

deafening uproar. We were becoming exhausted, yet we were still only in the middle of the continent. We were being weeded out by units and twos and threes. There were not thirty in the entire expedition who had not received a wound. To continue this fearful life was not possible. I pen these lines with half a feeling that they will never be read by man. I leave events to an all-gracious Providence." Often food could be procured only at the risk of life. The guns were reduced in number to thirty. The natives were often armed with European guns. "At one time," says Stanley, "I saw nine bright musket barrels aimed at me." He had thirty-two pitched battles with the savages. The marvel is that a single man escaped. At the Kalulu Falls nine men were drowned in one afternoon. Not at all places were the natives hostile. At Inkise Falls 600 were hired to drag the teak wood boats, some of which weighed three tons, over a steep and difficult portage. They also helped to make, with vast toil, two canoes, but they were both soon lost in the rapids.

The prolonged struggle was nearly at an end. And well that it was so; for they were nearly in despair. "Fever had sapped the frame; hunger had debilitated the body; anxiety preyed upon the mind. My people," continues Stanley, "were groaning aloud. Hollow-eyed, sallow, and gaunt, unspeakably miserable in aspect, we had but one thought—to trudge on for one more look at the sea."

Having decided that the Livingstone was the same as the Congo, they left the river to escape its cataracts, and struck through the wilderness for the Portuguese settlements on the coast. The "Lady Alice," their companion in 7,000 miles of wandering, and all their boats, were abandoned at the river side. The way-worn, feeble, suffering column, with forty men on the sick list, dragged on its weary way. It could not complete even the few days' journey to the sea. Stanley wrote an urgent letter, addressed "To any gentlemen who speaks English at Embomma," imploring food and aid. It was despatched by four of the most stalwart men, and the starving procession struggled on. In a few days came an English letter, and a few hours after abundant supplies of food. The native bard sang a song of triumph, that they were redeemed at last from the "hell of hunger."

"Then sing, O friends, sing, the journey is ended.
Sing aloud, O friends, sing to this great sea."

The author's account of this rescue is of most dramatic interest. Soon he was met by white men and escorted in triumph to Embomma. "I felt my heart suffused," the explorer devoutly exclaimed, "with purest gratitude to Him whose hand had protected us, and who had enabled us to pierce the Dark Continent from east to west, and to trace its mightiest river to its ocean bourne." Stanley conducted his faithful followers to their homes at Zanzibar, by way of Capetown and Natal, receiving everywhere ovations of triumph. Here they all received liberal payment for their heroic toil—the wages of the one hundred and

seventy men who perished being paid to their sorrowing friends. "They wore sad, sweet moments—those of parting. What noble fidelity these untutored souls had exhibited." Twenty times they wrung his hand at parting (December 13th, 1877), and watched his lessening sails as they disappeared beneath the horizon.

Without question this is a narrative of as heroic achievement as was ever accomplished. In this meagre sketch we have given but scanty glimpses of its many thrilling adventures and of its absorbing interest. As an example of that truth which is stranger than fiction, the graphic narrative of Stanley possesses a fascination that the most sensational romance cannot equal. The fame of the gallant explorer is known throughout the world, and his name is written forever upon the great natural features of the Dark Continent, whose mysteries he has unveiled.

Stanley entered upon the expedition with hair of raven blackness. He came out of it with hair gray as that of a man of seventy. The wearing toils, the thousand perils, the perplexing anxieties, the care of the hundreds of the human lives under him, seem to have done the work of a score of years upon his iron frame. But what are a score of years of life if he but wrest the mystery of ages from the ancient sphinx; if he can solve the geographical problems which have baffled all men hitherto; if he can open the doors of commerce to vast regions heretofore unknown, and thus make it possible to pour the light of civilization and the Gospel on the Dark Continent! The mightiest triumphs of missionary achievement in the near future shall doubtless be in this land, so long shut out from the influence of Christendom. Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God, and a Christian civilization gladden the laud of the White Nile, the great Nyanzas, of the Congo, and the Niger. And through the ages the names of Livingstone and Stanley shall be forever linked together as among the greatest benefactors of Central Africa.

See also engravings on fourth and fifth pages.

COALS OF FIRE.

FARMER DAWSON kept missing his corn. Every night it was taken from his crib, although the door was well secured with lock and key.

"It's that lazy Tom Slocum," he exclaimed one morning, after missing more than usual. "I've suspected him all the time, and I won't bear it any longer."

"What makes you think it's Tom?" asked his wife, pouring out his fragrant coffee.

"Because he's the only man around who hasn't any corn—nor anything else, for that matter. He spent the summer at the saloons while his neighbours were at work. Now they have plenty, and he has nothing—serves him just right, too!"

"But his family are suffering," rejoined his wife; "they are sick, and in need of food and medicine; should we not help them?"

"No," growled the farmer; "if he finds his neighbours are going to take care of his family, it will encourage him to spend the next season as he did

the last. Better send him to jail and his family to the poorhouse, and I'm going to do it too. I've laid a plain to trap him this very night."

"Now while Tom is reaping the bitter fruits of his folly, is it not the very time to help him to a better life?" suggested his wife.

"A little course of law would be the most effective," replied the farmer.

"In this case coals of fire would be better. Try the coals first, William, try the coals first."

Farmer Dawson made no reply, but finished his breakfast and walked out of the house with the decided step of one who has made up his mind, and something is going to be done.

His wife sighed as she went about about her work, thinking of the weary, heart-broken mother with her sick and hungry babes around her.

The farmer proceeded to examine his cribs, and after a thorough search found a hole large enough to admit a man's hand.

"There's the leak," he exclaimed, "I'll fix that," and he went to work setting a trap inside.

Next morning he rose earlier than usual, and went out to the cribs. His trap had caught a man, Tom Slocum, the very one he suspected!

He seemed to take no notice of the thief, but turned aside into the barn and began heaping the mangers with hay, sweet-scented from the summer's harvest field. Then he opened the crib door and took out the golden ears—the fruit of his honest toil.

All the time he was thinking what to do. Should he try the law or the coals? The law was what the man deserved, but his wife's words kept ringing through his mind. He emptied the corn in the feeding troughs, then went around where the man stood with one hand in the trap.

"Hello! neighbour, what are you doing here?" he asked.

Poor Tom answered nothing, but the downcast, guilty face confessed more than words could have done.

Farmer Dawson released the imprisoned hand, and taking Tom's sack ordered him to hold it while he filled it with the coveted grain.

"There, Tom, take that," said the farmer, "and after this when you want corn come to me and I'll let you have it on trust or for work. I need another man on the farm, and will give steady work with good wages."

"Oh, sir," replied Tom, quite overcome "I've been wanting work, but no one would hire me. My family was suffering, and I was ashamed to beg. But I'll work for this and every ear I've taken, if you'll give me the chance."

"Very well, Tom," said the farmer, "take the corn to mill and make things comfortable about home to-day, and tomorrow we'll begin. But there's one thing we must agree to first."

Tom lifted an inquiring gaze.

"You must let whiskey alone," continued the farmer; "you must promise not to touch a drop."

The tears sprang into Tom's eyes, and his voice trembled with emotion as he said:

"You are the first man that's ever asked me that. There's always enough to say, 'come, Tom, take a drink,' and I've drunk until I thought there was no use in trying to be a better man. But since you care enough to ask me to stop drinking, I'm bound to make the trial; that I will, sir."

Farmer Dawson took Tom to the

house and gave him his breakfast, while his wife put up a basket of food for the suffering family in the poor man's home.

Tom went to work the next day and the next. In time he came to be an efficient hand on the Dawson place. He stopped drinking and stealing, and attended Church and Sabbath-school with his family, and became a respectable member of society.

"How changed Tom is from what he once was!" remarked the farmer's wife one day.

"Yes," replied her husband, "t'was the coals of fire that did it."

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

LIVE for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold,
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
'Twixt nature's head and mine,
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction
Grow wiser from conviction—
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

TEN REASONS WHY I LOVE TO GO TO MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

I. BECAUSE I am ignorant, and want to be taught.

II. Because I shall get no good by spending the time in idleness and play.

III. Because God has commanded us to keep holy the Sabbath-day.

IV. Because, by improving the Sabbaths which God has given to me, I wish to become wise in the days of my youth.

V. Because good boys and girls love to go there.

VI. Because prayer is offered to God there, the word of God is read there, and the praises of God are sung there.

VII. Because there my mind is improved, and I learn my duty to God and man.

VIII. Because my teachers kindly tell me of the love of Christ, to the young, and point out the way of salvation through his sufferings and death.

IX. Because when I grow old I shall not be able to go, and therefore I ought to improve the present time.

X. Because I wish to go to heaven when I die, and at the Sunday-school I shall learn the way thither.

Copies of this tract may be procured; from the American Tract Society, New York.