

umph saw America declare the slave trade piracy and slavers enemies of the human race.

As surely as sunrise follows dawn, the abolition of slavery was to follow the abolition of the slave trade. Wilberforce had intimated as much by announcing in 1792 a bill with that intention; and when George III. had stamped as law the former, the latter moved to the fore. Storms in England and on the Continent grew loud and angry, but with angelic courage Wilberforce used the forces of the storm. He loyally and earnestly solicited every ministry, every Parliament, every great general. He made personal appeal to the Czar, to the King of Prussia, to the sovereigns who met in 1814. For twenty years he toiled unceasingly, unceasingly for what he saw afar, the to him divine event of his life. Then his health gave way, and he resigned from Parliament, Sir Fowell Buxton, "the member for abolition," became the corypheus of the drama, while Brougham, who had once written a defence of slavery, and many others, rose responsive.

Wilberforce—while, like Priam's venerable counsellors, he looked out upon the strife—gave to quiet benevolence the remnant of his strength, making many a widow's heart to sing, and warming to a smile many a face of sickness and sorrow. Like a stream of his level Yorkshire, with calm, soft flow he kept the margins of his life green. At length he lay down on the bed from which he was not to rise, when, as with a sudden sunset glow, came his bright, consummate hour. Forty-one years after his introducing it the Bill for Emancipation passed. On that day, Friday, July 26, 1833, his tongue could but feebly utter the thoughts that arose in his heart. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "that I have lived to see the day!"

On Monday he ascended to the

home of the loving, the pure, the brave, to give answer of a life of "Practical Religion" on which he had once written a book, and which he had early and late, publicly and privately, illustrated. One who had long known him said, "He deserved to be reckoned as one of the twelve." "Unaided," says Sir James Stephens, "by place, by party, or by the sword, he had by paths till then untrodden reached a social and political eminence never before attained by any man."

No funeral like his had ever been seen in England. Two royal coaches attested the formal and comely grief of the palace over one who had served so loyally in the kingdom's fiercest trials and who had shed on the State so wide and tender a light of personal and public benevolence. The most illustrious of peers and commoners walked in the mourning train, while the poor of Hull and London wept, and later, as the tidings came, the eyes of many a slave glistened with his share of the far-away sorrow. Westminster Abbey, the noblest of earthly burial-places, swung wide its historic doors and opened for him its marbles covering royal dust.

While through the long drawn aisles and
fretted vault
The swelling anthem pealed its notes of
praise.

The bill ordered final and absolute freedom for August 1, 1840. At St. John's, Antigua, in the largest church of the island, the negroes on the night of July 31 kept watch with prayer and praise and joyous agony of expectation. At midnight all knelt in silence to receive as from heaven the boon of freedom. At the stroke of twelve a sudden tropic cloud gave from the sky a startling flash and peal, as if heaven with the fire and trumpet of Sinai were announcing the first emancipation of the century and the world. Then,