

If the peaceful tribes to the south of the lake could be called imitators of Penn and his war-hating followers, then this brawny-armed warrior, who, with a handful of marauders, had run atilt at Africa and now reigned over the best of her savage millions, might be termed the Alexander of the sons of Ham. Keen, brave, generous, successful, he conquered the hearts of his opponents as well as their armies; and with his friendship Livingstone had gained a safe entrance into all the purely native regions of the continent. He was only trammelled and harassed where civilized man had come with his slave trade and his rum traffic; the first monster has been choked to death under the knee of Magna Charta Englishmen; the second—the more insidious devil of the two—is still



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pushing its deadly tentacles into the very heart of poor Africa, tearing the Bible from before hopeful eyes to thrust in the rum bottle, closing forever all avenues against the missionary and the Christian, and doing all this under the sanction of the British Government—nay, more, answering the indignant protests of a sober and suffering people with the cruel glitter of British bayonets. God has made England His chosen nation in modern times; to her He has given in sacred trust Africa, India, and the “isles of the sea”; but if her emblem among these peoples—craving for the true light—be a beer-keg, let her not be surprised if the flag of Waterloo fall from the vanguard; if her navy—degraded to be the bully of the rum-lords—be broken in power, and some other nation, with purer rulers and higher motives, be given the guardianship of God’s orphans.