

expressed incredulity that Livingstone's body should be hauled from the heart of Africa to England's metropolis.

On Saturday, April 18, 1874, all that was mortal was laid to rest near the centre of the nave of Westminster Abbey.

A part of the inscription on the black slab that marks his tomb is:

"Brought by his last words over land and sea, here rests David Livingstone."

"For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearying effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, and abolish the desolating slave trade of Central Africa."

"Where with his last words he wrote: 'All I can say in my solitude is, may heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world.'"

The heart of David Livingstone was laid under the canopy of Illinois, and his bones in Westminster Abbey, but his spirit marched on. The story of the worn, emaciated figure kneeling in death at the bedside in his hut in Africa,

quicken'd many hearts, and in this way his prayer to be allowed to complete his work was answered. No parliament of philanthropy was held, but the verdict was unanimous and as hearty as if the Christian world had met and passed the resolution: "Livingstone's work shall not die. Africa shall live."

David Livingstone himself travelled twenty-nine thousand miles in Africa, and added to the known part of the globe about a million square miles. He was instrumental in stirring up an active crusade against the slave trade, that within seven years after his death was successful in abolishing it in a number of provinces. He greatly stimulated lawful commerce, exploration and missionary enterprise, but the greatest legacy which he gave to Africa was the spotless name and bright Christian character, which have everywhere become associated with his great missionary explorer. His life was great and pure and good, for he lived by the faith of the Son of God, and in a glow of the love of Christ, which alone constrained him to live and die for Africa.

His Scotch ancestors formerly lived in the Highlands, on the Isle of Skye. They were the hereditary custodians of the pastoral staff of St. Mulig, which now lies in the keeping of the Duke of Argyll. The family name was Livingstone. Thereby hangs a tale. "The Canadian Youth," if I must style him so, is a first cousin, twice removed, of his great missionary and explorer. A tradition connected with one of their ancestors is something of which Dr. Livingstone said he was proud. He wrote: "One of these hardy islanders was renowned in the district for his wisdom and prudence; and it is related that, when he was a boy, his grandfather called all his children around him and said, 'Now, in my lifetime I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you or any of your children should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you, 'Be honest.' A less remote ancestor it was, and the great-grandfather of David Livingstone, who fell at Culloden, in the awful slaughter of April 16, 1746."

In 1790 Silas Judson came from Connecticut to Canada. He was the U. E. Loyalist progenitor of the subject of this sketch. He was a near relative of Dr. Judson, who, in 1812, left America for Burma. There he translated the Bible into Burmese, compiled a Burmese dictionary, and wrote a Burmese grammar, as well as did a great work which has given him imperishable fame. The Judson Memorial Church in New York fittingly enshrines his memory. Silas was a descendant of William Judson, who came from Farnham, of whose family the surname is still peculiar to Massachusetts, in 1634. He afterwards removed to Connecticut, where he was the founder of the town of Stratford. From William Judson, men like a former Secretary of the United States Treasury, and the present President of the University of Chicago, and any number of other reputable American citizens are descended. It is a good thing to have some of the Judson blood on the Canadian side of the boundary also!

I have not told you my little hero's name. I dare not do it. He is so modest and unassuming that I fear he will be very cross with me for telling what I have. However, it is possible to identify him. Look out for a healthy specimen of humanity—the medical examiner said they couldn't kill him with an axe! Then look on his left hand for a ring which was given him on his seventeenth birthday last summer. If it set with a dainty moss agate—the June stone. On one side the gem is engraved 1746; on the other, 1634. The former is the date of his Jacobite forefather's death at Culloden. The latter the date of his Puritan forefather's arrival on the shores of America.

A Scion of Noble Stock

REV. W. H. ADAMS.

(Note.—During a recent conversation with Mr. Adams, I was incidentally shown the picture accompanying this article. My admiration of it was increased when I learned of the ancestry of the youth portrayed. At my solicitation, and after considerable persuasion, Mr. Adams consented to write for "The Era" the story told me. The accompanying sketch is the result. Surely it illustrates how, to "one generation after another," good breeding, high thinking, and holy living come for character. May our young friend be true to his glorious ancestors, and may young Canada, of which he certainly seems an ideal type, embody all that is best in physical stamina, intellectual acumen, and moral rectitude, of the races whose progeny are being in increasing numbers, incorporated with the citizenship of our land.—Editor.)

WHEN, while he was yet at public school, you have heard the Principal speak of a particular boy as one who had a good mind and was "all gold"; and when you have watched him through the classes of the High School, whose Principals also formed a good estimate of his character, it is not strange if you feel some interest in him. And when his Sunday duties connected with the choir bring him frequently into close relations with you, and you find that he combines an athletic skill that captures cups and prizes with an intelligent reverence and devotion that are beautiful to contemplate, it is not to be wondered at if you lose your heart to him, and want, before you leave the charge, to have his picture.

That is one reason why I took the photograph of this well-grown, well-schooled and, above all, well-mothered boy. I dropped a print of it one day into a letter I was sending to a wide-awake business man in a distant city. By return he wrote:—

"When I first saw the photo which you enclosed in your letter I wondered whether it had been produced by accident or design. Were I a sculptor or painter commissioned to produce something that would serve as the nation's ideal of Canadian youth, I would wish to have just such a result as you have produced. It is an inspiration! If the pose was not a designed one, take another look at the picture and decide if you have ever seen anything so beautifully representative of the clean, alert, resourceful young Canadian. I have not! . . . I shall regard the possession of this picture highly for the message it has for myself."

I told my correspondent that the boy in question had an inherent right at any rate to pose as "the Canadian youth."

For he is at once English, Irish, Scotch, French and United Empire Loyalist; and these, as everybody knows, are the five rich streams whence Canada's blood was first borrowed. From his French fore-



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hears he gets his courtesy, which is an instinct with him. He also derives from them an inclination, when in earnest, to talk with those shapely hands as well as with his voice, just like his ancestors did in *le belle France*. He is English in his high sense of duty and in his determination. He has enough Irish humor, too, to appreciate anything that is genuinely funny. But it is of his Scotch and U. E. Loyalist extraction I wish to speak.

Star of Hope

Star of hope, O patient star!
Sending out thy light afar,
O'er the deeply shadowed vale,
Blazing up the ancient trail;

Star of hope, thy gleam so bright,
Lights the path of darkest night;
Making bright the traveller's way,
Leading on till dawn of day;

Leading on through death and cold,
Leading on to joys untold.

Star of hope, be thou our guide
Till joy's gates for us swing wide.

—Emma Gunther.