

For Dominion Presbyterian.

## David Livingstone.

By James Croil.

### Part II.

Had Livingstone been building castles in the air? The London Missionary society evidently thought so. They did not favor his grand proposals regarding training colleges, etc. Neither did his colleagues in the field. He began to feel uneasy under the restraints of "red-tapeism." The wonder is that he submitted to it so long. Leaving Mabose, he came back to Kolobeng. He had meanwhile come to the conclusion that something more than preaching and praying was necessary for the successful prosecution of missionary labor on a large scale in Africa. Civilization, he thought, must accompany, if it should not even precede, the introduction of Christianity. So he planned a journey across the country, 700 miles, in search of a great lake, which the natives told him of "in a country abounding with ivory." He found that the so-called "desert" had been greatly exaggerated. Abundance of animal and vegetable life were found all along the route. The greater part of the journey had to be performed on foot. The natives laughed at his attempting to travel thus; but they soon changed their minds on finding that their leader kept them at the top of their speed for days together.

After two months of hard work they came in sight of Lake Ngami, which no European had ever seen before. Livingstone was delighted with the sight of this beautiful inland sea. "Whence comes this water?" he asked. "From a country full of rivers," was the reply. This was convincing proof that he had lighted upon a productive and probably a populous region. Here there must be people to be elevated, people to be saved! His true mission flashed into his mind, that he was to be the pioneer of civilization and Christianity in this terra incognita. His determination to penetrate still further into the interior at that time, however, was checked by the jealousy of a petty chief which caused his return to Kolobeng.

In 1850 he again set out taking with him his wife, his three children, and Tsehele, but they were driven back by fever and the tsetse fly. A third time he renewed the attempt, this time being accompanied by his family, a Mr. Murray, and Mr. Oswell, a wealthy Englishman, bent on a hunting expedition. After passing Lake Ngami, they entered a real desert and all nearly perished with thirst, but learning that Sebituane, the chief of the Makololo, was on his way to meet them, they pushed on. "The mosquitoes were terrible." Sebituane was altogether a notable man and received Livingstone with the greatest kindness, but before much could be done, he was suddenly taken with inflammation of the lungs and died. As for the Makololo, they proved faithful friends of Livingstone all his life and after his death showed respect to his remains unequalled in history. "He was the best specimen

of a native chief I ever met, and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the other world of which he had just heard when he was called away, and to realize somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead. The deep, dark question of what is to become of such as he was must be left where we found it, believing assuredly that the Judge of all the earth will do right.

The grand idea had now fully taken possession of Livingstone that the interior of Africa was not a desert, but a populous region of great natural capabilities. He resolved to make its exploration his life-work. He took his family down to Capetown, put them on board of a ship about to sail for England, and returned to Kolobeng. In November, 1853, he set out on the expedition that made him famous—"resolved to open a path across the continent or perish in the attempt." He did not stop to count the cost. The difficulties he encountered were enormous. Sleeping on the damp ground for months together—wading through swamps up to his knees in water—fording rivers up to his waist—living on herbs and meal, and exposed to the scorching rays of the sun—the temperature often 120 in the shade! Having reached the country of the Makololo he was furnished by the chief with a trusty guide and an escort of men and oxen. His kit was scanty—consisting of a decent suit of clothes, in case they came to civilization, a sheep-skin mantle and a rug, a few scientific instruments, a Bible, a nautical almanac and a set of logarithmic tables.

He found it difficult to teach his men even the most elementary amenities of civilized life. He gave them iron spoons each, but it took a long time to instruct them in their use. They insisted on dipping the milk out of the vessels with their hands into the spoons. It was customary—fashionable, we would say—with some of the tribes whose country they traversed to knock out all the teeth in the upper jaw of young men and women on their reaching full stature. No Batoko belle would like to be seen in society with her upper teeth in. A great row of teeth in Batoko was accounted vulgar—as much so as a big foot in China, or a big waist in America!

At Uganda, if a man came into King Mtesa's presence carelessly dressed, he would be ordered out of the room to be instantly beheaded. One day, a favorite wife of Mtesa (he had five hundred wives) plucked a fruit from a tree and offered it to her lord and master. She had committed the unpardonable sin and was taken off to instant execution. In the country through which Livingstone was travelling, human sacrifices and cannibalism frequently prevailed. Raids were made on quiet, remote villages and droves of helpless natives, regardless of

age or sex, were driven away like so many cattle to the shambles.

The route to Loando on the West Coast lay through tangled forests, rank jungles, and over rough mountains, hitherto untrodden by the foot of a white man, for 1200 miles. Striking the upper waters of the Zambesi, they ascended that river in canoes, fighting with herds of gigantic hippopotami and crocodiles, and then plunged into the dark territory lying between them and the sea. They met with little opposition from the savage tribes. On the contrary, an ovation—a la mode—awaited them at almost every village they came to. Livingstone's magic lantern never failed to draw an astonished crowd, while his medical skill worked wonders. He charmed the natives by his kindness and sympathy. It is not recorded that he ever resorted to extreme measures in punishing any of them, though his patience and good nature were often sorely tried.

Six months after starting, they reached Loando where Livingstone spent four months under the hospitable roof of Mr. Gabriel, the British Commissioner for the suppression of the slave trade, in recruiting his shattered health, writing up his journals and preparing valuable reports for both missionary and scientific societies. He had accomplished a herculean feat and thrown a flood of light on the Dark Continent. Here he was offered a free passage and earnestly entreated to return to England. But, no! his word was pledged to his faithful Makololo men, to see them home again. He must do it or die. The same dreary journey had to be repeated, and then a further toilsome march to the East Coast. On his arrival at Quillimane he embarked on board a big "homeward bound," taking with him his faithful guide, Sekwebu; but the waves of the sea which he had never seen before, and the strange sights on ship board were too much for his excitable nerves; he went stark mad, jumped overboard and was drowned.

On the 12th of December, 1856, four and a half years after parting with his wife and children at Capetown, Livingstone arrived in England, where unexampled honors awaited him. He wrote an account of his travels which created a profound sensation among thinking men of every class, especially among those who were interested in the moral and spiritual elevation of the tribes of Africa. Among other results, the universities of England and Ireland agreed to unite in establishing a mission in Africa. At a later period the Free Church of Scotland formed a mission on Lake Nyassa named Livingstonia. The Church of Scotland planted another mission which they named Blantyre. He was made an L.L.D. and D.C.L. London and Paris awarded him the gold medals of their Geographical Societies. Honors were heaped upon him, and wherever he went crowds assembled to hear his descriptions of regions hitherto unknown, and of savage tribes whose existence had never been heard of. He was compelled to speak, though he had rather remained silent. He might have remained at home and rested on his laurels. But, no! the cry of poor benighted Africa rang in his ears

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