

emergency. They made up another package like the precious burden, only that it contained branches instead of human bones, and this with mock solemnity they bore on their shoulders to a safe distance, scattered the contents far and wide in the brushwood, and came back without the bundle. Meanwhile others of their party had repacked the remains, doubling them up into the semblance of a bale of cotton cloth, and so they once more managed to get what they needed and start anew with their charge.

The true story of that nine months' march has never yet been written, and it never will be, for the full data cannot be supplied. But here is material, waiting for some coming English Homer or Milton to crystallize into one of the world's noblest epics; and it both deserves and demands the master hand of a great poet-artist to do it justice.

See these black men, whom some of our modern scientific philosophers would place at but one remove from the gorilla, run all manner of risks by day and night for forty weeks, now going round by a circuitous route to insure safe passage; now compelled to resort to stratagem to get their precious burden through the country; sometimes forced to fight their foes in order to carry out their holy mission. Follow them as they ford the rivers and traverse trackless deserts, daring perils from wild beasts and relentless wild men; exposing themselves to the fatal fever, and actually burying several of their little band on the way; yet on they went, patient and persevering, never fainting or halting, until love and gratitude had done all that could be done, and they laid down at the feet of the British Consul, on March 12th, 1874, all that was left of Scotland's great hero save that buried heart at Ilala.

When, a little more than a month later, the coffin of Livingstone was landed in England, April 15th, it was felt that no less a shrine than Britain's greatest burial-place could fitly hold such precious dust. But so improbable and incredible did it seem that a few rude Africans could actually have done this splendid deed, at such a cost of time and such personal risk, that, not until the fractured bones of the arm which the lion crushed at Mabotsa, thirty years before, identified the remains, was it certain that it was Livingstone's body. And then, on April 18th, 1874, such a funeral *cortège* entered the great abbey of Britain's illustrious dead, as few warriors or heroes or princes ever drew to that mausoleum; and the faithful body servants, who had religiously brought home every relic of the person or property of the great missionary explorer, were accorded places of honor. And well they might 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