

Africa Lakes Company, which was to take us up the Shiré. There is more in the association perhaps than in the landscape to strike one as he furrows the waters of this virgin river. We are fifty miles from its mouth; the mile-wide water is shallow and brown, the low sandy banks fringed with alligators and wild birds; the great deltoid plain yellow with sun-tanned reeds and sparsely covered with trees stretching on every side; the sun is blistering hot; the sky as it will be for months, a monotonous dome of blue—not a frank, bright blue like a Canadian sky, but a veiled blue, a suspicious and Malarious blue, partly due to the perpetual heat haze, and partly to the imagination, for the Zambesi is no friend to the European, and the whole region is heavy with saddening memories.

This impression perhaps was heightened by the fact that we were to spend that night within a few yards of the place where Mrs. Livingstone died. Late in the afternoon we reached the spot—a low ruined hut a hundred yards from the river's bank, with a broad verandah shading its crumbling walls. A grass-grown path straggled to the doorway, and the fresh print of a hippopotamus told how neglected this spot is now. Pushing the door open we found ourselves in a long dark room, its mud floor broken into fragments, and remains of native fires betraying its latest occupants. Turning to the right we entered a smaller chamber, the walls bare and stained with two glassless windows facing the river. The evening sun setting over the Morumballa mountains silvering with his soft glow, took us back to that Sunday twenty years ago, when in the same bedroom at this same hour Livingstone knelt over his dying wife, and witnessed the great sunset of his life. Under a huge Baobab tree—a miracle of vegetable vitality and luxuriance—stands Mrs. Livingstone's grave. The picture in Livingstone's book represents the place as well kept and surrounded with neatly planted trees; but now it is an utter wilderness marked by jungle grass, and trodden by beasts of the forest; and as I looked at the forsaken mound