

HOME AND SCHOOL

Livingstone in Central Africa.

THE life record of Dr Livingstone is one of the most remarkable in the annals of Christian Missions. The story of the poor weaver boy who became a physician, then a missionary; who explored the heart of the Dark Continent as no man had done it before; who was lost for years from the sight of the world and was given up for dead; who was found sick and suffering in an African jungle by the intrepid Stanley; who refused to leave his heroic labour of missionary exploration; who persevered in his work of toil and self-sacrifice till he perished in the wilderness; whose

body was borne on the backs of his faithful black followers hundreds of miles to the sea, then sent to England, and buried with all the honours a grateful nation could bestow in the mausoleum of its kings and warriors and statesmen—Westminster Abbey. This is a story we have not here space to recount. We purpose to do so, with copious illustrations, in an early number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*.

The engraving illustrates a characteristic incident in the life of the great missionary. We see him mounted on the back of a domesticated buffalo—the only

beast of burden available in Central Africa—and, accompanied by his trusty black, hunting the elephant in the jungle. This was not from mere love of sport, but from stern necessity. During much of the time that he was lost to civilization he was dependent on his trusty rifle for support, both for food and for ivory wherewith to purchase supplies.

The Land of Dreams.

In a beautiful land I wandered last night,
Where flowers bloom ever and skies are bright;
And crystal-clear the murmuring streams:
And I met *them* there, the loved of yore—
The loved and lost that I see no more,
Save in that beautiful land of dreams.

The mother so longed for clasped my hand,
While brothers and sisters—a radiant band—
Closed lovingly round me till it seemed,
I had just awoke to the *real* day,
And I was glad the night had passed away
With the heart-sick dreams I had dreamed.

In my grateful joy and glad surprise,
Urged on by the light of their loving eyes,
My long, dark dream I told:

[Marion's New Society.

BY MYRA A. GOODWIN.

"CAN you help me a few minutes, daughter?"

"I would like to, but I don't see how I can."

The tone was not impatient, but hurried.

"I have this essay to finish for the society this evening. I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a church committee meeting, and get back for my German lesson at five o'clock."

"No, you can't help me, dear. You

"What made that weary look on this woman's face?" asked the stern, strong-looking angel of the weaker, sadder one. "Has God given her no daughters?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but they have no time to take care of their mother."

"No time!" cried the other. "What do they do with all the time I am letting them have?"

"Well," replied the Angel of Life, "I keep their hands and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their good works, but they do not know they are letting the one

they love most slip from my arms into yours. Those gray hairs came from overwork and anxiety to save extra money for the music and French lessons. Those pale cheeks faded while the girls were painting roses and pansies on velvet or satin."

The dark angel frowned.

"Young ladies must be accomplished now," explained the other. "Those eyes grew dim sewing for the girls, to give them time to study ancient history and modern languages. Those wrinkles came because the girls hadn't time to share the cares and worries of everyday life. That sigh comes because this mother feels neglected

and lonely while the girls are working for the women of India. That tired look comes from getting up so early while the poor, exhausted girls are trying to sleep back the late hours they gave to study or spent at the *musicals*. These feet are so weary because of their ceaseless tramp around the house all day."

"Surely, the girls help, too?"

"What they can; but their feet get weary enough going round begging for the charity hospital and the church, and hunting up the poor and sick."

"No wonder," said the Angel of Death, "so many mothers call me. This is indeed sad. Loving, industri-



HUNTING THE ELEPHANT.

How the loved and trusted in my hour of need
Had proved, indeed, but a "broken reed,"
And the world grew drear and cold.

I told them what bitter tears I had shed,
Over the faithless—over the dead—
Of the many lone vigils kept—
Of the manifold struggles, early and late,
I had made against an adverse fate;
Then I bowed my head and wept.

The cold gray morning found me in tears—
In grief for the loved of the vanished years:
But the "Comforter" came, and that which seems

To be real now, I can clearly see
Will have been the dream in the great to-be
And the real will be my land of dreams.

A. M. A.

look worn out yourself. Never mind; if I tie up my head in Pond's Extract, I guess I can finish this."

"Through at last," said Marion, wearily, giving a finishing touch to "The Development of the Ideas of Religion among the Greeks," at the same time glancing quickly at the clock. Her attention was arrested by a strange sight, which made her forget the lateness of the hour. Her tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing.

That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw bending over her mother's pale face two angels, each looking earnestly at the sleeper.