

frequently happens that a man is merely the hero of the hour—his fame flashes and fades like a meteor. New men and new deeds appear on the scene, and he is forgotten. Not so with Livingstone. For the last quarter of a century his fame has been steadily increasing; and, like a great drama, the closing scenes of his life were the grandest. At an age when most men would have been inclined to repose on their laurels, he plunged afresh into the African wilds, daring death at every step, and for years disappeared from the eyes of the civilized world. Then came the news that an American traveller, the gallant Stanley, had plunged headlong into the wilderness, in search of the long-lost wanderer, and anticipating the efforts of his own countrymen, had found him and relieved his wants when worn out, destitute and almost despairing. It was a noble deed, prompted by a generous impulse, and conducted to a fortunate issue. Stanley's graphic account of his meeting with Livingstone, and the news he brought back of his explorations during so many weary years, greatly deepened the interest felt in the heroic traveller, who refused to return home till his work was done. His numerous hair-breadth escapes in former years, amid the perils of African jungles, had almost led his countrymen to believe that he bore a charmed life, and to hope that, through all the dangers of the journey, he would yet return to enjoy his well-earned laurels among a people who loved him and were proud of his achievements. But it was not so to be. Far from kith and kin, in a little hut in a poor African village, he breathed his last, his work still incomplete, the promised land—the Fountains of the Nile—in sight, but he was not to enter. Still, is there not a mournful beauty, and even a divine tenderness and wisdom, in what seems to us a sad termination of a noble life? With his countrymen waiting to give him a welcome, such as is seldom accorded even to kings and conquerors, and eagerly longing for his return, death overtakes him, but it is in the land he loves so well—the land of his toils, his triumphs and his fame, and among the suffering people for whom he gave up his life. It was meet that his last breath should be drawn there; and that his faithful African attendants, who loved him as a father, should smooth his dying pillow, and afterwards bear his remains over half a continent, and at length follow them to their final resting place in Westminster Abbey. We say now, looking back on the drama of his eventful life, it is best even so. The tomb in

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