

which a hut is hastily built for his shelter. Gently the wasted form is laid on the poor couch of sticks and grass, and he revives a little and speaks a few words to his attendants. Slowly the weary hours of the night steal on. At length a streak of dawn lights up the eastern sky, and one of the attendants approaches the bed to see how the sufferer fares. He finds him kneeling by the side of the couch, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon his pillow, his spirit at rest. He has entered the still country where the weary are at rest, and where grander discoveries await him than any which he had made in all his wanderings:—

“Most mournful his dying seems,
Yet glorious and good his death:
For meanings and hopes beyond our dreams,
Breathe from his dying breath.

“Dying, the world he moved,
As he crept along through the land;
By tens of thousands the race he loved
Were saved from the spoiler's hand.

“Who would not die in the dark
And the loneliness as he died,
To help the world on to its noblest mark
And stem as he stemmed the tide!”

Livingstone spent the greater part of two years among a great tribe called the Manyema, of whom he wrote in his journal: “They are the most bloody, callous savages I know. One puts a scarlet feather from a parrot's tail on the ground, and challenges those near to stick it in the hair; he who does so must kill a man or a woman. Another custom is that none dare wear the skin of the musk-cat, unless he has murdered somebody; guns alone prevent them from killing us all, and for no reason either.” In another portion of his journal he wrote: “I am heart-sore and sick of human blood.” And again: “A stranger in the market had ten human under-jaw bones hung by a string over his shoulder; on inquiry, he professed to have killed and eaten the owners, and showed with his knife how he cut up his victims. When I expressed my disgust, he and others laughed.” “They seem to eat their foes to inspire courage, or in revenge.” One fastidious person told him: “The meat is not nice; it makes one dream of the dead man.” “All agree, however, that human flesh is saltish,