

grew golden in the warmth and glow of a rich spiritual experience. For Livingstone to become a Christian was to become in spirit and in power a missionary. He would that it were so now. Then would the faith, courage, zeal and reward of those who stay by the baggage be the same as those who go down into battle, and there would be no vacant places at the outposts of duty. China appeared first before Livingstone's mental and spiritual vision as needing his services. For the uplift of his spirit and of God was so spacious and so full-orbed that he had fully resolved to identify himself with the ebb and flow of the tides of life and achievement in nations far removed from his own. During his second session at Glasgow he decided to offer himself to one of the missionary societies for foreign service, and chose the London Missionary Society, because of his sympathy with the catholicity of its basis. In November, 1840, he qualified as a physician and a surgeon. On the 20th of the same month he was ordained at Albion Chapel, London, and three weeks later he sailed on the "George" to Algoa Bay in South Africa, to begin the great task of opening up a continent for Christ. At the Kuruman at that time there was a fair young girl, six or seven years his junior, Mary, daughter of the celebrated Robert Moffatt who later became the wife of David Livingstone. Three times with infinite labor and patience Livingstone erected for his wife and little family a home, and after the burning of his third house, he became like the Son of Man who had not where to lay his head, and gave himself body and soul to the exploration and redemption of Africa. Passing over his work at Mabotsa, at Chonuanne, at Kolobeng, of his discovery of Lake Ngami, we find David Livingstone fired with a holy desire to preach beyond other men's lines, for the great problem of Central Africa had gripped him with indomitable force, believing that there was no tribe or race so degraded that it was not in some way aware of such a something as the beautiful, in order to best reach the people among whom he labored, he lived among them as one of themselves. He studied their habits, won their confidence, and so gained an appreciation of their character. Soon he became guide, philosopher and friend to a large district. Soon, too, the hideous nightmare of Central Africa fastened its hold upon him, until his soul was harassed with the cunning, deception and callousness that have made the records of African slavery the most awful reading in human history. Livingstone believed that it was the manifest duty of the church to engage in a war to the death struggle against this blackest of all inhumanities. He sent his wife and little family home to England, and practically alone entered upon the greatest of all crusades, having for its object the elimination of the slave traffic, the preaching of the gospel of good tidings, and the opening up of the dark continent to the commerce of the nations.

In passing it is worthy of note that the lowly grave of one of his little children, early called to solve the great mystery of death, was the first in that great land marked as the resting-place of one, of whom it was said in the funeral rite, that though she be dead, yet shall she live again.

A study of David Livingstone's character shows that he knew how to put up with the most harassing inconveniences and delays with cheerfulness and equanimity, that his resourcefulness was as inexhaustible as his kindness; and his determination and courage almost unparalleled in the pages of English biography. If the slaver, he contended, could make his way from the coast into Central Africa, so could the missionary,

and, fired with a holy zeal and devotion to his great work, he started for the interior. Amid dangers that would have appalled England's stoutest warriors, he was fearless. The alphabet of his creed was that man is immortal until his work is done. Alone in the interior that dark continent David Livingstone stood in its tribes and peoples, the high-minded advocate of the good, the true, the beautiful, urging them to a security of faith, a serenity of life, and a reasonableness of conduct like his own. He was gentle and compassionate with their misdoings and failings, for he was wont to say, "I have faults myself." He carried from tribe to tribe not only the eloquence and power of a divine message, but the beauty and attractiveness of a Christlike character. All work he regarded as sacred, and for him to become an explorer was not to cease to be a missionary. His diary of February 4th, 1853, contained this sentence: "If God has accepted my service, then is my life charmed until my work is done." The great cross that Livingstone had to bear throughout his work was the barbarous cruelties of the slave traffic, which he was constantly called to witness, and the plottings and revenge of the different tribes. These things rankled his blood and vexed his spirit. He worked his way from point to point all the while the whole tragedy of Africa was laid open to his gaze, and preached the gospel for fourteen hundred miles from coast to coast upon one of his pilgrimages. His geographical and scientific observa-

EDITOR'S NOTE

The absence of the usual editorial pages from this issue is not because we have nothing to say, but because so much excellent "copy" is at my disposal that I deem it best to give free and full right-of-way to the contributors who have so generously given of their best to fill our pages to repletion. I hope this number will be found as suggestive, and that it may provide useful material to all who are in any way connected with our Sunday School and Young People's work.

S. T. Bartlett.

tions and discoveries were of great value and importance also, and in 1856 he returned to England the recognized hero of the British people, to be feted and honored throughout the empire. After a brief respite he accepted Lord Palmerston's offer of the post of consul at Quillimane and commander of an expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa. The accredited representative of the greatest Government in the world, with the wealth of England behind him and limitless goodwill, yet for years before his passing, he was fated to do his work in loneliness. His wife returned to him only to die. In April, 1861, he was stricken with fever and he laid her to rest under a baobab tree in Shupanga Brae. Henceforth the memory of that spot was with him in all his wanderings, for theirs was a true heart union. His diary says—"I loved her when I married her, and the longer I lived with her the more I loved her."

Leaving England in 1865, never to return to its shores again, he set himself the great task of discovering the source of the Nile, the greatest of the unsolved geographical problems of the day. During the closing years of his life he suffered from ill-health and disease that would have incapacitated any person not possessed of his iron nerve. For some years the English-speaking world received no word of David Livingstone, and his meeting with Henry M. Stanley, who was

sent to find him, at Ujiji, is one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of the human race. Livingstone had been two full years without any tidings from Europe, and as Stanley recited the great events that had occurred, his listener kept repeating, "You have brought me new life." Of this most memorable meeting Stanley says: "Oh, reader, had you been at my side on this day in Ujiji, how eloquently could be told the nature of this man's work. I cannot repeat what he said; I was too much engrossed to take my note-book out and begin to stenograph his story. He had so much to say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious that five or six years had to be accounted for. But his account was oozing out; it was growing fast into grand proportions—into a most marvellous history of deeds."

Writing to his brother in Canada in December, 1872, after Stanley had departed for Europe with the glad message that the great explorer was alive, and was still pursuing his mission of discovering the source of the Nile, Livingstone says: "If the good Lord permits me to put a stop to the enormous evils of the inland slave traffic, I shall no longer feel hunger and thirst. I shall bless His name with all my heart. The Nile sources are valuable to me only as a means of enabling me to open my mouth with power among men. It is this power I hope to apply to remedy an enormous evil, and join my poor little helping hand in the enormous revolution that in His all-embracing Providence He has been carrying on for ages and is now actually helping forward."

This was the impetus that spurred him on. For David Livingstone was to be a co-worker with God, and was to have a real thing. He had the utmost faith in his work, as being part of a divine plan, and rested in the assurance that dangers should not overwhelm him, or his strength fail, unless God willed it. Too weak to walk, or even sit up, he was carried in a palanquin on his last journey by his faithful followers. Death for days walked beside him, but he urged his men on, striving with an indomitable perseverance to reach his goal. The second day of May, 1873, was the last of his travels. At Chitambo's village in Ilala his men laid the wearied emaciated form on a rough bed in a hut which they hastily erected. Next day he lay undisturbed, but again his powerful spirit reasserted itself. Too weak to stand, his travels and journeyings done, he sank upon his knees, and it was thus they found him at four o'clock the following morning. Pouring out his soul in prayer, commending Africa, his own dear Africa, with all her woes and sins and wrongs, to the Avenger of the oppressed and the Redeemer and Healer of the nations, David Livingstone passed into the presence of God.

If anything was needed to commend the African race and prove them possessed of qualities fitted to make a noble nation, if anything were needed to crown David Livingstone's work among them as a success, the courage, affection and perseverance of his followers, when they found their great leader dead, were more than sufficient. When the sad event became known among the men they resolved to undertake the mammoth task of carrying his remains to Zanzibar, although such an undertaking was hazardous owing to the superstitious fear of the natives of a dead body. With faithfulness and cleverness they carried out their task, and reached Bagamoyo in February, 1874, having for nine long months been on the march with their precious burden, steadfast in their purpose to pay honor to the remains of their master. Upon arrival at London, England, the remains were identified, in order to set all doubts at rest, for some had