

DR LIVINGSTON.

We take notice of this eminent and useful man, not merely because he is a great man, but because his labours and his researches are a great lesson to every boy who reads these pages. We doubt not but it may be found twenty or forty years, hence that he had done more for the cause of missions, and of trade, than any man now living. Well, the lesson of his life consists partly in this—that he was once a boy having very few advantages, fewer than thousands of our readers; and that yet, under God, he has, by his own exertions, made himself not only one of the most distinguished, but one of the most useful men of the present age. He was born in the village of Blantyre, in the county of Lanark; and went to labour



in South Africa as a missionary a little more than twenty years ago. Within the last few years, we have little more than given the name of Dr. Livingston in our pages; but we have told our readers, years ago, of his discovery of the great lake called Ngami. It is, however, more than twelve years since we took notice of the great danger to which he was exposed from the attack of a lion. We extract here a few sentences, describing his danger. They are accompanied by the rough woodcut belonging to the narrative. It was the second engraving that appeared in our little magazine.

“About half-past four in the afternoon, one of our men re-