

LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY.

[EDITORIAL.]

On the map of Africa, which history is making, these two names will be engraven in letters so large that they will be read at the distance of ages. It may, therefore, be well to put on permanent record some characteristic facts which link with Equatoria and with each other—David Livingstone and Henry M. Stanley.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, born March 19, 1813, died April 30, 1873, having just passed his sixtieth year. Converted at twenty, he was for forty years, in heart and aim, a missionary. Thus have we roughly outlined a life that, within those two-score years, poured forth as much of the costly ointment of a consecrated service as, perhaps, any one life since the age of the Apostles.

He was a man of singular *force*. As Sir Bartle Frere said, "Any five years of his life might have established for him, in any other occupation, such a character, and raised for him such a fortune, as none but the most energetic can realize." His last public utterance in his native Scotland seems to have been in Oswell's school, where his closing sentence was: "*Fear God and work hard*," and these words disclose the double secret of his life. By simple, God-fearing, hard-working perseverance he traveled 23,000 miles in Africa, and added to the known regions of our globe a million square miles; he discovered Lakes 'Ngami, Shirwa, Nyassa, Moero, Bangweolo, the Upper Zambesi and other rivers; he unveiled the Victoria Falls that surpass Niagara; revealed the high ridges that flank the basin of the central plateau; first, as a European, compassed Tanganyika and gave it its true orientation; explored the geology, and hydrography—fauna and flora of the continent; and so grappled with the two great enemies of man and beast, in Africa—*fever* and *tsetse*—that he himself said those two words would, at his death, be found engraven on his heart.

To energy he joined *industry*. What Livingstone was, as a scientist and explorer, the world does not yet fully know. His powers of mind were but medium, and his early opportunities were but meagre. But, like William Carey, he could "plod;" and rigid economy of time, yoked with patient resoluteness, gave a momentum to his life which native genius and great advantages often fail to secure. In the factory at Blantyre, where attention to his cotton-spinning was necessarily incessant, it was only fragments of time—often less than a minute—that could be spared from his work; but those fragments he gathered up, and it was upon solid and substantial diet that he fed his growing mind. In the books he read as a lad we can see the germs of his scientific career as a man. He was also careful in details. That famous "lined journal" of his was a quarto volume of over 800 pages, where the plain, neat writing is a model and a marvel