A portrait of David Livingstone, a man with a mustache, wearing a dark suit and a white cravat, sitting and holding an open book. The background is dark.

CHRISTIAN HEROES

*David*  
LIVINGSTONE  
MISSIONARY EXPLORER OF AFRICA

JESSIE KLEEBERGER



# DAVID LIVINGSTONE

*MISSIONARY EXPLORER  
OF AFRICA*

By  
Jessie Kleeberger

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## Contents

	<b>Page</b>
The Child on the Doorstep.....	1
Preparing for His Life Work .....	6
“Anywhere, Provided It Be Forward” .....	10
How the Lion Changed His Mind .....	17
Try Again.....	24
Africa’s Dark Pictures .....	34
Making a Way to the Coast .....	42
From Loanda to Quilimane .....	47
Back in Dear Old England .....	52
Among Old Friends .....	58
Meeting and Parting .....	63
Recalled .....	71
A Stormy Voyage .....	77
A Dead (?) Explorer .....	82
Fallen Among Thieves .....	89
The Good Samaritan .....	96
Alone On His Knees .....	103
The Last Journey .....	110



## Chapter I

### The Child on the Doorstep

“Mother, do tell us again the story of how your grandfather once played he was crazy.” This was the request of young David Livingstone, and it was rewarded by the repetition of that story he and his brothers and sisters liked so well.

Their great-grandfather, Gavin Hunter, could write, while most of his neighbors were totally ignorant of the art. On one occasion a poor woman had him write for her a petition to the minister to have her allowance increased. And for this he was arrested and taken to Hamilton jail. Thoughts of his wife and three hungry children at home made him almost desperate. He remembered how David had one time saved his life by feigning madness before the Philistines. So he slobbered his beard with saliva, and when a friendly sergeant asked him if he were really mad he confessed that he was only feigning insanity for the sake of his wife and three children at home. He knew they would starve should he have to suffer the usual penalty, that of being sent either to the army in America or to the plantations. The sergeant secured his release and giving him three shillings (seventy-two cents) sent him home to his wife and “weans.”

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

“Ay,” said the mother, “many a prayer went up for that sergeant, for my grandfather was a godly man. He had never had so much money in his life before, for his wages were only threepence [six cents] a day.”

This story of poverty was only a common one among the ancestors of David Livingstone. And that great man, even after he had won the applause of the world, dared still to claim the poor as his class, and on the epitaph on the tombstone of his parents he expressed his thanks to God for “poor and pious parents,” refusing to change the “and” to “but.” Indeed, one look into the beautiful eyes of his mother told of a soul that was strong in her trust in God and lovingly devoted to the care of her family. Five sons and two daughters there were, but two sons were taken from her in their infancy. David, the second of the living sons, was born Mar. 19, 1813, in Blantyre, a little village of Scotland.

David’s grandfather, who could trace his ancestors back for six generations, could proudly say that he had never heard of one person in the family being guilty of dishonesty. And his last precept to his children was—“Be honest.”

David’s father was a total abstainer at a time when there was no such thing as prohibition and when the idea of abstinence was very unpopular. He had seen so much of the awful effects of drunkenness that he was determined his children should never see him drink liquor. Another new and unpopular cause which he championed was the Sunday school. He was a tea peddler, but spent his Sundays and spare time in conducting Sunday schools and prayer meetings, and he always took a supply of tracts with him when he went out to sell tea.

He was a kind, but stern man. It was his habit to lock the door at dusk, at which time all the children were expected to be in the

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

house. David one time was tardy, and upon reaching home found the door barred. He took the situation very calmly, and having obtained a piece of bread from someone, sat down quietly on the doorstep, deciding to spend the night there. However, his mother found him and showed mercy. Though only a child, the boy had already learned the lesson which proved so valuable to him in his hardships in Africa—to make the best of the least pleasant situation.

Another valuable lesson learned in his childhood was that of perseverance. When he was only nine years old he learned the entire 119th Psalm and repeated it with only five mistakes. His reward this time was a New Testament from his Sunday school teacher. But the habit of persevering in difficult tasks became a part of his life, and it was that which took him through the trackless jungles of Africa and made him a blessing to that dark continent.

Grim poverty cut short the school days of the promising lad and sent him to work in the cotton factory at the age of ten. “It went to my heart like a knife,” his mother said. “And yet I was as proud as a queen last Saturday night when he brought me his first week’s wages, a whole half-crown [sixty cents], and threw it into my lap.”

The first wages he spent for himself went for a Ruddiman’s Rudiments of Latin; for the wolf that robbed him of his boyhood school days could not steal from him the ambition that makes the world’s great men. He attended an evening class from eight to ten. Then going home, he would study till twelve o’clock or later if his mother did not awaken and snatch the book from him. Then, beginning at the mill at six o’clock in the morning, he would work until eight o’clock at night, stopping only for his meals.

David, like his father, was very fond of reading. He devoured every book that came into his hands. Novels, however, were never allowed in the house. While at work he would place a book on his

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

spinning jenny and manage to catch a sentence occasionally, though he never had more than one idle minute at a time. Thus, by making use of every moment, he acquired for himself a liberal education, and friends were surprised in after years to hear him quote long passages from the classics.

A holiday once in a while gave David and his brothers a chance to roam the country in search of botanical, zoological, and geological specimens. The story is told that he one time caught a good sized salmon, which was against the game laws, and having no other convenient way of hiding it, he put it into the leg of his brother's trousers. Thus he created considerable sympathy for the boy with the swollen leg as they passed through the village on their way home. He also took a great interest in studying books of science, and later he found this knowledge of great value to him in his work in Africa.

Among his brothers and sisters David seemed to be a favorite. It was his delight to give pleasure to the rest of the family. If anything interesting happened during the day he was ready to tell it to the family around the evening fireside. He kept up this habit in after years when he was studying in Glasgow, and his Saturday evenings at home were eagerly looked forward to by his sisters, for he would tell all the happenings of the week.

David was only twelve years old when he began to feel the awfulness of sin and to wish that God would give him peace in his soul. Still he felt that he was unworthy to receive such a great blessing until after the Holy Spirit had worked some miraculous change in his heart. In his ignorance he waited for that change instead of accepting the pardon that Christ offered. And putting it off, he drove the spirit of conviction from his heart. Still there remained in his soul a hunger which none but God could satisfy.

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Was there no rest for him? Would God never send peace? Would he be lost forever? These were some of the thoughts that haunted him every little while throughout his teen.

It was when he was nearly twenty that he read Dick's Philosophy of a Future State. This book showed him his error. He could see now that all he needed to do was to seek God with all his heart, hand over to him the penitent soul, and accept the pardon purchased by Jesus' blood on Calvary. "Whosoever will," Jesus had said, and that meant David Livingstone, too. This new life now penetrated the young man's whole being. The love of God flowed warm and free through his soul, and he could now say, "For me to live is Christ." Anywhere in God's service he was willing to go.

"Now, lad, make religion the every-day business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts; for if you do, temptation and other things will get the better of you." This was the advice of David Hogg, one of David Livingstone's spiritual advisors in the little city of Blantyre, Scotland, where he lived. And we shall see how carefully Livingstone made religion the everyday business of his life.

## Chapter II

### Preparing for His Life Work

“Others have done it, and I can, too.” So thought young Livingstone as he set about to prepare himself for missionary work. He had been able to save but little from his meager earnings, for he had added his share to the family purse. But the story of Gutzlaff in China, how by his faith and courage he had conquered almost insurmountable obstacles, had fired Livingstone with a something that he could hardly explain. He, too, would train himself for the life of a medical missionary and would enter that dark land where sin and suffering abounded. What mattered it if he should have to meet opposition, mobs, and even death? Jesus had met them all and had said, “Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.”

But to Livingstone’s great disappointment, the opium war breaking out about this time closed the door to China. However, he began his theological and medical training at Glasgow, in the winter of 1836-37. He had little money, but a strong determination and a willingness to endure hardships. During the six summer months he had to earn enough to pay his current expenses and his school expenses for the six winter months of school.

Accompanied by his father, he walked through the snow from Blantyre to Glasgow and began a search for lodging. They finally

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

found a room in Rotten Row for two shillings (forty-eight cents) a week, and there his father left him. But when David too often found his tea and sugar missing he decided it would pay him to rent better quarters; so he did so.

Among his schoolmates was a young man who was a mechanic by trade and who had a bench and turning lathe in his room. From him David learned many things that later proved of the greatest service to him in Africa. So strong became the friendship between Livingstone and Mr. Young, the mechanic, that years later Livingstone named after him a river which he supposed might be one of the sources of the Nile.

During his second session in Glasgow (1837-38) Livingstone applied to the London Missionary Society, offering his services as a missionary. He expressed to them his idea of missionary work, showing that he was not anticipating a bed of roses. He said that by the promised assistance of the Holy Ghost he believed he was capable of enduring any ordinary share of hardship or fatigue. He further told them that he was not married nor under any engagement of marriage; that he would prefer to go out unmarried; that free from family care he might give himself entirely to the work.

In September, 1838, he was called to London to appear before the Mission Board. There he chanced to meet a young Englishman, Joseph Moore by name, who became such a fast friend of Livingstone that the two were compared to David and Jonathan.

The two young men were sent by the Mission Board to study under the Rev. Richard Cecil, by whom they were given some practise in preparing and preaching sermons. Their duty was to write and memorize their sermons and to deliver them as the occasion demanded. His friend told of one instance when Livingstone was to fill the pulpit in the absence of an eminent divine. He arose and read

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

his text and then—said abruptly, “Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say.” Then he hurriedly left the chapel. This failure, added to his hesitating manner in conducting family worship, almost led to his being rejected. But a friend pleaded hard for him, and he was given another chance. He went to London to continue his studies and there completely won the hearts of his fellow students by his kindness and sympathy to all about him, though none considered him a man of any great ability. It was only during his last year in London that he came to his intellectual manhood and showed his real power.

“About this time Livingstone came in contact with Robert Moffat, who on his furlough in England was creating much interest in his South African mission. Then it was fully decided that Livingstone should go to Africa. Gently, but definitely, God was leading the young man to his field of usefulness.

But about the time he was to leave, a severe affliction seized him and he was compelled to return to his home in Scotland. The voyage and the visit had a wonderful effect, and he was soon in his usual health.

One more trip to Glasgow was necessary and then he returned home to spend but one night before he should sail. David had so much to talk about that he wanted to sit up all night. Of course, his mother objected. At any rate, he sat for several hours talking with his father of the prospects of Christian missions. The next morning, November 17, they arose at five o’clock. Before leaving, David read the 121st and 135th Psalms and prayed with the family. His father walked with him to Glasgow where he was to take the steamer for Liverpool. There the father and son looked for the last time on earth on each other’s faces and bade each other a fond farewell. Then with a lonely heart the father walked slowly back to Blantyre, and David was really on his way to dark Africa.

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

On Nov. 20, 1840, he was ordained a missionary, and on December 8, he embarked and sailed for the Cape of Good Hope. On the way the ship stopped at Rio de Janeiro, and he had a little glimpse of Brazil. That was the only time he was ever privileged to visit the American continent. He was delighted with the country, but saddened at the degradation of the people.

Arriving at the Cape, he was detained there for a month, then sailed for Algoa Bay, whence he went by land to Kuruman (see map page 14), in the Bechuana country, the usual residence of the Moffats. Little did he realize then what a blessing the Moffat home held for him.

## Chapter III

### **“Anywhere, Provided It Be Forward”**

“Crossing the Orange River,” said Livingstone, “I got my vehicle aground and my oxen got out of order, some with their heads where their tails should be, and others with their heads twisted around in the yoke.” This was his first experience of traveling in Africa and occurred while he was on his way to Kuruman. But in spite of the difficulties Livingstone enjoyed the freedom of traveling, camping, and hunting in Africa.

On his way he came to a station called Hankey where there had been an epidemic of measles. During this siege the Hottentots had begun having prayer-meeting at four o’clock in the mornings. The meetings were well attended and were so well liked that they were continued. But the difficulty from Livingstone’s point of view was that the people, having no clocks or watches, sometimes rang the bell for service at the wrong time. Sometimes they were assembled at twelve or one o’clock instead of four. The missionary who belonged at the station had returned from the Cape with Livingstone and was welcomed back by the firing of guns in his honor and enthusiastic hand-shaking. The lives of these black Christians were beautiful, especially compared with those of a Dutch family in the neighborhood. This family spent their Sundays in dancing instead of worship.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE



## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

The trip to Kuruman took over two months. There Livingstone was to await the return of Mr. Moffat, and then with instructions from the Missionary Society to go on farther north to establish a new station. Having received no orders, he thought of going on into Abyssinia, where there was as yet no Christian missionary. He was strongly opposed to the idea of crowding the missionaries together around the Cape when there were vast regions to the north utterly without the gospel. He also believed strongly in the training of native workers. Consequently, taking with him another missionary and two of the best native Christians, he started northward. About two hundred and fifty miles north of Kuruman he selected a place for a station. If he could only have employed more native workers he would have been glad, for they won their countrymen much more readily than the white missionaries could.

In writing to his sisters, he told some interesting incidents of the journey:

“Janet, I suppose, will feel anxious to know what our dinner was. We boiled a piece of the flesh of a rhinoceros which was toughness itself, the night before. The meat was our supper, and porridge made of Indian cornmeal and gravy of the meat made a very good dinner next day. When about 150 miles from home we came to a large village. The chief had sore eyes; I doctored them, and he fed us pretty well with milk and beans, and sent a fine buck after me as a present. When we had got about ten or twelve miles on the way, a little girl about eleven or twelve years of age came up and sat down under my wagon, having run away for the purpose of coming with us to Kuruman. She had lived with a sister whom she had lately lost by death. Another family took possession of her for the purpose of selling her as soon as she was old enough for a wife. But not liking this, she determined to run away from them and come

to some friends near Kuruman. With this intention she came, and thought of walking all the way behind my wagon. I was pleased with the determination of the little creature, and gave her some food. But before we had remained long there, I heard her sobbing violently, as if her heart would break. On looking round, I observed the cause. A man with a gun had been sent after her, and he had just arrived. I did not know well what to do now, but I was not in perplexity long, for Pomare, a native convert who accompanied us, started up and defended her cause. He being the son of a chief, and possessed of some little authority, managed the matter nicely. She had been loaded with beads to render her more attractive, and to fetch a higher price. These she stripped off and gave to the man, and desired him to go away. I afterward took measures for hiding her, and though fifty men had come for her, they would not have got her.”

Not long after his return from the first journey Livingstone set out on a second tour into the interior of the Bechuana country (see map page 18). His objects were to better learn the language and to train more native workers. His companions on this journey were two native Christians from Kuruman and two other natives who were to manage the wagons.

Bubi, chief of the Bakwains, was one of Livingstone’s best friends. His people, too, were honest and never attempted to steal from the missionary’s wagon. It is interesting to know how Livingstone got them to dig an irrigation canal. He had promised to bring them rain, as their own doctors professed to do. And this was his method. The men set about it quite willingly, though most of them had only sharp sticks with which to dig. Unfortunately the native teacher stationed with Bubi’s people was taken with a violent fever and had to leave, and Bubi himself was afterward burned to death by an explosion of gunpowder.

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

While passing through a part of the great Kalahari Desert, Livingstone met another friendly chief, named Sekomi, of the Bamangwato. The people of his country were so ignorant of the nature of God that they called any being they considered superior god. Often Livingstone himself was given that title. One sad incident that happened while Livingstone was in this place was an attack on a woman by a lion. The poor woman was devoured while in her own garden, and the cries of her helpless children were most pitiful.

Livingstone was first appealed to by one chief and then by another to help them out of their difficulties. There were several reasons for his popularity among the natives. One was his medical ability. But of greater value were his rules of justice, good feeling, and good manners.

One time Livingstone wrote in a letter to a friend, "I have patients now under treatment who have walked 130 miles for my advice; and when these go home others will come for the same purpose." They kept him busy, but he found that the practise he received in speaking the language to his patients was a great benefit to him. He had a very active mind, for while he was engaged in his difficult travels and was meeting with all kinds of experiences he was also studying the languages and making scientific observations of the continent. He wrote to a friend that in the desert he had found at least thirty-two edible roots and forty-three fruits growing wild.

"I wish you would change my heart," said Sekomi one time. "Give me medicine to change it, for it is proud, proud and angry, angry always." Livingstone began to tell him of how Jesus would change it, but he would not listen. "Nay, I wish to have it changed by medicine, to drink and have it changed at once, for it is always very proud and very uneasy, and continually angry with someone." Then he rose and went away.

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

During the journey Livingstone was within ten days' journey of Lake 'Ngami, of which he had heard at the Cape. He was too busy with his missionary labors at this time to go in search of the lake. But years later he really discovered it.

Part of his journey had to be taken on foot because some of his oxen had taken sick. On the way he overheard some of his companions talking about him. "He is not strong," they said. "He is quite slim, and only appears stout because he puts himself in those bags [trousers]; he will soon knock up." This was too much for him. He quickened his speed in their walks and kept it up so long that they soon confessed that they were beaten.

Back to Kuruman again in June, 1842, Livingstone found that no instructions had yet come from the directors for him. But he could not wait idly for such instructions. He went to the assistance of Sebehwe, a chief who was having trouble with neighboring tribes. Sebehwe listened attentively while Livingstone told him the story of Jesus. What joy to know that one more chief was listening to the gospel!

He traveled on north to Bakhatla, where he had purposed to build a new station in the midst of a fertile country inhabited by industrious people. They even had an iron mill, and Livingstone, being a bachelor, was permitted to enter. There was no fear of his bewitching the iron, as was the case with married men. The chief promised Livingstone that if he would only come and be their teacher he would get all his people to make the missionary a garden. But Livingstone could make no definite promises on account of the slowness of the directors.

Five days' journey beyond the Bakhatla was the village of Sechele, chief of the Bakwains. "Tell me," he said to Livingstone, "since it is true that all who die unforgiven are lost forever, why did

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

your nation not come to tell us of it before now? My ancestors are all gone, and none of them know anything of what you tell me.” This was a hard question for the missionary to answer, and it remains unanswered—a challenge to the church.

On he went, traveling four hundred miles on ox-back. The skins of the oxen were so loose that he could scarcely make his overcoat stick on as a saddle. Then, too, he had to sit very erect or be in danger of being punched by the animal’s horns. But what were these discomforts, when in the evenings he could sit around their fires and after listening to their stories tell them the sweetest story of all?

Returning to Kuruman in June, 1843, Livingstone was overjoyed to find a letter from the directors authorizing him to establish a station in the new country. Another welcome letter brought money for the support of a native worker.

Finding another missionary who was willing to accompany him, he set out for the proposed station at Bakhatla, and they reached their destination about the last of August, 1843. The chief welcomed them cordially, and Livingstone proposed buying a tract of land for the station. He insisted on making the deal in a legal manner with a written contract to which each party attached his signature or mark. The directors had not given them authority to do this and they were uncertain whether or not their arrangements would be satisfactory. If they were not, Livingstone said, he was willing “to go anywhere—*provided it be forward,*”

## Chapter IV

### How the Lion Changed His Mind

“There is no young woman here in Africa worth taking off one’s hat to,” Livingstone wrote to a friend who seemed to be trying to persuade him to marry. But that was before he had his encounter with the lion.

So glad were the Bakhatlas to have the missionaries with them that they proposed moving to a more suitable location. The spot chosen was in a beautiful valley and was named Mabotsa, or “marriage-feast.” But there was one trouble with the new locality. It was infested with lions, and Livingstone one time had an unfortunate encounter with one—unfortunate, did I say? Yet not altogether so.

In a letter to his father he mentions it briefly:

“At last, one of the lions destroyed nine sheep in broad daylight on a hill just opposite our house. All the people immediately ran over to it, and, contrary to my custom, I imprudently went with them . . . They surrounded him several times, but he managed to break through the circle. I then got tired. In coming home I had to come near to the end of the hill. They were then close upon the lion and had wounded him. He rushed out from the bushes which concealed him from view; and bit me on the arm so as to break the bone.”

“What did you think when the lion had hold of you?” someone afterward asked.

“I was thinking what part of me he would eat first,” was the grotesque reply.

The lion had one paw on Livingstone’s head and was playing with him as a cat does a mouse, when Mebalwe, his native helper, came to his rescue. The wounded beast then sprang upon Mebalwe and bit him in the thigh, then grabbed another man by the shoulder. But in a moment the shots he had received took effect, and he fell dead. How grateful Livingstone was then for his faithful Mebalwe whom a recent gift from a Sunday-school in the homeland had enabled him to hire! However, the lion had left eleven teeth-marks in Livingstone’s arm and had crippled the arm so that he was never able to use it without pain.

And now in his suffering Livingstone’s thoughts turned to Kuruman, two hundred miles away. That was the nearest place he could think of to which he might turn for rest and care. For three years while the Moffats were in England the station there had been his headquarters. But now they were at home.

In spite of his pain Livingstone enjoyed his visit with the Moffats. The Doctor and his wife were kind to him, and he found their daughters, Mary and Ann, intelligent, capable young ladies, and “worth taking off his hat to.” Indeed, the elder daughter, Mary, so revolutionized his mind on the subject of matrimony that he felt himself fast losing hold of his position. In her he saw everything that was needed to make an ideal wife for a missionary, and at last, as he himself said, he “screwed up courage to put a question beneath one of the fruit-trees.” When the answer came back,—“Yes,” Livingstone was very happy.



*“The lion was playing with him as a cat does a mouse.”*

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

On his way home after the engagement Livingstone wrote Mary a cheery letter discussing some articles that were to be ordered for the house and asking her to have her father write to Colesberg about the license. Are you curious enough to want to read his closing paragraph? Here it is:

“And now, my dearest, farewell. May God bless you! Let your affection be towards Him much more than toward me; and, kept by his mighty power and grace, I hope I shall never give you cause to regret that you have given me a part. Whatever friendship we feel towards each other, let us always look to Jesus as our common friend and guide, and may he shield you with his everlasting arms from every evil!”

This was the first of a number of love-letters that Livingstone wrote to his beloved Mary. She kept them all and found great pleasure in reading them years later during her lonely days in England.

And then the house—that was his first task after he had reached Mabotsa. He himself was architect and almost sole builder. It was built of stone for the first five feet up from the ground. Then the falling of a stone, which almost broke his arm over again, caused him to change his building material.

At last the house was completed and the garden too was flourishing. Then Livingstone brought his bride to the dearest spot in all the world, there to begin missionary life in real earnest. Glad indeed was he that he had found someone to so completely change his bachelor ideas. He was weary of the lonely life where there was no one to converse with in his own language, no one but black men to cook him a meal when he returned tired and hungry from a long tramp, no one to wash and mend his clothes, no one to care for him when the tropical fever raged, no one to put the touches of home into

his dwelling. All these needs and more his Mary satisfied. Livingstone wrote thus to his mother:

“I often think of you, and perhaps more frequently since I got married than before. Only yesterday I said to my wife, when I thought of the nice clean bed I enjoy now, ‘You put me in mind of my mother; she was always particular about our beds and linen.’ I had had rough times of it before.”

Before he was married Livingstone had started a Sunday-school. At that time he wrote of it:

“The poor little naked things came with fear and trembling. A native teacher assisted, and the chief collected as many of them as he could, or I believe we should have had none. The reason is, the women make us the hobgoblins of their children, telling them ‘these white men bite children, feed them with dead men’s brains,’ and all manner of nonsense.”

When Mrs. Livingstone came she began a day school for the children. Besides this and her regular household duties hers was the task of making butter, candles, soap, and other articles needed about the house.

So strong was Livingstone’s belief in the value of native helpers that he proposed starting a seminary for the training of native workers. However, his plans met with discouragement and he was never permitted to carry out this project. Before long through the jealousy of a fellow missionary he was persuaded to give up his station at Mabotsa with his house and garden upon which he had expended so much loving toil and all his earnings. At this time the Bakwains were urging him to come to them. They were a tribe whom he had met before. They were now divided, one part under

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Bubi and the others under Sechele. The new station to which Livingstone went was at Chonuane. His salary for the year having been spent on the first home, it was with difficulty that he was able to provide a home at Chonuane. And under the stress of privations he wrote thus to the directors:

“We endured for a long while, using a wretched infusion of native corn for coffee, but when our corn was done, we were fairly obliged to go to Kuruman for supplies. I can bear what other Europeans would consider hunger and thirst without any inconvenience, but when we arrived, to hear the old woman who had seen my wife depart about two years before, exclaiming before the door, ‘Bless me! how lean she is! Has he starved her? Is there no food in the country to which she has been?’ was more than I could well bear.”

Sechele became interested at once in Livingstone’s preaching as well as in reading the Bible for himself. And now he did not know what to do with his too numerous wives. He was eager, too, for his people to become Christians; so eager that he wanted to convert them with rhinoceros-hide whips. Of course, Livingstone objected to that. Sechele began family worship, and after some time he was baptized, at the same time sending away his extra wives in a kind and generous manner. Even then all their relatives turned against him, and the congregation was greatly diminished.

A peculiar bellman was once called upon to bring the people together. Jumping up onto a platform, he yelled, “Knock that woman down over there. Strike her, she is putting on her pot! Do you see that one hiding herself? Give her a good blow. There she is—see, knock her down!” And all the women ran for the place of meeting, for each thought she was the one meant. The missionary liked the bellman’s results, but not his methods.

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Livingstone had received calls from other chiefs to the east. He went, but he found another difficulty. The Boers—Dutch emigrants—who lived in the vicinity, were oppressing and cruelly treating the natives. Livingstone saw trouble ahead. He did what he could to stop their outrages. The best way, he thought, was to reach the hearts of the people. So he ordered some Dutch tracts to give out to the Boers.

## Chapter V

### Try Again

“I desire,” said Chief Sechele one day, “to build a house for God, the defender of my town, and that you be at no expense for it whatever.” This house about which he was consulting Livingstone was the new school at the new station, Kolobeng. (See map page 18.) The want of rain at Chonuane had almost proved fatal to the mission there. It had been necessary therefore to move to a place where water was more plentiful. Thus a site on the banks of the Kolobeng River, forty miles to the north, had been selected. On the morning after Livingstone had suggested the move, Sechele and his whole tribe were ready for the exodus.

Again Livingstone had to build a house. But this time it was only a hut, as he had not the money to build a permanent house. The natives had their huts to build, too. But Livingstone got them to dig a canal and build a dam whereby the river could be turned aside to irrigate their gardens. Besides that, there was the erection of the school, of which Sechele had spoken. And no less than two hundred natives were employed.

Livingstone wrote to a friend that his meetings were much better than they had been at Mabotsa. But the days were full—with worship and school, then sowing, plowing, and smithing, or other

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

manual work. In the afternoon Mrs. Livingstone had her children's school which sometimes as many as eighty happy youngsters attended. After working at manual labor till five in the evening, Livingstone then went to town to give lessons and to talk to the natives. After milking time there was a meeting and then another prayer meeting at Sechele's house. Still Livingstone lamented the fact that he was not doing more real missionary work.

The next year he built a permanent cottage again, and what a relief to live in it after the twelve months or more spent in the hut through which the wind nearly blew out their candles at night and through which the flies swarmed during the day! And now into that home had entered a little boy and girl— Robert, the first born, and Agnes, the baby.

With all his labors Livingstone's spiritual work seemed to go slowly among the natives. Sechele himself seemed to be the only one who had any conception of Christian duty, and even he was hampered by his wives. Though he had at one time sent them away, he seemed unable to give them up entirely. And indeed they were the best scholars in the school and a very friendly group of women.

But the time finally came when Sechele stepped out and took a bold stand for Christianity, though it aroused great opposition.

The black rhinoceros is one of the fiercest beasts of Africa. A party of hunters in going through the woods one time were attacked by one of these fierce beasts. It charged for the wagon and drove its horn into the driver's abdomen, leaving a terrible wound. A messenger was sent at once for Doctor Livingstone, who was eight or ten miles away. The messenger ran the whole distance and found Mr. Livingstone. But the Doctor's friends tried their best to dissuade him from going. It was night, and they thought there could be no hope for his return should he expose himself to the rhinoceros and

other wild beasts that prowled in that forest. But Livingstone would not listen to their pleas. He would save a life if possible, even at the risk of its costing him his own. Mounting his horse, he rode as fast as he could till he came to the spot where the man lay. But when he got there the man was dead and the wagon had left. So the Doctor must brave the dangers of that black forest again in the return trip, without even the hope of saving a life. One thing he was sure of—that God was with him.

As we have seen before, the Boers in the country to the east gave considerable trouble. Livingstone had hoped to enlarge his work by sending native workers in that direction. But of course his plans were spoiled. So the only expansion he could make was northward. And in the beginning of 1849 he made the first of his journeys to the north.

“Will you go with me northward?” Livingstone asked Sechele, though on his eastward trip the chief had turned back. This time Sechele really wanted to go, for he wanted to see Sebituane, a great chief living north of Lake ‘Ngami who had saved his life in his infancy. “Sebituane is a great man,” said Sechele, “one of the greatest chiefs in Africa. He rules over a vast territory with many tribes under him.” When Livingstone heard this he was more eager than ever to go. And then the lake—for years he had cherished the ambition that he might be the first of the missionaries to discover it. Then at Kolobeng the rain had failed, food was scarce, and the men had had to go to hunt locusts; so there were few to attend church or school. Some move must be made.

While Livingstone was considering the matter, messengers came from Lechulatebe, a chief who lived near the lake, asking him to come to his country.

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

On June 1, 1849, Livingstone set out, not with Sechele, but with two English hunting friends, Mr. Oswell and Mr. Murray. Between them and the lake lay a portion of the great Kalahari Desert. Long and weary was the journey over that hot stretch of sand. They had gone about half way when suddenly it appeared that their goal was near. Mr. Oswell, who had gone a little way ahead, threw his hat into the air and with a wild cry which made the guides think he was mad, shouted back to the rest of the party, "The lake! the lake! But all too soon the "lake" vanished and proved to be only a large salt-pan gleaming in the light of the setting sun—a mirage. Lake 'Ngami was yet three hundred miles beyond.

At last real water did appear—but a river this time, or a junction of two rivers, the Tamanak'le and the Zouga.

"Whence comes the Tamanak'le?" asked Livingstone of the natives.

"Oh, from a country full of rivers and full of large trees," they answered.

Was it really so, that instead of a great sandy plateau, as had been commonly thought, beyond them lay a fertile and populous country?

It was on Aug. 1, 1849, that they really reached the northeast end of the lake. Another of Livingstone's ambitions had been realized, for he and his friends were the first Europeans to look upon that great sheet of water. It was so wide that they could not see across it, and the natives told them that it took three days to walk around it.

Lechulatebe, the chief who had sent the invitation, did not give the white men as warm a reception as they might have expected, especially after he learned of their intention to go on to Sebituane's country. He refused them guides and sent men to prevent their

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

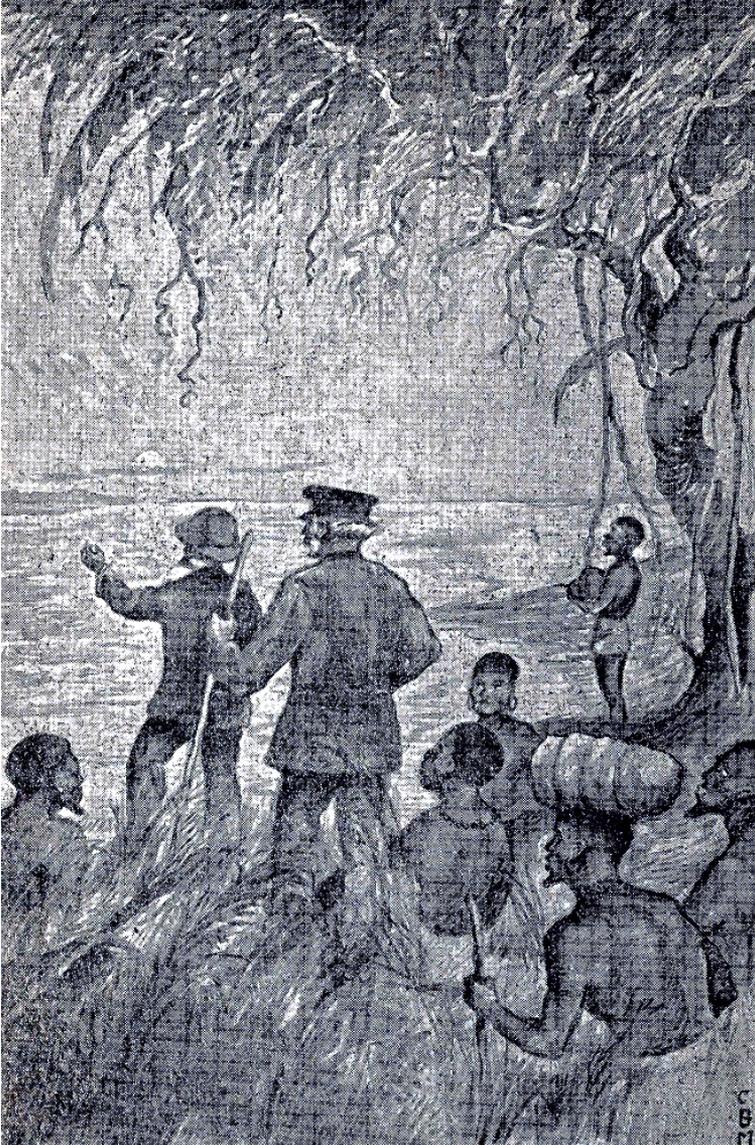
crossing the Zouga River. But Livingstone was determined and he spent many hours on the river trying to make a raft of some rotten wood, the only kind he could get. However, as Mr. Oswell promised to go down to the Cape and bring up a boat the following year, the expedition was postponed and they returned home by way of the Zouga River. This region abounded in elephants so that ten tusks could be purchased for about fifteen shillings (\$3.60).

Of the beauty of the river and its vicinity Livingstone wrote to a friend thus:

“It is a glorious river; you never saw anything so grand. The banks are extremely beautiful, lined with gigantic trees, many quite new. One bore a fruit a foot in length and three inches in diameter. Another measured seventy feet in circumference. Apart from the branches it looked like a mass of granite; and then the Bakoba in their canoes—did I not enjoy sailing in them? Remember how long I have been in a parched-up land, and answer. The Bakoba are a fine, frank race of men, and seem to understand the message better than any people to whom I have spoken on divine subjects for the first time. What think you of a navigable highway into a large section of the interior? Yet that the Tamanak’le is.”

Livingstone’s discovery of the lake and rivers was a source of much satisfaction to the Royal Geographic Society. Several better equipped parties than his who had tried to make the journey had failed. The Society awarded him the sum of \$125.

“Try again,” was always Livingstone’s motto. So the following season he started again for Sebituane’s country, this time accompanied by Sechele, Mebalwe, twenty Bakwains, and Mrs. Livingstone and the three children. Hard enough the journey was in the rough wagons and through country abounding with dangers. It



*“He and his friends were the first Europeans to look upon that great sheet of water.”*

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

was reported that swarms of tsetse flies along the Tamanak'le River would kill their oxen. So they went another way to avoid them.

Arriving at the lake, they found a party of Englishmen who had been attacked by fever. One of them had died and the others Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone nursed back to health.

“To think of it—my own children paddling in my own lake!” Livingstone said one day as he watched his children at play like a flock of little ducklings in the water. It had been so long since they had seen much water that it was a great treat to them.

“Give me that rifle” said Lechulatebe, “and I will give you anything you want and will feed your wife and children while you go to Sebituane’s country.” The rifle was not only a valuable one, but was the gift of a friend. Nevertheless, Livingstone could not afford to withhold that which would bring him such benefits. He handed over the gun. But before he had started again for Sebituane’s country two of his children were attacked with fever. So he had to take them back to Kolobeng, and later to Kuruman.

“Try, try again,” was still Livingstone’s motto. The third time he started for Sebituane’s country, this time taking with him his family and Mr. Oswell.

“Following the old route along the Zouga, we came at last to the driest stretch of the desert we had ever seen with not even a bird or an insect to break the stillness. On the third day a little bird chirped in a bush. Then Shobo, our Bushman guide, lost his way, and for four days we wandered about without water. Before that Mr. Oswell had saved the day for us by finding water. It seemed that the less water there was the more thirsty the children became.” On the fifth day toward evening some of the men returned with a little of

the precious liquid. And how they thanked God for the wonderful gift!

In this case the third time proved a charm, and the long perilous journey ended in their finding the great chief Sebituane. "He has a heart! he is wise!" were expressions Livingstone had heard of him along the way. And on finding him he was made to exclaim, "He is unquestionably the greatest man in all that country." He was very much like Livingstone himself in that he knew how to gain the affections of both his own people and strangers. He usually welcomed strangers with a feast and sent them away with gifts in their hands and with praises on their lips for the great chief.

Especially kind was Sebituane's treatment of Livingstone and his party. It had been the dream of his life to talk with a white man. On Sunday, as usual, Livingstone held services, which the chief attended. And how glad was the missionary for the opportunity of lifting up Christ before this great heathen chief! This proved to be the only time the chief ever heard the gospel story. Shortly afterward he was seized with inflammation of the lungs and died. During his illness Livingstone was not allowed to talk to him concerning his soul. So he could only commit him to the great Judge of all, knowing that his ways are just. Sebituane's last words were about Livingstone's son. "Take him," he said, "to Maunku [one of his wives] and tell her to give him some milk."

Livingstone was deeply touched by Sebituane's death, and looking, as it were, into eternity, he wondered if he might not have spoken more pointedly to him about his soul. In another sense, too, the chief's death was a blow to the missionary. He had promised to show Livingstone his great country and to select a suitable place for him to live. But now, for all he knew, his plans were foiled. Mamochisane, the chief's daughter, was to be his successor. However,

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

she gave Livingstone consent to visit any part of the country he desired.

About this time Livingstone had a narrow escape from attack by an elephant. The elephant seemed to start in his direction but then stopped. Livingstone accredited this, along with other miraculous escapes, to the care of our heavenly Father who would not suffer him to be taken before his work was done.

Livingstone and Mr. Oswell then took a journey to the northeast, passing through the town of Linyanti and on to the beautiful River Sesheke. This river was later found to be a part of the Zambezi, though before it was not supposed that the Zambezi existed in this region. This discovery was one of the great geographical feats for which Livingstone afterward became famous. This trip was short, and after a two month's stay they returned to the family.

“If you will only stay we will make you a garden and will keep Sebituane's promise to give you oxen in return for those killed by the tsetse-flies,” the people said.

But Livingstone saw no signs of finding a suitable place to settle with them. So with great reluctance they began the weary journey back to Kolobeng. On the way his son Thomas was seized three times with fever.

Many were the letters of criticism from well-meaning friends, two indeed from his mother-in-law, blaming him for exposing his wife and children to the dangers and hardships of such a journey. That Livingstone loved his family we can have no doubt. But there was a stronger power prompting him to take the course that he did. That was his responsibility toward God and toward duty. If God was leading him into these dangerous paths—and he believed that he

was—he would surely take care of him. Many times he had found that he could come into closer touch with the natives by having his family with him. And then the comfort and spiritual benefit it proved to both him and his family it seemed almost justified the risk.

Many times, too, God had shown special favors to them. He had wonderfully helped in supplying guides, even though a plot had been made to deprive him of any. The river Chobe had somehow been prevented from rising at its usual time; then there was the protection of his oxen from the tsetse. There was the commencement of rains just when they needed them. Then Mr. Oswell had kindly offered to furnish as much money as they needed. All these and many more incidents Livingstone took as signs that the heavenly Father had been ordering his path and would continue to do so.

## Chapter VI

### Africa's Dark Pictures

While Livingstone was still in Kolobeng new trouble arose. European articles, and especially guns, were great attractions to the natives. So eager were they for them that they would sell several slaves for one gun. The slaves, of course, were usually people who had been captured from rival tribes. But it touched Livingstone to the quick to see scores of human beings dragged away in chains and urged on by rawhides, just for the sake of a few guns or other conveniences on the part of the heathen sellers, and for greater gain on the part of the civilized (?) traders. He was bound to do something.

If a legitimate trade in ivory, beeswax, ostrich feathers, and such products, in exchange for the European articles, could be established, this traffic in human lives could be stopped, he believed. The best way of opening up such trade, he thought, was by finding good trade routes from the interior to the coast so that the products might be shipped. And this was the big idea that seized him. To accomplish this he would need perhaps two or three years free for traveling, and for this project he thought best not to expose his family to the dangers of the journeys since his wife's health was already failing. It was decided that she should return to England. And since the children must eventually go there for their education,

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

it was thought best for them to go with their mother. However, it was a great sacrifice for the father to be left there alone in the Dark Continent.

The last visit at Kolobeng found the Bakwains scattered by the Boers. Sechele had even determined to go to the Queen of England to report the trouble. He went as far as the Cape, but had to give it up. However, Livingstone's influence stayed by him, and years afterward he eagerly read all he could find about the great missionary. He continued to live with his one wife a consistent Christian life and even became a good preacher. He also gathered about him many people from other tribes and devoted himself to their improvement. What, then, if Livingstone had won no more souls to Christ? Would not Sechele's soul and those won through his labors have been worth all the years in Africa? But could we only know, perhaps hundreds of other redeemed souls will meet Livingstone in the last day to thank him for the gospel he had brought to them.

It was hard for Livingstone to leave the Bakwains, but he believed that God and duty were calling him to other fields. When, on Mar. 16, 1852, Livingstone and his family arrived at the Cape after eleven years' absence from civilization, they found that their clothing was somewhat out of fashion. But through the kindness of Mr. Oswell they were able to make themselves more presentable. About five weeks later, as the boat steamed out of the harbor at Cape Town, Livingstone waved farewell to his wife and four children. One other, an infant daughter, lay beneath the sod at Kolobeng. His heart ached at the thought of his children's training being left to the care of others. But in Africa their lot would have been no better. There they would be exposed to the vile influences of the heathen.

During the two months that he remained at the Cape he took advantage of the opportunity to write a number of letters to his family. He also preached in English a time or two, something which he had not done for years. Besides this, he took one step toward stopping the slave-trade by arranging with a mercantile friend to direct the work of a native trader whom he employed, in lawful trade.

On June 8, he left the Cape with his wagon loaded to double its usual weight, because of his generosity in carrying everybody's packages. With many delays along the way, one the breaking of a wheel, he did not reach Kuruman until the last of August. But here again was the Father's tender care shown; for shortly before this the Boers had been engaged in a siege of plundering that might have endangered his life. As it was, on reaching his house at Kolobeng he found that nearly everything of value had been either stolen or destroyed. In a letter to his wife he tells about the awful tragedy:

“The Boers gutted our house at Kolobeng; they brought four wagons down and took away the sofa, table, bed, all the crockery, your desk (I hope it had nothing in it—Have you the letters?), smashed the wooden chairs, took away the iron ones, tore out the leaves of all the books, and scattered them in front of the house, smashed the bottles containing medicines, windows, oven-door, took away the smith bellows, anvil, all the tools—in fact everything worth taking; three corn-mills, a bag of coffee, for which I paid six pounds, and lots of coffee, tea, and sugar, which the gentleman who went to the north left; took all our cattle and Paul's and Mebahve's. They then went up to Limaue, went to church morning and afternoon, and heard Mebalwe preach! After the second service they told Sechele that they had come to fight because he allowed Englishmen to proceed to the north, though they had repeatedly

ordered him not to do so. He replied that he was a man of peace, that he could not molest Englishmen, because they had never done him any harm and always treated him well. In the morning they commenced firing on the town with swivels, and set fire to it. The heat forced some of the women to flee, the men to huddle together on the small hill in the middle of the town; the smoke prevented them seeing the Boers, and the cannon killed many, sixty Bakwains. The Boers then came near to kill and destroy them all, but the Bakwains killed thirty-five, and many horses. They fought the whole day, but the Boers could not dislodge them. They stopped firing in the evening, and then the Bakwains retired on account of having no water. The above sixty are not all men; women and children are among the slain. The Boers were six hundred, and they had seven hundred natives with them. All the corn is burned. Parties went out and burned Bangwaketse town, and swept off all the cattle. Sebuli's cattle are all gone. All the Bakhatla cattle gone. Neither Bangwaketse nor Bakhatla fired a shot. All the corn burned of the whole three tribes. Everything edible is taken from them. How will they live? They told Sechele that the Queen had given off the land to them, and thenceforth they were the masters—had abolished chieftainship.”

Though Livingstone was indignant over this outrage by the Boers, he could not help but see the humorous side also. “Think,” he wrote to a friend, “of a big fat Boeress drinking coffee out of my kettle, and then throwing her tallowy corporeity on my sofa, or keeping her needles in my wife’s writing-desk! Ugh! and then think of foolish John Bull paying so many thousands a year for the suppression of the slave trade, and allowing Commissioner Aven to make treaties with the Boers who carry on the slave-trade.” The reason, of course, why the Boers took so much of their spite out on Livingstone was because they knew he was opposed to the slave

trade. Then they blamed him for the way the Bakwains fought, claiming that he had taught them how to shoot Boers.

“The Boers are determined to shut up the interior,” he wrote to a friend, “but I am resolved, by God’s help, to open it. I will open a path through the country, or perish.” And it was the Boers who finally had to retreat when their republic became a part of the British Empire.

On account of the trouble with the Boers, it was with difficulty that Livingstone was able to get guides at Kuruman to go with him to Sebituane’s country, but he finally got George Fleming, the native trader who had been appointed at the Cape. This time they took a new route, considerably to the west of the old one in order to avoid the Boers. He was eager to go to Kolobeng to see with his own eyes the destruction that had been wrought by the Boers and also to visit the grave of his little daughter, but he would not run into danger unnecessarily. He was bound for Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo, the town which he and Mr. Oswell had visited two years previously. The country was flooded and they often had to wade through swamps and water three or four feet deep and to pick their way through trees, thorns, and rushes. At last they emerged with hands and faces cut and bleeding and with their knees through their trousers. But that was not all. In a letter to his wife he tells this incident: “When walking before the wagon in the morning twilight, I observed a lioness about fifty yards from me, in the squatting way they walk when going to spring. She was followed by a very large lion, but seeing the wagon, she turned back.” Once more God had spared him, for his work was not yet done.

On reaching Linyanti, (see map page 18) Livingstone found that another change had been made in the government. Ma-mochisane had found it difficult to get along with the number of husbands that

her position required. So she resigned in favor of her eighteen-year-old brother, Sekeletu. How this new chief would treat him Livingstone did not know. But he was relieved to find him kindly disposed. He was expecting the missionary to bring him some miraculous benefits, but Livingstone told him that he had come to teach them about Jesus Christ and his salvation. This indeed would bring great benefits, but not as the chief had expected.

Shortly after his arrival Livingstone wrote thus in his journal:

“The chief presented eight large and three small tusks this morning. I told him and his people I would rather see them trading than giving them to me. They replied that they would get trade with George Fleming, and that, too, as soon as he was well; but these they gave to their father, and they were just as any other present. They asked after the gun medicine, believing that now my heart would be warm enough to tell them anything, but I could not tell them a lie. I offered to show Sekeletu how to shoot, and that was all the medicine I knew.”

“You are my new father. Do not leave me,” pleaded Sekeletu, when he saw that Livingstone wished to go.

“But the fever, the fever!” answered the Doctor. “I cannot bring my family here. I must look for a healthier spot. I will pass on to the north.”

“Then I will go with you and will give you all you need for your journey,” the chief continued, “for I cannot part with you.”

So they started out, accompanied by one hundred and sixty of Sekeletu’s men. They had traveled but about sixty miles when they met Mpepe, Sekeletu’s half-brother and secret rival, who had plotted to kill the chief. Three times on that day he attempted the murder, and each time was prevented in a seemingly accidental manner.

Once Livingstone stood between Sekeletu and his brother's spear. Soon Mpepe was captured by Sekeletu's men and was killed. The incident was indeed unpleasant to Livingstone, but it worked out for the good of his cause. Mpepe favored the slave-trade, and had Sekeletu instead of his brother been killed, Livingstone's life as well as his project would have been put to an end.

The party now proceeded up the beautiful river which Livingstone had before this learned to be the Zambezi. The missionary had not long to enjoy the beauty of that stream before his heart was made sick by another horrible murder. They came to the town of Mpepe's father, and when it was learned that Mpepe and another headman had favored the plot to kill Sekeletu, the two men were captured, cruelly murdered, and their bodies thrown into the river to the crocodiles. Hurrying from the bloody scene as soon as possible, Livingstone did his best to show the people their guilt before God, picturing to them as best he could the scene of the last judgment when all such deeds would be made known.

A little farther on Livingstone met and had a talk with Mamo-chisane, Sekeletu's sister who had resigned in his favor. The Doctor was the first white man she had ever seen.

Finally, leaving Sekeletu, Livingstone proceeded northward to the very limit of the Barotse country, hoping to find a healthy climate, but he could find none.

The time spent in the Barotse country in one sense had been very unpleasant, for there he had seen heathenism in its grossest forms. He was often wearied with the wild dancing, the destruction of children, the drudgery of the old people, and the terrible murders. Then there was the piteous sight of children being snatched from their parents to be sold as slaves, and once the sight of a line of slaves attached by a strong chain. Nevertheless, he did his best as a

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

missionary, preaching twice on Sundays sometimes to as many as a thousand people.

What a relief it was occasionally to sit down and turning his mind from all the dark scenes of heathenism, have a little chat, by letter, with his beloved wife and children. Every letter was full of tender affection and of advice to his little ones to keep Jesus uppermost in their lives.

“I have determined to find a route to the sea,” Livingstone told Sekeletu. “So I must leave you now. My plan is to go up the Leeba till we reach the falls, then send our canoe back and proceed as best we can, for we cannot well use wagons on this road.”

New guides must now be procured, for George Fleming, the native trader, had returned to Kuruman and the Kuruman guides had not done well. He would leave his wagon and goods in the care of Sekeletu, for he knew of no better keeper in this vicinity. Led by God’s hand, he was going forth, as did Abraham of old, into a strange land not knowing whither he went. Dangers there were he knew, and he had no assurance that he would ever again see his wife and children. But he wrote to his friends, “Can the love of Christ not carry the missionary where the slave-trade carries the trader?” His own answer was, “Yes.”

## Chapter VII

### Making a Way to the Coast

The traveling outfit for the journey to the coast consisted of a few tusks, a small amount of coffee, cloth, beads, etc., five books, and enough oxen to carry the supplies. It was the longest and most dangerous journey Livingstone had made. The Makololo guides were faithful but were faint hearted. Livingstone himself was attacked by fever thirty-one times while on the journey. Food was scarce, medicines were stolen, and often they were attacked by fierce swarms of mosquitos. One time when he was suffering with fever the ox he was riding threw him off on his head. Another time when he was crossing a river the ox threw him off into the water. Then with the heavy rains and the necessity of wading through streams three or four times a day his clothes were constantly wet. But that was not the worst. Often when he was suffering most he would meet some savage warriors who would demand him to give them either an ox, a gun, or a man. Neither an ox nor a gun could be spared, and a man he would not give to be sold into slavery.

The course of the journey was first along the Zambezi River to its junction with the Leeba. Then leaving the canoes, they traveled northwest and west till they reached St. Paul de Loanda on the coast. So beautiful was the scenery with its mountains and valleys and

streams that sometimes Livingstone would forget his illness and troubles in the grandeur of the scene before him.

Coming to a burnt house in a village Livingstone was told by the headman of the village that it was the house of a child of his. "She perished in it," he added, "and we have all removed from our own huts and built here round her, in order to weep over her grave." This was one example of tender feeling on the part of these people. But more often there were quarreling and fighting and bloodshed. So dark was the scene that the missionary dared not think on it continually. Besides finding delight in spiritual meditations he was able to find pleasurable recreation in science, especially in natural history, and there was an abundance of opportunity for studying it.

The people seemed to believe in a Supreme Being, though they showed no love for him and the only homage they paid him was in time of trouble, somewhat like their so-called Christian brothers. Their strongest belief was in the power of charms and medicines. They believed in the existence of souls after death, though some thought that certain persons were changed into lions, hippopotamuses, or alligators. Livingstone longed to touch these darkened hearts with the gospel, but with fever and with his throat troubling him too he was unable to preach regularly as before.

"Look out there! You had better keep away from that light. Do you see the spirits coming out of that machine? They will get into you and make you mad." That was the exclamation of a father who saw his inquisitive son peering around Livingstone's magic lantern trying to learn whence the people came and whither they all went so suddenly. However, great interest in Bible stories was aroused with the use of the slides with the magic-lantern.

But oh, the other experiences that awaited the traveler! With their food all gone they were compelled to kill a riding ox. And then,

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

according to custom, a part of that had to be sent to the chief. Even with that the chief was not satisfied. The following day he sent messengers demanding more valuable presents. The people gathered round Livingstone waving their weapons, and he barely escaped having them fall upon his head. But so tactfully did Livingstone manage the situation that the threatening storm soon passed over.

Passing on through the forest they came to another chief's village. After Livingstone had talked to the chief he sent Livingstone a present of yams, a goat, fowl, and meat. In return Livingstone gave him a shawl and two bunches of beads. At first the chief seemed pleased, but later he came asking for more presents. Livingstone appeased his wrath by giving him an ox, and two days later they were again on their journey, only to meet other chiefs as unreasonable. "We are the children of Jesus," said one of his men. "That is why they can't harm us."

But were all their gifts useless? Must they be turned back now they were so near their goal? It seemed so, for at the river Quango they were stopped again. "I will part with my blanket and coat if I have to," said Livingstone, for he was determined to gain a passage to the coast. But he kept both, for just in time a young Portuguese sergeant, Cypriano de Abrao, appeared and frightened the natives into obedience—once more God cared.

Nearer and nearer the coast they came, and Portuguese stations appeared every little while. What a comfort to be met by white gentlemen who showed him all kindness, even to giving him a new suit of clothes, instead of having to give his oxen and shirts and razors in order to appease the wrath of a savage chief! At length Livingstone recognized the cool breezes from the Ocean, and then, oh, joy! there lay the great, blue Atlantic only a short distance away. His goal was reached once more. What mattered it now if his clothes

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

were torn, his store of supplies and his oxen were gone and his body wasted with fever? He with his twenty-seven followers could march triumphant into Loanda. This he did on May 31, 1854, and met Mr. Edmund Gabriel, the British Commissioner for the suppression of the slave-trade.

Imagine the sensation of sleeping on a clean, comfortable English bed after six months of lying on the ground. That was Livingstone's experience, for Mr. Gabriel showed him and his men every possible kindness, and even sent valuable gifts back to Sekeletu.

But there was one great disappointment for Livingstone at Loanda. Not a single letter awaited him. Evidently his friends had not expected him to reach the coast. But the kindness of Mr. Gabriel and other Englishmen partly made up for this lack. Then he was too busy a man to give way to melancholy. Through all his difficulties and his fever he had made careful scientific observations all along the way which he had forwarded to his friend, the Astronomer-Royal at the Cape. These were rewarded with a great deal of praise, for they were said to be the most accurate observations of the country that had ever been made.

Then, too, had he not the joy of achievement to encourage him? He had found a way to the coast, had discovered a way whereby his friend Sekeletu might sell his tusks to far greater advantage, and had thus helped to expel the slave-trade. Now certainly he was entitled to an honorable passage home with all the joy such a trip included. But his task was not complete. He had brought twenty-seven men with him from the Barotse country, and knowing that they could not make the return trip alone, he would not leave them. Besides, he had not succeeded in finding a suitable place for a mission, nor had he discovered what he considered a real highway to the sea. He would

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

travel from the interior eastward to the sea by way of the Zambezi and thus open up a trade route.

Home and friends were beckoning to him. Fever and every other danger threatened him from the wilderness. Yet he heeded neither, but turned his face eastward.

## Chapter VIII

### From Loanda to Quilimane

“The Forerunner went down off the island of Madeira, losing all but one passenger.” This was the message Livingstone received about the ship on which he might have sailed had he not stayed to keep his promise and return with the Makololo. Once more he could thank the Father for his protection. But with this ship had gone down letters, reports, and maps that took Livingstone weeks to reproduce. For this purpose he remained with Portuguese friends at Pungo Andongo, some distance in from the coast. Not long after this delay he was stopped again by a severe attack of fever. And little wonder at it, after wading for miles through a plain flooded ankle deep and sleeping, too, in the wet. This time it took about a year, from Sept. 24, 1854 to Sept 11, 1855, to make the trip back to Xinyanti. On reaching the Barotse country they observed a day of thanksgiving. Every one of the twenty-seven men who had gone with Livingstone had returned safely. The men decked themselves in their best—the European clothing and the red and white caps which the Portuguese men had given them. Two oxen were given for the occasion and with plenty of milk and meal there was a genuine thanksgiving feast. Then they had a service to thank God for protecting them through all the dangers and sickness. The men were grateful, too, to Livingstone for opening up a path to the coast.

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

A box and a letter from the Moffats awaited Livingstone at Unyanti. Having had no word from him for many months, they did not know whether he was dead or alive. Many a sentence in Mrs. Moffat's letter displayed her fear that he was dead. But they at least had enough hope to send him a good box of supplies—shirts, woolen socks, lemon juice, quince jam, tea, and coffee—a good taste of home for the lonely missionary. The box had come a year before Livingstone's arrival, and the supplies were still in good condition. But you will laugh when you learn that he found them out on an island. The natives, fearing that the goods were bewitched, had banished them to an island and had built a hut over them. Perhaps it as well for Livingstone that they had.

Linyanti was not the end of Livingstone's journey. Ambitious still to find a good trade route to the sea, he determined to seek one to the east by way of the Zambezi River. Sekeletu, though he had not behaved well in Livingstone's absence, could scarcely do enough for his old friend. He provided him with one hundred and twenty men, three of his best riding-oxen, and ten cattle for food, besides many other food supplies, and a right to collect tribute from other tribes that were subject to him. And the chief's mother added to the supplies a bag of groundnuts which had been fried in cream, a delicacy which the Makololo consider fit for a king.

One dark, stormy night during the journey they lost their way in the forest. The luggage carriers having passed on ahead, Livingstone had to sleep on the ground under a tree. But Sekeletu made Livingstone take his blanket while he himself lay on the wet ground.

In the morning they regained their bearings and traveled on. Not far to the east of Linyanti, Livingstone beheld for the first time those wonderful falls of which he had heard through the natives, and

named them the Victoria Falls in honor of his Queen. Rivaling in grandeur the Niagara, the stream is gathered from a mile-wide channel and poured into a chasm eighty feet wide and three hundred and twenty feet high. Then for thirty miles it boils and foams through its chasm sending up columns of steam two or three hundred feet into the air.

Farther on, as the party was about to cross the river, the natives of the village collected around them all armed. One canoe was all they would lend Livingstone, although there were two tied to the shore. So all the goods were taken first to an island in the middle of the river, next the cattle were taken, and then the men. Livingstone was the last to enter the canoe. While waiting on the shore surrounded by savage warriors, he had kept them amused with his watch, his burning-glass, and other trinkets.

For Livingstone and his party to go on would seem a challenge and to go back would be an indication of fear. All he could do was to wait and pray. And the text that had comforted him on so many occasions was especially precious to him now: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." And God fulfilled his promise.

Livingstone was making important geographical discoveries. Through a careful study he learned that the center of the African continent is a great depression flanked on either side by ridges. This discovery was an important one from the missionary point of view, for he believed that these ridges would provide what he had long been seeking, a healthful location for a mission station.

Four weary months they had been on the way from Linyanti, wading through swamps, sleeping on the wet ground, meeting hostile tribes and suffering from fever, when, oh, joy! there appeared

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

the smoke of a Portuguese settlement. It was Tette. Imagine Livingstone's feelings as he was welcomed once more into civilization and was made to sit down to a really civilized breakfast. So nourishing was that breakfast that he was able to walk the remaining eight miles without the least sign of fatigue. For nearly two months he was detained in Tette recovering from fever, but was kindly cared for by the Governor. It was there he left his Makololo men, bidding them wait till he returned from England.

From Tette he went on to Senna, where he was again delayed by fever. Then, provided with a comfortable boat, he reached Quilimane on May. 20, 1856. In his joy of having crossed the African continent from Loanda to Quilimane (see map page 18) he was not forgetful of the kind hand of God that had so miraculously protected him. But then his joy was turned to bitter grief; for he learned that seven men who had come to Quilimane by boat to take him out to the ship had been drowned. How Livingstone wished that he might have died in their stead!

After six weeks another boat came and took him to Mauritius, where he remained for about three months while regaining his health. Then, in November, he sailed up through the Red Sea on his homeward journey. Even yet his perils were not ended. When they were within sight of the Bay of Tunis something went wrong with the ship's engine and they were nearly wrecked. But once more God's good hand protected them, and they landed safe in the harbor of Tunis. Mrs. Livingstone and other friends had gone as far as Southampton to meet him and were disappointed at the delay caused by the ship's trouble.

At last, on Dec. 9, 1856, he sailed into port and his feet touched once more the soil of dear old England. But a great sorrow had met him on the way. Besides his anticipation of meeting his wife and

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

children, he had cherished the hope of someday sitting beside his dear old father and rehearsing to him all the experiences of his sixteen years in Africa. But at Cairo the news of his father's death had reached him, and those hopes had vanished. To the father as well as to the son it was a great disappointment, but they classed it among their unfulfilled hopes.

## Chapter IX

### Back in Dear Old England

“A hundred thousand welcomes, and it’s time for you to  
come  
From the far land of the foreigner, to your country and  
your home.  
Oh, long as we were parted, ever since you went away,  
I never passed a dreamless night, or knew an easy day.”

This is only a small part of the touching poetic welcome with which Mrs. Livingstone greeted her husband when he arrived at Southampton. The trouble on the Mediterranean had changed his course so that he had landed at Dover instead of at Southampton. But quickly as possible he made his way to where his wife awaited him. Long and bitter had been the years since she had bade him farewell at the Cape. Their letters had often gone astray so that she was sometimes months without a single word from him. Whether he was dead or alive she knew not. She was left among strangers in England with her family of four to care for.

But now all was different. Congratulations came pouring in from every side. And best of all, her David was there. Among the letters of congratulations was one from her own mother in which she says regarding Livingstone: “He is certainly the wonder of his age,

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

and with a little prudence as regards his health, the stores of information he now possesses might be turned to a mighty account for poor, wretched Africa.”

On December 15, just a few days after his arrival in England, the Royal Geographic Society held a special meeting to welcome him. They presented him with a gold medal. And in the midst of a shower of praise for his remarkable achievements he humbly replied that he had only done his duty as a Christian missionary in opening up a part of Africa to Christianity. He said further that the enterprise would never be complete till the slave trade was abolished and the whole country opened up to commerce and Christianity.

The following day a reception was given him by the London Missionary Society. At the close of his speech in honor of Livingstone, Lord Shaftesbury, the chairman, paid a beautiful tribute to Mrs. Livingstone. He mentioned the encouragement she had been to her husband while with him and how patiently she had endured the lonely, anxious years without him, all that he might do more for poor, dark Africa.

As soon as he could break away from his other appointments Livingstone went to Hamilton to see his mother, his children, and other relatives. At the sight of his father's empty chair he burst into tears. And that evening as they gathered around the family altar the memory of his father was very near. “We bless thee, O Lord, for our parents,” David said in his prayer; “we give thee thanks for the dead who died in the Lord.”

Three or four months were all Livingstone thought he could stay in England. Once more he must fulfil his promise to his Makololo men to return with them. But he had received a letter from his friend, Roderick Murchison, saying, “Mr. John Murray, the great publisher, is most anxious to induce you to put together all your data,

and to make a good book.” This he consented to do when he had received a promise from the Portuguese government that his men would be looked after.

Though Livingstone had a good store of materials in his journals, yet the task of arranging them into proper book form was an irksome one. He once said that he would rather cross Africa than to write another book. To a man of action such as he was it was hard to sit for months writing, writing, when his heart was in Africa. Yet these irksome days had their joys also, for the writing was done with his children laughing and romping about him, and often he would stop for a romp or a walk with them. Then imagine the surprize one autumn morning when he picked up the newspaper to see advertised a book entitled, *Travels of David Livingstone in South Africa*. He did not even know the writer. And to think that while he was still laboring over his manuscript this unknown author had collected material from newspaper articles and from Geographical Society reports and had written the book. Livingstone complained to the publishers and they generously recalled and destroyed the book.

In November, 1857, Livingstone’s *Missionary Travels* was published. Ten thousand copies of the book were sold in London alone. The first edition did not cover the number of orders awaiting the first output. So a second edition had to be printed immediately. Some readers complained that more space was given in the book to science and geographical matters than to real missionary work. But we must remember that Livingstone was a pioneer missionary. His task was to prepare the soil and plant the seed that those following him might reap the harvest. However, he had preached to thousands of Africans and could report a number of conversions. But as he was not inclined in the least to exaggerate, his work seemed small when compared with those missionaries who had reported hundreds of

conversions. True, much of his work was geographical, but he felt that “the end of the geographical feat is only the beginning of the missionary enterprise.”

However, in spite of criticisms, his book became popular enough to yield him a small fortune. Yet, instead of saving it to enrich himself and his family, he put the greater part of it into missionary enterprise in Africa. All he cared to save for his children was enough to educate them. At this time, too, he severed his connection with the Missionary Society. Since he had been accused of spending the Society’s funds in work that was not really missionary, he believed that now he would be freer to carry on the work that seemed most necessary.

In February, 1858, Dr. Livingstone received a commission by which he became Her Majesty’s Consul at Quilimane for the Eastern Coast and the independent districts in the interior, also commander of an expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa. So the latter part of his stay in England was spent mostly in preparing for the expedition. A small steamer for shallow water was bought for use on the Zambesi, and a number of officers were appointed to assist Dr. Livingstone on his expedition. He was also treated kindly by the Portuguese Government and was given letters from the Government to the local governors instructing them to give him all the help he needed. However, these instructions were not always lived up to.

Livingstone might have been furnished with expensive equipment and a large expedition had he chosen such, but he preferred only such men and articles as he really needed.

“I shall now be able to tell the natives that I have seen my chief,” said Livingstone to Queen Victoria when he had been sent for to see her at the palace. “These black people have always seemed surprized

when I told them I had never seen my chief. They often asked if she was very wealthy and how many cows she had.” At this the Queen laughed heartily. She showed him much kindness and wished him success on his journey.

Just before leaving, Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone were the honored guests at a great gathering at which many distinguished people were present. The honors poured upon him there were enough to turn the head of an ordinary man. But Livingstone, as was his custom, took it all very humbly. Nevertheless, he did not fail to give due credit to his wife who was to return to Africa with him. Mentioning her in his speech, he said:

“My wife, who has always been the main spoke in my wheel, will accompany me in this expedition, and will be most useful to me. She is familiar with the languages of South Africa. She is able to work. She is willing to endure, and she well knows that in that country one must put one’s hand to everything. In the country to which I am about to proceed she knows that at the missionary’s station the wife must be the maid-of-all-work within, while the husband must be the jack-of-all-trades without, and glad am I indeed that I am to be accompanied by my guardian angel.”

Only Oswell, the youngest child, accompanied his father and mother back to Africa. Dr. Livingstone was deeply affected in parting with the other children, but he believed it was for their good. So with frequent farewell notes he committed them to the care of the heavenly Father. Here is an extract from one of these letters; and whether or not you have such a father as Tom had, you will do well to take the letter to heart:

“My Dear Tom,—I am soon going off from this country, and will leave you to the care of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps, and never disappointed anyone who put his trust in Him. If you make

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

him your friend he will be better to you than any companion can be. He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. May he grant you grace to seek him and to serve him. I have nothing better to say to you than to take God for your Father, Jesus for your Savior, and the Holy Spirit for your sanctifier. Do this and you are safe forever. No evil can then befall you. Hope you will learn quickly and well, so as to be fitted for God's service in the world."

## Chapter X

### Among Old Friends

In 1852 Livingstone could hardly get a pound of gunpowder or a box of caps at Cape Town, and he had to pay a heavy fine to get rid of a crooked postmaster's accusations. Now, in 1858, he returns with the Queen's gold band around his cap and with still brighter decorations attached to his name. At a large meeting in his honor he was presented with a silver box containing eight hundred guineas (\$4,074). And two days later he and the other members of his expedition were entertained at a grand dinner.

On the way to the Cape, Livingstone had worked out some plans for the expedition. On board ship he had given instructions to the various members of the party. Then at Sierra Leone he had to take on a crew of twelve Kroomen for the navigation of the *Ma-Robert* on the Zambesi—the launch bore Mrs. Livingstone's African name.

Before they reached the Cape, Mrs. Livingstone's health was again threatened, and much to her husband's disappointment she had to be left at Kuruman with the Moffats for a time. The Doctor and Mrs. Moffat met them at the Cape, and from him Livingstone received the interesting news that he had visited Mosilikatse and had learned that the men whom Livingstone had left at Tette would still be waiting for him there. Accordingly he sailed up the eastern coast

to the mouth of the Zambesi. Being in a fever-breeding swamp he hastened to launch the Ma-Robert and proceed up the river.

The first important event in the history of the expedition was the discovery of the Kongone entrance of the Zambesi, the best for navigation of all the mouths of the river. He had scarcely got the luggage and stores landed when the naval officer resigned his position. Though this was a considerable trial to Livingstone he assumed the management of the vessel himself and went on.

“Englishmen! Englishmen! We are Englishmen!” shouted Livingstone to the crowd of natives on the shore who were about to fire on them. There was war between the Portuguese and the natives, and Livingstone’s party had been taken for Portuguese. But on learning that they were English, the natives let them pass. As they proceeded up the river the people gathered on the banks to watch the apparition. To them the vessel was a floating village. And one old man who came on board wondered if it “was made out of one tree.”

The old followers at Tette were overjoyed at the sight of their master. The Portuguese Government had failed in its promise to help them; but the Governor of Tette had helped them to find employment. Thirty had died of smallpox and six had been killed by an unfriendly chief. Had the survivors listened to the stories told them they would have given up hope of Livingstone’s return. But they trusted him, and true gentleman that he was, he would not break a promise made even to these ignorant black men. And his faithfulness to them gave him a new hold upon them.

About twenty-five miles above Tette were the rapids at Kebrabasa. These Livingstone had heard of but had not seen. The question in his mind was how far these rapids would impede navigation. Twice he made the trip to the rapids and thought he had seen them all. But on his second return he learned accidentally that

there was another. Determined to see all, he returned with Dr. Kirk and four Makololo.

“O Father, look at our feet,” the Makololo pleaded, as they showed him the blisters on their feet burst by the hot rocks. Still he tried to urge them on. But their words cut him like knives—“We had always believed you had a heart, but now we see you have none.” Still Livingstone was determined. Leaving them behind, he and Dr. Kirk pushed on alone. But their boots and clothes were about to drop off of them and in three hours they made but one mile. The next day, however, they saw the other rapid. Believing that during the rainy season the rapids could be navigated, Livingstone applied to the English government for a more suitable vessel to carry them inland. About the same time he wrote to a friend, Mr. James Young, authorizing him to spend 2,000 pounds (\$9,732) of his book money for a suitable ship. Both vessels were sent—the Pioneer from the Government, and the Lady Nyassa, Livingstone’s own vessel. The Ma-Robert had proved to be an utter disappointment.

Livingstone now discovered a new river, the Shire, and early in 1859 began to explore it. There he found the natives very suspicious. They had never seen Europeans before and no other strangers except man stealers. Little wonder, then, that with bows and poisoned arrows they watched the travelers day and night. Several days journey above the junction of the Shire with the Zambesi their progress was stopped by rapids. So they went back and two months later returned. This time they were able to make friends with a jolly, clever chief named Chibisa. Then making a detour to the east, they discovered a beautiful inland lake—Lake Shirwa. This the Portuguese had never seen because the natives would not allow them to enter the region. In a letter to his daughter Agnes, Livingstone tells of this lake and its surroundings:

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

“We have been down to the mouth of the River Zambesi in expectation of meeting a man-of-war with salt provisions, but, none appearing on the day appointed, we concluded that the Admiral has not received my letters in time to send her. We have no post office here, so we buried a bottle containing a letter on an island in the Entrance to Kongone harbor. This we told the Admiral we should do in case of not meeting the cruiser, and whoever comes will search for our bottle and see another appointment for July 30. This goes with dispatches by way of Quilimane, and I hope someday to get from you a letter by the same route . . . Dr. Kirk and I, with some fifteen Makololo, ascended this river one hundred miles in the Ma-Robert, then left the vessel and proceeded beyond that on foot till we had discovered a magnificent lake called Shirwa (pronounced Shurwah). It was very grand, for we could not see the end of it, though we were some way up a mountain; and all around it are mountains much higher than any you see in Scotland. One mountain stands in the lake, and people live on it. Another, called Zomba, is more than six thousand feet high, and people live on it too, for we could see their gardens on its top . . . The country is quite a highland region, and many people live in it Most of them were afraid of us. The women ran into their huts and shut the doors. The children screamed in terror, and even the hens would fly away and leave their chickens. I suppose you would be frightened, too, if you saw strange creatures, say a lot of Trundlemen, like those on the Isle of Man pennies, come whirling up the street. No one was impudent to us except some slave traders, but they became civil as soon as they learned we were English and not Portuguese.”

In August they began a third trip up the Shire, and on September 16, Livingstone and his party had the pleasure of being the first white men to look upon the magnificent Lake Nyassa. To Livingstone, interested as he was in the geography of the country,

the Shire River valley was of great interest. Within a few miles there were three levels, each with its individual climate. There was the low hot plain along the river. To the east of this was a pleasant plain two thousand feet high, and three thousand feet higher still was a cold plain. The country was fertile, too, and the people were industrious. However, they were not particular as to cleanliness. The easiest way by which the travelers could rid themselves of a troublesome follower was by threatening to wash him. The women tried to beautify themselves by wearing large rings of ivory or of tin in the upper lip.

Nevertheless, to Livingstone this seemed an ideal spot for missionary and commercial stations. It could be reached from the coast by water all except for a few miles at the Murchison Cataracts. It lay in the pathway for conveying slaves from the north and northwest to Zanzibar. Livingstone's hope was to colonize the region with poor men from England—thus helping to banish the slave-trade and to better the conditions of the poor of England. And for such an enterprise he promised to give 2,000 pounds (\$9,732). Bright were his visions of Christian colonies with the spread of civilization and Christian graces, of the cultivation of cotton, and of the disappearance of slave-trade. But all these hopes were not to be realized in his own time, at least. Nevertheless he would do his part to make his dreams come true.

## Chapter XI

### Meeting and Parting

“Very grievous it is to be standing here tinkering when we might be doing good service to the cause of African civilization, and that on account of insatiable greediness,” wrote Livingstone while he was at Kongone repairing the Ma-Robert. And then the time it took them cutting wood to feed the engine!

Not less trying was the loss of a year’s correspondence from home. Think of waiting months for mail, then to find that it has been lost on the way.

But one bright spot of this time was the receiving of a sugar-mill from a Miss Whately and her friends, of Dublin. He set it up at Tette, where the Makololo were still waiting for him. In a long letter to Miss Whately he expresses the appreciation of the natives for the mill and gives somewhat of a description of the people of the region, contrasting the Shire natives with the Tette Portuguese.

“They (the natives) have fences made to guard the women from the alligators, all along the Shire; at Tette they have none, and two women were taken past our vessel in the mouths of these horrid brutes. The number of women taken is so great as to make the Portuguese swear every time they speak of them, and yet, when I proposed to the priest to make a collection for a fence, and offered

twenty dollars, he only smiled, 'You Protestants don't know all the good you do by keeping our friends of the only true and infallible church up to their duty.' "

Since before Livingstone's return to England the Makololo had been waiting for him to take them home. Now that he was ready, however, they did not all want to go. But he started up the Zambesi with his brother, Charles Livingstone, and Dr. Kirk, who had recently come to Africa, and such of the Makololo as were willing to go home. It was a pleasure, his companions said, to travel with Dr. Livingstone, for he took time as he went along to observe the scenery and to enjoy the journey. After the morning's tramp the white men spent the afternoon in hunting in order to obtain food for themselves and the natives. The task was so hard that they were sometimes tempted to quit with enough food for the white men. But Livingstone had not the heart to do that.

On into the interior they went, meeting some of Livingstone's old acquaintances, among them Mpende, who had once given him a threatening reception, but who was now more friendly. Farther on they met a tribe whose only clothing consisted of a coat of red paint. In one region which had been thickly sprinkled with villages they walked a whole week without meeting a single human being. Such was the result of the cruel native warfare. Long before they reached Mosilikatse they heard that the missionaries had been there. And they (Mr. Moffat and his collaborators) had left their traces; for even the chief, who said he had been born to kill people, had dropped the practise.

In the beginning of his expedition Livingstone had been promised the assistance of the Portuguese, but it turned out to be just the opposite. When they learned of the missionary's opposition to the slave trade they turned against him. And now Livingstone

discovered that what he had hoped to make a road for freedom into the interior, the Portuguese were putting to use in the accursed slave trade.

Wild were the wails of anguish of some of the poor Makololo, as they neared the home village, at the disappointing news that greeted them. Their wives had been disposed of in various ways. One had been killed for witchcraft, another had remarried, and Masakasa learned that two years before his return a sort of wild Irish wake had been celebrated in honor of his memory. Consequently when he returned he presented himself as the inhabitant of another world.

Still more disappointing to Livingstone was the news of a party of missionaries who had gone to Unyanti to labor among Sekeletu's people. Mr. and Mrs. Helmore and several others of the party had died of fever, and the survivors had left. Livingstone regretted the fact that he had not reached them in time with his fever remedy. One bit of good news he received, however, was that his old friend Sechele was doing well, with nine tribes under him and with schools, conducted by the missionaries well attended.

The nearest route would have taken Livingstone and his party about twenty miles south of Victoria Falls, but so eager was he for his friends to see this wonderful waterfall that he gladly walked the extra distance.

A long drought had left the Makololo in low spirits. Then Sekeletu was ill with leprosy and was being treated by a native doctress. But he gave her up, and under the treatment of Dr. Kirk and Dr. Livingstone he made much improvement. Livingstone found the wagon and other articles which he had left there seven years before, safe and sound except for the work of the weather and the white ants. He was glad for the privilege of once more preaching

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

to the Makololo, though it seemed hard for the people to understand the story of Christ, his death, and resurrection.

On Sept. 17, 1860 the party started back for the coast. They left Tette for Kongone in the Ma-Robert, which had been patched considerably. But shortly before Christmas she grounded on a sand-bank. So she was deserted and they proceeded afoot to the coast to meet the new vessel which was being sent to them.

At last the new steamer, the Pioneer, arrived, and with it also arrived a new party of missionaries of the Universities Mission. The missionaries were to go up the Rovuma River and explore it to see if it might not be used as a waterway to the Nyassa district. Livingstone was eager to try out the Pioneer, but while waiting for these missionaries to go with him he missed the high water season, and as the Pioneer required deep water, he was unable to cover by boat the distance he had expected to. The trip was a discouraging one. Often the boat would run aground on a sandbar. Then, the Portuguese, who had promised their help, were instead pushing the slave-trade and thus hindering the missionaries' work.

While Livingstone and his party were one time halted at the village of Mbame, they met a slave party and broke it up. The eighty-four men and women captives were liberated, and the drivers were made to flee. Then the missionaries took the former captives under their care. The chief of the Manganja, the tribe to which these captives belonged, invited the missionaries to settle at Magomero, his village. But the bishop in charge of the Universities Mission thought best to first visit and pacify the chief of Ajawa, the tribe from whom they had taken the captives. But the Ajawas were not inclined to make peace. They met the missionaries with such a threatening attack that for the first time in Africa Livingstone was compelled to use a gun to defend himself against the natives. The

struggle was hot, but it ended in the Ajawa being driven off without loss to the other side.

What attitude to take toward the hostile Ajawa was a question in the mind of the Bishop. Livingstone advised him to be patient and to take no part in the quarrels of the natives. Then he returned to his companions on the Shire. For a time the Bishop and his party followed Livingstone's advice. But later they took a different course, which resulted in serious trouble for the Mission.

At Chibisa's, Livingstone found he could go no farther on the Pioneer. So, accompanied by his brother and Doctor Kirk, he started for Nyassa in a four-oared boat which was carried by porters past the Murchison Cataracts. And on Sep. 23, 1861, they sailed onto Lake Nyassa for the first time, the original discovery having been made by Livingstone when on foot. They carefully explored the region and found it to be densely populated. At the south end of the lake the people were friendly. But at the north end they were lawless. There one night, for the first time in his African life, Livingstone was robbed. In a letter to a friend he tells of the experience rather humorously:

“Expert thieves crept into our sleeping places, about four o'clock in the morning, and made off with what they could lay their hands on. It was Sunday, and such a black mass swarmed around our sail, which we used as a hut, that we could not hear prayers. I had before slipped away a quarter of a mile to dress for church, but seeing a crowd of women watching me through the reeds, I did not change my clothes . . . Next morning early all our spare clothing was walked off with, and there I was left with no change of shirt, flannel, or stockings.”

There was an abundance of elephants and of all animal and vegetable life in this region. Too, the slave trade on the lake was

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

immense. Dr. Livingstone was told that nineteen thousand slaves from the Nyassa region passed through the custom house at Zanzibar every year. In addition to these, thousands were killed or died of their wounds or famine, so that not one fifth of the victims became slaves. Livingstone believed that a small, armed steamer on the lake might stop the traffic and he was glad when he heard that the Lady Nyassa was being sent from England.

For two months they remained at the lake, suffering more from hunger than on any previous journey. Then they decided to return to the ship.

News came that the ship bearing the pieces of the Lady Nyassa and other provisions was soon to arrive at the mouth of the Zambesi. And best of all, Mrs. Livingstone and some more members of the Universities Mission were on board. The Pioneer was to meet them at the mouth of the river. Imagine how eagerly Dr. Livingstone started out. But just twenty miles below Chibisa's the vessel was stranded or five weeks on a shoal. Very trying this delay was on Livingstone, not only because of his eagerness to see his wife, but because he disliked to lose so much time when he might be accomplishing something worthwhile. At last, a month later than the time appointed, they reached the mouth of the river. But there was no sign of the other vessel. It had been there, but had started away, was caught in a gale, and was unable to return for three weeks. Then the Lady Nyassa, instead of having been sent by water, as Livingstone had instructed, had been sent in pieces, and the time required in putting it together would probably cause another delay. But in spite of his disappointment Livingstone would always say, "I know that all was done for the best."

Finally, on the last day of January, 1862, the vessel came in sight. The first signal received was, "I have steamboat in the brig."

“Welcome news,” Livingstone replied.

Then, “Wife aboard,” was the next and the most welcome signal of all. It was not long before the joyful meeting took place.

Then after the parts of the Lady Nyassa had been loaded onto the Pioneer they began the journey up the river. But the progress was very slow. In the shallow places the vessel had to be hauled along by capstan and anchor cast ahead. At last it was decided to put the Lady Nyassa together at Shupanga and tow her up to the rapids. Then they would have to wait nearly a year for the rainy season before they could get her over the rapids. Meanwhile the Doctor learned the sad news of the death of Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup, another member of the Mission. The Bishop had succumbed to fever the very day his sister reached the shores of Africa, and Mr. Burrup had died a few days later. This was another disappointment for Livingstone, besides being a great blow to Miss Mackenzie and Mrs. Burrup, who had come with Mrs. Livingstone. Great was the sympathy of both Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone for these bereaved ones. And now they must be taken back to the coast. Arriving at the coast, they had to wait another two weeks for the vessel to return. Then Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone returned to Shupanga, but not for long.

The long delay during the most unhealthful season of the year had brought on fever. What a comfort, though, it was to Mrs. Livingstone to be once more with her husband! After she had parted with him at the Cape she had gone to her parents at Kuruman, where her youngest child, Anna Mary, was born. Later she had returned to Scotland to be near her other children, but some of them were away at school and they were unable to have a home together. Mrs. Livingstone had been troubled with some doubts and fears in her experience and she longed for the strong faith of her husband to aid her in regaining her bearings. And in him she was not disappointed.

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

But their companionship was to be of short duration. The fever which with she had contracted grew rapidly worse. On April 27, Livingstone sent a message to Dr. Stewart saying that the end was drawing near. "He was sitting by the side of a rude bed formed of boxes, but covered with a soft mattress, on which lay his dying wife." All consciousness had left her, and though life still remained he was unable to arouse her. Then the man who had braved so many dangers broke down and wept like a child.

Dr. Stewart came, and together they knelt beside the dying one. In less than an hour her spirit had returned to God.

Shortly afterward Livingstone wrote thus: "It is the first heavy stroke I have suffered, and quite takes away my strength. I wept over her who well deserved many tears. I loved her when I married her, and the longer I lived with her I loved her the more. God pity the poor children, who were tenderly attached to her, and I am left alone in the world by one whom I felt to be a part of myself. I hope it may, by divine grace, lead me to realize heaven as my home, and that she has but preceded me in the journey. O my Mary, my Mary! how often have we longed for a quiet home, since you and I were cast adrift at Kolobeng; surely the removal by a kind Father who knoweth our frame means that he rewarded you by taking you to the best home, the eternal one in the heavens."

Beneath the large baobab-tree at Shupanga she was laid to rest.

The first news of their daughter's death reached the Moffats by traders and by newspapers, but then a full month late. Dr. Livingstone had written, but his letter went around by way of Europe. In reply to it the sorrowing mother wrote a comforting letter to her son-in-law. Among other letters he wrote was one to his daughter Agnes, urging her to take Christ for her guide and to meet her mother in heaven.

## Chapter XII

### Recalled

“How are you going to make iron swim?” asked the astonished natives when they examined the steel sides of the Lady Nyassa and were told that it was a boat which would sail upon the lake. As soon as he was able after Mrs. Livingstone’s death, Dr. Livingstone resumed the work on the boat. By the end of June it was completed, but then the rainy season was over, and the boat could not be taken to the lake till December. Meanwhile he would explore the Rovuma in the hope of finding a waterway which would be free from the interference of the Portuguese. Little, however, was gained in the trip up the Rovuma. On one occasion the natives made a fierce attack. And then only 156 miles from the mouth of the river Livingstone’s party encountered cataracts which made the passage of the river impossible. So they returned to the Zambesi.

All this time the Portuguese situation was growing more serious. Apparently Livingstone’s discoveries had stimulated the Portuguese slave trade rather than checking it. And the local Portuguese officials who were supposed to use their influence in putting down the slave trade were really encouraging it. They went so far as to declare that any one interfering with the slave trade would be counted as a robber. They had also contradicted some of Livingstone’s claims to discoveries. But Livingstone wrote letters to

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

some of the Portuguese officials both in Africa and at home defending his position.

After going to Johanna for provisions and to discharge some of his crew whose terms had expired, Livingstone sailed on again up the river, towing the Lady Nyassa. But such sights as met their eyes! In the morning the paddles of the boat had to be cleared of human corpses which had collected during the night. Human skeletons were seen in every direction. All this was the result of raids by Marianno, a Portuguese slave trader.

In passing on, Dr. Livingstone's heart was saddened at the sight of the Bishop's grave, then at the news of other members of the Mission who had succumbed to fever. About this time Livingstone had a severe attack of fever himself, and Dr. Kirk and Mr. C. Livingstone were so weakened by illness that they decided to return to England. Livingstone was left then with only two other members of the expedition.

The Lady Nyassa was again taken apart to be carried around the rapids. And the difficulties they had were enough to try one's patience severely.

About this time he received word intimating that the expedition had been recalled. At this he was not greatly surprized, for with the hindrances the Portuguese were causing it was almost useless to try to develop trade. The slave traders had even followed in their footsteps, taking advantage of the friendship Livingstone had made with the natives and calling themselves his children.

Writing to a friend at this time, Livingstone said: "I don't know whether I am to go on the shelf or not. If I do, I make Africa the shelf. If the Lady Nyassa is well sold, I shall manage. There is a

Ruler above, and his providence guides all things. He is our Friend, and has plenty of work for all his people to do.”

No blame was laid on Livingstone, but the expedition had been more expensive than was first counted upon. And then, through the opposition of the Portuguese Government, it had failed to accomplish the desired results. One of the greatest disappointments to Livingstone was that the recall came before he was able to launch the steamer on the lake and thus prove its value. Again, the government made no allowance for the *Lady Nyassa* upon which he had expended about 6,000 pounds (\$29,196) of his book money.

It takes a brave man to be cheerful under such circumstances as Livingstone had been meeting. His expedition had been recalled, his years of labor in Africa had evidently aided the slave trade instead of stopping it; in regions where the missionary prospect had once been bright he had been witnessing the most heart sickening scenes; some of his most capable fellow missionaries slept beneath African soil. And, saddest of all, his beloved wife had found her resting place there. He was left almost without white friends in the country. His body was weakened with fever. And now, added to his almost daily annoyances was the disappointment that the *Lady Nyassa* could not be floated on the waters for which she had been built. On her he had expended much of his small fortune. Was it all in vain?

In spite of all these things and of a score of dangers that confronted him, Livingstone decided to make one more attempt to explore the region of the lake. He would have to go much of the way on foot and might face starvation or death by wild animals or by fierce natives. With one white man and a few natives he started out for the northern end of the lake to find out whether any large river flowed into it from the west. At one time the two white men were

lost three days in the woods without food. But some poor natives at last gave them food.

Once they could procure no guides when they could scarcely get along without them. The land was cut by deep gullies and rocky ravines that could be scaled only in certain known places. Then, being taken for slave traders, they barely escaped a fierce attack by the natives. In spite of all his troubles, Livingstone took a great interest in the geography and geology of the country. He was surprised to learn that the country had had no stone age. At least, no flint weapons were found. It seemed as if the natives had always used iron.

Livingstone was eager to finish his explorations around the lake; but orders came from the government that he must get the Pioneer down to sea while the river was high. Then, too, one of his native companions died as a result of the cold of the higher lands. As he went on down to the river he noticed the villages were all deserted and the reeds along the banks were crowded with fugitives. This he knew told that the slave traders had been there. And he was likely to be taken again for a slave trader. Indeed, his party was once pursued by the natives, and the report reached England that he had been killed. "Don't become pale" he wrote to a friend a little later, "on getting a letter from a dead man."

More than his own recall Livingstone regretted the news which he received from Bishop Tozer, Bishop Mackenzie's successor. He had decided to abandon the Universities Mission and transfer his work to Zanzibar. Livingstone had hoped that this Mission might carry on the work that he had started. He begged the Bishop to reconsider the matter for the sake of Africa, but in vain. It seemed so like the blighting of his last hopes that he wanted to sit down and cry.

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

But what should be done with those boys and helpless old people who remained with the Mission? They were some of the slaves who had been rescued. "You will not leave them here at the mercy of the Portuguese, will you?" Livingstone asked, "these people whom Bishop Mackenzie promised to protect? Would you have him break his word? Besides, it would be a discredit to the good name of England."

But the Bishop could not decide to keep them, for fear he would incur trouble with the Portuguese. Therefore, Livingstone made himself responsible for them and turned them over to Mr. E. D. Young to care for during his absence. They were taken to the Cape. There, sometime later, one of the most efficient teachers to be found in St George's Orphanage was one of these black girls who had been rescued first by Bishop Mackenzie and again by Livingstone.

Looking back over the six years that had passed, Livingstone faced enough discouragements. But he could point with satisfaction to some good results. There was the discovery of the Kongone Harbor and the exploration of the Zambesi River. Then he had learned much about the soil, had found that it was adapted to the production of indigo, cotton, castor-oil, and sugar. He had also found that the highlands were free from tsetse flies and mosquitos. But all the good things he had learned about the country were overbalanced by the thought of the wretched slave trade carried on there. His expedition, however, had been successful in exposing the very source of the slave trade.

Livingstone did not regard the African, as do many people, a different species from the rest of the human family. And he believed these black men were capable of becoming as good Christians as their white brothers, if only they were given a chance. It was the

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

slave trade carried on by the Portuguese that was keeping them down.

Livingstone was leaving them now. But his heart would still be in Africa and his prayers and efforts would be to free that land from Slavery's chain.

## Chapter XIII

### A Stormy Voyage

Rocked on a storm tossed sea on setting out for India, Livingstone felt that he was as near death as he had ever been, as near even as when the lion shook him as a cat would a mouse. In a letter to his daughter Agnes he describes the storm. We shall give only a part of the letter:

“On fifteenth we were caught by a hurricane which whirled the Ariel right round. Her sails, quickly put to rights, were again backed so that the ship was driven backward and a hawser wound itself round her screw, so as to stop the engines. By this time she was turned so as to be looking right across Lady Nyassa, and the wind alone propelling her as if to go over the little vessel. I saw no hope of escape except by catching a rope’s end of the big ship as she passed over us, but by God’s goodness she glided past, and we felt free to breathe. That night it blew a furious gale. The captain offered to lower a boat if I would come to the Ariel, but it would have endangered all in the boat: the waves dashed so hard against the sides of the vessel, it might have been swamped, and my going away would have taken heart out of those that remained. We then passed a terrible night, but the Lady Nyassa did wonderfully well, rising like a little duck over the foaming billows. She took in spray alone, and no green water. The man-of-war’s people expected that she

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

would go down, and it was wonderful to see how well she did when the big man-of-war, only about two hundred feet off, plunged so as to show a large portion of copper on her bottom, then down behind so as to have the sea level with the top of her bulwarks. A boat hung at that level was smashed. If we had gone down we could not have been helped in the least—pitch dark, and wind whistling above; the black folks, ‘ane bocking here, anither there,’ and wanting us to go to the ‘bank.’ On eighteenth the weather moderated, and, the captain repeating his very kind offer, I went on board with a good conscience, and even then the boat got damaged.”

Livingstone’s plan was to sail for Bombay in the *Lady Nyassa* and try to sell it there before returning to England. He would have had no trouble in selling the vessel to the Portuguese for a slaving vessel; but he said he would rather see it go down to the bottom of the sea.

On reaching the mouth of the Zambesi, he had been fortunate in finding the English vessels the *Ariel* and the *Orestes*. They had offered to tow the *Lady Nyassa* and the *Pioneer* to Mosambique. The *Pioneer* was being returned to the government and was taken to the Cape laden with those twice rescued slaves. It was not long after leaving the coast that they had this fearful, storm-tossed experience.

At Zanzibar, Livingstone stopped long enough for necessary repairs. There he had an offer from a man who wished to buy the *Lady Nyassa*, but he would not sell it. The offer was too small, and furthermore, it seemed to him that to sell his vessel, meant to abandon all his hopes. But when his engineer, Mr. Rae, wished to resign, having been offered another position, Livingstone could scarcely see how he was going to reach Bombay. However, he let him go. Then with a crew consisting of four white men including himself, seven native Zambesians who knew nothing of the sea, and

two other African boys, he started out on April 30—Before him lay a twenty-five hundred mile voyage over an ocean which he had never crossed. Then, too, he was told that the breaking of the monsoon occurred at the end of May or the beginning of June. But believing that he could make the voyage in about eighteen days, he hoped to escape the monsoon. Ah, those eighteen days wore on to a month and a half. And such a voyage! On the first day one of his white men became ill. But one of the black men soon learned to take Livingstone's place at the wheel so that he could care for the sick man. Then another fell ill and on account of their illness the vessel could not steam and the sails were of no use. For twenty-five days they were becalmed, and the rest of the time they could make little headway. The effect was so oppressing that Livingstone felt as if he were going to die on the voyage. However, when a breeze did come up and flying fish came on board, Livingstone was as interested as ever in observation.

On May 28 they had a sort of foretaste of the breaking of the monsoon. The wind tore the sails, and the vessel rolled till it almost rolled over. Everything was upset. But before long the sea calmed and the sky brightened. Toward the end of the journey they met with more squalls, and some of the sails of the vessel were torn to ribbons. At last, on June 13, they steered into the harbor of Bombay. In his journal at this time Livingstone wrote, "I mention God's good providence over me, and beg that he may accept my spared life for his service."

A short time was spent in India, for he had a number of friends both among missionaries and government officers. He visited several mission schools and of course could not help but observe their methods. Then he visited the merchants of Bombay who had the East African trade in their hands. These men gave him the hope

that a trade settlement might soon be established north of the region over which the Portuguese claimed control. This thought filled him with new hope.

Chuma and Wikatani, the two boys who had accompanied him were to be left at a mission school in Bombay. Arrangements were also made for the Lady Nyassa to be taken care of. Then, accompanied by John Reid, one of his men, he embarked once more for old England.

Two projects occupied his mind on this journey. The first was to expose the terrible slave trade carried on by the Portuguese in East Africa. The second was to find means for establishing a new settlement at the head of the Rovuma or somewhere beyond the Portuguese lines. After all his discouragements and hardships he was willing to "try again."

On July 23 he was greeted once more by the sights and sounds of old England after nearly eight years absence. This time he spent more than a year in the homeland and received honors on every hand. One day, when going with his daughter, Agnes, to see the launching of a new Turkish frigate in the Clyde, he rode in the same carriage with the Turkish Ambassador. At one of the stations they were showered with cheers from the people. "The cheers are for you," Livingstone said to the Ambassador. "No," said the Turk, "I am only what my master made me; you are what you made yourself." A little later, when the party reached the Queen's Hotel, a working-man rushed across the street and grasping Dr. Livingstone's hand, exclaimed, "I must shake your hand." When the man had gone, the Ambassador said, "You'll not deny now that that's for you."

Many happy hours Livingstone spent with old friends and with his children, his aged mother, and his sisters. Yet he did not forget

the great work to which he had dedicated his life. And several months of his stay were spent in writing his *Zambesi and Its Tributaries*. Then he was called upon to lecture quite often. In one speech he got the Portuguese very much incensed against him because he exposed the work of the slave traders in Africa.

While working on his book he was kindly entertained for eight months at the Newstead Abbey, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Webb. The abbey was a beautiful old mansion which had been the home of Lord Byron, and still contained much of his furniture. Contemplating on the life of Lord Byron, Livingstone was made sad to think that such a brilliant life should have been so horrid. He had even made a drinking cup of a monk's skull.

Two sad events occurred during this, Livingstone's second visit home. One was the death of his aged mother. Once more he was made to feel renewed gratitude for godly parents, as with a sad heart he laid his mother away. She had lived to a good old age—eighty-two.

The other event was the death of his eldest son, Robert. Robert had gone to America and joined the Union Army in behalf of the oppressed slave. His father was grieved at the boy's joining the army, though he was glad to have him doing something for those oppressed blacks for whom he was willing to give his own life. Even in the hottest of the battle the boy purposely avoided taking life. He did not die on the battlefield, but from sickness resulting from exposure. Though grieved deeply at the death of his son, the father was ready to fight on for the same cause in which his boy had fallen.

## Chapter XIV

### A Dead (?) Explorer

Once more back in Africa! None but a brave heart would have attempted it. "I propose to go inland, north of the territory which the Portuguese in Europe claim, and endeavor to commence that system on the East which has been so eminently successful on the West Coast," Livingstone said, "a system combining the repressive efforts of Her Majesty's cruisers with lawful trade and Christian missions." He had accepted the offer of five hundred pounds (\$2,433) each from the English Government and the Geographical Society. Then there were some profits from his book, *The Zambesi and Its Tributaries*, besides an extra thousand pounds from some of his friends. But this was not much for starting out on such an expedition, which might extend over a number of years.

Returning by way of Bombay, he stopped there to dispose of the *Lady Nyassa*. He sold her for twenty-three hundred pounds (\$11,191.80), though she had cost him six thousand (\$29,196). Following the advice of friends, he invested the money in an Indian bank which failed a year or two later. Imagine the disappointment! However, at a lecture on Africa which he gave in Bombay a subscription of nearly a thousand pounds (\$4,866) was taken for him. This money he wished to have the Bombay merchants use in

setting up a trading station in Africa at a place which he himself would choose.

The voyage from Bombay to Zanzibar, Livingstone made in the *Thule*, a steamer which he was to present to the Sultan of Zanzibar in the name of Sir Bartle Frere and the Bombay Government. After twenty-three days of rocking and rolling the vessel arrived at Zanzibar. The Sultan being ill—with a toothache, the steamer was presented through his commodore. Later Livingstone received a letter from the Sultan to the Arab traders with orders for them to assist him in any way possible. This letter proved to be of much service to him. The two months Livingstone spent at Zanzibar waiting for a vessel to take him to the mainland were tiresome. But he saw enough of the dreadful slave traffic to renew his efforts against it.

On the nineteenth of March, Livingstone set sail in the *Penguin* for the mouth of the Rovuma. But they found that the river had so changed its course as to make it inaccessible, and they had to make a landing twenty-five miles north of its mouth. The company now consisted of thirteen Indian sepoy, ten Johanna men (from the Comaro Islands), nine Nassick boys (African lads educated in Nassick, India, by the English Government), two Shupanga men, and two boys of the Waiyau tribe. Some of these men had been with Livingstone on former journeys, and of others we shall hear more later. Two of them, Susi and Chuma, followed their master faithfully to the end of his journeys. Livingstone had also brought with him six camels, three tame buffaloes and a calf, two mules, and four donkeys. He wished to try them out to see if they could withstand the bite of the tsetse-fly. The poor animals all died, but it was difficult to tell whether the tsetse-fly or the cruel treatment of the sepoy had caused their death.

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Starting out again on a journey into the interior of Africa, Livingstone was in high spirits, as though he did not know that a thousand perils awaited him. They had not gone far until the most sickening sights met his eyes. Whole villages had been depopulated and the region was strewn with slave sticks. In some cases the poor slaves were left dying in these yokes. On passing through this same region on a former journey Livingstone had found it fertile and thickly populated; but now it was nearly impossible to find anything to eat. It was all the result of the accursed slave trade.

Inland some distance they came to a splendid district three thousand four hundred feet above sea-level which would have been ideal for a settlement but it took four months to reach it. As they neared Lake Nyassa slave parties became more common. On Aug. 8, 1866, they reached the lake. To Livingstone it seemed like an old friend, and he thanked God as he bathed once more in its refreshing waters.

He had hoped to cross the lake, but the *dhow*s (boats) were in the hands of the slave traders, who refused him passage. He found, too, that on account of the cruelties of the slave traders the people had become so fierce that it would be unsafe to travel among them. So he had to go around the southern end of the lake. Here he lived over again some of his bitterest griefs. He wrote: "Many hopes have been disappointed here. Far down on the right bank of the Zambesi lies the dust of her whose death changed all my future prospects; and now, instead of a check being given to the slave trade by lawful commerce on the lake, *slave dhow*s prosper!"

Livingstone spent some time at the lake making observations. Then resuming the painful march he turned his face toward Lake Tanganyika where he believed he would find an outlet to the coast more practicable than any he had yet found. Going on through the

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

country of the hostile Mazitu, he found all sorts of difficulties awaiting him. Famine was on every hand. No guides could be procured. And then sometimes his own interpreters changed the meaning of his words so much that he often found himself in serious difficulties with the chiefs. Yet Livingstone never let his men forget that he was a Christian. Every Sunday was a day of rest unless starvation forced them to march on and even then religious services were held when they made camp. Besides, he was always willing to go out of his way to care for the sick or to do whatever good he could do.

Before leaving the Waiyau country, Wikatani, a Waiyau lad, met his brother and found that he had other relatives living nearby. He wanted to return to them, and Livingstone gave his permission. Livingstone had been accused of freeing slaves only to make them his own, and now he had opportunity to disprove the charge.

It was not long before he lost his Johanna men also. Frightened at a report concerning the Mazitu, they left their loads on the ground and returned to Zanzibar. Then to avoid losing their pay they manufactured a report that Livingstone and all the rest of the party had been cruelly murdered and only they had escaped. They had fled into the thick jungle and had afterward returned to bury their master. So many details did they give and so firmly did they hold to their story that it was actually believed. And soon the newspapers in England were publishing the obituary of Livingstone. However, some of Dr. Livingstone's friends in England did not believe the story.

In spite of his reported death Livingstone was patiently trudging westward. He did not know that an English expedition had been sent out in search of him. In fact, the men did not find him, but they went

far enough to learn that there was no truth to the Johanna men's story.

It was almost necessary now to hire porters. But when porters could not be obtained two men were left to guard the extra loads while the others went on and returned again for the baggage. At this time Livingstone was often haunted by dreams of food, only to awake and finding none to suffer terrible pangs of hunger. "The people have nothing to sell but a little millet porridge and mushrooms," he wrote to his son. In the same letter he mentioned the death of his brave little poodle. In crossing a wide swamp waist deep the men had forgotten the dog and he had been drowned.

A little glimpse into Livingstone's inner life is caught in his entry in his journal for Jan. 1, 1867: "May He who was full of grace and truth impress his character on mine! Grace, eagerness to show favor, truthfulness, sincerity, honor—for his mercy's sake!"

On March 28, he reached the ridge which overlooks Tanganyika, too ill to go farther. And he had lost his medicine chest, upon which he had depended so much in this fever haunted country. A carrier whom he had hired for a day had slyly added it to his load and had disappeared, probably thinking that he had found something valuable, though it could not be of any use to him.

Five days after his arrival at the ridge, Doctor Livingstone crawled to the top of it and rejoiced at the beautiful sight. There, two thousand feet below him lay the peaceful, shining waters of the lake, surrounded with red clay bluffs and green trees. Here Livingstone's letter from the Sultan proved a blessing, gaining for him the warm friendship of an Arab trader by whom he sent some letters to the coast.

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

For six weeks Livingstone remained at the lake trying to regain his strength. During that time he became delirious and some of his boys seeing his condition hung a blanket over the entrance of his hut so that no stranger might see his helplessness.

As soon as he was able he resumed his journey westward toward Lake Moero, passing through the country of Chitimba, where he was delayed for three months and a half on account of the disturbed condition of the country. So it was not till the eighth of November, 1867, that he reached Lake Moero.

Weary with traveling for two years without one word from home, Livingstone felt now that he must go to Ujiji for letters and supplies. He accompanied the Arab traders to Casembe's village. Casembe, he found to be a fierce chief who punished his people for trivial offenses by cutting off their ears or their hands. However, Livingstone gained some influence with this cruel chief. But now the Arabs and another native chief became involved in a quarrel and Livingstone was delayed for three and a half months awaiting their peacemaking ceremonies. He occupied the time with writing letters, making observations, and reading Smith's Bible Dictionary.

His journal for 1867 ends by telling of his weakness and lack of food. He had not yet gone to Ujiji, but had heard reports that made him eager to see Lake Bangweolo. And as circumstances favored his going to the lake, he postponed the trip to Ujiji. At this all but five of his men rebelled. But he treated them so kindly that on his return from the lake they again offered their services. He reached the lake on July 18 and hired some of the natives to row him over to the islands. The natives crowded around him in wonder. They had never before seen such a curiosity as a white man.

Livingstone was still bent on discovering the real source of Africa's great rivers—the Nile, the Congo, and the Zambesi. And at

this time he thought he had found it in the sponges that feed Lake Bangweolo.

Another long delay kept him at the lake, but at last, on Dec. 11, 1868, he started out in company with a slave party bound for Ujiji. New Year's Day, 1869, found him ill again, and for ten weeks he suffered great pain. He was carried on in a sort of litter. But without proper food or care he grew worse. He became so ill that he lost count of the days of the week and month. His earnest prayer was that he might reach Ujiji, where he felt sure letters and supplies awaited him. On February 26 he embarked in a canoe on Lake Tanganyika, and on March 14 he actually reached Ujiji. But what was his disappointment to find nothing but a few fragments of his goods. His letters, medicines, and many other things had been left at Unyanyembe, thirteen days distant. And as a war was raging on the way, the goods could not be sent for yet. The goods that had reached Ujiji had been so plundered by the Arabs that Livingstone decided to prevent, if possible, another such robbery. He wrote a letter to the Sultan of Zanzibar thanking him for the benefits he had received through his letter and complaining about the robbery of his goods. Then he asked for the Sultan's assistance in preventing the plundering of a new shipment of goods which he had ordered and asked also that some good porters be selected for him. Who wouldn't object to having his necessary supplies traded off by a Mohammedan for a wife?

## Chapter XV

### Fallen Among Thieves

“The object of my expedition,” Livingstone wrote to his son Thomas, “is the discovery of the sources of the Nile. Had I known all the hardships, toil, and time involved . . . I should have let the sources ‘rin by’ to Egypt, and never have been made ‘drumly’ by splashing through them. But I shall make this country and the people better known . . . By different agencies the great Ruler is bringing all things into a focus . . . The day for Africa is yet to come.”

And so he set out for Manuema, a region northwest of Lake Tanganyika. There he expected to examine the river Lualaba and determine the direction of its flow. This would settle the question of the watershed, and in four or five months, if he could get guides and canoes, his task would be completed. He had spent four months in Ujiji, and before he left he dispatched forty-two letters, but not one of them ever reached Zanzibar. The Arabs were afraid they would be reported. “Do people die with you?” asked two young men who met Livingstone at Bambarre, in Manuema. “Have you no charm against death? Where do people go after death?” Then he told of the great Father and of how he answers the prayers of his children.

After being detained again for about two months by fever, Livingstone pushed on, admiring the beautiful country, where

“Palms crown the highest heights of the mountains, and their gracefully bended fronds wave beautifully in the wind; and the forests, usually about five miles broad, between groups of villages, are indescribable.” His desire now was to find the place where the two arms of the Lualaba River unite, and then to return to Ujiji for his supply, of goods.

The beginning of 1870 found him ill with fever, but still pressing on toward the river, with the prayer, “May the Almighty help me to finish the work in hand, and retire through the Basango before the year is out!” But he was so ill and weak that he had to stay at Katomba’s camp from February to June. Then with only three attendants, Susi, Chuma, and Gardner, he set out. One day they crossed fourteen streams, some of them thigh deep, which made his feet sore. And finally, to his disappointment he learned that the Lualaba was not where he had expected to find it. It flowed away to the southwest in a great bend. So now with only three companions and with his feet eaten with great ulcers he had to limp back to Bambarre. There for eighty days he lay in his hut suffering from fever and from the terrible ulcers. But still he made the best of his time, gaining all the information he could from natives and traders who visited the village, reading the Bible and praying, and telling the benighted people the story of Jesus. “I read the Bible through four times while in Manyuema,” he wrote some time later.

On the tenth of October he was able to leave his hut. But news of a caravan on the way from the coast induced him to wait. They would probably bring him news from home. And what could be more cheering to a man who had been so many years in the heart of Africa with never a word of news from home and never the sight of a fellow countryman—no wife nor child nor brother to cheer him with words of sympathy or even with a smile? “I am in agony for

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

news from home,” he wrote. But the delay was so long and he was so eager to finish his work that he could hardly wait.

Toward the end of January the caravan arrived, but his goods and letters had been left at Ujiji. A week later he heard that more of the men were coming. But when they did come they brought only one of the forty dispatches that had been sent. The rest had been destroyed or lost. The men who brought them were the carriers that Livingstone had ordered. But he had asked for honest freemen and these were Mohammedans and terrible liars. Their two head men had remained in Ujiji, where they were making away with Livingstone’s goods. The men swore that they had been sent by Doctor Kirk to bring Livingstone back. They would go not one step forward. Livingstone found out afterward that this was only a plan to get extra pay.

Finally they moved on. Passing through one beautiful little village, Livingstone longed to stop, there to rest, but the people did not want him. There was only one person, a woman with a leprosy hand, who let him have her hut—a nice, clean one—just in time to escape a heavy rain. Then seeing he was weak from hunger, she quickly prepared some food and brought it to him, urging him to eat it. Though he saw her leprosy he had not the heart to refuse the food, so grateful was he to have someone show him kindness.

At last, on March 29, they reached Nyangwe, on the banks of the Lualaba. This was the farthest point west he reached on this expedition. The slave trade in this region was sickening, and Livingstone himself was threatened and almost attacked by the natives. But even there it soon became known that he was not a slave trader, and he was called by some “the good one.” However, because of the false reports made by the Arab traders he was unable to get boats. “He does not wish slaves or ivory,” they said, “but a canoe in

order to murder the Manyuema.” Day after day he was promised canoes, only to be disappointed, while the traders got all they wanted.

The world owes much to Livingstone’s minute care in entering in his journal all the details of his journeys. But now both his ink and his paper were gone. Must he stop? No. On an old newspaper made into a book he wrote with red ink made from the juice of berries.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of Nyangwe is its market. Every fourth day the women came to the market with their wares. And when the market is opened “everyone is there in dead earnest; little time is lost in friendly greetings.” Other villages had similar markets. It was on a sultry morning in July that Livingstone happened to be in one of Kimbura’s villages in time to witness one of the most terrible scenes ever recorded. Two Arab traders had entered the market accompanied by three attendants with their guns. Soon they were engaged in a quarrel with some of the natives. Other traders followed them. One shot followed another, and soon a volley was poured into the midst of the market. The panic stricken women fled to the creek. Some had canoes; others swam. And the creek became so crowded that they could scarcely move. A long line of heads was seen in the water—people striking out for an island a mile distant. But shot after shot continued to be fired and some of the heads disappeared. When the affair was over the Arabs themselves estimated that between three and four hundred people had been killed. And not satisfied, the murderers went on to other villages, burning them and killing the inhabitants. When the poor natives of Kimbura’s villages returned, they crowded around Livingstone begging him to stay with them. Though they themselves were

cannibals, they could not help but love the one man they knew who showed kindness.

Before this terrible massacre Livingstone had planned to go up the Lomame to Katanga and then return to Ujiji in company with Dugumbe and the rest of the traders. But now he could not think of going with them. The Banian men who had been sent him were almost worthless to him. And the only thing left for him to do was to return to Ujiji to try to get better carriers. He was very thankful afterward that he had not gone with Dugumbe, for his party had been attacked and two hundred of them killed. God's hand was still over his servant.

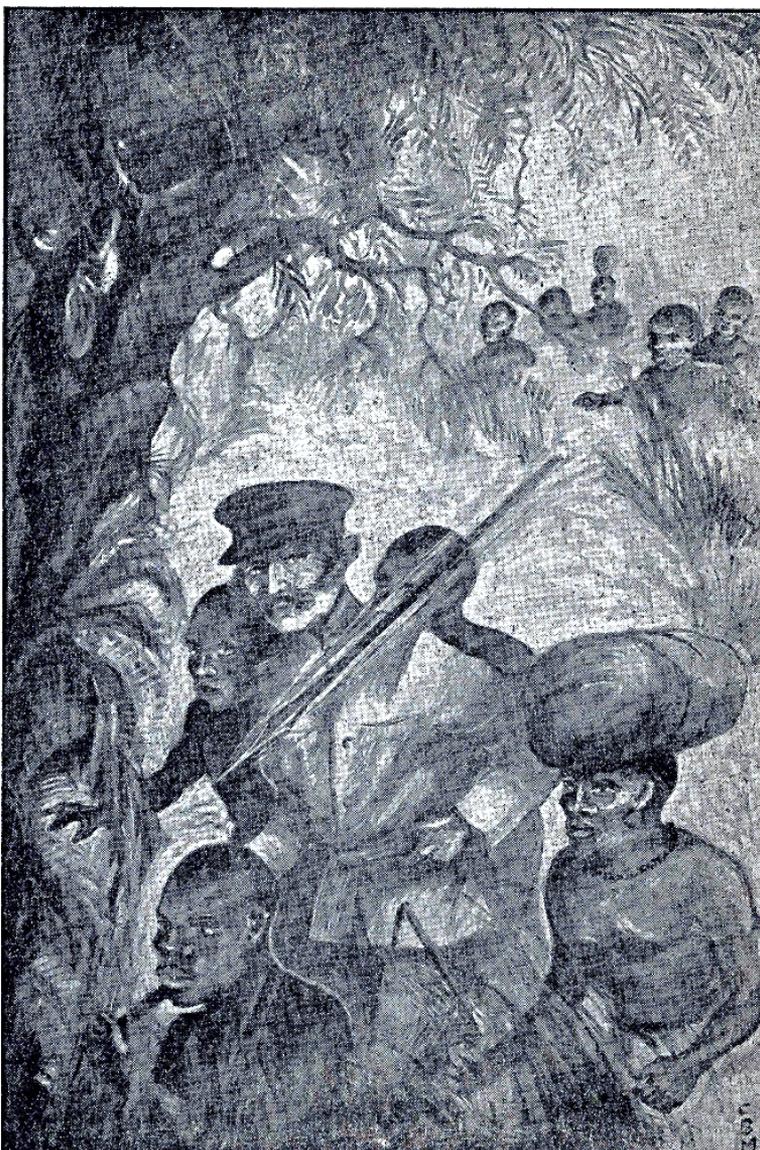
On the journey back to Ujiji, Livingstone could scarcely get any food from the natives, for he could not persuade them that he did not belong to the same set as those murderers. Ambushes were set for him and one day a spear from the hand of a native only ten yards behind him just grazed his neck. He knew that the hand of God alone had saved him. The same day another spear missed him by a foot, and a large tree which had been set fire to, fell within three feet of him. On he went through the forest ready to meet whatever dangers awaited him. Before long he lost all his remaining calico, his chief article of currency. Then he became so ill that he could hardly walk. But he was nearing Ujiji. There, he felt sure, plenty of goods and comforts awaited him. So he kept up spirits.

At last, on the twenty-third of October, starving, feeble, and with bleeding feet, he tottered into Ujiji. But of all bitter disappointments—not a single yard of calico out of the three thousand and not a string of beads out of seven hundred pounds remained for him. The trader to whom they had been consigned had divined by the Koran that Livingstone was dead and would not need them. He compared himself to the traveler in the Bible story who

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

had fallen among thieves, only he was worse off; for where was the good Samaritan? Had he only known it, there was one coming to him as fast as he could. First, a friendly Arab offered to help him. But remembering that he had a little of the old goods there yet Livingstone declined the offer.

And then came the greatest surprize—Susi running toward him at top speed gasped out, “An Englishman! I see him.” Then he darted off to meet him.



*“A spear from the hand of a native only ten yards behind him just grazed his neck.”*

## Chapter XVI

### The Good Samaritan

It was not an Englishman, but instead, an American—Henry M. Stanley—who had come to find Livingstone. As he approached he was surprised to hear one voice after another saluting him in English. It was the greetings of Livingstone’s faithful servants, Susi and Chuma. Then behind them came one whom, though he had never seen him, he knew to be David Livingstone.

“As I advanced slowly toward him,” says Stanley, “I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a gray beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band around it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he, being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately up to him, took off my hat, and said, ‘Dr. Livingstone, I presume?’—‘Yes,’ said he with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly. I replaced my hat on my head and he put on his cap, and we both grasped hands, and then I say aloud, ‘I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you.’ He answered, ‘I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.’ ”

Then they sat down and talked. Mr. Stanley told Dr. Livingstone how he had received a message from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, to “come to Paris on important business.” “Where do you think Livingstone is?” Mr. Bennett had asked.

Mr. Stanley did not even know whether he was alive.

“I think he is alive,” Bennett answered, “and that he may be found, and I am going to send you to find him.” Mr. Bennett had determined that cost what it might he would find Livingstone and give the news to his readers.

The meeting of Livingstone and Stanley at Ujiji was as much a miracle as were many of the other events of Livingstone’s life, and he regarded it as nothing less than the guiding hand of God. With all his money and luxurious equipment, Stanley had had his difficulties in travel, too. He had no reason to expect to find Livingstone at Ujiji, but he had hoped to learn something there as to his whereabouts. When he had reached Unyanyembe, about half way to Ujiji his worst troubles had begun. There for two weeks he was out of his senses with fever. Then the Arabs were at war with a chief, Mirambo, and Stanley, hoping to bring about peace, sided in with the Arabs. However, they were defeated, and the Arabs fled, leaving Stanley, who was still ill, at the mercy of their enemies. He escaped with his life, but resolved never to interfere in their brawls again.

Early in his journey Stanley had met a man who said, “I saw the musungu [white man], who came up from the Nyassa a long time ago, at Ujiji last year. He lived in the next tembe to me. He has a long white mustache and beard. He was then about going to Marungu and Uniema.” A little later another man told him he had seen Livingstone. These reports, of course, had made Stanley hopeful that he would soon find the one he was seeking. But many

difficulties and dangers awaited him first. His men were constantly giving him trouble. One night just as Stanley was about to fall asleep a bullet tore through his tent only a few inches above his body. Stanley rushed out of his tent, revolver in hand, to find who had done the shooting. Every evidence pointed to Shaw, a man with whom he had recently had trouble. The man pleaded that he had dreamed of robbers and had fired the shot in his sleep. Stanley was sure that it was an attempt to murder him; so he thanked God for sparing his life. At about the same time Livingstone's life was being endangered from the plot of his slaves. Surely the kind hand of God was over them both protecting them till they might meet.

Stanley was nearing Ujiji when he met another caravan. He asked for news and was told that a white man had just arrived at Ujiji from Manyema. Stanley questioned the leader further. Yes, the description was the same as others he had heard of Livingstone.

“Indeed! and is he stopping at Ujiji now?” he asked. “And do you think he will stop there until we see him?”

“Don't know,” was the answer. Stanley quickened his speed, hoping that he might not be disappointed. And he was not.

But this was not all Stanley had to tell Livingstone. There was news from the outside world. “The news,” says Dr. Livingstone, “he had to tell to one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made my whole frame thrill. The terrible fate that had befallen France, the telegraphic cables successfully laid in the Atlantic, the election of General Grant, the death of good Lord Clarendon, my constant friend; the proof that Her Majesty's Government had not forgotten me in voting 1,000 pounds for supplies, and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had lain dormant in Manyema.”

Stanley was charmed with the grand old man whom Providence had permitted him to find. Let us hear the report in his own words: "I found myself gazing at him, conning the wonderful man at whose side I now sat in Central Africa. Every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, and the slightly wearied look he bore, were all imparting intelligence to me—the knowledge I craved for so much ever since I heard the words, 'Take what you want, but find Livingstone.'

"O reader, had you been at my side on this day in Ujiji, how eloquently could be told the nature of this man's work! . . . His lips gave me the details; lips that never lie. I cannot repeat what he said; I was too much engrossed to take my notebook out, and begin to stenograph his story. He had so much to say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious of the fact that five or six years had to be accounted for."

In a further description of him, Stanley says: "I defy anyone to be in his society long without thoroughly fathoming him, for in him there is no guile, and what is apparent on the surface is the thing that is in him . . . Dr. Livingstone is about sixty years old, though after he was restored to health he looked like a man who had not passed his fiftieth year. His hair has a brownish color yet, but is here and there streaked with gray lines over the temples; his beard and mustaches are very gray . . . His dress, when first I saw him, exhibited traces of patching and repairing, but was scrupulously clean . . .

"His religion is not of the theoretical kind, but is a constant, earnest, sincere practice . . . In him religion exhibits its loveliest features; it governs his conduct not only toward his servants but toward the natives, the bigoted Mohammedans, and all who come in contact with him."

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Before going to Africa, Mr. Stanley was a mere gentleman of the world. Livingstone did not talk religion to him. But his life and the atmosphere he shed about him were such that Stanley was won for Christ there in the heart of Africa.

Mr. Stanley's kindness brought tears to the eyes of the Doctor. Instead of two scanty meals a day, he was eating four meals. And the dainty dishes cooked by the American coaxed his appetite so that he was gaining in flesh and in strength.

Livingstone did not know until Stanley told him what an interest scientific men were taking in his theories concerning the sources of the Nile. Especially did the interest of his old friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, spur him on to face any hardships in order to finish his task. So a thorough exploration of Lake Tanganyika was made at Stanley's expense. The result was the knowledge that the lake had no visible connection with the Nile system.

Other duties now called Stanly home—He had come to bring back Doctor Livingstone. But now it was for Livingstone to make the decision. Should he return with Stanley to recuperate his strength, look after his children, and make further preparation to return and finish his task? Or should he remain in Africa till that task was done? No one would have blamed him had he returned at this time; and his tender heart ties bade him to do it. But a stronger call, the call of duty, urged him to stay. And he obeyed. What greater sacrifice could he have made, after all he had endured in Africa?

The plan was that Livingstone should accompany Stanley as far as Unyanyembe, where a quantity of Livingstone's stores had been left. Had it not been for Stanley, Livingstone would probably not even have received the letters that had been sent to him. The bag of letters had been nearly a year on the way already when Stanley had found it lying at Unyanyembe. He had compelled the carrier to go

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

on with him to Ujiji. But the other goods he was not able to bring. However, he shared with him his clothes, his medicines, and whatever else he needed.

On account of an attack of fever which Stanley had at Ujiji they were not able to leave until about the last of December, 1871. Livingstone's New Year prayer for 1872 was, "May the Almighty help me to finish my work this year."

The country they crossed on the way to Unyanyembe was beautiful, "like an English gentleman's park." With flags unfurled and guns firing triumphantly, they entered the town on February 18. Proudly the young leader of the Herald expedition welcomed Doctor Livingstone to his house. But again Livingstone's goods had been broken into, scattered, and stolen. Stanley's goods, however, were safe and he forced upon his friend a goodly store of them—"thirty-eight coils of brass wire, fourteen and a half bags of beads, twelve copper sheets, a strong canvas tent, boat trousers, nine loads of calico, a bath, cooking pots, a medicine chest, a good lot of tools, tacks, screw nails, copper nails, books, medicines, paper, tar, many cartridges, and some shot."

One package of his own that awaited him Livingstone appreciated greatly. It contained four flannel shirts from his daughter, Agnes, and two pairs of English boots from his friend, Mr. Waller.

The next month Livingstone spent in writing—twenty-nine letters, besides his journals. These he committed to Mr. Stanley, the journal sealed with five seals. Then came the sad day of parting—sad indeed to Livingstone at the thought of facing many long, weary months alone in the heart of Africa where wild beasts, fever, and treacherous men fought for his life; but sad too to Stanley who in

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

spite of the fever and perils he had met in Africa was loath to leave the man who had so completely won his heart.

On March 14, they had their last breakfast together. Neither of them ate much. They found something to do which kept them longer together. About eight o'clock they started, walking sadly side by side, while the men sang as they swung along. Finally Stanley begged his friend to return.

Livingstone's parting words were: "You have done what few men could do, far better than some great travelers I know. And I am grateful to you for what you have done for me. God guide you safe home, and bless you, my friend."

"And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend," said Stanley with deep feeling. For many months afterwards, he says, his eyes filled with tears at the thought of that parting. "I am a man of a quick temper," he says, "and often without sufficient cause, I dare say, have broken the ties of friendship; but with Livingstone I never had cause for resentment, but each day's life with him added to my admiration for him."

The loneliness of Livingstone in returning to that house in Unyanyembe without his friend would be hard to describe. And he was doomed to wait five months for the force of picked men whom Stanley had promised to send him.

## Chapter XVII

### Alone On His Knees

When the fifty-seven men marched into the town, Livingstone's heart was made glad. These were men worth waiting for. Several of them, including John and Jacob Wainwright, were native Christians educated at Nassick. With one exception they were all docile, courageous, and persevering. Livingstone said of them that they behaved as well as the Makololo, the men who had accompanied him on his trip to the western coast.

Livingstone's plan was to go south by Ufipa, thence around the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, cross the Chambeze, and finally reach the southern shore of Lake Bangweolo. Then he would travel northwest to explore the underground caverns of which he had heard, and on up to Lake Lincoln. "There I hope devoutly," he wrote to his daughter, "to thank the Lord of all, and turn my face along Lake Kamolondo, and over Lualaba, Tanganyika, Ujiji, and home.

But there was war in Fipa, and to avoid it they went a long way around, reaching Tanganyika at a point where the mountains were so precipitous that even the donkeys could not climb them and had to be dragged up. Livingstone was ill when they started out, and this rugged climb over the hot rocks with little water to drink completely prostrated him. Milk was the only food he could take. But it was

almost impossible to drag the cows over these terrible rocks, and the box of condensed milk he had expected to have had been left behind.

At last the rain came, and the men welcomed it with delight. But before long they had more water than they wanted. There were numerous flooded streams to ford and bogs to wade. Then there were the trials of false guides and a scarcity of food. Often he was almost too ill to make entries in his journal. Yet whenever the weather would permit he took observations and entered them. One night a mass of furious ants attacked him, driving him in despair from his tent.

Livingstone's last Christmas came in the midst of the trials of this journey. An ox was killed to furnish a Christmas feast for the men. And the good Doctor thanked God reverently for the gift of his Son, Jesus Christ.

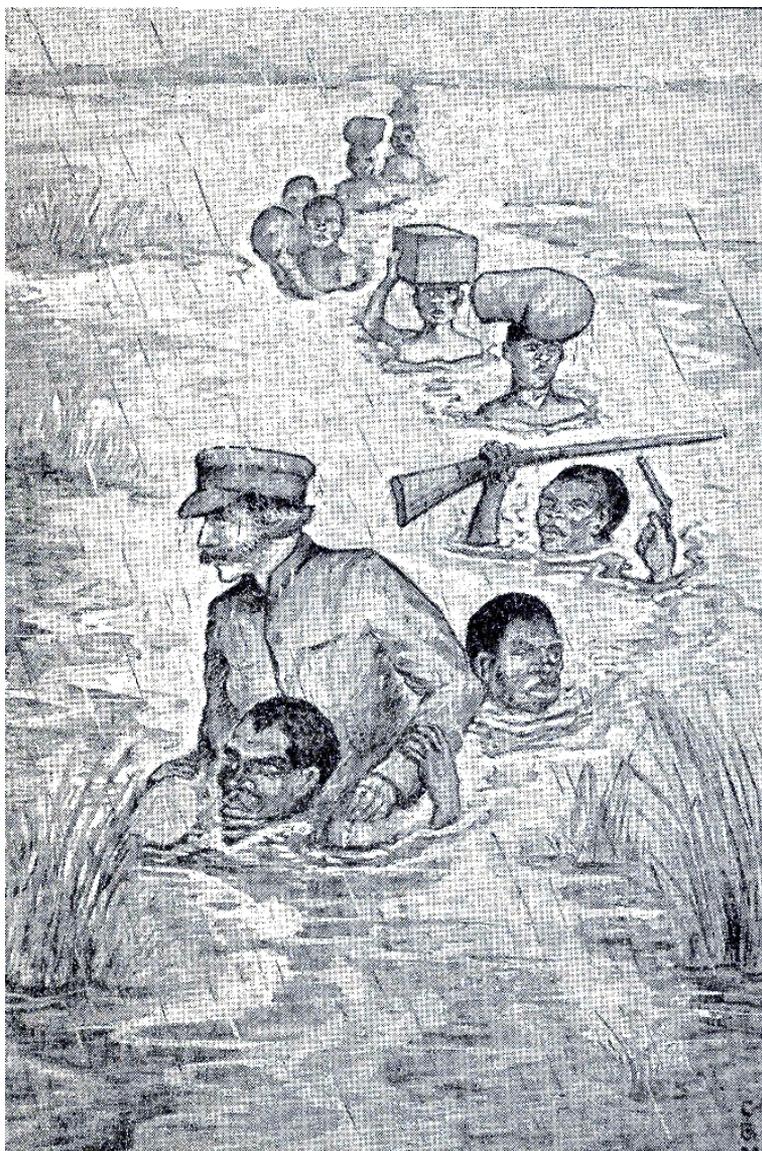
In the second week of January they came near Lake Bangweolo. There the rains were incessant and the sponges and swollen streams increased. Yet Livingstone could not help but notice the beautiful flowers with which the country abounded. There were orchids, clematis, gladiolus, marigolds, and many flowers of which we have never heard. And I wonder if this godly man did not think of them as little messengers from heaven?

Livingstone was now no longer able to wade through the bogs and streams and he had to be carried upon the shoulders of his men. One stream which they thus crossed was nearly a quarter of a mile wide and came up to Susi's mouth. Yet that faithful servant gently carried his sick master, while men behind carried his pistols and rifle, holding them high above the water. Others, of course, had their loads of baggage. Fifty yards was about as far as Susi could carry

his master. Then he was lifted onto another pair of strong shoulders, and another and another until, after an hour and a half they were all safely, across. But the rain was pouring incessantly, and he was drenched to the skin.

To add to his difficulties, the natives of this district were distrustful and were constantly giving the wrong directions. And since it was too cloudy to take observations, he was uncertain where he was. As they neared Lake Bangweolo, the streams became deeper. And the natives were so fearful of the strangers that they hid their canoes. So Livingstone and his men often had to go up a river for several miles to find a shallow place to cross and then come down again on the other side. For two months they were thus wandering in and out among the swollen streams, while Livingstone was growing weaker and weaker. At last they reached the lake but could get no canoes. Then they came to the village of Matipa, a powerful chief, who had plenty of large canoes. He promised the use of them; but kept Livingstone waiting day after day. At last he furnished canoes, and they explored the lake in the pouring rain. The night was spent on a small island with an upturned canoe for shelter. "Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair," he wrote the next morning. "I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward."

His last letters showed that he was more determined than ever to banish the accursed slave trade. To his daughter Agnes he wrote: "No one can estimate the amount of God pleasing good that will be done, if, by Divine favor, 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."



*“One stream came up to Susi’s mouth.”*

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

To his brother in Canada he said: "If the good Lord permits me to put a stop to the enormous evils of the inland slave trade, I shall not grudge my hunger and toils. I shall bless his name with all my heart. The Nile sources are valuable to me only 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 poor little helping hand in the enormous revolution that in his all embracing providence he has been carrying on for ages, and is now actually helping forward. Men may think I covet fame, but I make it a rule never to read aught written in my praise."

After several days they reached the southern bank of the Chambeze and sent back the canoes. Then they made a pad for the back of the donkey that Livingstone might ride on it. But he was too weak. In a short time he fainted and fell to the ground, and Susi and Chuma carried him back to the village. The next day they made him a litter of wood and grass, covered with a blanket. This they carried by turns over the flooded plains to the next village. For the next four days they traveled only an hour and a half a day, he was so weak. Unable to write in his journal more than the dates, he was careful to record them lest the record of time should be lost. On April 27, he wrote that he had sent to buy milk goats so that he might have some food which he could safely take. But after scouring the country for two days, the men returned unable to find the goats.

On April 29, unable to walk from his bed to the door, he requested Susi to take down the side of the hut, that the kitanda (or litter) might be brought to his bedside. Thus he began the last day of his journey. When they reached a stream they laid him gently under a tree till the men had crossed. Then Chuma came after him. The canoe was too small to carry him in the kitanda, and he could not bear to have a hand put under his back to lift him. So by having

Chuma stoop low he was able to lift himself onto the servant's back and thus be carried to the canoe and laid carefully in it. The last mile of the journey, after crossing the stream he begged several times to be laid down. He felt too weak to be carried farther. But they soon reached Chitambo's village, whither Susi had run beforehand to build a hut. It was not quite ready; so he was laid under the broad eaves of a native's hut to shelter him from the drizzling rain.

When he was taken into his hut a rude bed was made and raised from the floor with sticks and covered with grass. A box served as a table, and a fire was kept burning outside. Thus they made him as comfortable as possible that night. The next day he was too weak to see Chitambo, but he hoped to receive him the following day. Toward evening he asked Susi to bring him his watch and help him wind it. He asked a few scattered questions about the country, especially about the Luapula, and sighed when he was told that it was yet three days off.

Night came on, and the watchers sat around the fire. Shortly before midnight Dr. Livingstone called Susi and asked that his medicine and a little water might be placed near his bed. Then feebly he said, "All right; you can go out now." These were the last words he spoke to man. But who can tell with what words he committed to the Father his soul, his life's labors, and the welfare of Africa—his own dear Africa—with all her woes and sins and wrongs? For at four in the morning the boy who lay at the door called in alarm to Susi. Susi and five others followed him to the hut. Doctor Livingstone was not in bed. He was on his knees by the bed with his face buried in his pillow.

"Do not disturb him," said Chuma. "He is praying."

"But he has been there so long, I fear he is dead," the boy answered. They brought the candle and came nearer. His breath was

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

gone. His face and hands were cold. Gently his sad hearted servants lifted him and laid him on the bed. Then they went outside to consult together. It was near the dawn of May 1, 1873. Alone on his knees in the heart of Africa he had finished his work—had resigned it to God.

## Chapter XVIII

### The Last Journey

“What shall we do?” asked Chuma and Susi, when they had called the men all together.

“You are old men in traveling and in hardships; you must act as our chief, and we will promise to obey whatever you order us to do,” they answered. So from that moment Chuma and Susi were looked upon as captains. The first task was to examine the contents of the master’s boxes and take an inventory of them. This was done by Jacob Wainwright.

The master’s body, they agreed, should be taken back to England for burial. There were many difficulties, they knew. They would not dare let it be known to the natives that they were carrying a corpse through their country, for these people believed that the spirits of the dead haunted them to do them mischief. Even Chitambo must not be told, for he would inflict upon them such a heavy fine for damages that they would not be able to reach the coast. Chuma set off to see Chitambo to ask if they might build a place outside the village. They did not like living among the huts, he said. Chitambo willingly gave his consent. Their purpose was to take the body some distance away to prepare for the journey.

But a little later in the day two men who were sent to buy food let the secret out, and it was soon told to Chitambo. "Why did you not tell me the truth?" he asked Chuma. "I know that your master died last night. You were afraid to let me know, but do not fear any longer." When they told him of their plans to take the body back to England he tried to persuade them to bury it at his village, but they would not listen. However, with Susi's consent, Chitambo and his people carried out the regular, elaborate mourning service. Chitambo himself appeared in a broad red cloth which covered his shoulders. Two drummers joined in the loud wailing, while a band of servants fired volley after volley into the air. After that the preparation of the corpse began. A new hut had been built, open to the sky. After removing and burying the heart and other viscera they dried the body in the sun in this open hut for fourteen days. Then it was wrapped first in calico and then in a large piece of bark from the Myonga tree. Over this was sewed a large piece of sail-cloth, and the package was fastened securely to a pole so that it could be carried by two men.

The body was to be buried in England, but Africa claimed his heart. It had been buried under the mvula tree under which the body had been prepared. And there on the side of the tree Jacob Wainwright carved an inscription. Then they asked Chitambo to keep the grass cleared away and to protect the two posts and the cross-piece which they had set up to mark the spot.

And now the homeward march was begun. For nine months these faithful servants guarded their precious burden. For a month of that time many of the men were sick from exposure. For days they marched through swamps and water, where the only places for encampment they could find were on the great ant-hills. Everywhere the news of their loss had gone before them, sometimes causing the

people to pity them, but more often causing the natives to take advantage.

They arrived at last at Unyanyembe and laid their precious burden in the tembe where Livingstone had waited for them two years before. There they met an expedition under Lieutenant Cameron, who had started out in search of Livingstone. Chuma had heard of them on the way and was disappointed not to find Oswell Livingstone, who had been one of the company, but had returned with Stanley.

So far, not one article of Livingstone's property had been lost. The worst of the journey was now over, and they consented to Lieutenant Cameron's taking charge of the expedition. Yet, when he tried to persuade them to bury the body there, they positively refused. They could not prevent him, though, from opening the boxes and taking for his own use the instruments with which Livingstone had made his observations in the past seven years.

Cameron's fears of the Ugogo were not groundless. At one place the people tried to rob them of their burden, but the men wisely resorted to stratagem. Secretly they unwrapped the body and wrapped it again in such form that it looked like an ordinary bale of merchandise. Then they made a fagot of mapira stalks cut into lengths of about six feet and wrapped it in cloth to imitate a dead body ready for burial. This was borne by six trusty men back toward Unyanyembe, as if they had changed their minds and were sending it back there for burial. Safe from detection in the jungle at nightfall, the bearers began to dispose of their burden a stick at a time, then the wrappings, until everything was well scattered. Then they made their way back through the darkness by different paths and at last overtook the company. After that they marched safely on, no one suspecting that they still bore the body of their beloved master.

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

In February, 1874, they reached the coast, and soon a cruiser bore the remains to Zanzibar, whence they were shipped to England. Would that those faithful servants might have been rewarded or honored in some way during their lifetime! They had proved to the world Africa's gratitude to the man who had loved her and laid down his life for her. And it remained for the civilized world to finish the great task. Already before Livingstone's death two expeditions had been sent out for the definite purpose of suppressing that awful traffic in human beings. And what of the work done since that day? Who knows but that that great soul looks down from his abode of peace and with joy sees a redeemed host in that Dark Continent praising the God of heaven? The work begun by him has been carried on by other noble men. But still Africa is the Dark Continent. It has been said that Livingstone did more for Africa than any other man has done. His labors added a million square miles to the map of the known world and left in that great region a few Christians. What of the millions more for whom he opened to us the door of opportunity? Young reader, Africa lies before you in gross darkness. Are you not as brave as Livingstone? Can you not trust the same God to lead you in his footsteps to bear the light to those souls?

To Jacob Wainwright was granted the honor of accompanying his master's body to England. Mr. Thomas Livingstone, who was then the eldest living son of the Doctor, was in Egypt and was taken on board at Alexandria. There had been some doubts in the minds of Englishmen as to whether this was really the body of Livingstone. So when the ship reached Southampton the body was turned over to the Geographical Society. The features were changed beyond recognition but the arm which had been crushed by the lion and had never healed proved his identity beyond a doubt.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

On Apr. 18, 1874, the body which had traveled so many thousands of miles over land and sea was lovingly committed to its last resting place in Westminster Abbey. Of the eight pall-bearers, all faithful friends of the Doctor, the two whom we know best are Mr. Stanley and Jacob Wainwright. And there amid the kings and great men of the earth was laid the factory boy who became a great missionary. On the black slab which marks his resting place are inscribed these words:

BROUGHT BY FAITHFUL HANDS

OVER LAND AND SEA

HERE LIES

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

*Missionary, Traveler, Philanthropist,*

Born March 19, 1813

At Blantyre, Lanarkshire

Died May 4, 1873

At Chitambo's Village, Ilala.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

But in more enduring characters is his record written in the world's history and in the hearts of men.

“Droop half-mast colors, bow, bareheaded crowds.

As this plain coffin o'er the side is slung,  
To pass by woods of masts and ratlined shrouds.  
As erst by Afric's trunks, liana-hung.

“Tis the last mile of many thousands trod  
With failing strength but never failing will,  
By the worn frame, now at its rest with God,  
That never rested from its fight with ill.

“Or if the ache of travel and of toil  
Would sometimes wring a short, sharp cry of pain  
From agony of fever, blain, and boil,  
T'was but to crush it down and on again!

“He knew not that the trumpet he had blown  
Out of the darkness of that dismal land,  
Had reached and roused an army of its own  
To strike the chains from the slave's fettered hand.

“Now we believe, he knows, sees all is well;  
How God had stayed his will and shaped his way,  
To bring the light to those that darkling dwell  
With gains that life's devotion well repay.

“Open the Abbey doors and bear him in  
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage.  
The missionary come of weaver-kin.  
But great by works that brooks no lower wage.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

“He needs no epitaph to guard a name  
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known;  
He lived and died for good—be that his fame:  
Let marble crumble: this is Living-stone.”







