

saw the present crisis, the camp by the sullen, eternal river shrouded in the mists of the moon, and the miasma became as small as a pin-point.

“‘This, too, will pass,’ he muttered to himself out of the only comforting philosophy Africa leaves her sons. His head suddenly blew to vast dimensions——

“The next thing he saw was a canopy of leaves close over his head. The shadow lay dense beneath it. He heard the gurgle of waters and felt a slight, unstable lurch, so he knew he was in a canoe. Before him, wielding a paddle, he recognized the slight form of Charley. Behind him he heard the steady swishing of another paddle.

“After a few moments he had gathered his faculties.

“‘Charley,’ he called huskily.

“The boy turned. Middleton was choked into silence at his appearance. The roundness, the colour of his cheeks was gone. His eyes were sunken in their sockets; his lips were parted over his teeth. In his weakened state Middleton received the shock as a man receives a blow in the chest. But he was an old Afrikaner, accustomed