

Yet their reports have already made a strong impression on the minds of our blacks. They are already trembling with fear. On the day that we propose to begin our journey, we shall have no expedition.

"On the other hand, I am confident that—if I am able to leave Nyangwe with the expedition intact, and to place a breadth of wild country between our party and the Arab depot, I shall be able to make men of them. There is good stuff, heroic qualities, in them; but we must get free from the Arabs, or they will be very soon demoralized. It is for this purpose I am negotiating with Tippu-Tib. If I can arrange with him, and leave Nyangwe without the dreadful loss we experienced at Ujiji, I feel sure that I can inspire my men to dare anything with me.

"The difficulty of transport, again, is enormous. We may not obtain canoes. Livingstone could not. Cameron failed. But we might come across a tribe which would sell their canoes. We have sufficient stores to last a long time, and I shall purchase more at Nyangwe. If the natives will not sell, we can make our own canoes, if we possess a sufficient number of axes to set all hands at work.

"Now, what I wish you to tell me, Frank, is your opinion as to what we ought to do."

Frank's answer was ready.

"I say, 'Go on, sir.'"

"Think well, my dear fellow. Don't be hasty. Life and death hang on our decision. Don't you think we could explore to the east of Cameron's road?"

"But there is nothing like this great river, sir."

"Yet, my friend, think yet again. Look at all these faithful fellows, whose lives depend on our word; think of our own, for we are yet young and strong, and active. Why should we throw them away for a barren honour; or, if we succeed, have every word we said doubted and carpied at, and our motives misconstrued by malicious minds, who dis'ort everything to our injury?"

"Yet, if you think of it, Frank, this great river, which Livingstone first saw, and which broke his heart almost to turn away from and leave a mystery, is a noble field, too. Fancy, by-and-by, after buying or building canoes, our floating down the river day by day, either to the Nile or to some vast lake in the far north, or to the Congo, and the Atlantic Ocean! Think what a benefit our journey will be to Africa! Steamers from the mouth of the Congo to Lake Benba, and to all the great rivers which run into it!"

"I say, sir, let us toss up: best two out of three to decide it."

"Toss away. Here is a rupee."

"Heads for the north, and the Luabala, tails for the south, and Katanga."

And he tossed, and heads won

"We'll face our destiny," I said. "With your help, my dear fellow, I will follow the river."

"Mr. Stanley, have no fear of me. I shall stand by you. The last words of my dear old father were: 'Stick by your master.' And there is my hand, sir. You shall never have cause to doubt me!"

"Good! I shall go on, then. I will finish this contract with Tippu-Tib, for the Wangwama, on seeing him accompany us, will, perhaps, be willing to follow me. We may also recruit others at Nyangwe. And then, if the natives will allow peaceful passage through their countries, so much the better. If not, our duty says: 'Go on.'"

The next morning, being the 24th October, the expedition left in high spirits. The good effect of the contract with Tippu-Tib had already brought us recruits, for on the road I saw several strange faces

of men, who, on our arrival at the first camp, Marimbu—eleven miles north-west from Mwana Mamba—appeared before my tent, and craved to be permitted to follow us. They received an advance in cloth, and their names were entered on the muster-list of the expedition at the same rate of pay as the others.

Tippu-Tib arrived at Nyangwe on the 2nd November, with nearly 700 men. On the 4th November the expedition were mustered, and we ascertained that they numbered 146; and that we possessed the following arms: Sniders, 29; percussion-lock muskets, 32; Winchesters, 2; double-barrelled guns, 2; revolvers, 10; axes, 68. The enormous force that Tippu-Tib brought quite encouraged them; and when I asked them if they were ready to make good their promise to me at Zanzibar, they replied unanimously in the affirmative.

"Then to-night, my friends," said I, "you will pack up your goods, and to-morrow morning, at the first hour, let me see you in line before my house, ready to start."

What a forbidding aspect had the Dark Unknown which confronted us! I could not comprehend in the least what lay before us. The object of the desperate journey is to flash a torch of light across the western half of the Dark Continent. A thousand things may transpire to prevent the accomplishment of our purpose. Hunger, disease, and savage hostility may crush us. Perhaps, after all, the difficulties may daunt us; but our hopes run high, and our purpose is lofty. Then, in the name of God, let us set on, and, as he pleases, so let him rule our destinies!

The nature of our experiences through the forest may be gathered by reading the following entries in my journal:—

"Our expedition is no longer the compact column which was my pride. It is utterly demoralized. Every man scrambles as he best may through the woods. The path, being over a clayey soil, is so slippery that every muscle is employed to assist our progress. The toes grasp the path, the heads bear the load, the hand clears the obstructing bush, the elbows put aside the sapling. My boat bearers are utterly wearied out. The constant slush and reek which the heavy dews caused in the forest had worn my shoes out, and half of the march I travelled with naked feet. I had then to draw out of my store my last pair of shoes. Frank was already using his last pair. Yet we were still in the very centre of the continent. What should we do when all was gone? was a question which we asked of each other often."

At Wane-Kirumbu we found a large native forge and smithy, where there were about a dozen smiths busily at work. The iron ore is very pure. The bellows for the smelting furnace are four in number, double-handled, and manned by four men, who, by a quick up-and-down motion, supply a powerful blast, the noise of which is heard nearly half a mile from the scene. The furnace consisted of tamped clay, raised into a mound about four feet high. The art of the blacksmith is of a high standard in these forests, considering the loneliness of the inhabitants.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE Will came into the house with his head hanging down. "What is the matter with my boy?" said his mother. Will said not a word, but his head went down still lower. He had been naughty, and was ashamed to look up. Ah, Will, it is better to do right, and then you will not fear to look the great smiling sun in the face!

### "Like John."

"How much a kindly word can do!"  
Shall I tell you what two did,  
And how the story of one lad's life  
In two little words was hid?

Now Mike was only a poor street boy,  
And hungry, too, I ween,  
When the sorrowful look of his soft brown eyes  
By dear little Kitty was seen.  
"Here's bread for you, you poor, poor boy,  
And a cake with sugar on;  
And I think perhaps I'll give you a kiss,  
For you're so like my brother John.  
And John's the best—my, you know,  
That ever could be, and I love him so."

Mike's eyes shone out. Of the village lads—  
And he knew them every one—  
The veriest hero among them all,  
He thought, was this "brother John."  
"Am I like you?—like a boy who lives  
In a great house on the hill!  
I would give my life to be like you!"  
John laughed: "You can, if you will."  
So John with his tutor grand and grim  
Studied from day to day;  
And little Mike kept pace with him  
In the schoolhouse dark and gray.  
Then John, as a business man to be,  
Entered his father's store;  
And Mike went too, the chores to do,  
Run errands and tend the door.

Then Jack went forward to sell the goods,  
And Mike had letters to write,  
Till side by side with courage high  
They worked from morn till night.  
For ever and aye what Jack would do  
There Mike must follow on,  
For dearer and dearer the motto grew,  
"I must always be 'like John.'"

Yes, boys, a hero is what we want—  
A hero good and true,  
Who knows the path and will light the way  
And show us what to do.  
Some day, when Mike is a merchant prince,  
And is asked how success is won,  
He will smile and say, "I found the way,  
By trying to be 'like John.'"

### Teach Your Boys.

TEACH them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common-school education, with common sense, is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good, honest trade—well mastered—is worth a dozen beggarly "professions."

Teach them that honesty is the best policy; that it is better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of "crooked whiskey;" and point your precept by the examples of those who are now suffering the torments of the doomed.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak ones.

Teach them, by your example, that smoking in moderation—though the least of vices to which men are heirs—is disgusting to others and hurtful to themselves.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is.

Teach them that God is no respecter of the sex, and that when he gave the seventh commandment, he meant it for them as well as their sisters.

Teach them that, by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst form of dissipation, they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls.—Selected.