

splendor of his eloquence, or the clearness of his teaching, but chiefly if not altogether because in him the Spirit of Christ was incarnate. We read his fervid tumultuous words and are carried away by them because they are living words, because of the mighty personality behind them. It is because of the large measure of the Christian spirit which he possessed that he is the greatest missionary the Christian church has ever known. It was that spirit that directed his course, that inspired his enthusiasm and filled him with sublime courage.

A fire breaks out in the city. Away up at one of the windows in the garret is seen a little child in wild dismay. With outstretched arms and imploring looks it calls for help. The crowd below look on in helplessness. No one will venture to risk his life in attempting a rescue. All at once, a strong, brave, young man with words of ringing courage shouts "Up with the ladders"! The ladders are put up and with quick steps the intrepid man climbs through smoke and flame, and with singed hair and scorched garments carries the precious life to the ground in safety. Why has he so acted? Because he is a hero. The spirit of heroism possesses him and urges him to deeds of daring and courage.

In a great crowd of men and women a piercing cry is heard. All hear it with comparative indifference except one who with pale face and nervous haste hurries to the place whence the cry came. Why? She recognizes in that scream the cry of her child. She is a mother and has a mother's spirit.

To-day thousands of our fellow creatures are going down into Christless graves. The dark places of the earth are full of cruelty and abomination. In the interior of Africa the Arab slave-hunters with inhuman cruelty and reckless daring despoil the country and burn the villages. They gather together the men, women and children, the men they bind to each other so as to make it impossible for them to escape or fight for their liberty. They place upon their backs as much of ivory and other booty as they can carry. In addition to this burden the mothers carry their little children. Through forests and marshes they push their way to the coast. The women becoming weary and faint are forced to throw away part of their burdens. The first encumbrance they have to rid themselves of is their helpless babes who are left on the way to die and become food for wild beasts. On his second journey up the Congo, Livingstone found one hundred and eighteen villages that were occupied by inoffensive people, pillaged, deserted and in ruins.