

crisis of his life turned upon some seemingly trifling event, as a door swings on a hinge—but the hinge argues a workman who knows how much to hang upon it. He remembered how the chance reading of Dick's "Philosophy of the Future State" led him both toward faith in the unseen and toward a reverent philosophy of science; how Gutzlaff's appeal led him to be a missionary and a *medical* missionary, too; how while the opium war closed China against him, Moffat's visit wedded him to Africa and to his beloved "Mary"; how the friendly word of a director procured for him another "trial," while his dangerous illness in London strangely shaped his unconscious future.

He learned also that the leadings of Providence, like the subtle sense of the Inspired Word, are to be read not by the natural but by the spiritual eye; and he sought, by specific prayer for guidance, to cultivate the "single eye," that there might be no dim or confused vision; and carefully watched every motion of God's beckoning hand, pointing finger, or guiding eye. One text gave telescopic range and microscopic delicacy to his vision: "*In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.*" This trust in God's providence discerned good and cause for gratitude even in trials and troubles. Apparent calamity became a storm signal of the will of God; and when, in the death of his wife, that nameless sorrow which finds no earthly balm smote him, his only answer was that great petition of his life: "*Fiat, Domine, voluntas tua!*"

He believed in *special* providence. Even among men it is the great minds that give heed to minutiae: the astronomer grasps an infinity of small things; the general-in-chief commands the least details in his wide survey of camp and campaign; and so God is not so high above us as not to "number the hairs of our head."

Such a man, of course, loved his Bible, wrote on his heart its precious promises, and became so absorbed in them that he was indifferent, if not insensible, to praise or blame; and, that he might neither be misled nor inflated by human approbation, he made it a rule *never to read or preserve any words of praise*—which resolve, of itself, marks him as a most uncommon man. While in Manyuema, he four times read his Bible through; and when in Ulva Cottage, in Hamilton, I took that very book in my hands, I saw dimly through my tears the evidences upon its worn pages of the singular devotion of its lamented owner.

Whatever Livingstone may be in history, in his own eyes he was, first and last, simply a *missionary*. Charles Gutzlaff's "Appeal for China" first set his heart aflame; but, when his early longing toward China was transferred to Africa, the fire of his enthusiasm lost nothing by the transfer of those live coals to a new altar of service and sacrifice.