

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## The Quest.

Once there was a restless boy  
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,  
Where the water danced for joy,  
And the wind was glad and free.  
But he said, "Good mother, oh! let me  
go:  
For the dullest place in the world, I  
know,  
Is this little brown house,  
This old brown house,  
Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west;  
The loveliest homes I'll see;  
And when I have found the best,  
Dear mother, I'll come for thee;  
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,  
And joyfully then we'll haste away,  
From this little brown house,  
This old brown house,  
Under the apple tree."

So he travelled here and there,  
But never content was he,  
Though he saw in lands most fair,  
The costliest homes there be.  
He something missed from the sea or  
sky,  
Till he turned again, with a wistful sigh  
To the little brown house,  
The old brown house,  
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,  
While her heart grew glad and free.  
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?  
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth  
she.

And he said, "Sweet mother, from east  
to west,  
The loveliest home, and the dearest and  
best  
Is a little brown house,  
An old brown house,  
Under an apple tree."

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN, B.A.

"Find Livingstone!" was the brief instruction given Mr. Stanley, the young newspaper correspondent in gay Paris by that prince of publishers, James Gordon Bennett; and after hard travelling, hard fighting, and harder planning, on the morning of the 10th of November, 1871, the intrepid Stanley stood on the crest of a vine-hung hill in mid-Africa, looking down on the palm-girt and guarded town of Ujiji, wherein Livingstone's faithful servant Susi had just told him, there rested for a moment in his march that missionary, who was a scientist, an explorer, and a man—David Livingstone.

Threading the streets of the town, Stanley pushed through curious groups of thronging natives until, at last, surrounded by a coterie of his own, was seen a grey-bearded white man, clad in worn grey trousers, a faded red-sleeved waistcoat, and wearing a blue cap that had once been proud of its gold band.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

For six years the great explorer had not heard "white man's" English. On the other hand, Stanley stood face to face with the best talked-of man among civilized peoples, and could go back now and tell an anxious world that the lost Livingstone had been found. Little wonder if the clasped hands tremble, or that the day has faded into evening, and the night grown grey, be-



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

fore these men have heard from each other sufficient of the two worlds they represent.

## LOWLY BIRTH.

The man who was thus greeted was one of the finer vessels into which God puts a greater share of his Spirit. Inspiration did not die with the apostles; but now and then a creature is lifted well above the level of common humanity and entrusted with a great idea, about which cluster his will, his desires, his faculties, until he seems to move, the high-born thought vivified, humanized. Such an one is free-willed still. But it does seem to human obscurity as if the Divine One sometimes picks out a Columbus, a Newton, a Franklin, a Livingstone, and so impresses him with the imperious necessity of a great work that his will, free as infinity, is yet omnipotently bent to the task. Such was David Livingstone. Born in 1813, he was entered

## AT THE AGE OF TEN

as a "piecer" in the Blantyre Cotton Works, that overlooked the Clyde a little way above Glasgow. He seldom joined in the sports of the other lads, not because of churlishness, but even then little "Davie" seemed to have no time to spare for anything but work. His first week's wages bought a Latin grammar, and by patient plodding at home, meagre instructions at a night school, and even amid the whirl of the machinery, resting his book on a portion of the "spinning jenny," he managed to gain quite a knowledge of the classics, and a rude mixture of science and travel that was afterwards very much added to by attendance during the winters at Glasgow University.

## BECOMES A MISSIONARY.

Quite early he had determined to go, when old enough, as a missionary to China, studying hardest at medicine that he might heal the bodies of the people

and thus win their confidence—an important aid to soul-healing. On the advice of friends, but more from a lack of funds to pay his own way (something Livingstone dearly liked to do), he offered his services, late in September, 1838, to the London Missionary Society, and was sent by them to their Training College, at Chipping Ongar, in Essex. After some two years in the school, in company with such men as Hay, Taylor and Drummond, he was judged fit to enter upon active work among those of God's creatures who dwell in the night of heathen darkness. An opium war in China forbade the carrying out of his earlier schemes; so, after three months' sea-voyage, he found himself at Cape Town, South Africa, with instructions to journey on to Algoa Bay and thence to the thirty-year-old station at Kuruman, no less than seven hundred miles from Cape Town, beyond which he was to push still further inland into entirely new territory among the Bekwains or Bakwains.

Some writers have pictured the

## YOUNG SCOTCH LAD.

as falling at heart and half-sickening with loneliness when thus buried in trackless forests, neither understanding nor understood by the ignorant heathen about him, the very leaves upon the trees and the twitter of the birds strange; and, as human nature goes, their blunder is quite natural. But they have failed to read aright the character of Livingstone; he was travelling in the path of duty; and from the time when with boyish hands he pushed aside the merry Scottish lads and lassies to con his Latin primer, till he died on his knees in the heart of Africa, that path was never cheerless, never lonely. Some men do duty from principle, Livingstone did it as a pleasure.

This period of his life is pleasingly outlined by a popular writer in a chapter bearing the somewhat ambiguous title,

## MARRIED AND NEARLY KILLED.

He is at least faultless in his knowledge of sequences. Livingstone soon left the Bakwains and took three months' furlough at Kuruman, where he arranged the scenery for the first act of the tragedy above mentioned, with the aid of Miss Moffat, eldest daughter of the famous African missionary, who afterward proved a fitting and true mate to her hard-willed, tender-hearted husband. After some time spent in learning the language in seclusion from all European society at Lepelole, he set out on a search after a suitable spot for the founding of a mission, finally choosing the beautiful valley of Mafabona, where, on a lion-hunt (not for pleasure, mark you but from the true Livingstonian motive of killing the destroyer of his people's cattle) the second act nearly resulted in a cruel death under the paw of the shaggy "forest king."

His marriage was celebrated in 1844, when he took his bride out among the Bakwains, with whom he laboured reaping much good and new life far more until 1849. During this time he had vanquished the "rain doctors," won over many of the people, and so thoroughly converted the chief, Sechele, that he learned to read the Scriptures and sent away all his unlawful wives. But finding his work here practically paralyzed by aggressions of the slave-trading Dutch



THE HUT IN WHICH LIVINGSTONE DIED.