

Westminster Abbey and the African death-bed were both in accord with the heroic life and death of Livingstone. He has won a lofty place in the hearts of his generation, and his life will be among the most inspiring traditions the nineteenth century can transmit to the future of the world.

Livingstone has given us a slight glimpse of his own boyhood, in his first book of travels. In the year 1823, there stood on the beautiful banks of the Clyde, a little above Glasgow, a busy factory, known as the Blantyre Cotton Works. Here, amid the ceaseless whirl of spindles and the clank of machinery, a pale faced thoughtful boy was at work as a "piecer." He was but ten years of age, the narrow circumstances of his parents having compelled them, thus early in life, to place their boy under the yoke of labor. But this was no ordinary boy. With his first week's wages he had purchased a Latin grammar; and having fastened the book to the spinning-jenny, as his little nimble fingers moved amid the threads, he studied with unabated ardor, glancing off sentence after sentence as he passed to and fro among the spindles. The hours of labor were from six in the morning till eight at night, with but short intervals for meals. After such a day of toil, this boy might have been seen going straight to school, and afterwards, dictionary in hand, poring over some Latin author, till his mother, in alarm, would rise and snatch the books from his hands. This is our first glimpse of David Livingstone; and it is very evident that such a boy was not destined to pass his life as a factory operative. Such sturdy determination, in a mere child, to acquire knowledge, such intellectual vigor, and such a brave struggle with difficulties showed that he had in him the stuff out of which heroes are made, and foreshadowed that indomitable resolution, which afterwards bore him triumphantly through the dark forests and fever-breeding swamps of Africa.

Though young Livingstone commenced his career in such a lonely condition, he had come of a good stock—not in the sense of having noble or wealthy ancestors, but in having been descended from a race of true and good men, who though poor, had no stain on their escutcheon. In the storm-beaten, barren island of Ulva, one of the Hebrides, the ancestral Livingstones had a small farm. Here the struggle to secure a precarious existence is severe; but the battle with difficulties developed that self-reliance and general sturdiness of character which were inherited by young Livingstone,