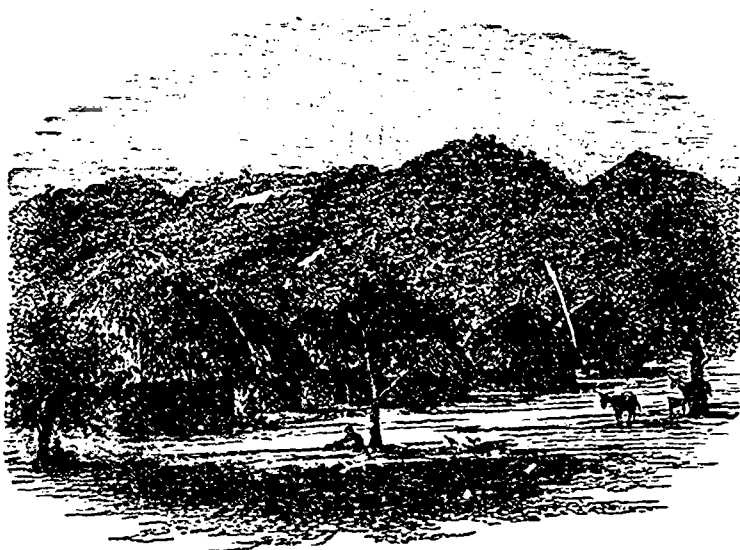


by piling a thick fence of brushwood around a spacious circle, along which grass huts were fast being built, when Frank entreated me to step to his brother's side. I sprang to him—only in time, however, to see him take his last gasp. Frank gave a shriek of sorrow when he realized that the spirit of his brother had fled for ever, and, removing the boat section, bent over the corpse and wailed in a paroxysm of agony.

We excavated a grave at the foot of a hoary acacia, and on its ancient trunk Frank engraved a deep cross, the emblem of the faith in which we all believe, and, when folded in its shroud, we



VIEW FROM THE VILLAGE OF MAMBOYA.

laid the body in its final resting-place during the last gleams of sunset. We read the beautiful prayers of the Church Service for the dead, and, out of respect for the departed, whose frank, sociable, and winning manners had won their friendship and regard nearly all the Wangwana were present to pay a last tribute of songs to poor Edward Pocock.

When the last solemn prayer had been read, we retired to our tents, to brood in sorrow and silence over our irreparable loss. The frontispiece shows this sad scene, and the general appearance of our camp—the sections of the boat, the tents and piles of stores, and the grass huts of the blacks.

Descending into the basin of Matongo from Chiwyu with its