

THE COMPACT.

(Chicago Record Herald.)
SHE.

I would not if the choice were mine,
Remain when you have passed away;
I would not stay alone to pine
Without you through a dismal day;
If it were mine to choose, my dear,
I would not for one day remain;

If you had gone and left me here
Each morn could only bring me pain;
If it shall be fate's sad decree
That you must be the first to go
I pray that you may call to me
And quickly end my lonely woe.

HE.

I do not fear that you, sweetheart,
May go before I have to leave;
But if you should be called to start—
If I remained alone to grieve
While summer rains and winter's snow
Blew o'er the grave where you were laid—

If you, I say, are called to go
Before my getaway is made—
Please do not worry; life will be
Less joyful than I find it now;
But don't waste time in calling me;
I'll try to get along, somehow.

—S. E. Kiser.

BOYHOOD OF LIVINGSTONE.

By Cora Lowe Watkins.

In the little village of Blantyre in the year 1813 there was born a little baby boy who was destined to become a great pioneer, an explorer, a scientist, a doctor, a missionary, and a freer of slaves. Although he began life in a workman's humble cottage, at its close he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey among the great men of his country. The baby's father was an honest, hard-working man, who took an interest in all the world's doings. He was a great reader, and was very fond of books on missionary life. From his father the little David inherited pluck and hardihood and thirst for knowledge. His mother, who had a gentle and kindly nature, taught her boy to be neat, orderly, and exact, and by her tender training gave him a firm hold on truth, honor, and justice. This heritage from his parents proved more valuable than any amount of money, for David Livingstone grew into a man ready to do and dare all things for duty's sake.

At the village school David learned to read and write; but so poor were his parents that they had to take the boy away from his lessons at the early age of ten and put him to work in a cotton mill. No matter what the weather was, the little lad had to be at the factory at six in the morning and stay there until eight at night. Fourteen hours a day at a mill was enough to ruin the poor child's health, but David was made of hardy stuff. Very soon he learned to work the "spinning jenny," and then he was raised to be a spinner with a small wage. His first earning he took home and slipped into his mother lap. To the boy it was a small fortune, and he thought of many things it would buy; but his mother's needs came before his own. As he earned more money, he bought some books, and fixing them on the "jenny," he would read a few lines whenever he could.

In spite of the long and tiresome day at the mill, David joined night classes and sat up reading until mother took away

his books and made him go to bed. When his holidays came, he would range over the country with his brothers and sisters, and nothing escaped his keen eye. Every animal, bird, and insect was interesting to him, and he tried to find out all he could of their forms and habits. In this way he began to learn the wonderful science of nature, never dreaming that one day in the wilds of Africa his knowledge would prove useful.

As the boy's mind grew he longed for other work than watching mill wheels. While spinning cotton was a useful work, he wanted to do for mankind something greater, something more lasting. In his father's books and papers on missionary work in China and India he read of the beauty of the country and the ignorance of the people, and thought he would like to be a missionary. The idea took a firm hold on his mind, but he doubted that he was the right person for the work. When he was about twenty years old, his mind was stirred by a sad tale which he read about the poor of China. The story of human suffering and wrong weighed so heavily upon him that he took his country walks alone and thought the matter over. Each morning he asked himself if he could do nothing to help, but night came with the question unanswered. One evening as he watched the sun set and heard a bird sing out its evening songs in the starlight the peace and beauty of such a lovely world made him wonder why men could ever want to cheat and rob and kill. In the depths of his sadness he remembered how in the quiet of the sunset hour Jesus had gone into an olive grove and there wept in bitter grief over the troubles of men. In a moment his mind was made up to imitate the life of Christ as far as he could. With a quick step and a light heart he went home and told his parents that he was going to Glasgow to college and learn to be a doctor, and then to the Far East to help the sick and to tell men how to make the world happier and better by imitating the life of Christ.

At once David began to save all he could from his earnings at the cotton mill. His chief need was money; and when at last he went up to Glasgow, he and his father walked all the way and tramped the streets till a lodging was found that cost only two shillings a week. By spending his savings very carefully young Livingstone managed to keep at studies one whole winter; then he was forced to return to the cotton mill and make more money for another winter's training. Livingstone's idea was not to be ordained a regular missionary, teaching a special creed, but to go among the natives as a plain and simple man, trying by his daily life to do as Christ had done, hoping thus to win their love and lead them to a noble life. But he yielded to advice and offered himself to the London Missionary Society. He was accepted and sent to Dugar for a three months' training among the missionary students; but do what he would, he could not learn to preach. One time he was sent to a neighboring parish with his sermon carefully prepared; but he could get no father than the text, and with a hasty apology fled from the pulpit. Accordingly he was sent back at the end of the three months with a bad report of his powers as a missionary; but one of the governors of the missionary society befriended him and insist-

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ed that he should have another trial. After three months more of study, his fitness was no longer doubted, and in the year 1840 he was ordained a missionary.

Meanwhile war had broken out in China and it was unsafe to go there. While waiting for peace young Livingstone went on with his medical studies, and took his

degree as a physician and surgeon. As the war dragged on, rather than waste any time, he decided to go to Africa; and so on the 8th of December, 1840, David Livingstone set sail for the vast and unknown continent, into which he was to bring new light, new hope and new freedom.