

upon these simple-minded sons of the Dark Continent, to which few of the wisest would have been equal. Those remains, with his valuable journals, instruments, and personal effects, must be carried to Zanzibar. But the body must first be preserved from decay, and they had neither skill nor facilities for embalming, and, if preserved, there were no means of transportation—no roads or carts, no beasts of burden available—the body must be borne on the shoulders of human beings, and, as no strangers could be trusted, they must themselves undertake the journey and the sacred charge. These humble children of the forest were grandly equal to the occasion, and they resolved among themselves to carry that body to the seashore, and not give it into any other hands until they could surrender it to those of his countrymen, and, to insure safety to the remains, and security to the bearers, all must be done with secrecy. They would gladly have kept secret even their master's death, but the fact could not be concealed. God, however, disposed Chitambo and his subjects to permit these servants of the great missionary to prepare his emaciated body for its last journey, in a hut built for the purpose on the outskirts of the village.

Now, watch these black men as they rudely embalm the body of him who had been to them a saviour. They tenderly open the chest and take out the heart and viscera; these, with a poetic and pathetic sense of fitness, they reserve for his beloved Africa. The heart that for thirty-three years had beat for her welfare must be buried in her bosom; and so one of the Nassik boys, Jacob Wainwright, read the simple service of burial, and under the moula-tree at Ilala that heart was deposited, and the tree, carved with a simple inscription, became his monument. Then the body was prepared for its long journey; the cavity was filled with salt, brandy poured into the mouth, and the corpse laid out in the sun for fourteen days, to be dried, and so reduced to the condition of a mummy. Then it was thrust into a hollow cylinder of bark, over which was sewn a covering of canvas, the whole package was securely lashed to a pole, and so was, at last, ready to be borne between two men, upon their shoulders.

As yet, the enterprise was scarcely begun, and the worst of their task was all before them. The sea was far away, and the path lay through a territory where nearly every fifty miles would bring them to a new tribe, to face new difficulties. Nevertheless, Susi and Chuma took up their precious burden, and, looking to Livingstone's God for help, began the most remarkable funeral march on record. They followed the track which their master had marked with his footsteps when he penetrated to Lake Bangweolo, passing to the south of Lake Liembe, which is a continuation of Tanganyika, and then

crossing to Unyanyembe. Where it was found out that they were bearing a dead body, shelter was hard to get, or even food; and at Kasekera they could get nothing they asked, except on condition that they would bury the remains which they were carrying. And now their love and generalship were put to a new test, but again they were equal to the 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 cortege 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 ser-