

back again, meek, submissive, humbled, fawning at your feet. Think what you will of me—you never thought too well—but don't send me away again. Although you have wronged me, I love you still——”

“Wronged you?” cried Gay, looking up at him, with a sudden blaze in her eyes. “I do not understand you.”

“You do not understand me?” he repeated slowly; “then I will explain. Four years ago, if you remember, you were graciously pleased to treat me as your friend. I loved you from the first, and took no pains to conceal my thoughts. I believed that you loved me. I came one day to tell you everything. I found you in ardent conversation with a—a gentleman. He was bending over you, and holding your hand. I saw you lay your other hand on his arm, and, at the same time, you turned and saw me. I did not wish to intrude upon you; I did not hear your conversation; I only saw for myself, and I knew that you saw me. No explanation was needed, and none was forthcoming. I was proud; so were you. We parted—I went away.”

“You were right in going away,” cried Gay passionately, “if you could think this of me. You were only wrong in coming back. I wonder how you dare to speak to me like this.”

“I am sorry to have offended you. I am rude, perhaps, but I can't help it. I ought to have conquered my resentment by this time, and I thought that I had done so, but the recollection of it comes back all the more vividly for being so long buried, and it stirs me to say things that otherwise I would not have said. We will dismiss the subject, if you choose, for ever.”

“No, Theodore, I do not choose. Having recalled the past, let us give it a fair hearing. You say that I gave you no explanation of that interview with Arthur Lindon. Had you given me any right or any reason to do so?”

“You must have known I loved you.”

“You had never said so. For my own part, in my absolutely childish ignorance, I never thought any explanation necessary. I trusted implicitly in your friendship. I did not think you could not trust mine. It was Barbara whom Arthur Lindon cared for. It was Barbara of whom we were talking then, for we were good friends enough, and he knew I always took his part with Barbara. There is no harm in speaking of it now, perhaps. He is dead.”

Theodore gazed at her in shocked silence. To a refined and sensitive nature, such as his really was, there was something very touching and terrible in the thought that an innocently-minded fellow creature, whom his own pride and folly had created into an enemy, had passed for ever beyond the power of human resentment and human injustice.

For some moments both were too agitated to speak.

“Gay, my darling,” said Theodore at last, in a voice of suppressed emotion, “will you forgive me? I have been very wrong, but I have suffered for my folly.”

The blaze in Gay's earnest eyes had melted into tears. She turned and looked at him reproachfully.

“Have I not suffered too? Oh, Theodore!”

No more words were needed. The next moment she was in Theodore's arms, and Theodore's kisses banished all her tears.

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“Well, to be sure!” said good Aunt Judy, when, toiling slowly homewards an hour afterwards, she came suddenly upon the lovers arm-in-arm in the lane. “Well, to be sure! And I suppose I may walk home alone, eh? This is the meaning of your devotion to your aunt, young man. *Your* complaint was heart-ache, I suppose. Well, well! she's a good girl, is Gay, and I shan't forget you on your wedding-day, my dear.”

STIRRING SCENES IN STIRRING LIVES.

III.—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.



THE whole life of Livingstone was a succession of chivalrous ventures undertaken deliberately in the fair service of humanity. Some men are venturesome and chivalrous with their eyes shut, but Livingstone's eyes were always wide open. That is to say, some men plunge into danger with little thought of the danger; their chivalry is the dash and dance of sprightly natures delighting in adventure, and hardly ever letting their minds rest on its dangerous side. But Livingstone's mind was always alive to the danger; he calmly took its measure, pondered its seriousness, and often saw very clearly that the odds were tremendously on its side. What was so singular about him was, that with

what you might call almost a stolid nature, the nature of a very canny Scot, his career was a succession of ventures so extraordinary that they had much of the look of a madman's freaks. No man can say of Livingstone that he had no sense of danger; he had the most vivid sense of it of any great man of modern times; but once he had taken its measure, in the light of duty, he treated it with something like contempt, and never bestowed a thought on it any more.

Look at him planning that first great journey into the heart of Africa, and then across the continent from sea to sea, that, when successfully accomplished, placed him in the first rank of explorers.

He does it all as silently as a prisoner plans his escape from his cell. If he were to take any one's advice, he knows full well what the advice would be.

All the difficulties are marshalled and pondered quietly and firmly in his own silent brain. First, there are the personal risks:—of being murdered, perhaps eaten, by savages; starved with hunger; killed by fever; to say nothing of endless tramping, many a bodily ache, and worries without number from troublesome followers. Weight to be attached to this class of considerations, *nil*. Next, the difficulty of making way. Rich travellers, who could afford sops to Cerberus to any amount, had been baffled in much less serious journeys; how is he, a penniless missionary, to satisfy the greed of swarming chiefs and tribes, to allay their suspicions, to get a passage through their borders, to keep them from seizing his men as slaves?

Well, these are difficulties; but he has got on wonderfully well with the natives hitherto; he has contrived to get on their right side, and turned many a grinning chief into a friendly ally; and the God who has befriended him in lesser enterprises will not fail him in this great effort for the good of Africa.

But then comes the thought of the directors of the Missionary Society. He is their missionary, and they expect from him the work of a missionary. It is his firm purpose wherever he goes to tell the natives of the love of God in Christ, and invite them to trust in His infinite mercy. But will the directors be satisfied with his spending perhaps a couple of years in what they may fancy a wild-goose chase? Very likely not. The consequences of their disapproval may be very serious to him. Well, he will do his best to explain his enterprise, and if he fail, he will just take the consequences. That is, he will sacrifice his only possible method of living in Africa, and throw himself and his family on the world.

Lastly, there is the thought of his family. Oh, that difficulty is hard, hard to be got over! Years of separation from wife and children! The children growing up not to know their father!—to be sent home to England and brought up in poverty, neglect, and it may be scorn! It almost overcomes him. But again there rises before him the vision of an emancipated continent, traversed on all sides by the Christian missionary and the lawful trader, worshipping God in many a lowly temple, and singing the songs of redeeming grace; and again there falls on his ear a voice, "Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." His resolution is taken; every adverse consideration is brushed aside: "I will open up Africa, or PERISH!"

Another scene. With his seven-and-twenty Makololo followers, he has reached St. Paul de Loanda, on the western coast, but he has found the hardships of the journey much worse than he had expected. Thirty-one attacks of fever is a long list for one journey. The sense of loneliness, especially spiritual loneliness, continued for so long a time, had been very overwhelming. The sensation of lying on a bed was charming, but a severe attack of fever and dysentery, making him as helpless as a child, was not encouraging. From Loanda he may sail for England and recruit his shattered frame. He has earned a good rest; he

needs it; he will see wife and children, and the public will listen eagerly to his wonderful tale. Every consideration is in favour of this course, save one. When he induced the twenty-seven Makololo to come with him from Linyanti, he promised that he would return with them and see them safely home. But does he need to mind that now? Why not just give them plenty of beads and calico, rig them out in gay costumes, and send them pleased and laughing back on their way? Why not? Because a promise is a promise, a sacred thing whether made to white man or to black. Because you can't acquire moral influence in this African continent but by good principles, by patient continuance in well-doing. Because, if he should break that promise, the mischief done would never be compensated, even by years of preaching and praying. Because the very levity with which other men practise deceit on these poor savages, lays all the greater obligation on the Christian missionary to deal uprightly with them.

Never was there a clearer case of duty. Farewell, for many a long day, furnished houses, comfortable beds, civilised tables! Farewell, perhaps for ever, father, wife, and children, all the dear faces it would be such a joy to see. Come fever, dysentery, greedy chiefs, warlike tribes, days of dreary trudging, nights of cheerless solitude! It is the right course; and, by God's help, he will not flinch from the dreary way.

The journey from Loanda to Quilimane took him from 24th September, 1854, to 20th May, 1856. It was arduous enough work all the way, but there were times when the danger rose to a climax. His worst day was the 14th of January, 1856. He had fulfilled his promise to the Makololo, and had set out from Linyanti with a new set of followers, furnished by the good chief Sekeletu, who had supplied him also with three of his best riding-oxen and other travelling equipments. So long as he is among tribes to which Sekeletu's influence extends, all goes well; but beyond that friendly circle, trouble begins to brew. The chiefs are generally hostile, very warlike and very greedy. He has chosen the route along the bank of the Zambesi, although it is the most dangerous and trying for himself, because it is the most likely to furnish what he is in search of—a highway to the sea. Many a toilsome circuit does he execute in order to steer clear of greedy chiefs whom he cannot afford to conciliate by gifts; but encounters cannot always be avoided in this way. At the confluence of the Loangwa and the Zambesi, canoes are needed to carry him across, and the natives, instead of becoming his ferrymen, look much more likely to consign him and his followers to Charon and the Styx, and help themselves to their stock of goods and chattels. It is a most serious time.

Livingstone has just made a great geographical discovery. He has hit upon the true structure of central Africa. It is a depressed table-land or basin, once covered by immense lakes, some of which have escaped by fissures in the containing rocks, and like the Zambesi rushing through the fissures at the Victoria Falls, found their way to the ocean. Down in these lower regions the climate is fearfully unhealthy. But on each

side of the basin there rises a longitudinal ridge of high land, which he believes to be as healthy as the lower ground is pestiferous. These "healthy regions" are the very joy of his heart. They solve the great problem of African missions, African commerce, African civilisation. His imagination revels in visions of mission



DR. LIVINGSTONE.

stations, commercial depôts, and even Scotch colonies, smiling on these breezy heights. The glorious harvest seems in sight, and all the toils and sufferings of the past are lost in the anticipations of the future.

But as yet nobody, save himself, knows anything of this. Any letters that he has written about it may never reach their destination. Any papers in his repositories would be sure to be destroyed if he and his people should be put to death. And at the confluence of the Loangwa and the Zambesi, it seems quite certain they are to die. The natives are evidently bent on mischief. If they choose, they can make very short work of Livingstone and his followers. And all appearances seem to show that they will. How does the lonely stranger feel in such a prospect? Undoubtedly he is agitated. He is not a Stoic, and, in the prospect of speedy death, he cannot but think of his own sins and shortcomings, of his family too, his cause, his discoveries, and the prospects of Africa. His whole life-work seems on the verge of destruction, and all who are dear to him passing from his grasp. It is a day of much agitation of spirit. But evening brings him into calm water again, and here is his account of how it came:—

“Evening.—Felt much turmoil of spirit in view of having all my plans for the welfare of this great region and the teeming population knocked on the head by

savages to-morrow. But I read that Jesus came and said, ‘All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations. And lo, *I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.*’ It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honour, and there is an end on’t. I will not cross furtively by night as I intended; it would appear as flight, and should such a man as I flee? Nay, verily. I shall take observations for latitude and longitude to-night, though they may be the last. I feel quite calm now, thank God.”

“15th January, 1856.—Left bank of Loangwa. The natives of the surrounding country collected round us this morning, all armed. Children and women were sent away and Mburuma’s wife who lives here was not allowed to approach, though she came some way from her village in order to pay me a visit. Only one canoe was lent, though we saw two tied to the bank. And the part of the river we crossed at, about a mile from the confluence, is a good mile broad. We passed all our goods first to an island in the middle, then the cattle and men, I occupying the post of honour, being the last to enter the canoe. We had by this means an opportunity of helping each other in case of attack. They stood armed at my back for some time. I then showed them my watch, burning glass, &c. &c., and kept them amused till all were over except those who could go into the canoe with me. I thanked them all for their kindness and wished them peace.”

Was there ever, since the days of the Psalmist, a more striking instance of serene trust in God, and of trust splendidly rewarded? What a power it showed of resting on the unseen, disregarding appearances, walking by faith! What a conviction of the reality of God’s presence, and what a proof that that conviction did not rest on sand!

There are other three stirring scenes in Livingstone’s stirring life on which we should have liked to touch, but space forbids. There was his memorable resolution in 1863 to continue the exploration of the head of Lake Nyassa, after Lord Russell had recalled his expedition, after death and desolation had fallen on the Universities mission, after nearly all his countrymen had left him, and when there was no way of accomplishing his object but by a weary trudge over a region haunted by fever and dysentery, where he was constantly exposed to starvation and death.

Then there was his memorable refusal to return to England with Stanley, notwithstanding the woeful plight in which he found him at Ujiji. And last of all there was the undaunted spirit in which he held on his way amid the gathering agonies of death, as if resolved that not even the great enemy should shorten by a single step the course of his journey towards the consummation which he so eagerly desired. One could not but have wished for the moment that so noble a life had been spared till its end was fulfilled; but one sees how in his case, as in so many other cases, that great law of the moral world had to be fulfilled: “Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.”

W. G. BLAIKIE.