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DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

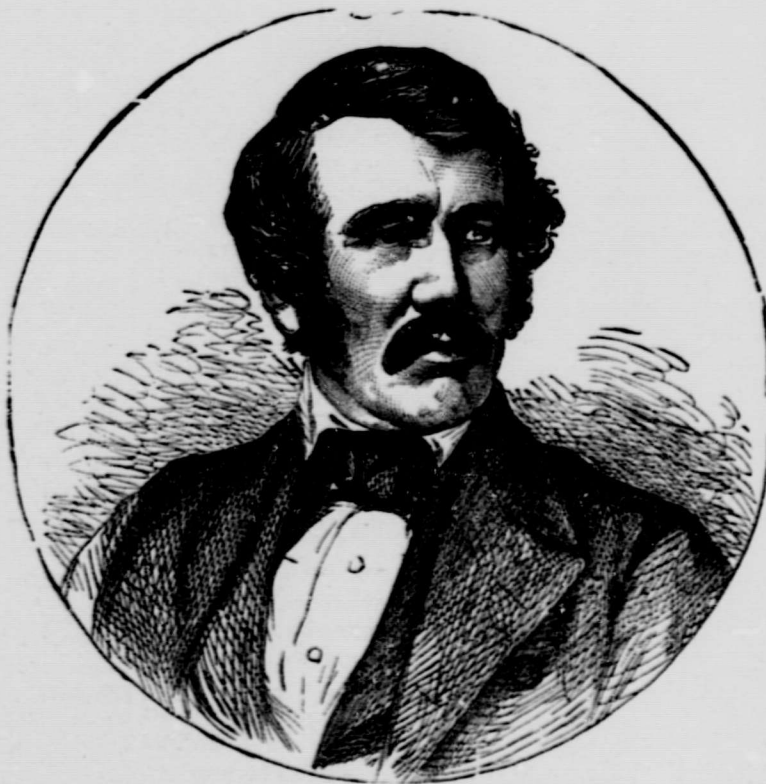
Born in 1813, David Livingstone was entered, at the age of ten, as a "piecer" in the Blantyre Cotton Works, that overlooked the Clyde a little way above Glasgow. His first week's wages bought a Latin grammar, and by patient plodding at home, meagre instructions at a night school, and even amid the whirl of the machinery, resting his book on a portion of the "spinning jenny," he managed to gain quite a knowledge of the classics, and a rude mixture of science and travel that was afterwards very much added to by attendance during the winters at Glasgow University.

Quite early he had determined to go, when old enough, as a missionary to China, studying hardest at medicine that he might heal the bodies of the people and thus win their confidence—an important aid to soul-healing. He offered his services, late in September, 1838, to the London Missionary Society, and was sent by them to their Training College, at Chipping Ongar, Essex. After some two years in the school, he was judged fit to enter upon active work among those of God's creatures who dwell in the night of heathen darkness. After three months' sea-voyage, he found himself at Cape Town, South Africa. His marriage was celebrated in 1844, when he took his bride out among the Bakwains, with whom he laboured, reaping much good and sowing far more, until 1849. During this time he had vanquished the "rain doctors," won over many of the people, and so thoroughly converted the chief, Sechele, that he learned to read the Scriptures and sent away all his unlawful wives. But finding his work here practically paralyzed by aggressions of the slave-trading Dutch Boers, he resolved to cross the great Kalahari desert and penetrate the unknown regions beyond, virgin to civilized foot.

The slave trade had been choked to

death under the knee of Magna Charta Englishmen; the rum traffic—the more insidious devil of the two—is still 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 for ever all avenues against the missionary and the Christian.

At Loanda the slave trade and Portuguese inaction very effectually forbid him the broad avenue for which he sought the sea, so he passes with a little company down the Zambesi to the great Falls, and



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on through marshes and over vast plains; now bribing the hostile natives, made wickedly cunning by the demoralizing slave trade, again subduing another tribe by a display of force. He reaches the ocean, recruits awhile at Mauritius, and on the 12th of December, 1856—just in time for Christmas—he steps from the deck of the steamer "Canada" on to English soil.

For some eighteen months he remains in England. "Resting," my reader suggests. Not a bit of it—that would not be

Livingstone—but labouring hard with tongue and pen that he might tell the philanthropic world some little of the many needs of the dark and darkened millions in the heart of Africa. Livingstone discovered an immense inland sea, Lake Nyassa. Then he hurried down to the coast to meet the new boat, the "Pioneer," that carried the ill-fated Bishop Mackenzie and his party. After several attempts to explore the Zambesi and its branches, during which the terrible African fever had left Livingstone almost companionless,

he went, tired and weak, down again to the coast. Here he was joined by his beloved wife and several ladies, meant for the fever-slain Bishop Mackenzie's missions, and by a new iron vessel for his exploration. This, however, was soon sadly shortened by the death of her, under the scorching heat of an African fever, who had joined her life with his away back at Kuruman: and it had rippled on by his side a refreshing, heartening rill, all across the dry desert where his path of duty lay.

Paying a short visit to England in 1864, Livingstone soon hurried to Africa, where he organized a party, by virtue of his power as a British Consul, and again plunged into the continent where he had spent his life. Before long some of the men who accompanied him appear at the coast and elicit

to have seen the great explorer killed during an attack from hostile natives. This canard, after causing great uneasiness, is exploded by a bold expedition, headed by Mr. E. D. Young, an old companion. However, as the years wear on and little or no word comes, England gets uneasy about her hero, and fits out an expedition, much in the spirit of Miss Florence Nightingale, who wrote: "If it cost ten thousand pounds to send him a pair of boots we should send it." But our readers know that the plucky American,