

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

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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
[...] 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