

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

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## BE TRUE.

THINK truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed ;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed ;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

## "THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT"—STANLEY'S JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.\*

MANY were the almost miraculous escapes of the explorers of the Stanley expedition from the combined perils of cannibals and cataracts—of savage beasts and still more savage men—the narrative of which is of thrilling interest. But sometimes, alas! more thrilling is the story of the tragic fate of those brave men. Frank Pocock was now the only white man, beside Stanley, with the expedition, Barker having suddenly died. Amid the African jungle Frank was fond of singing the sweet Sunday-school hymns he had learned as a boy in dear old England. Saddened by the death of his brother, he seemed to have a presentiment of his own approaching fate. One night Stanley heard him singing, in a sad minor strain, the following words :

The home land, the fair land,  
Refuge for all distressed,  
Where pain and sin ne'er enter in,  
But all is peace and rest.

The home land! I long to meet  
Those who have gone before ;  
The weeping eyes and weary feet,  
Rest on that happy shore.

\*The publisher of the METHODIST MAGAZINE has purchased the whole of the plates of Stanley's greatest book, "THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT"—a book which was the literary crown of the season in which it was issued—from which these cuts are taken. It formed two bulky volumes of 1018 pages with about 150 engravings, many of them full page, and sold in the English edition for \$12 50. Its high price necessarily restricted its sale in the colonies. This remarkable narrative of discovery and adventure will be condensed into a series of chapters to be published in the MAGAZINE and illustrated by the greater number of the high-class engravings of that book.

The home land, the bright land,  
My eyes are filled with tears,  
Remembering all the happy land,  
Passed from my sight for years.

When will it dawn upon my soul !  
When shall I reach that strand !  
By night and day, I watch and pray  
For thee, dear, blest home land.

"I thought the voice trembled as the strain ended," writes Stanley, "so I said, 'Frank, my dear fellow, you will make us all cry with such tones as those. Choose some heroic tune, whose notes will make us all feel afire.'"  
"All right, sir," he replied, with a

Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
Thy will be done.

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no longer nigh  
Submissive would I still reply,  
Thy will be done.

"Frank, you are thinking too much of the poor fellows we have lost," said Stanley. "It is of no use, my son. The time for regret and sorrow will come by-and-bye, but just now we are in the centre of Africa ; savages before you, savages behind you, savages on either side of you. Onward, I say : onward to death, if it is to be. Sing, my dear Frank, your best song."

Thirty-four months had we lived together, and hearty throughout had been his assistance and true his service. The servant had long ago merged into the companion—the companion had soon become a friend. When curbed about by anxiety and gloom, his voice had ever made music to my soul. When grieving for the hapless lives lost, he consoled me. But now my faithful comforter and true hearted friend was gone."

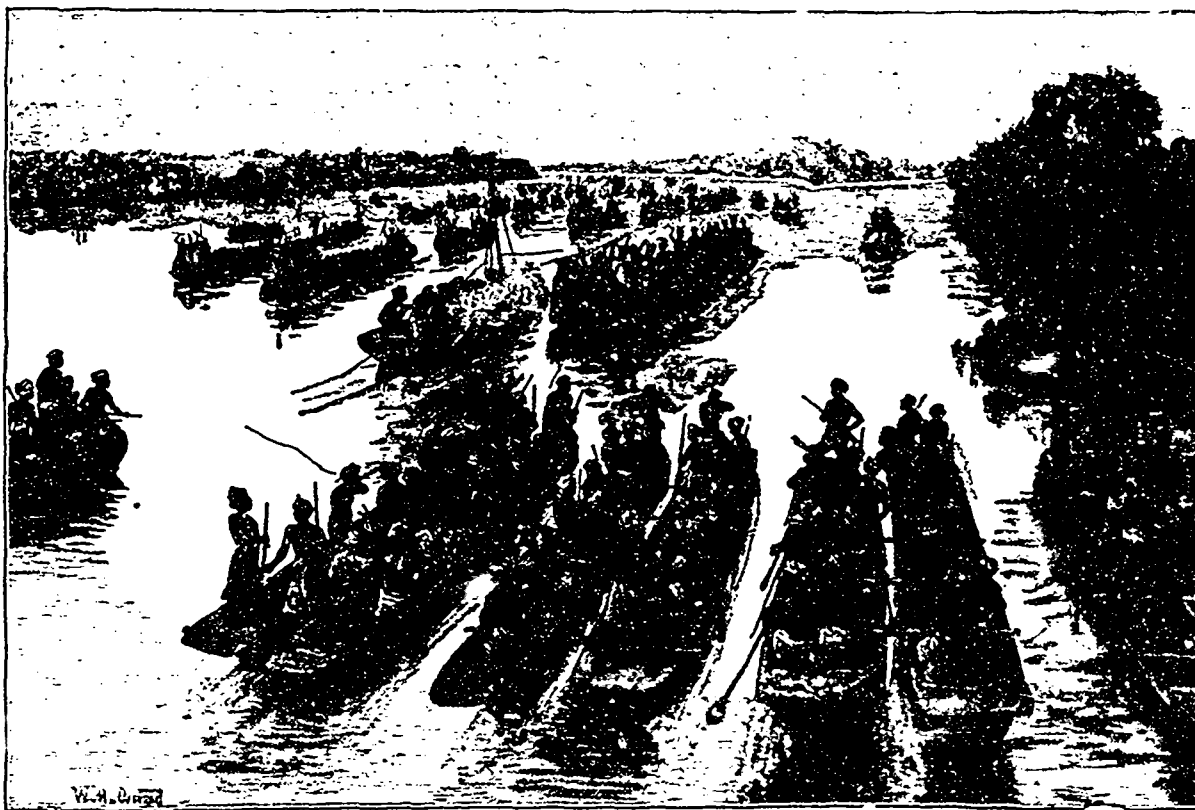
We give a sketch of one of the numerous river fights by which the expedition had to conquer its way down the Livingstone. As soon as

its approach was known the hideous war drums resounded along the shore, and the warriors rushed to their canoes.

"Soon," says Stanley, "we saw a sight that sends the tingling through every nerve and fibre of our body—a flotilla of gigantic canoes bearing down upon us. There were fifty-four of them, manned by two thousand cannibals, vociferously demanded my human meat. Finding that he must fight against nearly twenty-fold odds, Stanley anchored his fleet of twenty-three boats and awaited the onset. 'Boys, be firm as iron,' he cried. 'Wait till you see the first spear, and then take good aim. Don't think of running away. Only your guns can save you. On they came.

Soon the spears were hurling through the air, but every sound was lost in the noise of the musketry. In five minutes the savages retreat, baffled of their anticipated prey.

But Stanley describes himself as hunted to despair. "We had laboured strenuously through ranks on ranks of savages, scattered over a score of flotillas, had endured persistent attacks day and night while struggling through them, had resorted to all kinds of defence, and yet at every curve of this fearful river the yells of the savages broke loud upon our ears, the snake-like canoes darted forward to the attack, while the drums and horns and shouts raised a fierce and



THE FIGHT BELOW THE CONFLUENCE OF THE ARUWIMI AND THE LIVINGSTONE RIVERS.

bright, cheerful face, and sang the following :

Brightly gleams our banner,  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wanderers onward  
To their home on high.

Journeying o'er the desert,  
Gladly thus we pray,  
And with hands united  
Take our heavenward way.

"How do you like this, sir?" he asked :

My God, my Father, while I stray,  
Far from my home, in life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done.

Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,

"He responded by singing :

Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before."

And in this spirit the brave fellow marched on to his death. Not long after, June 3rd, 1877, in shooting the rapids of Massassa, his canoe was wrecked, he was engulfed in the eddies, and his comrades never saw him again. Stanley's grief was intense. "In my troubles," he writes, "his face was my cheer ; his English voice recalled me to my aims, and out of his brave, bold heart he uttered in my own language words of comfort to my thirsty ears.