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succeeded, the whole of the suit would have been in vain! Surely no scandal would have been equal to that. But by trying the *significavit*, the churchwardens have compelled the other side to show its hand. If there has been any technical error, it is far better that it should be brought out at once than after three years' weary waiting. The risk involved in waiting for the "slow but sure process of the Act" was so enormous, that it was hardly fair to ask the churchwardens to run it. Moreover, the error might have been repeated over and over again in other suits before it was discovered. So Dale was first "signified;" but the Ritualists would not move. It was only when Enraght and Green were also threatened, that the Ritualist lawyers could be induced to show their hand. We respectfully submit to the three bishops that, though imprisonment is to be deplored, it may have been, under the circumstances, absolutely necessary.

NOTE.—Since this Article was written, Mr. De la Bere, of Prestbury, a notorious mutineer, has incurred the sentence of deprivation. We rejoice that in the ecclesiastical proceedings against him imprisonment has not been found necessary. If, indeed, he wishes to go to prison he will have plenty of opportunity, but the orders which, for this purpose, he must resist, will probably be those of a temporal Court in a prosaic action of trespass or ejectment.

ART. II.—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

The Personal Life of David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L. Chiefly from his Unpublished Journals and Correspondence in the possession of his Family. By WILLIAM GARDEN BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., New College, Edinburgh. With Portrait and Map. London: John Murray. 1880.

PERHAPS Florence Nightingale, writing out of her womanly sympathy to Livingstone's daughter on the arrival in England of the news of his death, went a little too far when she called him "the greatest man of his generation;" yet her very striking and beautiful letter, printed in Dr. Blaikie's "Life" (p. 458), rightly points out his peculiar place in the history of our time. "There are few enough," she says, "but a few statesmen. There are few enough, but a few great in medicine, or in art, or in poetry. There are a few great travellers. But Dr. Livingstone stood alone as the great Missionary Traveller, the bringer-in of civilization; or rather the pioneer of civilization—he that cometh before—to races lying in darkness. I always think of him as what John the Baptist, had he been living in the nineteenth century, would have been."

There are not a few, however, who would have some hesitation in endorsing language like this; not a few who, while admitting, as a matter of course, the claim of Livingstone to be the greatest of African explorers, and recognizing his many admirable personal qualities, are yet conscious of a certain underlying uneasiness respecting him. Did he not desert his original calling as a missionary? Did he not forget the souls of the heathen in his consuming desire to trace the fountains of the Nile? Was he not wilful, impracticable, and one-sided in his judgments of men? Were not his companions in travel compelled, however reluctantly, to criticize unfavourably both his plans and his methods of carrying them out? Have not his praises been pitched in too high a key?

These questions found frequent utterance in Livingstone's lifetime; and although his extraordinary posthumous influence has tended to silence them, they have had to wait till now for a complete reply. But the reply, now it has come, is conclusive. Dr. Blaikie's "Personal Life" must satisfy the most sceptical; while the warmest admirers of Livingstone will find in it fresh cause for their admiration. The story of his travels is familiar enough; and the "Last Journals" gave us glimpses of his mind and heart not afforded by the books published under his own eye; but still *the man* was not there. At all events, if we have hitherto believed that he was there, Dr. Blaikie will undeceive us. We now obtain, for the first time, a full view of his life as a whole; of the providential leadings that shaped it from the beginning to the end; of the motives that guided it, the principles that ruled it, the objects for which it was lived, and for which it was laid down. Dr. Blaikie describes the purpose of his book as "to make the world acquainted with the character of Livingstone." "Those," he continues, "who knew him best feel that little is known of the strength of his affections, the depth and purity of his devotion, or the intensity of his aspirations as a Christian missionary. The growth of his character, and the providential shaping of his career, are also matters of remarkable interest, of which not much has yet been made known." The book abundantly fulfils its purpose. Few will lay it down without assenting to the author's remark, that Livingstone's life "shows the minimum of infirmity with the maximum of goodness," and is "an evidence of the truth and power of Christianity," "a plea for Christian missions and civilization," "a demonstration of the true connection between religion and science."

In the preparation of the work, Dr. Blaikie has had not only the recollections of Livingstone's family and friends, and his voluminous correspondence with them—for he was an untiring letter-writer—but also private diaries never yet published,

belonging to at least three important periods of his life. One of these, relating to his journey to Loanda, on the west coast, in 1853–4, is described as "probably the most wonderful thing of the kind ever taken on such a journey. It is a strongly bound quarto volume of more than 800 pages, with a lock and key. The writing is so neat and clear that it might almost be taken for lithograph." This diary differs materially from the printed record afterwards published. "It is," says Dr. Blaikie, "much more explicit in setting forth the bad treatment he often received. When he spoke of these things to the public, he made constant use of the mantle of charity, and the record of many a bad deed and many a bad character is toned down." Further, it is "more free in recording the play of his feelings. It does not hide the communings of his heart with his heavenly Father. It is built up in a random-rubble style; here a solemn prayer; in the next line a note of lunar observations; then a dissertation on the habits of the hippopotamus." It will readily be imagined how much light is thrown upon Livingstone's real character by the publication of extracts from a journal of this kind, as well as from many of his letters. To take one instance only. Every reader of "The Zambesi and its Tributaries" is startled by the quiet, not to say cold, way in which Livingstone there records the death of his wife. The real cause of this is, that he regarded that work as a kind of official report of the Zambesi Expedition, in which he could not properly give way to personal feeling; and we now find that, not only in his private journals, not only in letters to the bereaved mother (Mrs. Moffat), and to his own bereaved children, but in other letters "of the like tenor written to every intimate friend," he poured out his grief and the praises of her who was gone. For instance, to Sir Roderick Murchison, to whom he wrote, after referring to other matters, "It will somewhat ease my aching heart to tell you about my dear departed Mary Moffat, the faithful companion of eighteen years," and then went on to give a sketch of her life and labours, as well as all particulars of her last illness and death.

Let us take a rapid glance at some of the principal features of Livingstone's life as told by Dr. Blaikie. His family sprang from the island of Ulva, one of the same group as Staffa; and at the banquet given in his honour at Freemasons' Tavern in 1858, the present Duke of Argyll happily observed that "as Ulva was close to Iona, 'that illustrious island,' as Dr. Johnson called it, whence roving tribes and rude barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion, so might the son of Ulva carry the same blessings to Africa, and be remembered, perhaps, by millions of the human race as the first pioneer of civilization and the first harbinger of the Gospel." Dr. Blaikie notices the influence in several ways of his Highland blood

upon his character—for instance his appreciation of the tribal relations of the natives of Africa. Certainly his home life and education could scarcely have been more suitable as a preparation for his future work. His father was a man of "great spiritual earnestness," a total abstainer, a Sunday-school teacher, an ardent member of a missionary society, at a time when to be so was to be a marked man in a sense we can hardly understand now; and it is related of him that he learned Gaelic on purpose to be able to read the Bible in that tongue to his mother. His wife, David's mother, "contributed to the home a remarkable element of brightness and serenity," and "it was the genial gentle influences that had moved him under her training that enabled Livingstone to move the savages of Africa." The humble dwelling at Blantyre was ruled by "an industry that never lost an hour of the six days, and that welcomed and honoured the day of rest; a thrift that made the most of everything, though it never got far beyond the bare necessaries of life; a self-restraint that admitted no stimulant within the door, and that faced bravely and steadily all the burdens of life; a love of books that showed the presence of a cultivated taste, with a fear of God that dignified the life which it moulded and controlled."

David Livingstone's boyhood was marked by not a few illustrations of the qualities afterwards so conspicuous in him. Once, when quite a child, on reaching home after dusk, at which time his father required them all to be indoors, he found the door barred. "He made no cry nor disturbance, but having preserved a piece of bread, sat down contentedly to pass the night on the doorstep," where his mother looking out found him. At the age of nine he got a Testament from his Sunday-school teacher for repeating the 119th Psalm on two successive evenings with only five errors. Part of his first week's wages as a piecer in a factory were spent on a Latin "Rudiments," which he studied assiduously in every moment of leisure; and he "devoured all the books that came into his hands, except novels." Nor was book-learning the only kind of study that attracted him. He was a student of Nature also, and scoured the country in search of specimens, botanical, geological, zoological.

From his twelfth year the great truths of the Gospel, which he had been most carefully taught, and which his mind had no difficulty in grasping, began to lay hold of his conscience. "He began to reflect on his state as a sinner, and became anxious to realize the state of mind that flows from the reception of the truth into the heart." But he waited, and waited, for a great supernatural impulse within, instead of looking away from himself to Christ; and "at length his convictions were effaced, and

his feelings blunted." It was not until his twentieth year that he was enabled to enter into rest. The instrument in God's hand of the decisive change was Dick's *Philosophy of a Future State*. It opened his eyes; in his own words, he "saw the duty and inestimable privilege *immediately* to accept salvation by Christ," and "through sovereign grace and mercy was enabled to do so." Dr. Blaikie justly observes that "there can be no doubt that David Livingstone's heart was very thoroughly penetrated by the new life that now flowed into it." Of this his book supplies abundant evidence.

It was in the following year, apparently, that the first conscious call to a missionary life came to him, from an appeal on behalf of China issued by Mr. Gutzlaff. To China his heart at once turned, and again and again, long afterwards, when his name had become indissolubly associated with Africa, we find his sympathies flowing out to the millions of the far East. It was with a view to service in that field that he resolved to obtain a medical education, and during two winters he managed to attend the medical classes at Glasgow, defraying his expenses, which he cut down to the lowest point, out of the wages he earned at the mill at Blantyre during the summer months. Before his course was finished he offered himself to the London Missionary Society, and was ultimately accepted. Some interesting recollections of him while studying at Ongar, where the Society had some young men training, are contributed to the Memoir by a fellow-student, the Rev. J. Moore, afterwards a missionary in Tahiti; among which is a notice of his attendance at the great meeting in Exeter Hall in 1840, to promote the Niger Expedition, when Prince Albert made his maiden speech in England, and Samuel Wilberforce his first reputation as a great platform orator.

The opium war stood in the way of Livingstone being sent to China, and the Directors of the Society, who evidently had no high opinion of his talents, and had very nearly parted with him in consequence of his failure as a preacher, proposed to send him to the West Indies; but against this he earnestly protested, on the ground that medical knowledge was not required by missionaries there. Just at this time he chanced to come across Dr. Moffat, who was then in England. Struck with the appeals of the great missionary, Livingstone asked him whether he would do for Africa. Moffat's answer, recorded by himself, was remarkable: "I said I believed he would, if he would not go to an old station, but would advance to unoccupied ground, specifying the vast plain to the north, where I had sometimes seen, in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages, where no missionary had ever been." It was an unconscious prophecy, though no doubt the utterance of a shrewd perception that the young inquirer was

more fitted to be a pioneer than a pastor. But how strange that his steps should have been directed at the critical moment to Africa by a missionary who went out thither when Livingstone was only three years old, who subsequently became his father-in-law, and who has already survived him nearly nine years!

On December 8, 1840, David Livingstone sailed for Africa. It would be impossible here, and quite needless, to attempt even the briefest sketch of his career as a missionary and explorer. Its three great periods have been long before the public in the three well-known books, "Missionary Travels in South Africa," "The Zambesi and its Tributaries," and "The Last Journals." The two former were published respectively during the two visits to England which divided the first period from the second, and the second from the third—viz., in 1857–8 and 1864–5. But some of the features of his character and work which are brought into special prominence by Dr. Blaikie may be noted.

During the first ten years of his South African life we find him labouring assiduously as a regular station missionary in an uncivilized country. He himself said, at the Freemasons' Tavern banquet already alluded to, that in a country like Africa "the wife must be maid-of-all-work within, while the husband must be jack-of-all-trades without;" and Dr. Blaikie winds up the chapter on his residence at Kolobeng, among the Bakwain tribe, with a graphic picture of the variety of his occupations:—

"A jack-of-all-trades, he is building houses and schools, cultivating gardens, scheming in every manner of way how to get water; as a missionary, he is holding meetings every other night, preaching on Sundays, and taking such other opportunities as he can find to bring the people to Christ; as a medical man, he is dealing with the more difficult cases of disease; as a man of science, he is taking observations, collecting specimens, thinking out geographical, geological, meteorological and other problems bearing on the structure and condition of the continent; as a missionary statesman, he is planning how the natural force might be disposed of to most advantage, and is looking round in this direction and in that, over hundreds of miles, for openings for native agents; and to promote these objects he is writing long letters to the Directors, to the *Missionary Chronicle*, to the *British Banner*, to private friends, to any one likely to take an interest in his plans" (p. 95).

He was already corresponding with Professor Buckland, Professor Owen, and Mr. (afterwards Sir T.) Maclear, the Astronomer Royal at Cape Town. His religious teaching was that of a true-hearted evangelical missionary. A sermon preached at Cape Town (one of the very few he ever preached in English), the manuscript of which still exists, is described by his biographer as "very simple, scriptural, and earnest, in the style of Bishop Ryle or of Mr. Moody." Some letters to his children, which are

printed, are very pretty in their simplicity and perfect naturalness. Here is a bit of one to his eldest daughter, Agnes, aged five :—

"I shall not see you again for a long time, and I am very sorry. I have no Nannie now. I have given you back to Jesus, your Friend—your Papa who is in heaven. He is above you, but He is always near you. When we ask things from Him, that is praying to Him ; and if you do or say a naughty thing, ask Him to pardon you, and bless you, and make you one of His children. Love Jesus much, for He loves you, and He came and died for you. Oh, how good Jesus is ! I love Him, and I shall love Him as long as I live. You must love Him too, and you must love your brothers and mamma, and never tease them or be naughty, for Jesus does not like to see naughtiness" (p. 132).

If there is a true mark of the true missionary, it is love for the souls of the people among whom he labours. Had Livingstone that mark ? The answer is simply this—that his private journals and letters teem with expressions of it. A broken finger is broken again by the recoil of a pistol fired at a lion which frightened his native companions on a journey, and they try to comfort him when they see the blood flowing, by saying, "You have hurt yourself, but you have redeemed us ; henceforth we will only swear by you." Upon which his comment is, in a letter to Dr. Risdon Bennett, "Poor creatures ! I wish they had felt gratitude for the blood that was shed for their precious souls." One of his native attendants dies suddenly of fever :—

"Poor Schamy," he writes, "where art thou now ? . . . . Oh, am I guilty of the blood of thy soul, my poor dear Schamy ? If so, how shall I look upon thee in the judgment ? But I told thee of a Saviour : didst thou think of Him, and did He lead thee through the dark valley ? Did He comfort as only He can ? Help me, O Lord Jesus, to be faithful to every one. Remember me, and let me not be guilty of the blood of souls."

No very marked results attended Livingstone's labours at Kolobeng and the other stations in the south ; but there were some baptisms, including that of Sechele, the Bakwain chief, who survives to this day, and still, "though not without some drawbacks, maintains his Christian profession." But though the harvest was not reaped, the seed was faithfully sown. Livingstone seems to have gone out with the usual ardent expectations of a young missionary, and the actual condition of the Society's missions disappointed him. The reaction led him to think their results had been exaggerated at home ; but experience gave him a truer view of the case, and when he went into the interior, and saw heathenism "in all its unmitigated ferocity," his opinion entirely changed, and he was enabled to thank God for what had been done among such a people. The conviction deepened in him—and he frequently gives

expression to it—that the number of conversions is not a fair test of the success of a mission; but that they are, however few, a true token that the mission has the Divine approval, and is therefore "of the right sort." "A few conversions show whether God's Spirit is in a mission or not;" "they show the direction of the stream which is set in motion by Him who rules the nations, and which is destined to overflow the world." "We work for a glorious future, which we are not destined to see. We are only morning stars shining in the dark." Accordingly, he thought it "more important to sow the seed broadcast over a wide field, than to reap a few heads of grain on a single spot. Concentration was not the true theory of Missions." Perhaps Livingstone pressed this view too far; and certainly we sometimes find his perception of what a particular district needed leading him to conclusions not consistent with it, as when he says of one tribe he met with on a journey, "A permanent station among them might effect something in time, but a considerable time is necessary." Exactly. Only by a permanent station, worked with unfaltering patience, can the leaven be deposited which will by-and-by leaven the whole lump. The fact is, there is room for both methods, and neither can be spared. Livingstone's pioneer work is indispensable; and so is the daily round of patient toil in one spot, such as that of Robert Noble for twenty-four years in one school, the influence of which is felt to-day through a whole province, or that of J. T. Tucker, for as long a period in one Tinnevelly "circle," baptizing in that time three thousand persons with his own hands.

From the first, Livingstone's motto for himself was "Forward." Within two years of his arrival in Africa he had founded a new station, concerning which he wrote to the Directors that he hoped they would approve of it; but if not, he was ready to go "anywhere, *provided it be forward.*" More than one of his earlier journeys was undertaken in the teeth of protests from others, including Mrs. Moffat. But he held to Sir Herbert Edwardes's maxim—"He who has to act on his own responsibility is a slave if he does not act on his own judgment," while seeking guidance for that judgment by great minuteness in his prayers, and constant watchfulness for "all the providential indications that might throw light on the Divine Will." And, as Dr. Blaikie happily observes, "it was in front, and not in rear, that he expected to find the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire." And very interesting are his retrospects from time to time of "all the way that the Lord had led him," in which he traces the distinct and often unexpected providential direction vouchsafed to him; particularly in a letter to the London Missionary Society, which is printed in an appendix to the volume.

He warmly resented the application to his travels of the term "wanderings." "The very word," he said, "contains a lie coiled like a serpent in its bosom. It means travelling without an object, or uselessly."

When he came to England in 1856, after his first great journey from Lake Ngami to Loanda, and thence right across Africa, from the west to the east coast, honours of all kinds were lavished upon him, and two very interesting chapters detail his reception by the Royal Geographical Society, the British Association, the Universities, leading statesmen like Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon, and the Queen herself. But he did not escape criticism from those who thought more of the spread of the Gospel than of geographical discoveries. The London Missionary Society, indeed, gave him a warm reception, and Lord Shaftesbury, who presided at its meeting on the occasion, spoke in the highest terms of him and his work. But his sturdy countrymen in Scotland shook their heads; and both his public addresses and his book, the "Missionary Travels," were complained of as lacking in missionary tone. Yet Livingstone invariably spoke of the opening up of Africa to the Gospel as his one great ruling purpose. Writing to Sir Roderick Murchison on the completion of his journey across the continent, he used this pregnant phrase, "*The end of the geographical feat is only the beginning of the enterprise;*" and to a crowded meeting in the Town Hall at Cambridge he said, "I contend that we ought not to be ashamed of our religion, and had we not kept this so much out of sight in India, we should not now be in such straits in that country [referring to the Indian Mutiny]. Let us appear what we are. For my part, I intend to be a missionary. My object in Africa is not only the elevation of man, but that the country might be so opened that man might see the need of his soul's salvation." At the same time he was exhorting the members of Scottish literary and scientific institutes, before whom he lectured, "to accept God's offers of mercy in Christ, and give themselves wholly to Him," and diffusing a happy Christian influence in houses where he stayed, as Dr. Risdon Bennett and others testify. One gentleman writes: "He usually conducted our family worship. On Sunday mornings he always gave us a text for the day. His prayers were very direct and simple, just like a child asking his father for what he needed."

Nevertheless, Livingstone felt that the pioneer work to which he now intended to devote his life could not be undertaken by the London Missionary Society and at its expense, and he resigned his connection with it—against the advice of one of his best friends, Mr. J. B. Braithwaite, who feared the effect of such a step upon the mind of the Christian public. The effect dreaded was at once produced; but looking back now, most readers of

this volume will judge Livingstone to have been right. In fact he was going out in an entirely new capacity. His visit had greatly quickened the interest of England in Africa; the public realized now that what they had supposed to be a vast sandy desert was a magnificent country, needing only the introduction of lawful commerce and civilization, and the stoppage of the desolating slave trade, to make it enormously productive; and the Government were maturing a plan for the exploration of the great river whose course he had tracked, the Zambesi, and had appointed him commander of the expedition, and Consul for the East Coast. Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon needed no encouragement to enter upon such a work, but if they did, Lord Shaftesbury and Sir R. Murchison were ready to give it. It is not of course to be supposed that all who promoted the scheme shared in Livingstone's own desires and hopes. But if they did not, like him, view exploration as the means and missionary enterprise as the end, they were only too glad to recognize the value of missionary influence as a means to their own end. Eight years before, when the Geographical Society voted the yet scarcely known missionary £25 for the discovery of Lake Ngami, the then President acknowledged that the feat was due to his influence as a Christian missionary with the natives; and when, in 1855, the gold medal was awarded him, Lord Ellesmere spoke of "his work in science as subordinate to those higher ends which he had ever prosecuted in the true spirit of a missionary."

The Zambesi expedition, with the exploration of the Shiré valley and the discovery of Lake Nyassa, cover the second period of Livingstone's African career, 1858–64. It is difficult to realize now the state of our knowledge of the Dark Continent at the time he sailed. Nothing was then known of the great lakes now so familiar to us, except that the famous map, drawn by Rebmann, of the Church Missionary Society, from native sources, had recently astonished the geographical world with the representation of a huge inland sea covering twelve degrees of latitude; and when Livingstone discovered Nyassa he wrote home: "This is what the Church Missionary Society has been thinking of for many years." But while this period of six years, through his researches and those of Burton and Speke and Grant, completely reconstructed our maps of Central Africa, they were a time of sore distress and disappointment to Livingstone. In earlier years his indignation had been aroused by the barbarous treatment of the native races by a professedly Christian people, the Boers of the Transvaal; and now he found another nation statistically reckoned as Christian, the Portuguese, dogging his steps and throwing all sorts of obstacles in his path in the interests of the slave trade. After two or three years' experience of them on the Zambesi, he wrote: "After all, I am con-

vinced that, *were Christianity not divine, it would be trampled out by its professors.*" But his disgust at the wickedness of so-called Christians did not beguile him, as some have been beguiled, into the notion that Mohammedanism was the panacea for the miseries of Africa. On the contrary, he again and again denounces it as "worse than African heathenism." Years afterwards, when he had seen more of Moslem influence farther north, this conviction was fully confirmed. In one place he writes:—

"I have travelled more than most people, and with all sorts of followers. The Christians of Kuruman and Kolobeng were out of sight the best I ever had. The Makololo, who were very partially Christianized, were next best—honest, truthful and brave. Heathen Africans are much superior to the Mohammedans, who are the most worthless one can have."

Perhaps the heaviest of his disappointments at this period was the failure of what had awakened his liveliest hopes, the Universities' Mission. It was the fruit of his own Cambridge speeches, and he welcomed it to the Zambesi with unaffected delight. Proportionately keen was his distress, first at its adoption in some respects of methods of dealing with the natives which he did not approve; then, at the untimely death of its devoted leader, Bishop Mackenzie, for whom personally he expresses the warmest regard ("He is A 1," he wrote, "and in his readiness to put his hand to anything resembles my good father-in-law Moffat"); then, at the attempt made by some of its members to throw the blame of the failure on himself; finally at its abandonment of the enterprise. When Bishop Tozer, Mackenzie's successor, resolved to remove the mission to the island of Zanzibar, Livingstone declared he could "sit down and cry." He wrote an imploring appeal to Dr. Tozer. "I hope, dear Bishop," he said, "you will not think me impertinent in thus writing to you with a sore heart. I see that, if you go, the last ray of hope for this wretched, trodden-down people disappears, and I again from the bottom of my heart entreat you to reconsider the matter, and may the All-wise One guide to that decision which will be most for His glory." It is pleasant to think that the country he thus pleaded for is now the field of flourishing missions, sent forth by his Scottish countrymen, and that the principal station bears the name of Livingstonia. Nor should it be forgotten that the Universities' Mission itself has latterly, under its third Bishop, Dr. Steere, resumed aggressive work upon the continent, though in a more northern latitude.

In the midst of these trials came the death of his wife, to which allusion has already been made; and in 1863 the Zambesi

expedition was recalled. "I don't know," wrote Livingstone, "whether I am to go on the shelf or not. If I do, I make Africa the shelf." However, in the following year he came to England, and was again received with enthusiasm. Space will not allow of any notice of his doings in this country; but an incisive reference to his examination before a Parliamentary Committee on West African matters may be quoted:—

"The monstrous mistake of the Burton school is this: they ignore the point-blank fact that the men that do the most for the mean whites are the same that do the most for the mean blacks, and you never hear one mother's son of them say, 'You do wrong to give to the whites.' I told the Committee I had heard people say that Christianity made the blacks worse, but did not agree with them. I might have said it was 'rot,' and truly. I can stand a good deal of bosh, but to tell me that Christianity makes people worse—ugh!"

In August, 1865, Livingstone left England for the third and last time. What was his object now? Primarily, it was, in his own words, to make "another attempt to open Africa to civilizing influences;" "to endeavour to commence that system on the east which has been so eminently successful on the west coast—a system combining the repressive efforts of Her Majesty's cruisers with lawful trade and Christian missions—the moral and material results of which have been so gratifying." We think of him, on these last journeys, as wandering this way and that in search of the fountains of the Nile, and—*pace* his objection to the term "wandering"—it came pretty much to that. But this was not his own original purpose. While he was in England, Sir R. Murchison, who never concealed his own opinion that "missionary enterprise encumbered and impeded geographical," formally proposed to him that he should undertake the determination of the watersheds of South Africa, "unshackled by other avocations than those of the geographical explorer," Livingstone "would not consent to go simply as a geographer, but as a missionary, and do geography by the way." He would go "to have intercourse with the people," and do what he could "to enlighten them on the slave trade, and give them some idea of our religion." And on his last Sunday in England he assured Dr. James Hamilton's congregation in Regent Square that it was "as much as ever his great object to proclaim the love of Christ." He accepted Sir R. Murchison's proposal, however, as a secondary object, and fitted out an expedition for a prolonged journey of exploration. But, said he,

"I mean to make this a Christian expedition, telling a little about Christ wherever we go. His love in coming down to save men will be our theme. I dislike very much to make my religion distasteful to others. This, with ——'s hypocritical ostentation, made me have

fewer religious services on the Zambesi than would have been desirable, perhaps. . . . . Though there is an antipathy in the human heart to the gospel of Christ, yet when Christians make their good works shine, all admire them. . . . . The Lord help me to act in all cases in this expedition as a Christian should!"

Undoubtedly the geographical problem itself gradually fascinated Livingstone's mind. The Nile came to have a sacred character in his thoughts as a Bible river. Moses, who had floated upon it as an infant in his ark of bulrushes, had perhaps, as a man, visited those distant fountain-heads, and if he could only discover any confirmation of sacred history, he would not grudge all the toil and pain and hardship he had undergone. And it is touching to observe how he clung to the hope that the Lualaba was indeed the Nile, even when doubts would inject themselves into his mind that it was the Congo after all—as we now know it is. Still, even in all these communings with himself and his correspondents, he did desire above all that his geographical researches might be used to arouse attention to his pleadings for the African race. Only a few months before his death he wrote:—"The Nile sources are only valuable to me 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 little helping hand in the enormous revolution that in His all-embracing providence He has been carrying on for ages." Again, to his daughter Agnes, about the same time:—"No one can estimate the amount of God-pleasing good that will be done, if, by Divine favour, this awful slave trade, into the midst of which I have come, be abolished. This will be something to have lived for, and the conviction has grown in my mind that it was *for this end* I have been detained so long." And on his last birthday, six weeks before the end, the entry in his journal is:—"Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen. Let not Satan prevail over me, O my good Lord Jesus!"

All the world has followed the story of those last seven years as unfolded in the "Last Journals." Dr. Blaikie has not much fresh materials to present, but there are some interesting private letters. In his pages we are carried rapidly from Zanzibar to Nyassa and Tanganyika, across the latter lake into Manyuema (where Livingtone, during his eighteen months' detention, read the whole Bible through four times); back to Ujiji; with Stanley round the lake, and to Unyanyembe; and thence on the last weary journey into the country round Lake Bangweolo, where, worn out with fatigue and sickness, David Livingstone, on his knees, by his bedside in Chitambo's unnamed village in Ilala, yielded up his brave and humble spirit to his Saviour. But, as Dr. Blaikie well observes, in a very interesting concluding

chapter on the great traveller's posthumous influence, "his heart was laid under the mvula tree in Ilala, and his bones in Westminster Abbey; but his spirit marched on. The history of his life is not completed with the record of his death. The continual cry of his heart to be permitted to finish his work was answered—answered thoroughly, though not in the way he thought of. The thrill that went through the civilized world when his death, and all its touching circumstances, became known, did more for Africa than he could have done had he completed his task and spent years in this country following it up." And while, as Professor Owen both justly and generously said, in his *Quarterly Review* article on Livingstone, in April, 1875, "Of his primary work (as a missionary) the record is on high—the seeds of the Word of Life implanted lovingly, with pains and labour, and, above all, with faith, the out-door scenes of the simple Sabbath service, the testimony of Him to whom the worship was paid, given in terms of such simplicity as were fitted to the comprehension of the dark-skinned listeners, these seeds will not have been scattered by him in vain"—we see on every side the fruits of his pioneer work in opening up Africa, and drawing thither the sympathies of Christendom. Could Livingstone have known what a few short years would do for the land of his adoption—could he have seen the slave trade, over whose miseries he wept such bitter tears, almost at an end within four years of his death, and miniature Sierra Leones springing up on the East Coast—could he have watched the missionary parties penetrating the interior and establishing their stations on the familiar shores of Nyassa and Tanganyika, and by the still greater lake which he never saw, the Victoria Nyanza—how he would have lifted up his voice in thanksgiving to "his good Lord Jesus!"

EUGENE STOCK.

ART. III.—PREACHING THE WORD.

THE *ordinance* of preaching appears to have existed from the earliest times. St. Jude tells us that Enoch, the seventh from Adam, testified against the ungodly deeds of his own generation, and that he prophesied of the second coming of the Lord Jesus to judge mankind. St. Peter, too, speaks of Noah as a "preacher of righteousness." After the Flood, heads of families instructed their respective households; and in subsequent times we find a regular succession of prophets and sons of prophets. It is accordingly written (2 Chron. xvii.), to the praise of the godly king Jehoshaphat, that he sent forth Levites and priests to teach in the cities of Judah. "And they taught,"