

taken by Livingstone himself, with an inexperienced crew, 2,600 miles to Bombay, where it was sold. Then he sailed for England, where he wrote "The Zambesi and its Tributaries," and entered into an agreement as explorer for the Geographical Society. While in Scotland, he ended an address to children with the words "Fear God and work hard,"—his last public words in his native country.

In 1865 he left England. March 19th, 1866, his fifty-third birthday, he started from Zanzibar inland for the last time, and without a single white attendant. For months no news came from him, except a deserter's story, half-believed, of his death. But in 1868 letters came from him, telling that Lakes Moero and Bangweolo had been discovered. His trials and sufferings all this time were terrible. He was sick and half-starved, without medicines or proper food.

Until 1871 he vainly searched for the source of the Nile, and then his men mutinying, he returned to Ujiji, only to find his stores all plundered. But November 10th, 1871 Mr. Stanley, sent by the *New York Herald*, arrived with letters and supplies—and never was help more welcome. In March, 1872, Stanley returned, leaving Livingstone with fresh courage to find the Nile and open the way for civilization and Christianity.

Livingstone waited at Nyanyembe until August, when his escort arrived and they started toward Lake Tanganyika. Livingstone's sufferings were worse than ever, yet he went on, carried in a palanquin. April 27th, he wrote his last words in his journal, and April 29th he travelled for the last time. At four o'clock on the morning of May 1, 1873, the servants found him dead, kneeling at his bedside. He had gone, praying, on his last journey.

Jacob Wainwright, a native who had been educated in Bombay, read the burial service. The heart was removed and buried, and the body emblamed and carefully wrapped. All Dr. Livingstone's papers and instruments were also securely packed. All this was done by Susi and Cuamah, his faithful and devoted attend-

ants. An inscription was carved on the tree under which the heart was buried, and a simple monument set up. Then the attendants started for the coast with the body, which they had determined should reach England. Bagamrio was reached in February, 1874, and the precious remains sent home by way of Zanzibar, reaching Southampton April 15th.

The body of David Livingstone was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey with appropriate services, April 18th, 1874. He had met disappointment and danger sorrow and trouble, on his lonely African marches, bravely and patiently. He gave his life to Africa, but it was not thrown away. As explorer, geographer, physician, scientist, philanthropist, and missionary—in each and all of these characters he was great and good; and his work has borne, and is bearing, and will yet bear, rich fruit in the immense improvement and enlightenment of Africa. All the world is better for having been the home of such a man as Dr. David Livingstone.
—*Children's Work For Children.*

THE SUN DANCE.

BY LETITIA W. JORDAN, IN CHILDREN'S WORK FOR CHILDREN.

"One bright, glad day in early June, we started off on a delightful drive across the rich, rolling prairie of Indian Territory, to witness the Poncas celebrating their greatest and most magnificent religious festival—the Sun Dance.

As we drove along, crushing the gay wild flowers beneath our horses' feet, we heard from afar the low, monotonous beat of the tom-toms, and soon came upon teepees dotted here and there, and suddenly there burst upon our view the wild, barbaric spectacle of the dance.

About thirty-five or forty tall, athletic Indians were ranged in a semi-circle, and presented a grotesque, scarcely human appearance, with their long, coarse black hair streaming down their backs, their faces and bodies painted a bright yellow or vermillion, their bare ankles and wrists tied with bands of cotton, and as if to