

creek; and became acquainted with almost every variety of wild human nature. We had travelled hundreds of miles to and fro on foot, along the northern coast of the Victorian Sea. We had then struck south to the Alexandra Nile—the principal affluent of Victoria Lake.

During our march, ancient "Bull"—the last of all the canine companions which left England with me—borne down by weight of years, and a land journey of about one thousand five hundred miles, succumbed. With bulldog tenacity, though he often staggered and moaned, he made strenuous efforts to keep up, but at last, lying down in the path, he plainly bemoaned the weakness of body that had conquered his will, and soon after died—his eyes to he last looking forward along the track he had so bravely tried to follow.

We were making capital marches. The petty kings—though they exacted a small interchange of gifts, which compelled me to disburse cloth more frequently than was absolutely necessary—were not insolent, nor so extortionate as to prevent our intercourse being of the most friendly character. But on the day we arrived at Urangwa, lo! there came up, in haste, a messenger to tell us that the phantom, the bugbear, the terror—whose name silences the children, and makes women's hearts bound with fear—that Mirambo himself was coming; that he was only two camps, or about twenty miles away; and that he had an immense army of Ruga-Ruga—bandits—with him!

I had one hundred and seventy-five men under my command, and we had many boxes of ammunition. The King of Urangwa said: "You will stop to fight Mirambo, will you not?"

"Not I, my friend. I have no quarrel with Mirambo. If Mirambo attacks the village while I am here we will fight; but we cannot stop here to wait for him."

On the 19th we arrived at one of the large towns, called Serombo. It was two miles and a half in circumference, and contained a population of about 5,000.

At dusk, the huge drums of Serombo signalled silence for the town-criers, whose voices, preceded by the sound of iron bells, were presently heard crying out: "Listen, O men of Serombo! Mirambo cometh in the morning. Be ye prepared, therefore, for his young men are hungry. Mirambo cometh. Dig potatoes—dig potatoes to-morrow!" Naturally we were all anxious to behold the "Mars of Africa," who, since 1871, has made his name feared by both native and foreigner, in a country embracing 90,000 square miles.

At 10 a.m. the guns, heavily charged and fired off by hundreds, loudly heralded Mirambo's approach. Great war-drums, and the shouts of admiring thousands, proclaimed that he had entered the town. Presently the chief captain came to my hut, to introduce three young men—Ruga-Ruga (bandits) as we called them—handsomely dressed in fine red and blue cloth coats, and snowy-white shirts, with ample turbans around their heads. They were confidential captains of Mirambo's body-guard.

"Mirambo sends his salaams to the white man," said the principal of them. "He hopes the white man is friendly to him, and that he does not share the prejudices of the Arabs, and believe Mirambo a bad man. If it is agreeable to the white man, will he send words of peace to Mirambo?"

"Tell Mirambo," I replied, "that I am eager to see him, and would be glad to shake hands with so great a man; and as I have made strong friendship with Mtesa, I shall be rejoiced to make strong friendship with Mirambo also."

The next day Mirambo appeared, with about twenty of his principal men. I shook hands with

him with fervour, which drew a smile from him as he said: "The white man shakes hands like a strong friend."

His person quite captivated me, for he was a thorough African gentleman in appearance, very different from my conception of the terrible bandit who had struck his telling blows at native chiefs and Arabs, with all the rapidity of a Frederick the Great environed by foes.

I entered the following notes in my journal on April 22nd, 1876: "Mirambo is a man about five feet eleven inches in height, and about thirty-five years old. A handsome, mild-voiced, soft-spoken man, with what one might call a 'meek' demeanour; very generous and open-handed. I had expected to see something of the Mtesa type—a man whose exterior would proclaim his life and rank; but this unpresuming, mild-eyed man, of inoffensive, meek exterior, whose action was so calm, without a gesture, presented to the eye nothing of the Napoleonic genius which he has for five years displayed in the heart of Africa, to the injury of Arabs and commerce, and the doubling of the price of ivory. I said there was 'nothing,' but I must except the eyes, which had the steady, calm gaze of a master."

Mirambo retired, and in the evening I returned his visit. I found him in a bell-tent, twenty feet high, and twenty-five feet in diameter, with his chiefs around him. Manwa Sera was requested to seal our friendship by performing the ceremony of "blood brotherhood" between Mirambo and myself. Having caused us to sit fronting each other, on a straw carpet, he made an incision in each of our right legs, from which he extracted blood, and, interchanging it, he exclaimed aloud:—

"If either of you break this brotherhood now established between you, may the lion devour him, the serpent poison him, bitterness be in his food, his friends desert him, his gun burst in his hands and wound him, and everything that is bad do wrong to him until death."

My new brother then gave me fifteen cloths, to be distributed among my chiefs, while he would accept only three from me. Desirous of not appearing illiberal, I presented him with a revolver and two hundred rounds of ammunition, and some small curiosities from England.

On the 4th of May, having received milch-cows, calves, and bullocks, from my new brother Mirambo, we marched in a south-west direction, skirting the territory of the Watuta.

No traveller has yet become acquainted with a wilder race in Equatorial Africa than are the Watuta. Surely some African Ishmael must have fathered them, for their hands are against every man, and every man's hand appears to be raised against them.

At noon of the 27th of May, the bright waters of the Tanganyika broke upon the view, and compelled me to linger admiringly for awhile, as I did on the day I first beheld them. By 3 p.m. we were in Ujiji. Nothing was changed much, except the ever-changing mud tembés of the Arabs. The square, or plaza, where I met David Livingstone in November, 1871, is now occupied by large tembés. The house where he and I lived has long ago been burnt down, and in its place there remains only a few embers and a hideous void. The grand old hero, whose presence once filled Ujiji with such absorbing interest for me, was gone!

(To be continued.)

In a cemetery, a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl, and on the stone were chiselled these words: "A child, of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'"

Drive the Nail.

DRIVE the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
Ere the time has fled.
Lessons you've to learn, boys,
Study with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky;
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?
Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast;
Try and try again, boys—
You'll succeed at last.

Always persevere, boys,
Though your task is hard;
Toil and happy trust, boys,
Bring their own reward.
Never give it up, boys;
Always say you'll try;
You will gain the crown, boys,
Surely, by-and-by.

The Happiest Boy.

Who is the happiest boy you know? Who has "the best time?" I mean. The one who last winter had the biggest toboggan, or who has now the most marbles, or wears the best clothes? Let's see.

Once there was a king, who had a little boy whom he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures, and toys, and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row-boat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers, who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great. But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have.

At length, one day, a magician came to court. He saw the boy, and said to the king:

"I can make your boy happy; but you must pay me my own price for the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask I will give."

So the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away, and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words:

"Do a kindness to some one every day."

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

Helping the Sick.

THE passengers on a railway, years ago, coming to a canal-boat on which they were to take passage, told the captain they should none of them go with him if he took a sick man, who had come on with them, and was very disagreeable. For answer, he pushed through the crowd of them, saw the poor sufferer, and said bluntly: "He shall go, if he is the only passenger." Then, tenderly taking him up in his arms, he carried him to a mattress he had ordered to be spread in the best place in the cabin, and shouted: "Push off the boat!" The passengers were struck with shame for their inhumanity. They seized their baggage, hurried aboard, and soon after asked the captain to meet them in the cabin, and told him, with tears, that he had taught them a lesson they should never forget. Then they made up a generous purse for the sick man.