

Letter to Agnes Livingstone 3, 28 April 1862

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[0001]

Shupanga R. Zambezi

28th April 1862

My Dear Dear Agnes

Your beloved Mama
is I trust in Heaven. She died
last night about seven oclock
and we shall never see her
till through mercy we meet in
Heaven. I have just come
back from laying her dear
form in the grave in the
hope of a blessed resurrection
Dear Nanie she often thought
of you and when once from
the violence of the disease
she was delirious-She called
out "see, Agnes is falling
down a precipice." May

[0002]

Our Heavenly Saviour who must
be your Father and guide preserve
you from falling into the gulph of
sin over the precipice of temptation
She was ill seven days. I tended
her night and day myself. Yesterday
morning she asked me to open
the window of Shupanga house
just at dawn of day - and said
"I am not in pain but cannot
help moaning" Soon after that
she lost power of drinking
which incessant vomiting
excited. then gradually became
insensible and at last as
she was breathing with her
mouth open - shut it as if to
breathe through her nose and
breathed no more. She looked

[0003]

exactly as if falling asleep and
I believe she did then fall asleep
in Jesus. Dear Agnes I feel
alone in the world now and
what will the poor dear baby
do without her Mama. She
often spoke of her and sometimes
burst into a flood of tears in
speaking of her just as I now
do in taking up & arranging
the things left by my beloved
partner of eighteen years.
I send most of Mama's
things to you. You may
give what you like as keep-
sakes for the boys & for little
Anna Mary whom I never
saw. I bow to the Divine
[...] [Lord which] chastens me.
[0004]

God grant that I may learn the
lesson he means to teach. All
she told you to do she now enforces
as if beckoning you from
Heaven. Nanie dear meet her
there. Don't lose the crown of
joy, she now wears and the
Lord be gracious to you in all
things. You will now need to
act more & more from a feeling
of responsibility to Jesus seeing he
has taken away one of your
guardians. A right straight-
forward woman was she. No
crooked way was ever hers &
she could act with decision &
energy when required. I pity you
on receiving this but it is
the Lord. Your sorrowing
& lonely Father