

and sponge, with great elephant-holes. Besides all this they were very hungry; for the natives refused them food. Once a mass of furious ants attacked Dr. Livingstone in the night, driving him out of the hut. Notwithstanding all these trials he wrote on his last birthday, March 19, 1873, "Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men for sparing me thus far on the journey of life. Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen! Let not Satan prevail over me, O my good Lord Jesus!"

On the 21st of April he was much worse. He tried to ride, but could not sit up: so Chumeh and Susi made a palanquin which they called a "kitanda," to carry him. April 29th was the last day he travelled. He told Susi that morning to take down the side of the hut to bring in the kitanda, because he was too weak to walk out to it. That day they crossed a river, then a swamp; and, when they came to a dry plain, he would beg them to lay him down. At last they reached Chitambo's village, in Iala, and laid him under the eaves of a house in drizzling rain, till they could build a hut for him. He did not try to move the next day. He asked a few questions about the country, especially about the Lnapula. His servants knew the end was not far off.

About four o'clock that night, the boy who lay at his door, called to Susi that their master was dead. The candle was burning, and they saw him kneeling at the bedside. He had died while at prayer, on his knees, in the attitude he always wished to take when praying to God. He had found that the usual way of conducting the Episcopal service by the reading of prayers—did not give ignorant people any idea of a Supreme Being: so he always knelt, and prayed with his eyes shut. Always in his travels he aimed at two things—to teach some of the truths of Christianity, and to rouse the natives to feel the awful guilt of the slave-trade. The curiosity of the people was very great. "Do people die with you?" asked two intelligent young men. "Have you no charm against death?" "Where do people go after death?" Dr. Livingstone told them of the Father, and that he hears the prayers of his children; and they thought this was natural.

After the death of Dr. Livingstone, his faithful servants, Susi and Chumeh, embalmed the body, and carried it to the coast. It took nine long months, and they met innumerable trials; but they persevered, and the remains now lie in Westminster Abbey. *Missionary Echoes.*

## HARD TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

Hard to be a Christian! Of course it is. But, whether you believe it or not, it is a great deal harder not to be one.

That is to say, you have a harder time than if you were one. You have at least as many cares and trials as if you were a Christian, and as many temptations. Every sad and trying element of human life is manifested in your experience as often and as signally as it would be if you were one of Christ's followers; you thrust yourself inevitably upon many sharp points of evil habit which you might in that case escape; and you lack what a true Christian—however feeble and imperfect his success as yet may be—always possesses, the consciousness that his Creator and he are no longer working at cross purpose, that he is in harmony with God's will and plan for him; that omniscience, omnipotence and infinite love are occupied in shaping his circumstances so that, however painful they may be to-day, they are sure to prove full of blessing in the end. You may not think this consciousness a very solid advantage, but if you had it, in the sense that the Christian has it, you would. — *Congregationalist.*

## THE ONE SAFE WAY.

The Pilot of a United States revenue cutter was asked if he knew all the rocks along the coast where he sailed. He replied: "No; it is only necessary to know where there are no rocks." These words suggest a deep moral and spiritual truth. Sermons, lectures and books abound on the temptations which lie along the life-course of the young to eternity. Over the most dangerous ones are lifted the solemn notes of repeated warning. This is well. And yet, how much more frequently does the Word of God present and enforce, with all the urgency of motive love can suggest, the very truth contained in the pilot's answer—the "Kings highway of holiness." Looking unto Jesus with simple faith, the soul is secure; whatever the perils that lurk on every hand, there are no rocks ahead.

"What would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to ea" my dear mother back to earth for a single day to ask her pardon, upon my knees, for all those acts by which I grieved her gentle spirit."