

fect feeling of security. Still, we bore it good humouredly. As for Frank and myself, our behaviour was characterized by an angelic benignity worthy of canonization. I sat smiling in the midst of a tattooed group, remarkable for their filed teeth and ugly gashed bodies; and bearing in their hands fearfully dangerous-looking naked knives, or swords, with which the crowd might have hacked me to pieces before I could have even divined their intentions.

But presently murmurs were heard; and, finally, the camp was in an uproar. One man complained of his mat being stolen, another of his knife, another of his cloth, another of his store of beads; three or four spears were next abstracted; and, finally, the thieving culminated in two guns being stolen. Then we fell back upon the old rule, of never forgetting that an unsophisticated savage was not trustworthy except when our eyes were on him. We refused admission to the camp; but a market was fixed in a special place without, where, the natives were told, those who possessed articles for sale would find purchasers.

At sunset our strange friends departed, and paddled across the river to their villages, very amiably disposed, if one might judge from smiles and pleasant nods of the head. After 8 p.m. a terrific drumming, and some half-a-dozen musket-shots, were heard from the Urangi villages.

An hour before dawn we were alert, preparing our morning meal, packing-up, etc. As we began to move from our camp, we observed scores of canoes approaching us. For ten minutes we glided down smoothly and agreeably. Suddenly I heard a shot and a whistling of slugs. I turned my head, and observed the smoke of gunpowder drifting away from a native canoe. One of my people cried out: "Master, one of our men is killed. The people are firing on us." Anxious for the safety of the expedition, I permitted my canoes to pass by me, and then formed them into line—the boat in the rear. The natives advanced on us in gallant style, and, after firing their heavily-charged guns, withdrew rapidly—again to reload. Of course the shields were raised like bulwarks around our flotilla, and the fire from behind them was deadly. But they persistently followed us until other natives heard the firing, and rushed to the assault, and maintained it with a pertinacity that made us almost despair.

On one of the islands we saw an elephant, with a pair of magnificent tusks. The channels swarmed with the hippotamus, crocodile, and monitor.

On the morning of the 13th we discovered ourselves in the presence of a large number of villages. It was too late to return. The great war-drums and horns thundered through the woods, and startled the wild echoes of many a forested isle. With an intuitive feeling that we should again "catch it," and become soon engaged in all the horrors of a savage warfare, we prepared—with all the skill in our power—to defend ourselves. The women and children were told to lie down in the bottom of the canoes, and the spearmen to "stand by shields" to protect the riflemen.

At this time we possessed only thirty-nine guns—nineteen Sniders and twenty muskets—besides my own rifles. When within three hundred yards of the first settlement, we sheered off into mid-river, and paddled slowly down in close line, with a vague sense that there would be no rest for us until we either sank into the grave or Providence should endow us with wings to enable us to vanish from this fearful savage world.

Before I was on the alert, there were three canoes in front of me, and over the gunwales I saw nine bright musket barrels aimed at me. As

my position was in the bow of the boat while leading the expedition down river, I soon became a target for a few more. But, as on several other occasions, I was saved, because my very appearance startled them. Had I been a black man I should have long before been slain; but even in the midst of a battle, curiosity—stronger than hate or bloodthirstiness—arrested the sinewy arm which drew the bow, and delayed the flying spear. And now, while their thin, flint hammers were at full cock, and the fingers pressing the triggers of the deadly muskets, the savages became absorbed in contemplating the silent form of a being who was *White!*

Of course my very slightest movement would have been instantly followed by my death. Though it was unpleasant to sit and feel oneself to be a target for so many guns—yet it was the wisest plan. Five minutes afterwards, a vicious black aborigine fired and killed one of our finest men. Instinctively the Wangwana raised their shields, and rowing up swiftly to meet them—to defend the people like a hen her chickens—the boat opened its battery of small arms to avenge the death of Rehani, and in thirty minutes the seventy musket-armed canoes of the Maranja were retreating to a more respectful distance. After following us for five miles they abandoned the pursuit, and we happily saw no more of them.

During the forenoon of the 14th February, while anxiously looking out, we came in full view of a settlement on the right bank. Too late to return, we crept along down river, hugging the left bank as closely as possible, lest the natives should sight us. But, alas! even in the midst of our prayers for deliverance, quick taps on a native kettle-drum sent our blood bounding to the heart, and we listened in agony for the response. Presently one drum after another sounded the alarm, until the Titanic drums of war sounded the call to arms.

In very despair, I sprang to my feet, and, addressing my distressed and long-suffering followers, said, "It is of no use, my friends, to hope to escape these blood-thirsty pagans. These drums mean war. Prepare your guns, powder, and bullets; see that every shield is ready to lift as soon as you see or hear one gun shot. It is only in that way I can save you, for every pagan now—from here to the sea—is armed with a gun, and they have a hundred guns to your one. While I am trying to make friendship with them, let no one speak or move." Meanwhile savage madness was being heated by the thunder of drums; canoes were mustering, guns were being loaded, spears and broad swords were being sharpened—all against us—merely because we were strangers, and afloat on their waters. Yet we were ready to submit to any tax, imposition, or insolent demand, for the privilege of a peaceful passage. Except life, we would sacrifice anything.

Slowly and silently we began the descent of the stream. Soon the prows of many canoes were seen to emerge out of the creek. I stood up, and edged towards them, holding a long piece of red cloth in one hand and a coil of brass wire in the other. I hailed the natives, who were the most brilliantly decorated of any yet seen. At a distance, they all appeared to wear something like English University caps, though of a white colour. There was a great deal of glitter and flash of metal—shining brass, copper, and bright steel—among them.

The natives returned no answer to my hail. I observed three or four canoes approaching Frank's vessel, with a most suspicious air about them, at which Frank stood up, and menaced them with his weapon. I thought the act premature,

and ordered him to sit down and to look away from them. I again raised the crimson cloth and wire, and, by pantomime, offered to give it to them; but almost immediately they fired into my boat, wounding three of my crew.

After this murderous outrage there was no effort made to secure peace. The shields were lifted. The conflict began in earnest, and lasted so long that ammunition had to be re-distributed. We perceived that, as the conflict continued, each village sent out its quota. At three o'clock I counted sixty-three canoes opposed to us. Allowing five guns on an average to each, there were three hundred and fifteen muskets opposed to our forty-four. After a prolonged and strenuous struggle, our antagonists retired—leaving us to attend to our wounded, and to give three hearty cheers at our success. This was our thirty-first fight on the terrible river—the last but one—and certainly the most determined conflict that we had endured.

One remarkable fact connected with our life in this region is, that though we endured more anxiety of mind and more strain on the body were subject to constant peril, and fared harder, we—Frank and I—enjoyed better health on the Livingstone than at any other period of the journey; but whether this unusual health might not be attributed to having become more acclimatized is a question.

Since the 10th we have been unable to purchase food. The natives appeared to be so unapproachable, that again the questions naturally arose in each mind: "Where shall we obtain food?" "What shall we do?" "What will be the end of all this?" "Whither, oh! whither, are we going on this cruel, cruel river?"

Yet my poor people bore the dire period with Spartan stoicism. They had become trained to rely on my judgment and discretion, and with a child-like faith they trusted me. Knowing this but too well, my anxiety to show myself worthy of their love and duty was increased. But where should I get food, when the mere sight of us put the natives into a rage for murder?

(To be continued.)

### Don't Look at It.

I ONCE learned a lesson from a dog we had. My father used to put a bit of meat or biscuit on the floor near the dog, and say, "No!" and the dog knew he must not touch it. But he never looked at the meat. No, but he seemed to feel that if he looked at it the temptation would be too strong; so he always looked steadily at my father's face.

A gentleman was dining with us one day, and he said, "There's a lesson for us all. Never look at temptation. Always look away to the Master's face."

Yes, this is the old way; do not look at temptation. "Avoid it, pass away." When the thought of doing wrong in any way comes into your heart, however small a thing it is, you may be sure it comes from Satan, so do not look at it, but look up to Jesus, and ask him to keep you, and make you more than conqueror over every temptation, through him that loves you.—*Children's Treasury.*

LEAN on Jesus, and he will rest you. Labour for Jesus, and he will bless you. Live for Jesus, and your soul shall mount up as on an eagle's wing; you shall run, and never weary; you shall walk arm in arm with him, and never faint.

"Every word of God is pure. He is a shield unto them that trust him."

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