

dashed to the ground by these brutal Boers. So he resolved to cross the great Kalahari desert, which the foot of the white man had never trod, and which the negroes themselves declared to be impassable; and to search for a more favorable field farther north. Carrying wife and children with him, amid many perils and hardships, he succeeded in crossing the desert safely, and was rewarded by the discovery of the great lake Ngami, and was finally enabled to make out the vast river system with which it is connected, especially the Zambesi, into which it pours its waters. His views widened as he advanced; and in 1852, he sent his wife and children home to England, and all alone, turned his face towards these unexplored wilds and commenced his memorable journey across Africa. Four years elapsed before it was completed, during which he was cut off from all communication with the civilized world, and was rarely heard from by his family or friends. Great and important were the fruits of his toil, in opening up rich realms to commerce, in making known tribes of men numerous beyond calculation, destined yet to become useful members of the great family of man, and in exposing the evils of that accursed traffic in human flesh and blood, which, like a cancer, is eating farther and farther into the heart of Africa.

The Africa which Livingstone made know to the civilized world was entirely different from the conceptions of it previously entertained by Europeans. Indeed this ancient continent rather upsets our pre-conceived ideas about the eternal fitness of things, and contradicts our established notions of order and propriety. In Africa, according to Livingstone, it is the men who stay at home and do all the spinning, darning and weaving, and also milk the cows; the women till the land, plant the corn and build the huts. The men generally wear their hair long; the women crop it close—though strictly speaking it is not hair but wool which grows on the heads of men, while hair grows there on the backs of sheep. Some philosophers, in these days, affirm that we are all descended from monkeys; but Livingstone met with tribes of Africans who believe that, at death, the souls of men pass into the bodies of monkeys—a neat way of turning the tables on Darwin. We generally regard the blacks as barbarous savages; the negroes firmly believe that all white men are cannibals. The European Beelzebub is black, the African white. In Africa, money has no direct power of purchasing and may be a useless drug. You go into the market,