

arranged the scenery for the first act of the tragedy above mentioned, with the aid of Miss Moffat, eldest daughter of the famous African missionary, who afterward proved a fitting and true mate to her hard-willed, tender-hearted husband. After some time spent in learning the language in seclusion from all European society at Lepelole, he set out on a search after a suitable spot for the founding of a mission, finally choosing the beautiful valley of Mabtosa, where, on a lion-hunt (not for pleasure, mark you, but from the true Livingstonian motive of killing the destroyer of his people's cattle), the second act nearly resulted in a cruel death under the paw of the shaggy "forest king."

His marriage was celebrated in 1844, when he took his bride out among the Bakwains, with whom he laboured, reaping much good and sowing far more, until 1849. During this time he had vanquished the "rain doctors," won over many of the people, and so thoroughly converted the chief, Sechele, that he learned to read the Scriptures and sent away all his unlawful wives. But finding his work here practically paralyzed by aggressions of the slave-trading Dutch Boers, he resolved to cross the great Kalahari desert and penetrate the unknown regions beyond, virgin to civilized foot. So, starting on June 1st, 1849, accompanied by Colonel Steele, Mr. Oswell, and a fair train of oxen, horses and men, our missionary-explorer pushed out into the dry stretch of desert and journeyed under great difficulty, impeded by hostile tribes and want of water and food, until on August 1st—exactly two months after his start—he stood gazing across the broad waters of Lake Ngami, now cooling for the first time Caucasian eyes. Learning from a band of African "Quakers," whom he found on the shores of Ngami—so called because of their refusal to fight at any time—of a great tribe beyond the lake, called the Makololo, totally distinct from the Bechuana nation who ruled the entire region to the south, Livingstone was naturally very anxious to carry the Gospel amongst them. And after meeting with numerous discouragements and making two journeys back to Kuruman—the last almost in despair—the dauntless pioneer, encouraged by the eagerness of the Makololo chief to receive him, overcame the jealousy of rival tribes, marched round the lake he had failed to cross, and at last greeted Chief Sebituane among his own people.