

they are heroes—these poor, ignorant children of Africa, for, from the first deadly struggle in savage Ituru to the last staggering rush into Embomma, they had rallied to my voice like veterans, and in the hour of need they had never failed me. And thus, aided by their willing hands and by their loyal hearts, the expedition had been successful, and the three great problems of the Dark Continent's geography had been fairly solved.

## LAUS DEO.

NOTE.—From the New York *Christian Advocate* we quote the following on the present state of the results of Stanley's great discovery, recorded in previous numbers of HOME AND SCHOOL:—

"When Stanley descended the great Congo, which he re-christened the Livingstone, a few years ago, it was considered the greatest feat ever accomplished by an African traveller. Now, a path-way, extending nearly fifteen hundred miles across the continent, is open to travel and trade. Four steamers, under the auspices of the African International Association of Belgium, ply on the river. Three occupy the navigable waters between the cataracts around which Mr. Stanley has built good roads, below Stanley Pool, which is about three hundred and fifty miles from the coast; and one is for the navigation of the stream above the Pool—a magnificent stretch of one thousand miles being open to it. From Stanley Pool to the coast, many trading and missionary stations have been established, and colonies are growing up around them: and the journey to the Pool, which the English Baptist missionaries made a year or two ago, with the greatest danger and difficulty, will soon become as common as the trip up the Nile to the Second Cataract.

"Mr. Stanley's mission is an international one. He is opening the way to the interior, not for Belgium, whose sovereign has generously assisted the enterprise from his own private purse to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars; not for Germany, not for England, but for the world. It is a noble, a humane, a generous undertaking; designed to develop trade, introduce civilization, advance science, let Christianity into the heart of savage heathendom, and relieve human oppression and degradation."

On the Congo, Bishop Taylor has established his "Self-supporting Mission." A vast region has been created the Free State of the Congo.—Stanley's noblest monument.

THE END.

## How to Succeed.

BY ERASTUS WIMAN.\*

THE boy who reads these lines can make or unmake his future. He wants to be a useful, successful, honourable man? He does not want to be a failure. How can he accomplish the first? How can he avoid the last?

Each boy when he begins to consider questions like these, may just as well come to the conclusion that the serious period of life is beginning. It won't do to trifle. All through life we need to shake ourselves up now and again, and ask, "Whither are we drifting?" And boys especially need to do so.

Their great misfortune is that they drift too easily, too unconsciously. There are millions of boys in this great land who do not know what they are going to be. Time glides by, and nothing is done to prepare for the great struggle that is impending. True, the school is in a measure a train-

\* Mr. Wiman was a Canadian boy who has become very successful in business.

ing; the learning acquired is a great help, and the discipline is useful. But everybody ought to have some special fitness for the future, other than that which the school affords.

An over-educated boy is generally a great nuisance. He relies too much on school lore, and too little on the knowledge which a school cannot give him. A boy that is not sufficiently educated, however, is always at fault. But whether he be over-educated, or under-educated, he must if he is to succeed at all, have perseverance, industry and energy. These are things that cannot be bought, however rich his father may be. He must develop them by practising them, and if he persists they will come to him.

"Stick to it" should be the motto of every lad who would conquer in the world. Every boy has this virtue in his grasp whether he is high or low, rich or poor. Getting easily discouraged is the weakest sign a boy can have. It is a fault, not a misfortune, and he should overcome it. He should learn that an ounce of pluck is better than a ton of luck.

As to industry, it is a homely virtue. It does not consist in undertaking spasmodically and irregularly some great task, but in doing something useful all the time.

"Well, now, Mr. Wiman," the boy who reads this, perhaps, asks, "What would you have me do?" I would have you peg away all the time at something. To dawdle, to loaf, to waste precious time is a high crime and misdemeanor. There are tens of thousands of things you can do that will beget a love for work.

Sometimes I think rich fathers are the greatest misfortune the boys of this country have. The spur of necessity is the spur that enables the poor boy to win the spur of knighthood among men.

But it need not follow that because a boy has a comfortable home and no actual necessity for work, that he should be a lazy boy. On the contrary the very danger that he runs should spur him into the cultivation of habits that would save him from a fate so disastrous. To learn to be industrious requires about the same effort as to learn to play ball or row a boat.

Every day of his life a boy should do some work in a creditable way, no matter how humble it is; the more humble the greater the honour to him if he does it well. Work, useful, practical, steady work of some kind is the truest basis of character, and there is no success without it.

The boy who wants to make his way among men must have some steam. Unless he shows that he has energy he will be left behind. He can get this virtue only by an effort of his own, and this effort he must make.

## Near Relations.

ONE day little Albert came running into the house to tell his mother and sisters about something he had witnessed. He was much in earnest, and began to speak with a loud voice.

"Mother," said he, "I heard a man saying naughty words to a horse—he swore."

And then little Albert went on repeating the bad words he had heard. His mother tried to quiet him, but on he went for a moment.

When the little fellow was at length controlled, his mother reminded him that he must not speak the bad words he may have happened to hear. She said that good and polite people always feel that the uttering of such language after bad people is very nearly akin to the sin of those who are in the habit of using profane and foul language.

Children, remember this lesson. Surely you would not steal, or cheat, or lie, in order to show

how some other person had stolen, cheated, or lied. Why, then, repeat the bad words of wicked tongues? Good people refuse to do this, and they shrink from hearing others doing it. They feel that using bad words, and repeating bad words, are very near relations.

## The Great Famine Cry.

BY MISS M. A. WEST, OF SYRIA.

"Tell your people how fast we are dying; and ask if they cannot send the Gospel a little faster."—*Words of a Heathen Woman.*

HARK! the wail of heathen nations;  
List! the cry comes back again,  
With its solemn, sad reproaching,  
With its piteous refrain:  
"We are dying fast of hunger,  
Starving for the Bread of Life!  
Haste, oh, hasten! ere we perish,  
Send the messengers of life!"

"Send the Gospel faster, swifter,  
Ye who dwell in Christian lands;  
Reek ye not we're dying, dying,  
More in number than the sands?  
Heed ye not his words—your Master:  
'Go ye forth to all the world!'  
Send the Gospel faster, faster—  
Let its banner be unfurled!"

Christian! can you sit in silence  
While this cry fills all the air?  
Or content yourself with giving  
Merely what you "well can spare"?  
Will you make your God a beggar,  
When he asks but for "his own"?  
Will you dole him, from your treasure,  
A poor pittance as a loan?

Shame, oh, shame! for very blushing  
E'en the sun might veil his face:  
"Robbing God"—ay, of his honour,  
While presuming on his grace!  
Keeping back his richest blessing  
By withholding half the "price"  
Consecrated to his service:  
Perjured, perjured, perjured thrice!

While you dwell in peace and plenty,  
"Store and basket" running o'er,  
Will you cast to these poor pleaders  
Only crumbs upon your floor?  
Can you sleep upon your pillow  
With a heart and soul at rest,  
While, upon the treacherous billow,  
Souls you might have saved are lost?

Hear ye not the tramp of nations  
Marching on to day of doom?  
See them falling, dropping swiftly,  
Like the leaves, into the tomb!  
Souls for whom Christ died are dying,  
While the ceaseless tramp goes by;  
Can you shut your ears, O Christian,  
To their ceaseless moan and cry?

Harken! hush your own heart-beating,  
While the death-march passeth by—  
Tramp, tramp, tramp! the beat of nations,  
Never ceasing, yet they die—  
Die unheeded, while they slumber,  
Millions strewing all the way;  
Victims of your sloth and "selfness"—  
Ay, of mine and thine to-day!

When the Master comes to meet us,  
For this loss what will he say?  
"I was hungered; did ye feed me?  
I asked bread; ye turned away!  
I was dying in my prison,  
Ye never came to visit me!"  
And swift witnesses those victims,  
Standing by, will surely be.

Sound the trumpet! wake God's people!  
"Walks" not Christ amid his flock?  
Sits he not "against the treasury"?  
Shall he stand without and knock—  
Knock in vain to come and feast us?  
Open, open, heart and hands!  
And as surely his best blessings  
Shall o'erflow all hearts, all lauds.