

THE GREAT HEART OF AFRICA.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAKING OF THE MAN.

IN Westminster Abbey, the Valhalla of the mighty dead of Britain's race, two graves attract more attention than any of the other resting places of the famed and honoured sleepers, those of William Ewart Gladstone and of David Livingstone. Seldom does a visitor to those august Gothic arches stand long in the vicinity of either without noting that the strangers from other lands are seeking or finding the one or the other. To many, Livingstone holds the claim to the premier place in the esteem of the reverent and admiring public. Gladstone was the greatest statesman of the Victorian age. Multitudes think he was the greatest man who ever presided over the administration of the Empire. But by his very position he had to be the leader of a party and therefore made enemies, and by his inborn instinct and adopted convictions he championed causes which roused animosities among his own followers. There is still a sedative of bitter memories associated with the name of Gladstone. But Livingstone stood