

exhausted, though still with the same unconquerable will, the veteran still forced his way onward. He was cheered by the discovery of a long chain of lakes—chief among them Bangueolo—connected by streams hitherto unknown; and he took fresh courage at the thought that his toils were not in vain. For two years and a half nothing was heard of him; but at length, in his weary wanderings, he reached Ujiji, on the shores of Tanganyika, expecting to find there the stores he needed so sorely. To his dismay, he found that the wretched Arabs to whom these supplies had been intrusted, had concluded he was dead and had sold everything.

It was at this moment of utmost need that Stanley appeared, and brought the welcome succour. Every one knows the almost romantic story—how the brave envoy of Mr. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, despising all timid counsels, forced his way through warring tribes, found the lost traveller, on the 28th October, 1871, and brought him relief at the critical moment. England and the world owe a debt of gratitude to the generous men who planned and carried to a successful issue the relief expedition.

In vain, however, did Stanley endeavour to induce the weary wanderer to return. He must complete his task. He must find the "Fountains of Herodotus," and so crown his work by discovering the true sources of the Nile. Once more, and alone, he plunges into the trackless wastes on his last crusade. The season is unfavorable. Through swamps and floods and pitiless pelting showers—"a world of water and ant-hills," as he describes it—through stiff grassy prairies four feet deep in water, he slowly rounds the southern shore of Lake Bangweolo. It is the 10th of April, 1873, and his trembling hand writes in his journal: "I am pale, bloodless and weak from bleeding profusely; ever since the 31st of March last an artery gives off a copious stream and takes away my strength. O how I long to be permitted by the Over Power to finish my work." Rest for the weary one is near. Ten days more and the strong man is no longer able to walk. He is borne through the flooded wastes, first on the shoulders of the faithful Susie, then, when he could bear this no longer, in a sort of extemporized palanquin. Tenderly and lovingly these poor negroes carry their beloved "father," his strength now sinking rapidly, consciousness almost gone. It is the evening of the 30th of April, and the sad caravan reaches a little village, outside of