

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 strategem 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 servants, who had religiously brought home every relic of the person or property of the great missionary explorer, were accorded places of honor. And well they might be! No triumphal procession of earth's mightiest conqueror ever equalled, for sublimity, that lonely journey through Africa's forests. An example of tenderness, gratitude, devotion, heroism equal to this the world has never before seen.

The exquisite inventiveness of a love that lavished tears as water on the feet of Jesus, and made of tresses of hair a towel, and broke the alabaster flask for His anointing; the feminine tenderness that lifted His mangled body from the cross and wrapped it in new linen with costly spices, and laid it in a virgin tomb—all this has at length been surpassed by the ingenious devotion of a few black men who belong to a race which white men have been accustomed to treat as heirs of an eternal curse.

The grandeur and pathos of that burial scene, amid the stately columns and arches of England's famous abbey, loses in lustre when contrasted with that simpler scene near Ilala, when, in God's greater cathedral of nature, whose columns and arches are the trees, whose surpliced choir are the singing birds, whose organ is the moan-

ing wind, the grassy carpet was lifted and dark hands laid Livingstone's heart to rest! In that great procession that moved up the nave, what truer nobleman was found than that black man, Susi, who in illness had nursed the Blantyre hero, had laid his heart in Africa's bosom, and whose hand was now upon his pall? Let those who doubt and deride Christian missions to the degraded children of Ham, who tell us that it is not worth while to sacrifice precious lives for the sake of these doubly lost millions of the Dark Continent—let such tell us whether the effort is not worth any cost, which seeks out and saves men of whom such Christian heroism is possible.

Burn on, thou humble candle, burn, within thy but a grass,

Though few may be the pilgrim feet that through Ilala pass.

God's hand hath lit thee long to shine, and shed thy holy light.

Till the new day dawn pours its beams o'er Africa's lone midnight.

Sleep on, dear heart, that beat for those whom race bonds enslaved,

And yearned, with such a Christlike love, that each man might be saved.

Thy grave shall draw heroic souls to seek the mould-tree,

That God's own image may be carved on Africa's clay.

—Dr. A. T. Pierson in *Missionary Review*.

A CHEAP TONIC.

A woman who had gone through much sorrow, said to a friend once, 'Whenever I feel especially sad, or lonely, I just go and do something I particularly dislike to do—some duty I shrink from. The effort to do it, I find, is the best tonic the nerves can have.' The speaker's heart, we knew, was broken to all earthly pleasure, but she still keeps up a cheerful front to the world and goes on trying to do her earthly task right and left, always longing, as she says, for the gates to open that she may join her beloved. But her receipt for nerves is one that many might use with advantage. Instead of indulging in vain regrets or selfish sorrow, go and help others. Do something you find difficult and unattractive. It will brace you up. Work is God's tonic. We need consult no doctor, only bend in prayer to our ever-present and loving Father to guide us right. His grace will help us, his arm steady us along the thorny road. His voice says, 'Be strong, be faithful, and I shall lead you Home.—Selected.

THE FATHER'S NEAR BY HAND.

While driving through Fairmont Park I passed a chubby cheeked lad of four or five years old, seated in the front of a Germantown wagon, with both reins held in his fat hands. His face was radiant with joy. His eyes, which twinkled with excitement, were fixed steadfastly upon the horse. He was driving the wagon! Meanwhile his father sat at his side, his good right arm rounded the lad; and one could see, even as we passed, that the fingers outstretched and twitched nervously forward, ready at the slightest warning of danger or defect to grasp the reins and guide the vehicle. Is it not somewhat thus that God's children hold the reins of their destiny? They think that they are driving their own van through life's course unaided, unwatched, unconscious too often, that a Father's Hand had set the course, and that behind them the same Almighty Arm encompasses them, ready to seize the reins, and thus give safe issue to this pilgrimage along life's roadway. Thank God we are not wholly arbiters of our own destiny. It is a blessed truth that our Father's hand ever overhangs the guiding reins of life.—Henry C. McCook in *Pres. Journal*.