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CHAPTER III.—THE MISSION STATION.

We made the remains of our boat fast to  
the other canoe, and sat waiting for the  
dawn, and congratulating ourselves upon  
our merciful escape, which really seemed  
to result more from the special favor of  
Providence than from our own care or  
prudence. At last it came, and I have not  
often been more grateful to see the light,  
though so far as my canoe was concerned  
it revealed a ghastly sight. There in the  
bottom of the little boat lay the unfortu-  
nate Askari, the slave, or sword, in his bosom,  
and the severed hand gripping the  
handle. I could not bear the sight; so hat-  
ing up the stone which had served as an  
anchor to the other canoe, we made it fast  
to the murdered man and dropped him  
overboard, and down he went to the bot-  
tom, leaving nothing but a train of bubbles  
behind him! Alas! when our time comes,  
most of us, like him, leave nothing but  
bubbles behind, to show that we have been,  
and the bubbles soon burst. The hand of  
his murderer we threw into the stream,  
and I saw a young crocodile seize it as it  
was slowly sinking. The time, or sword,  
of which the handle was ivory, inlaid with  
gold (evidently Arab work), I kept and  
used as a hunting-knife, and very useful it  
proved.

Then, a man having been transferred to  
my canoe, we once more started on in very  
low spirits and not feeling at all comfortable  
as to the future, but fondly hoping to  
fetch up at the "Highlands" station by  
night. To make matters worse, within an  
hour of sunrise it came on to rain in tor-  
rents, wetting us to the skin, and even ne-  
cessitating the occasional baling of the  
canoes; and as the rain beat down the wind  
we could not use our sails, and had to get  
along as best we could with our paddles.

At eleven o'clock we halted on an open  
piece of ground on the left bank of the  
river, and the rain abating a little, man-  
aged to make a fire and catch and boil  
some fish. We did not dare to wander  
about to search for game. At two o'clock  
we got off again, taking a supply of boiled  
fish with us, and shortly afterward the  
rain came on harder than ever. Also, the  
river began to get exceedingly difficult to  
navigate on account of the numerous  
rocks, reaches of shallow water, and the  
increased force of the current; so that it  
soon became clear to us that we should  
not reach the Rev. Mackenzie's hospitable  
roof that night—a prospect that did not  
tempt to enliven us. To us we would, we  
could not make more than an average of a  
mile an hour; and at five o'clock in the af-  
ternoon (by which time we were all utterly  
worn out) we reckoned that we were still  
quite ten miles below the station. This  
being so, we set to work making the best  
arrangements we could for the night. Af-  
ter our recent experience, we simply did  
not dare to land, more especially as the  
banks of the Tana were here clothed with  
dense bush that would have given cover to  
five thousand Masai, and at first I thought  
that we were going to have another night  
of it in the canoes. Fortunately, however,  
we espied a little rocky islet, not more  
than fifteen yards or so square, situated  
nearly in the middle of the river. For this  
we paddled, and, making fast the canoes,  
landed and made ourselves as comfortable  
as circumstances would permit, which was  
very uncomfortable indeed. As for the  
weather, it continued to be simply vile; the  
rain coming down in sheets till we were  
chilled to the marrow, and utterly prevent-  
ing us from lighting a fire. There was,  
however, one consoling circumstance about  
this rain; our Askari declared that nothing  
would induce the Masai to make an attack  
in it, as they intensely dislike moving about  
in the wet; perhaps as Good suggested,  
because they hate the idea of washing.

We ate some insipid and sodden cold  
fish—that is, with the exception of Um-  
slopogaa, who, like most Zulus, cannot  
bear fish—and then commenced what, with  
one exception—when we three white men  
nearly perished of cold on the snow of  
Shebas Brenst in the course of our journey  
to Kukuanaaland—was, I think, the most  
trying night I ever experienced. It seemed  
absolutely endless; and once or twice I  
feared that two of the Askari would have  
died of the wet, cold, and exposure, for no  
Africa people can stand much exposure,  
which first paralyzes and then kills them.  
I could see that even that iron old warrior,  
Umslopogaa, felt it keenly; though, in  
strange contrast to the Wakwaks, who  
groaned and bemoaned their fate unceas-  
ingly, he never uttered a single complaint.  
To make matters worse, about one in the  
morning we again heard the owl's ominous  
hooting, and had at once to prepare our-  
selves for another attack; though, if any-  
body had attempted it, I do not think that  
we could have offered a very effective re-  
sistance. But either the owl was a *bona  
fide* one this time, or else the Masai were  
themselves too miserable to think of offen-  
sive operations, which, indeed, they rarely,  
if ever, undertake in bush veldt. At any  
rate, we saw nothing of them.

At last the dawn came gliding across the  
water, wrapped in wreaths of ghostly  
mist, and with the daylight, the rain  
ceased; and then, oh, joy! out came the  
glorious sun, sucking up the mists and  
warning the chill air. Dumbfounded and ut-  
terly exhausted, we dragged ourselves to  
our feet, and went and stood in the bright  
rays, and were thankful for them. I can  
quite understand how primitive people be-  
came sun-worshippers, especially if their  
conditions of life rendered them liable to  
exposure.

In half an hour more we were again mak-



We perceived three figures hurrying down  
through a grove of trees to meet us.

ing fair progress with the help of a good  
wind. It seemed that our spirits had re-  
turned with the sunshine, and we were  
ready to laugh at difficulties and dangers  
that had been almost crushing on the  
previous day.

And so we went on cheerily till about  
eleven o'clock. Just as we were thinking  
of halting as usual, to rest and try to  
something to eat, a sudden bend in the  
river brought us in sight of a substantial-  
looking European house with a veranda  
round it, splendidly situated upon a hill,  
and surrounded by a high stone wall with  
a ditch on the outer side. Right against  
and overshadowing the house was an enor-  
mous pine, the top of which we had seen  
through a glass for the last two days, but  
course without knowing that it marked  
the site of the mission station. I was the  
first to see the house, and could not re-  
strain myself from giving a hearty cheer,  
in which the others, including the natives,  
joined lustily. There was no thought of  
halting now. On we labored, for, unfor-  
tunately, though the house seemed quite  
near, it was still a long way off by river,  
until at last, by one o'clock, we found our-  
selves at the bottom of the slope on which  
the building stood. Running the canoes  
to the bank, we looked out, and were just  
hauling them up on the shore, when we  
perceived three figures, dressed in ordinary  
English-looking clothes, hurrying down  
through a grove of trees to meet us.

"A gentleman, a lady, and a little girl,"  
ejaculated Good, after surveying the tric  
through his eye-glass, "walking in a civil-  
ized fashion, through a civilized garden,  
to meet us in this place. Hang me, if this  
isn't the most curious thing we have seen yet."  
Good was right; it certainly did seem odd  
and out of place—more like a scene out of  
a dream or Italian opera than a real, tangi-  
ble fact; and the sense of unreality was  
not lessened when we heard ourselves ad-  
dressed in good broad Scotch, which, how-  
ever, I cannot reproduce.

"How do you do, sirs?" said Mr. Mac-  
kenzie, a gray-haired, angular man, with a  
kindly face and red cheeks; "I hope I see  
you very well. My natives told me an  
hour ago they had two canoes with white  
men in them coming up the river; so we  
have just come down to meet you."  
"And it is very glad that we are to see a  
white face again, let me tell you," put in  
the lady, a charming and refined-looking  
person.

We took off our hats in acknowledgment,  
and proceeded to introduce ourselves.  
"And now," said Mr. Mackenzie, "You  
must all be hungry and weary; so come on  
gentlemen, come on, and right glad we are  
to see you." The last white man who visited  
us was Alphonse—you will see Alphonse  
presently—and that was a year ago."

Meanwhile we had been walking up the  
slope of the hill, the lower portion of which  
was fenced off, sometimes with quince  
fences, and sometimes with rough stone  
walls, into Kaffir gardens, just now full of  
crops of mealies, pumpkins, potatoes, etc.  
In the corners of these gardens were groups  
of neat mushroom-shaped huts, occupied by  
Mr. Mackenzie's mission natives, whose  
women and children came pouring out to  
meet us as we walked. Through the center  
of these gardens ran the roadway up  
which we were walking. It was bordered  
on each side by a line of orange-trees,  
which, although they had only been plant-  
ed ten years, had, in the lovely climate of  
the uplands below Mt. Kenia, the base of  
which is about 5,000 feet above the coast-  
line level, already grown to imposing pro-  
portions, and were positively laden with  
golden fruit. After a stiffish climb of a  
quarter of a mile or so—for the hillside  
was steep—we came to a splendid quince  
fence, also covered with fruit, which in-  
closed, Mr. Mackenzie told us, a space of  
about four acres of ground that comprised  
his private garden, house, church, and out-  
buildings, and, indeed, the whole hill top.  
And what a garden it was! I have always  
loved a good garden, and I could have  
thrown up my hands for joy when I saw  
Mr. Mackenzie's. First there were rows  
upon rows of standard European fruit-trees,  
all grafted; for on the top of this hill the  
climate was so temperate that very nearly  
all the English vegetables, trees, and flow-  
ers flourish luxuriantly, even including  
several varieties of the apple, which, gen-  
erally speaking, runs to wood in a warm  
climate and obstinately declines to fruit.  
Then there were strawberries and toma-  
toes (such tomatoes!), and melons, and cu-  
cumbers, and, indeed, every sort of vegeta-  
ble and fruit.

"Well, you have something like a gar-  
den," I said, overpowered with admiration  
not untouched by envy.  
"Yes," answered the missionary, "it is a  
very good garden, and has well repaid my  
labor; but it is the climate that I have to  
thank. If you stick a peach-stone into the  
ground it will bear fruit the fourth year,  
and a rose-cutting will bloom in a year. It  
is a lovely climate."

Just then we came to a ditch about ten  
feet wide, and full of water, on the other  
side of which was a loop-holed stone wall  
eight feet high, and with sharp flints plenti-  
fully set in mortar on the coping.

"There!" said Mr. Mackenzie, pointing  
to the ditch and wall; "this is my *magnum  
opus*; at least, this and the church, which is  
the other side of the house. It took me  
and twenty natives two years to dig the  
ditch and build the wall, but I never felt  
safe till it was done; and now I can defy  
all the savages in Africa, for the spring;  
that fills the ditch is inside the wall, and  
bubbles out at the top of the hill, winter  
and summer alike, and I always keep a  
store of four months' provisions in the  
house."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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