



A CHINESE TEA GARDEN.

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While not such a gay, pleasure-loving people as the Japanese, from the fact that the conditions of life are harder, the country more crowded, and population much poorer than in Japan, the Chinese have yet one great holiday, the New Year, and are fond of picnics to their tea-gardens and other picturesque places. One of these is shown in our cut, a pretty pavilion, with numerous plants and flowers, and a pond in the pleasure-garden. There is this to be said in their favor, that, using the cup that cheers but not inebriates, their holidays are free from the disgraceful scenes of drunkenness and vice that characterize the holidays of many so-called Christian lands.

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

The lion had got him. It was wounded, enraged and at bay. Springing at David Livingstone it bore him to the ground, and seizing him by the shoulder shook him as a dog would a rat. Fortunately for Africa the beast was driven off, and the missionary escaped with a crushed shoulder. Lions infested the country at Mabotsa, where Livingstone had gone to form a new missionary station. They made nightly attacks on the herds of goats and sheep belonging to the natives; and the natives, believing themselves to be bewitched, were only too glad to know

the "good doctor" would try to get rid of these fierce brutes. So the missionary turned hunter, and thus in the first years of his work endured suffering for Africa's sake.

From that time for thirty-three years Livingstone labored almost continuously for Africa, working at first as missionary, and then as traveller and geographer he explored and mapped out portions of the country unknown to white men. In these long journeys he was away for so long a time without a message reaching England, that at times it was almost feared he was lost, and expeditions were sent off to find him and give him relief. What sufferings must have been his in those journeys. Alone amongst savages, at times without food, exposed to constant danger and disease, losing

his medicine chest, returning not once nor twice to appointed places for new medicines and stores, only to find them stolen or plundered. Yet gentle and uncomplaining, ragged and footsore, he patiently takes up his work again, hopeful that all will come right at last, and penetrating into the heart of the Dark Continent again, he is once more lost to us as completely as "if he had been swallowed up by the waves." Then our hearts are filled with sorrow when tidings come, that on May Day morning, 1873, his faithful black boy, Majwara, had found his "Bwana" (dear master) kneeling at his bed, but dead.

How those black lads loved their "Bwana." Regardless of superstitions, they embalmed the body, but buried his heart in the land that was dear to him. Then for nine months these devoted servants carried and guarded the precious body of their master to the coast, and in our Westminster Abbey his remains lie under an unassuming stone slab.

A little child in India said that she liked her teacher's religion better than hers. "Why?" asked her teacher. "I like your Jesus because he loves little girls," she said.

Keep aloof from quarrels; be neither a witness nor a party.

## THE BEST BEGINNING.

She was only one wee maiden,  
But with willing heart and hand  
She pursed her rosy lips and said,  
"I'm going to be a Band."  
Of course she asked her mother,  
As any maiden would,  
And got some help in drawing rules,  
And "seeing if she could."

Then off she started down the lane,  
This dainty missionary;  
She had to talk, and talk, and talk,  
For folks are "real contrary."  
"D'you know about those heathen girls,  
How every single one  
Is shut up in a horrid house,  
And can't have any fun?"

"And nothing nice to eat at all—  
Just like sour milk or tea  
Without a scrap of sugar?  
(I'm very glad 'tain't me.)  
And then they're so afraid to die;  
They don't know 'bout our Lord,  
Who came to take us all to heaven  
By trusting in his word.

"Don't you think we ought help them  
Before we're grown up quite,  
To save these little heathen girls  
By sending them the light?"  
She didn't have to go so far,  
This little maiden wee,  
Before she found another one  
Who did with her agree.

So they 'lected Molly secretary,  
And Ethel took the chair,  
And though their minds were hazy  
As to what their duties were,  
That day they made an iron rule  
That each who joined must seek  
One other member; then the Band  
"Adjourned to meet next week."

And Molly brought Clarinda,  
And Ethel found out Dan.  
And him they made the president  
Because he was a man.  
Now it wasn't very long, be sure,  
With such a stringent rule,  
Before there really was a throng—  
In fact 'twas all the school.

And they studied about the heathen,  
Prayed for their souls so sad,  
And they worked to gather pennies  
To send the tidings glad.  
They had exhibitions, concerts,  
And all such things, you know,  
For the bigger people all waked up  
By the stirring going on below.

So, just one little maiden,  
Who works with heart and hand,  
Is the very best beginning  
For the Missionary Band.