

thus closing a series of desperate labours, which had occupied us from the 6th of January—a period of twenty-two days—during the nights and days of which we had been beset by the perverse cannibals and insensate savages who have made the islands amid the cataracts their fastnesses.

The Livingstone now deflected west-north-west, between hilly banks—

“Where highest woods impenetrable
To star, or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening.”

We are once again afloat upon a magnificent stream, whose broad and gray-brown waters woo us with its mystery. The boat-boys are apt—if permitted thinking-time to brood upon our situation—to become disquieted and melancholy; to reflect on the fate of those who have already been lost; and to anticipate a like dolorous ending to their own lives. I thought even Frank was half affected by the sudden cessation of trouble; for, after the boat-boys had become hoarse from chanting, his voice was heard in a doleful and sad strain, of which the words were as follows:—

“The home land, the fair land,
Refuge for all distressed,
Where pain and sin ne'er enter in,
But all is peace and rest.

“The home-land! I long to meet
Those who have gone before;
The weeping eyes, the weary feet,
Rest on the happy shore.

“The home-land, the bright land!
My eyes are filled with tears,
Remembering all the happy band,
Passed from my sight for years.

“When will it dawn upon my soul?
When shall I meet that strand?
By night and day I watch and pray
For thee, dear, blest home land.”

I thought the voice trembled as the strain ended, and, lest I should be affected also—by no means a desirable thing—I said cheerily: “Frank, my dear fellow, you will make everybody cry with such tunes as those. Choose some heroic tune, whose notes will make us all feel afire, and drive our canoes down stream as though we were driven by steam.”

“All right, sir,” he replied, with a bright, smiling face, and sang the following:—

“Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

“Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.”

“Ah, Frank, I should think you would prefer the homeward way, for that is the way I pray I may be permitted to lead you.”

“How do you like this, sir?” he asked.

“My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say
Thy will be done.

“Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

“What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh!
Submissive would I still reply,
Thy will be done.”

“Frank, you are thinking too much of the poor fellows we have lately lost. It is of no use, my

son; we must drive on—drive right through to the sea. The time for regret and sorrow will come by-and-by; but just now we are in the centre of Africa; savages before you—savages behind you—savages on either side of you. Onward, I say! Onward to death, if it is to be! I will not listen to regrets now. Sing, my dear Frank, your best song.”

He responded by singing:—

“Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!”

Again and again, as we sailed onward, we were attacked by the savages on the shore. They were hideously be-painted for war—one-half of their bodies being white, the other ochreous. Shouting their war-cries, they rushed on our stockade-fences like a herd of buffaloes several times, in one of which charges two of our men were killed.

Up to the afternoon of the 29th of January we had fought twenty-four times, and out of these struggles we had obtained sixty-five door-like shields, which upon the commencement of a fight on the river at all times had been raised by the women, children, and non-combatants, as bulwarks before the riflemen; from behind which, cool and confident, the forty-three guns were of more avail than though there were one hundred and fifty riflemen unprotected. At sunset our antagonists retired, leaving us to dress our wounds and bury our dead, and prepare for the morrow by distributing a new store of cartridges.

About ten o'clock of the 30th another conflict began in the usual way—by a determined assault on us in canoes. By charging under cover of our shields we captured one canoe and eight men. Through our captives we were able to negotiate for an unmolested passage. Though hostilities ceased, the drumming continued with unabated fury; bass and kettle-drums gave out a thunderous sound, which must have been heard to an immense distance.

We were getting weary with fighting every day. The strain to which we were exposed had been too long; the incessant, long-lasting enmity shown to us was beginning to make us feel baited, harassed, and bitter. Dared we but dash down by night! Ah, but who could tell us what lay below! Whom could we ask, when everything in the shape of man raised his spear and screamed his rage at us as soon as we were observed! So we emerged out of the forest shades of the islands with soured and embittered feelings. But we would turn our eyes resolutely away from the advancing cannibals until they came within spear-throw of us, and then, why—we must fight again.

Destiny urged us on. There were no retreats for us. Man refused us, and the forest rejected us, for it had nothing to support us.

In these wild regions our mere presence excited the most furious passions of hate and murder, just as in shallow waters a deep vessel stirs up muddy sediments.

At 2 p.m. on February 1st we see a great concourse of canoes hovering about some islets which stud the middle of the stream. The canoe-men—standing up—give a loud shout as they discern us, and blow their horns louder than ever. We pull briskly on, when, looking up stream, we see a sight that sends the blood tingling through every nerve and fibre of the body, arouses not only our most lively interest, but also our most lively apprehensions—a flotilla of gigantic canoes bearing down upon us, which, both in size and numbers, utterly eclipse anything encountered hitherto! We form in line, and keep straight down the river,

the *Lady Alice* taking position behind. Yet, after a moment's reflection, as I note the numbers of the savages, and the daring manner of the pursuit, and the apparent desire of our canoes to abandon the steady, compact line, I gave the order to drop anchor. Four of our canoes affect not to listen, until I chase them, and threaten them with my guns. This compelled them to return to the line, which is formed of eleven double canoes, anchored ten yards apart. The shields are next lifted by the non-combatants—men, women, and children—in the bows, and along the outer lines, as well as astern, and from behind these the muskets and rifles are aimed.

We have sufficient time to take a view of the mighty force bearing down on us, and to count the number of war-vessels which have been collected from the Livingstone and its great affluent. There are fifty-four of them! A monster canoe leads the way, with two rows of upstanding paddles, forty men on a side, their bodies bending and swaying in unison as with a swelling, barbarous chorus they drive her down towards us. In the bow, standing on what appears to be a platform, are ten prime young warriors, their heads gay with feathers; at the stern, eight men, with long paddles, guide the monster vessel; and, dancing up and down, from stem to stern, are ten men, who appear to be chiefs. The crashing sound of large drums, a hundred blasts from ivory horns, and a thrilling chant from some two thousand human throats, do not tend to soothe our nerves or to increase our confidence. As the foremost canoe comes rushing down, and its consorts on either side beat the water into foam, I turn to take a last look at our people, and say to them:—

“Boys, be firm as iron. Wait until you see the first spear, and then take good aim. Don't think of running away, for only your guns can save you.”

Frank is with the *Ocean*, on the right flank, and has a choice crew, and a good bulwark of black, wooden shields. Manwa Sera has the *London Town* on the left flank; the sides of the canoe bristling with guns, in the hands of tolerably steady men.

The monster canoe aims straight for my boat, as though it would run us down; but, when within fifty yards, the warriors let fly their spears. But every sound is soon lost in the ripping, crackling musketry. For five minutes we are so absorbed in firing that we take no note of anything else; but at the end of that time we are made aware that the enemy is re-forming about two hundred yards above us. We therefore lift our anchors, and pursue them up stream, along the right bank, until, rounding a point, we see their villages. We make straight for the banks, and continue the fight in the village streets with those who have landed, hunt them out into the woods, and there only sound the retreat, having returned the daring cannibals the compliment of a visit.

Evidences of cannibalism were numerous in the human skulls that grinned on many poles, and the bones that were freely scattered in the neighbourhood.

(To be continued.)

Good temper is an essential factor in success in almost any department of life. A superintendent who loses his temper in his school becomes himself at once the worst element of disorder and confusion which he is trying to reduce. And a teacher who grows cross when his class is disposed to be unruly has lost his last chance to control the turbulence.