

Boers, he resolved to cross the great Kalahari desert and penetrate the unknown regions beyond, virgin to civilized foot. So starting on June 1st, 1849 accompanied by Colonel Steele, Mr. Oswell, and a fair train of oxen, horses and men, our missionary explorer pushed out into the dry stretch of desert and journeyed under great difficulty, impeded by hostile tribes, and want of water and food, until on August 1st—exactly two months after his start—he stood gazing across the broad waters of Lake Ngami, now cooling for the first time Caucasian eyes. Livingstone was only trammelled and harassed where civilized man had come with his

SLAVE TRADE AND HIS RUM TRAFFIC.

The first monster had been choked to death under the knee of Magna Charta Englishmen; the second—the more insidious devil of the two—is still pushing its deadly tentacles into the very heart of poor Africa, tearing the Bible from before hopeful eyes to thrust in the rum bottle, closing forever all avenues against the missionary and the Christian, and doing all this under the sanction of the British Government—nay, more, answering the indignant protests of a sober and suffering people with the cruel glitter of British bayonets. God has made England his chosen nation in modern times; to her he has given in sacred trust Africa, India, and the "Isles of the Sea"; but if her emblem among these peoples—craving for the true light—be a beer-keg, let her not be surprised if the flag of Waterloo fall from the vanguard; if her navy—degraded to be the bully of the rum-lords—be broken in power, and some other nation, with purer rulers and higher motives, be given the guardianship of

GOD'S ORPHANS.

Livingstone, finding no healthy place through this marshy district, journeyed down to the Cape with his wife and little ones and sent them to England, while he went back to search out some spot that could be made a centre for Christian work among these people. Thus buried alone in Africa for years, his friends—in which list you may safely catalogue every heart in civilization—knew nothing accurately about him.

Within the limits of a brief article, it is simply impossible to give the most barren outline of his explorations; so we shall take long leaps and brief rests. Livingstone felt with acute pain that at his death the tortuous path by which he had reached them would be sealed up and all his life-work wasted and, perhaps, forgotten. Late in the autumn of 1853, this idea culminated in a determination to reach the coast and chisel out an avenue by which other men, traders and teachers, would come in and finish the work he had begun. With this object, though very much weakened by fever, he gathered a party of natives and travelled by boat and on foot toward Loanda. While on this journey occurred a characteristic example of his

PRACTICAL TEACHING.

One Makololo had tried to kill another man's ox, and was clearly convicted by his spear, which was found driven into the creature's side. He was bound hand and foot and placed in the burning sun, until he should pay a fine; but, believing in his declared innocence, his mother—ah! these mothers of ours, no frowning judge nor condemning jury can shake their confidence procured a hoe and forcibly cut his bonds, setting him free. Sekeletu referred the case to Livingstone, who suggested that the prisoner be made to work out the value of the ox—an idea which so took these babes in jurisprudence that all similar crimes were afterward punished in the same wise way.

At Loanda the slave trade and Portuguese sanction very effectually forbid him the broad avenue for which he sought the sea; and after a few months' rest he gathers his band about him and journeys painfully, but without a murmur, back to Linyante. The numerous presents obtained at Loanda for the Chief Sekeletu, among which was a colonel's gaudy uniform, make that worthy very willing that Livingstone should follow out his next plan of reaching civilization by way of the east coast, hoping that here the road would not be so fatally barred to good influences. So again equipped by the faithful Makololo, he passes with a little company down the Zambezi to the great Falls, and on through marches and over vast plains; now bribing the hostile natives, made wickedly cunning by the demoralizing slave trade, again subduing another tribe by a display of force. He reaches the ocean, recruits awhile at Mauritius, and on the 12th of December, 1856—just in time for Christmas—he steps from the deck of the steamer Canada onto English soil.

IN ENGLAND.

For some eighteen months he remains in England. "Resting," my reader suggests. Not a bit of it—that would not be Livingstone—but labouring hard with tongue and pen—neither very facile, from long disuse, but both wholly in earnest—that he might tell the philanthropic world some little of the many needs of the dark and darkened millions in the heart of Africa. The summer of 1858 again found him with a small party and a steam launch, named Ma-Robert after the native appellation for his wife, threading his way up the sickle Zambezi. At Tette, Livingstone found the faithful Makololo guard, who had escorted him to the coast, and now for nearly two years had been awaiting his return. The progress of the Ma-Robert is speedily checked by the strength of the Zambezi current, which necessitates an order from the explorers for a heavier-engined vessel, but, in the interim, Livingstone drives his "asthmatic," as he had dubbed the launch, three times up a large branch of the Zambezi, and finally organizes an overland expedition that discovers an immense inland sea, Lake Nyassa. Then making a hasty journey to the Makololo country, that he might redeem his promise to bring his guides safely back, he hurried down to the coast to meet the new boat, the Pioneer, that carried the ill-fated Bishop Mackenzie and his party. After several attempts to explore the Zambezi and its branches, that were baulked by the large draught of the Pioneer, during which the terrible African fever had left Livingstone almost companionless, he went, tired and weak, down again to the coast. Here he was joined by his beloved wife and several ladies, meant for the fever-stricken Bishop Mackenzie's missions, and by a new iron vessel for his exploration. This, however, was soon sadly shortened by the death of her, under the scorching heat of an African fever, who had joined her life with his away back at Kuruman; and it had rippled on by his side a refreshing, heartening rill, all across the dry desert where his path of duty lay.

Paying a short visit to England in 1864, Livingstone soon hurried to Africa, where he organized a party, by virtue of his power as British Consul, and again plunged into the continent where he had spent his life. Before long some of the men who accompanied him appear at the coast and claim to have seen the great explorer killed during an attack from hostile natives. This canard, after causing great uneasiness, is exploded by a bold expedition, headed by Mr. E. D. Young, an old companion. However, as the years wear on and little or no word comes, England gets uneasy about her hero, and fits out an expedition, much in the spirit of Miss Florence Nightingale, who wrote: "If it cost

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS TO SEND HIM A PAIR OF BOOTS

we should send it." But our readers know that the plucky American, Stanley, got there first; and then came away again, leaving the man, upon whose conscience Africa seemed to rest, plodding on at his great work.

It seems hardly needful to say of Livingstone that he died in harness; he had no time to stop work, no leisure to die. Just a year after Stanley groped his way out to the coast with tidings of a found Livingstone, the great missionary-explorer lay in a low thatched hut at Kabenda, tended only by his faithful Makololo boys, preparing to start on another voyage to "an undiscovered country," not dark with error and superstition and crime, but bright with the effulgence from the Great White Throne.

After death, the attendants removed the heart, according to an African fashion, buried it in the soil that, living, it loved so faithfully. Then carefully drying the body, they wrapped it in barks and carried it, with much labour and hardship, two hundred miles, to Zanzibar. Crossing the ocean, this mortal remnant of the good missionary, the great explorer, the giant soul, was greeted by sorrowing hearts at Southampton, and laid away, amid the grieving tears and the prouder memories of a world, in that hallowed mausoleum of Britain's mighty dead—Westminster Abbey.

Examiner (to small candidate for confirmation)—"Now, recite the commandments for me."

Small candidate breaks down on the second commandment.

Examiner—"Why, how is this? You have recited the creed and the catechism very well, why don't you know the commandments?"

Small Candidate—"Please, sir, I haven't practiced the commandments lately."

We have seen older people similarly afflicted.

A Queer Boy.

He doesn't like study, it "weakens his eyes."

But the right sort of book will insure a surprise.

Let it be about Indians, pirates, or bears, And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;

By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear;

Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand he's "tired as a hound,"

Very weary of life, and of tramping around,

But if there's a band or a circus in sight, He will follow it gladly from morning till night.

The showman will capture him, some day I fear,

For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden his head aches "to split,"

And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit,"

But mention baseball, and he's cured very soon,

And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon;

Do you think he plays "possum"? He seems quite sincere;

But—Isn't he queer?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

FEBRUARY 21, 1897.

The demoniac boy who was healed.—Matt. 17. 14-18.

AN AFFLICTED FATHER.

Verse 14. It is wonderful how many persons there were in the days of the Saviour who were afflicted as the son of this father was. Why was it so? Because in all probability the devil knew that his power would soon be greatly lessened, so he does all the harm he can before he loses his grasp upon humanity. What anxiety parents feel on account of their children. How they have to care for them, feed, clothe, and educate them, and fit them 'o' positions in society. And when they have done all in their power for them, perhaps the children become ungrateful, and forget their obligations; or, maybe, they are afflicted, and their parents are called to bury them, and thus they have trouble upon trouble.

HE CAME TO JESUS.

Verses 15 and 16. He acted wisely. In everything make known your requests to God. Affliction is designed to induce us to seek the Lord. Trials may be God's rod of correction to induce us to become faithful followers of the Lord Jesus. The poor boy's affliction must have been of the most heart-rending kind. The poor father, as he beheld his son, would be almost heart-broken; and would not know what to do on his behalf. He had the idea that Christ could help him, hence his prayer. The disciples could not render him any aid. Their lack of faith prevented them. They had been slow in learning the lessons which Christ taught. He constantly insisted upon the importance of faith. They

had seen him perform many miracles, and they might have done the same but for their faithlessness. How we should feel admonished, for though enjoying more of Gospel blessings than any who have preceded us, yet how faithless and unbelieving we have been, and yet you know faith is the anchor of the soul. Paul says, "We live by faith," and when speaking of himself he said, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," etc.

CHRIST HEALED THE BOY

Verse 18. He rebuked the devil. No one disputed his authority. All power was given unto him in heaven and in earth. He was superior to all in authority, winds and waves obeyed him, diseases were cured at his command, and here he rebukes this monster which has been crushing and tormenting this poor boy. The miracles which Christ performed were an evidence that he was no impostor. This was what convinced Nicodemus that Christ was not man, but God, for no man could do such miracles as Christ performed. He must, therefore, be God.

WHAT SHOULD WE LEARN.

We cannot but admire the goodness of the Saviour, in that he was so benevolent, so touched with sympathy for those in trouble. In this respect we should be like him. We are commanded to be kind and tender-hearted toward those in trouble, but above everything else we should learn to understand faith, which worketh by love and purifieth the heart. Christ repeatedly dwelt upon this. How gently he reproved the disciples for their lack of faith.

Verse 20. "Remove mountains." This was a proverbial expression, which means anything that may be difficult, or even insurmountable. Faith in God will be a strong help to success. In seeking the blessing of pardon, or desiring to be increasingly conformed to God's image, faith is of vital importance. In all the affairs of life there will be seasons when we will almost be overwhelmed, and when we will be very apt to become discouraged, but at such times we may hear a voice saying, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" We are afraid that even those who work do not always work in faith, hence the condemnation will be lack of faith. Let us pray with the disciples, "Lord, increase our faith."

HOW TO COME.

Pres. Samuel Plantz of Lawrence University gives sage advice about preparation for the League devotional meeting. He makes points thus:

1. Come to pray.
2. Come to pray pointedly.
3. Come to pray out of a full heart.
4. Come to quit praying when you are through.
5. Come to pray differently than you did a week previous.
6. Come to pray honestly, confessing your sins.
7. Come to pray thankfully, recognizing God's blessings.
8. Come to pray adoringly, remembering God's greatness and mercy.
9. Come to pray beseechingly, realizing your needs.
10. Come to pray expectantly, believing God's promises.
11. Come not only to pray, but also to testify if the leader shall throw the meeting open. "Ye are my witnesses."—Epworth Herald.

HOW OLD MUST I BE?

"Mother," a little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I always love you. I do now, and I always shall; but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother replied: "How old must you be before you can trust wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered; "but tell me what I want to know." And she put her arms around her mother's neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing any older."

Her mother said: "You can be a Christian, now, darling, without waiting to be older. Don't you want to begin now?"

The child whispered, "Yes."

Then they both knelt down, and in her prayer the mother gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be his.