



AT THE GRAVE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Thy morning found thee where Toil's noisy loom
Plied steadily from dawn till evening star—
Where, through the windows of a lowly room,
Need's earnest pleading reached thee from afar.

And when meridian splendor round thee shone,
It filled nor Scottish glen, nor English dell;
Beyond thy native heath thou far hadst gone
The matchless story of the Cross to tell.

Thy sun went down in gold 'mid southern seas,
The glory lingering when Day's door was shut;
Heaven's angel found thee dead, upon thy knees—
Affection near thee—in an Afric hut.

Nor Blantyre's nor Ilala's kindly breast
Doth pillow furnish for thy weary head;
Here in this storied abbey let it rest,
Where kings and queens for long have made
their bed.

ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER.

ST. JAMES MANSE,
GREAT VILLAGE,
NOVA SCOTIA.

