

In Darkest Africa.

A Wonderful Story of Daring Adventure.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE BOOK TO BE GIVEN IN THE BEE PRIZE ESSAY COMPETITION.

Mr. Stanley's book 'In Darkest Africa' has now been before the public for some weeks. The glamor inseparable from the first telling of the story of such achievements as those of its author has to some extent worn off. Stanley has not ceased to be a hero, but the first great burst of enthusiasm which welcomed him from the heart of Darkest Africa with his marvellous narrative of heroism and privation, treachery and death, fever and famine, giant forests and pigmy men and women, has sunk into a gentler expression of admiring approbation, with a dash of criticism here and there not wholly eulogistic of the literary portion of the great explorer's performances. It is not surprising that the book should contain evidences of the haste by which it was written. Its English is frequently inclined to be slipshod, and still more frequently it is decidedly inelegant, and the reader cannot help regretting that the author did not, by the bestowal of a little more time upon his literary work, bring it to as complete and successful an issue as he did his quest in Africa. The world longer for a book that should have been written with a view to giving it a permanent, not a fleeting value. We must not be too critical, however. Mr. Stanley is a man of action, resolute, rapid and energetic, and these characteristics at least are faithfully portrayed in his book. If a little conceit and a good deal of egotism also find their way into the book the author must be forgiven. It is human nature only, and, after all, most men would be vainly than Stanley if they stood in Stanley's shoes.

HOW IT WAS WRITTEN.

The circumstances under which the book was written are very graphically set forth by Edward Marston, its publisher, in this month's Scribner. He says:—On Mr. Stanley's arrival in Cairo he immediately telegraphed to me, inviting me to pay him a visit there with a view to forward the progress of the great work he had in hand; and he suggested that I should bring an artist with me. I need not say that I accepted the invitation with the greatest possible pleasure. I arrived at Cairo at 3 o'clock on the morning of my 66th birthday. I think it may be looked upon as an almost unique thing in the history of authors and publishers for a publisher to be invited to travel so far to give practical assistance to an author in the preparation of his manuscript. The truth, however, was that a great book had to be written within a certain period of time, and if not completed by that time there was every chance that it would never be completed at all. To attain this end Mr. Stanley has very wisely decided not to proceed home, where to write his book in peace and quietness was out of the question; while in Egypt there was a possibility of comparative seclusion.

And they are better told still by Stanley himself at the close of his second volume:—

After arriving at Cairo on the 16th of January, 1890, and delivering the 260 refugees to the Egyptian authorities, I sought a retired house wherein I might proceed to write this record of three years' experiences. In Darkest Africa, and the story of our quest, rescue and retreat of Emin, the Governor of Equatoria. I discovered such a house in the Villa Victoria, and on January 25th I seized my pen to do a day's work. But I knew not how to begin. Like Elihu my memory was full of matter and I desired to write that I might be refreshed; but there was no vent. My right hand had forgotten its cunning and the art of composition was lost by long disuse. Wherefore, putting firm restraints against the crowds of reminiscences that clamored for issue, I let slip one after another with painful deliberation into the light, and thus, while one day my pen would fairly race over the paper at the rate of nine folios an hour, at other times it could scarcely frame 100 words. But finally, after 50 days' close labor, in obedience to an irresistible impulse, I have succeeded in reaching this page, 903, of foolscap manuscript. Besides writing 400 letters and about 100 telegrams, and am compelled from overweariness to beg the reader's permission to conclude.

After reading the above, after all, one feels inclined rather to wonder that Stanley did his work so well than that there are flaws in it.

THE IRRITABILITY OF GENIUS.

Mr. Marston bears lightly on some of Mr. Stanley's failings, attributed them to the irritability of genius, as for instance:—

Nothing worried him more than a tap at the door while he was writing; he sometimes glared even upon me like a tiger ready to spring, although I was of necessity a frequent and privileged intruder, and always with a view to forwarding the work in hand. He was a perfect terror to his courier and black boy. When his courier knocked tremblingly at his door, he would cry out, "Am

I a prisoner in my own house?" "I've brought you this telegram, sir." "Well, I detest telegrams; why do you persist in bringing them?" "Sally, the black boy who travelled with him through his long and perilous expedition, is a youth of some resource. Until this terrible book had got into his master's brain he had been accustomed to free access to him at all hours, but now things were different; every time he approached the den the least thing he expected was that the inkstand would be thrown at his head. He no longer ventured therein. One day he originated a new way of saving his head; he had a telegram to deliver, so he ingeniously fixed it on the end of a long bamboo, and getting the door just ajar he poked it into the room and bolted.

To say that the book is one of intense interest, in spite of some manifest defects, is to state the case very mildly. The reader follows every movement of the expedition with the most eager attention. From the record of the first day's march down to Stanley's farewell to his brother officers at the close of the second volume not a fact is set down but has its own special interest. The trivial incidents recorded of daily life often do more than anything else to remind the reader that these things are of the last quarter of the nineteenth century and not of the middle ages. The dreadful experiences of the expedition at Starvation Camp, the many weeks of weary march through the densest of African forests, the inroads of death, disease and desertion upon the numbers of those who started from Zanzibar, the treachery of Tippoo Tib, the fatal resolution of Barttelot and the consequent misfortunes of the rear column, the bitter disappointment at not at first finding Emin Pasha on the southern shore of the Nyanza, the weary retracing of steps, the final encounter with Emin and the journey back to Zanzibar all crowd upon each other so closely that the thoughts of the reader have no time to wander. There is some natural disappointment at the discovery of the

TRUE CHARACTER OF DR. EMIN.

Stanley himself experienced it to a considerable degree. The rescued Governor of Equatoria was not a second Gordon by any means. He was a student rather than a soldier, a naturalist rather than a statesman, and seems to have given Stanley endless trouble that the explorer had not anticipated, in consequence. It must strike the reader occasionally as a curious fact that the two principals in this expedition to the Equator for the rescue of an Egyptian satrap should belong to the new world, being respectively a man bred, though not born, in the United States, and a Canadian; for nobody who reads 'In Darkest Africa,' can doubt that Lieut. Stairs was Stanley's right-hand man throughout. The explorer refers to him invariably in terms of the warmest affection and appreciation, and Stairs' pluck, zeal and faith in his chief are as marked characteristics of the book as are the resolution, hopefulness, energy and activity of Stanley himself. These things make the book of special interest to Canadians. Stanley has his dark moments, however. They came upon him now and then in the great forest.

Al! it was a sad sight, unutterably sad, to see so many men struggling blindly through that endless forest, following one white man who was bound whither none knew, whom most believed did not know himself. They were in a veritable hell of hunger already. What nameless horrors awaited them further on none could conjecture. We regretted that our followers did not have greater faith in us. Hunger followed by despair, killed many. Many freely expressed their thoughts, and I declared to one another plainly that we knew not whither we were marching. And they were not far wrong, for who knew what a day might bring forth in unexplored depths of woods. But, as they said, it was their fate to follow us and therefore they followed fate. They had fared badly and had suffered greatly. It is hard to walk at all when weakness sets in through emphysema; it is still worse to do so when burdened with 60 pounds weight. Over 50 were yet in fair condition; 150 were skeletons covered with ashy grey skins, jaded and worn out, with every sign of wretchedness printed deep in their eyes, in their bodies and movements. These could hardly do more than creep on and moan and shed tears and sigh.

Stanley's closing words—a farewell to his companions—are worth quoting:—

Good night, oh, my companions! May honors such as you deserve be showered upon you. To the warm hearts of your companions I consign you should hood or upon your loyalty or honor within these pages, the record of your faithfulness during a period which I doubt will never be excelled for its gloom and hopelessness, will be found to show with what noble fortitude you bore all. Good night Stairs, Jephson, Nelson, Parke, and you, Bonny—a long good night to you all.

The Canadian edition of Mr. Stanley's book has been published by the Presbyterian News Co., of Toronto, being a reproduction of that of Messrs. Scribner, New York. It contains two steel engravings and 150 illustrations and maps in two volumes, and is printed in a manner to reflect the highest credit on the publishers.

LOVE OF HUMANITY.

Written for THE BEE.

All men are brothers, believe it not if you wish, resent it if you will, deny it if you can, the grand truth still stands sublimely. All the teaching of the ex-race, the proud bearing of aristocracy, the chilling disdain of the haughty, the grievous oppression of the great, the cruel wrongs man would inflict on his brother man, would fain deny this fact or crush it down from their sight and trample it under their feet, but it is truth and truth must prevail. Every day sees this love for brother growing or expanding in the heart. Earth's noblest and best are all crying with that great woman whose large heart beats in sympathy with prince and peasant, with the pure and impure, with the virtuous and the vicious. "Oh may I be to other souls the cup of strength in some great agony." What grander aim can we conceive in life than to be our brother's helper? What higher joy than to inspire him with new courage to struggle on hopefully to the great goal of the human? We stand side by side with him in the race; dare we turn aside and gaze on him with coldness and contempt? He hastens along through the same thorny way, the same passions grind his soul. Do they conquer him? The greater need for our sympathy and help, the greater reason why our hand should clasp his and our strength should be imparted to renew all the nobler aspirations of his immortal nature and fight forth again the sturdy resolutions of manhood. See! the same cares harass his life, the same narrow bed awaits his frame, the same fearful journey into the unknown awes his heart. Why let him know that want of human sympathy which is death in life? Why force him to carry in his heart to the grave the remembrance of your indifference, coldness and scorn? Were our lives filled with this love of humanity the despairing cry of the human soul "Is life worth living" would not be wrung from our hearts in this house of solitude and reflection. The blessings we would reap would repay us more than a hundred-fold. There are none of human sympathy, none whose hearts have not been cheered in some of life's dark passages, by a kind word or a not felt glowing glance, none who have not been grateful to some benefactor, none who have not caught an inspiration from the depths of some other nature which filled them with new life and gave them new power to struggle onward and upward. Have you never felt when you read the words of others which gave you fresh strength and resolution, a pang of envy for their influence and power followed by an intense longing to do something also for the benefit of mankind—a desire which craved even the meanest opportunity to prove its sincerity? But how often these feelings pass away and our love for humanity becomes an abstraction, and we, surrounded by countless opportunities of showing its power ignore them all in the pursuit of some ideal. He who would do great deeds must never despise the little things. Progress, be it social, moral or spiritual, must ever be made step by step even as the lofty ladder is climbed by those who planting their feet on the lowest round and ascend round by round. None of us can leap to manhood or womanhood at one stride nor can we in reality love humanity in abstract if we despise it in the concrete. How do you regard that statesman who talks eloquently of the elevation of the masses and yet hesitates to grasp with his greasy fingers the hand of the laborer; that orator who proclaims "All can be born free and equal" and yet shirks from contact with any but an exclusive few, those men and women whose confess that all men are brothers and yet talk contemptuously of the common people, the vulgar crowd? Do you think that these love humanity? Not in the true and noble sense, for true love does not despise, it respects the meanest. It would find in the most degraded some redeeming feature, its pity would fathom depths in that soul that sin had even barred more effectually from the sunlight and it would provide the power that such unbowed love and sympathy has to elevate the human race. This love of humanity calls on us to strive to make ourselves purer and nobler. It will renew and perfect and beautify our characters once its influence permeates our souls but it calls to its shrine single-hearted men and women, who would scorn to sacrifice their brothers' welfare to their own selfish ends and sinful passions. Could the miser, the drunkard, the vicious, the bank defrauder, the swindler, the shunderer, the robber and the murderer stand there, their presence itself would condemn them and stamp their pretensions as the vilest hypocrisy. Would you help that in his ignorance must be powerful and good. Would you stamp your creed to the world with this foul blot, then you care not in your heart how your character influences others; you care not what an example you set your fellow men, you deny by your life that love for your brother that you proclaim with your lips. If we would be true to our fellow beings we must, above all, be true to ourselves—the second requires and demands the first and the first proclaims and perfects the second. Of what value is that love that seeks for

its own pleasure only? How worthless it appears viewed beside that sublime love which is so pure that it is happy in the happiness of others alone. Selfishness is one of the strongest enemies that besiege the human soul. When we arrived at the years of discretion we find it has full possession of the citadel; then begins a fierce conflict with this tyrant which will never end till our tired hearts cease to beat. Would you have a strong armor for this warfare? Then take this love of humanity. It inspired the labors of St. Paul, the zeal of John Howard, the tenderness of S. Martin, the sacrifice of Bishop Selwyn, the self-devotion of Florence Nightingale, the denunciations of Wm. Wilberforce and the affections of a host of others whose whole lives were an offering upon the altar of their brother's needs. These lives speak to us and to the world of the purpose purged from every selfish taint and proclaimed to those who struggle in the coils of selfishness, to those with whom self is the motive power of all their actions, that the victory has been, can be, and will be won again and again. Characters like these have made the whole world glow with their enthusiasm. Others have caught the inspiration and swelled the notes of their watchword till the whole world has resounded with the glorious cry and their influence is never fully realized till we peer into the dark avenues of the past with the glorious light of the present. No! The full conviction of with this divine love for brothers whose fruit is the God-like spirit of self-sacrifice never bursts upon our hearts till we review the past and view ages in which the highest desire was a thirst for blood and the aged, miserable and helpless were left to perish uncared for and abused, in which scores of unconscious innocents were strangled or thrown upon the streets to die and thousands upon thousands of cultured men and women glutted their insane desire for pleasure on the cruel horrors of the bloody arena; in which the wretched convict bowed down with chains toiled slave beat out his miserable existence in a vain struggle for the prized liberty; in which the light of all ages when war is considered barbarous and cruel, our cities are dotted with hospitals, educational institutes for the blind, deaf and dumb, homes of refuge for the aged, homeless, helpless, ruined and incurable; grand educational systems are sweeping away ignorance, vice, superstition, in which slavery is a thing almost unknown and statesmen are taxing their abilities to give equal rights and liberties to all while heroic men and women are giving all their time and talents to relieve the suffering and distressed. Black indeed was the pall that hung over the world's history till from the lips of that commanding I give unto you that ye love one another" and again "Love your enemies" Do good to them that hate you." These words were the power that rent the veil of Jewish bigotry; they were the words that rolled back the curtain of darkness that brooded over the middle ages; and they are the strong bonds that are ever binding together more closely the children of the great family whose father loves its every member with an infinite tenderness. All nature proclaims to us the great Creator's care and love. The budding trees, the blooming flowers, the ripening fields, the bubbling streams, the soaring mountains, and the sparkling heaven all tell us of his tender solicitude for his creatures. Can it be that this love echoes not from heart to heart of those who share its bounty? Is it possible that those who daily enjoy its gifts respond to its sweet notes with the jarring discords of bitter intolerance and deadly hatred? The annals of bloody wars, the horrors of the Inquisition, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the groans of slavery, the writhings of the sensitive and the distressing cries of the wronged appeal our hearts with their answer and we would fain hide our heads and cloak our faces when we see the aged sneered at, the infirm jostled aside in the race, the poorly clad shunned, the weary laborer despised, the fallen and wretched scorned and the rude jests, the buffeted by coarse, reflected from the hearts of those who recoil from their poor brothers and sisters their lips pressing the words "Our Circle" and "Our Set." Where are the very place where they kneel and pray for all sorts and conditions of men gather up their draperies and shrink from the luckless stranger who has strayed into their pew or turn upon him the cold inquisitive glance which shows him too plainly that his presence is regarded as the most unpardonable intrusion. What shall we say of an age enjoying the light and privileges of the boasted nineteenth century when society fondles and caresses all sizes and varieties of unsightly pugs while the homeless waifs seek nightly shelter on the hungry Arabs' creep through the alleys of London crying for the food they fail to receive? How shall we answer when we thread our way through crowded workshops of when we climb the crowded staircase and peer into the wretched attic where the starving seamstress stitches her life away in the vain struggle for the bare necessities of life while there is fresh in our memories the vision of the magnificent residence and the gorgeous carriage of the millionaire who grinds down all classes with his huge

monopolies? Reflections such as these force us to bow our heads and exclaim with the poet Burns "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Yes, it vies with Death in the sore and bleeding. Though we grant that civilization has improved the masses, that commerce has linked the interest of every nation and every language, that Christianity has carried the lamp of love and light into the blackest and foulest retreats of vice and error, yet we are forced to acknowledge that multitudes are bowing down before their fetich self and offering all the wealth of body, mind and soul upon its altars. Let us ask ourselves "What do we owe to humanity?" and this question cannot be answered by pointing to occasional offerings for the relief of want and suffering but our lives should be lived striving to do others good. May we ever, by thought ward and deed shed forth in our daily lives the light of this love of humanity and thus hasten with the Divine truth of universal brotherhood that all ranks of society from the nobility to the mud-sill will echo in one grand chorus through ending ages Robert Browning's soul-stirring inspiration: "Let thrones press them to me; Up and down amid men heart by heart Welcome squallid vesture, harsh voice, hateful face; God is soul, souls I and thou With souls should souls have place!"

Wedding Bells.

One of those pleasing social events that never fails to awaken a lively interest amongst young people took place at the residence of the bride's mother, Brussels, on Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, the contracting parties being John Pelton, of Atwood, and Miss Maggie McBain, of Brussels. The ceremony was duly solemnized by Rev. John Ross, B. A. After the usual congratulations were showered upon this happy couple by the invited guests, comprised of near relatives and intimate friends of the groom and bride, to the number of about twenty, they drove to their new home in Atwood. The wedding gifts were costly, beautiful and useful. From our personal acquaintance with the bride we congratulate our cousin upon winning the hand, and of course the heart, of a young lady, possessing so many estimable qualities, which will no doubt endear her to our people. Mr. Pelton has had erected and nicely furnished a neat, cosy brick residence in which to receive his bride, and as far as the human can comprehend a bright and happy future awaits them. Our warmest wish is that they may have a bon voyage on the tranquil waters of wedded bliss.

Stratford Presbytery.

Stratford Presbytery held its ordinary meeting in the Presbyterian church, Millbank, on Monday, the 8th inst., at 2:30 p. m. There was a small attendance of members, owing chiefly to the fact that the funeral of the late Mrs. McPherson, wife of Rev. T. McPherson, of Stratford, took place that afternoon, and many members of Presbytery were attending it. The moderator, Rev. J. W. Cameron, occupied the chair, and after the meeting had been duly constituted, and the minutes of two preceding meetings read and sustained, it was moved by Rev. A. Henderson, and seconded by Rev. J. Kay, and unanimously agreed that in consideration of the recent bereavement of Rev. T. McPherson and the funeral of his late wife, Presbytery adjourn till the evening of 7:30. On reassembling at 7:30 p. m., Rev. A. T. Tully, of Mitchell, and Clerk of Presbytery, opened the conference by giving an able and interesting address of nearly an hour on "Systematic Giving," in which he gave prominence to the importance and necessity of giving in order to the maintenance and extension of the Kingdom of Christ; the duty and privilege of giving; the Scripture rule of giving—weekly and as God has given prosperity; the manner of giving; conscientiously, continuously, cheerfully and in a Christ-like way; and the rewards of giving, approval of conscience, increased ability to give, and the approbation of Jesus. All the ministers present and some of the elders took part in the conference, and there was a good attendance of the congregation. Mr. Tully received the thanks of the Presbytery for his address, and he was also requested to have it published. Consideration of Rev. T. McPherson's resignation of the treasurer's account of his absence. The committee appointed on the levying of rates had no report ready and said committee was continued. Mr. Hamilton had allotted to the various congregations within the bounds of the Presbytery the several amounts to be contributed by them to the Home Mission and Augmentation Funds, and was instructed to send notice of these amounts to all concerned. Revs. Messrs. Hamilton and Campbell, of Listowel, were appointed a committee to prepare a resolution of Christian sympathy and condolence on behalf of Presbytery and present it to Rev. T. McPherson in the affliction with which God has visited him in the death of his wife. Presbytery meets again in Stratford, Nov. 11th.