

ceased their furious demonstrations. We then informed them that we would have nothing to say to such wild people, who at the sight of strangers showed such foolish fury.

On the 31st we arrived at Ujiji, after an absence of fifty-one days, during which time we had sailed, without disaster or illness, a distance of over eight hundred and ten miles. The entire coast line of the Tanganika is about nine hundred and thirty miles.

The cheery view of the port lent strength to our arms. An animating boat-song was struck up, the sounds of which—carried far on the shore—announced that a proud, joyous crew was returning homeward. Our Wangwana hurry to the beach to welcome us. The usual congratulations follow—hand-shaking, smiles, and expressions. Frank, however, is pale and sickly; a muffer is round his neck, and he wears a greatcoat. He looks very different from the strong, hearty man, to whom I gave the charge of the camp during my absence. In a few words he informs me of his sufferings from the fever of Ujiji

"I am so glad you have come, sir. I was beginning to feel very depressed. I have been down several times with severe attacks of the horrible fever; and people are dying round me so fast that I was beginning to think I must soon die too. Now I am all right, and shall soon get strong again."

The news, when told to me in detail, was grievous. Five of our Wangwana were dead from small-pox. Among the Arab slaves—neither inoculated nor vaccinated—the mortality had been excessive from this fearful pest. At Rosako, I had foreseen some such event as this, and had vaccinated, as I had thought, all hands; but it transpired, on inquiry now, that there were several who had not responded to the call, through some silly prejudice against it. The Arabs were dismayed at the pest, and its dreadful havoc among their families and slaves. Every house was full of mourning and woe. The mortality was now from fifty to seventy-five daily, among a population of about three thousand. Frank had been assiduous in his assistance to our friends. He had elevated himself in their opinion by his devotion and sympathy, until sickness had laid its heavy hand on him.

To escape the effect of the epidemic, it was necessary to move and resume our journey westward. The Wangwana were therefore ordered to prepare, and my last letters were written; but, though I hoped to be ready on the 17th to strike camp, I was attacked by a serious fever. This delayed me until the evening of the 25th.

When on the morning of the 25th August, the drum and bugle announced that our travels were to be resumed, I had cause to congratulate myself that I had foreseen that many desertions would take place, and that I was prepared in a measure for it, having discarded many superfluities. But I was not prepared to hear that thirty-eight men had deserted. I was also told by some of the chiefs of the expedition, who were almost beside themselves with fear, that this wholesale desertion threatened an entire and complete dissolution of our force; that many more would desert *en route* to Kabogo, as the people were demoralized by the prospect of being eaten by Manyema cannibals. As neither Frank nor I relished the idea of being compelled to return to Zanzibar before we had obtained a view of the Lualaba, I mustered as many as would answer to their names, and, out of these, selecting such as appeared unstable and flighty, I secured thirty-two, and surrounded our house with guards.

After preparing the canoes, and getting the boat

ready, those who did not bear a good character for firmness and fidelity, were conducted under guard to the transport canoes. Out of the one hundred and thirty-two men of whom the expedition now consisted, only thirty were entrusted with guns, as my faith in the stability of the Wangwana was utterly destroyed, despite their protestations to the contrary. I could afford to lose weak, fearful, and unworthy men, but I could not afford to lose one gun. Though we had such a show of strength left, I was only too conscious that there were barely forty reliable and effective in a crisis, or in the presence of danger; the rest were merely useful as bearers of burdens, or porters. Four others soon after also deserted.

(To be continued.)

Every Eye Shall See Him.

THE Bible tells about the request of Moses to see the glory of God. It gives also his reply: "Thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see me and live."

The glory of God is so great that no man could look upon it. And yet there are many people who speak very lightly of him; using his name profanely, or irreverently—even blaspheming in the most daring manner. If they realized the solemn truth which God declared to Moses, surely they would not speak and act in this manner.

The Emperor Trajan once said to Rabbi Joshua: "You say that your God is everywhere, and you boast that he dwells especially in your nation (the Jews). Show me your God."

"God is everywhere," answered the rabbi, "but he cannot be seen. No mortal eye can behold his glory."

The Emperor still insisted that the rabbi show him his God.

"Well, come and look first on one of his ambassadors."

The Emperor assented.

Out, under the noonday sun—which was shining very brightly—the rabbi led the Emperor, and bade him look upon the sun.

"I cannot," said the Emperor; "it blinds my eyes."

"Thou canst not bear the light of one of God's creations and servants; how, now, couldest thou behold his face and live?"

When you are next inclined to speak lightly or profanely of God, I ask you to go forth and look upon the face of the sun, and remember this is only one of the ten thousand servants of this kind which he has created by the word of his power. Remember, too, that you shall one day behold their Creator, and shall answer for all your words and deeds. Every word you speak is in the hearing of his excellent majesty. Every act you perform is under his eye. Should not our words and deeds, therefore, be carefully ordered before him?

This thought has a most joyous, as well as a solemn side, to his own children. The Lord Jesus wants to prepare us for an eternal dwelling in the presence of God. We cannot now see him and live. But if we have faith in him, and are faithful to him; if his grace is at work in our hearts—then he is preparing us for standing forever in his presence. "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

A CERTAIN little fellow has a very lively tongue, and recently, when guests were to be at the table, his elder brother bribed him with a nickel to be still. After ten minutes of silence, the little boy whispered: "Arthur—Arthur—mayn't I talk a cent's worth?"

Bridget McFlinn in the Alley.

BY FANNIE BOLTON.

"I wint down the alley," said Bridget McFlinn, "And a poor place it was for me fate to be in; For the glimpse that I got of the people's back doors, Of the ashes and palens and babes on the floor, Of the men wid the pipes sending up sich a smoke, Ye'd think that the pigs and the poultry might choke. And the smell of the place, and the oaths and the din, Sure the angels would never be made to come in, Since it even disgusted poor Bridget McFlinn."

"Oh! the looks of thim windows, wid niver a blind To kape out the glances of eyes too unkind. Sure I saw at one window, forgivin' the dirt, A woman and child weepin' there wid a hurt, And a scared face it was pressed so close to the pane, Wid the tears streamin' down like the thick drops of rain; And a man wid a face all discoloured and big, Wid not more intelligence there than a pig."

"And the cries of the childer, and looks of thim all— Sure there's nothing more certain to me than the fall. Ough! even the childer were stained, and so wild Wid the sin of the fathers, the looks of a child Was gone from each brow, and a bad look instead Jist fell on me heart like a piece of hot lead. And I thought, perhaps, to wash thim within and without Wid some pure running water, would change thim about; Wid the filth is so deep that I prayed in despair, While me tears began falling to ease me heart's care."

"But at last up the alley I saw the saloon— The plague of the alley—I thought I should swoon. The odours breathed out like the hot mouth of hell And the childer went dipping their jugs in its well, And coming and running, and sipping and blinking, I saw the whole alley were given to drinking. And out of that reservoir, filthy with sin, Flowed the rivers of fire that entered widin Every home, every heart, every soul in the place, And I pointed and cried, 'There's the fount of disgrace!'"

"Ough! the laughter, and wailing, and cursing rose up, As they drank the vile dregs of each sin-poisoned cup. There were tears of mad hearts in thim sobs of despair, There was even the blood of poor souls mingled there; And they roared and they cursed, and they laughed, as I know

The demons of murder and hate laugh at woe, And I ran from the alley and the hot breath of sin, As if demons were after," said Bridget McFlinn.

To Boys Concerning Business.

BE on hand promptly in the morning at your place of business, and make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully every duty.

Be respectful to your employers, and to all in authority over you; and be polite to everyone. Politeness costs nothing, and it will help you wonderfully in getting on in the world.

And, above all, be honest and truthful. The boy who starts in life with a sound mind in a sound body; who falls into no bad habits; who is honest, truthful, and industrious; who remembers with grateful love his father and mother; and who does not grow away from his church and Sabbath-school, has qualities of mind and heart that will insure him success to a remarkable degree, even though he is endowed with only ordinary mental capacity; for honour, truth, and industry are more than genius.

Don't be foppish in your dress, and don't buy anything before you have the money to pay for it; and do not buy what you CAN pay for but do not need.

Shun billiard saloons and bad company; and be careful how you spend the evenings.

Cultivate a taste for reading, and read only good books. With a love for reading, you will find in books friends ever true, and full of cheer in time of gloom, and sweet companionship for lonely hours. Other friends may grow cold, and forsake you, but books are always the same.

And in closing, boys, I would say again, that with truth, honesty, and industry, and a living faith in God, you will succeed.—Selected.