



"No one, I am sure, could know Bishop Sillitoe intimately without being charmed by his genial and friendly manner, and without being impressed by his zeal, earnestness, and manliness. Such qualities—the gifts of the Eternal Spirit—are not likely soon to die or to be forgotten. Through them, though dead, he yet speaketh, and will speak for many years to come to all who knew him."

### A REMINISCENCE OF LIVINGSTONE.

*From the Missionary Review of the World.*

**T**HE work of David Livingstone in Africa was so far that of a missionary explorer and general that the field of his labor is too broad to permit us to trace individual harvests. No one man can thickly scatter seed over so wide an area. But there is one marvellous story connected with his death and burial, the like of which has never been written on the scroll of human history. All the ages may safely be challenged to furnish its parallel. It is absolutely unique in its solitary sublimity.

On the night of his death, Livingstone called for Susi, his faithful servant, and, after some tender ministries had been rendered to the dying man, he said, "All right; you may go out now;" and reluctantly Susi left him alone. At four o'clock next morning, May 1st, Susi and Chuma, with four other devoted attendants, anxiously entered that grass hut at Ilala. The candle was still burning, but the greater light had gone out. Their great master, as they called him, was on his knees, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. With silent awe they stood apart and watched him, lest they should invade the privacy of prayer; but he did not stir, there was not even the motion of breathing, but a suspicious rigidity of inaction. Then one of them, Matthew, softly came near and gently laid his hands upon his cheeks. It was enough; the chill of death was there. The great father of Africa's dark children was dead, and they felt that they were orphans.

The most refined and cultured Englishman would have been perplexed as to what course now to take. They were surrounded by superstitious and unsympathetic savages, to whom the unburied remains of the dead man would be an object of dread. His native land was six thousand miles away, and even the coast was fifteen hundred. A grave responsibility rested

great sorrow over his comparatively sudden death, and many loving tributes were paid to his memory in the various churches of British Columbia on the following Sunday. From among them we choose a few words spoken in Christ's Church, Vancouver, by Rev. L. N. Tucker, who recently left the assistant minister-ship of St. George's Church, Montreal, for the rectorship of that church, under the Bishop of New Westminster:

"There is one subject, I am sure, which has been in the mind and on the lips of all of you this day. I allude to the death of Bishop Sillitoe. I cannot let this opportunity pass without saying, at least, one feeble word as to the loss which this diocese has sustained by his death. Called to preside over it at a time when it was little more than a vast and virgin forest, like a wise master-builder he laid its foundations broad and deep—foundations that are likely to stand the test of time. For years he toiled in this laborious field with a zeal and devotion and self-denial that are beyond all praise. And he toiled to the very last. It is scarcely more than a month since he was in our midst administering to our candidates the rite of confirmation. It is not too much to say that he died in harness—even to say that he died a martyr to his deep sense of duty.