



A TEA GARDEN.

While not such a gay, pleasure-loving people as the Japanese, from the fact that the conditions of life are harder, the country more crowded, and population much poorer than in Japan, the Chinese have yet one great holiday, the New Year, and are fond of picnics to their tea-gardens and other picturesque places. One of these is shown in our cut, a pretty pavilion, with numerous plants and flowers, and a pond in the pleasure-garden. There is this to be said in their favour, that, using the cup that cheers but not inebriates, their holidays are free from the disgraceful scenes of drunkenness and vice that characterize the holidays of many so-called Christian lands.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

The lion had got him. It was wounded, enraged, and at bay. Springing at David Livingstone it bore him to the ground, and seizing him by the shoulder shook him as a dog would a rat. Fortunately for Africa the beast was driven off, and the missionary escaped with a crushed shoulder. Lions infested the country at Mabotsa, where Livingstone had gone to form a new missionary station. They made nightly attacks on the herds of goats and sheep belonging to the natives, and the natives, believing themselves to be bewitched, were only too glad to know the "good doctor" would try to get rid

of these fierce brutes. So the missionary turned hunter, and thus in the first years of his work endured suffering for Africa's sake.

From that time for thirty-three years Livingstone laboured almost continuously for Africa, working at first as missionary, and then as traveller and geographer he explored and mapped out portions of the country unknown to white men. In these long journeys he was away for so long a time without a message reaching England, that at times it was almost feared he was lost, and expeditions were sent off to find him and give him relief. What sufferings must have been his in those journeys. Alone amongst savages, at times without food, exposed to constant danger and disease, losing his medicine chest, returning not once nor twice to appointed

places for new medicines and stores, only to find them stolen or plundered. Yet gentle and uncomplaining, ragged and footsore, he patiently takes up his work again, hopeful that all will come right at last, and penetrating into the heart of the Dark Continent again, he is once more lost to us as completely as "if he had been swallowed up by the waves." Then our hearts are filled with sorrow when tidings come, that on May-day morning, 1873, his faithful black boy, Majwara, had found his "Bwana" (dear master) kneeling at his bed, but dead.

How those black lads loved their "Bwana." Regardless of superstitions, they embalmed the body, but buried his heart in the land that was dear to him. Then for nine months these devoted servants carried and guarded the precious body of their master to the coast, and in our Westminster Abbey his remains lie under an unassuming stone slab.

A Sunday-school teacher who had been teaching her class about the prophets feared that she had not made the stories connected with them interesting to her boys. Her fears were groundless, however, as the mother of one of the boys called on her one day, and told her the following incident. "My boy came home Sunday, and after sitting silent awhile suddenly burst out at the dinner-table: 'Well, I do think Elijah was a fine fellow; and if I ever have a kid of my own, I mean to call him Elijah.'"

PETE AND THE DOGS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"O if I could only have one of them pups!"

Poor little Pete had taken a peep through the palings of a back-yard fence. The yard belonged to a man who raised dogs to sell. And what he had seen there had filled his whole heart with longing.

What round, roly-poly pups they were to be sure! Dumpy and squatty, stumpy legs and flat ears, eyes that winked and blinked good-naturedly, saying to a small boy as plainly as eyes could say it: "Come in here and have a good jolly play with us!"

Pete knew that the man charged five dollars apiece for those pups. And Pete was very poor. All the longing in the world would not get a dog for him.

He turned away and walked block after block with the longing still at his heart.

Crossing a street, he saw a boy beating a dog. He was not at all like the pups Pete had seen, for he was thin and wretched. And his eyes looked as if he might wish to say: "Please don't beat me or starve me."

Pete could not bear to see the dog hurt. He went to the boy and said:

"Why do you beat him?"

"O," said the boy, "you have to whip a dog to make him good for anything. But I don't believe this one ever will be. He was a pretty fellow when I got him. He fell off a fine carriage in the street and he doesn't get well, and he gets uglier all the time."

"No wonder, when you use him so badly," said Pete to himself. But to the boy he said:

"I wish you'd give him to me."

"What'll you give me for him?"

Pete had very little to give. He took an old knife from his pocket.

"I'll give you this," he said. "It's got only one blade and that's broke, but it cuts good yet."

The boy grumbled a little, but he gave Pete the dog. Pete carried him tenderly home and bound up the hurt leg. The poor little dog looked lovingly into his eyes and licked his hands.

Weeks later Pete took his dog out for a walk. He was fat and plump now, and frisked joyously by his master's side. There is nothing like loving care, you know, to make things well and happy.

Pete went again to see the well-kept pups. They were grown bigger. Pete looked at them and then at his own dog.

"Well, well," he cried. "If he isn't just like 'em!"

The owner of the pups looked at Pete's, and then he said:

"You have a fine pup there. I'll give you three dollars for him."

It was a great sum for Pete. He thought for a moment, then put his arms around his dog.

"No," he said. "I love him and he loves me, and I can't sell him."