

growth was so dense and so tangled that, as he said: "A cat could hardly creep through."

The day on which Mackay started was Aug. 27th, and until November they travelled on patiently. Then, at last, Mackay's strenuous labours proved too much for him. He became so ill that he had to send for Lt. Smith to come and take charge. The Lieutenant missed the track and got beyond the place where Mackay had halted. But fortunately Mackay heard of the mistake, and feeble though he was, hurried along and overtook his friend.

The Lieutenant had letters for Mackay, so, what with the batch of home news, the company of Smith, and medicine, he was so cheered and invigorated that the Lieutenant was able to go right on to Mpwapwa, and Mackay followed shortly with the caravan.

When he got there it was too late to see the other part of the expedition as they had gone on towards the Lake. He therefore waited for the last portion which was under Dr. John Smith's care.

At last he arrived. The two parties were then re-arranged, and the two friends started off again with their 310 men.

Their road lay now through a desert called Marenga Mkali, and there was no food or water to be obtained from it for the two days occupied in traversing it.

When this was crossed they were accosted by avaricious chiefs who all forced the white men to pay a heavy price

in cloth, for the privilege of passing through their territory.

Whilst going through Ugogo, Mackay became so seriously ill that Dr. Smith endeavoured to persuade him to return to the coast. But he struggled on for a little while longer, then broke down completely. There was nothing for it but to obey.

"I'll go back if you will go on," he said to his friend. "You must not return with me. I shall be all right."

Dr. Smith agreed reluctantly for he knew Mackay was very ill. But they parted—never to meet again in this world, for Dr. Smith, on reaching the Lake, succumbed, and was buried beside it.

Mackay, not knowing that this was to befall, went back to the coast, nearly dying on the way, but a poultice made by his native cook, relieved him so much that he fell into life-giving sleep. Whilst resting in the village his home letters arrived, and he rode back to Mpwapwa to give some English news to the two Englishmen who had been stationed there by Lt. Shergold Smith.

Then down to the coast he went, and whilst there, on the mission ship, *Highland Lassie*, he received orders not to attempt a return into the interior until the rainy season was over. Then he was first to start cutting a road from the little seaport, Sadani to Mpwapwa, the station through which all caravans passed to and from the interior.

He started on the gigantic task with delight. It was

just the work which suited him. A way into the heart of Africa would be begun, and so he earned his name of Road-maker.

First he had to procure tools, then collect native workmen, train them, and keep them at work when once they had started. That narrow track, with its vine-clad trees and dense undergrowth must be made into a road for ox-waggons.

In order to clear a way through the vines and tough creepers he taught his men to use sharp bayonets, for axes were useless in this case. But when it came to chopping down the trees the axes were whirling and hacking for hours together.

Mackay continued steadily chopping his way to Mwpapwa. And Susi, Livingstone's servant, was helping him.

By May, 1877, he had cut forty miles inland, and there was a waggon way for fifty. The bridges were a source of wonder to the natives who had hitherto been content with a single tree by which to cross the nullahs. He had about forty men, and they were all working hard under the direction of this small, blue-eyed, firm but kind and gentle young leader.

In the jungle he kept them working closely together, hacking at the ropes of creepers and undergrowth, and as they work they sing a song something like this :

"Oh, is not the white man very bad to cut the trees down, and make a way for the English to come!"

This notion sounds as if it were put into their minds by Arabs. It became a source of much trouble in later years up the Lake.

But, for the present, we hear chop—chop—chop—at the root of a great Baobab tree. It is in the way, and also it will help to form a bridge across that deep nullah over there. A little farther on is a fairly clear space which takes the road a few yards nearer Mpwapwa.

And so, day by day, foot by foot, it progresses. With the help of axe and bayonet he reaches Mpwapwa on Aug. 8th, 1877. He had then made a road two hundred and thirty miles long, fit for ox-waggons. The twisting, tortuous, eighteen-inch track had disappeared. The main road to Unyanyembe and Uganda was clear for that distance.

Mackay went back to the coast for waggons and oxen. The waggons came from Bombay—the oxen from the Cape. There were six waggons, eighty oxen, and sixty men, for driving and leading the new, wonderful vehicles on the new and wonderful road.

On Christmas Day, 1877, he reached the village of Kikwago, on the way back to Mpwapwa.

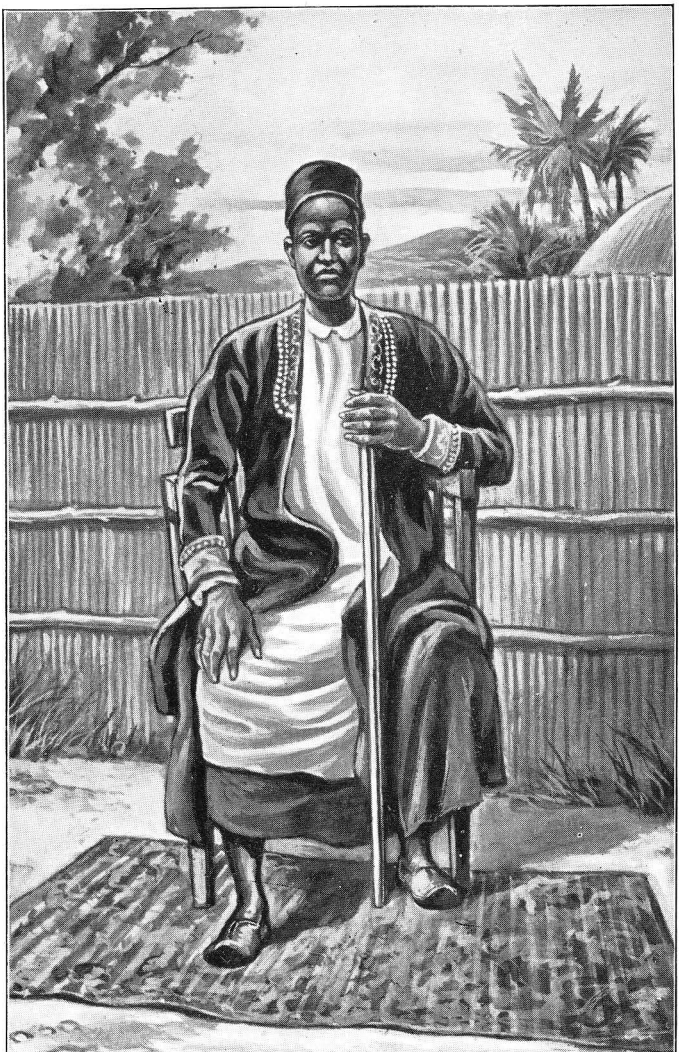
CHAPTER V

A Rush up to the Lake

BEFORE Mackay had worked his way to Mpwapwa, and started making two hundred and thirty miles of road, two members of the party had reached the Great Lake, Victoria Nyanza. These were Mr. O'Neill and Rev. C. T. Wilson. They arrived on Jan. 31st, 1877. In March came the two Smiths, doctor and lieutenant. They had not been long there before Dr. Smith died. The sad news reached Mackay whilst he was on that trying return journey to the coast on account of illness and under his doctor-friend's orders. So the first to die of the party of eight was Dr. John Smith.

Soon after the doctor's Home-call, Lt. Smith and Rev. C. T. Wilson went up the Lake to Uganda. Mr. Wilson remained there, near King Mtesa, Stanley's friend.

Lt. Smith went down the Lake again to Mr. O'Neill, and for a time they were on the island of Ukerewe, at the south end. The King, Lkonge, was quite friendly. This was in December, 1877, when Mackay was nearly at Kikwago on his return to Mpwapwa with oxen and



MTESA, KING OF UGANDA

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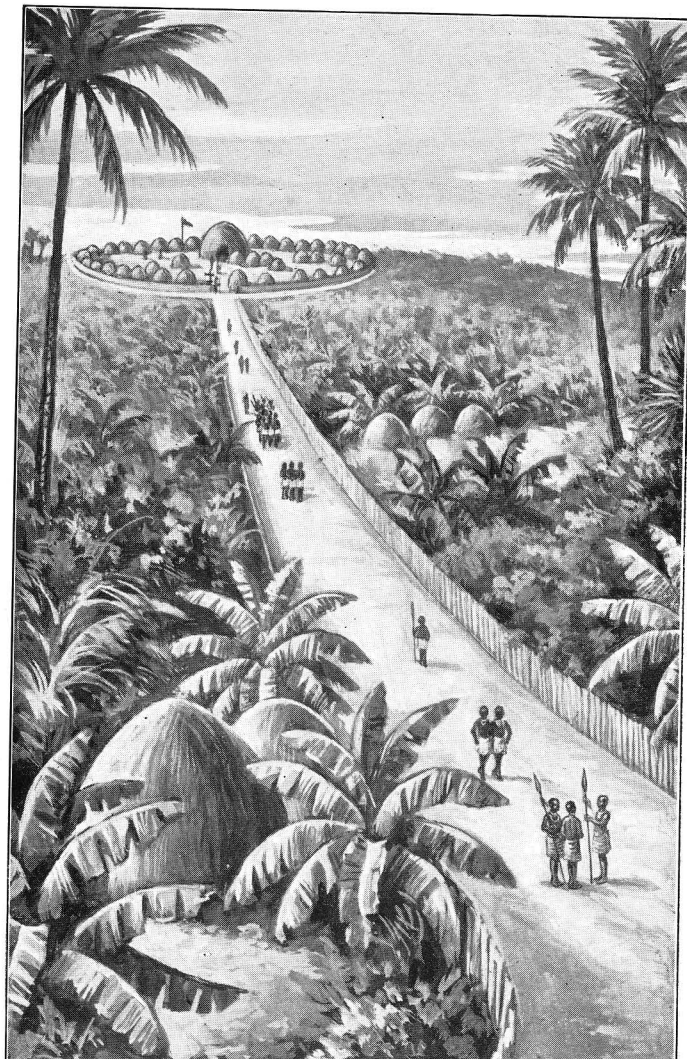


PART OF THE CAPITAL OF UGANDA IN THE DAYS OF MTESA. IT CONSISTED OF SEVERAL VILLAGES BUILT ON THE TOPS OF NEIGHBOURING HILLS, YET FORMING ONE COMPLETE WHOLE.

waggons, and accompanied by a dear young fellow—a carpenter—Tytherleigh, sent out by C.M.S. From Ukerewe Lt. Smith wrote to Mackay saying they were going up the Lake with their whole caravan.

But, alas, before they left the island there was some dispute between the King and Sougoro, an Arab slave-dealer. He fled to the two Englishmen for refuge. It was a terrible situation for them. They could hardly deliberately give him up. Consequently, there was wholesale slaughter—Lt. Shergold Smith and Mr. O'Neill were among the killed.

So it came to pass that Mackay, with Tytherleigh, both journeying with the oxen to Mpwapwa in Feb. of 1878, were met by runners who told them of two white men killed in Ukerewe. Mackay knew without a doubt that these men could only be O'Neill and Shergold Smith. The runners also brought news that King Mtesa at Uganda, meant to avenge them, and was already gathering a fleet of 1000 canoes with that intention.

"Tytherleigh," said Mackay, "I must hurry along to the Lake and stop this fight. You go on to Mpwapwa with the caravan."

That was the last he saw of Tytherleigh. A few weeks after, whilst journeying hurriedly to the Lake he heard that this friend and comrade, too, had died.

But, to return, he parted from Tytherleigh without any delay and went off through Ugogo and Marenga Mkali where, more than a year before he had been

sent back to the coast by Dr. Smith, and the doctor had gone on to the Lake—to die.

Of the eight who had landed on the East Coast of Africa, on May 29th, 1876, three were dead, two had returned to England, two were still in Africa, Mackay and Wilson. Mr. James Robertson is difficult to trace. Perhaps he had returned.

Mackay's journey towards the Lake was no easy one. One chief was afraid to allow the white man in his "tembe," but another made him welcome—though it was only to a very dirty hut, as he passed on his way each chief demanded some cloth as payment for permission to go through the territory.

On one occasion, it was at Mlamburu where he was staying with the chief, a crowd of armed natives surrounded the camp. Their wild dance rather alarmed him for he could not tell whether it was friendly or hostile. His double-barrelled rifle lay close to his hand, but to have taken it up would have brought about a fierce fight, and bloodshed. So he sat quiet—his mind in perfect peace because it was stayed upon his God.

The dance ended in the simultaneous laying down of shield and spear, and the giving of a salute—after which the crowd dispersed, departing with the gift of an ox and some cloth—on their way north, to plunder and fight.

During this journey Mackay says he learnt what "Give us this day our daily bread" meant, for food had

to be found, or bought every day. "I have never wanted yet," he said, "and feel sure I never will."

From Mpwapwa to Uyui was a long month of walking and wading. Some of the sights he saw were very sad. There were caravans with loads of ivory travelling along the narrow, winding track towards the coast, and alas, a number of poor little black children, torn from home and parents, to be sold at the journey's end. With cords which linked them neck to neck these little things toiled on in tears, weary, and footsore, and heart-broken; and nothing was done to help them. The Arabs persisted in the capture and selling of slaves, despite all the entreaties and efforts of the English to stop it. We can well imagine that these Arabs would look upon Mackay with dislike, and how they would keep alive the false notion that the Englishman was coming only to deprive the chiefs of their territory. The notion would strike fear to the hearts of these chiefs, and inculcate dislike and distrust of the white man. This is just what Mackay was up against during all the fourteen years of his sojourn in Africa.

On he went, through rivers and swamps, uphill and down, and at last, June 13, 1878, he gained a height from which he saw for the first time, the silvery waters of Victoria Nyanza, possibly he stood on the very spot where Stanley's men, more than 3 years before had sung:

"Sing, O Friends, Sing,
For the journey is ended."

This, then, was the Lake which, as a boy of nine, he had watched his father ink in on the old map of Africa—a lake as large as his own country, Scotland.

Kagei, we know, was the name of the village at this south end, and this was the place where he found all the stores brought up by Lieutenant Smith and his companions, and here, too, was the boat, *Daisy*.

The chief, Kaduma, had lent a big hut to Lt. Smith, and in it all the goods had been placed. A rare state of jumble they were in. No doubt the natives had amused themselves by turning them over when the owners were not by to forbid it.

But Mackay's first care was to send a message across to the island of Ukerewe to King Lkonge by some men from Ukerewe, and then he started clearing up the muddle in the hut.

It took him many days, working all the time, but he was able to look round with pleasure when the work was finished. He marvelled at the cleverness of Lt. Smith and the others for what they had accomplished in getting all the things conveyed 700 miles, and not a thing lost.

He turned his attention next to the boat *Daisy*. She was greatly in need of repair. White ants, a hippopotamus, and the sun had brought her to the verge of ruin. There was scarcely a sound board in her. Mr. O'Neill had used her a great deal, but had also done his best to keep her in repair. He had now been dead six

months, and the *Daisy* had been untended and unused during all that time.

Nothing daunted, however, Mackay patched her up and got her ready for use on the Lake again.

The little children loved to watch Mackay at work, and he found them very good company. There were many smiles, and plenty of fun and laughter.

As for the steam engine he fitted up—it made them say Mackay came straight from Heaven.

Mackay took the opportunity of teaching them the Gospel whilst he worked. The Old, Old Story was listened to with much attention. He kept on working and doing things. The making of candles from ox fat was marvellous to them, and the turning of the lathe a source of unending interest. Thus with these wonders he held the youthful audience, and gained their ears as well as their eyes.

And so the time passed till the messengers whom he had sent to Lkonge returned. They brought a deputation—the prime minister, who was the King's counsellor, and twelve or more of his headmen.

Mackay, wondering a little how he would be treated in Ukerewe (considering the fate of his friends there, was some cause to wonder) suggested that the prime minister be left at Kagei, as hostage. This, however, was not feasible. The talk with the King could not be properly conducted without the prime minister. It was decided instead that three of the men should remain, but Mackay,

feeling sure, after all, that no harm was intended towards him, did not trouble to enforce the promise, and set out for Ukerewe. He went, strong in the strength of his Master and Lord, and taking commonsense precautions, as any Christian should.

He heard the story of his friends' fate from the King. Lkonge assured him that there was never any intention of harming Smith and O'Neill, but he felt certain that there was a misunderstanding of his message to the white men. They must have feared treachery, and had fought to save themselves. The Arab, Songoro, source of all the trouble and evidently a most dishonourable man was killed by Lkonge's men, and Lt. Smith and O'Neill fell too. Their boat had gone away, against their orders, otherwise they might have escaped to the mainland.

Mackay believed Lkonge's story, and promised to do all in his power to stay any hostilities. He also promised that some white men should come and teach the Word of God. He knew that more missionaries were being sent out, and was glad to note that the King was genuinely pleased at the prospect of their coming to his island.

Then Mackay, part of his peaceful mission well accomplished, returned to the mainland after an absence of nine days.

Kadeema, the old chief, who was so fond of beer that he was scarcely ever quite sober, was very friendly with Mackay, and he and his people hailed the white man's return with shouts of joy and many other manifestations

of delight. He continued his work on the *Daisy*, and also he would preach to his audiences telling them in simple words the story of why, and how, God sent His Son to save them.

CHAPTER VI

Entebbe and Uganda at Last

SHOUTS and laughter, clapping of hands, and great excitement at the edge of the Lake.

"What is happening?" Mackay asks himself.

Weary with a long day's work he was resting by his fire when the hullabaloo arose, and he, perforce, must go down to the Lake and find out what it is about.

Standing amongst the capering people on the beach, and peering across the waters he sees several long and graceful canoes coming towards him. In the prow of one stands a tall Englishman, with one eye on the steersman, another on the surf, ready to leap ashore at the earliest possible moment.

"Wilson!" shouts Mackay.

"Mackay!" shouts Wilson, as he takes a flying leap shorewards and lands with a mighty splash in shallow water!

The two friends clasped hands with a grip of iron, and their faces are radiant with joy. The dancing natives look on and sing and laugh, and comment on the white men who love each other so much.

Mackay's fire was generously replenished, and Mr.

Wilson's clothes, which had been soaked by his passage through the surf were changed for drying, and then the two friends supped and talked!

And how they talked! The grey dawn was breaking ere the tale was told!

Sitting there Mackay listened to Wilson's account of his voyage from the southern end of the Lake to Entebbe at the northern end. Mtesa, the King, resided at Rubaga on the hill twenty-three miles away. That was his capital. They arrived on June 30th, 1877. Mackay was making his road to Mpwapwa at that time, and Stanley was doing down the Congo.

For several weeks the two white men were busy making the acquaintance of the King and his chiefs, and the ever-hostile Arabs. The King gave a site for a Mission house, for he saw that they were determined to be missionaries, not makers of arms and gunpowder and shot as he had hoped. Evidently that fervent desire for missionaries which he had expressed to Stanley was being cooled down by opposition from chiefs and Arabs, and the hope of stores of ammunition and guns had been assiduously cultivated. He had been very unpleasant on this account, in fact quite bullying Wilson said, possibly on account of the presence of the Arabs. It was during a private evening interview that he became quite friendly and gave the ground.

When things had been set going in Uganda, Lt. Smith went down the Lake to Ukerewe in the *Daisy*

"Back in three months," he said. His object in going was to fetch O'Neill, and see if Mackay had arrived.

Mackay had not arrived. He was then returning from the coast with Tytherleigh and the oxen and waggons to Mpwapwa along the new road.

Wilson was not anxious for the first three months, but when that time had passed, and when still more weeks went on, he wondered how it was that his friends did not put in an appearance. Stores were getting low, his clothes were wearing out, the King was becoming unfriendly, and with every day of further delay Wilson's anxiety increased. Christmas came—Christmas Day of 1877—when Mackay was writing his letters home from his little camp of Kikwago—then the 31st of December dawned, and on that day there arrived at Uganda Mission House a weary messenger with terrible news for Wilson, Lt. Smith and Mr. O'Neill had been killed on the island of Ukerewe.

Wilson sought audience of the King and received his permission to go at once and find out the truth. Down the stormy lake he went as fast as the canoe could carry him, and when he reached Kagei he found that the news of the tragedy was all too true. From Kagei he went on down the country to Unyamyembe, the great halting place for caravans.

But there was no Mackay as yet. His arduous task with the road, and later with the waggons, and his many attacks of fever had delayed him greatly. Moreover,

Mackay had not yet received the news of the disaster. He had heard from Lt. Smith on Dec. 5th that they were returning to Uganda then. It was nearly a month later that he heard they had been killed.

So when Wilson had verified the truth of the terrible news, and as Mackay did not appear, there was nothing for it but that he should return, lonely and disappointed, to the Mission House at Uganda.

Four months later he made a second trip and found his friend at Kagei.

Then Mackay told his story which we know already.

The road to Mpwapwa being finished, Mackay was free to go up the Lake for his real work and Station—Uganda. Tytherleigh had died of fever during Mackay's hurried journey to the Lake, and there was no one for whom they had to wait.

The two set to work to prepare for the voyage up to Entebbe. Victoria Nyanza is subject to terrific storms which seem to arise almost in a moment, so the preparations were not so simple as would be for a peaceful voyage. They set off at last in the repaired *Daisy*, with a crew of natives, but were very soon overtaken by a great storm near Busangora, where Stanley had so narrowly escaped with his life not so very long ago. There Stanley had endured the insolence and depredations of the natives with his usual patience, and Mackay and Wilson reaped the benefits of it when they were wrecked on the inhospitable shore. The natives were

quite kindly disposed towards these two white men on account of the affection they had for Stanley. Mackay affirms that he found that Stanley's treatment of the natives wherever he went had won a lasting regard, and consequently the white man was an object of respect.

The natives, however, were not inclined to help in the way of doing work. Their chief occupation was gazing longingly at the stores which the white men had managed to save. These were spread out on the beach to dry, and as soon as possible had to be covered with a tarpaulin so that the covetous eyes should no longer be tried by the sight.

Mackay and Wilson then turned their attention to the damaged boat. The timbers were badly splintered.

The white men and the coloured men looked at her very solemnly. What could be done? She had been beaten about in the surf, and cruelly ground by the rocks, and now she looked more suitable for a sieve than a boat.

After a brief consultation the white men got saws and started sawing their boat to pieces (as if it were not already in pieces enough, said the amazed natives one to another), and the sawing went on for some time. They had to cut it into three parts. The middle part was used for repairs, after joining the ends together, and this effort produced a tub of a boat which was not able to take their stores by any means. Still it was a *boat* now, not a sieve.

They had meantime sent a message to King Mtesa of Uganda, who was naturally wondering why his missionaries did not appear, and requested him to send canoes for conveyance of the stores. When these came the party embarked at once.

It was Nov. 1st, 1878, before they sighted Entebbe (Ntebe) the port of Uganda.

They did not arrive unnoticed. Gathered on the shore were crowds of natives. Some of them embarked in canoes and made for the "mission place." with shouts of joy and beating of drums. Thus Mackay and Wilson were escorted with much ceremony and song to that shore which had so long been Mackay's objective.

On April 27th, 1876, he had sailed from England. On Nov. 1st, 1878, he set foot for the first time on the shore at Entebbe, Uganda.

CHAPTER VII

Mackay Meets King Mtesa

IT was an eventful day when Mackay reached Rubaga, the capital of Uganda, Mtesa's city. The distance from the Lake shore was twenty-three miles—the last twelve being a straight, good road, fenced on either side.

Marching along this road Mackay could not but feel the contrast with the tortuous trails which he had traversed from Mpwapwa, to the southern end of the lake.

Wilson, his cheery companion, told him many interesting things as they went along. The people here were more intelligent, and had adopted the Arab tunic, a long garment fastened at the shoulder. The cloth was bark cloth—the inner coating of the bark of the palm tree beaten out—some of a red-brown in colour.

Now and again well-dressed chiefs passed them, some with a friendly greeting for Wilson who had spent over two years with them. Nearer the capital the road was fenced by bamboo posts and wicker-work of tiger grass, and presently the friends turned off this big road, and climbing a hill opposite that on which was Mtesa's palace, entered a little compound.

Pointing to a native-looking hut, Wilson courteously bade his companion enter.

"Welcome to the Uganda Mission Headquarters," he said laughingly. And after two and a half years spent in getting there Mackay must have felt it quite a home-coming.

Mindful of Court Etiquette, Wilson sent a messenger to notify the arrival of the "new white man." Report came back that the King was too ill just then to receive Mackay, but when he felt able to have an audience, he would send messengers.

Stanley (in 1875) thought highly of Mtesa, and as their friendship grew he led him very close to the Kingdom of God. At that time, the King most certainly had definite longings for salvation.

By the time Mackay arrived the King's health was much impaired by some internal trouble of which he was in the first stages of suffering, and no doubt this is one reason why Mackay found him so obdurate—and at the same time so vacillating. Through this growing weakness he was beginning to feel inadequate for holding the reigns of government as firmly as hitherto.

Fear was in his heart that he might lose his power, and then his kingdom. There would not be wanting ambitious chiefs who would step in, and wrest that power and kingdom from him, and the Arabs (always at court) were constantly telling him that the English wished to take away his kingdom from him.

Thus, then, the Mtesa with whom Mackay had to deal was a vastly different man from the Mtesa who so loved "Stamlee."

On the 8th of Nov. came runners from the court with a message that Mtesa wished the missionaries to attend upon him. Forthwith they gathered up their presents and climbed up to the palace, where the whole court awaited their coming.

King Mtesa, too ill to rise and receive them, remained on his mat, and bowed politely.

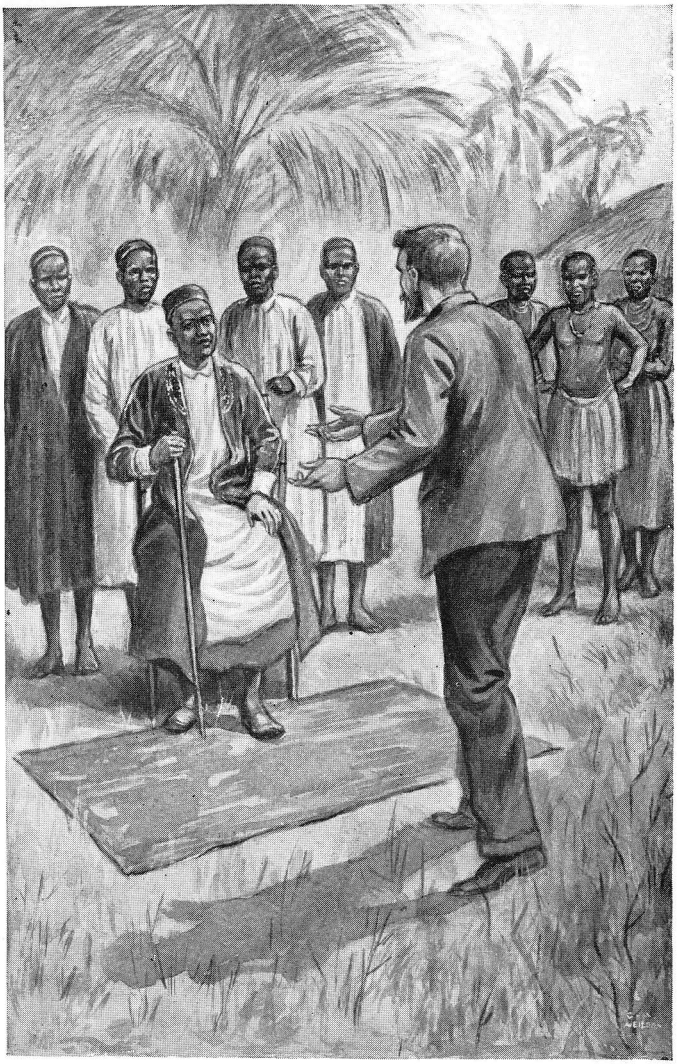
Mackay says the King was arrayed in a long white robe, and over that he wore a handsome black coat embroidered with gold braid. (He was nearly six feet in height, Stanley said). He had beautiful, slender hands, and his eyes were large and brilliant, despite his ill-health.

Mackay and Wilson seated themselves on small stools and offered their gifts. One was a musical box, and when it struck up, "The Heavens are telling," there was a murmur of applause and admiration.

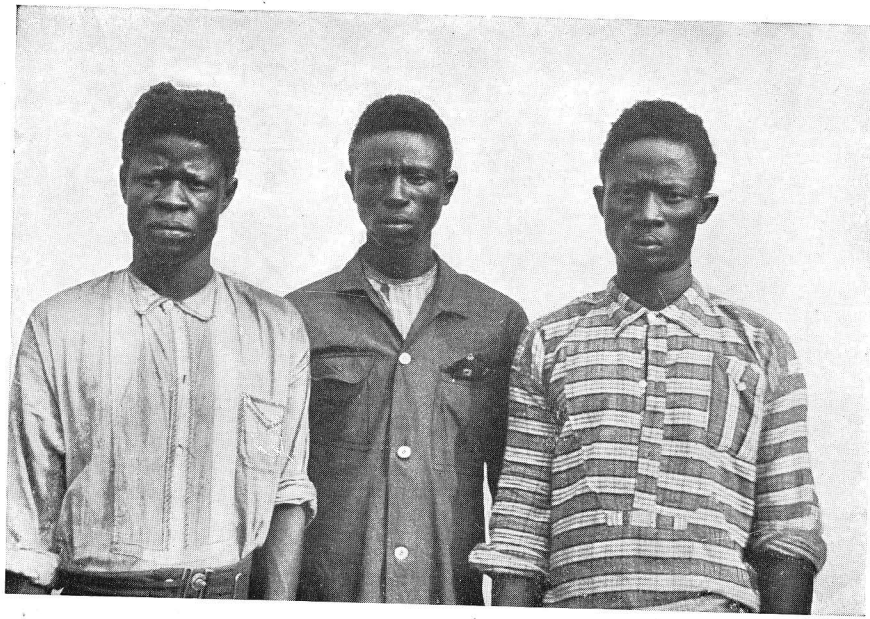
The King talked for a little while, and handled his gifts rather listlessly, then he intimated that he was too ill to enjoy the company of the missionaries any longer at present, so they quietly withdrew and returned to their own quarters.

During the next few days Mackay had several interviews with the King.

Mtesa seemed to be very favourably impressed with



"I SHOWED THE KING MY HANDS, WHICH WERE BLACK WITH WORKING IN IRON EVERY DAY" (Page 57)



PRESENT-DAY CHRISTIANS, THE TYPE OF MEN WHO SO NOBLY AND LOYALLY STOOD BY MACKAY IN HIS DAYS OF PERSECUTION AND DISTRESS

the newcomer, and every Sunday a service was held at court. Mackay read the Scriptures and Mtesa interpreted.

Mackay was fairly conversant with Swahili, and having also some portions of the Scriptures in that language he was able to read aloud! Mtesa, when he interpreted, did it faithfully and well.

Referring to these services, Mackay says: "Stanley began the good work, and now we are enabled to carry it on."

Christmas Day, 1878—Mackay's first Christmas in Uganda—he had a special service at Court, all the chiefs being present in "extra dress," and also the usual gathering of the people.

Very attentively the strange audience listened to the wonderful story in Luke, of the birth of the Saviour, and from that the speaker was requested to give the whole life story. The first Uganda Christmas Day of Mackay's was a memorable occasion to him, and to his hearers.

Mackay lost no time in establishing his forge. Little did the interested spectators know that it would be the spot where the souls of many would be shaped for an Eternity of bliss. That queer place, with its glowing fire, and the anvil on which heavy blows descended beating into shape the red hot metal on which the smith laboured, was of never-failing interest.

Then, whilst Mackay mended and burnished the

miscellaneous articles sent him, he would quietly and conversationally continue to sow the precious seed among the invariable gathering of natives who daily assembled to watch his wonderful doings.

But at court, too, the spiritual side of his work went on as well.

His influence began to be perceptibly felt in the purification of the moral atmosphere of Mtesa's court. Frequent services and Bible readings were held at court in the presence of the king and his numerous chiefs. Then he began to carve wooden types for the purpose of printing select portions of the Gospels in their own tongue, after which he commenced the necessarily slow and tedious task of teaching numbers of people to read. Mackay, it must be remembered, was a statesman and organiser just as much as he was a Christian missionary. Like a strong, patient, self-constrained man, he laboured (as Gordon laboured in another not very distant part of Africa) for the purpose of placing a boundary upon the paralysing effects of the slave trade. His influence upon Mtesa was considerable. He argued with him the question of slavery, from its religious and humane points of view, with such power that he published a decree forbidding any person in Uganda to sell a slave on pain of death. The king also forbade Sunday labour, and after a long struggle Mackay wooed him from his bloody charms, which in his heathen superstition he considered were a prevention against the machinations of the evil one.

The missionary often turned his mechanical skill to useful account in the extension of Christ's Kingdom. Mackay always wrote enthusiastically of the natural resources of Uganda, and the reading of his geographical descriptions is an instinctive reminder of the region immortalised in poetry where "only man is vile."

On Sunday, the 26th January, 1879, he held service in court and read the 51st Psalm, and the king interpreted to those assembled.

A passage or two from his diary tell the missionary's feelings which were created by this memorable service:

"The Spirit of God seemed to be working, for I never found so deep an interest before, nor so intelligent an understanding. Explained carefully the failure of man to keep the commandments of God, and the way of salvation through Jesus Christ—He who loved man so much with the truth of this that he said to Songura: 'This is the truth I have heard to-day. There can be only one truth.' The king spoke also of the persecution which he must endure from Egypt by becoming a Christian, but saw that persecution was the cross of Christians. I never had such a blessed service. Oh, may the mighty Spirit of God work deeply in their hearts by His grace! He alone can do it. In the afternoon the king sent a message with a present of a goat, saying it was a blessed passage I read to-day."

CHAPTER VIII

Mtesa's Difficulties

YOU will see as this story of Mackay proceeds that he had three great hindrances to his work: The Arabs, the Romish priests, and Witchcraft.

This was a formidable array—but "*with God* all things are possible." "I will work, and who shall hinder it?"

On February 14th, there were several arrivals at the Mission. Wilson had been up north to meet three new missionaries—Pearson, Litchfield, and Felkin, who had all come by way of the Sudan, and on that date they reached Headquarters.

Mtesa was delighted that more missionaries had come, and when they gave him presents of cloth which exceeded any he had had from the Arabs who always bartered it for tusks or slaves, he could not resist a shrewd thrust at the bargainers.

However, these wily frequenters of Mtesa's court pointed out to the king the fact that these white men had come from the north—and from the north (they reminded him) would come peril to his kingdom. This, it seems was an old tradition. But, seeing the Arabs knew that their traffic in slaves would cease should Christianity prevail in Uganda, and seeing the skill

with which they invariably used this weapon —one wonders if they had not forged it themselves.

Four days later came excited runners to summon the missionaries to court.

They went at once. Mtesa, amazed and perplexed, said that two white men were down at Entebbe, the part at the north end of the lake. Who were they? Why had they come?

Mackay and his friends knew no more than Mtesa did who these white strangers were. So they were not able to dispel the king's doubt and perplexity. The Arabs took the opportunity of telling Mtesa that the white men were coming to invade the country.

As Mackay left the court he saw two natives who had come with the message from the white men at Entebbe. One of the natives was Msukuma, a man who had accompanied Mackay on his race to the lake and Ukerewe when Lt. Smith and O'Neill had been slain. This man told Mackay that the white men were Romish priests and French. There were five in all—two at Entebbe, and three at Kagei, and their intention was that all should come to Uganda to stay—despite the fact that there were many other places, and that Uganda was already in charge of Protestant missionaries, and had been for some time.

And as we see, five priests reached Kagei within a few months of Mackay's arrival in Uganda!

It was the worst thing that could happen, for it aimed

directly at the simplicity of the Gospel as presented in the New Testament, and contradicted most of the teaching which the people had already received from the Protestant missionaries.

Moreover, they brought the king presents of guns and gunpowder—a thing which the others had determined not to do, though the king was always asking for arms.

The priests of Rome continued to arrive in Uganda much more rapidly than the teachers of the Protestant faith. Mackay was anxious to avoid anything approaching controversial contact with them, but this ultimately became impossible, and he had to combat before the king and chiefs the many sweeping assertions which Pere Lourdel and his associates made against the truthfulness of the faith which he taught. The Frenchmen made presents to the king very much calculated to win his vain heart. In one place Mackay records in his diary the presentation by the French priests of "five repeating rifles, a box of powder and shot, embroidered military suits, cuirassiers' helmets, swords, mirrors, silver plate, etc."—most unbefitting emblems of the doctrine of peace and righteousness which they *ought* to have taught by word and deed.

In spite of the efforts of the priests, the king more than once begged Mackay to pray with him, and read to him portions of Scripture. Mackay fortunately had with him various chapters of the Bible printed in Suahili,

a language understood by the king and many of his people. Mtesa also requested baptism, and after one of Mackay's arguments he confessed his belief in Christ as the Son of God from all eternity, and as the only future Judge of the world. "I liked exceedingly Mtesa's behaviour to-day. I often think there is the work of God in his heart. We must only pray earnestly that the Lord will give him grace to be a real disciple."

Emphatically it was a very great matter for such as Mtesa to leave the dark, cruel way of his forefathers—and live as a Christian.

And think, too, how ingrained in his nature were the horrible customs; how interwoven the fearful superstitions with his spirit. How intolerably scornful the opposing chiefs would be of any violation of these things, how ready to seize on any sign of weakness (as they would deem it) if he relinquished these age-old habits and customs and superstitions for the pure and simple, and exceedingly upsetting Gospel!

In most of the books about Mackay which I have read there are many sarcastic sneers about Mtesa. I do not think we can, any of us, afford to do this. How, in such a position (tied and bound in a way no Englishman could understand) how would we comport ourselves?

All the time, too, the king was suffering from an internal disease, a disease which, in the absence of medical aid, ended his life about 5½ years after Mackay's arrival, at a comparatively early age. Yes, he was *ill*

and often goaded to anger by the hints of the Arabs about the intentions of the white men, and was looked upon darkly by his chiefs when he tried to put down (often *did* put down) the slave raids and massacres which had not been questioned "until Stamlee came."

And last, but by no means least, he was perplexed by the Papists and their opposition both open and covert, to Mackay's teaching.

It is not strange that the harassed man, through sheer ill-health and consequent ill temper should break the bounds which he was trying to keep, and vent his ill-humour on the missionaries. Those chiefs and people who were not moved by Mackay would not be slow to take advantage of the mood, and seek permission (or command) to sally forth for pillage and bloodshed.

Mtesa said he had understood that missionaries came to teach him and his people how to make powder and guns. What he wanted at his court was men who could do so. Mackay replied that he could not, if he would, teach the king how to make guns and powder, and insisted that the object of his presence in Uganda was to teach the people the Word of God. "The king thereupon got exceedingly angry, and replied that if to teach was our main object, then we were not to teach any more." The diary continues: "He (the king) wanted us to work for him. I said we had never refused to do any work he wanted us to do, and that everything he had asked to be done I had done. There was scarcely a

chief present, I said, for whom I had not done work. I showed my hands, which were black with working in iron every day for these very chiefs who were saying we would not work for them. They said they wanted us to stop teaching to read, and to do work only for them and the king. I replied that we came for no such purpose; and if he wished that, then we could not stay. 'Where will you go?' was asked, to which Mackay replied: 'We shall go back to England.'"

It is perfectly clear that Mackay never conjectured an immediate return to England. He was too chivalrous to leave those poor benighted ones who had embraced Christianity to redrift into their heathen idolatry and superstition, and to become the defenceless victims of cruel persecution. But it is equally clear that the conduct of the king, which continued to develop in an unpleasant direction, created a good deal of anxiety in Mackay's mind. He could measure the king's influence in contributing to the success or abject failure of the pioneer expedition. In those regions the people almost blindly follow the king. How can they be expected to do otherwise when their lives are literally in his hands, and when a single word from him would doom hundreds, perhaps thousands, to a bloody sacrifice?

Still against everything that opposed him, the Christian exhibited a noble courage and an almost sublime patience. It is said that not long before embarking Mackay had a few minutes' conversation with Robert

Moffat, who had just returned from Africa. The young man asked the veteran what was the chief qualification for a missionary in Africa, and with a shrewd smile he replied : " Patience, patience, patience." Mackay now realised the significance of that quaint but admirable piece of advice. "A godly patience" became, as it were his motto, his guide in life. He was brought into hourly contact with many things that grated somewhat harshly upon his manly nature, and it needed all his sanctified restraint to keep his protests within the measure of respect which was rightly due to the king, who, with all his faults and foibles and sins, was a host who had extended towards them his protection and support.

CHAPTER IX

Arab, Priest and Witch

TANG! Tang! Tinkle! Tinkle! Tang! Tinkle! Bang!

Mackay's hammer is slamming down on his anvil, and an admiring crowd watches him at work in his forge.

This forge has definitely become a centre for preaching the Gospel.

It was there that princes and many a chief's son, many a poor native, heard and believed the wonderful news of salvation in Jesus the Son of God. This was all orally taught at first, and Mackay's quick mind soon saw how it would advance if he could add the printed story.

Then it was that his little printing press took on a new lease of life. He started to print sheets of the Alphabet, and Mtesa was so pleased with these that he distributed some of them among his chiefs. The boys, too, learnt eagerly from them, and Mackay soon went on to printing portions of the Scriptures in Luganda, under their supervision.

Mtesa had the Gospels in Arabic, the New Testament, in fact, and had had it some time. He was proud of being

able to read it, and on one controversial occasion with the French priests, when Mtesa had asked Mackay how he himself (Mtesa) could know what was false and what right, Mackay had replied : " By appealing to the Book." Mtesa affirmed that he knew Mackay taught *only* out of the Book. And it is good to note that through all his conflicts with Mackay on account of witchcraft and warfare, and a hundred other things, the king had a firm and lasting respect for his outspoken and fearless missionary-blacksmith-engineer.

This attitude was owing no doubt to the fact that Mackay ever appealed to the Book. What he read was not man's word but God's.

It does not appear that the French priests ever got much hold on Mtesa, though he frequently used the difference between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism as an excuse for vacillation.

But their presence at the court made things exceedingly trying and difficult.

And so the printing and the reading lessons went on. Mackay was always adding to his Luganda vocabulary, and though his pupils were anxious to learn English he told them that their own language was beautiful, and that they should learn to read it and write it.

At court, where meetings were frequently held on week days, as well as regularly on the Lord's day, "Sabiti," as Mtesa called it, Mackay would read the stories from the New Testament. The feeding of the

five thousand in particular would appeal to these open-air people. The story of Nicodemus, and the New Birth was another, so in that faraway land was heard that precious word: "John three, sixteen," to be used as the word of salvation to thousands.

It was a simple gathering. Mackay's audience would sit on mats on the floor. Many would listen attentively, and, as their habit was, repeat their idea of what he told them, and by this means he could judge how far they grasped his meaning.

On Sunday, 28th September, 1879, he showed from the Scriptures the united testimony of prophets, and Apostles, and the Lord Himself, that Jesus was no less than the Son of the living God, and that He was the Saviour of the world. And then he pressed on his audience the value of one immortal soul.

How one can see it all! The small, earnest, blue-eyed Scotsman and his dark-faced audience with their big eyes fixed on him, and weighing his solemn words with deep attention.

The king was not always present; it would seem he was often too ill, or at least so unwell as not to be able to be there. But he had many interviews with Mackay. He asked more than once for baptism. He believed in Jesus as the Saviour, and the Judge of the World, he said, and there is no doubt that Mtesa's desires were genuine, though the flesh was weak. He asked if anybody could baptise—could Mackay? Mackay, not

knowing of that all-sufficient and "mighty ordination of the Pierced Hands," said "No." Only clergymen were qualified. Wilson, and the other of his colleagues, for instance. Moreover, he told Mtesa, and rightly, that baptism could be perfomed on only true believers, and he did not see Mtesa and his chiefs behaving as such. So the matter was dropped.

Poor Mtesa! How hard he may have fought the evils to which he had been born, and in which he had been brought up, we shall never know. He had refrained from much. He had even tried to lay aside polygamy. He had done many things which no king of Uganda had ever done, and all "since Stamlee came."

Mackay says that enemies of Stanley may scoff as they will, but it remains an incontrovertible fact that with his visit to Mtesa there dawned a new era for Uganda. "Since Stamlee came," said the people, "the king does not slaughter innocent people as he used to do. He does not ruthlessly put down his chiefs to set up others who perhaps were slaves."

Mackay says that the government of Uganda as he found it, was mild in the extreme compared with what it had been before Stanley came.

But with his increasing illness the king weakened in these new principles, and Mackay's enemies persuaded Mtesa to have recourse to witchcraft for a cure.

Mackay had spoken fearlessly against witchcraft on many occasions. The witch-doctor had appeared in

court once whilst Mackay was teaching there. Holding out a bundle of grass dipped in blood, one of them approached Mtesa. Mtesa touched the bundle, which was then laid in the doorway. It was an offering to the spirits of evil.

Sternly Mackay eyed this proceeding. Then, in no uncertain words he reproved the king, reminding him that he professed to worship the true God. How, then, could he stoop to place any virtue in these blood-stained bundles of grass. Grass was the same in the jungle as out of it—"a mouthful for a cow!"

The chiefs were angry with the outspoken missionary—Mtesa was angry, too, at first. There was a suggestion made that they should mix the white man's religion with their own—half and half, so to speak.

To this Mackay replied that Jesus said a new piece of cloth could not be sewn to old without damage. They could not mend a worn old garment with new stuff. It must be all the new faith, or all the old. These were not the words of man but of God. They were in His Book.

Mtesa, from his Arabic Testament would know. Mackay was teaching from the Book. He ordered the bundles to be removed.

But with increasing illness, as we have said, the old superstitions overcame the king again. He yielded to the persuasions of the chiefs and his old mother.

"Lubare," this was a word which Mackay heard spoken on every hand. It was spoken in tones of awe.

What did it mean? He asked the king, and Mtesa explained that "Lubare" was a spirit, who, at the time was personified by an old woman—Makasa—and her home was on the lake.

She had power to heal and to kill. She could order that no canoes should go on the lake. This she was doing just then. For a long time, Mackay knew, Arab traders had been trying to get down the lake in order to go to Unyanyembe, but had been compelled to return to the capital. But before Mackay got all the explanation, or had been able to refute the superstitions the interview was conveniently interrupted by the presentation of a bunch of bananas to the king, which closed the interview.

Then, worse still, a few days later Mackay learnt that Makasa was on the way up to heal the king. Orders had been given for three houses to be set up in the palace enclosure for her and her chief attendants. These orders had been secretly given. They were probably being carried out whilst Mackay was listening to what the king told him of Makasa Lubare.

On hearing the news that she was coming, Mackay went at once to plead with Mtesa.

He asked him if it was his will that there should be no more services at court on Sundays? To this the king said emphatically that it was not his wish. The services would be continued.

Mackay then replied that he could not continue the

services as Lubare was coming to court. And all who used witchcraft were God's enemies.

The interview was a stormy one. The chiefs were all for "Lubare." "We will go back to our old religion," was the unanimous verdict.

At the same time it is quite evident that Mtesa did not really wish for the visit, or believe in the Makasa. The prime movers in this matter were his mother and aunts. Mackay was asked to go to them and to explain why he did not wish the king to see "Lubare."

But Mackay refused to explain to any court but Mtesa's.

He did not go to court for service next Sunday, and as it was assembled in expectation of him there was quite a sensation. But the king and his chiefs were highly offended at the firm stand Mackay had made.

And so the services were not held for some time.

Sore at heart though he felt, the missionary turned his attention still more to his boys, and these eager little fellows, princes, chief's sons, and slaves alike, were enthusiastically learning to read the story of the Saviour's love from the printed page.

Mackay was printing Luganda incessantly, for these silent messengers would go where he might not, and being read in secret, and pondered in secret, might bring forth fruit in the most unexpected places.

With much beating of drums Makasa arrived on December 24th.

Mackay prayed much for the poor, superstitious people and the vacillating, sick king. "Let the old gods have their way," he thought—"It cannot be for long. It cannot satisfy."

Later on he heard that the "mere presence" of the Lubare had failed to cure the king, and the king had refused to see the witch and wizards again, who had been dancing before him and his wives as they sat in his house, screened from view. The Lubare it seems was outside, with her two chief attendants, and the king was not particularly attentive to the singing of the Lubare, or to what was said. Poor man! He knew in his heart how futile it all was, and that he was weakly, permitting follies and impostures in which he had not the slightest faith. And there was no cure effected. Even the chiefs were angered. It was beyond bearing, after all the fuss and ceremony and expense of getting Makasa there. The whole court seems to have been angered, and Makasa "Lubare" fled back to the lake.

"May that be the last of that vile power," says Mackay.

Thus was ended the year 1879.

CHAPTER X

The "Graphic," the Plague, and the Cart

SUPPLIES in the way of barter goods were running short in 1880, and by April it became necessary for Mackay to go down the lake to Kagei and on to Uyui. It was not easy to do this. Uyui was three weeks' journey south from the lower end of the lake.

Mackay says they had to spend days going from island to island asking for canoes and men. The chiefs, however, having an inkling that at the moment Mackay was rather out of favour at court refused to help him much. Each chief would haggle about the amount of supplies they would allow on board, preferring to "travel light."

But these trials by water were not so great as those on land. Between Kagei and Uyui the country was in an unsettled state, and swarmed with robber chiefs who extorted big toll from Mackay.

His native men advised him to travel by night as much as possible, in order to escape these grasping foes. So they would strike camp and be away in silence soon after 3 a.m., having rested in discreet seclusion during part of the day.

Frequently they lost their way. Travelling by starlight in such wild country was not easy.

Sometimes day travelling was necessary, and he was detained more than once by chiefs until the payment was agreed to. It was a wonder he had anything left at all, when he arrived at Kagei once more.

During this journey Mackay saw many things which he had not had time to notice when he had rushed up to see Lkonge after the killing of Lt. Smith and Mr. O'Neill.

One thing in particular was that the little lonely herd boys were often kidnapped by natives themselves, and as there were always Arabs within reach for barter the little lads were soon sold, and taken down to the coast.

It was during this journey, too, that he had a good opportunity of showing his band the utter folly of their belief in witchcraft bundles. He bought a very powerful bundle, or charm, one day.

"What is this?" he asked

"Lubare," they replied.

"Will it burn?"

"Oh, no! Lubare cannot burn!"

"I bought this charm, didn't I? I can do as I please with it, can't I?"

"Yes! Yes!"

Thereupon Mackay started a fire with the lens he had in his pocket, and put the charm into the heart of the fire. Flames licked it up greedily.

Horror ! Consternation ! Stampede !

" There ! " said Mackay, "you see even I am greater than that charm. Only God can protect us from evil—God alone can save us."

On the lake near the Kagera he was obliged to defend some loaded canoes against the treachery of his own men. He seized the upraised spear of his own captain, ordering all the seized bundles to be returned to their owners at once.

After the skirmish he and his band paddled on to a camping place. When settled there a member of the injured party arrived to say that one of their bundles was missing. This was discovered in the camp, concealed by a chief, and Mackay purchased it for themselves with a thousand cowrie shells, as he and his men needed food. The plaintiffs went off again, after thanking Mackay for his straight dealing.

On Dec. 2nd, he reached Entebbe at last, and by the 14th was once more at the Uganda Mission Station.

Among the papers he brought back were some copies of the *Graphic* in which were pictures of Queen Victoria receiving the envoys who had been sent by Mtesa. He took the papers to court at once.

Gazing at them with absorbed interest the king said he was determined to go to England himself. The queen-mother could hold the reins of government during his absence, and he, perhaps, would also get some advice and relief for his ailment.

To this his chiefs raised loud-voiced objections. He the king of that mighty country, Uganda, to go to England! No, let lesser men do that! And so Mtesa gave up the idea.

The barter supplies which Mackay had brought did not last for long. Extortion and robbery soon reduced it. He then worked hard at his lathe and repairs to gain food for subsistence.

At this time the treachery of the Papists priests was becoming very apparent. Their antagonism was always evident. M. Girault had declared to Mackay that it was their duty to teach everywhere that the Protestants were preachers of lies. This priest, on one occasion, had told the king privately that the Protestants were rebels from the true church.

Mtesa did not believe any of the vile calumnies of priest and Arab. Despite his harshness and vacillation he had a deeper regard for the teaching of Mackay and his colleagues than for any other, to the very end. Self-serving he may have been, for Mackay was extremely useful, but Mtesa, in his heart of hearts honoured their teaching even whilst he seemed to play off one religion against another.

In January of 1881 Mackay and Pearson felt that it would be best to leave Uganda until the Mission and the missionaries could be established on a better foundation socially and financially. They asked the king's permission to go down to Usukuma to send on the envoys from

there. From that place they could safely say on what conditions they would return to Uganda.

Mtesa refused permission.

Then came the plague, and the court fled from Rubaga to Nabulagula, a hill not far distant.

In March of this year Mr. O'Flaherty arrived, and Pearson left. The plague was still raging, and Mackay was appealed to by the king, so he drew up a set of rules for Mtesa's approval.

These rules—six in number—related to ordinary sanitary measures, for all to observe. Mr. O'Flaherty explained them in open court.

The last rule, emphasising the *burying* of the plague victims instead of flinging them out into swamps, was evidently obeyed at once. All rubbish was burnt—the roads were cleared (by the women) and many old huts were ordered by the king to be pulled down.

"They may listen next to our lessons for the cure of the greater plague of sin and eternal death," writes Mackay.

So we see it was well for Uganda that this healthy-living, commonsense Scot was here at the crisis, for, no doubt, where the rules were obeyed, the native dwellings and camps became quite wholesome.

The witch doctor had smoked a six-foot pipe filled with evil smelling weeds round the area to charm away the evil spirit which had brought the plague, but it seems Mtesa did not set much store by that. He thought more

of Mackay's rational rules—enough, anyhow, to carry out and enforce most of them. Mackay heard that this was the case.

All this time Mackay was still industriously printing, and teaching his boys to read the Gospels. Any day he knew they might be removed to a distance at the caprice of the king or his chiefs, and he wanted to teach them all he could in the present precious hour. The class was still mixed. Some of his pupils were princes, some the sons of chiefs, and some freed slaves—freed by Mackay—and some were slaves still. These last would come to learn whenever they were allowed to run over to the Mission. Many of them were really *sent* that they might teach their masters afterwards!

Mr. O'Flaherty was a marvel at picking up Luganda—the spoken language—and was of great help to Mackay.

At this time Mackay was studying with a view to ordination, but as time went on he came to the conclusion that he would be more useful to the mission as he was.

His cleverness in manual labour kept him in personal touch with a great number of men and boys who learnt the Scriptures whilst he handled the tools. His patience and perseverance, kindliness and sincerity exercised a good influence continually. The unconscious influence of a good man is a living epistle known and read of all men. And Mackay certainly had received his commission at the hands of God.

At this time, too, Mackay built a better house for Mission Headquarters. But he took care to build it of wood, not baked clay bricks. Had he used bricks the Arabs would have said it was a fort.

On Christmas Day, 1881, he had a large party. It began with a brief Gospel meeting, followed by a meal, all sitting on the floor on mats.

In June, 1882, his house was finished. It had stairs and bannister, and an upper storey, and people simply flocked to see it.

Then he made an oven, and a brick kiln—and a cart.

That cart—painted bright blue and red was a sight which the people had never seen. They had an idea that the cart was attached to the tails of the oxen which drew it. The first journey in the wonderful conveyance was vastly thrilling. A shouting, yelling, laughing crowd followed, and the white man had some trouble in checking the speed of the oxen which were excited by the uproar.

Mtesa received a truly native version of the perils of the cart. "It was uncontrollable, and killed people," was the report to Mackay by the chief who heard it discussed. Whereupon Mackay put him into the cart and drove him peacefully around. The old man was certain, after this, that Mtesa had received a story as highly coloured as the cart itself.

CHAPTER XI

Twice Born—Twice Dead

ON a day in this year—Oct. 8th, 1881—a wonderful thing happened.

Mackay was in his forge when a boy entered and handed him a note. Notes were not often written in Uganda, and Mackay was surprised to have one.

It read :

"Bwana Mackay,—Sembera has come with compliments and to give you great news. Will you baptise him, because he believes the words of Jesus Christ?"

The boy who had written that note (ink made of pot soot, pen of grass) was Sembera—and it was Sembera himself who brought it to Mackay.

It is not possible to enter into all that Mackay felt when that dear, good lad stood before him, attesting his faith in the Saviour. But *some* of his heavenly joy we can understand.

After Sembera there were several more boys who confessed their faith, and on March 18th, in 1882, five were baptised.

Then here is another story of a boy who came to Mr. O'Flaherty. He met him one morning in the outer court, and the boy said he had news of Dumulira who was

one of Mackay's boys. The missionaries had missed Dumulira from the forge, and later word came that he had been ill and died. Now this other boy, accosting Mr. O'Flaherty, said that Dumulira had often asked him to fetch some medicine and the white men, but the boy was afraid. So, when Dumulira knew his end was near he asked his companion to fetch water from a nearby pool and to sprinkle his (Dumulira's) face, and to call over him the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The boy did so, and shortly afterwards Dumulira died. With almost his last breath he charged his companion to take the Swahili Gospel (which he had read every day) to Mr. O'Flaherty, and to tell him the story of Dumulira's baptism and death.

This story showed the two missionaries how and where least expected, the Word of God takes root, and can bring forth fruit where they had not looked to see it.

In May of 1882 the king's mother, Namasole, died of typhoid, and the king sent orders to Mackay to make two coffins—an outer and an inner—and they were to be made as large as possible. The king intended his mother's funeral to surpass all those which had taken place in the land.

Mackay was therefore very busy for some time. All the copper in the king's possession was given him for the work. Some of it consisted of trays most likely sent to Mtesa by General Gordon.

The old queen-mother's body was at Rusaka, three miles away, and Mackay went over to measure it.

The royal ladies were not pleased at this. He was told he should have measured the grave, not the body. With the aid of his friend, Kyambalango, who was in charge there, he soothed the ladies, and told them the copper coffin must not be larger than necessary, as there was not enough copper to make a huge coffin. When the two inner coffins were made, he explained the third might be as large as they wished.

He got these two finished at last, with the assistance of an awkward, unwilling squad of helpers, and took them to the king. Mtesa expressed unbounded gratitude and satisfaction, and gazed with infinite pleasure on the cotton wool lining, and the sides which Mackay had ornamented with black and white handkerchiefs.

The Arabs were contemptuous. The coffins, they said, were not large enough for such a Queen as Namasole. But Mtesa stood firm through this, and much more. His confidence and pleasure in Mackay over the funeral arrangements was manifested very clearly. He upheld Mackay in all the work.

The missionary's next task was to make the huge outer coffin. This was covered outside with native bark cloth, inside with pure white calico, then carried in sections to the king by a thousand men, and put together in his presence, by Mackay. Mtesa said that no Baganda could make such a wonderful thing. Indeed

no such coffin had been seen in the land. Mackay says it looked more like a small house than a coffin—so large did it seem for that small corpse.

The grave, of 150 feet square, was dug in the great sleeping hut. He says it was an enormous pit of twenty feet by fifteen at the top, and thirty feet deep. Into this place the huge outer coffin was lowered in sections, and Mackay descended to nail its corners together. When he had done so, thousands of yards of bark cloth were thrown into it—the heavy copper-covered coffin was then lowered into the vast box, and more cloth until within three feet of the floor, when earth was filled in to level up.

During all this labour Mackay reflected sadly on the care and expense bestowed on the frail dead body, and none on the immortal soul.

But one soul was reached by the burying of Queen Namasole. This was Walukaga, the king's head blacksmith. He learnt to love Mackay whilst they worked together over the coffins, and afterwards used to visit him and listen to the Gospel. He became a Christian, and was a great help in the later troubles which befel the mission.

In this year the Roman Catholics left the Uganda Station. They realised that they made no impression on Mtesa, and that the circulation of God's Word in the native tongue was against them, and as no headway was made with their teaching they departed to places

more susceptible and less garrisoned by that sacred Book and its sincere adherents.

Early in 1883 a party of English missionaries arrived at the south end of the Lake. Leaving stores there for the Uganda Mission they sent a message to Mackay to fetch them, then continued their way inland.

Mackay went down to Entebbe, where an Arab dhow had deposited the stores, and after a week's absence managed to get them up to the mission.

Mr. O'Flaherty was glad to have him back, for he was ill, and was never able to sleep during Mackay's absence.

In May, Rev. P. P. Ashe arrived. He had parted from Hannington in Feb., 1883, the latter being on the way to England. Ashe, at Ntebe (or Entebbe), north end of the Lake, was sitting in his very temporary hut of grass when he heard two rifles fired.

"Mackay has come!" shouted Ashe's men, and next moment the white men were gripping hands and smiling at each other. Ashe and Mackay were firm friends from that moment. It seemed to Mackay that this dear brother in the Lord was sent to share with him some of the most trying times experienced in the work of the Uganda Mission.

When Ashe was settled in, Mackay went down to the south end of the lake to put together a boat left by Hannington's party. At Kagei he found the Rev. E. C. Gordon, and the two searched for the parts of

the *Eleanor*, which Ashe had protected by a tarpaulin before he set off up the lake. The tarpaulin had been appropriated by a chief, and the boards were terribly spoilt by the sun. The sections were at Msalala.

Thus once more we see two undaunted Englishmen trying to make a boat of very unpromising material.

The chief of Urima, on whose land they worked at it part of the time was very cantankerous, and also afraid of being bewitched. The white man would stop the rain, and so on!

In order to calm his fears, Mackay, Gordon, and Wise, who had been waiting with Gordon, all set to work and the *Eleanor* was launched as quickly as possible. Before she left, Stokes arrived with stores from Zanzibar, and Mackay went off up the lake, reaching the mission station on Dec. 21st, 1883.

Christmas Day of this year, Mr. Ashe says, was one of the happiest recollections, for in their "party" were several converts.

But within a few years' time O'Flaherty died on board ship in the Red Sea, Lugulama and Kaleemba were burnt to death in Mwanga's reign, and Mackay was laid to rest on the shores of the lake.

But "he that believeth on Me shall never die." They "wake up, and find it glory."

CHAPTER XII

The Passing of King Mtesa

WHEN Mackay was making the coffins for Queen Namasole, he says, in one of his letters, that it was a splendid text from which to preach.

Mtesa had asked Mackay how they buried people in England. Mackay told him, and then came the grand funeral of Mtesa's mother with all its attendant expense and labour.

Mackay told Mtesa that the soul was far more important than the body. All the cloth, and all the coffins would soon rot with the body. In Christian countries it matters little to God's children how the burying is done—but it matters greatly what becomes of the soul.

"The end of the richest and greatest of your people is no better than that of the poorest. Their souls will be lost. Give me an old bark cloth and nothing more of this world's goods for this body—my soul is saved by Jesus Christ. Riches that will last for ever are mine. They who do not believe Him have none of this."

Mtesa looked anxious, but brought out his old excuse of "more religions than one—which is right?"

Mackay rose from his stool and kneeling on a mat before the king he told him most solemnly that that

excuse would not help him when he stood before God. He had the New Testament—let him read it—believe it. No one had ever yet searched for the truth there and not found it.

This seems to have made an impression on the king for he maintained a much more friendly attitude towards Mackay until he died.

In reading the story of the Uganda Mission one must feel regret that Mackay was not at Mtesa's side when the end came. It might have comforted both.

The king had been failing more or less ever since Mackay came to Uganda, and probably Mackay had no thought that he would die so soon.

At this time Mackay had to spend a good part of every alternate month down at Entebbe repairing the *Eleanor* or *Mirembe* (Peace) as he had re-named her, and Mackay was down there in early October of 1884.

Working away at the boat he was accosted one day by a friendly native, and one glance at his face told the missionary that he brought bad news.

He gave it in four words:

"The king is dead."

Mackay's heart sank as he faced the bearer of ill-tidings. He knew that the death of a king in these African wilds meant plundering and bloodshed. He knew that his two colleagues up at the Mission Station would be in imminent danger. At any time now they

might come down to the shore fleeing for their lives, and they must find the boat ready. He launched her, stocked her with food, and lay in readiness to take them in and be off.

At dawn next day he peered up the hill in the dim light to see if they were coming, but there was no one in sight. What had happened to them? If only they had not been 23 miles away!

The sun rose higher in the heavens, and then he heard the sound of many feet.

He stood, waiting apprehensively. Tramp—tramp—and now the crowd came into view. A hundred armed men! Naturally he wondered if he would be killed on the spot, or taken back to the capital as a prisoner.

The chief approached him with a deference which showed that no severe thing was to be done now anyhow.

"The Katikiro wants you to make the king's coffins; we have come to escort you to the palace," said he, bowing politely.

So, at the head of an armed band, Mackay marched to the capital and was received with keen pleasure.

Thousands of mourning, wailing women and roaring men were at the palace, but Mackay set to work at once.

Mtesa had left orders that he was to be buried with the utmost simplicity, and as quickly as possible, in order not to delay the setting up of the new king. Two coffins were enough, it was agreed, and when these were made by Mackay King Mtesa's remains were

lowered into a vast grave dug in the floor of a large hut which had been specially built for the purpose.

When the funeral was over, Mackay had time to listen to the experiences of his friends. The death of the king had really taken place several days before it was announced. The Arabs had then armed themselves, expecting attack or violence of some sort, and the two missionaries had sat up all night to await events.

Drums were beaten at times suddenly and alarmingly, and the wailing and roaring had reached their ears in the little Mission house. But nothing untoward happened. Perhaps never before had a king passed away in Uganda without bloodshed.

By next day (following the funeral) the new king had been chosen. He was Mwanga, a lad of seventeen, very much resembling Mtesa in features, but, alas, in none of his good qualities of mind.

Mr. Ashe says of Mtesa : "In him we lost our friend and protector," that it was not until they compared him with his successor that they learnt fully how to value his kingly qualities. He may often have misused their services, and had apparently not profited by their teaching (yet, *had* he not?) but he had protected them, and most frequently taken their part when hostile chiefs and unfriendly Arabs would have worked them ill.

Mackay would not look on that still face unmoved when he measured Mtesa for the coffins. One can imagine his thoughts as he gazed upon his friendly ruler. He

would recall the many sensible and searching questions Mtesa had put to him—the mournful, lustrous eyes fixed on his so earnestly.

From Stanley, in 1875 and on to 1884 with Mackay, he had groped for the light. Poor Mtesa! In his last dark hours did he at last find the Saviour in whom he had so often professed his belief? How earnestly one hopes it was so.

Mtesa's concern for his body had been so small at the last—so unlike his predecessors—that it seems probable he may have been satisfied as to his soul. "With God all things are possible."

CHAPTER XIII

Under Mwanga's Rule

WHEN Mwanga was a young prince—a boy—he used to come to the forge, and Mackay had been very fond of him. The missionaries felt pleased that he was selected to be king, and later they heard that one of their converts—named Rebecca in baptism—was selected as Mwanga's queen-sister.

It seemed as if the reign of Mwanga might be a happy one.

But, alas! At the very first interview the foolish lad received the three missionaries with insufferable haughtiness.

He soon showed that he was a bloodthirsty, vain, fickle, and weak ruler. Things began to happen which could *not* have happened under Mtesa's rule.

Mackay and Ashe were trapped by Mujasi on their way to the lake with some of their boys. Mwanga had given the missionaries permission to go, but treacherously allowed Mujasi to follow and seize the boys——sending Mackay and Ashe back to the mission.

Some boys who were still at the Mission House were told to go quietly away out of danger. Next day the missionaries gave valuable presents to the Katikiro and Mujasi, with a request for the captured boys. The

presents were accepted, but the boys were never seen again.

During the next night one or two Mission boys stole back to tell Mackay and his friends that the captured lads had been placed on a rough wooden platform and a fire lighted under them. They had been burnt to death, but not before they had given a brave testimony of their faith in Jesus, and singing a hymn in His praise—only silenced by death. Several years after a cathedral and memorial were raised on the place where those young martyrs died and entered Heaven.

Their burning, and their triumphant death (the eldest was fifteen, the youngest twelve) was the beginning of a great awakening among the young readers. So eager were they to embrace the religion of the white man and to belong to Jesus Christ that they would creep up to the Mission House at night to learn. And many were baptised during the night. Then these young converts were urged to go away from the danger zone of the Mission House to their own homes, there to teach and quietly spread the Good News.

In 1885 the French priests had returned to Uganda at this time. Mwanga had a secret leaning in their favour, and paid for it afterwards.

After the murder, by order of Mwanga, of Bishop Hannington, persecutions followed. One after another the young Christian natives were killed, but in spite of this the white man's religion grew. Even some of

Mwanga's chiefs, powerful men, became Christians. One of the converts, "Samwili" (Samuel) was away collecting tribute for Mwanga whilst the persecution was going on, and he was secretly warned that on his return he would suffer. He did return, and first paid Mackay and Ashe a midnight visit to see what he had better do. The tribute, he said, must be given to Mwanga lest the name of Christian be taken to mean a dishonest man. Finally they decided that Samwili should deliver the tribute (cowrie shells) to the king's storekeeper, *early* before the executioners were about. He did so, walking boldly in and out—then, when out of sight he raced madly for a safe hiding place.

The queen-mother, when she heard these persecution stories, and that Mwanga was plotting wholesale murder of the Christians, told him he was only being laughed at. "What harm were the Christians doing? Do not kill such faithful, loyal lads. Better make them chiefs."

The Katikiro refused to consent to Mackay being killed as Mwanga suggested. "No," said he. "Mackay buried Namasole, he buried Mtesa. I will take no part in allowing him to be killed."

But if Mwanga was troubling the Christians he himself was having rather a bad time of it. His palace was burnt to the ground, and some chiefs were so badly injured by the fire that several died. The fire was caused by the explosion of one hundred kegs of gunpowder in the grass hut in which they were stored.

Mackay and Ashe continued distributing Gospels, and an encouraging letter was issued to the Christians in secret. On the back of this letter they printed 1 Peter 4. 12-19 for the strengthening of those brave Christians who knew not when they would be seized and brutally tortured and murdered. The letter itself exhorted them not to deny the Saviour—and reminded them that in past days Christians had been hated, hunted, driven out, cruelly persecuted for Jesus' sake. And thus it was now with these in Uganda.

In 1886 Mr. Ashe left Mackay after much difficulty in obtaining permission. It must have been a wrench for they were much attached and had been through some terrible times together.

After his departure Mackay was alone for eleven months, for Mr. O'Flaherty had been allowed to leave several months earlier. He died, as already stated in the Red Sea.

Whilst his friend was journeying to England in the hope of getting things set on a better footing in Uganda, Mackay plodded on, on the spot—"teaching, printing, translating, doctoring, and carpentering."

Dr. Junker had passed through, carrying with him Mackay's journals.

In this connection it may be interesting to note (although it is not in proper chronological order) that General Gordon tried more than once to secure Mackay to assist him in the accomplishment of his great work

in the Sudan, and also the Imperial East African Company offered him a responsible post. But nothing would induce him to turn his hand from the work he had given himself to do, and the only worldly honour he accepted was a decoration from the Khedive in return for eminent services rendered to Emin Pasha whilst he was surrounded by difficulties in Africa.

And so the work of God goes on. Figures are stealing cautiously in the night towards the Uganda Mission House. Enemies? No! The quiet knock at the door is answered by Mackay, and one after another the prowlers are admitted. It is Mackay's "Night School" assembling!

By the light of his petroleum lamp they learn their letters and read the Scriptures and get what doctoring they need as far as Mackay can give it, until quite late—or early—when they swiftly and secretly depart again.

During the day Mackay occupies himself with translation, and manual labour.

But the "Night School" was evidently discovered. A robbery had been committed and Mwanga used that as an excuse for arresting all who were out after dark. The more eager learners, therefore, would *come* in daylight, and worked all night! Mackay was getting worn out, but the joy of the Lord was his strength.

Every Sunday a little congregation gathered for worship, with one of their number looking out for enemies who might descend on them and kill them out of hand. This never did happen.

CHAPTER XIV

The Journey Done

MACKAY felt that it was time to leave Uganda. He pressed his desire on Mwanga. The king said in that case another missionary must come. It seems Mwanga still wanted a "Protestant" Missionary.

Mackay agreed that Mr. Gordon from the south end of the lake should take his place, and Mwanga was to send someone down with Mackay to fetch Mr. Gordon up.

The Mission Station, accordingly, was left in charge of some of the Mission boys, to the great chagrin of the Arabs, and Mackay left the keys with "Simeon Lourdel."

It was on the 21st of July, 1887, that Mackay paid his farewell visit to the king, also to the French missionaries and others, and then bade good-bye to the place where for so many years he had laboured so hard and suffered so acutely. He stepped on board the *Eleanor* with a heavy heart. He did not feel that his work had been a failure. His own consciousness told him that he was leaving behind him many true Christians who, had it not been for his ministrations, would still have been wallowing in their heathenism and superstition. But there was a sense of inevitable pain at being driven away from the work he passionately loved. It was

arranged that his absence should only be a temporary one. The king expressly stipulated that if Mackay went to Msalala he was to return in three months, but if he went as far as the coast he was not to be absent more than twelve months. A vast change came over affairs at Uganda before the expiration of the year.

Mackay crossed the mighty lake, and on 1st August he reached Ukumbi, where he met Mr. Gordon, who on the 10th August, went forward to Uganda in the boat brought down by Mackay.

Mr. Ashe came to England for the purpose of showing the people how matters stood in Uganda, and, if possible, to elaborate a definite scheme for throwing a strongly protective influence over those who had placed their lives in terrible jeopardy by accepting the Christian faith. Mackay, though primarily entitled, by reason of his long service abroad, to the rest and change in England, refused to leave Africa, though driven from the place where he had dedicated his life by so many years' patient service. He established himself at Usambiro, where he and several other Christian missionaries laboured usefully and peacefully under the protection of a friendly potentate. Here Stanley spent a week with his party.

Mackay, in his new sphere of labour, was quite as busy as he had been during his long sojourn in Uganda. One of his schemes was to build a steam launch for the purpose of facilitating communication on the lake, "on

the shores of which we hope to establish several stations." He also did all he possibly could to establish a Christian mission at Muscat, the capital of Oman, the place from which all the Arabs who throng Africa, and carry everywhere a malignant influence, start on their nomadic wanderings and bloody incursions. Mackay knew better than most men how Mohammedanism scourged Africa with a deadly scourge, and he projected this mission as an excellent means of purifying the stream at the very head of its defilement.

In a letter to the Church Missionary Society, dated from Usambiro, on the 8th of August, 1888, he earnestly pleaded for the mission, and at the annual meeting of the Society, in Exeter Hall, a resolution, passed by the committee, to appeal for picked men for special effort amongst the Mohammedans, was heartily endorsed. But this was one of the great tasks left uncompleted when he was called to his reward. Mackay also wrote what may be regarded as the most important essay on "African Evangelisation" ever given to the world. He sent it home with these words appended, "To be continued." But the remaining portion of his heart's thoughts were never written—at least they never reached England.

Meantime he continued his customary labours, printing, doctoring, translating, etc., and in his brief rest-times, to read. Two of F. B. Meyer's books he mentions, "Israel," and "Elijah." One can imagine how they would enchant him. Then, too, he was interested

in cuttings from the "British Weekly," edited by his "old fellow student," William Robertson Nicoll.

News from Uganda at this time is that Mwanga is king once more, after months of warfare, bloodshed, and resultant famine. The Romanists are sending priests rapidly, and Mackay bewails the slowness of Protestants. On every hand the natives are anxious for mission stations, and "if only we had the men!" exclaims Mackay. And England received an appeal for them couched in no weak terms.

Mr. Deekes, from Nassa, was with him part of this time, endeavouring to rest and recuperate.

The steam arrangements for the launch were nearing completion, and an arduous task it had proved. He writes home quite gaily, saying "high pressure steam was not a thing to play with." Next he will have to tackle the planks of the hull. The old boat *Eleanor*, *Mirambe*, was pretty nearly done for, and he would have to build a larger one this time, as it was to be propelled by steam.

The trees he had to use were felled some miles away, and as it had been found impossible for the natives to bear them into the station, Mackay made a four-wheeled cart capable of carrying logs weighing a ton and a half.

The sawing of these logs was going on whilst Mr. Deekes was there. It had become imperative for him to return to England, and Mackay had to tend him, and finally to pack for him.

Mr. Deekes was up early on the morning of his departure, and the men arrived to continue their work with Mackay. They were accompanied by Mr. Deeke's carriers.

Gaily they raced towards the hut, then stopped short. There stood Mr. Deekes, his hand raised in warning, and the Baganda boys approached quietly to find their beloved Bwana Mackay in high fever.

Mr. Deekes knew there was no setting off for the coast that day. He sent away the men who had come to carry his loads and gave his whole attention to his friend who was fast becoming delirious. For four days, with Sembera's help, the poor man nursed Mackay. Ill and weak himself, he was often hard put to it to keep him in bed, for Mackay was violent at times, and declared he would go out and sleep in the forest.

Stanley's name was constantly on his lips, and he appeared anxious now and then as to whether the party was being properly looked after.

On the fifth day, Feb. 8th, 1890, the end came. Gently Mr. Deekes closed the blue eyes—the spiritual ones now had visioned the heavenly shore and the Saviour—and set about the sad task of making a coffin. The boards which Mackay had cut for the launch were used, and the stricken Baganda boys bore the body of their beloved teacher to its resting place, at the spot where Bishop Parker and Mr. Blackburn were buried.

Mr. Deekes began to read the burial service but broke

down through grief and weakness. The sound of weeping was heard, when suddenly, with faces bright, and tones strong and sweet with assurance, Mackay's Christian Baganda boys, headed by Sembera, began to sing in the Luganda tongue :

" All hail the power of Jesus' Name ! "

So Mackay's remains were laid to rest accompanied by a song of triumph which echoed through the forest—and echoes still—for his work has not ceased.

. . . . . .

One more glance. It is June, 1927, and on the hill at the top of the lake—The Hill of Peace it is called—the frail body is once more interred, in the presence of a great crowd. Uganda Mission is established. Some of Mackay's boys are in the throng, later to join him "where they gather on the hills of God."