

HOME AND SCHOOL

The Victoria Falls—Zambesi River.

WHEN Dr. Livingstone reached the Zambesi River in performing his celebrated feat of crossing the Continent of Africa from Loanda on the west to Tete on the east, he was often asked by the natives, "Have you smoke that sounds in your country?" and they assured him that some way off "smoke did sound."

He went in the direction pointed out by the natives, and came upon the most gigantic waterfall ever seen, it being much wider than the Falls of Niagara. He found that the smoky columns that sounded were vast masses of vapor and spray hurled upwards for hundreds of feet above the level of the water, and that the sound was caused by the deafening rush of a vast river over a great precipice. This immense rush of foaming water could find no stream in front and only an opening on one side.

Two bright rainbows were seen in the vapor, and the grandeur and sublimity of the scene were increased by the beauty of the surrounding country, for the everlasting spray fertilized the soil, and the forest trees, with their tropical underwood, clothed the banks for miles. Livingstone named this wonderful cataract the Victoria Falls.

They are said to nearly equal in height and volume the famous Falls of Niagara.

Their roar can be heard for many miles, and their columns of cloud be seen for a vast distance. A peculiarity of these Falls is that they fall into a narrow chasm, being confronted by a huge wall of rock. The river then makes its way sideways, turning abruptly at right angles to its previous course, and flowing in a narrow channel, as shown in the left foreground of the picture. Though the valley of the Zambesi is now almost a solitude, or peopled only by barbarous tribes, the time will come, and that, we think, before long, when a Christian civiliza-

tion shall fill its broad expanse with the results of Christian enterprize and industry, and the knowledge of the true God shall illumine these long-darkened lands.

My Boy.

JOHN NAGHTEN, my boy! for so I have called him these twenty-five years. When he was about ten his mother gave him to me to become and to do whatever I might think was best for him. He was of delicate constitution; loving, gentle, kind, and timid, as though he had the heart of a

told him of a ride on the upper Mississippi, ten years before, where I met a young man of barely twenty-one years, who was going to Minnesota to buy a farm with his own money, and that of his widowed mother and only sister. It was all they had in the world. Sharpers desired him to play in the saloon of the steamer, and he gained some little risks, and then he lost, and lost, and lost till every cent of his own and of theirs was gone. He had learned to use cards at home, felt safe with them anywhere; and there he was put off the steamer at the first landing, without money to see him home, or to buy

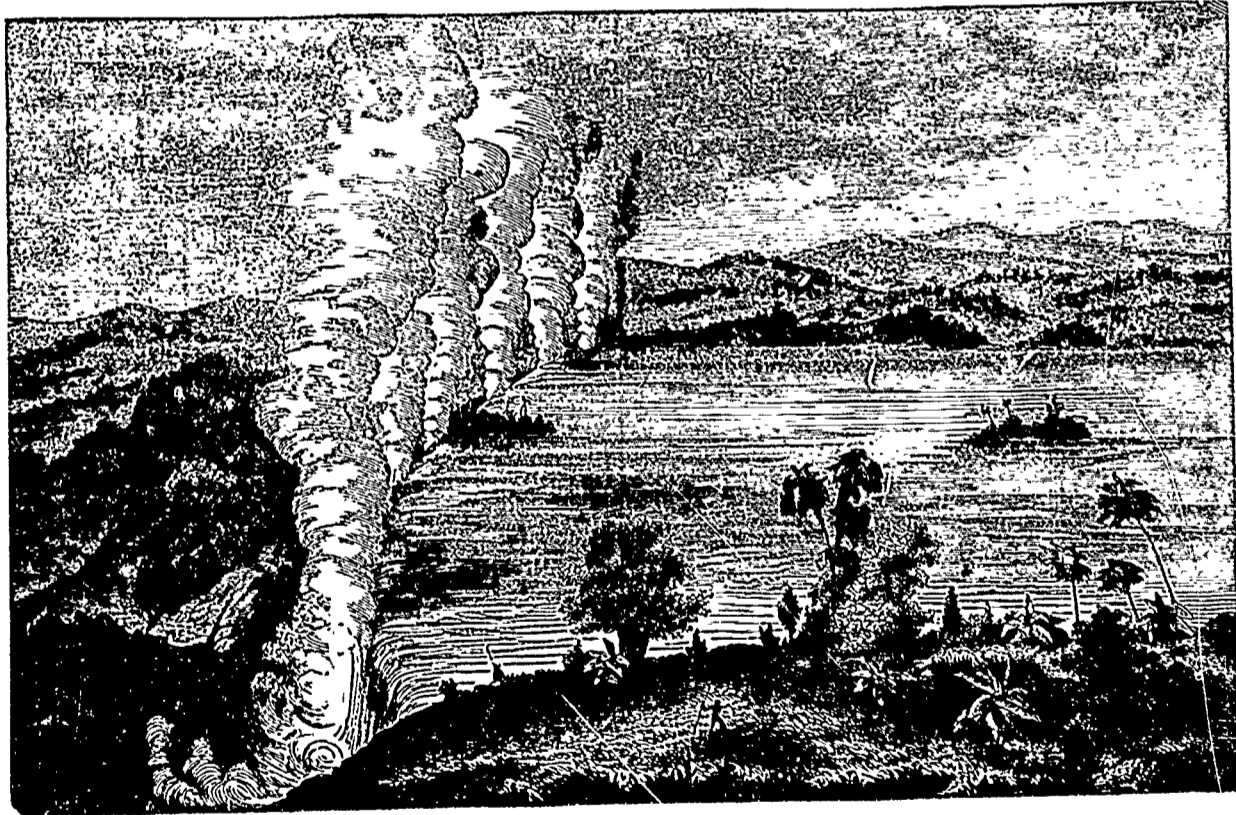
choirs. When the Spanish evangelical work was commenced there was no Spanish hymn and tune book. The hymns could be found, but where was the evangelical, musical editor! Here the young organist found rare work. He edited the music of the "Himnos Evangelicos," the first hymn and tune book ever published in any language south of the equator. His work tended to so popularize our American Sunday-school and social songs that everywhere you might hear Spanish children singing them in the streets. Few persons in the laity in that mission have given, for the last twenty years,

so faithful, efficient, unostentatious service as John Naghten. Yet, with all his excellencies, he was exactly where the young man stood who did all these things from his youth up; but a change came over him.

A year ago when Mrs. Hudson died, his playmate and friend from childhood, she gave him a message that he never forgot. It was, like the arrest of Saul of Tarsus, from heaven. John became a new creature.

The beautiful girl that became his wife is left with her lovely children the heirs of a name without a blemish. Sweet be thy rest, my boy, my John, my beloved! Oceans and mountains shall separate our dust, but we shall meet again. Thy youthful feet have gained the heights first. Later

arrived, and wearied with a longer journey, I hope again to join thee in the palace of angels and of God.—
William Goodfellow, D.D.



THE VICTORIA FALLS—ZAMBESI RIVER.

little girl. The time soon came when he was better at school than with me, but out of school hours we were constantly together. This was in Buenos Ayres, South America, in the eighteen hundred and sixties. When John came to be sixteen he came to me to say that all the young men whom he knew played cards, and they desired him to join them. He said he observed that I never played, and he came to ask my advice about his learning to play. I told him I had no commands to lay upon him, but I would show him how it looked to me. Then I

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a breakfast. I believe if he could have said he did not know the names of the cards that he would have escaped that calamity to himself and mother and sister. John said: "That settles the case. I shall live and die without knowing one card from another." I presume he did.

The time given by other boys to frivolity, John gave to the study of music. For over twenty years he has been the gifted organist and leader of the choir of the American Church in that great city, attending three services a day, and teaching many successive

"Stop that, mister! What would ye be after doing?" cried a native of Wicklow to an English gentleman who was tying his horse to a telegraph pole. "What's the matter, Pat?" "Why, jist this, yer honor; you've hitched yer animal to the magnetic telegraph, and it's in Dublin he'll be in two minutes if ye don't secure him somewhere's else."