

seems with such terrible clutch to fasten itself upon the white man. All of the party, more or less, suffered from it, but still they encouraged one another and kept up their spirits as best they could. When, however, they again encountered shallow water they fretted under the delay, and it is little wonder that lonely, depressed feelings stole over them. In this matter Livingstone was again at fault. Two years before he had himself ascended the Zambesi, but he had not taken into account that his boat at that time only drew about half the water that the *Pioneer*, with its present load, was compelled to draw. This, of course, caused great delay and much annoyance and anxiety.

After two months battling with sand-banks and shallow water, stirring up the long undisturbed bed of the silent flowing Zambesi, they arrived at a place now known as "Chibisas." And here they determined to abandon their craft and strike inland on foot. Carrying out their intention, they made for the highlands which lay to the north-east of them. On their way they encountered several slaving parties, and took upon themselves to rescue from the slave dealers their unfortunate victims. Few troubles ever laid upon man by his fellow man have ever exceeded those which the unfortunate African, seized to be a slave, has had to endure on his weary march to the ships that are to carry him away. Weighted with heavy forks fastened round their necks, galled as to their wrists and ankles with great chains which bind them together, panting and groaning under a hot African sun, goaded by their cruel drivers into a pace far beyond their strength, left in the forest to die a lingering death if overcome by exhaustion, maimed, perhaps, beforehand lest freedom should be gained with returning strength, they suffer misery which perhaps is difficult to describe.

Livingstone knew how to deal with these men who thus enslaved and tortured their fellow beings, and, with the assistance of Bishop Mackenzie and his party, rescued the unfortunate creatures from their hands, removed the heavy yokes from their necks, struck off their chains and set them free. Full of gratitude, the liberated slaves joined their liberators and remained with them as their friends.

A friendly tribe of natives also crossed their path. They were called Manganja, and were overjoyed at seeing Livingstone, for they were suffering at the hands of the Ajawa, a hostile tribe who were oppressing them. He and the missionary party lent their assistance and, thus reinforced, the Manganja effectually crushed their oppressors.

The party at length settled at Magomero, a beautiful place 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and here Livingstone left them to commence their work. It was now about the end of July. The outlook was not of the brightest. They

had the slaves that they had rescued as their first material to work upon, and with them they commenced; but they had incurred the hostility of the Ajawa, who at first harassed them considerably.

They commenced their missionary work by studying the languages of the natives, as the latter were busily engaged putting up huts and doing other necessary work. Daily services were commenced in one of the largest of the huts which, on account of these sacred offices, was called the chapel. Schools were established, and the little community commenced the ordinary Christian life. The natives were much impressed by the enjoined observance of the Sunday. Such order was at last obtained that one of the party wrote home to a friend, "What a luxury a chair is! what a rest it is! We have now a table, albeit a very rickety one, and our beds are off the ground—an approach to civilization which, with the sitting to take our meals, astonishes and delights our bones as much as it does the admiring group of natives."

Magomero, though spoken of as a beautiful place and high above the level of the sea, was not a healthy spot, because other places in its neighbourhood were still higher than it, and left for it the designation of a "hole." Consequently the deadly fever began again its fatal work. In November the bishop took a journey to Chibisas (already mentioned), hoping to meet Livingstone, and there he met Rev. H. Burrup, who had recently arrived to do missionary work, little dreaming of the dark cloud he was so soon to encounter. In the month of December the bishop, with Mr. Burrup, started upon another expedition for the purpose of finding, if possible, and conferring with Livingstone. The Ajawa still troubled him and had to be punished for an act of treachery. The journey undertaken was a hard one, and lay through morasses and swamps; nor were they entirely sure of the route that had to be taken. In fact, after a weary trudge of eight days they found that they had been upon the wrong track and that it would be necessary for them to return to Magomero and start afresh. This they did, and then found that a journey of two hundred miles lay before them. Taking but one night's rest, the energetic bishop determined to make this journey, and in the morning, taking with him only Mr. Burrup and one of the Cape men, he started. They reached Chibisas again and there borrowed a canoe and made their way along the river. On the second night of this fatal journey their canoe upset, and themselves together with their blankets and all things belonging to them were thrown into the water. No place of shelter could be reached; no one was nigh to render any assistance. They were tired and sleepy, and in their wet clothes, wrapped in blankets which they had rescued from the water, and by no means dry, they passed the