

however, to interest myself in my gross and rudely-shaped brothers and sisters.

I turn toward an individual whose age marks him out as one to whom respect is due, and say to him, after the common manner of greeting: "My brother, sit you down by me on this mat, and let us be friendly and sociable;" and, as I say it, I thrust into his wide open hand twenty cowries, the currency of the land. One look at his hand, as he extended it, made me think I could carve a better looking hand out of a piece of rhinoceros hide. While speaking, I looked at his face—which is like an ugly and extravagant mask, clumsily manufactured from some strange, dark brown, coarse material. His nose was so flat that I inquired, in a perfectly innocent manner, as to the reason for such a feature. "Ah," said he, with a sly laugh, "it is the fault of my mother, who, when I was young, bound me too tight to her back." His hair had been compelled to obey the capricious fashion of his country, and was, therefore, worked up into furrows and ridges and central cones.

If the old chief appeared so unprepossessing, how can I paint, without offence, my humbler brothers and sisters who stood round us? As I looked at the array of faces, I could only comment to myself—ugly—uglier—ugliest. And what shall I say of the hideous and queer appendages that they wear about their waists—the tags of monkey-skin and bits of gorilla bone, goat horn, shells—strange tags to strange tackle?

It happened that one of the youthful innocents—a stirring fellow, more restless than his brothers—stumbled across a long, heavy pole, which was leaning insecurely against one of the trees. The pole fell, striking one of the men severely on the head. And all at once there went up from the women a genuine and unaffected cry of pity, and their faces expressed so lively a sense of tender sympathy with the wounded man, that my heart, keener than my eyes, saw through the disguise of filth, nakedness, and ochre, the human heart beating for another's suffering; and then I recognized and hailed them as indeed my own poor and degraded sisters.

On the 5th October, our march from Uhombo brought us to the frontier village of Manyema, which is called Ribi-Riba. It is noteworthy as the starting-point of another order of African architecture. The conical style of hut is exchanged for the square hut, with more gradually sloping roof, wattled, and sometimes neatly plastered with mud—especially those in Manyema. The grasses are coarse, and wound like knives and needles; the creepers and convolvuli are of cable thickness and length; the thorns are hooks of steel; the trees shoot up to a height of a hundred feet.

Even though this place had no other associations, it would be attractive and alluring for its innocent wildness; but, associated as it is with Livingstone's sufferings, and that self-sacrificing life he led here, I needed only to hear from Mwana Ngoy: "Yes; this is the place where the old white man stopped for many moons," to make up my mind to halt.

"Ah! he lived here, did he?"

"Yes. Did you know the old white man? Was he your father?"

"He was not my father; but I knew him well."

"Eh! Do you hear that?" he asked his people.

"He says he knew him. Was he not a good man?"

"Yes, very good."

"You say well. He was good to me, and he saved me from the Arabs many times. The Arabs are hard men, and often he would step between them and me when they were hard on me. He was a good man, and my children were fond of him. I hear he is dead!"

"Yes, he is dead."

"Where has he gone to?"

"Above, my friend," said I, pointing to the sky.

"Ah," said he breathlessly, and looking up; "did he come from above?"

"No; but good men like him go above when they die."

We had many conversations about Livingstone. The sons showed me the house he had lived in for a long time when prevented from further wandering by the ulcers in his feet. In the village his memory is cherished, and will be cherished forever.

The Manyema have several noteworthy peculiarities. Their arms are a short sword, scabbarded with wood, to which are hung small brass and iron bells; a light beautifully-balanced spear, probably—next to the spear of Uganda—the most perfect in the world. Their shields were veritable wooden doors. Their dress consists of a narrow apron of antelope skin, or finely-made grass cloth. They wore knobs, cones, and patches of mud attached to their beards, back hair, and behind the ears. Others, more ambitious, covered the entire head with a crown of mud.

The women, blessed with an abundance of hair, manufactured it, with a stiffening of light cane, into a bonnet-shaped head-dress—allowing the back hair to flow down to the waist in masses of ringlets. They seemed to do all the work of life; for at all hours they might be seen, with their large wicker-baskets behind them, setting out for the rivers and creeks to catch fish, or returning with their fuel-baskets strapped on across their foreheads.

Their villages consist of one or more broad streets, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet wide, flanked by low square huts, arranged in tolerably straight lines, and generally situated on swells of land to secure rapid drainage. At the end of one of these streets is the council and gossip-house, overlooking the length of the avenue. In the centre is a platform of stamped clay, with a heavy tree-trunk sunk into it, and in the wood have been scooped out a number of troughs, so that several women may pound grain at once. It is a substitute for the village mill.

The houses are separated into two or more apartments, and, on account of the compact nature of the clay and tamped floor, are easily kept clean. The roofs are slimy with the reek of smoke, as though they had been painted with coal-tar. The household chattels or furniture are limited to food-baskets, earthenware pots, an assortment of wicker-work dishes, the family shields, spears, knives, swords, and tools, and the fish-baskets lying outside.

At Kabungwe, I was alarmed at an insufferable odour that pervaded the air we breathed, for—whether in the house or without—the atmosphere seemed loaded with an intolerable stench. On enquiring of the natives whether there was any dead animal putrefying in the neighbourhood, they pointed to the firewood that was burning, and to a tree—a species of laurel—as that which emitted the smell. Upon examination, I found it was indeed due to this strange wood, which, however, only becomes offensive under the action of fire.

Skirting the range of hills which bounds the Luama valley on the north, we marched to Mpungu, which is fifteen miles west of Mtuyu. Kitete, its chief, is remarkable for a plaited beard, twenty inches long, decorated at the tips with a number of blue glass beads. His hair was also trussed up on the crown of his head in a shapely mass. His village was neat, and the architecture of the huts peculiar.

From Mpungu we travelled through an interesting country—a distance of four miles—and sud-

denly, from the crest of a low ridge, saw the confluence of the Luama with the majestic Luabala. The former appeared to have a breadth of four hundred yards at the mouth; the latter was about one thousand four hundred yards wide—a broad river of a pale gray colour, winding slowly from south and by east.

We hailed its appearance with shouts of joy, and rested on the spot to enjoy the view. In the bed of the great river are two or three small islands, green with the verdure of trees and sedge. I likened it even here to the Mississippi, as it appears before the impetuous, full-volume Missouri pours its rusty-brown water into it.

A secret rapture filled my soul as I gazed upon the majestic stream. The great mystery that for all these centuries Nature had kept hidden away from the world of science, was waiting to be solved. For two hundred and twenty miles I had followed one of the sources of the Livingstone to the confluence, and now before me lay the superb river itself! My task was to follow it to the ocean.

(To be continued.)

A Japanese National Anthem—God Save the Emperor.

BY REV. A. HARDIK (late of Canada).

God save the Emperor,
And be his Counsellor;
Give happy times.

Upon his ancient name,
Of Constitution fame,
Let glory great remain,
In these fair climes.

Long live the Emperor,
The Lord's Executor
Of righteous will,
May right the wrong assail;
May truth and peace prevail;
May plenty never fail
The land to fill.

God bless the Emperor,
And be his Comforter,
O guard these shores
From storms, and shocks, and fire;
From traitors who conspire;
From foes and evils dire—
Japan implores.

God save the Emperor,
The true Inheritor
Of royal throne,
The Lord has crowned with might
Our King to rule aright,
O'er all these isles of light,
God's will be done.

NONES' COLLEGE, TOKYO.

How to Form a Library.

A WELL-KNOWN author recently commended the following rules to be observed by youthful readers who are beginning the collecting of books:

1. Set apart a fixed sum, weekly or monthly, as the case may be, in proportion to your income, and spend that and no more for books.
2. Always devote a portion of your money to acquiring works of reference.
3. Never buy a worthless book or edition.
4. Take care not to buy too many books of one class.
5. Do not, at least until you have a fair show of books, be deluded into buying sets of an author.
6. Do not spend too much on magazines.
7. Be particular as to the binding of your books.
8. Keep a catalogue of your books, entering in pencil inside each the date of purchase and the cost, and in the catalogue all particulars as to loans.
9. Take care to read what you buy, and buy only what you will read.