



LIVINGSTONE AT BISHOP MACKENZIE'S GRAVE.

mouth of the Zambesi River, which flows into the sea about 1,200 miles south of the equator, and, in a northwesterly direction, is connected with Lake Nyasa by its tributary the River Shire. The expedition was delayed owing to Livingstone's desire to navigate the Rowima, a river which flows into the sea about five hundred miles north of the Zambesi mouths; but the attempt was found impracticable, and was abandoned in favor of the more southerly route. Even on the journey, a long and tedious one, up the rivers, the party saw instances of the terrible traffic against which they were to fight, and were soon favorably impressed with the natives, "in whom," writes one, "there seems to be but little of the savage . . . indeed, I felt in a purer atmosphere amongst them than when with some of the Portuguese." The destination of the party was the district immediately east and south of Lake Nyasa, and there they arrived in July. The whole region was disturbed by tribal wars between the Manganja and Ajawa, aggravated by Portuguese interference, and it was partly on this account that the village of Magomera, south of Lake Nyasa, was chosen for the headquarters of the mission, because, while removed from the actual scene of conflict, it was near enough to it to give any aid that might be necessary. It was hardly possible for Englishmen, even missionaries, to settle in that district without being to some extent involved in the tribal wars constantly going on among the natives, especially as the Manganja, among whom the mission was stationed, were a weaker tribe, and preyed upon by their more powerful neighbors, the Ajawa. Moreover, the earliest events had impressed a definite character upon the mission, the character of a band of slave liberators, and this character was the one most likely to appeal to the natives. The released slaves who gathered so quickly round the mission settlement made it into a kind of tribe, with the bishop as chief. As chief, he had soon to decide what part he would take in the fighting, and it was found necessary

to meet the Ajawa in conflict for the sake of the people who had already become as his own. "To us," writes Mr. Waller, "it is palpable that this was perfectly right and necessary; whilst the end has been blessed to us in the love and respect gained from the fatherless and the widow. The means were and are, in our estimation, quite justifiable, the helping those who had no friends, the trusting in God's strength to stay the most accursed state of things I ever came across. Our enemies have found the nerve gone from their arm, and the blow cannot be struck at those who they see come to do good." Whether the action was altogether wise, it is difficult to decide now; it was subsequently justified by Livingstone, who condemned it at the time; while any one familiar with Mackenzie's character and way of thought can think nothing but that he did what, under the circumstances, his own conscience and judgment required him to do.

The work went steadily on, and in October reinforcements came in the persons of the Rev. H. Burrup and Mr. Dickenson, a medical man, who had taken a journey of five weeks up the Zambesi in canoes, a journey wonderful but unfortunate, because it tempted them to under-rate the dangers of the climate and to overrate their own physical powers. On January the 2nd, 1862, the bishop, with Mr. Burrup, started on an expedition for the island of Malo, which is at the confluence of the Shire and the Ruw; here they were to meet Livingstone, who was bringing Mrs. Burrup and Miss Mackenzie to join the mission party. All the arrangements miscarried, but the chief misfortune befell them a short distance above the rendezvous, where one of the canoes was overturned, and all the supplies were either lost or rendered useless by water. Making their way to Malo, they found that Livingstone had passed some days before, and, being in ignorance of his movements and progress, the bishop resolved to remain there for a time, hoping to make friends with the people and prepare a new station for the future. It was then that he conceived the idea of a mission boat on the Shire, which his successors have carried out since. The decision to remain, though a grand error, was still an error, for they had none of the ordinary means against the fever, and, though the bishop had hitherto seemed proof against it, it seized upon him now, and made rapid progress; he told his men that Jesus was coming to take him away, and, after several days of unconsciousness, there died "The chief with the sweetest heart on earth," as the natives had learnt to call him. Mr. Burrup, overcoming his own weakness and sorrow, read the burial service at the grave, which is still like the beacon of the Central African Church, and then, struggling back to Magomera, he died there of exhaustion soon after.

A time of darkness and suffering followed; a