

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 16, 1894.

[No 45

Going to School.

BY EMILY PEARSON BAILEY.

Laid by a loving father's hand,
Unto the schoolroom door there came
One summer morn a little child
With downcast eye and cheek aflame.
"I do not want to go to school,"
She cried. "Beneath the sky so blue,
Oh, let me stay." The father said,
"Dear child, the school is best for you."

Years passed. The child a woman grown,
With all a woman's graces crowned,
Amid life's cares and duties set
Recalled that morn; for she had found
The training of that very school,
The daily lesson there impressed,
So good, that gratefully she said:
"My father knew just what was best."

So when full stature of our lives
We reach beneath unclouded skies—
Such hope have all who love their Lord—
I think that we with glad surprise
Shall say: "Life's lessons all were good,
Its lights and shades, its toil, its rest,
Its disappointments, gain and loss;
Our Father knew just what was best."

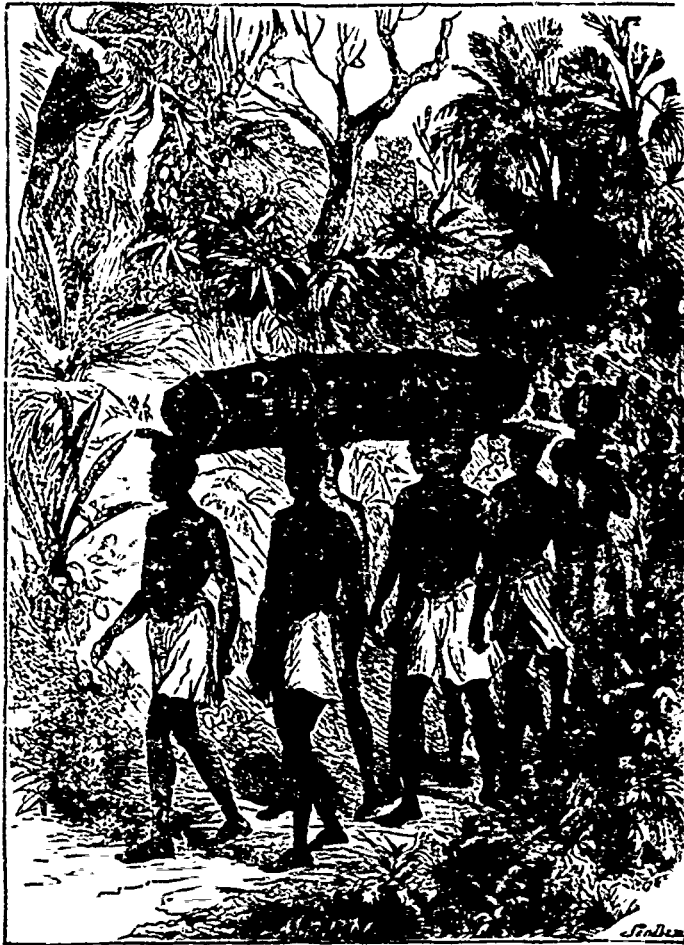
LIVINGSTONE'S LAST HOURS.

For many years David Livingstone, the celebrated African explorer, had been travelling through the Dark Continent trying to open up a way into which other men might enter bearing the Gospel of Christ.

For months he had been seeking to go around the head-waters of those Central African lakes which he believed to be the sources of the Nile, but which have since proved to be the head-waters of the Congo River. Although his strength had nearly all been spent in previous explorations, he had still pressed on, walking till he could walk no longer, carried on the shoulders of his devoted attendants, sometimes through water up to their hips. At last, when he could no longer hold himself erect, a swinging litter was made, and for an hour or two every day—his sufferings permitting no more rapid progress—he was borne between two men until they reached the native village of Ilala, on the western shore of Lake Bangweolo.

As they drew near to the village some of his men had run on before to procure a hut for him. The rude structure of boughs and grass was soon ready, and, leaning on the arms of his faithful Chuma and Susi, his companions of several years, he tottered to his bed on the floor. Here he lay for hours moaning softly, and as darkness drew on making his few arrangements, he dismissed his attendants for the night. When in the dim, early morning they went into the hut, the wasted figure lay no longer on the bed, but was kneeling beside it in the attitude of prayer, the face bowed upon the hands, the spirit gone to God.

His faithful men would not leave his body to be laid away in the dark African forest. With a care and prudence wonder-



THE MARCH TO THE COAST.

ful indeed in men of so little education, they prepared it for preservation. Carefully swathed in cloth and covered with bark, the body was raised to the heads of four of their number and the march to the coast began.

For nine long months, through dark jungles and across burning plains, they ran the gauntlet of hostile tribes. Nothing could turn them from their purpose, their master should lie in the beloved soil of his native land, among the dear ones of

whom he had so often spoken. So they pressed on, until at last they saw the sea, and gaining the port, they found in the harbour an English cruiser.

The body was carefully raised up the ship's side and carried safely to England, where, on April 18th, 1874, it was laid in its last resting-place in Westminster Abbey among so many of the good and great. In the pavement of the nave of the Abbey lies a black marble slab inscribed with these words:

Brought by Faithful Hands
Over Land and Sea,
Here Rests
David Livingstone,
Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist.

AN OBJECT IN LIFE.

We all require an object in life, something to live for, to work for, to aim after; something that will arouse our ambition, awaken our dormant energies, inspire love, and so keep mind, body, and heart in healthy exercise. The most miserable people in the world are those who have little or nothing to do. Busy folks have no time to nurse small grievances; and there is no medicine like work to heal the wounds that disappointment or sorrow have tried hard to make.

Boys and girls who start out with no object in life but 'to have a good time,' will soon come to the end of their career, and die as the fool dieth. We should all aspire to have some worthy object on which to expend our talents, something that will elevate us and improve our moral and physical condition.

Our main object in life should be to do the will of our heavenly Father. We are put into the world for that purpose, and if we pursue evil instead of good we need not expect to go unpunished. Having set out with the determination to be a Christian, we find our eyes and our understanding opened as we go along, and are never at a loss for something to do. An idle Christian is a contradiction in terms.

Having put on this armour, we are next to study the occupation for which we are best fitted, and to prepare ourselves daily for the position we hope to fill. It may be our lot to serve in lowly places, and in some way our ambition may be thwarted so that we cannot carry out the desire of our heart. Well, all this is known to God, and if we look around we find something to live for, something that will give wholesome occupation to the mind, and prevent the thoughts from dwelling too much upon self.

It is easy to distinguish those who have an object in life from those who have nothing particular to do, and who expend their energies in an effort to kill time.

"Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavour,
Let the great meaning enable it ever;
Dreep not o'er efforts expended in vain;
Work, as believing that labour is gain."



LIVINGSTONE IN AFRICA.