

of the Word and many of the psalms and paraphrases. One of these paraphrases was a special favorite. To it he often reverted in after years, and it was sung at his funeral. This was a great occasion; the princes of the realm and the clergy of all ranks, churchmen and dissenters, met in Westminster Abbey to do him honor, or rather to gather honor for themselves, for he, the subject of their eulogy, was far beyond either their praise or their blame.

We have stood beside his grave where his honored dust slumbers and mingles with with the illustrious dead. We have read with a sort of melancholy pleasure the inscription there, namely:—"Here rests David Livingstone, Missionary, Traveller, Philosopher, born 19th March, 1813, at Blantyre, Lanark, died 1st May, 1873, at Chilambosbil, Ulali.

[So great was his love to discover the gathering places of the great river that had been flowing in secrecy for so many ages.]

"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.—John x., 16."

There is also inscribed on the grave stone these words, the last that fell from his pen and which must have been written in the prospect of death:—

"For forty years life has been spent in one line—in efforts to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, (of the Nile) to abolish the devastating slave trade in Central Africa. All I can add in my solitude is: May every blessing come down on any one whether European or Turk who will help to heal the open sore of the world!"

I knelt down on the large grave stone on the floor of England's greatest cathedral and copied these words into my note book which I now transcribe into this page, and in doing so I felt something of the power of an endless life. And what a privilege it would have been to be present on the occasion of his funeral. Many a long procession has wended its way to this solemn place where so many kings and righteous men lie, but never a more interesting one than that which came to do honor to David Livingstone—to commit the precious dust to its resting place that had been conveyed by faithful hands over land and sea for thousands of miles; and

many a grand hymn has been heard resounding in those aisles on such occasions, understood to be in keeping with the tastes and feelings of the departed; but never was there a more touching hymn sung in such circumstances than the one sung at the burial of David Livingstone; touching, not so much *per se* as from its associations. Do you ask what that hymn was? It was one he had learned in boyhood and which had been a solace to him in many a sad hour in his solitary manhood. It was the second Paraphrase: "O God of Bethel, by whose hand Thy people still are fed," etc.

We have read Livingstone's book, a book of dry details, crammed with materials which in the hands of a *literateur* would have been transmuted into a most enchanting volume, yes, many volumes; but book making was not the vacation of Livingstone, and we don't wonder that he should have put it on record that he would rather do all the travelling over again than sit down and write over the narrative of the travelling.

He was not a *literateur*, and it is also true that he was not a preacher. In this respect he was a dead failure. Yet Livingstone converted Stanley—converted him from sneering scepticism, converted him without any attempt to convert him, converted him so thoroughly that he cheerfully became Livingstone's successor and took up the work of African Evangelization where Livingstone laid it down. Hear how Stanley speaks on this subject:

"What has been wanted and what I have been endeavoring to ask for the poor Africans, has been the good offices of Christians ever since Livingstone taught me, during those four months I was with him. In 1871 I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in London. To a reporter and correspondent such as I, who had only to deal with wars and mass meetings and political gatherings, sentimental matters were entirely out of my province. But there came for me a long time for reflection. I was out there away from the worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there and asked myself; how on earth does he stop there; is he cracked, or what? What is it that inspires him? For months after we met I simply found myself listening to him, wondering at his carrying out all that was said in the Bible: 'Leave all things and follow me.'