

## LIVINGSTONE.

By REV. C. P. HARD.

Do the spirits of the great missionaries revisit the scenes of their earthly toils and failures and weeping and agony, when at last the path opens and the light breaks and the triumph lifts its trumpet to lips of joy? Then, we think, with delight, that the blessed David Livingstone may now look on the rushing advance of freedom in South Africa with smile and shout. He had a hard time in Africa, from the date of entering it, in 1811, until, dead on his knees in the Ilala hut, found there by the black boys, he bound the heart of all Christendom and civilization to the redemption of that continent, by "the dead hand" of an immortal influence of life. In the burial temple of some of the world's greatest, we saw, in 1874, the fresh flowers in Westminster Abbey, in the midst of London's millions, on the horizontal slab under which he had lately been laid, when that cathedral had been "crowded in every part;" when Mr. Stanley was one of the pall-bearers; when Dr. Livingstone's noble father-in-law, the missionary of South Africa, Dr. Moffat, was present, "full of sorrowful admiration." Now, daily, multitudes read the inscription on the floor:

"Brought by faithful hands over land and sea.

Here rests

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist.

Born March 19, 1813, at Blantyre, Lanarkshire;

Died May 4, 1873.

At Chitambo's Village, Ilala."

For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, and abolish the desolating slave trade of Central Africa, where, with his last words he wrote: "All I can say in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world." On the left border are written: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice."

Who can speak or write of Livingstone to-day without tears; of sorrow, in memory of his anguish; of gladness, that the Africa of his love is being opened up, though with the bayonet; that there will be no more his "solitude" or that of other European; that with the sound, as of mighty waters, of great armies, Africa is being made the neighborhood of every Christian land, that more missionary literature is being, with free circulation, given daily to the whole world, regarding Africa, than all the missionary societies could supply, much less get to be read, in a century of effort?

## JUST YOU AND I.

If you and I, my dear, should try  
To do what we know is duty,  
This world of ours, with its sun and showers  
Would blossom into beauty.  
There'd be more joy without alloy,  
There'd be much less of sighing,  
If you and I, my dear, should try,  
And never give up trying.

If you and I, when we'd like to cry,  
Should hum a bit of tune, dear,  
And gaily smile—in a little while  
The weather'd seem like June, dear,  
If, when we fret, with eyes tear-wet,  
O'er some of the things that bother,  
We'd pitch right in with a hearty vim  
And help dear, tired mother.

Oh! wouldn't it be a happier world,  
And wouldn't it be worth living,  
If more and more from our hearts' full store  
Of love we'd just been giving?  
So, dear, let's try, just you and I,  
And never give up, O never!  
And life will be brighter, and sad hearts lighter  
Because of our endeavor.

## VACATION TIME.

The grammars and the spellers,  
The pencils and the slates,  
The books that hold the fractions  
And the books that tell the dates,  
The crayons and the blackboards  
And the maps upon the wall,  
Must all be glad together,  
For they won't be used till fall.

They've had to work like beavers  
To help the children learn;  
And if they want a little rest,  
It surely is their turn.  
They shut their leaves with pleasure,  
The dear old lesson books,  
And the crayons and the blackboards  
Put on delighted looks.

So children, just remember,  
When you are gone away,  
Your poor old slate and pencils  
Are keeping holiday,  
The grammars and the spellers  
Are proud as they can be  
When the boys forsake the school-room,  
And the teachers turn the key.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER  
in *Harper's Young People*.

## GOD CLAIMS ME.

When the late Earl Cairns was a little boy he heard three words which made a memorable impression upon him: "God claims you." Then came the question: "What am I going to do with the claim?" He answered: "I will own it, and give myself to God." He went home, and told his mother, "God claims me." At school and college his motto was, "God claims me." As a member of parliament, and ultimately as Lord chancellor, he was teacher of a large Bible class; and his minister, thinking now he would have no time to devote to that purpose, said to him: "I suppose you will now require to give up your class?"

"No," was the reply, "I will not; God claims me."  
—[The Dial.]