

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 Rib-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," 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 him. 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 for ever.

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