

LEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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"THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT"—STANLEY'S JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

AFRICA is the riddle of the ages. From the time of Herodotus to the time of Stanley, its geographical problems have engaged the eager interest of the world. To no one has it been permitted to do more to solve the mysteries of the Nile, and the Congo than to the gallant American explorer who has penetrated the very heart of the "dark continent," and traversed its vast breadth from sea to sea. The narrative of his heroic adventures is one of the most fascinating books of travel ever written.

Stanley won his first laurels by his discovery and relief of Livingstone. He then almost lost his life by African fever. Nevertheless, on the death of that intrepid missionary explorer, he eagerly proffered his services to complete, if possible, his unfinished work. How successfully he accomplished that task, his last volumes relate. With a force of three hundred and fifty-two native followers and three English attendants, bearing eight tons of cloth, beads, wire, and other supplies, he left the Zanzibar coast November 17th, 1874. An

important part of the outfit was the "Lady Alice," a London cedar-built boat, forty feet long, six feet beam, carried in ten sections by forty men. They plunged boldly into the wilder-

* The publisher of the **METHODIST MAGAZINE** has purchased the whole of the plates of Stanley's greatest work, "THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT," a book which was the literary event of the season in which it was issued—from which these cuts are taken. It formed two bulky volumes of 1018 pages with about 150 engravings, many of them full page, and sold in the English edition for \$12 50. Its high price necessarily restricted its sale in the colonies. This remarkable narrative of discovery and adventure will be condensed into a series of chapters to be published in the **MAGAZINE**, and illustrated by the greater number of the high-class engravings of that book.

ness. They were destined to encounter unnumbered perils, under which two-thirds of the party were to perish, and the rest to be reduced to the last extremity of privation. Within a few days the expedition became lost in a pathless jungle, through which it had to steer its course by the compass. Five men became lost and were never seen again. Famine was imminent. Six men died and thirty were ill.

Stanley pays a noble tribute to his English attendants. "Though ill from fever and dysentery, insulted by natives, marching under heat and rain-

hostile country. His camp was attacked, and he was obliged, in self-defence, to fight. Twenty one of his followers were killed. In less than three months he lost over one-third of his little army.

One of the most important events of the expedition was the circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza. This he accomplished in fifty eight days, sailing in that time a thousand miles. While skirting the lake, they were invited ashore at Bumbireh by a crowd of apparently friendly natives. As the boat touched the beach the natives

the boat party helpless. Three hundred warriors now marshalled on the height above the boat. "Push, my boys push for your lives," shouted the leader, and the "Lady Alice" shot into the water, pursued by the horde of yelling savages. Tearing up the seats, the oarsmen paddled with all their might. Their peril was increased by the attack of two large hippopotami. The savages manned their canoes for pursuit, but Stanley kept them at bay with his elephant rifle. All night the boat crew drifted on the stormy lake. In seventy-six hours of arduous toil

they had only four bananas among twelve men. Such are some of the incidents of African exploration.

One of the most extraordinary episodes of the expedition was the visit to King Mtesa. Stanley found a monarch ruling over 2,000,000 of subjects. He was received by three thousand well armed body guards. The capital was a strongly-built town, approached by a broad and well-kept avenue. Stanley found his sable majesty very docile, and endeavoured to convert him to Christianity. The King caused the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Golden Rule to be written on a board for his daily perusal.



CUTTING OUT THE NEW "LIVINGSTONE" CANOE.

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storms, they at all times proved themselves of noble, manly natures; stout-hearted, brave, and—better than all—true Christians. Unrepiningly they bore their hard fate and worse fare, resignedly they endured their arduous toil and cheerfully performed their allotted duties." Alas! not one of them returned. Edward Pucok fell ill of typhoid fever in January, 1875. The dying man was borne through the jungle in a hammock, and after four days' illness breathed his last. He was buried beneath an acacia tree. His brother read the burial service over his body. He carved a cross above his grave, and the little army passed on.

Stanley soon found himself in a

seized it and bore it high and dry upon the shore. "Then," says Stanley, "ensued a scene which beggared description. Pandemonium raged around us. A forest of spears was levelled, thirty or forty bows were taut, as many barbed arrows seemed already on the wing, thick, knotty clubs waved over our heads, two hundred screaming black demons jostled with each other and struggled for room to vent their fury, or for an opportunity to deliver one crushing blow or thrust at us."

Stanley offered beads and cloth, and sought to pacify them. For a short time he succeeded. But there was murder in their eyes, and he almost gave up all hope of escape. The natives carried off their cars and left

Stanley translated for him the Gospel of St. Luke and an abridgment of the Bible. The King embraced its teachings, and as his teacher departed, said to him, "I am like a man sitting in darkness. All I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall continue a Christian while I live." He announced his determination to build a church, and do all he could to promote the religion of the Bible. "Oh! that some pious, practical missionary would come here," exclaims the explorer. "What a field and harvest ripe for the sickle of civilization! Where is there in all the pagan world a more promising field for a mission than Uganda? I speak to the Universities of Mission at Zanzibar and the Free Methodists at