

only to beckon to my men, and they will follow me to death—and it is death to go down this cataract. We are now ready to hear you command us to go, and we want your promise that, if anything happens, and our master asks, 'Why did you do it?' that you will bear the blame."

Uledi then turned to the crew, and said, "Boys, our little master is saying that we are afraid of death. I know there is death in the cataract; but come, let us show him that black men fear death as little as white men. What do you say?"

"A man can die but once." "Who can contend with his fate?" "Our fate is in the hands of God!" were the various answers he received.

"Enough; take your seats," Uledi said.

"You are men!" cried Frank, delighted at the idea of soon reaching camp.

"Bismillah!" (In the name of God.) "Let go the rocks, and shove off!" cried the coxswain.

"Bismillah!" echoed the crew, and they pushed away from the friendly cove.

In a few seconds they had entered the river. It was irresistibly bearing them broadside over the falls; and observing this, Uledi turned the prow, and boldly bore down for the centre. Roused from his seat by the increasing thunder of the fearful waters, Frank rose to his feet, and looked over the heads of those in front, and now the full danger of his situation seemed to burst upon him. But too late! They had reached the fall, and plunged headlong amid the waves and spray. The angry waters rose and leaped into their vessel, spun them round as though on a pivot; and so down over the curling, dancing, leaping crests, they were borne to the whirlpools which yawned below. Ah! then came the moment of anguish, regret, and terror.

"Hold on to the canoe, my men! Seize a rope, each one!" said he, while tearing his flannel shirt away. Before he could prepare himself, the canoe was drawn down into the abyss, and the whirling, flying waters closed over all!

When they had drifted a little distance away from the scene, and had collected their faculties, they found there were only eight of them alive; and, alas! for us who were left to bewail his sudden doom, there was no white face among them!

But presently—close to them—another commotion—another heave and belching of waters—and out of them the insensible form of the "little master" appeared, and they heard a loud moan from him. Then Uledi, forgetting his late escape from the whirling pit, flung out his arms and struck gallantly towards him; but another pool sucked them both in, and the waves closed over them before he could reach him. And for the second time the brave coxswain emerged—faint and weary—but Frank Pocock was seen no more!

"My brave, honest, kindly-natured Frank, have you left me so! Oh, my long-trying friend, what fatal rashness! Ah, Uledi, had you but saved him, I should have made you a rich man!"

"Our fate is in the hands of God, master," replied he, sadly and wearily.

Various were the opinions ventured upon the cause which occasioned the loss of such an expert swimmer. Baraka, with some reason, suggested that Frank's instinctive impulse would have been to swim upward, and that during his frantic struggle towards the air he might have struck his head against the canoe.

All over Zinga the dismal tidings spread rapidly. "The brother of the Mundele is lost!" they cried.

"Say, Mundele," asked Ndala, suddenly, "where has your white brother gone to?"

"Home."

"Sh! you not see him again?"

"I hope to."

"Where?"

"Above, I hope."

"Ah! we have heard that the white people by the sea came from above. Should you see him again tell him that Ndala is sorry. We have heard from Mowa that he was a good, kind man, and all Zinga shall mourn for him."

Sympathy—real and pure sympathy—was here offered after their lights, which, though rude, was not unkind. The large crowds without spoke together in low, subdued tones; the women gazed upon me with mild eyes, and their hands upon their lips, as though sincerely affected by the tragic fate of my companion. The effect on the Wangwana was different. It had stupefied them; benumbing their faculties of feeling, of hope, and of action. After this fatal day I could scarcely get a reply to my questions, when anxious to know what their ailments were. Familiarity with many forms of disease, violent and painful deaths, and severe accidents, had finally deadened—almost obliterated—that lively fear of death which they had formerly shown.

As I looked at the empty tent, and the dejected, woe-stricken servants, a choking sensation of unutterable grief filled me. The sorrow-laden mind fondly re-called the lost man's inestimable qualities, his extraordinary gentleness, his patient temper, his industry, cheerfulness, and his tender friendship; it dwelt upon the pleasure of his society, his general usefulness, his piety, and cheerful trust in our success, with which he had renewed our hope and courage; and each new virtue that it remembered only served to intensify my sorrow for his loss, and to suffuse my heart with pity and regret, that, after the exhibition of so many admirable qualities, and such long, faithful service, he should depart this life so abruptly, and without reward.

When curtailed about by anxieties, and the gloom created by the almost insurmountable obstacles we encountered, his voice had ever been music in my soul. When grieving for the hapless lives that were lost, he consoled me. But now my friendly comforter and true-hearted friend was gone! Ah! had some one then but relieved me from my cares, and satisfied me that my dark followers would see their homes again, I would that day have gladly ended the struggle, and, crying out, "Who dies earliest dies best," have embarked in my boat, and dropped calmly over the cataracts into eternity.

Alas! alas! we never saw Frank more. But eight days afterwards a native arrived at Zinga from Kilanga with the statement that a fisherman, while skimming Kilanga basin for whitebait, had been attracted by something gleaming on the water, and, paddling his canoe towards it, had been horrified to find it the upturned face of a white man!

(To be continued.)

Terrible, if True.

A TRAVELLER, of reputed veracity, reports having discovered a race of remarkable human beings, some of the masculine members of whom are found so enormously enamoured of a peculiar practice as that it seems to become with them a complete mania. The origin of the practice, too, is so involved in obscurity that ancient history fails to trace it.

This notable practice is that of burning a very noxious herb, in a small furnace—elaborately prepared for the purpose—drawing the fumes therefrom through a small tube into an opening in the head, and then immediately discharging the fumes, chiefly through the same orifice.

Our informant, moreover, positively asserts that it is well ascertained, beyond possible doubt, that so strong sometimes becomes the unaccountable at-

tachment, that many of them would more patiently bear separation for a whole week from beloved wife and affectionate family, than separate for even one-seventh portion of that length of time from their favourite cigar or foul tobacco-pipe.

In October Days.

I WANDER down the russet lane
And see the autumn's bonfires burn
Upon the hillside slopes again,
Among the sumac and the fern.

The oaks have caught October's fire,
And drop their treasures in the grass,
While the still flame creeps high and higher,
Fanned by the warm winds as they pass.

The sky is dim in purple haze;
The spell of dreams is over all,
Unknown, save in the long, still days
When flowers fade and dead leaves fall.

What memories come to me of her,
Whose tender smile so much I miss;
Who was a forest-worshipper
When earth blushed at October's kiss.

Here, on this knoll, we sat to see
That day of autumn fade away;
"And life is fading," whispered she,
"As fades this sweet, enchanted day."

And here I gathered, from the moss,
Belated blossoms for her hair,
And felt her tresses blow across
My cheek, and fancied sunshine there.

And here we stopped to talk awhile
Of dreams we hoped would all come true.
Dear heart, the sunshine of your smile
Breaks on me as I think of you.

So far, and yet how near to-day!
I miss you, yet I have you here,
And reach to touch your hand, and say,
That love outlives the dying year.

And though I find but empty air
Where I had thought to touch your hand,
I feel you with me everywhere;
O, truest heart, you understand.

—Vick's Magazine.

The Word.

God's Word is a wonderful lamp, because it sheds such a light. Think how long it has been burning—6,000 years since it first lighted its faint flicker when the promise was given to Adam. (Gen. 3. 15.) How bright, and even brighter, it grows as time goes on! Isaiah holds up a beautiful light to us. And so it shone on and on, till the Light came into this dark world. Think how far the Word of God shed its light. A light-house can only shed its light, at the farthest, twenty-five miles over the waters; but this light has come down from heaven, and, lighted up yonder, has sent its radiance quite over this dark world.

The light from this lamp will enable you to see the golden gates, and the redeemed around the throne, and the Lamb in the midst thereof. Whatever objections men make to the Bible, it will light you home. Though you have to go comfortless and in the darkness of this world; "hope to the end," and this lamp in your hand, by God's grace, will light you home.

This light shines athwart the wildest ocean, and into the dreary spots of earth. Oh, the comfort it gives! Does this Bible comfort you when the storms pass over your soul? Do you get your comfort from this lamp? It will give you comfort in pain, in affliction, in death. What a comfort to have this lamp through the dark valley, and down to the river's edge! "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."