

## MRS. LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE.

Our young readers have heard of the great African Missionaries Moffatt and Livingstone. Mrs. Livingstone was the daughter of Mrs. Moffatt, and accompanied her husband in many of his toilsome missionary journeys in Africa. Away in this lonely land she died and was buried. Professor Drummond tells the following interesting story of a visit to her grave.

We were to spend the night within a few yards of the place where Mrs. Livingstone died. Late in the afternoon we reached the spot—a low, ruined hut, a hundred yards from the river's bank, with a broad verandah shading its crumbling walls. A grass grown path straggled to the doorway, and the fresh print of a hippopotamus told how neglected the spot is now. Pushing the door open, we found ourselves in a long, dark room, its mud floor broken into fragments, and remains of native fires betraying its latest occupants. Turning to the right, we entered a smaller chamber, the walls bare and stained, with two glassless windows facing the river. The evening sun setting over the far-off Morumballa Mountains, filled the room with its soft glow, and took our thoughts back to that Sunday evening, twenty years ago, when in this same bedroom, at the same hour, Livingstone knelt over his dying wife, and witnessed the great sunset of his life. Under a huge baobab tree—a miracle of vegetable vitality and luxuriance—stands Mrs. Livingstone's grave. The picture in Livingstone's book represents the place as well kept, and surrounded with neatly-planted trees. But now it is an utter wilderness, matted with jungle grass, and trodden by the beasts of the forest: and as I looked at the forsaken mound, and contrasted it with her husband's tomb in Westminster Abbey, I thought perhaps the woman's love which brought her to a spot like this, might be not less worthy of immortality."

His dust rests among the great ones of earth in England's noblest burying place.

her's in a lonely, forsaken spot in the wilds of Africa, but it matters little where the dust is laid. They are together in that better life, glad with the gladness of the Saviour's presence, and of a life spent in seeking to carry the gospel to the heathen. May each one of our young readers do what they can in this same great work by helping to send the missionaries, and praying for them and then too they will have the gladness of having "done what they could."

## LITTLE GALE OF CHINA.

BY MISS FIELDE, OF SWATOW.

When little Gale was born nobody was pleased. Girls are sometimes endured, but never welcomed, in Chinese families. As there were already three boys and no girls in the family, she was allowed to live. She had her head shaven, except two little tufts of hair over the bumps of "sublimity": a short sack was put on her, and she was laid in a basket that swung by a rope from a beam in the roof, and thence she looked about her world. It was a very small one. The house had three rooms—a bed-room at each end, a middle room used for all domestic purposes. From her basket Gale could watch the pigs and fowls running about, and could see the busy people in the six-foot-wide street by the door. As soon as she was strong enough, with her hair braided in one strand down her back like a boy's, with a pair of short trousers on, and with a cold boiled sweet potato for luncheon, she went with other girls to gather dry grass and sticks to cook the family food. These excursions were very pleasant.

She had so much work to do that her feet were neglected, and got so large that they began to be a disgrace to her. She knew the pain would be dreadful, but it was more dreadful to hear her neighbors say as she passed, "There are two boats going by." So she had them bound, and had to endure the pain until it ceased.

She helped her mother to spin and