

bowed, as it seemed, with grief and heavy hearts. "Sons of Zanzibar!" I shouted, "the Arabs are looking at you. They are now telling one another what brave fellows you are. Lift up your heads, and be men. What is there to fear? All the world is smiling with joy. Here we are altogether, like one family, with hearts united—all strong with the purpose to reach our homes. See this river! it is the road to Zanzibar. When saw you a road so wide? When did you journey along a path like this? Strike your paddles deep; cry out Bismillah! and let us forward."

Poor fellows! With what wan smiles they responded to my word! How feebly they paddled! But the strong flood was itself bearing us along. Then I urged my boat's crew—knowing that thus we should tempt the canoes to quicker pace. Three or four times Uledi, the coxswain, gallantly attempted to sing, in order to invite a cheery chorus; but his voice soon died into such piteous hoarseness that the very audaciousness of the tones caused his young friends to smile, even in the midst of their grief.

Below Kaimba Island and its neighbour, the Livingstone assumes a breadth of 1,800 yards. The banks are very populous. The villages maintained a tremendous drumming and blowing of war-horns, and their wild men hurried up with menace towards us, urging their sharp-proved canoes so swiftly that they seemed to skim over the water like flying fish.

As soon as they came within fifty or sixty yards, they shot out their spears, crying out: "Meat! meat! Ah, ah! We shall have plenty of meat!" It seemed to me so absurd to be angry with people who looked upon me only as an epicure would regard a fat capon! Why was it that human beings should regard me and my friends only in the light of meat? Meat! We! What an atrocious idea!

The expedition, however, forced its way through without loss. A storm, however, arose, which increased to a tempest, from the north, and caused great, heavy waves, which caused the foundering of two of our canoes, the drowning of two of our men, and the loss of four muskets, and one sack of beads.

On the 31st, the last day of the year 1876, we resumed our voyage. Everything promised fair. But from the island below—the confluence of the Lowwa and the Livingstone—the warning drum sounded loudly over the river, and other drums soon echoed the dull boom. But we passed without interruption.

The beginning of the new year, 1877, commenced with a delicious journey. Passed an uninhabited tract, when my mind, wearied with daily solicitude, found repose in dwelling musingly upon the deep slumber of Nature. But soon we discovered we were approaching settlements; and again the hoarse war-drums awaked the echoes of the forest, boomed along the river, and quickened our pulses. We descended in close order as before, and steadily pursued our way.

Up to this time we had met with no canoes over fifty feet long, except that we had repaired as a hospital for our small-pox patients; but those which now issued from the banks, and the shelter of bends in the banks, were monstrous. The natives were in full war-paint—one-half of their bodies being daubed white, the other half red, with broad black bars—the *tout ensemble* being unique and diabolical.

We formed line, and having arranged all our shields as bulwarks for the non-combatants, awaited the first onset with apparent calmness. One of the largest canoes, which we afterwards found to be eighty-five feet three inches in length, rashly made

the mistake of singling out the *Lady Alice* for its victim; but we reserved our fire until it was within fifty feet of us, and, after pouring a volley into the crew, charged the canoe with the boat, and the crew precipitated themselves into the river, and swam to their friends; while we made ourselves masters of the *Great Eastern* of the Livingstone. We soon manned the monster with thirty men, and resumed our journey.

Soon we heard the roar of the first cataract of the Stanley Falls series. But louder than the noise of the falls rose the piercing yells of the savage Mwana Ntaha, from both sides of the great river. We now found ourselves confronted by the inevitable necessity of putting into practice the resolution which we had formed before setting out on the wild voyage—to conquer or die.

Until about 10 p.m. we were busy constructing an impenetrable stockade of brushwood, and then, at length, we lay our sorely-fatigued bodies down to rest, without comforts of any kind, and without fires, but, I speak for myself only, with a feeling of gratitude to Him who had watched over us in our trouble, and a humble prayer that His protection may be extended to us, for the terrible days that may yet be to come.

(To be continued.)

Only a Ribbon.

A TOUCHING act of kindness was done lately by the little Princess Irene, one of the younger daughters of the late Princess Alice of Hesse. In a hospital at Eastbourne, England, endowed by the Princess Alice, is a boy of eight, who was condemned by the surgeon to lose both legs and an arm. The child bore the operation and the long illness that followed with great patience. The story came to the ears of the little princess, and she carried to him a royal gift in money, and—as the most precious thing she could give—the portrait of her mother. "The little fellow, with his only remaining limb," we are told, "wrote a touching letter of thanks."

In one of the London hospitals, about a year ago, an assistant-surgeon became interested in one of the patients—a poor child of ten—suffering from hip-disease. She lay day after day in her little white cot, with nothing to occupy her thoughts but her pain. The young surgeon saw her one day trying to make a doll of her finger, playing with it, and at last—giving it up with a weary sigh—turning to watch the sunlight creep over her bed, as she had done for months.

That afternoon, the doctor—passing a shop—bought a long, soft ribbon, of an exquisite rose-colour, and gave it to little Katey. She was breathless with pleasure; smoothed it out; held it up, soft and shining, in the sun; and looked at her friend, speechless, with tears of ecstasy. From that time she was rich. The nurse told the doctor, a week later, that the child played with the ribbon all day, twisted it about her head, playing that she was a bride, a princess, a fairy; held it in her hand while she slept, and laid it folded in paper, under her pillow at night.

It was found necessary, after two months, to perform a capital operation on the child—one which, if unsuccessful, is fatal. It was done by two of the foremost surgeons in London. When the poor little sufferer was laid upon the table, she cried for Dr. S—. "He is all the friend I have," she sobbed.

"Send for him," said the surgeon; and the young assistant, blushing furiously, was brought in. He held one of Katey's hands; the other was clenched tightly over a pink roll, which dropped from her

grasp during the operation. When the effect of the ether passed, she opened her eyes and looked at Dr. S—.

"My ribbon," she whispered.

He gave it to her, while the surgeons and nurses stood gravely silent. The operation had been unsuccessful. But little Katey smiled happily into the face of her friend; and hugging the faded bit of silk, fell asleep forever. It was but a trifling gift, yet it had brightened the child's last days with thoughts of beauty, and pleasure, and loving kindness.

Is no such act within our power?

The Child Crusade.

HAVE you heard of the children's army—

How once in the long ago
They started forth to the Holy Land,
To fight with the heathen foe?
Have you heard of those little children,
And the pitiful vows they made,
For the sake of the Saviour's sepulchre
To serve in the child-crusade?

But the children were weak and feeble,
And the way was hard and long,
And history tells that too many failed
Of that poor little helpless throng,
And they laid them down in peace to die,
But methinks the dear Lord knew
(Though the children's hearts had made mistakes)
That their love was brave and true.

Have you heard of our children's army,
Have you heard of the ringing call,
That summons forth at the present time
The children one and all?
Come out in the morning of gladness,
Come out ere life's blossoms fade,
Come, take your place in the ranks of war,
And fight in the child crusade!

You need not travel by land and sea,
Nor far from your dear ones roam;
Look up to God, and you shall not fail,
Though the foe be close at home.
We have named our ranks "The Band of Hope,"
And we march unto victory fair!
For though our foe be the giant Drink,
Our strength is in earnest prayer.

And do you belong to our army,
So steadfastly passing on,
Where the standard waves o'er temperance fields,
And merciful deeds are done?
God bless you, dear little warrior,
New soldiers we pray you seek;
For the Master smiles on the child crusade
That cares for the lost and weak.

—*Maryaret Haycraft.*

What Are You Doing?

READER, what are you doing to stay the tide of Intemperance that is sweeping over our land, and wrecking in its onward rushing course the fondest hopes of many a heart, burying beneath its relentless waves the poor and the rich, the ignorant and the learned, men of genius and of influence, and leaving its wake strewn with degradation and misery, heart-broken widows and wailing orphans? Are you sitting with folded hands looking idly on, and in effect saying, What is that to me? Ah, it is much to you. It may seem as nothing to-day, but on the morrow that tide, rising higher and higher, may cross the threshold of your home, and the dearest idol of your heart, swept beyond your controlling influence, be wrecked body and soul. Why then sit ye there idle? Up and be doing. There is a great work for you to do. Will you not commence at once?

"THERE is something in this cigar that makes me sick," said a pale little boy to his sister. "I know what it is," answered the little girl; "it's tobacco."