

HENRY M. STANLEY.

WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR AFRICA.

Speaking recently with a newspaper correspondent, this now distinguished and intrepid explorer said:—"I have been in Africa for seventeen years, and I never met a man who would kill me if I folded my hands. What has been wanted, and what I have been endeavoring to ask for the poor Africans, has been the good offices of Christians, ever since Livingstone taught me, during those four months that I was with him. In 1871 I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in London. To a reporter and correspondent, such as I, who had only to deal with wars, mass meetings and political gatherings, sentimental matters were entirely out of my province. But there came for me a long time for reflection. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and asked myself, 'How on earth does he stop here; is he cracked, or what? What is it that inspires him?' For months after we met I simply found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out all that was said in the Bible. 'Leave all things and follow Me.' But little by little his sympathy for others became contagious; my sympathy was aroused; seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it. How sad that the good old man should have died so soon. How joyful he would have been if he could have seen what has since happened there."

These words, his own, hardly express more forcibly the striking change that has come over the character of Henry Stanley than does this latest portrait when compared with the one taken years ago, when he first started on his memorable expedition of search for the great missionary explorer. Fifteen years ago his portrait showed a plump-faced, self-satisfied young man with a jaunty looking turban on his head and a handkerchief carelessly knotted about his neck, bent apparently on nothing more serious than a few months of voluntary roughing it in the back-woods. But years of toil, pain, anxiety, and bitter hardship have left their indelible marks, and every line of the lean, drawn face tells of terrible responsibilities undertaken and painful anxieties borne; and many are struck with the strange resemblance which has grown in his face to that of Dr. Livingstone himself.

Henry Stanley, though popularly regarded as an American, is a Welshman by birth. He was born in 1840 near Denbigh, Wales, and at the age of three he was sent to the poor house at St. Asaph where he remained until he was thirteen, receiving in the interval a good education. For a year he taught in Flintshire, and then going to Liverpool shipped as cabin-boy on board a vessel for New Orleans. His real name is John Rowlands, but in New Orleans he obtained employment with a merchant named Stanley, who finally adopted him and induced him to take his name. His benefactor died without leaving a will, and at the outbreak of the American War he enlisted in the Confederate Army, was taken prisoner and then volunteered in the United States Navy. At the close of the war he travelled in Turkey and Asia Minor, and in 1866 paid a visit to his old home in Wales, gave a dinner to the children of the poor-house and told them, in his after speech, that whatever success he had attained, or would attain in the future, he owed all to the education he had received there. In 1868 he accompanied the British expedition to Abyssinia as correspondent of the New York Herald and in October, 1869, was commissioned by the proprietor of that paper to find Dr. Livingstone, of whom nothing had been heard for nearly two years.

Preparations for such an expedition took, however, a long time, and it was not until a year from the following March that he left Zanzibar for the interior of Africa. Nearly eight months more of travel remained to be accomplished, but the tenth of November found him on the shore of Lake Tanganyika, in the village of Ujiji, and clasping hands with the man whom all the world was mourning as dead. And he had arrived not a moment too soon. Only five days before Dr. Livingstone had returned from the Lualaba in sickened disgust at the horrors of the slave trade he had witnessed there without being able to prevent, and

was almost discouraged. The presence of a white man and the help he brought inspired him with new vigor, and for the next few months the two explored together the northern waters of the Lake. Then, bidding one another good-bye, they separated never to meet again, Stanley to carry home the joyful news of the success of his search, and Livingstone to go back with renewed vigor to the heart of his beloved Africa, there to labor for her until God should, in the midst of his toils, suddenly call him home to his rest and his reward.

In April or May of 1872, Stanley telegraphed to Europe that Livingstone had been found. But many people were incredulous, and when later he published his book, "How I found Livingstone," were still slow to believe in the heroism of the man who, on meeting for the first time with one towards whom the eyes of the whole civilized world were directed, could find nothing more striking to say than "Dr.

south of Tanganyika, which Livingstone had discovered and supposed to be a tributary of the Nile. Stanley himself, along with others, believed it to be the Congo, and his subsequent explorations proved that he was correct. Down this great river he slowly and with extreme difficulty fought his way. Almost every step had to be contested with the savages, sometimes with cannibals, and when at last he arrived at the Atlantic ocean he was nearly dead himself with fatigue, and had left, out of the hundred and fifty men who started with him from Zanzibar, thirty-five dead along the route. But he had accomplished what he had undertaken, and the prayer of Livingstone's life had been answered, a highway for the gospel had been opened right into the heart of Africa, a "white line" had been drawn across "the dark continent."

But Stanley's work had only begun. Leopold King of the Belgians had, in 1876, organized the International African Asso-

ciation, supported largely out of his own private purse, the object of which was to open trade routes into the interior of the continent for the purpose of developing the immense resources of the country and abolishing the curse of the slave trade. This work Stanley was commissioned to superintend and after a year's rest he went back and spent three years there, during which he planted a chain of stations along the river from the ocean to Stanley Pool, and built a road past the long series of cataracts which obstruct the navigation of the Congo for two hundred miles above its mouth. He then aided King Leopold in his great work of founding the Congo Free State, the details of which it is impossible to go into here, but about which work alone he has written two large volumes. And now the latest scheme engaging his attention is the building of a railway from the mouth of the Congo to the beginning of its navigable waters, so that before very long between the

coast and the unknown and almost inaccessible heart of Africa there shall be unobstructed and comparatively rapid communication. In closing, one word must be said about the Congo itself, or, as Stanley re-named it after the explorer of its source, the Livingstone. A few years ago it was only known for about two hundred miles from the coast and its source was lost in cataracts. This Stanley has shown to be but the mouth of the magnificent river of which the Lualaba is the source, a river whose total length is no less than 2,900 miles, whose volume is estimated at 1,800,000 cubic feet a second, and which drains an area of 800,000 square miles, or as a recent writer describes it. "An immense waterway 3,000 miles into the centre of Africa, navigable with the exception of two breaks, which engineering science can easily surmount—a waterway into a tropical empire, rich in woods and metals and gracious soil, in fruits and grains, the sure home of a civilized empire in the years to come."

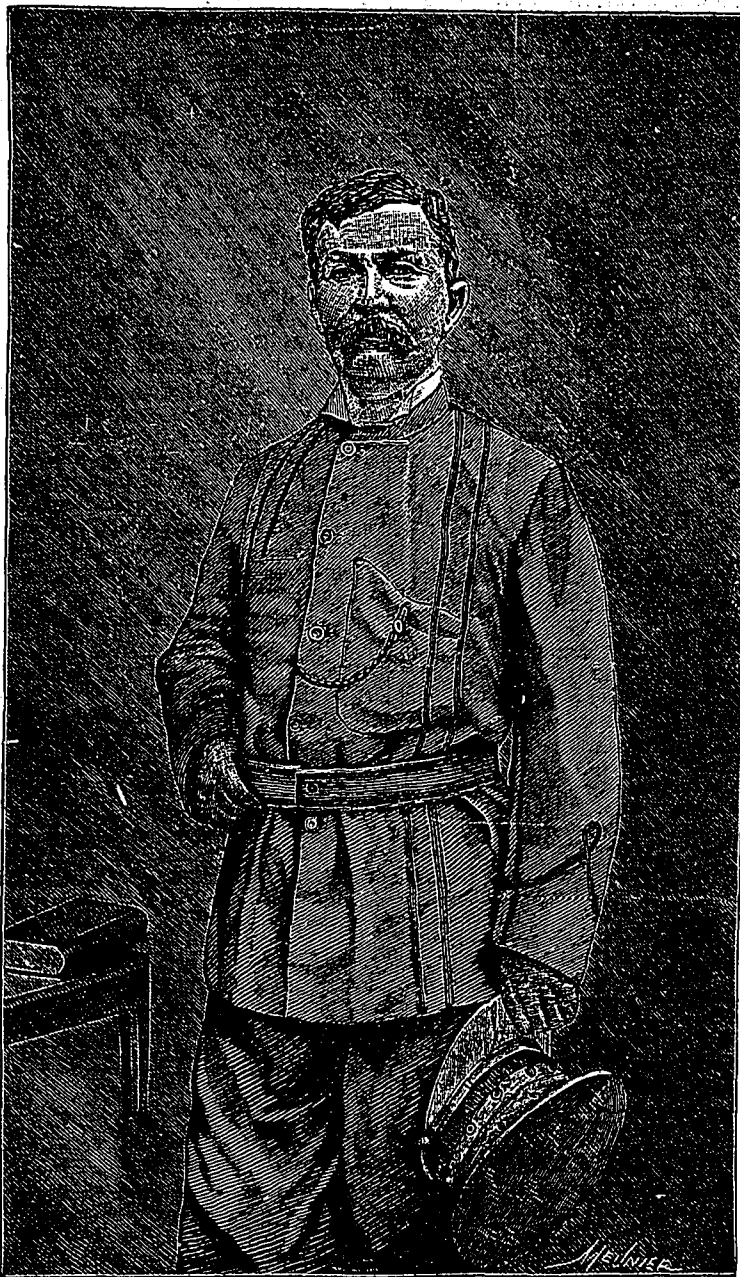
To sum up Mr. Stanley's work in Africa—it was, as Petermann, the eminent German geographer, puts it, "to unite the fragments of African exploration—the achievements of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Du Chaillu Baker, Cameron, of all the heroic men who had gone before him—into one consecutive whole, just as Bismarck united the fragments of the German people, lying about under various princes and dukes, into one grand and harmonious empire. Even as Bismarck had created imperial Germany, so Stanley created geographical Africa."

WHY HE ABSTAINED.

"Doctor," said a lady at a fashionable dinner-party, a few years ago, to the present Bishop Henry C. Potter, "I observe that you take no wine." "No," said Dr. Potter, "I have not done so for many years—in fact, for twenty-five years." She expressed surprise in the look which met the doctor's answer. "It may interest you to know why I abstain," said Dr. Potter, observing the expression of his companion. "I will tell you. A man with an unconquerable passion for drink, came constantly to see me, and told me how this miserable passion was bringing him to utter ruin: how his employers, every time he obtained a situation, were compelled to dismiss him, because of his terrible habit. One day, I said to this man, 'Why will you not say, here and now—before God, and in His help, I never will taste liquor again?' The man said, 'Doctor, if you were in my place you would not say that.' I answered, 'Temperate man that I am, I will say so this moment.' And I spoke the solemn vow that I had called upon him to make. My poor friend looked at me with consternation; then an expression of hope overspread his face. With steady voice, he pronounced the vow. A moment after he left me, but returned often to see me. The vow has been kept; and he that was fast losing soul and body found a position, kept it, and became not only a sober but a godly man." The man thus saved from intemperance by Dr. Potter was shot by an Indian in the West, while on an errand of mercy to that Indian tribe. A tablet to his memory has been placed in Grace Chapel, New York.

DRINK CRAVING.

No one who has watched a typical case of drink craving can deny for a moment that it is a disease. The subject of it is, perhaps, a man of honor and intelligence, or a woman of pure and modest feelings. At most times—at any rate in the earlier stages of the disease—the patient can act his part in life with credit to himself and with the respect of his fellow men. He may even be a total abstainer from alcohol. But the paroxysm of the disease comes on, and everything is made to bow to its imperious necessities. The whole will is dominated over and tyrannized by a single longing, which for a time becomes its sole motive power. Nothing is allowed to stand in the way of its gratification. Honor, modesty, virtue, the teachings of experience, and the precepts of morality must all yield to the new despot. The powers of the mind succumb as readily before it as do the powers of the body before the invasion of small-pox or cholera.—*Medical Examiner.*



HENRY M. STANLEY, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.

Livingstone, I presume." But heroism is less often shewn in words than in deeds, and when the latest letters and journals of the great missionary arrived the most sceptical were convinced.

Within a year of his arrival he was commissioned by the New York Herald and the London Telegraph to return to Africa and conduct further explorations. On his arrival at Zanzibar, he heard of the death of Livingstone, and then resolved to take up and carry on the work to which that great man had devoted his life. He first explored the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas, using for the purpose a boat that had been carried in sections from the coast. Here he met with the now historic savage King Mtesa, and it was through his influence at the request of Mtesa himself that the Church of England mission now working there was established.

He then turned his attention to the great river Lualaba, rising in Lake Bangweolo,

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