

present time. Think whether it has been for her own sake or for her children's that the mother has grieved at the loss of fortune and position."

"Oh! madam," exclaimed Ellen, with a piteous look as if begging her to say no more.

"You know what I mean, my child.

There must be no breach between you and your mother—no jealousy, even though her too great love for Edward makes her seem, for a little while, selfish towards you. We will say no more. You will keep your promise."

The warm-hearted Frenchwoman clasped the girl in her arms, and prayed

that God would bless her. Through her word in season, Ellen's mind became calm, the bitter feelings that had found a place in her heart were driven away, and there was no longer any danger of a prolonged estrangement between her and her mother.

(To be continued.)

LIVINGSTONE'S MOTHER AND WIFE.

By the Author of "How to be Happy, though Married."

LIKE most good and great men, David Livingstone had a good mother. She had been first a good daughter. When only fifteen she had nursed her mother so well through a long illness that the minister of the parish laid his hand on her head and said, "A blessing will follow you, my lassie, for your duty to your mother." This blessing did follow her in her children. Her bright spirit shone through the beautiful dark eyes, so clear and penetrating, which her son David inherited. She made her home a very happy place. It "was ruled by an industry that never lost an hour of the six days; that welcomed and honoured the day of rest; a thrift that made the most of everything, though it never got far beyond the necessities 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 it moulded and controlled."

Before he was nine years of age little David brought home the first halferown he earned and laid it on his mother's lap. He was at this time so fond of study that he would have injured his health by sitting up too late if his watchful mother had not interfered by jumping up and snatching the books out of his hands. Her influence was felt by the lonely, despondent traveller years afterwards, when far beyond the reach of civilisation, making him "attend to his person and dress with scrupulous cleanliness, remembering his mother's lessons in childhood." This had a very civilising influence on the savages who observed him. So, then, a mother, simply by teaching her little child neat, orderly ways, was helping forward civilisation and the kingdom of Christ.

Livingstone was blessed in his mother, but he was also blessed in his wife. She was the eldest daughter of Dr. Moffat, a missionary hero's daughter, well trained to be a missionary hero's wife. In one of his few love-letters before marriage Livingstone anticipates what her help would be. "I, poor mortal, was mute as a fish in regard to singing," but he will translate some of her hymns, and looks forward to her voice leading the singing. During the first years of their married life the devoted couple had to move their home frequently.

Mary Livingstone deserved to be called "queen of the waggon," for she shared all the hardships; but the young wife grew so thin and feeble that the native women said, "Is there no food where she has been? Has he starved her?"

Here is what Livingstone says about their housekeeping expedients, after relating how the difficulty of building the house was overcome: "Having got the meal ground, the wife proceeds to make it into bread; an extempore oven is often constructed by scooping out a large hole on an ant-hill, and using a slab of stone for a door. We made our own butter, a jar serving as a churn; and our

candles by means of moulds; and soap was procured from the ashes of the plant salsola, or from wood ashes. There is not much hardship in being almost entirely dependent on ourselves; there is something of the feeling which must have animated Alexander Selkirk on seeing conveniences springing up before him from his own ingenuity; and married life is all the sweeter when so many comforts emanate directly from the thrifty, striving housewife's hands."

He goes on to give an account of an ordinary day's work: "After family worship, between six and seven, we went to keep school for all who could attend, men, women, and children being all invited. School over at eleven o'clock. While the missionary's wife was occupied in domestic matters, the missionary himself had some manual labour as a smith, carpenter, or gardener, according to whatever was needed for ourselves or our people. After dinner and an hour's rest, the wife attended her infant-school, which the young, who were left by their parents entirely to their own caprice, liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied that with a sewing-school, having classes for girls to learn the art. This, too, was equally relished. During the day every operation must be superintended, and both husband and wife must labour until the sun declines. He is jack-of-all-trades and she is maid-of-all-work."

Many women can be brave at the call of duty when only their own safety is endangered, but few can suffer and be strong, as Mrs. Livingstone could, when their children are in danger. On one occasion it was necessary for father, mother, and little children, with their generous friend Mr. Oswell, to set off in waggons for Sabitane's country. They cut their way through untrodden forests, where Mr. Oswell had a narrow escape from an infuriated lioness. They had fearful days of drought in crossing the desert beyond the River Tonga. "For three days not an insect nor a bird broke the stillness. Then a bird chirped on a bush, and the dog began to bark. The servants had wasted their precious store of water, and the little children were parched, and grew fevered with thirst. Not a syllable of upbraiding from their mother, though the tearful eyes showed the agony within. On the fifth day, to our inexpressible relief, someone returned with water. That peril was passed."

When, after eight years of this sort of life, she was obliged to return to England, she passed four years with her children in solitude and anxiety, "suffering," as Lord Shaftesbury said, "the greatest fears for the welfare of her husband, and yet enduring all with patience and resignation, and even joy, because she had surrendered her own best feelings and sacrificed her own private interests to the advancement of civilisation and the great interests of Christianity. It was this sympathy with his highest purposes that won her from her husband the titles of his "guardian-angel" and "the main-spoke in his wheel."

Moved with an irresistible desire to share her

husband's perils, Mrs. Livingstone returned to Africa two more times. The last time the husband and wife were together only two months. After six days' illness she died on a rude bed formed of boxes covered with a soft mattress; unconscious, but with her husband beside her utterly broken down and weeping like a child. "It is the first heavy stroke I have suffered," Dr. Livingstone writes in his journal, "all else seeming light to this. It quite takes away my strength. I wept over her, who well deserved them, many tears. I loved her when I married; and the longer I lived with her, I loved her the more. Oh, my Mary, my Mary! how often we have longed for a quiet home since I and you were cast adrift at Kolobeng!" Among her papers were found the words, "Accept me, Lord, as I am, and make me such as Thou wouldst have me be." He who taught the prayer would not leave His work unfinished. She rests by a large baobab tree at Shypana. The native men asked to be allowed to mount guard until her grave had been bricked up. And again—"My dear Mary has been for a fortnight absent from the body, present with the Lord. For the first time I feel willing to die." Later he speaks of their merriment and bright times together, and her saying, "'I could not bear to see you not playful, and grave and sober as some I see;' and this, when I know her prayer was always to be spared to help and comfort me in my great work. It made me feel what I have always believed the true way, to let the head grow wise, but keep the heart always young and playful."

To his daughter he writes: "I feel alone in this world now. God grant that I may learn the lesson He means to teach me. All she told you, she now enforces as if beckoning from Heaven. A right straightforward woman was she. No crooked way was ever hers. She could act with energy and decision when required." To his wife's mother: "A good wife and mother was she. She was much respected by all the officers of the *Gorgon*, the ship she came out in. They would do anything for her." To their friend Lady Murchison: "It will somewhat ease my aching heart to tell you of her. At Kolobeng she managed all the household affairs by native servants of her own training; made the bread and butter, and all the clothes of the family; kept also an infant and Sunday school, by far the most popular and best attended we ever had. It was a fine sight to see her by day walking a quarter of a mile to the town, no matter how broiling the sun, to impart instruction to the heathen Bechuanas. Ma-Robert's name is known through all the country, and eighteen hundred miles beyond." A great German poet has told us that whenever he heard of any remarkable work done in the world, he was always inclined to ask what of the woman who was an inspiring, sustaining force behind it. Such a sustaining force under God was his wife to Livingstone, as her mother, Mary Moffat, had been before to another mission hero, Dr. Moffat.