

away, and even the coast was fifteen hundred. A grave responsibility rested 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 sea-shore, 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 savior. 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 Kasekèra 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