

THE MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD.

VOL. XVII. No. 6.—*Old Series.*—JUNE.—VOL. VII. No. 6.—*New Series.*

MIRACLES OF MISSIONS—NO. XXII.

SUSI AND CHUMA, LIVINGSTONE'S "BODY-GUARD." *

A MODERN EPIC.

BY THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

The 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 Englishmen 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