



DEATH OF LIVINGSTONE.

vants, who had religiously brought home every relic of the person or property of the great missionary explorer, were accorded places of honor. And well might they be! No triumphal procession of earth's mightiest conqueror ever equalled, for sublimity, that lonely journey through Africa's forests. An example of tenderness, gratitude, devotion, heroism equal to this the world has never before seen. The exquisite inventiveness of a love that lavished tears as water on the feet of Jesus, and made of tresses of hair a towel, and broke the alabaster flask for His anointing; the feminine tenderness that lifted His mangled body from the cross and wrapped it in new linen with costly spices, and laid it in a virgin tomb—all this has at length been surpassed by the ingenious devotion of a few black men who belong to a race which white men have been accustomed to treat as heirs of an eternal curse. The grandeur and pathos of that burial scene, amid the stately columns and arches of England's famous abbey, loses in lustre when contrasted with that simpler scene near Ilala, when, in God's greater cathedral of nature, whose columns and arches are the trees, whose surpliced choir are the singing birds, whose organ is the moaning wind, the grassy carpet was lifted and dark hands laid Livingstone's heart to rest! In that great procession that moved up the nave, what truer nobleman was found than that black man, Susi, who in illness had nursed the Blantyre hero, had laid

his heart in Africa's bosom, and whose hand was now upon his pall? Let those who doubt and deride Christian missions to the degraded children of Ham, who tell us that it is not worth while to sacrifice precious lives for the sake of these doubly lost millions of the Dark Continent—let such tell us whether the effort is not worth any cost which seeks out and saves men of whom such Christian heroism is possible!

Burn on, thou humble candle, burn, within thy hut of grass,
Though few may be the pilgrim feet that through Ilala pass.
God's hand has lit thee long to shine, and shed thy holy
light,
Till the new day-dawn pours its beams o'er Afric's long mid-
night.
Sleep on, dear heart, that beat for those whom cruel bonds
enslaved,
And yearned with such a Christlike love, that black men
might be saved.
Thy grave shall draw heroic souls to seek the mould-tree,
That God's own image may be carved on Afric's ebony!

THE Rev. Masazo Kakuzen, whose portrait is given on another page, is the first native missionary sent to a foreign land by the Church of England in Canada. He is an earnest Christian, and is working heartily under the direction of the Rev J. G. Waller at Nagano, Japan. The very sight of a native of any foreign land working for Christ among his own countrymen must be a great help in the way of leading some of them to the Christian fold.