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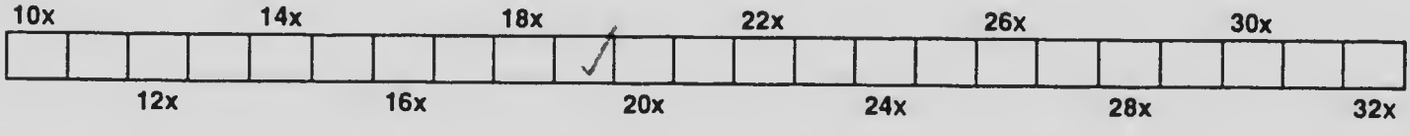
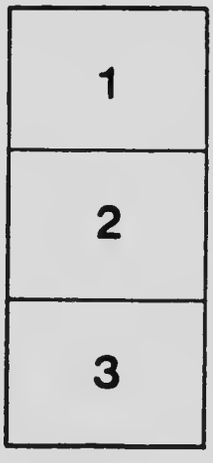
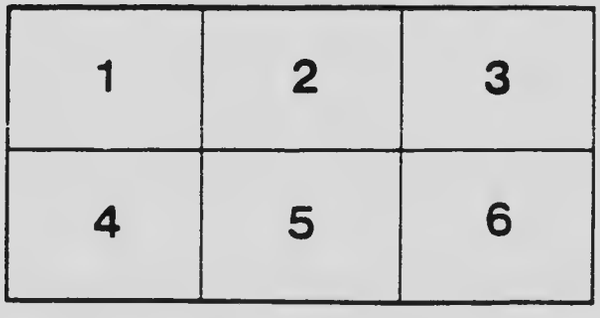
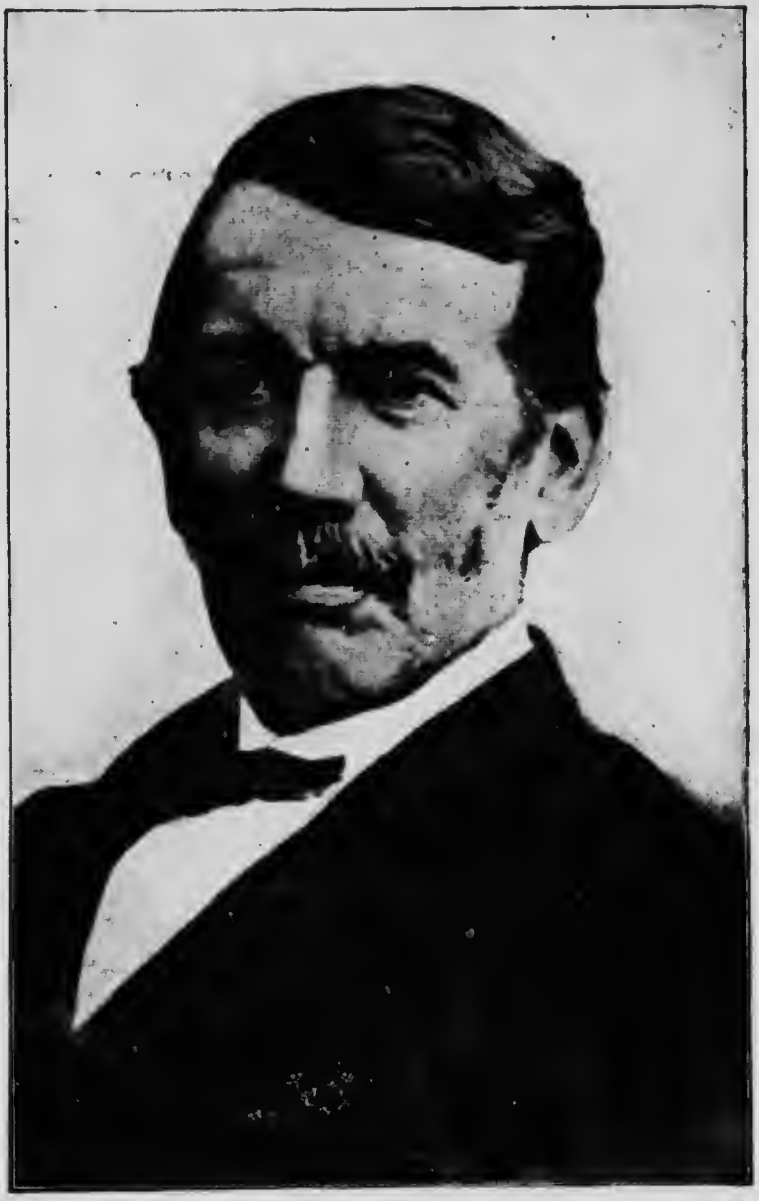






DAVID LIVINGSTONE

THE GREAT HEART OF AFRICA.



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

BLANTYRE EDITION.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

The Great Heart of Africa.

BY

Rev. G. WATT SMITH, M.A.

LONDON:
ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL,
29 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
1913.

DEDICATED TO

SIR ALBERT SPICER, M.P.

AND

RALPH WARDLAW THOMPSON, D.D.,

WHO FOR A LONG GENERATION HAVE STOOD FOR THE PRINCIPLES WHICH MADE DAVID LIVINGSTONE A MISSIONARY.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

THERE are some subjects on which there cannot be too much literature. David Livingstone is one of them. While it is fitting that tributes should be laid on his grave during the centenary year of his birth by those residing in Britain, it is appropriate that one laurel of admiration at least should come from the great daughter colony of the Empire—a land in which he had a close personal interest, owing to members of his family residing there. The following pages are issued with the author's consciousness of the unsurpassed greatness of Scotland's greatest son, and with the hope that they will create in many a passion for the nobility of character and strength of faith which won for him his place in the ranks of fame.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE,
CANADA. 1913

THE GREAT HEART OF AFRICA.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAKING OF THE MAN.

IN Westminster Abbey, the Valhalla of the mighty dead of Britain's race, two graves attract more attention than any of the other resting places of the famed and honoured sleepers, those of William Ewart Gladstone and of David Livingstone. Seldom does a visitor to those august Gothic arches stand long in the vicinity of either without noting that the strangers from other lands are seeking or finding the one or the other. To many, Livingstone holds the claim to the premier place in the esteem of the reverent and admiring public. Gladstone was the greatest statesman of the Victorian age. Multitudes think he was the greatest man who ever presided over the administration of the Empire. But by his very position he had to be the leader of a party and therefore made enemies, and by his inborn instinct and adopted convictions he championed causes which roused animosities among his own followers. There is still a sedative of bitter memories associated with the name of Gladstone. But Livingstone stood

for all that makes us most proud of our race. His work as an explorer filled the imagination of his own generation with a sense of the heroic. Those of later birth appreciate the inestimable service which he did to the nation and to the common humanity by his enterprise and the character he bore while prosecuting it. All who know the manner of his death are brought into the temple where only the true and the good can enter. In the holy hush that subdues the mind at the thought of his pious departure, there is a mystic awe, which surrounds the plain lettered stone covering his body with a cloud of sacrificial incense.

A hundred years after his birth the Anglo-Saxon world and many more beside will renew their homage to Livingstone. In doing so, however, the assemblage must pass away to a place very different from the historic Abbey on the Thames. He was not born among impressive architecture, in a place whose very gloom is caused by the trailing shadows of Britain's ancient glory, but far from the endless hum of the ceaseless traffic of the city's hastening crowds. David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, a place whose present condition would scarcely bear the dignity of the name of village, although at that time, a hundred years ago, it had more pretentions to a place on the map. It stands on the banks of the Scottish Clyde. The whirring wheels of industry by which he earned his bread have long since been buried under the pall of the obsolete. Even the walls of the building in which they turned have been demolished. The spot is dreary to-day. One or two houses containing the meagre dwellings of eight or ten families between them, one

of which was the birth-place of Livingstone, stand near the site of the old mill, themselves substantial enough, but with none of the attractive sights one associates with rural homes, and some very desolate signs of a time departed of better things. The house is still there in which Livingstone in early days learned, under the tuition of kindly dames, the initial wonders of elementary education, and also the school, a more public institution, where pupils rose into the higher ranges of intellectual knowledge. Later days saw high revels in this humble edifice, when the African explorer was feasted by his old associates in honour of his brave deeds in a distant land. A few broken dwellings, once comely enough cottages in orderly rows, are further evidence of the decayed state of Blantyre. But from another area, better situated and more prosperous, the signs of comfort have come close up to the dilapidated cluster of dwellings. They have caught the spirit of the place without its contagion of decline, and rejoice in names, lettered in gilt, over their doors, like Ilala, taken from the story of Livingstone.

But by the old home the majestic Clyde still runs. In summer its banks, opposite the house where the boy was born, are covered with a respectable mantle of trees and grass. For the rest it is a famous river, bearing on its sighing bosom the secrets of the springs of the distant Lowther hills, where the silver Tweed also takes its rise. It passes with all it bears to that wonderful city of Glasgow, to which the boy's feet were so often in early days eager to go. Then it joins that fabled highway of the Argosies of commerce, the Firth of Clyde, moving messengers from other nations and

peoples, carrying goods so strange that a boy confined within the limits of his own valley could not readily believe that the things described did actually exist.

By this river, David Livingstone was born. In its turbid torrent he first found how to master the element of water. From out its depths he learned how to draw some rich treasures for the family table, not only the common trout, free to every one who could catch them, but even the forbidden and succulent salmon. In the fields by the banks of the stream he listened to the music of the lark, or the sighing of the breezes through the boughs of the trees. He came to look upon scenes grand beyond anything on the Clyde, but he never forgot the enchanting, simple beauty of his early home. Its purity was stained by the clouds of smoke which were carried by the prevailing west wind from the city of Glasgow's furnaces and fire, seven miles away. But the many showers washed the grass and refreshed the gowans on the braes and kept the air sweet.

Such was Blantyre in 1813. There was a pathos of industry, and a poetry of nature. The poetry was provided by the river and its banks, the pathos by the mill whose wheels it turned. It was hard work for men and boys to earn enough to keep them in comfort. The days of toil were long and the hours of recreation short. Young David went to the mill as one of the regular staff when he had only reached the immature age of ten. He had no pity for himself. There was no hardship in doing what every other boy did. Moreover he was not so frail a plant at that age as many youths on whose physical development a great deal more attention is devoted. The days were long. At six in the morning

the signal pealed out that work was to begin, and with little break for meals, fourteen hours were spent before the busy shuttles ceased their dance.

Two things go to explain the peculiar eminence which the Scottish men have secured for themselves in the world. One is that peculiar Celtic element, which they have in common with Welsh and Cornish people, that affinity with the nature spirit of the earth, which gives them a sense of fellow-feeling with every form of life and every kind of place on every part of the surface of the globe. The other is what has been euphemistically called the faculty for religion. Among the Scottish people this produces a sense of duty which helps them to do what lies to their hand to the best of their ability, wherever they take it up. There are other things which the Scottish people possess, which aid them in their struggles with hard circumstances—as, for instance, the genius for education which through the centuries since Knox established both church and school for the people, has become part of their very blood. The rigour of the climate trains them to fight for their bread and to win from a niggard land the ordinary comforts of existence. In all these particulars, David Livingstone was a very typical Scotch man. He had to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and like all Scottish boys of respectable parentage, he had whatever advantage is given by a fair elementary education.

But the other two elements mark off the Scotchman most distinctly from other men, and these were highly developed in the case of David Livingstone. He has himself told us how his forbears lived in Ulva's Isle, among the picturesque Hebrides, which hold sentinel

to guard Scotland's mainland from the rolling waves of the Atlantic ocean. Ulva stands out to catch the full force of the racing tides, a sort of detached fragment of the larger island of Mull. Its waters were known to the early evangels of the Christian faith when St. Columba and his followers settled on Iona, just across the bay. Even to those who visit the island from a pleasure steamer in these days of luxurious travel, the island can scarcely be redeemed from a desolate appearance in the luring light of summer suns. But the Gulf Stream, while it bears showers to it also brings warmth, and the lot of Ulva's dwellers is not without its pleasures. They must brave the fretting sea to get a living, at least a good part of it, and tend their flocks and crops on the island. Their occupations make them hardy. Sea and land, the wild roar of the tempest, the silent sobbing of the quiet waves, the distant hills of Mull with their flimsy robes of mist, and the further mountains of Argyllshire, often wearing their hoary mantle of snow, all have their share in producing the grim determination, the gloom and mystery of the Celtic character. These were all found in the Livingstones to a large extent. They were men who held communion with the things unseen. His family left Ulva for purely family and domestic reasons, and took the journey to that land of promise where plenty was reported to wait for honest and industrious men. So before David's day they came to settle in the opulent valley of the Clyde, then and now the scene of the greatest display of wealth and the most painful signs of destitution which can anywhere be seen in all Scotland. They left behind them many things in Ulva, but they carried with them the Celtic temper.

The other element of most worth in shaping the Scotchman is religion. Many people of quite average intelligence, are unable to comprehend the terminology of Scotland's denominations. Of late years they have been reduced in numbers, but they still have a living memory. What are the United Presbyterians and the Free Churchmen? What are the Secessionists and the Relief Men? What are the Burghers and the Anti-burghers? We would be taken into a labyrinth were we to follow out the answers to these questions. But it may be said with absolute confidence that not one of these terms has ever stood for a passing emotion, an intellectual fad, or a theological quibble. They are the signs which represent movements which stirred certain people to their depths and give them a firmer grip on some section of the volume of Divine truth. David Livingstone received all the benefits he well could from this distinctively Scottish characteristic. His father was the only one of several sons who did not join the king's service. He was a man of deep religious life, as well as of more than ordinary intelligence. For sufficient reason he had been apprenticed to the tailoring business, and followed it after he had taken up house, with Agnes Hunter as his wife. He was at first a loyal member of the Kirk of Scotland, but under the preaching of a Canadian, at that time a minister in Scotland, he underwent a spiritual experience which led to his separation from the national church. This preacher, Dr. Wilkes, was afterwards known far and wide in Canada, a man associated with many religious and philanthropic enterprises in Montreal. The body to which Dr. Wilkes belonged was known as the Independents, now generally

called the Congregationalists, a denomination which came into organised form in Scotland through the preaching of two devoted men, the brothers, Robert and James Haldane.

They adopted a form of church government on what they found in the New Testament, and therefore held themselves as independent of the guidance of Pope, Prelate, and Presbytery. In their religion they were generally a people of deep spirituality, one of the outcomes of which was the development of a scrupulous integrity. There were some things about them such as their very pronounced ideas about political matters and the necessary qualifications for place and position in society which did not always meet with the approval of the general public, but every man of them could be reckoned upon as a person whose word was equal to his bond. This estimate could not have prevailed outside the fold, unless it had been practised inside. Neil Livingstone had this sterling quality of these Independents, a quality which was of no little moment in shaping his son's future. As a tailor, the father worked sometimes at home in the room where all the family had to live and in which all the domestic duties had to be carried on, a small place some twenty-four feet by twelve.

Often, however, he went out to follow his occupation at other people's houses, staying several days at one place, and earning very modest wages, in addition to his board. The remuneration of a travelling tailor was barely enough to meet the needs of a growing family, and Neil determined to attempt a more lucrative means of earning a living. Tea was just coming to be a

THE MILL IN WHICH LIVINGSTONE WORKED AS A BOY.
(His Birthplace is the right-hand house behind the Mill.)

common beverage among the working classes of Lanarkshire, and it occured to him that he might do well by hawking it round the district. To further his project he asked one of the deacons of his church to advance him a loan of twenty pounds sterling. With no demur the deacon gave him the sum he desired, with no security save Neil's word that the sum would be repaid. The business brought more ready money into the Livingstone's house than it had ever seen since it was begun; but unfortunately, when the stock of tea was exhausted, there was no capital left. Neil went back to the deacon and asked for the accommodation of a further twenty pounds and again was entrusted with the sum. He did a bit better this time, but had to go again to his benefactor for another ten pounds, which was given on the same terms. Meanwhile he had been forming a business connection and getting into the ways of his new calling and was now established as a tea merchant. He repaid every cent of the borrowed capital. In this calling he made a wide circle of friends, and as he went from house to house, often vended wares of value without money and without price, speaking a word in season here and there or judiciously leaving a tract in a home where it was likely to be of use. All these seeds of good brought forth fruit long after the fragrant narcotic had passed through the teapot.

Livingstone's mother was of the same type as his father. She belonged by birth to a religious body called by the common people, Erskinites, those who had come under the inspiration of the brothers Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, and with them formed a new denomination, when these men were unable to continue in the

Established Church. These two men had in them the blood of the Highland Earls of Mar, tingling with heat because of a persecution their father had suffered in England as a Nonconformist preacher. He had been driven into the fields to minister to his flock by the notorious Act of Conformity. Above everything else they were men of deep piety Ebenezer led a revolt against the defection of the national church from the reformed and covenanting principles. This resulted in the formation of the Secession church, and to a most valuable religious awakening in many parts of Scotland. The impression of it is seen to this day. A visitor to the city of the dead in Glasgow will note that the majority of the imposing monuments there, in the shadow of the ancient cathedral, are in honour of ministers of religion who belonged to the Secession church. The Hunters, the family of David Livingstone's mother, belonged to that church and preserved among them not a few of its characteristics. She was not rich in money or the things that money could buy, but she brought with her to her hearthstone the pearl of greatest price, which she put out at excellent usury in the minds of her children.

She was delicate in body but always bright in mind. Her bodily weakness did not take her attention from the duties of her home. With narrow means she had often to contrive to make a small supply of money go a very long way. She cared for her children with a devotion which knit her name and ways into their memory for all their days. When David would spend some of the few hours appointed for sleep in reading books, she would get out of bed and snatch them away, although she sympathised with his ambitions. There

was no sneaking an extra hour when in her judgment the maximum had been quite reached. Of course, she could keep a watchful eye upon the student when parlour and dining room and bedroom were all one. She could tell stories, the traditions of her family, which were numerous and exciting. They interested the children, but it was religion, severe in some respects, but most sublime, which made David's mother the gentle, genial, and gracious influence which rose like a halo about Livingstone's early life and continued with him like a divine fragrance when he was mingling with the savages of Africa, surrounded by the unclean abominations of heathenism.

CHAPTER II.

The Training of the Missionary.

THERE were elements entering into the life of David Livingstone, which contributed to his training as a missionary years before he had made any resolve to devote himself to that calling. Robert Burns tells us that when he was born the neighbours looked upon his puny form, when he was little more than a living mass of moving protoplasm, and they said: "He'll be a credit to us a', we'll a' be prood o' Robin." It was much the same in the case of Livingstone. The neighbours saw that he was a youth with abilities above the average. An old lady who died but a few years ago in Ontario, often told how she was impressed with the young David, and when her senses were wandering in the cloudland of an age which passed into the nineties, she went back to the day when she first observed that in David there was the making of a man of eminence. "I ke'nt him fine," she said, "he was a bye ordinar' lad."

His home, poor though it was, had a great deal to do with his training. Not only was it a thoroughly religious home, but it had the limitations and advantages of the purest piety of the day. His father did not permit novels into the home, regarding them as questionable

creations of the imagination, not true to the actual facts of life. In his view of human affairs those seeking to live under dutiful subjection to the Almighty, were to take every experience, pleasant and otherwise, as in keeping with the Divine Will for their ultimate good. He also regarded books on science as undesirable, because they were associated to him with the scepticism and infidelity of his day, the noisy antagonists of the Christian faith. He did encourage and even insisted upon the reading of theology which had little fascination for his family, but he also introduced them to books of travel, which combined the excitement of the novel with the instruction of the books of science. In addition to this he was a pioneer for good things in the village, with its population of over a thousand people. He believed in the application of the principles of the Christian faith to the existing needs. Then as now, whiskey-drinking was one of the greatest evils which cursed Scotland. But then, as contrasted with now, the policy of total abstinence was regarded as a sign of something like imbecility. All the same, Neil Livingstone became a total abstainer, not because he had ever fallen a victim to the deluding cup, but for the sake of those who could not resist its lure. In another instance he led the way, in establishing a Sabbath School, by means of which he could instruct the children of those who neglected their religious training, in the facts and doctrines of the gospel. David got his father's ideas into his mind in his early life. All his later achievements, sounded as mighty deeds, throughout the world, were just the development of what the precept and example of his father had set before him.

Then his school contributed its share to his general training. Scotch education has altered very seriously since David Livingstone's day, and in some respects not for the better. Its primary purpose was to supplement the training which children received in the university of ordinary life and fit them to appropriate all the advantages which might come in their way. The reading, writing, and arithmetic were not ends in themselves, but correlatives to what was to be learned in the general business of common duties. In consequence, the school did not swallow up all the time of a boy for six or seven years in the most formative period of his existence. It put him on the highway of learning, with the guide in his hand and the tools in his possession by the aid of which he could procure whatever further treasures he desired. Under a schoolmaster, whose attention and kindness Livingstone never forgot, he got such help as enabled him to proceed to investigate the regions of higher knowledge for himself. He read whatever books, within the prescription of his home, he could get. Many of them were borrowed. Quotations copied from them became valuable. Most of his reading was done while he worked, with his book perched on the jenny, which gave him less than a minute at the time for its perusal. On the wall by which his loom ran to and fro he scratched out and wrote many passages, some of Scripture, more from English authors and not a few in the Latin tongue. They would deserve to-day, the attention which is bestowed upon a palimpsest of a Greek drama, or even an apostolic epistle. Unfortunately not even a paragraph of them exists. They were all lost when the walls of the mill were demolished.

Livingstone began to learn Latin when he was only ten years of age and got his knowledge of that ancient tongue partly by attendance at night school, and by the brief glances he could get at his book while weaving the cotton web. Ruddiman's Rudiments was the accepted grammar of the schools. The text books in favour in Scotland were then Caesar, Virgil, and Horace, and these Livingstone got to know. There came into his hands the extraordinary work entitled "Herbal," a book treating of astrological medicine, written by Nicholas Pepper, an uncompromising Puritan and resolute advocate of the spread of occult and technical knowledge among the ranks of ordinary people. It set him to identify and examine the plants of his native county, and to do his first scientific work as a collector of samples. The same author led him into the abstruse doctrines and conjectures of astrology, which made the heavens a book of wonder and mystery to him, yet sufficiently plain to give him a fellowship with the shining stars. His excursions to explore the places where plants grew led him into the perplexing profundities of geology, which was written in the characters of lime stone and coal in every part of the country side. He began to add to his collection of plants the shells he found in the carboniferous rocks about the neighbouring parish of Cambuslang. This occupation earned for him the same reputation as it gave to Hugh Miller, a famous fellow countryman. He was looked upon by people who could not understand the fascination of his researches with a benevolent pity as a creature gone somewhat insane. All these things were training Livingstone for his work as a missionary. In Africa he had not to learn

the rudiments of those extraneous additions to his regular business. He had served his apprenticeship to them in Scotland.

But another teacher which was training the missionary was the church to which his father belonged. The Independents or Congregationalists have always been numerically a small body in Scotland. Their achievements in social and religious service have been far away above what their paucity of numbers would lead us to expect. They came into existence in Scotland for other reasons than those which brought them into a body of churches in England. In the latter case their origin is associated with the contest in the State Church for a complete Reformation as contrasted with the expedient re-arrangement favourable to the Crown. In the north they came into existence as already noted, through the labours of two remarkable men, Robert and James Haldane. The first interest in religion to these men, was the preaching the gospel to the heathen. Being prevented by circumstances from putting their plans into execution they became evangelists in their own land, and naturally impressed their followers or adherents with the conception of Christian duty which they themselves had adopted. Moreover, the theory of the Independent Church being that the New Testament is the one guide of doctrine and behaviour, with the book of Acts as their chief charter, the members of those Independent churches were especially impressed by the example of the early apostles. Where they could not themselves go out from Jerusalem or Antioch to carry the good news, their sympathy and support were given to those so situated they they could follow the same

course as did the early evangelists. In some parts of Scotland this belief gave them the tribute of a nickname ; they were called " Missionars."

Livingstone passed through the experience which may very properly be called the new birth, when he had just left his teens. Only those who could profess to have realised this conscious change were eligible for membership of the Independent Church. The very insistence upon conversion as the indispensible requisite for admission to their fellowship made the society a more august body and its obligations more imperious. When David had come to the point where he could claim to have a life renewed by the Spirit of God, and was therefore eligible for membership, one of the first resolves he made was to devote a stated portion of his income to the support of missionaries to the heathen.

There came into David's hands about this time, a book published when he was thirteen years of age, the Philosophy of Religion, by Thomas Dick, LL.D., then residing at Broughty Ferry. Dr. Dick was originally a gifted minister of the Secession church, who for some reason passed from the pulpit to follow the profession of a school teacher. But the scholar who had suffered eclipse in speech came to a brilliance of world-wide fame by the use of the pen. His reputation in America won from New York his doctor's degree. His books became to be very popular. Perhaps no result they produced was so conspicuous as the effect made upon young Livingstone's mind by his " Philosophy of the Future State." When Livingstone read it, the book was not new. That it had survived the criticism of several years was som proof of its robust vitality, and practical value. It did

two things for Livingstone—it helped him to finally settle the vexed question of the personal relationship between himself and his God, and gave him the notion that there was an essential affinity among all the races of mankind. There was among all men a fundamental substratum of present being and of desire for a higher life. It dawned upon his opening mind that he should unfold the benefits of the Christian faith to those whose religion did not present a true and hopeful future to its votaries. He therefore formed the resolution that he would become a missionary. China was a No-man's country to multitudes, but it was looming into a pressing problem among legislators and therefore coming a little nearer the public interest. Livingstone let his heart go out to its perplexed millions, just as later he gave his affection to Africa and determined to make a way into the interior of that land of teeming humanity with the gospel. He was under no delusion about the difficulties of the undertaking. It was no easy thing to force a passage into a land notoriously adverse to the presence of Western civilisation. China had been brought before the notice of the circle of Livingstone's acquaintance through the labours of Robert Morrison, whose magnificent career of endurance and self-immolation was drawing to a close. He had accomplished three great things for China—made a dictionary of the language, established an Anglo-Chinese College, and translated the Bible into the Book terminology of the country.

Dr. Milne had been Dr. Morrison's colleague. His life, work, and death brought China before the minds of that body of people, mostly Independents, who supported the Society, and under which both he and Morrison

were directed. An appeal written by a Mr. Gutzlaff, to the churches of Britain and America, came into his hands about the same time. It was written on behalf of the same country. Therefore, David Livingstone determined to go to China and to prepare himself to get the most ready access to its teeming millions by making himself able to deal with their physical ailments. This implied procuring a medical education, which to a youth in a mill, with no parental purse on which to rely, was a bold proposal. Fortunately it is not difficult to do something heroic when you know that others have done it before. Many Scotch lads had won their way to a coveted degree, with its academic training and distinction, who had as few advantages as Livingstone had. So he set out on his task without thinking anything about the hardship, to say nothing of the impossibility of his undertaking. All the same he had to win his spurs. No soft bed invited him to spend precious working hours in luxurious repose. No overflowing treasury sought an outlet among wasteful pleasures. He at first attended classes in Glasgow in the evenings, running most of the way there so as to be in time, and trailing his weary limbs back on the return journey while ruminating upon the additions he was making to his knowledge. By and bye it was necessary for him to reside in the city entirely, to pursue his curriculum. His father came with him to assist in securing a suitable lodging. After much searching they procured a room, the weekly rental of which was fifty cents, two shillings. The landlady, however, considered herself at liberty to increase her income by helping herself to her lodger's provisions, which were largely supplied from Blantyre, and so

the young student was obliged to find other quarters—where for an extra sixpence per week he got both honest treatment and comfort.

Scotland is fortunate in the number and character of her universities. They never had that cloistered exclusiveness which has been characteristic of Oxford and Cambridge. The shrines were not reserved for the gentle born, but open to any, with fine fingers or horny hands, whose brains were equal to the exercises of the professors. She has also been favoured with academies outside the universities. Every city has one at least and many towns as well. In high place among these institutions is Anderson's College in Glasgow, which made easier the way which Livingstone determined to go, in fitting himself for his life-work. This college had been founded by John Anderson, who had been in turn professor of Oriental languages and of Natural History in the University. He devoted a good deal of his spare time to extend the benefits of the university to the artisan classes. His death took place seventeen years before Livingstone was born. He bequeathed all his effects to be devoted to further the pet object which had received so much of his private attention. At first it was not possible to carry out the scheme he had outlined for his college, but by the time when Livingstone was looking for a medical school, it had established the necessary faculty for his purpose. It is satisfactory to know that Anderson's College, which gave us Livingstone, and was associated with the career of James Watt, is still an active force, giving its benefits to both academic and artisan students.

As a missionary student, Livingstone had to contemplate theological as well as medical training. The Congregational churches gave their students for the ministry an education under the direction of their most noted ministers. Dr. Ralph Wardlaw, known to Christendom as a hymn writer, and known to the world of his own day as a preacher of considerable repute and a controversialist and writer of front rank ability, was at the time the Principal of the Congregational Academy, as this modest school of the prophets was called. Wardlaw succeeded in communicating not a little of his own personality to those who sat at his feet. Livingstone had already come to regard him as one of the leaders in Israel, the greatest of the company to which his father's house gave spiritual allegiance. It was to David an honour to be in his immediate presence.

The marked difference between the students of the universities of the north and south of the Tweed, was that those in Oxford and Cambridge read and attended Hall and lectures with the primary object of attaining a certain extent and character of culture. In Scotland the end of all the discipline, diligence and self-denial of college days was to gain a degree. There was a stigma attached to a student who left without graduating, a suspicion that either he had no capacity or that he had flung away an opportunity for which many thirsted in vain. The graduate was often less polished than those who followed the course of English University life, but he went out with the consciousness that he had mastered something for himself and was qualified to take some responsible place in the world. This was the case with Livingstone. He qualified for what he

wanted to win, the degree of Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. He expressed his delight often afterwards that he had attained to this coveted honour. The technical requirement for actually getting the desired diploma is the production and presentation of a thesis after the curriculum has been completed. Livingstone showed something of the independence which was characteristic of him in later life, when he wrote this document. His paper represented that the stethoscope had to be used in the course of the diagnosis of the disease described in the thesis. The examiners had some doubts as to the possibility or utility of its application. Livingstone at least overcame their objections so far, that the thesis was accepted and the degree duly conferred.

Among his fellow students at Anderson's College were several men who afterwards rose to eminence. The Right Honorable Lyon Playfair, for instance, shared his interest in the mechanical inventions and conveniences of the assistant to the professor of chemistry. In after years many of Playfair's labours were conspicuously successful in this department before he gave himself to the drudgery of Parliamentary life, and the exacting task of reforming the Civil service. This assistant was James Young, whose name has long been a household word throughout Scotland as the inventor of paraffin oil—a lighting agent he is reputed to have first applied to banish murky night from the gloomy dwellings of the Calton, then a village, but now a sweltering overcrowded section in the east end of the city. There came into the same charming room, drawn by its reported fascination, two brothers, then in their juvenile years,

James and William Thomson, the first of whom rose to a Professor's chair in the university; the latter to that distinction too, but also to a pinnacle of eminence even more exalted until his reputation in the world of science became as universal in that line as was that of Livingstone as a missionary and explorer. He received the recognition of the State, by being raised to the peerage, and he gave dignity to his new title by choosing to be known as Lord Kelvin, after the name of the stream on whose banks the modern university now stands. It is no romance to say that his fellows had no small degree of influence in the training of Livingstone.

When he was ready to go to China her ports were all closed to British men, as healers or anything else, owing to the disastrous opium war. But the London Missionary Society wanted a man for Africa. Robert Moffat, another of the illustrious race of Scottish missionaries, had opened up the country of the Bechuana. The principles of the Society commended themselves to Livingstone; it did not send Independency, Presbyterianism, or Episcopalianism to the heathen, but simply the gospel of the blessed God. Therefore, he applied to it to be accepted as a missionary. The directors were so far satisfied with his appearance on examination that they accepted him on probation, to go for a further training to Ongar, under a trusted minister there. In three months he was to show, under the tests applied, whether or not he would prove an efficient missionary. One of the tests was preaching a sermon. This had to be written under the eye of the minister in whose care he was placed, and when approved by him was committed to memory. When occasion was afforded it was

poured out upon a local congregation whose pulpit the pupil might perchance occupy. David's sermon was written, was duly committed to memory, and the opportunity for delivering it was provided by a vacancy in a neighbouring pulpit owing to the sickness of its regular pastor. Livingstone had no serious difficulty about conducting the devotions, but after he had given out his text every word of his sermon took flight, and left his well-crammed mind a complete blank. He did not wait for the truant periods to return, but intimated that he had forgotten every word of his discourse and speedily covered his disgrace in flight.

It was little wonder that the report at the end of the three months' probation was unfavourable. By a little the world would have been robbed of David Livingstone. In a board room there is nearly always a kind person whose administrative failings lead to virtue's side. So it was in this case. By the intervention of this member the probation was extended to six months, and the young candidate by that time had approved himself to his superiors. While his preaching was then a failure, and although he never soared to the flights of rhetoric, such as carried away Dr. Duff, of India, before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, he had then and continued to have a power in the exercise of prayer, which deeply impressed his fellow worshippers and commended him as really a possible missionary.

After a brief delay in London, when he took the chance afforded him of increasing his medical knowledge and otherwise making himself as perfect as possible for the duties of a missionary in a land far remote from civilisation, he was duly designated for the field, in the heart

of Africa. This country had not only been brought before the religious public by Robert Moffat and his faithful, consecrated wife, but Livingstone had got to know a great deal about it himself by personal interviews with Moffat, who advised him that he was a likely man for the work most needed there. He had missed nothing likely to help him in his future duties. His hands as well as his head were trained. No ordinary situation could well arise which would find him unequal to it, or unable to help himself. Among the many missionaries who have crossed the frontiers of civilisation few had gone out with a better equipment by way of training than Livingstone had acquired. And he got it, mainly on his own initiative, long before the attention of those whose business it is to give direction to the training and outfit of the pioneers of the gospel, had evolved the useful system which is now generally adopted.

CHAPTER III.

Blazing the Trail.

BROOMIELAW ! What associations are called up by that name to multitudes in all parts of the world. The teeming thousands who are resident in Glasgow in this day know it as the starting place for the pleasure steamers, the " Lord of the Isles," " Columba," and a number of other vessels which ply during the summer months among the grand scenery of the lochs of the Firth of Clyde. They have spent many a day of delight at the Gareloch, on Loch Long or Loch Fyne or the Holy Loch, where the sun shines in splendid glory when it shines at all, although often the skies weep tears in pitiless plenty. The Broomielaw is also the point of contact between the second city of the empire and all the rest of the world. There the last farewells have often been spoken, and whole volumes of good wishes expressed as the emigrants have left their native shores to make homes in new lands. Tear-stained eyes have looked out to the last faint fluttering of the handkerchief which has waved the fond good-bye when the vessel had slacked from her moorings. Never surely was there a more momentous leave-taking than when David Livingstone and his father bade each other adieu at the Broomielaw.

He was to be ordained in Albion Chapel, London, a building long since demolished through city improvements, in November, and he had gone north in connection with his formal graduation to his medical degree and to spend one precious, solitary day with his parents. He proposed to lengthen that for conversation by appropriating all the night, and only yielded to the command of his mother that he must have his rest. He had so much to tell. Had he not been in London, a world in itself? Had he not met Robert Moffat, who had left Scotland for Africa twenty-three years before and made such an impression on that land that England was roused to interest in the work he had done? Had he not himself been so touched by Moffat's story that he had offered for service there, in place of waiting until the dogs of war had wearied in their worrying of China? Had he not been home before, invalided with congestion of the liver and a lung affection and been in the best of health ever since? These things were apart from all the exhaustless funds of conversation connected with his outfit and that trembling future whose shimmer already sparkled in his eye. But his mother's rule was supreme. Yet in the precious hours there was made the first distinct blaze mark which made Livingstone take a high place among the pioneers of missionary ideas. It looks prophetic to-day. Few cared for missions then at all. The wealthy men were not anxious to give them support. In most cases they were regarded as an unwelcome tax rather than as a magnificent privilege. As father and son talked that day at Blantyre, they came to the conclusion that the time would come when rich men would think it a greater honour to support a missionary than

to own a pack of hounds, and to keep up a whole station a more important and creditable ambition than to own a stud of horses.

A bleak November sun had scarce begun to climb its slow way over the heavy clouds of the long winter night, when the father and son left the home for the ship. David was the family priest that morning. The portions from the Book he chose were the 121st and 135th Psalms. "The Lord is thy keeper. The sun shall not smite you by day nor the moon by night. The Lord shall keep thee from all evil: He shall keep thy soul." Here was the note of confidence. The other Psalm is the one called the "Hallelujah," beginning with praise and ending with it. Then he prayed. In that exercise he was like Oliver Cromwell. Let him but talk to God and the springs of eloquence were opened. The mother made the coffee for the last family meal they had together, and at five o'clock the two men set out on the tramp to Glasgow, where David was to take the boat to Liverpool on his way to London. There he was duly set aside to his office on the 20th November, just three days after he left Blantyre. On the eighth day of the following month he embarked on the "George," on his way to the Cape. They went by Rio de Janeiro, where the ship put in, and gave Livingstone a glimpse of Brazil, the only glimpse he ever had of the American continent. In three months he reached the Cape. On the voyage he had made friends with the captain and added to his other knowledge the use of the quadrant, an acquirement which proved of immense value in after days when he was steering his course over the solid sea of Africa, and when he had himself to become a skipper of

a vessel. He had longed to see something accomplished for the spiritual welfare of those on board. On Sundays, owing to his own consciously poor qualifications as a preacher, the official chaplain had it all his own way. In that reverend gentleman's opinion all his hearers, being on a British vessel, were already Christian. Livingstone saw no good done. Not only was the preaching based on a false assumption but the conduct of the chaplain on the week-days gave it no support. His very first letter from abroad stated the opinion, due to this reflection on this experience, that no good can be done by anybody unless it is fortified by the advocacy of personal character, however superior they may be in intelligence over those they desire to influence.

When the "George" arrived at the Cape, after her voyage of three months, she was detained there a further month. Livingstone was now in his adopted land, and very soon began to make up his mind as to what was the best policy for a missionary there. Among the first conclusions he reached was that the most effective method of winning the heathen to Christianity was through the redeemed members of their own race. That is the plan which is approved and practised by all the missionary societies to-day, but it was a new idea to most of their supporters at that time. It is now recognised that the best contribution the western Christianity can give to the eastern peoples is the gift of men apt to teach others and inspire them to communicate the gospel to those of their own blood and language. We have learned that we are not commissioned to carry eastern civilisation to those nations but the faith of the universal Christ. Livingstone laid hold of that fact from the outset of his work.

While he was detained at the Cape he was much in the company of Dr. Philip, then minister of the Union church there, who had been taken from a happy and successful ministry in Aberdeen, Scotland, to undertake the general oversight of the stations and agents of the London Missionary Society in South Africa. His name is most honourably associated with the history of that country, and he has good claim to the title often given him as the "Liberator" of Africa. Some of the ideas which were shaping themselves in Livingstone's mind were the cherished opinions of his new friend, to which he had often given expression. Dr. Philip was also a Scotchman, a native of the lang toon of Kirkcaldy, trained for business in Dundee, where he had been brought under the influence of an Independent preacher, and been encouraged by him to study for the ministry. After a short term in England he became pastor of the church in the Granite city, where he had to deal with an unruly flock seriously split by internal dissension. He dealt with the troublers in a drastic fashion by dissolving the church, and then calling all who sympathised with himself and with each other to form themselves anew into an organised body. This measure justified itself in the ministry which followed, by which the church grew strong in its own life and in the deep interest in the work of God in the mission fields. This was the kind of man holding the office of General Superintendent of the missions of the Society when Livingstone got to Capetown. The treatment of the natives was a constant source of trouble among the governing classes of that day. Then, as now, there were many who thought the blacks were made as a convenience for the whites.

Those who held any other view were regarded as enemies of the white people, if not as traitors to the Government itself.

Dr. Philip held that race and colour formed no barrier either to Christian fellowship or to intellectual culture. With his views, Livingstone had a natural affinity. But he found that the doctor wanted him to be his substitute as a regular minister while he paid a visit to England, and with that proposal he could not agree. He had come charged with a commission from the Society to break new ground away nearer to the heart of Africa, and he could not allow anything to interfere with that duty. Moreover, he felt that he could not work happily or profitably within the restrictions of another man's methods, so he would not hear of the plan at all. As soon as possible he must be away about his own business. Dr. Philip had to find another substitute. Livingstone made it known, at the very outset, that the missionary cannot be used for anything to suit the convenience of Christians, although he is to be used as anything for the sake of the conversion of the heathen. This request of the doctor did not appeal to him as in the line of his immediate duty. Dr. Philip and he had little further intercourse. But both men had much in common; both loved the native African, and served the cause in their own way. Because of his defence of the native, the doctor incurred much criticism and hostility. He resented especially the brutal treatment practised on natives by Dutch settlers. For his pains he was involved in a law suit and penalties amounting to twelve hundred pounds sterling. This was liquidated by men who believed in their heart

that the loser in the legal contest was really in the right. He did not accomplish for Africa what Livingstone did, but he had the same faith in the inherent virtues of the native, treated him as one created in the likeness of the Christian's God, and set himself against the prevailing system of using him as a cheap convenience, with few human rights and no spiritual needs. It was something of importance for Livingstone to meet a man of this character at the outset of his life in Africa ; because he soon found that even in the mission staff there were some who leaned strongly to the general colonial attitude on this question of the legitimate position of the native.

From the Cape he passed to Algoa Bay. Here he began his tours over the surface of Africa, which have left behind them track[illegible] gold, trails blazed with marks of high moral character and true Christian purpose. His first destination was Kuruman, the station of Robert Moffat, who was still in England. In this new land he had to learn its way of travel, in which in after years he was so much at home. He had also to learn a new language. The former acquirement came of necessity. As to a team of oxen, he soon found how awkward and yet how useful they could be, how patient and plodding. There was delightful freedom about the ways of locomotion. No private rights or manorial restrictions hindered him from striking his camp wherever he pleased. He could walk, ride, shoot at abundance of game, just as inclination and necessity prompted. The only thing which was a trial to him on the road was that he could not study. Oxen would not go as the loom had done at Blantyre, therefore books had to be kept in their boxes. As to the language, he could make at first little progress

with it. He wanted to know Dutch, so as to be able to speak with the Boer farmers and settlers he was meeting as he was going up country. But he could make nothing of it. When he actually got settled to his regular work he acquired the native tongue by shutting himself off for a time from all European intercourse. By that ordeal he acquired in a few months a knowledge of the speech, laws and habits of thought and general conceptions of men and things existing in the minds of the natives, in a manner more thorough and extensive than if he had spent as many years in the usual methods of study.

One of the drawbacks of the missionaries had hitherto been that they so imperfectly understood the minds of the natives among whom they laboured. Livingstone made this distinct and notable addition to the working rules of the missionary business that the missionary must have a close, inside knowledge of the people among whom he had to live. The general missionary policy of more recent years has followed the direction he then pointed out.

It has not continued quite in the track he first followed, but it has preserved the principles. An obligation rests upon the man who is to take the gospel of Jesus Christ, understood and interpreted by Western thought and speech, to study the minds of the peoples to whom he goes. Many of them live in lands contiguous to those in which the Bible story was enacted and have a knowledge of its terminology and idioms better than those who have gone to teach them. It is his business not to demolish the faith of those he wants to bring to believe in his Christ, but to get the point of view from which the heathen think about the Unseen and the supreme powers. This was what Livingstone set out to do. What is this man's

idea of God? Whatever it is, he must redeem the idea, infuse truth and love into it, and by redeeming the idea, redeem the man who holds it. The most successful missionary operations are not those which bombard the citadels but those that annex the foes by a largesse of a fuller spiritual life. No man had stated the doctrine to Livingstone, but from the beginning he put it into practice. From the first days when he could scarce make himself understood, until he breathed his last on Africa's soil, the native was a fellow creature, who had a knowledge of truth and God—crude and mistaken without doubt; a fellow mortal, to be known, uplifted, and loved.

While Kuruman was his first destination, he had general instructions from his Society that he was to break new ground away to the north of that station. When he got there, no more definite directions had been sent for him as to what exactly he was to do. While waiting to recruit his oxen, worn with the long tramp from Algoa Bay, he had time to investigate the conditions of things in the vicinity of Kuruman. How it had come about it is not easy to say, but he had been led to expect a teeming population there. As a matter of fact he found relatively few people near it, not enough in his opinion to make it profitable to keep Kuruman as a head station. But Moffat had spoken about seeing the smoke of a thousand villages away to the north. There they doubtless were and there was the scope for the missionary. In this respect also he held what is surely a correct opinion, which has frequently been neglected since, that it is the duty of the evangelist of Christ, in the nineteenth century as it was in the first: to go in and out

to those still ignorant of the good news, to respond to the invitation of the man of Macedonia. It was not their object to be content with forming comfortable centres in which the Christian civilisation could be concentrated. Kuruman, thoroughly Christian was desirable, but the modern apostle could not rest there while the heart of Africa was still heathen. Moffat did a great work at Kuruman, but it was one to which Livingstone could not have given his life.

His opinions were doubtless due in a large measure to the exuberance of a youthful enthusiasm, but in their main principles they were never modified. Already he had seen something to confirm him in the views he had formed of the possibilities of the natives. On his way up from Port Arthur, he called at Hankey, a station which ministered to the Hottentots. Not many years before, these were in the state of raw heathenism. Now they had something of the religious fervour and devotion of the Scottish covenanters. During an epidemic of measles, they had been quarantined within their village and began to assemble in the early morning hours for prayers. The epidemic had passed but they still kept up the prayer meeting. When they had developed such a delight in the exercises of piety, and continued them when under no such constraint as the fears accompanying serious sickness bring, Livingstone was confident that there were to be found in the native Africans, all the qualities of robust manhood which were supposed to be the possession of the Western peoples only. He needed no indefinite nursing or prolonged supervision of white teachers to provide him with fit and necessary spiritual nourishment. The succeeding years intro-

duced Livingstone to most of the grossest forms of heathenism but did not change his opinion of his first days. The experience of missionaries in different parts of the world has added emphasis to it. Where supervision has been too long continued, the native church has developed into a greedy, unattractive parasite, sucking the life of the Western tree, instead of growing into an independent plant bearing its own individual fruit.

Kuruman itself is still a mission station. It was began in 1818, and will therefore soon celebrate its centenary, and it still has the European missionary, whether it needs him or not. There may have been sufficient reason for continuing Western agency so long, but at least one mistake of policy has been made, quite contrary to the spirit expressed in Livingstone's work: different denominations have been in the field, engaged in an unseemly rivalry, presenting a divided front and giving conflicting counsel to the native. The system so introduced has proved fatal to progress. Competition in commodities may lower the price without decreasing the worth, to the advantge of both purchaser and producer, but competition in souls decreases the value of the men, and degrades those who seek them from the high rank of holy evangelists to the mean office of the proselytiser, and the man won from a jewel in the Redeemer's crown to a pawn in a denominational game. This pernicious influence never had any encouragement from Livingstone, not even in his earliest days; he was then only anxious to spread the knowledge of the gospel, and had no desire to propagate any form of church organisation. He for one would have welcomed most heartily the sane and satisfactory methods which

are being universally advocated in our day by the Laymen's Missionary Movement.

As soon as his tired oxen were fit, and even before he had got his definite orders, Livingstone began to push out into the untrodden tracks. He set out with a party to find a location for a new station. In this company he had Mebalwe with him, the first-fruits of his advocacy of a native agency. He had been hired with money provided by the wife of the Independent minister of Cambuslang, the nearest neighbour to his mother church of Hamilton. In a letter to this lady, he had told her that he was thinking about native helpers, and she was so impressed with his idea that she got together a sum of money, twelve pounds, to help on the scheme.

The place selected was Mabotsa, two hundred and fifty miles to the north of Kuruman. A railway passes quite near to it now, going along not far from old Kuruman itself, and right through Tiger Kloof, where an extensive institution is now conducted—just such a place as Livingstone was anxious to see in his time, for the instruction of the natives in the advanced branches of industry and technical knowledge. This was one of three stations which he began in about as many years, in each of which he built a house for himself. In those few years, he showed the versatility as a missionary which got full scope in the explorer in after days. At Mabotsa, the lions were exceedingly troublesome, and he thought that it lay in the line of his duty to get rid of them. He knew that if one were killed, the others would make themselves scarce. So he got the natives to round up one of them; but at the critical moment, when they had got the circle complete, they let him break through. After a day spent thus fruitlessly, he

spied a lion sitting on a rock in a bluff, quite within range of his gun, and he fired the contents of two barrels into him. He was loading again when the wounded brute sprang upon him, seized him by the shoulder, crunched the bones, shook him as a terrier would a rat, and then threw him on the ground. Mebalwe was close at hand, with a flint-lock gun, and tried to fire, but both flints missed. The lion was suspicious of his intentions, and left Livingstone to go for him. When he seized him another got in to spear the lion, and he left Mebalwe to attack this new assailant, and might have done him serious damage had the bullets from Livingstone's gun not taken fatal effect. The life of Livingstone was therefore saved, directly, by this first native agent. Had it not been for Mebalwe there would have been no Great Heart of Africa, for at that time his work had not really begun.

Livingstone brought his wife to Mabotsa, Mary Moffat, the daughter of the man who had induced him to give his life to Africa. But they did not continue long in their new station. A colleague who had joined him became an unpleasant yoke fellow, and Livingstone moved away still further north, to Chokuane, the village of Sechele, the first of the African chiefs with whom Livingstone entered into close, affectionate, and personal relations. This chief, like others he met in later times, had the qualities of a gentleman by nature. Here there was promise of real missionary work, but a more imperious necessity than a disagreeable companion made the missionary move on again. The seasons passed with practically no rain. There were no crops and there could be no Mission Station. The men had to go on long hunting expeditions and the women had to go far

to dig for roots. Livingstone advised the chief that he should fix his village on the banks of a stream, so that they might be independent of a long spell of dry weather. His advice was accepted and missionary, chief, and tribe all trekked away to the north, forty miles, to Kolobeng. Standing on the river of that name they staked out their new village.

Having guided them to their new home, Livingstone showed them how to make the most of it. They needed to irrigate their gardens. He set them to make a canal to conduct the water of the river for that purpose. The drought still persisted, but so long as the r er lasted they were secure. Among the natives the rain-doctor had his place. He had tried his charm to induce the clouds to gather in vain. Here was a rain-doctor of another kind.

In Kolobeng, Livingstone erected his house, the last one he and his wife ever had as their own in Africa. In addition to being the general guide of the tribe, he had a multitude of duties to perform in all the different offices of a pioneer missionary. He was carpenter, blacksmith, tor, teacher, preacher, all in one. In our day there been much division of labour among missionaries, the day has not passed for the missionary following the example Livingstone set of applying Western skill and trained common sense to any situation which occurs and which opens up the the way to the main purpose. He was not a professional gentleman, but a man seeking to help his fellow creatures by extending the Kingdom among them by any means in his power. That broad line of duty never narrowed in his life; indeed, it has not narrowed yet.

CHAPTER IV.

Staking Claims.

WHEN the immigrant appears in a new country as a settler, the first thing he does is to stake out his claim, the bit of land he is to cultivate, on which he is to build his home and which he is to call his own. In the history of missions pretty much the same plan has been followed. The missionary has selected the most strategic point for his purpose, has purchased his piece of ground, erected his dwelling, his church, and his school upon it, and made it the centre of the operation of the Society he represents and the religion he has come to teach. That has been done in Africa and in every part of the mission field, until in good maps we can see the stations marked so as to form a respectable beginning of a network of Christian activity. No other plan is practicable. The business of missionary societies is to conserve as far as possible their resources, the most valuable part of which is the agents they employ. It is only by means of fixed stations that they can preserve their health and keep them in most effective touch with their home base.

This was the system on which Livingstone proposed to proceed. Only, as has already appeared, he did not believe that the European missionary should continue

very long at any one station. He had to move on. In Britain, early Christianity had concentrated itself in certain very picturesque places, in the comfortable monasteries; but while they were intended as places to which men could go for the spiritual instruction and assistance they desired, in the actual result it turned out that the church which was established as a general emporium of spiritual good became a prey to the subtle temptations of material luxury. Instead of continuing as lights to dispel the prevailing darkness, they became ornate sepulchres in which were found the most repulsive lusts and vices of men who had lost their own proper vocation. Too often, the habitations of the children of light became the halls of the sons of Belial, and the simple meals of gospel preachers were changed to the luxurious feasts of official priests. Not thus according to Livingstone was Africa to be won for the Christian faith.

He had the very natural desire to settle in a home, a desire which grew stronger as domestic ties multiplied. In him as in most people of his race and country there was a something of a wanderer, but there was also the strong feelings of the husband and the father. As a matter of fact, however, he staked out his claim in South and Central Africa in material more valuable than any part of her richest territory could have been. As we look back over the time which has moved across the pages of history since his deeds were engraved upon them, it is easy to note that among those who have only a bare acquaintance with what he did, his relation to the natives of Africa stands out as the one most conspicuous thing which has given to Livingstone a fixed place among the greatest men of the past. It was without any doubt

in the native of Africa that he staked his unquestionable claim.

After a time it was impossible to continue at Kolobeng. As the seasons passed, the sky remained persistently blue. No cloud came to sprinkle the dry, parched earth with refreshing, life-giving rain. The river itself got dried up. That fact sent Livingstone adrift from his home, and when he left it the Boer marauders reduced it to ruins. Had his main desire been to secure a home for himself, he would have been driven from this one in any case. He cherished the ambition in after years that he would get another station, and have his children all about him again, away in the dark regions of the centre of Africa. But in the order of Providence, when he left Kolobeng, he had only the heart of the native in which to make his home. He had stated very plainly to the Bakwains, among whom he was working, that at most he would only remain with them some ten years. There was this absorbing idea in his mind, coming to be more and more his missionary creed, that the land must be won by native agency. Therefore those who were to become Christian, had to set themselves to take the place of their teacher when he went out to begin the establishment of the gospel in some other centre. Livingstone is known and honoured more as an explorer than as a missionary. The bulk of his working days was given to exploration, but it must not be forgotten that he had no intention of becoming an explorer when he began his journeys. He went into unknown lands to find a place for the establishment of mission stations, and he did so because he wanted to win the native to faith in his Christ.

Let us put before our minds the native as Livingstone saw him. The colonial attitude to the savage has some explanation and apart from the Christian religion, some excuse. His general habits of body are repulsive to the refined taste, or an inducement to base animalism in those so inclined. Then the mind of the savage is the fertile soil on which so many of the superstitions of past ages have taken root. Some laugh at them, others pity those who are their prey, while some look upon them as the unmistakable signs, the certain features of a depraved and subject race. Livingstone looked upon the native as a fellow creature who had been denied his opportunity. At Kolobeng, for instance, he found that the rain-doctor was not himself deceived. He had enough knowledge to play upon the superstition of those who believed in his pretended power. The other natives could be taught the truth about the matter and be led to understand it for their comfort as much as the doctor could for his convenience. The mind of the native was claimed for the reign of truth. Another instance of the same sort, he discovered in connection with iron. The native believed that it would be bewitched. This was no matter for a superior pity or a sneering contempt. It was clearly a case for giving the native, unfortunate in his ignorance, the information which would banish ignorance and superstition together. He talked to them about the simple constituents of iron and showed them that the fear of any spirit-power residing in it was absurd. There was really nothing to be surprised about that they should have this mistaken idea. At the very time that he was taking pains to teach the native mind the plain truth, the fisher folk of his native land had

still a lingering suspicion that there was an occult power about iron, not an uncanny, sinister spirit, but a beneficent, protecting being. As they were loosing their boats from the quay to go out to the fishing ground, it might happen that they would see a priest or a minister of religion, and if they did they would shout to any member of the crew who was near enough to touch cold iron, so that any evil effect of the ghostly visitor might thereby be averted.

When centuries of Christian teaching had left the Scotch folk in that unemancipated state, was there any reason why Livingstone should not lay his claim upon the perverted mind of the African native and attempt to make it a storehouse of unadulerated truth? This idea led him to formulate a scheme for giving an extensive training to a native agency. The institution which he had in his mind was just such as stands now at Tiger Kloof, or those doing a similar service elsewhere, in other parts of Africa and the rest of the mission-field. The natives were to be got together to learn useful arts and crafts, and such as were fit were to be specially trained for the preaching of the gospel. But that plan was born out of due season. There are not a few to-day, who question the wisdom of erecting home institutions under the auspices of the Missionary Societies, although it has been abundantly proved that to their credit must be placed much of the progress in their vicinity. It is held that the missionary should confine his energies to strictly gospel preaching or purely ministerial work. Sixty years ago the proposal had less chance of a friendly reception than now. Some of Livingstone's colleagues questioned the sincerity of his design. They hinted

that he was after an establishment of a college, and saw himself raised to the equivocal dignity of a principalship, or at least a professor's chair in the new academy. For one reason or another he could not get support for it, and so the good intention he had for winning the native mind for knowledge and truth did not get far beyond his own brain just then. He had sown seed, however, which did spring up. He was himself diverted from the fields on which it had been cast and did not live to see any rich growth, but other hands have reaped in rich abundance the harvests which have grown up since his day.

In one respect, Livingstone was most careful to remember that the native, with all his latent powers, was only in the stage of pupilage. He could not argue about the truth of a Christian doctrine, or the relative value of the abstract principles of the Christian faith as contrasted with those of his own. It was all the more necessary that there should be exhibited before him just those evidences of Christian belief which the untutored mind could most readily grasp. This was what led him to give up his place at Mabotse, when he might have insisted upon his right to stay there; and it too led him often in after years to endure provocation and loss when, had he been dealing with people trained to reason things out apart from the concrete examples, he might have made good his case. When he became the leader of an expedition he still maintained the same rule and laid it down as an injunction upon his colleagues, that they must guide their conduct by it.

This claim upon the native mind is the explanation of that romantic attachment which existed between Livingstone and certain African chiefs. Two of them

stand out above all the others, Sechele and Sekeletu, the one of Kolobeng, the other of Linyanti. The first of the two came into contact with Livingstone when he was shaping his course for his future missionary career. The two men were mutually attracted to each other. They had confidence in each other, and that is the one key which unlocks the rarest treasures of friendship. There could scarcely be imagined a greater contrast than that between the child of Scotland's richest piety and this son of a race of savage chiefs, whose blood had trailed through centuries of cruelty and degradation. Sechele was, however, a gentleman by the ordination of nature. In that breath of the divine which makes man something higher than a mere animal, there was the subtle something which formed a kinship between the two men. Sechele had intelligence. Indeed all the natives had. They were expert judges as to the best place for certain crops, and the best way of managing their cattle. Their perception of spiritual things was slow, but they were at least quick enough about the matters with which they were familiar. Sechele was soon persuaded by Livingstone that the gospel he preached had a strong claim upon his attention. He was a noble man and could perceive beauty, a true man according to his lights, who could detect the gem of the truth, a sort of Israelite in the heart of Africa, who was easily persuaded to believe that a Messiah had come.

In due course he resolved to adopt Christianity. This implied a complete change in his way of living, over which the missionary was the presiding guide. Of course, he was not able to escape quickly from the strong instincts of his past. These Livingstone had to

respect and endeavour to replace with an expulsive affection for new ideas. The chief wanted to bring all his people together into the new faith. In any other change he had made he had carried them with him, either by mild persuasion or if that failed by the pointed, cutting arguments of a lash made of rhinoceros hide. He had to learn that the old system did not apply in this instance. For himself he said to Livingstone that he regretted that he had not come to his country sooner, before he had become entangled in all the meshes of his heathen customs. Now he had to extricate himself from the evils of the past, and allow his subjects a liberty of which he had never known before. How could a chief, a warrior of fame and wide renown, the owner of many herds of cattle, and having the proud distinction of being husband to many wives, condescend to argue with his people about anything, or ever accede to them a freedom of choice on any matter of belief? If they did not accept the new order of religion by the example of their chief, they must be whipped into a better behaviour. Livingstone had been taught that a man is not a Christian by adopting a new order of general conduct. He must have some conscious experience of a union with Christ, which would give him a strong impulse to a new life. Sechele was just as likely a subject of the throes of the new birth as any man born in Scotland. For that change Livingstone waited and for it he laboured and prayed.

Two things kept Sechele to the old way: one was that he was regarded by his tribe as a rain-maker, and accepted himself as so gifted; the other was, that he had quite a quantity of wives. It was not so difficult to

convince him that the rain-making was a fallacy, but it was another affair to convince his people that he had no power over the elements. It was the more difficult because of the persistent drought which was slowly but surely bringing the day nearer when the tribe would be broken up. Some of the older men even believed that Livingstone had bewitched him so that their chief could not exercise his previous charms, and they begged the missionary to call off his occult power. The chief could not, without a real self-denial, so far immolate himself as to give up the prerogative which was supposed to be his. In the matter of the women there were more serious complications. They were relatives of certain of his head men, who enjoyed a sort of reflected honour because one of their women-kind was among the number of the chief's wives. If he sent them away he must thereby alienate these principal men. Moreover, his dawning consciousness of a higher morality showed him that he must make some respectable provision for these discarded women, if he was to accept the Christian monogamy. Livingstone did not interfere. According to his standard of the native mind, the resolution would form itself according to the dictates of duty to do the right thing. Sechele was progressing. He learned to read. When he mastered printed languages, he showed a keen discrimination of the best by a preference for the book of Isaiah. He even set up the family altar in his house, and himself led the devotions. Livingstone, with the memory of the sanctuary at Blantyre when his priest-like father read the sacred page, was deeply impressed with the character of Sechele's prayers, as revealing a depth of spiritual insight and inspiration

which was surprising in one brought so recently into the faith. By and bye it occurred which Livingstone had all along expected. Of his own initiative, Sechele discharged his superfluous wives, giving them all such dowry as he could to make them attractive to other men, and met all the economy which the step involved with cheerfulness. He and Mary began to walk the good way alone. At first he expected when he set up the family worship, that all the people would come as readily to share that engagement as they would come to share in others like hunting and fighting. But they did not. He had to find out the natural way each man must proceed according to a law that is higher than that of a chief and therefore, when his discharge of the wives brought on criticism, he was able to continue in the course he had accepted, and when his people declined to follow his example to wait until they were moved by a new and better spirit.

In course of time, Livingstone was satisfied that Sechele might be admitted to the membership of the Christian church. On the day on which he was baptised, along with his children, a great many of his tribe came to see the ceremony. By the same sort of perversion which led the Romans to believe that the early Christians ate human flesh in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, these subjects of Sechele had come to believe that the converts would be compelled to drink dead men's brains in the sacrament of baptism.

They were amazed to find that only simple, inoffensive water was used in the rite. But they saw the old order passing. Some old men of the tribe shed tears, for they beheld their warrior chief become subject to the mission-

ary, reduced to an impotent slavery, under this new master who issued no commands. To Livingstone the occasion was a triumph, not because he could place on record that a chief had been baptised, but because he had shown that the mind of the native could apprehend spiritual things and could reach conclusions by the unfettered use of a redeemed intelligence, in keeping with the laws of the New Testament. It was more of a victory to have claimed the African mind for reason and morality, than to have enacted a compound over which might float a Christian flag. Sechele had never been anything else to him than a man in whom the Divine Spirit would work. He was as much a temple of the Holy Ghost as if he had been born in Britain, and had a white skin. Now his confidence was so far justified. The relatives of the divorced wives became enemies to the new religion, for reasons plainly understood, but they remained loyal to their chief and respectful to the missionary. All the subsequent career of Sechele added to the honour of his name and to the credit of Livingstone's estimate of his character.

This claim which Livingstone made, the African for the gospel, was the foundation of all his unrelenting opposition to the crime and curse of slavery. He had seen little of it as yet, in comparison to what he saw in later times. But he was just as antagonistic to the system in its less repulsive forms as he was when he met it in its more revolting aspects. We must not forget, if we are to rightly appreciate the strength and nature of his convictions on this subject, that there were many in Britain who could find ample justification for the practice of slavery. There were so many in America,

whose sympathies were with the South when the civil war broke out, that it was an open question for a time where the majority of support would go. That war in itself wrote in streams of blood a belief held by many professedly Christian people that slavery was a system divinely ordained as well as economically sound. Many gave their support to the war to preserve the rights of the South on the purely selfish grounds that slavery meant an abundance of cheap labour and large profits. But the South waged their battles with a grim determination, which showed how sincere her ideas were on the subject. A new sentiment has grown up since Livingstone began his agitation for the liberation of the slave. When a species of labour was introduced into South Africa, after the Boer War, which had at least the semblance of slavery in the case of the gangs of Chinese coolies who were taken to the mines, the British people revolted against it, and the Government which sanctioned it received a very effective expression of their disapproval: but there was no keen public opinion of that sort in David Livingstone's days.

In one of his earliest excursions to the north of Kuruman, he saw a sample of its debasing operation, which made a lasting impression on his mind. A little girl, about eleven years of age, who lived in a village at which he had stopped, and where he was doctoring the eyes of the chief, came after him when they were about a dozen miles on their way. She got under his wagon, and declared her intention of going with him to Kuruman. There were rows of beads hung about her, so that she presented a gay enough appearance. But underneath the outer show was a heart of bitter grief. The orna-

ments were put on her not to please her, but to enhance her value as a commodity of the market.

Livingstone got her story. Her natural guardian had died. She came into the possession of a family who were disposing of her at the highest price she would bring. The little maid had but small experience of life, but she knew enough to understand that this was the greatest calamity which could befall her. How she reasoned it out in her unsophisticated mind she could not well tell, but she concluded that the last chance she had of escape from impending doom was to put herself under the protection of the missionary. His wagon was the only city of refuge for her. Livingstone treated her with kindness, when he got the account from her of all her trouble. Before long, a man appeared with a gun, demanding that she should return with him, and threatening to shoot her if she did not. The child sobbed most bitterly and pleaded to be kept by the missionary party. Eventually one of the native converts in Livingstone's company, got into conversation with the irate pursuer, who was angry not only at the loss of the girl, who would fetch something of herself, but also at the loss of the beads with which he had adorned her to put up her price. After a long parley he agreed to let her stay where she was, if he were reimbursed for his outlay on her decorations. She did stay, and Livingstone saw to it that she should be sufficiently guarded until they could reach their destination, where her safety would be secured. In this young maid there was young Africa appealing to Livingstone to set her free from this awful bondage. His heart opened at once. An instinctive trust was displayed in him. He responded to

it and gave this first little suppliant all she craved. It was to give to the whole of Africa what she dumbly pleaded for, that the major part of his remaining days were spent.

In this case he had an easy undertaking before him. This girl was being sold by a native probably to another native of a neighbouring tribe. If these people were taught the value of human life and the elementary principles of the Christian faith, the ignorant natives would give up their evil procedure. But soon Livingstone perceived that this was only a part of the warfare that he must undertake, and as the years went on he learned still more how extensive his opposing forces were. In recent years, there have been resurrected some of the expressions Livingstone used about the Boers, as to their methods of dealing with the natives. We may gladly recognise that that people is now an integral part of the British Empire, and that they loyally observe the Empire's laws; but there is no denying the fact that they treated the natives badly in Livingstone's day.

They were nominally a Christian people. Most of them were habitually chaste and many of them thoroughly honourable in their conduct. The one glaring fault in their character was their barbarous treatment of the African. By a species of reasoning which did gross violence to logic they persuaded themselves that they had a right to use the coloured people as their servants which really amounted to a justification for enslaving them. They made raids here and there, to keep up the supply of these servants. On the east side of Kolobeng, they were the dominant power. Sechele

and his tribe enjoyed immunity from their hostile attentions, simply because Livingstone was living among them. They gave currency to the report that he had supplied the Bakwains with arms, and even a cannon. He had given them guns with which to shoot game, and he had given the chief a useful domestic utensil. The cannon had been magnified out of this, a pot, in which he might cook his meals when on hunting expeditions. The stories were circulated so as to make the missionary objectionable to the Government, and to afford them an excuse for attacking the tribe with whom he lived. When he had to leave Kolobeng, they did attack it and carry off many of the people. They took what revenge they could on him by breaking up his house and tearing and mutilating his books. This was the the kind of enemy with which Livingstone had to battle all his life. All the same, he claimed the African for civilisation and for God. In him he staked out his claims. He was interested in the dessication of the continent, the movement of her surface, the fever which infested so much of her area, and attacked natives and Europeans alike, the latter with depressing and frequently with fatal effect. He also studied the tsetse fly, an insect which stung certain cattle and rendered them very soon quite useless, and before long produced deadly results. Because of their presence in so many parts transport was almost an impossibility, because they depended almost wholly upon oxen for that purpose. He was deeply interested in many things besides in the country; but first and last he claimed the African—the native, as his chief concern.

CHAPTER V.

The Vision which opened the Continent.

THE protracted drought, continued year after year, was the relentless cause of Livingstone's determination to remove from Kolobeng. If the tribe should be able to remain at all, in the meanwhile no missionary work should be carried on at the station. Water and vegetation were so scarce that the men were away most of the time hunting for game to provide food, and the women had to go far afield in search of roots. Very little could be done because of this decimation of the population. Away to the north, there were people living by an unknown lake, who had never been reached by a missionary at all. In himself, there was always a strong desire to get forward. Fate and Providence alike were conspiring to urge him out to the unknown.

Sechele told him about a great chief living somewhere beyond that undiscovered lake, Sebituane by name. In his infancy he had saved his life and in other ways done him no little kindness. He was reputed to be a man of great ability, the master of quite a number of tribes, whose rule extended over so extensive a territory as to make him one of the most important sovereigns of Central Africa. These reports were enough to create

in Livingstone a desire to see Sebituane. But the geographical location of his home was very indefinite. He lived somewhere to the north of this unknown lake Ngami. Between him at Kolobeng and that lake there lay the Kalahari desert. What might lie beyond the lake was still more covered in the gloom of the unknown.

The resolution to find a way to Sebituane was the grain of seed from which grew the magnificent proposals of Livingstone for the opening up of Africa. That led him to penetrate the desert and to discover the lake. Having discovered the lake he found Sebituane, but the situation was such that he could not expect his Society to support him at such a distance from the base of operations, with such a long stretch of well-nigh impassible desert between him and any established centre. The mere cost of transit of supplies would be prohibitive in time. When he saw that by his expedition he had found out a place which would be a strategic point in the general attack upon the heathenism of Africa, he concluded that the only way by which it could be held and properly utilised would be by getting some way of approach to it from the coast, west or east. This location was contingent upon the place being sufficiently free from malaria to permit Europeans to live there. At great cost, it was proved to be a very infective area. Often Livingstone felt it necessary to defend himself from the charge that the missionary had become absorbed in the explorer. Without doubt he was an explorer, but it was as a missionary that he turned to the trying labours of the pathfinder, and as such that he endured all the hardships and privations which exploration involved. The

plain truth has to be emphasised that the vision which led him to undertake the most important adventure since the days of Columbus, was conceived on the desire to use his opportunity to carry the gospel into hitherto unreached regions. He was now living nearly three hundred miles from Kuruman, and Lake Ngami was probably six hundred miles away. Sebituane was probably a good deal further away still. But there many natives lived and after them he must go.

In undertaking this trip he had many obstacles to meet—some due to nature, some to human nature. But he had the good fortune to have the company and the sympathy of two English hunters, Mr. Murray and Mr. Oswell, the latter of whom more especially proved often to be a friend to him. There was something of the same fearlessness about both. Mr. Oswell was as successful as a hunter as was Livingstone in his own department, and as the two co-operated a good deal on the way, the hunter gave practical recognition of his indebtedness to the missionary on several occasions, when the small means provided by the Society proved unequal to meet the ordinary and legitimate needs of Livingstone and his family.

Just when he had determined to make this notable venture, messengers came to him from Lechulatebe, the chief of the people living close by the lake, inviting him to visit their country and making big promises of reward from the wealth of that land, quantities of ivory. Even the Bakwains were interested. They, too, would like to go to that Paradise in which treasures so abundant were found. Therefore guides were easily procured and the attempt began.

Most of Livingstone's exploits were carried through without disaster, because he so successfully enlisted the assistance of the native. This case was no exception, but in this, his first great venture, he had to overcome the hostility to his project of a neighbournig chief, Sekomi. This man saw in the visit to the north a very possible interference with the monopoly of the trade in ivory which he had held as his own without any dispute. With a craft which would have done credit to some of the unscrupulous magnates who make corners in the New York or Chicago Exchanges, he put every hindrance in the way of the party. This he accomplished mainly by sending men ahead of them to warn the tribes they would have to pass that a company was coming, who had some evil intentions upon them, their liberty, or their goods. All the same, when Livingstone actually appeared he always got through; and before he made his last trip over the Kalahari, he had what satisfaction there was to be had in hearing Sekomi confess himself beaten.

The Kalahari desert may be put before the mind of the reader by thinking of a vast area, now bounded by the railway, going from Mafeking to Bulawayo on its eastern side, with the stations where Livingstone had been working as its southern extremity, stretching away beyond Lake Ngami to the then unknown Zambesi on the north, and away towards the west through German South-West Africa, terminating there in the hills and rivers of that territory. Its extent is about 600 miles square. There were very vague ideas as to its formation before Livingstone explored it. Parties had repeatedly made the attempt to cross it before, but in each case

had been completely baffled. The most costly equipment was unequal to the demands of the desert. When he made his entry upon it, he found that it was not a desert at all, in the conventional sense of that word. The only thing in which it was true to the common idea was that it had no rivers. There was a great amount of vegetation upon it, and a large population for an African country. Considerable areas were covered by bushes and even trees, and huge herds of a species of antelope were found. The inhabitants were the agile Bushmen and the Bakalahari, who found abundance of food among the big game, and the multitudes of creatures of the rat and cat tribe. There were many plants too, which adapted themselves to the conditions around them. Many had tuberous roots, going down deep into the ground, and developing tubers there to form reservoirs of nutriment for the indigenous animals as well as for sustenance for themselves. Many of these tubers grow to a good size and as they are so far under the surface they are brought out delightfully cool. The water melon also grows in this desert. When the rainfall is in any way plentiful, the crop is very abundant. It is the plenty or the luxury of men and animals, according as rain falls much or little. Nature had made provision for the traveller in this hitherto untraversed land.

All these things were of interest to Livingstone, but he was most attracted by those of the inhabitants with whom he could get intercourse. The Bushmen he believed to be the aboriginal inhabitant of the lands further south, who had been forced into the desert by the pressure of stronger tribes, themselves feeling in turn

the inroads of the aggressive white people. They are genuine gipsies of the desert, making no attempt to cultivate the ground, living chiefly upon game and always moving on. The life of the desert is natural to them. If they ever had more regular ways of living or were ever established in homes further south, they had made the roving habits of the nomad their own. The Bakalahari were of a different sort. They had the unfailing characteristic of the Bechuana people, a love for domestic animals and for the garden. Livingstone learned that they digged and planted their patches of ground every year, although, with the uncertainty of rainfall, the probabilities of reaping any harvest was exceedingly small. In his opinion they had been driven into the desert. They had so great a fear of the Bechuanas of strange tribes, that they fixed their villages far away from water. This provides a safety from unwelcome visitors, but at the price of much labour to secure the necessary supply of water for their own maintenance. The arrangement followed in getting this supply is ingenious. The women are the water carriers. They go to places where it can be got and make an extemporised well, by digging a hole in the soft earth as far down as they can scoop it out with the hand. The water is got on the same principle as that of the sand-point pump used on the prairies of Canada. They take a reed and tie a bunch of grass about its lower end, and bury it in the bottom of the well, closing the earth about it as closely as possible. By sucking at the top of the reed, a vacuum is produced among the grass into which the water gathers. The woman's mouth forms the pump, to draw up the water, which is conducted

into shells by a straw inserted in the top part of the reed

The shells are generally emptied ostrich eggs. In this way they secure their necessary water supply. Livingstone would get to one of these Bakalahari villages when they were much in need of water, but not a drop of it could have been got by compulsion. That genius of his which disarmed suspicion and encouraged confidence was often rewarded by a gift of it from the unsuspected hiding place in the ground, when a sword and gun could not have revealed a single drop of it.

They proceeded in their ox wagons by the slow and comfortable system of the African travel, with an occasional excitement. Their leading guide had at one time belonged to the chief Sekomi, who was planning to frustrate their effort. At one time their cattle were all frightened away by the inopportune and unexpected appearance of a hyaena among them, and they fled to the territory of their enemy. To their delight he sent them back, when they feared that he would keep them out of spite. The chivalry of his race, among whom cattle stealing was absolutely unknown, prevailed with him to abandon the advantage which had accidentally come into his hands, even although they had engaged one of his old servants to be their guide.

Notwithstanding the occasional supply of water they got from the Bakalahari, they were sometimes hard pressed for want of it. Their way lay frequently over land of a sandy character, into which the wagon wheels sank so that their progress was reduced to a snail's gallop of 20 miles a day. When they were still 300 miles from their destination, they were deceived into the belief

that they had reached the lake and could soon slake their thirst in its waters. A vast salt pan, 20 miles in circumference, came suddenly into their view, after passing a clump of trees. It lay there in the sun, a veritable picture of a moving sea, with all the reflections on its surface so commonly observed in an extensive sheet of water. The loose cattle, the horses, the dogs, and even the native helpers were deceived and ran off to refresh themselves in the inviting lake. Mr. Oswell danced like a dervish with delight, at his first sight of it. All of them had to bear with disappointment. It was no lake they saw.

More than once they were deceived by this mirage, but as they chased one after another they came to the river Zouga, flowing out of Lake Ngami. With this as a standby, their greatest troubles were over. Livingstone declared that it was a glorious river. After coming hundreds of miles over the desert it would lose none of its intrinsic beauty, to men and beasts who had suffered from thirst in the tropical heat. As usual he was attracted to the people who lived on the banks. There were magnificent trees, some of them seventy feet in circumference, some bearing luscious fruit, and the scenery was grand. But of the most importance to him were the Bakoba, a fine, frank race of men, who pleased him most of all because they seemed able to appreciate so well the gospel message he delivered to them.

The party left Kolobeng on the first day of June, 1849. They first saw the real lake on the first day of August. When Livingstone sent the news home, with an account of his trip, the Royal Geographical Society voted him a sum of twenty-five guineas, a hundred and thirty dollars,

in recognition of his successful journey, the discovery of an interesting country, a fine river, and an extensive inland lake.

Lechulatebe, who had sent them an invitation to come to his country, looked upon their expedition with less favour when he learned it was their intention to pass on to visit the Chief Sebituane. He would supply them no guides for that purpose. All the ivory he cared to ask would be at the disposal of Livingstone, if he went no further. He did not want white men to go to Sebituane, lest they should provide him with firearms and thus make him a dangerous neighbour. After reviewing all the situation, there seemed no prospect of getting on. The other members of the party agreed with him that it was best to go back to Kolobeng. Afterwards they could return with some other equipment, by which they might achieve their object. So the return journey was begun. But they had discovered the Zouga, and could keep by it as far as it was convenient to them, and thus shorten the distance over the dry country.

What had been gained by this trip over the Kalahari? The lake was located, the river found, a tract of country hitherto unknown was brought into the geography of Africa. These were not ordinary attainments. But a further discovery was made which had much to do with Livingstone's own future, and the coming welfare of the continent. A river of the name of Tamanakle had been found, emptying itself into the Zouga. Where did it rise? What people lived on its banks? The natives on the Zouga told him that it came from a land in which there were more rivers than could be counted. What could this land be? A new vision appeared before

the missionary, new fields were inviting him, new opportunities calling him to new exertions. This was the one thing of the greatest value to Livingstone which came out of his trip across the Kalahari.

Meanwhile, they came back to Kolobeng, to recruit and prepare for another attempt—not now to make a way to Lake Ngami, but to find a location for a station which would be a centre of gospel influence in the newly discovered land and the base for further aggression upon that possible other hinter-land of which he had got the first dim hint. Next year this second expedition set out. In the company were Sechele, the chief of Kolobeng, Mebalwe, his old helper, his wife and children, and some twenty Bakwains. Mrs. Moffat, the mother of Mrs. Livingstone, remonstrated with him for exposing his wife and children to such dangers of the desert. But his Mary was willing to go. There was much uncertainty about the future of Kolobeng, on account of the hostile attentions of the Boer. They would probably be as safe with him on the desert as at Kolobeng with Boers about. Besides, he knew that the presence of wife and children would relieve the tedium of the journey, and his sagacity taught him that nothing could more effectually disarm suspicion and commend confidence among the natives than to see that he trusted his children among them.

The intention in this case was to reach Sebituane without having to get the help of guides from Lechulatebe. They were to cross the Zouga at its eastern end and proceed along the northern bank until they came to the Tamanakle, and find a way up that stream to that country they wanted to reach. Sekomi had

not yet given up his hostility. They had dug wells at several points on the first march, but these were all filled up by his orders when they came to them this time. Again, however, they got safely across the desert and to the Zouga. But there were obstacles along its northern banks which Livingstone had not encountered before on its other side, in the number of the trees. Many had to be hewn down to permit of their passage. When they crossed the river, Sechele had left them to press on to see Lechulatebe. They did not expect to see him again. But at the point where the two rivers met, they learned that a more deadly obstacle than they had hitherto encountered awaited them if they proceeded up the Tamanakle. This was the fatal tsetse fly. The danger was so great that Livingstone reluctantly abandoned his project. It the tsetse fly attacked his oxen, he might be stranded in an entirely unknown country, and his family and party be reduced to starvation. Better face the reluctant Lechulatebe than fly to dangers of which he did not know. They crossed the Zouga and proceeded to the point they had reached before. The chief was obdurate as ever. He could not even be mollified by the persuasions of Sechele. At last, however, he took a fancy to a rifle Livingstone had. Could he get it, he would not only give the missionary what he needed for his expedition, but would protect and provide for his wife and children while he was away should he care to trust them to his care.

Again the plan was frustrated. The lakeside proved to be a fever bed. There was no help for it but to go back to Kolobeng once more. The coveted gun was left in the possession of the chief, because Livingstone

had the intention of coming again to claim the fulfilment of the promise. He was convinced that a healthy location for a settlement could be found further north. Still another river, the Teoga, flowed into the lake at its north-west end. It was reputed to be a very rapid stream. Therefore, there were likely high lands somewhere in that direction. Going up it men in canoes had sometimes to hold on to the reeds, to prevent their being swept down by the current. Away in the north region somewhere the new centre of Christianity might be set up. The party retraced its steps to Kolobeng, once more to get ready for a third attempt to reach Sebituane.

When they got home, a fourth member was added to the family, but owing to a prevalent fever the babe was carried off. This was the first personal grief which befel Livingstone. Other domestic matters made it necessary for both parents to go down to Kuruman. He was suffering at the time from an enlarged uvula, and wanted to go to the Cape to have it excised. His wife had a serious illness, however, and he would not leave her for so long a time as would be necessary for that journey. Under the circumstances he tried to prevail upon his father-in-law, Mr. Moffat, to become surgeon, and so far succeeded as to induce him to make a pair of scissors of the necessary length and shape for the operation. There his courage failed him, and Livingstone retained his troublesome member.

After they had recuperated and got straightened up generally, they went back to Kolobeng, to prepare for the third trip across the Kalahari. This time, in addition to his family, he had Mr. Oswell again in his company,

who contributed materially to the comfort and success of the journey, by providing watering-places on the route beforehand. At last, they did succeed in reaching Sebituane. They were received with royal marks of welcome. He was chief of the Makololo, and unquestionably the greatest man in all that country. His previous career was like that of some famous hero of the Greek legends, or the story of the exploits of some noted Scottish chieftain. Like Livingstone himself, he had the art of gaining the affection of the natives, but his warlike prowess had added considerably to the respect in which he was held. In his earlier days he had heard about the white man, and had long cherished an ambition to get connected with him. Now the desire of his heart was attained. There was Livingstone too, having for so long wished to reach this chieftian, in his company, with the prospect of a settlement under the sympathetic protection of a man who had so many attractive native qualities. Surely the dream of years was at last realised. Sebituane had the white people at his town, living with his tribe, and Livingstone can found his station from which the potent influences of the Christian faith can radiate over the stretching leagues of this heathen land.

Alas, once more he was doomed to disappointment. On the first Sunday, Sebituane attended the worship and heard the message Livingstone had come to declare. But a few days after he became ill. with pneumonia, and after a sickness of fourteen days he died. With his death there perished Livingstone's long cherished dreams. He expected that Sebituane would give him what he could not get at Kolobeng, because of the

opposition of the Boers. Here there would be no hindrance to the spread of the gospel. He was on virgin soil. From this point over all the territory of Sebituane he could send native agents to his heart's content, to proclaim the good news of the gospel in a country that had never heard the name of Christ. All these designs were buried in the grave of the dead chief. His successor was his daughter Ma-Mo-Chisane. Nothing would be done without her approval. While trying to get into communication with her, Mr. Oswell and Livingstone made an excursion to the north-east, and came upon still another river named the Shesheke. They heard that up this river there were rapids, while further down it there were falls. The Shesheke was the now famous Zambesi and the Falls were visited by Livingstone at a later date and named by him after the Queen, the Victoria Falls.

After this examination of the country he had as yet found no suitable location for a station. In some cases fever prevailed, while the higher places were exposed to the raids of the Mosilikatse, one of the most terrible marauders of all Africa. There was still no doubt in his mind that a good station could be found, but it could only be discovered by still further penetration of the untrodden earth. Away back to Kolobeng they went once more, only to find that it had been deserted by Sechele—partly because of the drought, but largely owing to the Boers. Deprived of this home, if he was to prosecute with success the quest for a suitable location of a station he must provide for the comfort of his family elsewhere, and undertake the risks and hardships alone. They went to the Cape, and from there wife and children

went to England, while he turned back to put into effect his intention. He had been revolving in his mind not only where the new station could best be located, but also how it could best be maintained. His conclusion was that it was only practicable if a way could be found from it to either the west or the east coast. When he had got the station fixed and the road to it opened, he hoped to have his wife and family with him again. Together, in a Christian home, they would kindle a lamp and keep a light burning whose radiance would dispel the heathen darkness which had hung for ages over this region of Africa.

CHAPTER VI.

Among the Wicked and the Ugly.

LIVINGSTONE stayed long enough at the Cape to get himself put in shape for his trip back to Kolobeng and N'gami. The troublesome uvula was removed. But when he began to collect supplies he was faced with the objection that he was an unpatriotic person, becau ~ he was well known to be on friendly terms with the natives. Africa, which has been so often the cockpit in which the contests between the native and the Boer, or the Boer and the Briton have been fought, was in the turmoil of a conflict just then. It was only by favour that he could get a supply of ammunition at all. The Boers especially put obstacles in his way ; indeed, they were too evidently ready and eager to end his influence with the natives by bringing an end to himself. They were the civilised people, holding themselves at least to be Christians, but they had a standard of Christianity in which several of the precepts of the decalogue were amissing.

The annals of adventure present few parallels to the account of Livingstone's journey across Africa, simply from the dangers he had to meet from savage tribes. But the greatest danger he met was not from these, but from those who professed to be civilised. That great

journey may be traced from the Cape. Beginning there, at first his journey was very slow. For one thing, his oxen were very poor and in the goodness of his heart he had loaded his wagon with packages for people on the way. Even the wagon was not very first rate, for he arrived at Kuruman with a broken wheel, an accident which turned out a blessing in disguise, as it delayed him until it could be repaired: when otherwise he would have gone right into the hands of the Boers, and to his most certain destruction, for they were busy looting his home at Kolobeng at the time. They did so with a wanton mischief, which showed that they would not have scrupled at any attack upon himself. Most of his useful furniture they carried away, and what they could not carry they smashed. His books they tore, mutilating them with the passion of desperate men filled with the spirit of revenge. They even knocked his medicine bottles into fragments. The resident tribe, Sechele's people, had been away from the place for some time, and were staying in a new settlement, Limane. When the Boers had done all the mischief they could at Kolobeng, they went to attack the tribe at their new home. They killed some sixty of them, men and women, and burned their crops, and carried off their cattle. Poor Sechele set out to the Cape, with the purpose of going in person to the Queen of Britain, to tell her about the evil doings of his persecutors, to ask for protection, if not for compensation. He met Livingstone on the road and tried to persuade him to turn back and go with him. Failing in this, he went on alone but did not get further than Cape Town. His tale of woe fell upon unheeding ears there, and his losses and sorrows were simply added

to that swelling indictment against the civilised powers for their treatment of the natives. How could he, a mere Bakwain chief, expect any redress or compensation when even Livingstone, a subject of the British throne, one who had conferred a benefit upon the Empire by his work of exploration which had called out the eulogiums of the Royal Geographical Society, received no redress whatever, although he made application to the regular authorities both at Cape Town and at London! When these facts were unearthed again a few years ago, protests were made that they were put into circulation by the descendants of the offending parties. It is easy to understand how those of the same blood should resent the resurrection of the truth and it is a gratifying evidence of the advance which has been made in the right direction since Livingstone's day. But if all objectionable facts connected with his life are to be suppressed, there would be much less to record, for the most painful part of his heroic story is the treatment he so often received from those who should have on every ground have given him assistance and support. The facts remain. Those who raided Kolobeng and broke up Livingstone's house, who smashed his medicine cases and tore up his books, knew that they were guilty of acts of gross wickedness. No apology can be tendered for them. After doing their worst at Kolobeng, they went to the new village of the tribe and shelled it with a cannon. In the accepted jurisprudence of the day, the natives had no rights and the butchery of the sixty men and women may be explained if not excused on that ground, but there is simply no excuse for their treatment of Livingstone.

In this battle, however, the Bakwains put up a pretty strong defence. There were some thirty or forty casualities on the side of the Boers, besides a number of horses killed. This was an occurrence so novel and unexpected that the Boers resented it, aud blamed Livingstone for the new turn of affairs. Hitherto they had been used to carry a native village without any loss on their part. They were sure that the new order of things, where the natives had the audacity to defend themselves, was due to Livingstone. He must have trained them in the unpardonable art of self-defence. Of course there was no reasonable ground for the charge, except in so far as the Christian faith teaches every man that he has certain elementary rights which he has a right and duty to guard. Could those discomfited Boers have laid hands upon the missionary, they would have given him a taste of Jeddart justice; they would have condemned him first and then executed him—leaving the trial until the more convenient season, when he could not interfere with its course.

As things were, since he was simply beset with men of no scruple, Livingstone had to re-organise his expedition to Sebituane. A party or two of Boers had set off on the trail he himself had made to the Lake. This closed that road for him. For one thing he thought it very likely that they would be cut off. If they were, it would be an easy thing for them to lay the blame of that mishap on him and doubtless a demand for help to punish the natives generally would be made to the British Government. A deadly war would be begun on the plea that it was necessary to clear the country of rebellious and murderous tribes. The prospect was

very threatening. At least, he determined that he would keep out of the clutches of the Boers himself. So instead of following the old trail on which he would be pretty sure to encounter them, he struck out a new way across the Kalahari desert, this time along its western border. This turned out to be an advantage, for nature was showing favour to that side of the Kalahari. A plentiful rain had fallen, a blessing which comes only once in every ten years, and water melons were very numerous. He had also the good fortune to meet with one or two travellers by the way, with whom he was able to exchange notes and from whom he was able to learn a great deal about that part of the continent. The whole journey was carried through with relatively little difficulty and with a much smaller amount of privation than on any of the previous trips.

He passed on to the capital of the Makololo people, Linyanti, a point in Africa which has some claim to be looked upon as its Iona. It was the centre from which the new history of the Christianisation of Africa was begun, through which its greatest evangelist tried to make the continent accessible to gospel agencies.

Changes had occurred since he was with the Makololo before. Ma-Mo-Chisane, the daughter of Sebituane, who had succeeded to the chief's place, was not at all happy in her exalted state. By the rule of the tribe she must attach to her its various sections by marrying quite a number of husbands. She preferred to fix her attentions and devote her affection upon one man only. So to get rid of her embarrassing wealth in men, she abdicated in favour of her younger brother Sekeletu, quite a young fellow, eighteen years of age. He had a

half-brother, however, Mpepe, who thought that the honour should have come to him, and he therefore resolved to make the chief's place vacant. In the issue, Mpepe himself was killed. Sekeletu was in the company of Livingstone on a journey, when they happened to meet this conspirator. He seemed to think that his enemy had been delivered into his hand. On three different occasions, his murderous design was frustrated, once by Livingstone covering the chief with his own body. There was no mistaking his intention, and the traitor was seized by Sekeletu's people, and without further delay put to death. Even then the matter was not ended. It was known that the father of Mpepe and one of the head men were art and part in the plot. It was not long after the death of Mpepe, when they met the other two. They were immediately arrested and led away to their death. There was no use of opposition on their part, and just as little of interference on the part of the missionary. According to the rough and ready system of dispensing justice they were worthy of death, and they were hewn to pieces and their bodies thrown to be devoured by the hungry alligators in the river. This shocking affair which was carried out before his eyes horrified Livingstone, but it was not the only ugly thing of which he was made an involuntary witness. He reasoned with the men who did this deed about the sin of shedding blood, tried to show them the guilt which they had incurred, and pictured for them the final judgment when all such bloodshed would be punished. He was as a voice crying in the wilderness, where none of the seeds of the Kingdom of God had ever been sown.

Sekeletu wanted him to settle with him. There was a mutual attraction between the two, similar to that which had existed between Livingstone and Sebituane. But the fever was very bad at Linyanti, too prevalent to make it feasible to plant a station to which he could bring his family. He had to decline the invitation of the chief, and try to find a more salubrious station still further north. He hoped to find a suitable place in the country of the Barotse, to the north and west of Linyanti. A good deal of persuasion was needed before the chief could be induced to give him the necessary guides to assist him in making this investigation, but at last he agreed and he joined the party himself. Alas, not in all the reaches of the Barotse country could a healthy locality be found. Livingstone returned to Linyanti, resolved either to settle and brake the fever with all its risks as the missionary to the Makalolo, or to begin the preparations for making a way to the coast by which perhaps some station, still undiscovered, would be within reach of the necessary supplies.

During the time he stayed among the Barotse he saw heathenism in the worst forms he had hitherto met. He was often moved to a sense of loathing at its hideous character, scarcely suspecting that he would see even worse sights still before he had done. There, alone, he had to sustain his mind for its higher vocations, by resolutely thinking and sometimes writing about scenes more pleasing. All the while he steadily plodded on with his immediate work as a missionary, taking every opportunity of speaking to the natives about the truths of the gospel, and being especially careful to instruct

them by his own example that there was one day in seven, distinctly set apart for the highest good of all.

Livingstone had studied his course carefully, as to how he could reach the west coast. Already he had gone up the Zambesi, there called the Leeba, when exploring the Barotse country. From a Portugese map which he had secured he made out that there was a river Coanza, which rose somewhere about the middle of the continent, on the line he was to follow. There would only be about a hundred and fifty miles to travel after leaving the Leeba, until they could strike this stream. They would therefore have a supply of water for most of the way, an item of so great importance to a party passing through an equatorial region. Alas, the best laid schemes of all men often fail! The Coanza had been placed on the map according to the idea of the author as to where it should be, but in fact it did not rise anywhere near the centre of the continent and much further south than his line of march lay. It was never of any help to him at all. It was only when he was too far on his way to turn back that he found out the geographer's mistake.

The preparations for the momentous journey were made with care. Livingstone chose to make a way to St. Paul de Loanda, in preference to an easier route to St. Philip de Benguela, a port about 300 miles further south. The reason for the choice was that slave traders had already been on that road, and it was highly undesirable that he should go by the route along which they had travelled. The chief was as anxious to find a way to the coast as was Livingstone, for of course quite different reasons. He wanted it for purposes of trade

in the first place, while the missionary wanted to establish it first of all in the interests of the gospel. An assembly was called at Linyanti to discuss the whole project.

After much talk it was solemnly determined that the effort was to be made to find a way to the coast. There were many objections urged to the proposal, as was to be expected. Indeed the wonderful thing about it is that Livingstone should have got them together to discuss the subject, just as if they were a Board of Trade in Britain or America. Some of them were afraid that Livingstone himself would die on the road, and that they would be held answerable for his death. That might involve the tribe in no end of trouble with the white people to whom he belonged. What would they have thought if they had known the naked truth? He pacified them, however, not by telling them that probably no one who could hurt them would care, but by stating that he would leave a book which would tell exactly what the reasons for his departure were. This book was to be sent to Mr. Moffat, in the event of his not returning. As a matter of fact he was so long away that they despaired of ever seeing him alive again, and they did send this book to Kuruman, under the care of a trader, and that was the last that was heard of it. It never reached Moffat, and his family was spared the pain it might otherwise have caused. Livingstone, however, by that means lost a valuable section of a diary.

The expedition to the coast was more in the nature of Livingstone leading a band of the Makololo, than of co-operating with them in common interest. They went at the command of their chief and the desire of their own people, to make a way for commerce to the coast.

The company numbered 27 in all, and the inventory of provisions was ludicrously small. There were a few biscuits, a few pounds of tea and sugar, and about twenty pounds of coffee; a small tin canister contained the clothing they hope to need when they reached civilisation. What they expected to use up on the way was less carefully protected and still less cumbersome. They carried one case containing medicine and another with the leader's library, consisting of Thomson's table of logarithims, a nautical Almanac, and the Bible; in another box there was a magic lantern, which proved in many ways very valuable. There were three muskets among the men, and Livingstone had himself a rifle and a double-barrelled shot gun. On his person he carried his sextent thermometer, and other mathematical instruments. These, with a stock of ammunition, twenty pounds of beads, a gipsy tent, a sheep's skin mantle, and a horse rug constituted the impediments of this band, which was to make a highway from the centre of Africa to the Western sea.

They started on the 11th November, 1853. Sekeletu went with them to the river, the Leebe. It was their intention to proceed along that stream as far as possible by canoes, as the most expeditious method of travelling. The river was tortuous and was infested by hippotami, but they got along fairly well. For a considerable distance they were proceeding through the territory of Sekeletu, and by orders sent on before them they were plentifully supplied with food. The one drawback to their progress was that Livingstone was in very poor health, owing to repeated attacks of fever. When they reached the Barotse land, they came across the first

trails of slaving forays. He determined to try to stop them by assuming an authority he really did not possess. With all the importance of a Roman consul or a British Governor he commanded the tribes concerned in them to desist, a command they thought it would be as well if they obeyed. Livingstone wanted to see none of those forays, simply because of their hateful results; but they were more especially harmful and dangerous to him and his party at that time, because of the retaliation they provoke on ny body of people who may be passing along the way on which are left their stains of blood. They made their journey along the river very well, and made preparation for their land trip. At that point, Sekeletu had given orders that they were to be supplied with eight riding oxen and seven to be slaughtered. These were intended partly as a supply of food and partly as presents for the chiefs over whose territory they would have to cross. They also took with them a few tusks of ivory, as samples to show to the Portugese at their destination, and sell to them to find out their value, and thus be able to make comparison between the price they could get there and that they got from the traders who came from the Cape.

When they passed out of the region in which the influence of Sekeletu had made friends for Livingstone, it became necessary to propitiate the chiefs by making visits to them or waiting until they would make a visit to him. This made progress very slow and afforded experiences which were often amusing, sometimes exciting, and not seldom dangerous. In one case the chief's wife sends him a request for enough butter to smear her body well, and when he satisfies this demand

another woman who also claims to be a wife of the chief, prefers a similar request. In another case he had to alter his route because a woman chief insisted that he should. She simply would not let him pass along the way he had planned. Whether she designed it so or not, this new direction turned out to be very much for his benefit, for it took him by way of a village of a chief, Shinte, who was the only one to afford him any real help from the time he left Sekeletu's country until he reached the territory of the Portuguese, when 300 miles from the coast. This lady who diverted him from his course was tall and strapping, quite young, and wore very little save a profusion of ornaments and charms hung round about her. For the rest she was smeared with an oily paint, which did not add to her modesty or cover her nudity, although it did afford her some protection from the effects of the weather. She had a husband, whom she permitted to express her opinion, but she saw to it herself that they should be accepted and her wishes obeyed.

Livingstone took every opportunity he met on the way of stating his ideas about practical Christianity. When this female chief interfered with his plans, he thought it politic to submit to her overbearing determinations, and took the occasion as a good time to urge upon her that she should cultivate a friendly relation between herself and her people, and the chief and people of Makololo. This advice appeared reasonable to her highness, and she thought the proposal would be well furthered if one of Livingstone's men were to marry one of the women of her tribe. She even selected the man who was to be this emissary of peace. His name was

Kolimbota. He took so favourably to the proposal, that he deserted the party soon after to unite himself to the stranger. He was the only one of the original force which did not accompany the missionary to the coast. They found him where they had left him on their return journey, but the course of his love had not run very smoothly. He had been having very troublous times with his wife and his new relatives. This was all he got for deserting his leader, while those who had gone with him to the coast were great heroes in the eyes of all the people of their tribe. He was a poor creature who had no stories of exploits to tell, and had to confess to having endured the indignities put upon him by his wife and her friends; while on the other hand his companions were covered with a glory which dazzled the imagination of the Makololo, because they had been among the white men, and had seen the wonderful sights of the coast town.

As they proceeded further the party began to have occasional experiences of want, which became more frequent as they went on, before they reached the Portuguese territory. Sometimes rain descended in torrents, and they had often to wade through deep pools, cross swollen streams, and swim over flowing rivers. For long periods, Livingstone suffered terribly from fever, so much so that he was frequently unable to take observations to determine his location.

Shinte, into whose town he was sent against his will, proved a generous, as also a well disposed and intelligent chief. He was gratified at the prospect of having a way opened to the coast, by which traders could come freely to his country, and he could get goods or ornaments

at his pleasure. There was no chief on all the route to whom the same advantage would not come, but no other appreciated the benefit to the same extent. Shinte had a fine country for cattle. When Livingstone pointed out to him the value of cows for his people, he saw that it would be a good thing and forthwith resolved to set up a herd of his own. He was only a heathen chief, the bondsman of the customs of heathendom. When Livingstone reached his village, he presented him with a little slave girl, about ten years of age, and when his guest declined to have her, he thought it was because of her diminutive size, and he sent for a bigger maid for him. It was incomprehensible to Shinte that any man should decline such a gift. Yet Livingstone, following out his usual plan in his dealings with the natives, treated this heathen chief as a rational being, capable of understanding what would be for the most permanent benefit for his people and for himself. Although in most things he was a savage, he was a man to whom he could talk about the best way of improving the resources of his tribe, and who could appreciate in a gratifying degree the value of the truths of revelation he took the opportunity of setting before him.

In a trip of such length passing through the territories of so many chiefs, among people who were all heathen, and among whom there were a great many varieties of customs and beliefs, Livingstone met with many wonderful ideas and practices. They were most often repulsive and the people who held and observed them generally very ugly. In one place he was told that when a chief dies, a number of his servants are slaughtered to bear him company in that land to which

he has gone. At another place he was involved in what might have been a serious disturbance, and indeed might have ended in bloodshed, through one of the strange beliefs of the savage; one of his men while sitting by a fire had, in spitting, accidentally allowed some of his saliva to drop on the leg of one of the natives there. This was a crime so terrible that it could only be atoned for by the the payment of a fine, a man, an ox, or a gun; the first of these Livingstone, of course, would not pay on any account, and at the same time they could not spare a gun and could ill spare an ox. Eventually this tribute was paid. During the encounter, while the discussion was going on, a young savage made a charge at Livingstone's head from behind him. It was only a dexterous and opportune turn of his gun to the assailant's mouth, that warned him off and saved his intended victim's life.

One of the oxen provided by the forethought of Sekeletu, was for Livingstone's personal use, to ride upon whenever he could, but he proved often to be a very refractory steed. Repeatedly he threw his rider from his back, and often took mean advantages of him as well. Once he fell off through his head catching an overhanging bough, and got a very bad knock on the crown of his head as he struck the ground, but also a severe kick from the hoof of the ox on his thigh. This was almost the least of his troubles, however. Once or twice he had to deal with insubordination among the men he had to hire at various stages to help them to carry their baggage. These were brought to do their duty by a serious threat which, fortunately, never had to be carried into effect. Sometimes the strain of all these troubles was relieved

by the unexpected appearance of a view which reminded Livingstone of some scene on his native Clyde. He needed all the exhilaration which such happy associations could give him, for he was generally suffering, latterly not only from fever but from dysentery as well. The company often got itself into the grip of scheming and avaricious chiefs, when Livingstone was not able to conduct the negotiations with them himself. He had to rouse himself from his weak condition to extricate himself and his men from the evil designs of these great spiders of the forest, who were ready to pounce upon any strangers as their prey. On one occasion, before he could get to intervene, the whole company had been doomed to death and the preliminary distribution of their goods had been already arranged. When they had at last reached within sight of the Portuguese territory, they encountered one very stupid chief who was not to allow them to go one step further on any consideration. There appeared on the scene, however, at this most critical moment a young half-caste sergeant of militia, Cypriano di Abreu, who not only relieved the party from a very dangerous position, but also provided Livingstone with the first comforts of civilisation he had enjoyed since he left Kuruman.

The remaining part of the journey was not easy, but they were now in the country of a civilised power, who protected them from the exactions of unfriendly chiefs. Six months after they left Linyanti, they reached Loanda, and the end of the most difficult and dangerous journey Livingstone had so far undertaken; all things considered, the most difficult journey he ever did undertake; the most remarkable journey undertaken by any

one in modern times. He was as yet comparatively ignorant of the ways of the African people, and had a most meagre outfit for the road. Before he ended his journeyings on the continent, he suffered many privations, and met many dangers, but he never undertook a trip of this extent relying so wholly upon the co-operation of unknown natives. It may also be said that this was his most successful journey. As he reviewed the experiences through which he had come, however, the thing which moved him most was not the difficulties and dangers of the way, but the condition of the peoples through whose homes he had come. Among most of them were to be seen the ugliest aspects of human nature, their chief delights being theft and slaughter. Women knew no shame. Even the language of the peoples, unmixed as yet by associations with European obscenity, had in it a great share of lewdness and curses. How greatly he longed to give them all the central and subsidiary blessings of the gospel.

On his arrival at St. Paul de Loanda, he hunted out the British Commissioner, Mr. Edmund Gabriel, who received him most kindly, entertained him with generous hospitality, and looked after his followers with a lavish care. During a long period of sickness which attacked him on his arrival, Livingstone received the comforts and the attentions of his home, and the skill of a doctor from a British vessel lying in the port. Seeing his condition the Britishers in the town urged that he should go home to recuperate, but to that advice he would not listen. He could not leave his Makololo to make their way alone.

There were so many unfriendly tribes on the way that they were certain to be all murdered long before they

could get half way there. He did however send off his letters and the maps and journals of his journey which he had prepared. They went by the "Forerunner," and were never seen again. That vessel was lost, with all hands save one, on the way home. In all likelihood, if he had gone he would have found a watery grave. However, he had determined that he would not go simply for the sake of his attendants whom he felt in honour bound to lead back to their home. Moreover, he had found by this journey that there was no possible highway for commerce from Linyanti to the west coast, through all the intervening swamps and bogs, so that he had yet to find a means of connecting the centre of the continent with the sea. More important still, he had not yet found a place where there was any reasonable prospect of establishing a tolerably healthy mission station. He must go back to Linyanti, make a way to the east coast, and find the best place in which a centre could be fixed from which could go out the benefits of the gospel.

CHAPTER VII.

Bursting the Limits.

THE journey to the coast took six months, but the return journey took twelve. Livingstone and his party left St. Paul de Loanda on 20th September, and reached Linyanti on the 11th day of the same month in the following year, 1855. During that time when he was steadily plodding his way through the leagues of Africa, Britain was passing through one of her most momentous struggles. The Siege of Sebastopol in Russia lasted practically the same length of time as did the missionary's return tramp to Linyanti, and were contemporaneous, but otherwise they were in the most conspicuous contrast. The siege of Sebastopool was carried on at an expenditure which drained the financial resources of two rich nations. Its success was measured by the amount of destruction which was done, and the number of human lives sacrificed. When at last the town was rendered a shapeless cairn and the earthworks and forts blown into a chaotic mass of rubbish, the allied forces had got Sebastopol. With it what was got? They had taught Russia a lesson, but they were themselves smarting from the strokes of the rod of an august Pedagogue, who had also taught them a lesson. No atom of general benefit to the common humanity had

been gained. Many homes had been filled with grief, commerce had been crippled, one honourable government had been sacrificed, and a huge debt had been accumulated which the nation would have to tax its resources to pay.

In the other case, Livingstone had added Africa to the British Empire, not as a territory to extend the area of her possessions or to increase her liabilities as a military power, but as a land which looked to her with wistful and affectionate eyes, trusting to her for deliverance from her awful bondage. He achieved a magnificent triumph when he led his twenty-seven Makololos through a country bristling with difficulties without the loss of a single man. They had often suffered from fever. They had no medical corps in this expedition; no ambulance men to nurse the sick—he was both and all in himself. Britain learned in the Crimea how bitterly cold and deadly a Russian winter could be, but she knew a little about that before. She was soon to learn from Livingstone something about what she had been profoundly ignorant, that a country which had been regarded as a great expanse of arid desert, an impenetrable and useless waste of burning sand, was in reality a stretch of territory, abounding in t' richest forms of tropical wealth, teeming with flora and fauna of the most luxurious kinds—a country equal to the most prolific parts of the hitherto discovered world. In the Crimea, Lord Raglan was watched and followed by the interest and sympathy of the entire British nation. Very few knew anything about Livingstone at all. In the Crimea, with all the lavish expenditure of public money, the soldiers were poorly fed and even suffering from acute want.

More of them died from the hardships of the campaign, due chiefly to the prodigious bungling of officials, than from actual fighting. With the expedition in Africa there was no such trouble. By strategy and appeal the most of the commissariat was supplied from the natives they met on the way or won by the skill of the marksman with his gun.

Already, however, Livingstone had gone considerably beyond the limits of missionary labours. In 1855, the conception of what is included in the programme of Christianity was very different from what we hold as axiomatic in our day. There are a few people even yet who cannot appreciate the incalculable value of medical and industrial agencies when associated with Christian missions; they have scarcely been emancipated from the ludicrous notion that a missionary must stand with a huge Bible in his hand, and an umbrella of corresponding size under his arm, looking with lugubrious apprehension through spectacles at the surrounding natives, who are discussing the best means of preparing him for their cannibal feast. That picture was always a caricature of the real thing. The most evangelical missionaries who have had the most unbounded faith in the result of preaching, have also been to greater and less degree, men who adopted the indirect applications of the Christian faith to gain their end. Livingstone takes his place among missionaries as the most confirmed evangelical of them all. When he was busy taking voluminous notes about the country he was passing through, ascertaining with his sextant his exact location, attending to the ailments of his companions, reasoning with native chiefs as to how they could improve their

possessions, unfolding to them the economic truth about slavery, he was never remiss about his preaching. The chief concern in his own mind all along the journey was as to how much of the gospel he had been declaring had found a permanent lodgement in the minds of his hearers.

Still he had accepted it as his duty to do two things—first of all, to find a centre where it would be possible for him to live, free from fever, with his family ; and thus found a station for the dissemination of the Christian gospel, amongst other things, through the example of character as shown in a Christian family, and also through the operations of a trained native agency. The next thing which he had determined to accomplish was to open avenues of trade, highways of commerce. The one black curse which sent a wail up from all over Africa was that of slavery. A race reformed in morals, such as a Christian community would be, would have a conscience on that matter which would make the traffic obsolete, but other means should be devised meanwhile to hasten that happy state. He knew how slowly the conscience even of Britain rose to the height of having nothing to do with slavery, for the echoes of the protests against the abolition of slavery had scarcely died out there in his day. A way might with comparative ease be opened to stop the traffic in Africa to a great extent. In Central Africa, slaves were really a form of currency. If the produce of the land could only be bartered for the goods the people wanted to buy, an incentive would be provided to discontinue a traffic in human commodities. He did not consider whether or not this latter resolution was within the scope of the accepted programme of any missionary society. As

a matter of fact, it was not. He was unconsciously bursting the limits which had been set to missionary effort.

His journey to St. Paul de Loanda had done that same thing in another direction already. When they were at the coast, his Makololo had seen things which had changed the whole outlook of the world to them. They had been on board a British man-of-war, a creation of mechanical skill sufficiently impressive to men who have some familiarity with machinery, but to them a wonder beyond anything they had ever dreamed of seeing. Two-storied houses, too, were a surprise to men who had never seen anything more pretentious than a hut. This was not the greatest surprise, for while they were waiting at St. Paul they got employment at a wage ridiculously small to a British or American workman, sixpence or twelve cents a day, but to them a magnificent opulence. And they could purchase goods, too, with the money they received for their labour. The work they did was in itself a marvel—unloading coal from a vessel. To them the lumps of coal were stones that burned, and the hold in which they were got appeared to contain an inexhaustible supply. When they came back they had so many exciting experiences to relate and were altogether so gratified with the success of their adventure, that they could never again be restrained within the boundaries of their own tribe. The price paid for the sample of ivory at the coast was so much bigger than what the traders from Cape Town were giving them at Linyanti, that they resolved on their own account to try again. Thus far the limits of the old days were burst. A new wine had been made and

new bottles were required for it. It was quite evident to Livingstone, however, that there would be no very practicable highway to the west coast. The physical features of the country were against it. But there was still the chance of making a good road to the east coast, and to that enterprise he now directed his attention. After remaining at Linyanti two months, he set out on this journey to the east coast on the third day of November, 1855, and reached Quillimane on the 26th day of May of the following year.

Livingstone was doing all this without a wealthy society or a government department behind him. The kindness of the African chief, Sekeletu, supplied him with all the means he had for making his way to the coast. His company of twenty-seven was now increased to about two hundred. Three riding oxen were given him and nine for other purposes. The route chosen was along the Zambesi, but not because it was the best. Another presented advantages over the one selected, chiefly because it led through country where the people were reputed to be very friendly to travellers; but he was to take the risk of meeting hostile natives on this road, because it led along the valley of the Zambesi, for he had it in his mind that he might be able to establish a waterway to the coast. In addition to the stock of provisions which Sekeletu gave him, he also gave him authority to levy food and whatever help he could get by the way as long as he was among the people who acknowledged his sovereignty. For the rest, he must meet the difficulties as they came. The heathen chief had done his part very nobly. The objective they had was Tette, an inland Portuguese town, which,

according to a map in Livingstone's possession, stood on the north bank of the Zambesi. As a matter of fact, it stood on the opposite side.

The public in Livingstone's day were deeply interested in his discovery of the Victoria Falls. Many think even now that this was one of his chief claims to a very high place in the ranks of great discoverers. Doubtless it was a great discovery and likely to impress the imagination of a race which looked at the Falls of Niagara as the only spectacle of the kind on the face of the earth; but it was in his own imagination, as it is in fact, one of the smallest contributions he made to the sum of knowledge about Africa. He had often heard about this wonderful phenomenon of nature among the Makololo. They had not gone far down the river on their journey when he looked upon it for himself. For the first time this colossal sight appeared before European eyes, one of the two magnificent waterfalls on the surface of the globe—the rival to the American Niagara, and proving to be in all respects the greater of the two. Its native name was Mosiatunya, the smoke that sounds, a title which was happily descriptive of the phenomenon. Its name was to be changed. From the time that Livingstone peered into the cleft down which the volume of water is hurled and along which the river rushes in mad fury, sending vast clouds of spray far up into the air, the Mosiatunya were to be known as Victoria Falls, in honour of the sovereign of the man who found them first.

There is an island in the stream almost on the brink of the Falls on to which Livingstone was able to get, partly because the water was low at the time, and partly

because he was able to avail himself of the skill of some of his helpers who were adepts at guiding the canoe. He saw that this island had been the scene of the worship of a native tribe at some time. Even the savage had been impressed in his own way with the sublimity of the spectacle. As Livingstone stepped upon the island, he declared to himself that it was the most wonderful sight he had witnessed even in Africa.

The bare facts about the Falls are that a stream one thousand yards broad, descends at once over a hundred feet and is compressed into a channel fifteen or twenty yards wide. As the water rushes through the fissure, it sends up a column of vapour two or three hundred feet high.

Livingstone was as much impressed with the grandeur of the scene as was the native who made it his place of prayer. No wonder that it appeared like a sanctuary where a creature could commune with his god. The vapour rises as high as the clouds, changing into a canopy of smoke breaking into a shower of gems sparkling in the sun. But this visitor had more prosaic objects before him as well. He was not bound by the limits of the savage. In various ways he had tried to introduce the cultivation of certain kinds of fruit trees in Central Africa, but with only indifferent success. At Linyanti, the young plants had appeared but the Makalolo had allowed them to wither away for want of watering. On the journey to the west coast, he had left seeds here and there, hoping that the experiment would be successful in coming days. Now at the Victoria Falls he made a garden in which he planted a hundred peach and apricot stones, and also a quantity

of coffee seeds. Here there would be no danger of death to the trees from a lack of moisture, for every now and then the wind blew over the island some of the flying vapour from the Falls. It was possible that the hippotami would think the young plants a toothsome morsel when they grew up, but there are always risks to be taken by a pioneer. Having set out his little Eden, he indulged in a suggestive frivolity by cutting his initials in a tree, to which he added the date—1855. But the discovery was the great thing. It would continue in the annals of exploration long after the tree on which he had carved his initials had crumbled into dust. The Falls were designated by one of the greatest men of the British race as a tribute of honour to one of the greatest sovereigns who ever ruled a nation anywhere, and they became an object of universal interest. But the phenomenon was really a parable of what Livingstone was doing for Africa.

The Zambesi by meeting this rift in the basaltic rock came to a point where it received a fame above all the other rivers and had its current and character changed for all the rest of its course. The Africa which had flowed on through the centuries of savagery and heathendom, hidden under the long drawn night of ignorance, supposed to be an arid tract of useless sand, was coming under Livingstone to be a land rich as Paradise, filled with people capable of rising to the highest dignity of humanity; and her hitherto placid stream was being compressed through the rift in its history into another, a greater and a mightier land.

Passing along the northern bank of the river, they came to the borders of the country over which Sekeletu

had authority. The next stretch of the way was through the region where his father Sebituane had been the chief in his earlier years, before trekking to the west. It was now inhabited by the Batoka. These people in their different villages treated the party with generosity. Dangers were not wanting, but they had no fear of famine, the dread of which had so often haunted them on their journey to the west coast. The party in this case was much larger too, and consequently needed more food. There was always the possibility that they would be attacked by some unfriendly tribe on the way. This was all the more likely, because Sekeletu had insisted that the men should march without their shields. These, while an excellent means of defence, were also a very strong provocative of hostilities, and so he thought it was on the whole better that the shields should be left at home. The chief knew what he was doing, for they had to pass through a savage country across which very likely no man of Livingstone's colour had ever gone. At the very first village of the Bakota, a young man came to the party, carrying a battle axe in his hand. Some of their people had already attempted to spear one of Livingstone's company who had gone to fetch water, so that there were serious apprehensions of mischief. The youth with the axe went up to the missionary, howling at the top of his voice in the most alarming manner of a savage. Livingstone betrayed no sign of fear, although he confessed that he could have dispensed with the attentions of his visitor with no regret. He had given strict orders to his men that there was to be no injury done to anyone. All the same one of his most trusted men, Sekwebu, took

his spear in his hand, and stood ready to kill the youth should he make an attack on his master. After he had yelled and danced for some time, he was quietly removed, having done no harm. Had all the instruments of war been in evidence, the probability would have been that the termination would not have proved so satisfactory.

The people they were meeting were generally very degraded, the men and women mostly nude. Livingstone took every opportunity of telling them the gospel story, and often asked as he passed along whether the chiefs would welcome a white man to instruct them further about the things of which he could tell them but little in a few passing moments. They were most willing to have a teacher, in some cases they were eager to have him. Notwithstanding this readiness to learn something better, they had many of the most repulsive marks of heathenism. There were women who pierced a hole in the upper lip and enlarged it sufficient to permit of a shell being inserted into it, giving them a very hideous appearance. On this road, as so often elsewhere, they came across the trail of the slave trade—first by being asked for a slave by a chief who had given them some food; and then by coming upon the path of an Italian, who had gone along that way. This slave-trader had gone along with the professions of goodwill and peace, but with the designs and purposes of plunder and theft of men and women. When Livingstone and his party came along, it was suspected that they were of the same sort and bent on the same business. On one occasion a report was sent on before them that this was their real intention, which of course increased their difficulties and dangers many fold. But keeping on, they

began to come upon upon some traces of civilisation. They had reached the junction of the Loangwa and the Zambesi, when he found the remains of a church, with the bell still preserved, but now lying silently by its side.

The history of the building none of the natives could tell him anything about at all. It had not even a tradition. From the only traces of European civilisation anywhere near, which were Italian and Portuguese, he concluded that it was the remains of a Roman Catholic place of worship, long since abandoned and destroyed, a mark not yet obliterated of one of the futile attempts of the Jesuit priests to introduce their religion to Africa. Livingstone had always a great reverence for what the Jesuits had done, one way and another, for the natives of Africa; and as he contrasted their religion with its superstitions with the pure faith of the New Testament, he looked forward with profound confidence to the much greater volume of good which might be expected from the preaching and teaching which would put the Bible into the hands of the natives as their guide of life.

One day when they were about this point, through the fears excited by the report that they were a raiding party, they were suddenly surrounded by armed people. This demonstration was all the more unfortunate because they wanted to get the use of canoes there, to carry them across the river. So Livingstone explained to the angry armed men the purpose of their visit, and then requested the loan of the canoes. After a time they so changed their attitude to him that they gave him the use of one canoe. He directed that everything should be ferried over in the first place to an island in

the middle of the stream. During the time that this was being done he kept the savages interested by looking at his watch, his sun glass and other things, until all were in safety except himself. He thanked them for their kindness and then crossed over to the place of safety too. Having so successfully escaped that trouble, they learned soon that they were only meeting another. Fighting had been going on ahead of them between the Portuguese and a chief Mpende. When this intelligence reached them, they discovered that they were on the wrong side of the river to get to Tette. They were also informed that Mpende had vowed that no white man would pass through his country alive. It was impossible to induce any of the chiefs to give them canoes by which to cross over to the south and safe side. Even when they were kindly disposed to them and ready to provide them with food, they were afraid of incurring Mpende's displeasure by providing them with the means of escaping his clutches. There was nothing for it, but face this dreaded chief.

Proceeding very slowly, as Livingstone's last riding ox had failed, and all the other oxen were spent with the disease following the bite of the tsetse fly, and spending much time with the headmen of the numerous villages they passed, the distance to Mpende's town was diminishing. Their first meeting with his people was alarming. A party of them encountered them on the path, uttering strange cries and waving a red substance toward Livingstone and his company; they also lighted a fire, into which they threw some charms. All this was intended to frighten them or to render them helpless by the power of their enchantments. Things became more alarming,

when armed men began to collect around them. There was every sign of a bloody encounter. Livingstone's party were in no way afraid; indeed, he often remarked that he never had men with more natural courage than the Makololo. The last party he ever had with him was in most ways most excellent, but he confessed that they were inferior to the Makololo in courage. But he had come so far without bloodshed and wanted above all things to avoid a quarrel that might end in that now. After some time of suspense, two old men came forward to ask who he was and Livingstone answered that he was an Englishman. The two warriors had never heard of that tribe before, but from his white skin they supposed that he belonged to the tribe that loved the black men. They went to report the result of their interview to Mpende. A long debate was carried on as to how the party should be disposed of, when one of the headmen of the tribe with whom Livingstone had stayed a few days in his village not long before, became his advocate and Mpende forthwith changed his attitude to him. He treated the missionary with great kindness, suggested that he should cross the river there because of the hilly character of its north side, and he gave instructions that proper means of crossing should be provided for them a little further east.

This was the last of the exciting dangers the party met until they reached Tette. The Portuguese commandant there sent out a detachment of his men to meet Livingstone. They carried with them supplies, so that when they met him, they might entertain him to a decent breakfast. This was very welcome, as their stock of

eatables was now very low and the leader getting very thin and a little feeble. When he got the good fare of the commandant he was so refreshed that he strode over the remaining eight miles of the road with the vigour of a young giant, to enjoy the further hospitality of the officer. Tito Augusto d'Eranjo Sicard may have no other title to fame, but by these acts of kindness he rescued his name from oblivion.

Here Livingstone had an attack of fever, which detained him six weeks before he was able to complete his journey. When he had recovered sufficiently he made arrangements for his Makololo followers to stay at Tette, and wait for him until he should go to England and come back to them.

When he got to Quillimane, he got the first news about the history of affairs in other parts of the world during the time when he had been buried in the heart of Africa, and also tidings about his own loved family, about whom he had heard nothing since they had left Cape Town. By some misunderstanding there were no letters for him when he arrived at St. Paul de Loanda. The chief item of national and international importance was that the Crimean war was ended, there were a number of incidents of a more or less personal and private character; but most important, yet most disappointing of all, was a letter from the London Missionary Society. This communication put an end to his dream of establishing a station under their auspices which would be a centre of Gospel light in Central Africa, from which the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ would stream through the operations of native agents over all that dark land.

The decision of the directors was stated in cold, official language, to the effect that they would not be in a position to undertake untried any remote or difficult fields of labour. It is never easy for a Board to enter into the aspirations of a man of Livingstone's temperament. But he was keenly distressed about their decision. Sometimes he had been in danger of his life among savages. For the sake of the Gospel he had twice croseed the continent of Africa from its centre to its western shore and once to its eastern sea. He had made many observations on the way which he had committed to writing. In this journey which he had just completed, he had met one or two places which promised the necessary accommodation for a missionary station sufficiently free from fever. Now all would have to be given up, unless he could burst the limitations within which he had hitherto been working. He had no reports to give of natives having been brought to confess a faith in Jesus Christ, such as the supporters of the Society were expecting to hear. The seed of the Kingdom had been sown, but it was scattered over leagues of ground. They would have to wait until spring showers and summer suns would make it grow, and there was just a chance that it would never produce a harvest at all, unless it was tended and cultivated by diligent and consecrated hands. He had done one thing, the way to the field had been marked out over which the apostles of the future might travel. The naked truth of the magnificence of his achievement he did not consider at all. He had done for civilisation and the Gospel what made every other story of human enterprise pale into tawdy insignificance, but he did not

think that he had done anything extraordinary and the people who had sent him out did not apprehend how valuable had been his service to the very cause they all most sincerely loved. Therefore a breach was made between them and their agent, which sent Livingstone to find means of accomplishing his object under other auspices; and although it was subsequently healed over, it left a permanent scar.

He had his share of travelling troubles before he got to England. His servant, Sekwebu, went with him, intending to go to England, but on board of a vessel by which they sailed to Mauritius, where they were to get a steamer, he became insane and drowned himself. On the way home, Livingstone got word that his father had died, longing to see him again, but assured that if he did not he would get to know about him all that mattered, in the land to which he was going. At last he met his family. He reached England on the 9th day of December, 1856, nearly five years after he had bidden his wife and children good-bye at the Cape.

CHAPTER VIII.

Repairing Waste Tissues.

AFTER all the weary years of loneliness away from his wife and children, the chief pleasure that Livingstone derived from his visit to Britain was their company. His wife during the long spell of silence had been a martyr to anxiety about her husband. When no actual word came from him, a rumour got abroad that he was dead and was extensively circulated. It is not easy even for love to wait quietly while suffering the agony of suspense. He too, had been suffering, for, as has been stated, when he arrived at St. Paul de Loanda expecting to hear from his wife and friends, no letter waited him at all. But he had turned away into the heart of Africa, and had plenty to occupy his attention and drive dull care away, while his wife had to nurse all her gravest fears. The loss of the letters on the "Forerunner," which he despatched from St. Paul, made matters worse. Now he was in the midst of the duties and enjoyments of his family life again. After the long association with heathenism in its more or less gross forms, it was a delight to be in the company of those he loved by the ties of nature and in the gratifying felicities of Christian fellowship. On the way home he had been detained for a time at Mauritius waiting for

a steamer, and had pretty well thrown off the evil effects of his long exposure to the fever atmospheres of Africa. So by the time he reached Britain, he had recovered considerably in his general health. But he was sadly in need of the repair of the tissues of mind and soul, which the long and trying experiences of the past years had wasted. He left England a missionary, he returned an explorer. When he went away, few noted his going. When he came back, the whole country waited him, to accord its enthusiastic welcome. He left England to push the frontier of the gospel a bit further into the unreached territory of Africa. He had in the interval made a claim upon the entire continent, and had come back to ask that the whole range of the Christian civilisation should be applied and consecrated to the redemption of Africa.

His wife wrote a poetical welcome to him, in which she said that during the long time of their separation, she had not known a dreamless night nor spent an easy day, and expressed her resolve never to be parted from him again. That was but one, perhaps to him the most gratifying, of the formal welcomes he received, although its resolve was doomed to be unfulfilled. Welcomes came to him from all hands and in all sorts of ways. He did not now belong simply to his own family nor to his own friends, but to the whole people. His father-in-law wrote him expressing most hearty congratulations, although he and Mrs. Moffat had not always agreed with the course he had followed.

Dr. Moffat had himself done a great deal to make a highway for the gospel into the heart of Africa, and it was he who had induced Livingstone to give himself to

her, and even urged him to go into the regions beyond those already enjoying the benefits of the gospel; but he had not reckoned with the fact that the young missionary would win the heart of his own Mary, nor that he would go far beyond any of the limits which he had ever thought of, as the furthest bounds of missionary enterprise. Now when he had done so much to extend the cause to which he had devoted his life, Moffat was filled with a simple delight in the wonderful achievements of his younger colleague and son-in-law.

The Royal Geographical Society, the President of which was Sir Roderick Murchison, held a special meeting to give him a formal welcome. Livingstone had made Sir Roderick's acquaintance through correspondence. Now they met face to face, and began a personal friendship which is one of the most beautiful things in all the annals of that distinguished Society.

Among those who joined in this welcome there were many distinguished people, but none more heartily applauded the explorer than the men who shared with him some of the perils of the Kalahari desert. Among these was his old benefactor, Mr. Oswell. There was a general recognition made of the vast importance of what Livingstone had accomplished, by crossing the continent, by taking many accurate observations, by determining the location of many rivers, and lakes and hills previously unknown, by his descriptions of the climate and the physical geography, and the geology of countries hitherto unknown. But the chief thing which impressed the Society was the humanitarian results of Livingstone's labours. A number of new n[illegible]s with impressive possibilities in the general eco[illegible] mankind, had

been brought within the knowledge of the civilised world through his endeavours.

Immediately after he had been recognised in this way by the Royal Geographical Society, he was welcomed by the London Missionary Society, whose agent he had been and which had reflected glory in the work he had accomplished. The distinguished leader of Britain's philanthrophy, Lord Shaftesbury, was in the chair. It is easy to imagine with what mixed feelings Livingstone went to that meeting. He felt that his supporters had deserted him in the proposals so dear to his heart, those of establishing centres of gospel light and Christian civilisation in the centre of Africa. When he received the letter at Quillimane, intimating that the directors could not agree to the plan he had outlined, his disappointment was very keen. Not only was this due to the fact that he could not now carry his design through, but also because he had believed all along that he was only advancing a purpose which had previously been endorsed by his board. It was a very welcome surprise to him to learn that the cold official tone of the letter which had caused him so much distress had no correspondence in the general geniality of the Society, as they heartily rejoiced in his safe arrival home and at the amazing additions he had been able to make to the sum total of knowledge of heathen peoples. In all his subsequent relations there was no evidence of the unfortunate feeling which had been created. He soon came to recognise that they were under the restraint of their constituency, which had not yet accepted the conception that an explorer might be as truly a missionary as say a translator. While Livingstone resolved to separate

himself from the Society, he testified that during the sixteen years he had been on their staff, there had never been a discord between him and them. There continued too on his part an affection for them and on their part an interest in him, on to the end of his life. One of the gratifying features of this meeting was the manner in which reference was made to Mrs. Livingstone. The Chairman said that she had exchanged one great name for another, born a Moffat she had become a Livingstone. She had cheered the early part of her husband's career by her spirit and counsel and society, and had surrendered him to his enterprise, suffering the greatest fears for his welfare, and sacrificing her own private affection to the advancement of civilisation and the greatest interests of Christianity.

These were but the first of a series of public gatherings, which consumed a great amount of Livingstone's time during the subsequent months, and were somewhat of a trial to him, because he was not much at ease when addressing meetings at any time and had been so long out of touch with the English language that he had some difficulty in using it again with any fluency. But all these assemblies were directing the attention of the public to the object he had in view. Up to now he had been spending his own little store of human energy, and had but little reserve on which to fall back. In the matter of money, he had very poor supplies. His salary from the Missionary Society was small, totally inadequate to meet the expense of the undertakings which he had already carried through. Now he was beginning to tap resources which never failed him. New interests were created in Africa and the African, as he went from

place to place telling what he had seen, and pleading for the land he had learned to love, that her bleeding wounds should be healed. He was a traveller, and a geographer, an astronomer, and a geologist, a doctor, and a man of commerce, but pre-eminently a missionary. As he was so many things in one, he reached the sympathies of many more people than any single man, famous in any one of these departments, could have done.

The blaze of popularity never ceased to be trying to him, but was especially so when he first stood in the limelight. Not only was his tongue slow to accommodate itself to the English language again, after using the native African speech for so long, but he had been living the free life of the traveller for years. He was always, even when surrounded by the rankest heathenism, scrupulously careful about his personal appearance, a habit which had been instilled into him when a boy in his early days, by his mother; but still, the go-easy customs of an African traveller sit very loosely on one, compared with the rigid apparel of conventional dress in the exalted circles of high society. Yet, with these restrictions, there was the compensation that he was at home, in his own free land. As soon as his admiring friends in the metropolis would let him free, he went away north to his birthplace, to see his mother and his children, and the circle of those bound to him by the most intimate ties. This pleasure was chastened by the absence of his father. What wealth of talk the two would have had, if he had been spared to see his son again. How fondly the old man had followed him as the news of his travels reached home, until his faculties began to get dim in their last sleep. When they all met

at the family hearth, the sense of loss drew from the son the tribute of his tears of affection; and when he presided at the family altar in the evening worship, he most solemnly gave thanks for the dead which had died in the Lord. In this home, as the Livingstone family gathered together, there was indeed more of joy than of sorrow. A good man had ended his days and had gone to his reward. David himself, although reported to have been dead, was still alive and among his friends and kindred again, and they had the great satisfaction of knowing that all they and he had suffered in that connection would prove to be for the future benefit of mankind.

He had soon, however, to turn his attention to the consideration of making provision for his family. His mother was to some extent dependent upon him as well. It was this fact, as well as the duty of getting adequate support for his children, which led him to the conclusion that he should leave the service of the London Missionary Society. The salary they could pay him was not sufficient for expenses and the provision of temporal comforts for his dependents. It makes arrangements for the maintenance of the children of its agents, but it cannot recognise the claims of parents.

He was able to meet all these obligations by unexpected means. Before he had arrived in England, a proposal had been under consideration, that he should write a book giving an account of his travel. Mr. John Murray, the publisher, had taken up the matter, and had given the suggestion the support of his high business reputation. Livingstone was, however, better at making matter for books than at making books of the matter he had made.

But to his personal advantage, and to the delight and profit of thousands of his fellow countrymen and others throughout the civilised world, he was induced to apply himself to the task which he found irksome enough, and which he would not have taken up of his own accord. The result was his "Travels in South Africa." Few books have appeared from the pen of a missionary which more truly reflect the spirit of the author. He had written copiously in his journals, in articles sent to the Geographical Society, in reports to the Missionary Society, as well as in private letters, about those things which had passed before his eyes as he had gone on his journey. Many of these materials were available now for the formation of his book. By their means he traversed Africa again. As he made his journeys, with none of the dash of the military expedition, but simply with the plain desire to further the cause of the gospel, he never supposed that he was doing anything that could be termed extraordinary.

He was not on the stage, and neither was the world through which he was passing. He plodded on faithfully to fulfil his object, conscious of no eye upon him except the one above. Now, as he was writing his book, he followed the same system. There was no ornate periods. It is a graphic story, not because of brilliant language, but because it puts the actual facts before the reader. Those who want to cover the ground, to see the sights, to engage in conversation with the people, to make scientific records, can read the book with profit. Those who seek an entertainment, a lazy engagement for slippered sloth, will lay it down in disappointment. He wanted to enlist the sympathy of men of all sorts for

Africa—men of science and of commerce, as well as those of the Christian churches. But the means he took to reach them was not the lecture or the address on their duty, he simply told them his story. If the value of a book is to be tested by its success from the booksellers' point of view, Livingstone's work took a high rank. Ten thousand copies were ordered in London alone. The price was a guinea, five dollars and a quarter. It of course paid the publisher, but it also earned a small fortune for the author—enough to set him free from harassing care about his bread, and it also gave him a sum for his philanthropic hand, a considerable amount with which he was able to finance the scheme he had in view for Africa. He resolutely overcame the temptation which often comes to men who come into the possession of wealth, to make his own family rich. Who will say that he did not handsomely earn the money that came to him? Sir Walter Scott wrote "Guy Mannering" in six weeks at Christmas time. He had been storing his mind for a quarter of a century with the materials which shaped themselves into that story through his pen in so short a time. Livingstone had been gathering matter for his book for years too. It only took shape as a written record as it passed into circulation in the year 1857. But it began to be made sixteen years before. The revenue he derived from it was the result of hard toil, extending over a long period of the best years of a great man's life. Other provision for his comfort came in other ways. At Glasgow, as at London, he was presented with the freedom of the city; in the case of Glasgow the honour was accompanied with a gift which amounted to two thousand pounds,

ten thousand dollars. By such means, the spent coffers were replenished, and debts he had contracted in the prosecution of his work were discharged.

Among the most gratifying tributes which Livingstone received at this time was one from the city of Cape Town. A great meeting was held under the presidency of the Governor, Sir George Grey, and was attended by most of the distinguished men of the day. The Astronomer Royal, Mr. Maclear, whose friendship was at a later date recognised by Livingstone by calling the promontory in the south end of Lake Nyassa after him, eulogised especially the contributions he had made to exact geographical science. He declared that what Livingstone had done in that way was unprecedented, being so perfect that one could follow the track he had made, and at any point be quite sure of their location. The official representatives of religion were just as complimentary as the others. A remarkable change, most welcome to Livingstone, had come across public sentiment at the Cape regarding himself, which was particularly agreeable because it showed a different attitude to the cause he represented. It was at the outset of the journey which they were now eulogising, that he almost failed to get a sufficient supply of ammunition for his gun, because he was looked upon as being an unpatriotic creature who might be plotting against his own country, and at least was too friendly with the natives. Before he got away on that journey, a postmaster laid a trumped up charge against him, from which he could get no assistance to liberate himself, and only got clear of it by paying a heavy fine. Now at the end of that same journey everybody whose opinion was worth anything was

vieing with everybody else in lauding not only his achievements, but his opinions and character as well. Among the most welcome of all these expressions was that of Mr. Rutherford, a commercial gentleman, whom he had persuaded to make an experiment of trading with the interior, to determine if he could counteract the traffic in slaves and overcome that accursed system by one of legitimate commerce. An agent of his had gone north with Livingstone for that purpose. The project was not an unqualified success, due to a series of unforseen circumstances; but it was sufficiently successful to justify Livingstone's main contention, that much benefit could be secured by this means, and incidentally it showed to the man of commerce how thoroughly the missionary was wedded to honourable dealing.

When he had got fairly begun to the writing of his book, he was not allowed to contract the habits of a recluse. Often indeed he was lionised. Even in church on more than one occasion he was practically mobbed by people eager to look upon him and to shake his hand. He had often been a gazing stock to the natives of Africa, but this was another affair. He suffered indeed a good deal from this necessary publicity. The attendance at a grand dinner was quite an ordeal to him. But he knew that whatever was contributing to the better knowledge of Africa, was adding to its future good and increasing the amount of the resources from which he would be able to draw in his further service of her. All this meant a large number of engagements, public and private meetings.

Not long after he got settled down to his writing, the Prince Consort gave him an interview. He had just

given his old class-mate, Lyon Playfair, the chance of his life by appointing him as a Commissioner of the Great Exhibition, and set this seal of his approval upon another student of Anderson's College. In this interview, with his usual prescience he took care that some of the younger members of the Royal Family should be present to meet him and be duly impressed with the character of this man who had done so very wonderful things in Africa. Her Majesty, the Queen, was not present, but she took care to give him a similar honour before he left the country to go to Africa again. As already stated, the City of London made him a freeman of the city. The document which entitled him to the position, was placed in a box made for that purpose, a work of art which cost fifty guineas. In 1857, the British Association held its meetings in Dublin, and got him to deliver an address on his own great theme. He met the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester, the Cottonopolis of Britain. Often as he was passing through the Zambesi country he had commented to himself, and written it in his journal, what a magnificent prospect there was in that territory for the growth of the cotton plant. Before the men of Manchester he had a magnificent opportunity of laying down his facts in the presence of men of intelligence, whose commercial interests would make them give a full consideration to what he had to advance for the development of the lawful commerce of Africa. They were very ready to listen, but even readier to question. They found that they had not to do with a visionary dreamer, but with a man who was equal to the occasion.

He had provided himself with many different kinds of fruit and samples of the products of the country, and

was able to assure them that it teemed with marketable commodities—iron, millet, wheat, sugar-canes, and honey, existed in abundance. There were native oils and dyes of which these merchant princes of Manchester had never even heard. In that wonderful land there were fibres which could be used for making paper, and sheep were plentiful, on whose backs were found hair in the place of the wool of the British animal. All this led to a resolution being passed by these gentlemen that the British Government should be asked to co-operate with the Portuguese Government in giving Livingstone facilities for making further investigations. He made visits of a similar character to Leeds and Liverpool and Birmingham. All these assemblies, in which he met the most influential members of the respective communities, had the ultimate effect of extending knowledge of and interest in Africa, but the immediate effect of them was that there was created an amazement at the fabulous wealth and tropical luxuriance of the country.

Among the other places he visited was Edinburgh, the capital city of his native land. The experience of that visit was the least comfortable to him of any. An incident occurred which knocked him somewhat off his balance, at a public breakfast which was held in his honour. At this function, the president made an unguarded proposal that some steps should be taken to provide him with a pension. It was said out of the dictates of a generous heart, and with the feeling that he deserved such a recognition as much as any men who had ever received it, but it was unacceptable to Livingstone. The man who had braved a thousand dangers and the career of one of the greatest of Britain's soldiers in the wilds of Africa, who could meet a lion without a

fear, and sit quietly in the presence of savages poising their weapons to strike him down, lost his nerve in the presence of this kind philanthropic gentleman, and had a very poor time. Yet, with one possible exception, this visit to Edinburgh was more productive of the good he most of all desired than any of those which gave more present gratification to himself. The seed sown that day, when his hand was unsteady and his head faint, grew up, after it had received new quickening by the news of his death, to bear fruit in the Scotch Livingstonian Mission and the excellent buildings and agencies at Blantyre, the station which perpetuates the name of his birthplace in the highlands of the Shire river.

The possible exception referred to was his visit to Cambridge. The year 1857 was drawing to a close. Britain had been engaged in one of the most difficult and delicate tasks which had ever come in the way of her administrators in dealing with the Mutiny, which had broken out among her soldiers in India. Not only was her rule in that country threatened, but her prestige as a military power and as an administrative nation was at stake. The eyes of all the people were turned anxiously to watch the issues of that crucial time at the front. Havelock had forced his way to Cawnpore, to find that the rebels had put the women and children to a brutal butchery. With the help of Outram, he hewed his way through to relieve the garrison of Lucknow, and was in his turn besieged until Sir Colin Campbell came to his relief. Thirteen days before Livingstone spoke at Cambridge, Havelock fell a victim to dysentery, and one of the most Christian of men was brought to an end. The people of the British Isles had to pay forty million pounds to overcome that Mutiny, and they lost

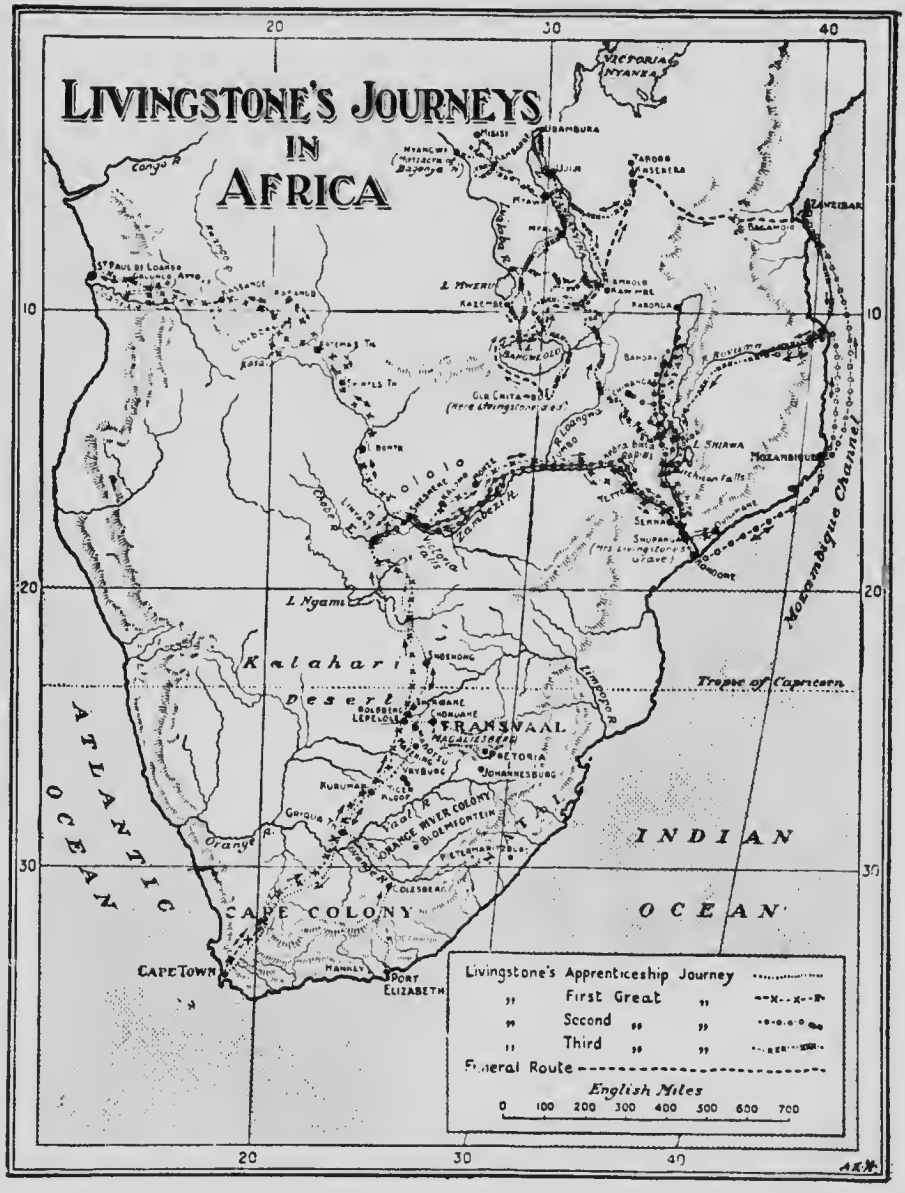
through it this brilliant soldier. Everywhere men were in a chastened mood, they were asking themselves whether their management of India has been most wise.

Livingstone addressed a university audience in the senate house, graduates and undergraduates from the colleges and from the neighbourhood, the flower of England's intellectual aristocracy, about the best way of dealing with another land which was as great as India had ever been, although it stood to Britain in a different relation. He appealed to his audience to give their attention to missionary service. The Church Missionary Society, to which most of them in a more or less direct way belonged, had been obliged to send to Germany for its missionaries. This seemed to Livingstone a deplorable state of affairs, a stain on the name of the university, which should be wiped off. The sort of man needed for the work about which he had to tell them, men of education, social position, enterprise, zeal, and piety, were just those he was addressing. He gave a simple but emphatic testimony to his own faith in the matter, and declared that he had never ceased to rejoice that he had been called to his office. He repudiated the notion that was often expressed that there was a serious sacrifice involved in becoming a missionary, and closed a most impressive address with the words which have rung in the ears of cultured and unfettered classes alike ever since, "I beg to direct your attention to Africa; I know that I, in a few years, will be cut off in that country, which is now open; do not let it be shut again. I go back to Africa, to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work which I have begun. I leave it with you." In a sub-

sequent meeting in the town hall, he emphasised the need for making an open profession of their religion. In his judgment, the condition of India was due to the fact that religion had been kept so much out of sight. For his own part, he was going back as a missionary, to state boldly and yet civilly the truth of Christianity and his belief that those who did not possess it are in error; to propitiate the chiefs along the Zambesi, and induce them to cultivate cotton and abolish the slave trade, and thus link up their commercial operations with those of Great Britain. For that work and for that of all who went out in the same capacity, he asked that they would continuously pray. From that visit to Cambridge there sprang the Universities' Mission, an institution which involved him at a later date in not a little trouble, but which, although its course deviated from the channel in which it was first laid, has done much to further the enterprises for which Livingstone pleaded.

At the sister university of Oxford, he received the degree of D.C.L. He had already been made a Doctor by the university of Glasgow conferring upon him the Degree of LL.D. Among other honours of this kind granted to him was that of fellow of the Royal Society, a distinction in itself of a very high order; but in this instance made more so, as the certificate giving him the dignity was signed among others by the Earl of Carlisle, who wrote after his signature the letters, P.R., Pro Regina, for the Queen, a mark of recognition of the highest possible character.

All this time, however, he was anxious to get back to his Makololo, who were waiting for him at Tette. The public interest which had been aroused in his


LIVINGSTONE'S JOURNEYS IN AFRICA
20
30
40
10
20
30
Victoria Nyanza
Tanganyika
Ujiji
Tabora
Unyanyembe
Zanzibar
Congo R.
Loanda
St Paul de Loando
Bihé
Kazembe
L. Moero
Arnold
Grawmer
Karonga
Zambesi R.
Sesheke
Sinamane
Barotse
Quilimane
L. Shirwa
Mozambique
Victoria Falls
Tete
Senna
Shupanga
(Mrs Livingstone's grave)
Mozambique Channel
Chobe R.
Linyanti R.
Zouga R.
Lake Ngami
Kolobeng
Kuruman
Kalahari Desert
Tropic of Capricorn
Limpopo R.
Transvaal
Pretoria
Johannesburg
Potchefstroom
Lydenburg
Orange River Colony
Bloemfontein
Orange R.
Natal
Durban
Cape Colony
Cape Town
Port Elizabeth
Atlantic Ocean
Indian Ocean
Livingstone's Apprenticeship Journey
" First Great "
" Second " "
" Third " "
Funeral Route
English Miles
0 100 200 300 400 500 600 700
A.K.H.

labours had been deep and wide-spread. He was appointed by a formal commission Her Majesty's Consul at Quillimane, and commander of an expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa. For that business he procured a paddle steamer of light draught, and secured a company of assistants to go with him One of these was his own brother, Charles, whose office was that of general assistant and secretary. For carrying out the task assigned to him, he was assured that he was to get the help and co-operation of the Portuguese Government, a promise which was never fulfilled.

Surely now the wasted tissues were repleted. He had a supply of money, a good part of which he devoted at once to the establishment of a mission among the Makololo. He induced his wife's brother, John Moffat, to become the missionary at that station. He could not now go himself, but he provided what he expected would be an excellent substitute. That was but one of the many things he was able to do which showed what a wealth of resources he had been able to call out for the advancement of his cause through his visit to Britain. Young men of ability, education and sense got new ideas as to the best use of their gifts, and many of them turned their attention to the mission field. The tale of death in those fields of Africa has been terrible, but the supply has never failed; until now it is easy to see that the day is surely coming, when through the means of such consecrated men, preachers and teachers, aided by the skill of the men of medical science, Africa will be one of the purest and most pious as well as the most prosperous lands on the face of the earth.

CHAPTER IX.

Discoveries and Dreams.

LIVINGSTONE sailed for Africa again on the tenth day of March, 1858, just sixteen months after he had reached home, after a period full of activity, in which he had done much to bring a new Africa into being in the minds of the British people. He set out this time with the avowed intention of making discoveries, to lay the foundations on which the dreams which had flitted before his mind could take material shape. He was not now a missionary by profession, but he was no less one in practice. All the future of Africa centred round the preaching and doctrine of the gospel of Jesus Christ. When he went out before, it was expected that he would state that belief. Now he goes out wearing the badge of his sovereign's authority, but also to make his conviction as to the power of the gospel no less the chief part of his working principles. The expedition sailed on the Queen's Colonial steamer, "Pearl." In addition to the party, its provisions, Mrs. Livingstone and their youngest son, Oswell, so named after his father's intimate friend and helper, there was a vessel, the "Ma-Robert," by which the Zambesi was to be thoroughly explored. It is easy to understand the feelings of the head of the expedition as he sailed away

from Liverpool. What a contrast, for instance, to the equipment with which he set out to cross the Kalahari desert to discover Lake N'Gami. If he could have foreseen all the experiences which awaited him, it is not easy to say what would have been the burden of his spirit.

Meanwhile he is going out with the authority of the Queen of Great Britain to make discoveries in Africa, to open up that land to commerce and religion. He set about his business in a thoroughly practical and methodical way. He had got a set of instructions from the Foreign Office, which were read in the presence of all the members of the expedition, and he wrote out himself a further statement of the duties each one had to discharge. His own specific work was allotted to each man. There was to be no confusion among them. While all were to co-operate for the general success of the expedition and all were to aim at producing the moral effects of a body professing the Christian religion, each man was to be master of his own department. Commander Belingfield was naval officer, Dr. John Kirk was botanist and physician, Richard Thornton was artist and store-keeper, George Rae was ship engineer; while, as already stated, his own brother, Charles, was the general factotum and secretary. The whole situation was new to Livingstone. He had never commanded a company of Britishers before. Often he had kept a set of more or less wild savages in order and restraint, holding them within the bounds of discipline, but he had now another class of people to manage. From the outset, he had his doubts as to his ability to keep the proper control over them. Still as he had accomplished

so much with the help of the untutored Makololo, it was reasonable to suppose that he would be able to do much more with the help of men of the standing and quality of those who had joined him in this expedition.

The "Pearl" reached Sierra Leone a fortnight after she left Liverpool. Here Livingstone engaged a crew who were to navigate the "Ma-Robert" after they reached the Zambesi. That vessel had been secured with an ebb draught, so that she might easily cross the shallow waters of the river. Her name was given her after that which was given to Mrs. Livingstone among the Africans, and now she had a crew got from the land which had given her a name, and those too were selected from a port within the tropics. These men were Kroomen, who had the reputation of being bold and skilful boatmen, men who were employed for the most part in the surf boats along that part of the coast. The builder who had sold the vessel to Livingstone, had at least professed to have a deep interest in the cause in whose service she was to be engaged, and presumably had seen to it that she was fit for her work, so that now everything was promising to go well.

The party arrived at the Cape in due course, but Mrs. Livingstone was not in a fit state of health to proceed further. A civic reception was accorded the expedition in Cape Town The missionary, who was all but drummed out of the town six years before, was now received with every possible display of honour, and was presented with a silver box, at the hands of the Governor, with a testimonial gift of eight hundred guineas, four thousand and two hundred dollars. There met him at the Cape, Dr. and Mrs. Moffat, who had come to meet new mis-

sionaries and arrange for their transport. They took Mrs. Livingstone and the boy to Kuruman, to wait until the mother was sufficiently strong to rejoin her husband.

The journey to the ground of the explorations was completed on the 14th day of May, two months after they had left Liverpool, and the arduous labour was begun. For the next six years, Livingstone continued, adding to his own knowledge of Africa, passing through the deepest sorrow, facing constant danger, meeting irritating distresses and difficulties, but still dreaming about a bright Africa and believing that she would see a better time.

He began his work while suffering from a severe attack of sickness, but at the mouth of the Zambesi, they were in a region where fever was prevalent, and therefore it was necessary that they should move on as speedily as possible. So there was no time to wait until the illness from which the leader was suffering could be treated.

The "Ma-Robert" was at once unloaded. They made the fortunate discovery that one of the mouths of the Zambesi was much better for navigation than any of the others. This was the Kongone. They set about fixing a site by its channel, on which the store for their provisions could be erected. Scarcely had this small job been finished, when the first interruption to the peace and prospects of the expedition occurred. The naval officer took a grouch at something and expressed it in the way which is so much in favour among people who fall out of love with their work—he handed in his resignation. This was a new situation for Livingstone. His Makololo had never troubled him by a proceeding of this sort, and he felt to the full how awkward it was

at this stage of the work. After many efforts to avert the calamity of an open breach at the outset of the expedition, he could find no alternative to accepting the resignation and letting the disgruntled officer go. The public press got information of the event. No matter whether he were a missionary or an officer of Her Majesty, his doings were not sacrosanct from the attack of critics unsympathetic to the design of the expedition or hostile to the known principles on which he meant to carry it out. However, the whole affair had to be laid before the impartial tribunal of the Government department concerned, and Livingstone was informed that his proceedings in the matter were fully approved.

That verdict, however, did not mitigate his personal disappointment, nor did it soften the language of those who took it upon themselves to blame him. It was not easy to discover why Belingfield did act as he did. If it was his object to tie up the expedition, he reckoned without his host. They could not wait until they got another officer from Britain, so when he left the ship, Livingstone went on the bridge himself. He had not been in the immediate company of ship's officers so often, and so long, without learning something of their craft. It was no rash and risky task he undertook, but one for which he had put himself under very considerable training.

So with the chief of the expedition, captain of their vessel, they pushed on in their explorations. A he time, there was an open rupture between the natives on the north side of the river and the Portuguese, which made travelling very difficult, if not dangerous. Only there were two things which urged Livingstone to take

the risks involved: one was the immunity which he had always hitherto enjoyed among the natives, and the other was the fact that his Makololo were still waiting for him at Tette. He had intended to be back with them months before this, but the writing of his book and the arrangements about his new office and duties had delayed him much longer in England than he had purposed to stay. He had only agreed to stay, on the assurance that the Portuguese government would look after them during his extended absence. When he actually reached Tette, he learned that the government had altogether failed to carry out their promise, but the Governor, of his own accord, had become their friend. He had put them in the way of getting employment, until their leader should return. The interval had seen not a little change upon the company. Thirty of them had succumbed to an attack of small pox. An unfriendly chief had murdered six of them. The remainder of them were simply intoxicated with delight when they saw Livingstone. Often and again, they had been told that they had seen the last of him when he had left them to go away to his own country, but they had resolutely clung to the belief that he would return to them. That he did so gave him a stronger hold upon their affections than ever before, and gave him a reputation among the natives which proved a more valuable asset in his subsequent travels than was the band of gold lace on his cap, which was the insignium of his authority from the Queen of Britain.

Having been satisfied that his Makololo were safe, and that they were earning their living in a measure of comfort, he delayed making the trip to their home to

restore them to their fellow tribesmen for a time. In the meanwhile he wanted to find out just how far up, the river was navigable. There were rapids about twenty or thirty miles above Tette and he would at least see them. But when the "Ma-Robert" was put to the test on this trip, she turned out to be a bitter disappointment. The ship-builder who had professed to be so anxious to serve the good cause for which she was being purchased proved to have been more anxious to dispose of a vessel, the qualities of which made her a weight on the market. She turned out to be most voracious of fuel, and in place of making good headway against the current of the river, she spent most of her strength in hoarse coughs which barely kept her from being borne down by the stream. This peculiarity gave her a new, descriptive, but not complimentary name, the "Asthmatic." This most unwelcome discovery, that his boat was so unsuitable for her work, led Livingstone to make an application for a vessel of stronger steam power. He was not at all sure that the government would grant his request, but Mr. Young, the old assistant to the professor of mathematics at Anderson's College, was his intimate and personal friend, and he wrote to him asking him to secure for him the right kind of vessel at his own private expense. He gave him liberty to expend for this purpose two thousand pounds. In the long run he got both boats, one from the Government and one of his own, purchased by Mr. Young. The Government gave him the "Pioneer," in response to his appeal, while the other vessel which was procured for him was called the "Lady Nyassa," a name given to her after the lake was discovered.

Meanwhile, with the boat he had he paid his projected visit to the rapids, and on his way there, he learned about others. The journey was comparatively short, but very difficult. Having settled the point as to the navigation of that part of the river, he turned his attention to the Shire river, which joins the Zambesi about one hundred miles from the sea and some two hundred miles east of Tette. He had found the Zambesi so far covered on both sides with tropical wealth. On its banks grew ebony and lignum vitæ in prodigal abundance. The indiarubber tree was plentiful. Indigo grew wild.

At Tette, the natives could live on mango for four months of the year, although they had a superstitious dread of planting it. The notion was that the man who set this seed of the staff of life would himself soon die. A similar superstition existed about coffee planting; in this case, the sowing of the seed was not actually fatal to the sower, but although he was producing pleasure for others he was really burying his own happiness. Among the Portuguese of the Zambesi valley he found that the slaves were on the whole well treated, but that the half-caste masters had developed an excess of cruelty to their human possessions; it seemed as if they were especially hard on those who by their colour reminded them of their own mixed origin. A saying had become current there, that the god made both the white man and the black, but the half-caste was made by the devil—a saying that had some justification, in the conduct of the men of mixed blood. Otherwise there opened up before Livingstone a country of great promise. In the immediate vicinity of Tette itself, indigo and senna grew naturally, cotton and sugar-cane grew well

under cultivation, magnetic iron ore was not far off, there was coal in abundance, and by a two days' journey they could reach a place where gold was found in the beds of the rivers. All this should be enough to excite the interest if not the cupidity of the men of commerce. Here, in the Africa he had learned to love, there was at least an abundance of that which would invite and encourage men to come to it to engage in honourable and lucrative trade.

He had made these valuable discoveries on the Zambesi, but he wanted to explore the Shire river as well. This stream, twenty years ago, was practically the highway by which men went into the Tanganyika region, but then it was absolutely unknown. So far as they could ascertain, they were the first white men to penetrate that territory. In this, as in every other, the most delicate matter was as to how they were to manage the natives. They had some minor travelling difficulties, as for instance the weeds which they met in the river which were numerous but not enough to quite stop the paddles of the boat. And it was not very long before they left them and got into very good sailing water. The first most exciting incident of the journey was a meeting with a chief, Tingane by name, who assembled five hundred warriors on the shore and gave his royal command that the expedition must halt. They obeyed the order of his highness, and Livingstone himself went on shore to interview him. He quietly explained to him the object of their visit, and Tingane became a good friend to the party. They went on their way without any further encounter with chiefs, covering some two hundred miles of river, a stretch of country one hundred

miles on the straight. Here they had to halt, owing to an obstacle of nature, rapids on the river. Livingstone named these Murchison Falls, in honour of his friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, to whom he had first addressed the communications he had sent to the Geographical Society, and with whom he had been on most friendly terms since, a friendship which deepened with the passing years. Having got so far, they went down stream again and up the Zambesi to Tette.

They set out next to make more extensive investigations over the same route. This time they encountered another chief, whose village was within some ten miles of the Murchison Falls. This man was called Chibisa, a character who had a very high opinion of himself, with something of the unction of a Hebrew prophet. He had been left by his father to fill the post of chief and professed himself conscious of having received a special endowment of power, which had passed through his head and down his back, convincing him that all he did henceforth would be right. This inspired gentleman did a good deal of fighting, and therefore of killing, but he justified it by stating that he had never himself begun a quarrel. Chibisa too, Livingstone made a friend. In their explorations on this trip, the party took a journey to the east side of the Shire, to find a lake reported to lie away in that direction. It was no picnic. They had trouble with their guides, who were very doubtful as to this hunt after a lake. In the different villages they could not persuade the saner men to accompany them at all. But, unfortunately, they found some men who were thought to be a little less than sane. When these people, a bit crazy in mind, heard about

them going out on a search for a lake they had never seen, they thought that they must be a good deal like themselves, and they agreed to be their guides. So it came about that frequently the party was conducted by men partially demented, who could only guide them to the next village, where they had to find similar help to take them further. Under such precarious guidance Lake Shirwa was discovered, a great lake, whose water was bitter, in which were found leeches and fishes and crocodiles and hippopotami, a lake 1,800 feet above the level of the sea—set in a magnificent country, with mountains rising near by to a height of seven or eight thousand feet. This was a tolerable addition to geographical knowledge for one trip.

They made their way back to Tette, to prepare for a third trip. The purpose Livingstone had in view this time was to find out the extent of Lake Shirwa, and then pass away further north to find out another lake reported to lie to the north of that again, Lake Nyassa. On this journey they saw still further confirmation of the wealth of the country for commercial purposes. Big game and little were in abundance. As many as eight hundred elephants would appear in one group. In this new country they met a somewhat different system of government among the natives. In every village, a headman was appointed by the community, but held his office subject to the superior authority of one man who ruled over a number of headmen, who protected them in times of war, and regularly collected tribute from his subordinates. To reach Nyassa, when they had to leave the boat, they fitted themselves out as a land party. They were forty-two in number, four

Europeans, thirty-six of the faithful Makololo from Tette and two guides. They climbed the Manganja hills, to find them finely watered, with a salubrious air and free from the mosquitoes which were so great a pest when they were on the river and on the low-lying places. The natives, too, were industrious, working in iron, cotton, and basket-making, already having so great a degree of civilisation as to fill Livingstone with hope and encouragement for his favourite projects of commerce. The cotton they were manufacturing was home grown, and was found in three varieties. Here was an opening if not an invitation to the man of trade.

The party discovered Lake Nyassa on the 16th day of September, 1859, the third of the lakes which Livingstone wrote for the first time on the map. This was no mean achievement for this journey in itself, but its value was much enhanced by the discovery that there were industrious natives in the region, and that there was a place where the air was free and pure—so much so, that Europeans could live on those hills with comfort. Unfortunately, too, he came across the black trail of blood and death, the hateful slave traffic. They had struck one of the roads by which those miserable human beings were conveyed to the coast at Zanzibar. The horror of that trade never mitigated in the mind of Livingstone. Familiarity never lessened its awfulness in his eyes or lightened the burden of it in his heart. But where he found it in localities where the climate would permit of the establishment of European settlements for commercial and missionary purposes, his dream of the day when the curse would be removed seemed

very near fulfilment. Here was one place where he felt that the enemy was delivered into his hand.

After a land trip of forty days, the party returned to the ship, its leader well satisfied with the result of his journey. Back to Tette they steamed, the "Ma-Robert" toilsome in her coughing, swallowing so much fuel that it was no saving of time or energy to keep her afloat. It took one day's hard labour to provide her with wood enough to do one day's work.

Livingstone was now free to make his journey to Linyanti. But by this time the "Ma-Robert" was in need of repair, and they had to go down three hundred miles to the coast for that purpose. She was proving more and more of a failure. When she was repaired, however, and they were ready to start for Linyanti, some of the Makololo were not anxious to go home. They had been living in a slave district, some had married slave women, and many of them had got degraded in their ideas by so long contact with slavery. Among those who actually started for Linyanti there were some who soon tired of the journey, and they had imbibed so much of the slave's duplicity, pardonable in a man who has lost his liberty: that they preferred to sneak away from the company by night when they might have left openly by day, as plenty of opportunity was given them to do so, that they might return to Tette if they wished. The majority of the band, however, which had left with Livingstone on the third day of November, 1855, with the exception of those lost by death at Tette, bore their leader company as he retraced his steps to Sekeletu's town again. In the intervening months, many changes had taken place. Some of the

men's wives had been disposed of in one way or another. One had been killed because she was accused of witchcraft, another had given it out that her husband was dead and had held the customary rites over his decease. There was a strange mixture of feelings when Livingstone appeared among them again. That which preponderated was a sentiment of joy that they saw him once more. He had brought with him many wonderful things for them from England—among them a sugar-mill, a gift to Sekeletu from a lady in Ireland. This was a marvel to the natives, as well as a compliment to their chief. What might that sugar mill not produce? Not only sweetness, but fruits of peaceful industry in coming years. Sekeletu was himself suffering from leprosy, and was under the treatment of a native woman, who was practising her art of medicine upon him—a lady doctor at the business long before that privilege was granted to her kind in Britain. She was induced to surrender her patient to Livingstone and Dr. Kirk, who were successful in arresting the disease; the chief lived for several years afterwards.

On the whole this trip was very successful too. Proceeding more leisurely than when he had gone down the Zambesi to the coast, Livingstone could now make observations more extensively and carefully. Great quantities of game were seen and abundance of cotton. There were many things which waited the hands of commerce, enough to make the valley of the Zambesi a place of peace and honest industry. But he brought away with him from Linyanti a very bitter memory of a keen disappointment. A company of missionaries had been sent there by the London Missionary Society,

and its leaders were all dead, and the rest had lost heart and left the station before Livingstone got there. Those who had died had succumbed to the fever, and all of them had suffered a great amount of hardship—chiefly through a misapprehension of the proper way of dealing with the native. It had been rumoured that some of them had been poisoned, but Livingstone was soon able to prove that report to be false. All the same, he deeply regretted that one of his most cherished schemes had come to such a painful end; the more so, because he believed that if he had been informed of the purpose to send men there at that time, he could have done something to prepare the way for them. He knew nothing of their presence in that part of the country until he came upon the graves of the dead and the remains of the abandoned station. Not every sincere missionary was a Livingstone in his skill in managing natives. He had no such comparison in his mind; but he did think that something more might have been done to ensure the comfort and life of those sent to occupy that field by a careful consultation with himself, the one man who had been there, say in regard to such matters as how to deal with fever and how best to secure the help of the natives. As it was, the devoted leaders who had died had taught a number of the people to sing hymns, and Livingstone had the melancholy pleasure of hearing the voices of the dead in the voices of the living, among whom they had spent their too short days.

In his homeland, during the time that Livingstone was opening up the Zambesi and Shire rivers, a most amazing revival of spiritual life was passing over the people. The churches were re-vitalised, and the indif-

ferent were roused to a deep concern about their souls. For half a century, men have rehearsed the wonderful experiences of that time. Not a few received impressions then which altered and improved all their future career, and from that time men date a new interest in the spread of the Kingdom of God among the heathen races of mankind. It gave to the church quite a number of missionaries. Meanwhile, Livingstone was passing through the prosaic and exacting duty laid upon him by his commission: but was maintaining a spiritual interest in his own soul, creating spiritual concern in the untutored minds of the savages, fighting against the deterioration of humanity steadily creeping over the country under the regime of the deadly slave traffic—which he was finding was favoured, if not fostered, by the Portuguese government. Always keeping his eye upon the ideal Africa, whose wealth would come into the world's markets, and whose life would be moulded by the world's gospel, he was unconsciously preparing the fields in which some of the new energy appearing in the churches of Scotland and elsewhere would find its best outlet.

CHAPTER X.

In Perils of War.

WHEN Livingstone returned to the coast, the prospect which opened up to him seemed to give him all he had ever desired for Africa's welfare. On January 31st, 1861, the "Pioneer," which was to take the place of the asthmatic "Ma-Robert," arrived. This would, he hoped, make easily possible the further exploration of Eastern Africa. It turned out, that although she was a good vessel, she had too deep a draught for his purpose, and was therefore often aground when she should have been afloat. But he met also a company of missionaries who had come out as the accredited agents of the Universities' Mission. In this party he saw the very material needed to take hold of Eastern Africa for Christianity and commerce. At the head of the missionary party, was Bishop Charles Frederick Mackenzie, a man twelve years junior to Livingstone himself and a fellow Scotchman. He had been born at Portmore in Peebleshire but belonged to a social rank of another scale from that of Livingstone. His father was clerk of session, a friend and colleague of Sir Walter Scott. Mackenzie had completed his training at Cambridge, and only missed being first wrangler of his year because he had Isaac Todhunter

as a rival. He was tall, well-made, athletic, and became a tutor in Cambridge and also a curate at the same time at Haslingfield. He wanted to become a missionary.

There was a new attitude to the mission field since Livingstone had appealed to the university youths of Cambridge to fill the posts there themselves. But he had been dissuaded from his design to go to Delhi, and then he took counsel with himself alone, and went to Natal with Bishop Colenso. He was parish priest at Durban for a time, when he had some disturbance with his congregation, the immediate cause of which was his wearing of a surplice instead of a gown during the conduct of public worship. The question was settled as far as he was concerned by his removal to the Umhahli river, where the few scattered English settlers and soldiers took no exception to his vestments. Meanwhile, he had been forming his own ideas about things in general, and about the status of the native in particular; and in a church conference at Maritzburg, he ventured to advocate the cause of the native, by affirming that he should have an equal voice with the white communicant in the management of congregational affairs. That view was very distasteful and Mackenzie's proposal was defeated. He retired from the conference, and, a good deal disenchanted, went back to England. There he was asked to become the head of the new Universities' Mission, which was being fitted out to go to Central or Eastern Africa. He accepted the post and landed with a company of six Englishmen and five coloured men from the Cape, just about the time that the "Pioneer" reached the mouth of the Zambesi. He received along with his party a very cordial welcome from Livingstone.

Mackenzie's destination was somewhere in the Nyassa district, among the healthy highlands discovered by Livingstone. But from what had been already learned about the state of the peoples on the Shire, it was thought best to make an attempt to open up that region by way of the Rovuma river. This stream empties into the sea some five or six hundred miles to the north of the Zambesi, and flows due east from Nyassa. If it emptied out of the lake, here was an excellent way of access to that country, especially attractive because it was not as yet stained with the blood of the slave traffic and might not have any of the marauding gangs which were always found where slavery was practised. So Mackenzie and Livingstone set out to explore the Rovuma. Owing to the depth of draught of the "Pioneer," and the shallowness of the water at the season of the year, they could not get anywhere near the head of the river.

So they came back to force a way to the Nyassa up the Zambesi and Shire rivers.

But there were obstacles by this route too. The "Pioneer" often ran aground. The reverend gentleman, in true apostolic succession, had often to take a hand at pulling a boat rope. But more serious than that was the prevailing war on the way. The Portuguese were becoming more deeply involved in the slave traffic, and therefore, less sympathetic to Livingstone and his party. Slave hunting chiefs were marauding in the country. Peaceful inhabitants who did not want to fight, were driven off to be sold, and those who did fight were often beaten, and the survivors were punished for their resistance by being sold too. The traffic which had been carried on quietly when Livingstone had gone

up the Shire before, was now in full swing, with all its revolting accompaniments. Companies of men, women, and children, the men with a forked stick rivetted upon their necks, were chained in a row, and were driven away to the market, under the very eye of Portuguese officials. From one of these gangs of slaves, the nucleus of the first mission was derived. The party had got up the Shire to Chibisa's country, and were halting at the village of Mbame, when a party of slavers appeared. At the sight of the Britishers the slave drivers fled and the whole gang, men, women, and children were liberated. Bishop Mackenzie took them under his care and with them began his missionary labours. Chigunda, a Manganja chief, gave him an invitation to settle at a place called Magomero, and that became the first home of the Universities' Mission.

The liberated slaves had been taken by a warlike tribe, the Ajawa. It was deemed desirable to see the chief of this tribe and persuade him to give up his wicked practises. The road to his village was the saddest Livingstone had so far trod in Africa. Everywhere were evidences of the war. Villages were burned. Wails of women and shouting of warriors were heard on all sides. When the party reached the chief's village, their visit was taken as a sign of hostility. The cry was raised that Chibisa's men were upon them and the British party was fired upon. For the first time Livingstone was attacked by natives, although often enough he had been threatened before. This was the first time, too, when he had to repel an attack by means of fire arms. The encounter was serious and hot while it lasted, but the Ajawa were driven off without actual loss of life on

either side. The perils of war brought a new danger into the field. Livingstone was persuaded that there was little likelihood of this disturbance ending where they now were. The question arose as to the attitude the Bishop should assume to the Ajawa. They had taken quite a number of the Manganja. Were they to demand them back or acquiesce in what had been done? Livingstone advised the Bishop to be very patient, and above everything else to avoid taking any part in the quarrels of the natives. When this policy had been settled, Livingstone left Magamero, and proceeded with his exploration of the Shire. For a time the Bishop preserved his neutral attitude. But with the help of a few Makololo in his company he went against the Ajawa to rescue the captured husbands of some of the Manganja women. In this he had been successful. But in trying to get to the mouth of the Ruo, a tributary of the Shire, his canoe got upset, and his medicines and cordials were lost. He was seized with fever, and after a very painful illness died. His most intimate colleague, Mr. Burrup, also took fever, and although he was able to reach the mission station, a few days more saw the end of his life. The news was very distressing to Livingstone. The Bishop's sister and Mr. Burrup's wife had come to join them. It was the party conducting the two ladies to their station, which first got the news of the disaster. The calamity was due only indirectly to the Bishop's interference with Ajawa, to restore the stolen men to their liberty. But that policy was not going to be a help to missions and the very fact of the Bishop's death and the apparent failure of the mission would be a terrible blow to the cause of Africa's welfare among the people

of Britain. Mackenzie had left England with many evidences at his departure of the deep interest already aroused in the mission. The farewell services had been held at Canterbury, England's mother church. A celebration of the Holy Communion was held, at which several hundreds were present. The Bishop of Oxford preached the sermon, an offertory was collected of four hundred pounds. The whole Church of England was moved.

At Cape Town, Mackenzie had gotten a number of natives from a church composed of people who had been liberated from slavery by British cruisers and given their freedom in that city. They were under the pastoral care of an English clergyman. When the Bishop addressed them, and appealed for volunteers to go with him to take the gospel to their race, no less than twelve offered themselves. He was duly constituted as Bishop at Cape Town, the first occasion on which a missionary Bishop of the Church of England was formally ordained to that high office on African soil. There were thus magnificent hopes of splendid results from this consecrated enterprise. Mackenzie himself, too, was in many ways admirably adapted for the work. He had a recklessness about himself, a virtue which turned out a danger and was probably the ultimate cause of the catastrophe. For instance, he had his first attack of African fever before he and Livingstone set off on their trip up the Rovuma, but threw it off so quickly that he was tempted to think very lightly of it. Again, when on the Rovuma, he exposed himself thoughtlessly to an alligator. Had it not been that the animal was not hungry, he would have ended his days in its mouth. More care for himself

would probably have saved his life to the native peoples for whom he was so solicitous. As it was, he ended his days before he had more than begun his work. He had laid plans for extending the mission, one of which was to have a boat ply regularly up and down the Shire to keep in touch with the different stations, which might be started on its banks, and form a means of exchanging the commerce of the interior with that of Britain, and incidentally keeping the missionaries supplied with European provisions.

This patrol of the river he believed would cut through one of the slave tracks, and stop or at least curtail the slave trade in that district. After his untimely death tribal wars and slave raids were very numerous through the Shire country. The news of his decease spread sorrow at home, and although the report also reached England of the very disturbing and dangerous character of the work, another man was found to volunteer for the Bishop's office. The mission station was moved from Magomero to Chibisa's, on the river bank, with the hope that the work might be carried on there to better advantage. But the sad affair cast a gloom over Livingstone's hopes, for the time ; it set back what had been the most promising effort so far made for Africa's redemption.

He was quite bewildered at the blow. But while much disturbed at the effect the news was likely to have in Britain, he bowed before the loss as in some way the will of Him who does everything well ; and for himself he resolved that he would not swerve a hair-breadth from the path he had elected to follow, and he urged all who had given support to the mission to keep their faith in its divine purpose. He did not know how near a more

personal loss was, when he thus reviewed the circumstances and confirmed himself anew in the great cause of Africa. After Livingstone had seen the Bishop settled, he went on his way of exploration. The party got past the rapids, so well known to travellers up the Shire in later times, and got into the Upper Shire, and then on to Lake Nyassa. Here they found a country as rich, if not richer, than any they had seen, and a very dense population, especially along the shores of the lake. In the lake itself, fish of all kinds were very plentiful. On this trip they had a new experience, they were robbed by natives. It turned out that a few habitual thieves had been watching their opportunity for days, but here was the the unpleasant fact that the human nature of the savage of Nyassaland had this feature in it. It was resolved to go down to the coast to meet the new steamer, "Lady Nyassa," which was coming out to navigate and explore the lake. Mrs. Livingstone also was expected at the same time. The journey down was very tedious, owing to the "Pioneer" getting fast occasionally on sandbanks, and when they reached the coast, the vessel bringing the expected treasures was nowhere to be seen. She had been and gone, having searched in vain for the "Pioneer," which was indeed a month behind the time appointed for her appearance. She came back again after a time and the two met. In addition to the steamboat and Mrs. Livingstone, there were the ladies going to the Universities' Mission, the Bishop's sister and Mr. Burrup's wife, in blissful ignorance of the melancholy fate that had befallen them on that very day by the death of the Bishop. There were also others in the party who were going as additions to the Staff and another of

the fruits of the tours and lectures which Livingstone undertook in Britain, in the person of the Rev. James Stewart. This gentleman, who came to be one of Africa's most famous missionaries, as Dr. Stewart of Lovedale, had been sent out to consult with Livingstone, and see things with his own eyes, so as to be able to advise the Free Church of Scotland, to which he belonged, as to the possibility of founding a Mission in that part of Africa.

When they got the "Lady Nyassa" on board the "Pioneer," they steamed away up the Zambesi and Shire, expecting to meet Bishop Mackenzie at the mouth of the Ruo river. But they were overladen for the shallow water. They got on all right where there was depth, but every now and then they got fast on a sand-bank. The plan of carrying the "Lady Nyassa" on the "Pioneer" had therefore to be given up, and it was determined to put her together at Shupanga, and then tow her up stream. This delay was very trying to Livingstone, on the ground that he wanted to get along, but it brought a sorrow of another kind. They were detained at Shupanga at the worst possible time of the year for fever. He had parted with his wife at the Cape. She went to stay with her parents at Kuruman, and there gave birth to a girl. Thereafter it was thought necessary that she should go to Scotland to attend to the wants of her other children, some of whom were at school. But she had an intense longing to be with her husband. There were many things connected with their family affairs which could only be settled satisfactorily by personal consultation. Moreover, she had a confidence and comfort of soul by his side which she

never enjoyed elsewhere. Therefore when the boat was sailing to take the " Lady Nyassa " to him, she went as well. The voyage was perilous, but everything seemed right when again she was by his side and found him safe and well. They met on the 31st day of January; on the 21st day of April she fell a victim to the fever, and on the 27th she passed away. The brave heart of her husband was stricken with grief. He who had faced death without fear, and been in dangers well nigh innumerable, in the presence of this death was utterly broken down and wept like a child. They had never had a home since they were turned adrift from Kolobeng. For most of their days they had been separated since. Now when they had the prospect of united life together, he was left alone. It was the first heavy stroke he had suffered, and it quite took away his strength for a time. This was the greatest price he had paid so far, for his devotion to Africa. For the first time in his life, he was himself quite willing to die.

There remained for him only the melancholy duty of laying the remains of his departed wife reverently to rest. Her days began and ended in Africa's soil. To that continent had been given her parent's devotion and her husband's toil. She had given herself to it. Her busy mind had been making plans to facilitate the exploration of the new territory, by the application of a woman's skill to make the men more comfortable in their duties. That thoughtfulness never took shape. By a large boabab tree, sixty feet in circumference, her body was laid to rest, and by her interment the valley of the Zambesi made consecrated ground to her husband, her motherless children, and many others beside who

sympathetically sorrowed with the widowed man who mourned an irreparable loss. He wrote to their relatives, especially to the children about her death, telling them all about it and giving them the comfort he needed so much for himself.

But the call of duty took him back again to his appointed task. The "Lady Nyassa" had to be put together, and he began to superintend that work. She was successfully launched just two months after his wife died. She was an excellent boat for sailing the Nyassa, but she was only on the Zambesi. The many delays made it impossible to get her up the river Shire to the lake that year. Therefore he tried once more to navigate the Rovuma, to find out whether a way could be got at by that stream to Lake Nyassa. If the river ran out of the lake, as had been reported, the way might be clear, not only to get a shorter route, but also one outside Portuguese territory and therefore free from the slave traffic.

Very little came of the adventure; they discovered that the Rovuma did not flow out of Lake Nyassa, but had its rise in the hills to the east of it. The distance between the coast and the lake was over three hundred miles, and they only got up the river one hundred and fifty miles or so. But here too were the fearful traces of the slave traffic. At a place named Kichokomane they came upon a very fertile plain, but it was desolate. The villages were deserted, their inhabitants had left their rich pasture lands and their productive gardens for fear of being made slaves. Further up a large crowd gathered on the banks of the river and gave unmistakable evidence that they had hostile intentions on the party. Living-

stone made an attempt to pacify them. They declared they had no right to pass through their country, but he explained to them their purpose and induced them to accept a payment in the shape of a toll. Then they professed friendship to the expedition, but fired a shower of arrows upon them. This showed a treachery to which Livingstone was up to now a stranger, but as he considered it due to the slave hunting which was being prosecuted under the connivance of the Portuguese authorities, he excused it and succeeded in getting the hostile tribe to behave more decently afterwards.

The perils of war were thick enough, but they by themselves would not have daunted Livingstone. Nature, however, put an obstacle in the way of their further progress. There were cataracts on the river, which the "Lady Nyassa" could not negotiate, and they were informed that these were more difficult the further up they went. So again they had to turn back, having accomplished very little of what he set out to do. He had got to know that there was no way to the lake, and had left behind some good impressions among the natives he had met on the journey.

Dangers of another kind were making themselves more and more apparent in the path of his duty. He was finding out all along the way that the Portuguese were aiding and abetting the slave traffic. From officials of that nation he had received marked assistance, on his way to Loanda and at that port, and also on his way down the Zambesi. But gratitude for past favours did not imply acquiescence in a wicked policy. He had to break altogether with the Portuguese, entirely on the question of their support given to slavery. He had

turned away from Kolobeng, practically driven from his home because the Boers insisted upon making raids upon natives to keep up their supply of free labour. Now he had opened up Eastern Africa only to learn, with feelings of horror and indignation, that he was providing facilities for the agents of the Portuguese the better to prosecute this terrible trade. He took up his pen against it, he could not wield a sword. In his eagerness for Africa's welfare, unimpaired by the deep sorrow which had befallen him, he wrote with an energy about the appalling facts which should have aroused attention. He stated the fac which had come to his notice, and went on to urge .ne government to lay an arresting hand upon this unholy enterprise of Portugal; and tried to create a public opinion in Britain, which would demand a change. The perils of war among the natives were bad, the possibilities of this business fostered by Portugal were ten-fold more terrible.

CHAPTER XI.

Failure and Hope.

LIVINGSTONE was now in the most depressing condition he had known since he had undertaken his humane task. The objects which had taken him to Africa, the establishment of healthy commerce, and the planting of the gospel, were now being resolutely opposed by the representatives of the government in whose territory he had to work. That common international law, which had brought Britain into deadly conflict with Russia in the Crimean War, looked like leaving the slaves at the mercy of the Portuguese. Russia insisted upon bringing all Greek Christians, although living under the rule of the Sultan of Turkey, beneath her protecting care. That was an interference with the rights of nations which could not be tolerated. Therefore the British and French armies were allied with Turkey, to support the dignity of international and sovereign rights. In the same way, Portugal had her claim to do what she liked with her own. It was a delicate thing for any nation to interfere with her policy. Even so good and generous a man as the Prince Consort had pointed out to Livingstone his own doubts as to the legitimacy of his designs as relating to a nation's authority. For the same reason he declined to give his name as the patron

of the Universities' Mission, deeply as he sympathized with the objects of it as a purely Christian agency. He saw that the Mission had avowed and necessary purposes, in keeping with the spirit and conviction which called it into existence, but he also recognised that these were essentially in conflict with the avowed or tactic policy of the Portuguese Government.

Troubles crowded in upon Livingstone. His wife had been called away from him and left him without the stimulous of hope and anticipation which had always buoyed him up before. Although they had been long separated, he had always the knowledge that there was one heart which beat in unison with his own, in all those things which were most dear to him. Now she was gone, and although he felt the other world nearer him by reason of the presence of his treasure there, there was a blank space on earth which nothing could ever fill.

As we have seen, he did not give up his duties; indeed, he seemed to give his love to Africa in greater volume after its soil had been consecrated to him by the interment of his Mary's remains in its bosom. The "Lady Nyassa" was got together and the journey begun to get her up the Shire, to the cataracts which divided the Lower from the Upper river. She was a beauty, the first vessel which altogether satisfied him. By her means, at the least Nyassa would become known, and perhaps some tangible good be accomplished for that part of the continent. When they got to the rapids, they were preparing to get into sections again, so as to transport her to the navigable water. Just then, as he was filled with a joyous expectation, a communication was received from the home government, recalling the

expedition. The road past the rapids is some thirty or forty miles long. It had to be cleared and constructed in some way approaching utility, before the "Lady Nyassa" could be transported so far. When they were busy with their roadmaking, it was determined to discover whether or not a boat which they had left on the end of the upper waters on a previous visit was still there and available for use. They found only the ashes of it remaining, and were compelled in consequence to carry another boat up that long road. They had succeeded so far in this, had indeed got to the last rapid, when by an accident, when she was put into the water to tow her up a bit, the boat was upset and caught in the swift current. She went rushing down as if fired from a cannon, and was soon reduced to matchwood. It needed some reserve of patience and good temper to look upon this failure with serenity.

The letter recalling the expedition arrived as a counter irritant to this crowning disappointment.

It was in the form of a despatch from Earl Russell. The reasons assigned for this step were two-fold, that it had not accomplished the object for which it had been designed, and that it had proved much more expensive than originally contemplated. Another very sufficient reason, of which Livingstone was well aware, was not alleged. Remonstrances of a diplomatic character had been sent to the Portuguese government on the subject of slave hunting, and had proved of no avail. The relations between the two governments were becoming very uncomfortable, if not critical. The expedition might at any moment assume the dark and dangerous proportions of a causus belli. The communication

exonerated Livingstone for all blame for the failure of the expedition, but the orders were peremptory: that when the Shire came to be in flood, he was to get the "Pioneer" down to the coast. There was no word about the "Lady Nyassa" at all. He had expected that the government would either take her over or at least re-imburse him in some way for the outlay she had caused. He had paid for her altogether six thousand pounds.

Earl Russell himself was in the closest sympathy with the main purpose of Livingstone's expedition. The author of "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the West of Europe," was not likely to be indifferent to the planting of religion in the East of Africa. But he was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, under Lord Palmerston, and had been in evil odour more than once for the attitude he had taken up on international affairs. He had favoured the cause of Italian unity; had formed and expressed ideas about the American Civil War, which were violently assailed in many quarters; his sympathy with Poland and Denmark in their struggles with Russia and Germany was well known. The man who had guided the nation through the difficult and threatening period of the Irish famine and the Chartist riots was not likely to swerve for a small reason from his support of Livingstone. Only here were the facts, and an intimate knowledge, coupled with a lengthy and painful experience of the dangers of complicated relationships between nations, had led him to acquiesce in the verdict of his colleagues, if indeed he did not suggest and foster it.

The whole firmament of Livingstone's world was being surely eclipsed. He was within such a little of getting

the " Lady Nyassa " up to the lake. Had any accident but delayed the recall a few weeks, he could have been away beyond reach, and probably so far that he could not have received the orders until too late to carry them into execution that season; and so Lake Nyassa would have been explored, and a considerable return, in enlarged and accurate knowledge, have been gained. He quietly acquiesced in the judgment of his superiors. The Portuguese had practically closed the rivers to common legitimate commerce in their unholy infatuation for the cruel slave traffic. While they continued in that policy, his best efforts were either altogether in vain or giving a positive contribution to aid and encourage the trade he utterly abhorred. In many cases, he was the first European to visit a tribe. By his courteous behaviour and generous treatment of the natives, he won their confidence and esteem. Then on his trail came along the Portuguese agents, pretending to be his " children," and they raided the villages and carried off their inhabitants to sell them into slavery. The Shire valley was opened by Livingstone. No Portuguese could dare to travel along that way before he made, by his gentleness and tact, a white way for the white man. They followed in his track and left prints of blood and a black darkness of a wailing misery. Here was a bitter failure, all the more so because the immediate cause of it was the people who by the dictates of their religion, as well as the humanity of a European state, should have contributed all their support to make it a success. But he did not turn back without one more desperate effort to get to know what was to be

known about the lake, his objective for so long. It was out of the question now to go up with the steamer, but he would tramp it.

Therefore he set out, with a very few companions, to tramp to the lake, and if possible pass round its western extremity, to discover whether or not a river flowed into it from that direction. There was in his small company only one other white man. Owing to the raids of the slave hunters, the natives were most likely to suspect them and to make fatal attack upon them. The usual dangers of African travel were sure to be met. They could only carry a very restricted amount of supplies. But he set out to try what could be done. At one time, the two white men were lost, for three days on end, in the woods. They were without food altogether, and had no means of purchasing it if they could anywhere have found it. At last they came across some poor natives, who shared their little with the needy, starving fellow mortals. Sometimes they could not procure guides, although it was next to impossible, if not reckless folly, to proceed without them. They were in a country intersected by deep ravines, which could only be negotiated at certain points. They could do little to set a watch by night and on one occasion were within a very little of being cut off by a number of natives who took them to be a company of slave hunters. But one thing: they never got far away from the wail of distress, from helpless children and abandoned women. These touched the most tender cords in Livingstone's heart. His own children were away in Scotland, under care as good as could be procured, but to him, with his great heart of love, the African child was as much an object of interest

as any other. He interpreted the cry of the African child through the feelings which the cry of his own child would call out. For his own children he had done most all that could be done to make their way comfortable, but for the African child all his efforts were resulting in ghastly, deplorable failure.

They pushed up the west side of the lake until they reached the river Loangwa, which runs from the Kasunga mountains, a short course of some two hundred miles. He was able to investigate the origin of that stream, and at a later date skirted the mountains on their western side. Here again, he met the hard, relentless enmity of fate. Some of the natives in his own country had been ill, one of them had died, unable to stand the comparative cold of the high-lying lands through which they had been passing. Even thus crippled, he would have proceeded to complete the remaining sixth of his journey up the lake, had it not been for the imperious command of his chief that he must bring the " Pioneer " down the river when the rains came. If these came at the usual time, he had all he could do to reach the vessel to take advantage of the swollen waters. Could he have forecasted the actual state of the weather, he had ample time to complete his trip and then be ready. When he did get to the vessel he had to spend two weary months in dreary impotent waiting, until the clouds came to pour their contents out to float the vessel down stream. Six weeks more up the lake would have been sufficient to permit of his completing his scheme. Never did he set foot on Northern Nyassa again. The secret of the discovery about its northern feeders was left for another to find. He had parted with his brother and Dr. Kirk

before he had left the boat. They had been so much reduced by illness that the only hope of recovery for them was a return to Britain.

He had himself been seriously indisposed before he had set out on this trip. Dr. Kirk had delayed his own departure until he could see Livingstone sufficiently recovered to make it safe for him to be left without attendance. He had accomplished his journey, but how much more could have been done if the fates had dealt more generously by him.

One ray of cheer had come through all this gloom, through a communication from an Englishman and five Scotchmen at the Cape. Their leader, the Englishman, had been deeply impressed by reading Livingstone's book. He was gripped by the idea that a number of godly men, working people, would do much to help on the cause of Christianity in any savage community. He had induced his Scotch friends to join him in an effort to provide themselves with the necessary means to further this object. This was done by making a common fund of all their earnings. Now, when ready to make the experiment, they communicated with Livingstone. They had in their outfit arms, wagons, two spans of oxen, and the currency to complete their necessary stock. In the company were a smith, two carpenters, and two masons. They were proposing to do what he had been advocating from the first days of his explorations. He sent word to Earl Russell of their intention, but that bright bud of promise too failed when the expedition was recalled. This was added to the accumulated wreckage of failure on which he had now to look on all hands.

Worse still awaited him, if worse could be. When he got to the "Pioneer," at the head of the Lower Shire, he learned that Bishop Tozer, who had succeeded Bishop Mackenzie, had resolved to withdraw the missionary operations from the interior to the coast. He had borne much grief through the deaths of the missionaries at Linyanti, and the succeeding abandonment of that station. Mackenzie's was if anything a more severe blow, but the mission still continued. Under the authority which followed Mackenzie's death, the station had been removed from the Highlands of Magamero to the low-lands by the Shire at Chibisa's town. Now the bishop informed him that he was to remove the mission altogether, away to Zanzibar, where it could not have the slightest influence upon the country he had opened up. When he got this word, he saw the last blow struck at the hopes he had entertained of the mission. As he had seen the prospects of his own work gradually pass into a cloud, he believed that what he had not been able to accomplish would be achieved through the means of the mission. Now all was gone. He remonstrated as firmly as he could with the bishop, that he should alter his decision. He appealed to him for the sake of the wretched down-trodden people to whom his mission was the only ray of hope, and entreated him with an energy which came perilously near impertinence that he should not abandon the post. Never in his judgment had a mission opened with such fair prospects. As he saw the sun of his own dreams fade away into the pale gloom of the west, he had confident hopes that in the Universities' Mission there would prove to be a constellation which would come up above the horizon to

shed light over all that dark region from which he had been obliged to withdraw. Now all that expectation had disappeared. Only black, unpromising night hung over his loved Africa.

Even this darkness was intensified through another failure. When Dr. Stewart came out it was with the view of conference with Livingstone, about a suitable location for the establishment of a mission under the direction of the Free Church of Scotland. He was also to use his own eyes and give his report based upon these two foundations, Livingstone's judgment and his own opinion. His verdict, after his prolonged and careful study, was that owing to the disturbed condition of the country the time was not opportune for making an experiment. After many days, some twelve years after, that decision was set aside. The Livingstonia Mission was begun in 1874, the same year in which the remains of the man who had conceived the idea of it were laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. Its history has done honour to the seed from which it sprung.

When the wreckage of the Universities Mission took place, it looked as if the hapless creatures who had formed its first constituency were to be left to shift for themselves as best they could. They had been set free from slavery by Bishop Mackenzie. Better not to have tasted the sweets of liberty than to be hurled back into the hated fetters again. But Livingstone could not bear the idea of these creatures being abandoned as a prey to the first raider who came along. He could not prevail upon the Mission authorities to do their duty by them, so he took them under his own protection. They were put on board the "Pioneer," with instructions that if

any Portuguese official or emissary interfered with them he was to receive a cool reception by being cast overboard. At least the memory of Bishop Mackenzie was not to be discredited and his noble deed of liberating slaves repudiated by those who had shared in his work. The rescued people were carried to the coast and when the "Pioneer" was transferred out of Livingstone's hands, she carried with her round to the Cape all of that company who wanted to go.

They gave a good account of themselves under the happier conditions of British liberty. The Rev. Horace Waller, who afterwards edited "Livingstone's Last Journals," had them in charge, while they were being carried round to their new home and saw them put under proper instruction. Years afterwards an interested and enquiring visitor got to Cape Town and found among the most efficient teachers there, in an Orphanage, one of the black girls whom Mackenzie rescued from the cruelty of the black slave hunter and whom Livingstone rescued a second time from the cruelty of the callous indifference of her white guardians.

Into this black night of failure there rose everywhere the terrible cry of the enslaved. The traffic had grown to be an extensive and complex affair. There was an internal and indigenous slave trade, when neighbouring tribes warred with each other and made slaves of their vanquished enemies. Then there was a trade carried on from the coast, the active agents of which were Arabs or half-caste Portuguese. These encouraged the natives to collect slaves for them, by such means as would suggest themselves to their savage minds, murder and marauding.

The last and the worst in every aspect of the case was that carried on by parties from Portuguese and Arab coast towns. They came out with arms and ammunition, with cloth and beads, to kill or to buy, as most suited their demands. They left destruction and death behind them whereever they went. When Livingstone's party went up the river with the "Lady Nyassa" in tow, a vessel intended as a queen of peaceful rule and an angel of divine light, they often saw corpses floating past them. When they steamed all night they had to stop in the morning for the gruesome job of clearing dead bodies or portions of them from among the floats of the paddles; or if they anchored these ghastly objects would be held by the stationary wheels, caught as they were being carried by the flowing river. At the time, they were following the track of a Portuguese slave agent. If they left the river and went ashore, they were everywhere meeting human skeletons. Their manner of death could be guessed often from the posture in which the body was found. At a village where fugitives from the East got across the river in their despairing efforts to escape the slave hunter, a heap of them had been thrown down a slope. Many had hidden, covered by the kind foliage of overhanging trees, but were so long in imminent peril that death came to bear them into merciful oblivion before the trader discovered them to join them to his gang in their merciless march, to their dreaded doom. Some had kept close in huts, trusting to escape observation there and were missed by the scouring bands, but often were dead before the danger had passed sufficiently to permit of them coming out to seek food or make good their escape. Little children had perished, protected

or hidden by their parents. Into that thick night of terrible failure, this cry went out with a wail like a spirit of the continent in anguish for the poor afflicted sons and daughters. Places he had visited on his first trip had been well populated, with many signs of industry which gave a promise of a bright day to come for Africa, when her people would engage on equal terms with the people of other continents in the exchanges of commerce. Now these were places without inhabitants. The dead and the desolation showed how hideous the game of plunder and destruction had been.

On his journey round the lake he came across the natives hidden among the reeds by the shores. Always and everywhere were the dire effects of the accursed trade.

There was no human helper in this deplorable state of affairs. He had to meet criticism at home and from Portuguese quarters. The failure of the Mission was laid at his door, because, indeed, some of his Makalolo had been at the station, and presumably should have maintained it when those responsible for its continuance had resolved to abandon it. The Portuguese were doing what they could to tarnish his name and stamp him as a romantic adventurer. All things human were either opposed or coldly critical to his plans and to himself.

Still the lamp of hope had not gone out. The expedition had not been entirely useless. It had marked the best way for getting to the heart of Africa. There was no possibility of doubt any more as to the character of the trade which was devastating Africa, carrying off the natives, and degrading those who were supposed to rule them for their benefit. Yet there was hope. Nothing

which he had seen had altered his opinion that the African was just as good as any other member of the human family. He was strong of body and wonderfully full of vitality and was able to withstand privations with a merry heart. He had still the same opinion as to whether the African could receive the gospel. There had never been any alternative side to that question in his mind. So there must be hope for Africa. The ear of the Almighty was not deaf to the plaintive cry of the creatures He Himself had made, and for whom He most certainly had some high destiny. He would help on the day of hope. For some time he would assail the throne of God for that divine help, but he would also go back to England and get men of influence to appreciate what was going on: that through their hands, in some approved way, the black curse might be lifted from Africa.

CHAPTER XII.

The Unfriendly Sea.

THE next step to be taken was to close up the account with the government. Livingstone had the "Pioneer" in his possession. After the long wait, the Shire did at last rise sufficiently to float this and the "Lady Nyassa" down to the Zambesi and down that to the sea. They met one of His Majesty's ships there, the "Orestes," soon after they got to the coast. On the following day another vessel, the "Ariel," appeared. These two men-of-war took the missionary boats in tow, to get them to Mozambique. But the evil spirits which had planned hindrances which delayed Livingstone in getting into the country, away beyond recall by any government department until his work was done, now prevailed upon the prince of the powers of the air to bring other agencies into play to end his work. The "Orestes" linked herself up with the "Pioneer." Never did the furies drive the son of Agamemnon in his wildest madness more mercilessly than the wind and waves drove the good ship of the royal navy when towing this quondam messenger of the gospel of peace. The "Ariel" had the "Lady Nyassa" in tow. The storm was such as Ariel, Prospero's obedient spirit, brought upon the ship of the King of Naples to bring her to wreck and

ruin. Only in this case the vessels all landed in safety at their destination. On the "Lady Nyassa" was a crew of four Europeans besides Livingstone himself, seven natives of the Zambesi, two boys, and a few of the rescued members of the mission party. The elements certainly tried to do their worst upon them. As they sailed along, the wild tempest raged in terrible fashion. A hurricane caught the towing boat and whirled her right round across the bows of the "Lady Nyassa." It looked to her crew as if the wind were to drive her right over the smaller vessel. By expert seamanship, she glided past and they were still afloat. When night settled down, it blew a furious gale. The captain of the "Ariel" had offered to lower a boat to take Livingstone off to join the man-of-war, but he who kept faith with his Makalolo determined to keep company with his Zambesi helpers. While danger lasted, he would keep by the vessel and them. Besides it was very doubtful whether any boat could live in such a sea. One of the "Ariel" boats, hanging on the davits at the level of the deck, was broken. So for the double reason of duty and expediency, they kept to the "Lady Nyassa" and she behaved splendidly. When the waves rose, she rode like a duck. As the whistling winds rushed through her rigging and she kept her course so well, Livingstone lamented all the more that she had never been given an opportunity of sailing the waters of Nyassa and of doing the work for which she had been purchased. He was proud of her seamanship. The crew of the man-of-war expected that she would founder, but her owner and skipper noted with pride that she shipped no green seas, only spray; and that while the "Ariel" was

pitched and rolled by the ocean so as to reveal her copper bottom, the "Lady Nyassa" kept up a great degree of feminine dignity. The evolutions made by the wind brought the hawser by which the "Ariel" was towing, into her screw, and things were made worse. They rode out the storm, however. When the weather moderated, the screw had to be cleared and after ten days they got into the harbour of Mozambique, having come in that time about four hundred miles. Even then they were before the "Orestes" with her "Pioneer," although she was constructed as a faster boat.

At Mozambique, Livingstone formally returned the "Pioneer" into the custody of the officers of Her Majesty. She proceeded in the company of another man-of-war to Cape Town, carrying with her the portion of the mission flock, the salvage of the scheme launched by Bishop Mackenzie. The "Lady Nyassa" remained on Livingstone's hands. She was in need of a pretty thorough overhaul and got it at Mozambique, while her owner considered what was next to be done, to further the welfare of Africa.

His reflections on the past years were gloomy enough, but nothing can be gained by crying over spilt milk or even ruined prospects. The next thing to be done was more important for consideration than the last thing that had been done. He had been most mercifully delivered from imminent perils on the deep. The "Lady Nyassa" could not now sail the waters of the lake to be an angel of peace and good will, but she could be converted into money and the coin would further the cause to which she had been dedicated. Therefore, when she was fit for sea again, he resolved to make for

Zanzibar, another five hundred miles north, calling on the way at Johanna, one of the Comoro islands, in the hope that he would meet with a merchant for his vessel. The weather again became unpropitious, and he was not able to make Johanna, but he got safely to Zanzibar. This journey he covered in eight days. There were men at that port ready to buy his vessel, but there were objections to the sale. He would not let her get into the hands of the Portuguese at any price. In that case, he knew she would be put into commission to advance the slave trade, and that he would never by any arrangement encourage. Other merchants were not prepared to offer what he thought was a fair price for her. Indeed, the most lucrative business at Zanzibar was on the markets connected with slavery and those he would not enter. Besides he was most reluctant to part with his boat, hoping against hope that some way would open up which would make it possible for her to engage in her own traffic. To sell her seemed like closing or abandoning the passage of hope to his cherished philanthropic schemes. At any rate, he would not sell her at a sacrifice. His stay at Zanzibar was not wearisome. A native gentleman, who had been visiting there, had put himself out of the way to speak in a disparaging, if not a malevolent, way about him and about his work. For himself, as David Livingstone, doctor of laws and Fellow of the Royal Society, he had little concern, but for Dr. Livingstone, the late representative of Her Majesty's government, the avowed missionary of the gospel to pagan Africa, he had a deep and quick concern. The ill repute he dispelled by his presence among those into whose ears the poisoned words had been poured,

and they became faster friends to himself and his cause than otherwise then would have been. This too helped to lift the cloud of gloom from his mind. It cheered him to think that although so little save disaster could be reported as the outcome of his expedition and six years most arduous work, men were still prepared to trust him.

Since he could make no bargain with anyone at Zanzibar for his vessel, there was no way open except to trust himself to the unfriendly sea again, and across the Indian Ocean, either to Bombay, 2,500 miles away, or perhaps to Aden. When that resolve was made, he began to make the necessary preparations. Now the first of a series of difficulties was encountered.

George Rae, the engineer, who had joined the expedition at the first, and with whom he had been all along on very agreeable terms, intimated that he was going to leave him. An offer of a good situation had been made to him and he wanted to accept it. Livingstone was to be left in the lurch, and Rae excused himself for putting him in that position, by saying that if he had got no offer for the " Lady Nyassa," he would have held to him and to her, but since he had been so stupid as to decline what he thought quite reasonable offers, he did not feel obliged to keep company with him longer. It could hardly be expected that a man, even much in Livingstone's company, would enter completely into his most cherished ideals. This at least was beyond Rae. There was nothing for it but to let him go. But no other engineer could be found, and if anything befel the machinery at sea it was a poor look-out for them. The entire European crew consisted of a carpenter, a stoker,

a sailor, and the skipper himself. The seven natives of Zambesi had never seen the sea until they joined the "Lady Nyassa," nor had the two boys, one of whom was Chuma, who continued faithful to his master until he breathed his last. So thus crippled, he loaded with fourteen tons of coal, with what was thought an abundance of water and provisions for the trip, and set sail, over an ocean which he had never crossed, with company who in its aggregate had very little knowledge of the sea.

This trip would have been written in gilded letters had it stood alone in the adventures of one man. It is overshadowed, however, by the other engrossing facts of Livingstone's travels. As a narrative it has not all the excitement of the tramp over the Kalahari desert, or the journey from Linyanti to Loanda, but for sheer heroic daring, it deserves to stand with either of them, and like them it was undertaken on behalf of the good of Africa. It was a perilous enterprise. There were many calculations to make. How long would it take to reach Bombay, if that were the port? How was he to utilise the fuel? How was the labour of steering the ship to be divided among the few hands? To the best of his knowledge, they would reach Bombay in eighteen days. As a matter of fact that time was doubled and a half added to that, for they were forty-five days at sea. They had not coal to steam all that time, and had to use sails until they came to the lee of the land where sails might be of little use or to any time when the wind might be right ahead. For twenty-five days, no wind blew at all, and they were out in the middle of the Indian Ocean, too far away from everywhere to permit of breaking into the precious supply in the bunkers, and yet with a water

tank getting dangerously low. At last when the breezes did return, again he headed west for Aden, but then the wind turned round to blow from the west and he put his helm resolutely for Bombay.

On the first day of the voyage everything had promised well. The "Lady Nyassa" danced delightedly over the waves. But her friskiness upset one of the white sailors so seriously, that he was quite prostrated. Livingstone was taking his turn between bells, for four hours, at the wheel. With one man off, it was necessary to make some change. So he trained some of his Africans to steer, in fulfilment of his doctrine that the native could learn to do anything which a European could do. His confidence was justified in this case, as in others, and not only was he provided with a substitute for the sick man below, but for another of them who took ill when the first got well; and when they were all fit for duty, he had reliable hands who could relieve him of this bit of drudgery, and he could attend to the grave matters which were occupying his mind so fully.

The sea has many secrets of its own, but it also hears many which belong to the dry land. When Columbus was picking out his latitudes and longitudes, as he crossed the Atlantic, he was talking about a continent somewhere beyond to which he was finding a new way. When Livingstone was creeping over the Indian Ocean, at the snail's pace of sixteen knots in twenty-four hours, he was revolving in his mind the affairs of a continent he had already discovered and into whose heart he had made a highway and thinking how it could be won and kept for the highest and best uses. Sometimes, indeed, he was gloomy, for it is not easy to be cheerful, when one

is rocked helplessly on a current with sails flapping in lazy uselessness at the masts. He even thought he might die before he reached his destination and that all his labour would be entirely lost.

When is it we see the real man? Are there two creatures in each man? The Livingstone on board the vessel in the midst of the Indian Ocean reveals to us a phase of his nature which has not hitherto appeared. Some men are pulled up in mid-life with sickness, and compelled to review the past, or take new bearings for their future. He was now a man of fifty-five years of age. He had spent twenty years of them in Africa, and had developed from the eager enthusiasm of the missionary into a statesman with a continental policy. In his campaign in England, he had outlined some of his confirmed ideas and been trying to put them into operation. Now in mid-ocean, by no physical ailment or wasting disease, he is held up, with no applauding expectant crowd, and muses on this unfriendly sea as to the sum of good he has achieved and as to the bare possibility of doing anything worth while for Africa.

At least, as he goes back over the rivers and deserts he can reflect that the specific object he had in view was to bring amelioration to the benighted children of Africa. Whatever the success which had attended it, the design was certainly honourable. How often had he schemed to obtain shelter for the night, for himself and for his companions. What numberless interviews he had had with chiefs, explaining the purpose of his visit, and answering any questions they might ask him, foolish and intelligent. He had given information to those chiefs which sounded in their ears like fairy tales, the

vapourings of witchery, and had secured information about them which was like romances when he told it to the people of his own race. He had met many dangers, from wild beasts and savage men. The companions of his travels had been drawn to him, partly through a community of interest, and partly through an affection for himself, which he had not commanded but patiently won. Often they had all, tired alike by wearying drudgery, sought rest in sleep side by side, all wrapped in one common blanket of night and enjoying one common restful peace When the whole world rises up to honour David Livingstone and stands on tiptoe to put him in the highest niche of fame, it will be well for all common folk to pace the deck of the "Lady Nyassa" with him or hear his musings as he writes down his reflections in his humble cabin. It will appear that this most famous man is linked in closest fraternity with all those who in lowly place do the plain duty of the passing day with no thought of fame.

In that becalmed vessel, he reviewed also some of his greatest plans for the benefit of Africa. Away to that land to the west of him, he had seen in his mind's eye a colony growing up from which would go out all the benefits of the Christian civilisation to bless her children. Now he sees after the experience of years, that a colony in the usual sense of that word is utterly impossible. The European cannot compete with the African on equal terms at any work they both can do. But the colony is still coming; only it is to have a European management, improving by scientific means the quality of the land, increasing the varieties of the productions of the soil, leading in matters of trade, filling the vacant post of the

guide of a healthy public opinion. By such a modification of the commonly accepted colony, Africa would enjoy the benefit for which he had so often planned. Her plateaus, her slopes striated with valleys clothed with foliage, her winding rivers, her deep gorges, and yawning ravines, the pictures painted into a beautiful landscape by the hand of the God who first made Africa—all these invited attention. Among them in such a city of God, the white superiors and the coloured masses of men, would live and work together in a continuous harmony because they would all recognise a common God as Lord over them all. That lonely figure on a vessel on the vast sea will rebuke many a pessimist who will listen to his meditations and will look upon his face lit up with a prospect for Africa yet. True, he had enough to damp his ardour. Not only was he rocking on the sea, making little or no headway to Bombay, but he had the bitter reflection that some of the failures in Africa were unjustly laid at his door. He had been made the scapegoat for [illegible] the blunders and much of the inefficiency of the Universities' Mission. Nevertheless, he believed in Africa, its present and its future. The blame for the collapse of the mission did pain him, but when he saw the future again before him, with the centres of healthy civilisation rising into prominence, he forgave the critics on the ground that they did not know all, and longed for the breezes to blow so that he might reach Bombay, and then get away to England to consult with sympathetic friends as to how the dreams of his mind could be transferred to solid reality on the surface of his adopted land. Here is the man to whom many men will be kin. As an example and an inspiration to the Elijahs

and to the Baptists, he is a greater man on the deck of his vessel than in the halls of science, the assemblies of learning or the drawing rooms of select society.

At last the winds awoke and he made some headway. The date of the monsoon was coming dangerously near. A few foretastes of its breaking came to them before they got out of danger. One day the sails were torn; on another one sail, the fore-square sail, was reduced to a quantity of floating ribbons. Such weather needed expert seamanship, and it was supplied even by his African able-bodied men. They could climb out the jib or scale the mast as if they had been born and bred to the sea. Now with this blowing storm they got within sight of land. Their stock of water was getting low. At first, the skipper thought of going in wherever he could, but with steam up and enough to keep going for a few hours he pressed on to Bombay. Many a noted ship bearing the acknowledged representatives of the Queen, in the magnificence of vice-regal splendours, with an imposing retinue in attendance, had passed through decorated ships to moor in Bombay harbour.

When the "Lady Nyassa" arrived, a fog hung over the entrance and among the forest of masts this little craft was allowed to pass in un-noticed. When they had got her properly secured, Livingstone sent up his deep gratitude to the throne of the Ruler of the seas, and then distributed among his helpers as handsome gratuities as his limited means would permit. They had shared his danger, and helped him in his straits. Some part of his bounty must be divided out to them, if only as an expression of his thanks. Here he was a person un-noticed and unknown. As soon as he could he went

ashore, to call upon the governor and the police magistrate. The latter gentleman was busy and had no time to see a stranger from Africa. The other was away from home. This was Sir Bartle Frere. The custom officers paid him their regulation attention, however, and asked him to declare what dutiable articles he had. The inventory was easily made out, there were a few bales of cotton, and a few boxes of beads; his sailors had nothing but their clothes; he was consigned to nobody, and had no cargo. But he was David Livingstone.

He did not know a single soul in Bombay, but many people in Bombay knew him at least by reputation. When the news got abroad that he was actually there, the governor hastened back and extended to him a royal hospitality. He had seen thirty years of honourable service in India. During the Mutiny he had won distinction and had been at the head of administrative affairs now for two years. By and bye, he came to be concerned in Livingstone's land. He was governor of Cape Colony for three years, 1877 to 1880, during the unsettled period of the Kaffir and Zulu wars, going to Africa in that capacity three years after Livingstone was borne from it a dead man. He was one of the large number of Britain's great consuls, a man who could appreciate the worth of Livingstone. When he actually got hold of him he invited him to his residence outside the city, and both he and others showed him every attention. He had come, however, not to be honoured, but to sell the "Lady Nyassa." That was a matter as difficult at Bombay as at Zanzibar. While waiting for a suitable merchant to appear, he refreshed his own soul by agreeable intercourse with the missionaries in the

vicinity. All of them he visited, even a Roman Catholic Orphanage. The matter of the slave trade he expounded and exposed as he had any chance. His favourite theory of saving Africa by healthy commercial trading he pressed upon the merchants of Bombay. His two African boys, one of whom as we have seen was Chuma, and the other Wikatani, he placed under the care of a Free Church missionary institution; and as no buyer for the "Lady Nyassa" appeared, he made provision for her being duly protected, while he himself went back to Britain to consult with friends as to the best means for pushing on his work of saving Africa.

CHAPTER XIII.

Britain's Son and Servant.

AS Livingstone was making his way home, he was reviewing in his mind the best way of advancing his adopted cause. Two projects evolved from his prolonged cogitation. One was that he must expose the atrocity of the Portuguese connivance at slave-trading. He was going back in some respects a beaten man. The proposals with which he had set out when he left Britain after his last visit had been abortive, chiefly owing to the action of the Portuguese authorities. As a son of Britain wearing his official badge of authority, as a missionary of the gospel of the world's Saviour, he had opened up ways into the heart of the continent where no white man had been seen. The Portuguese used his discoveries and the influence for civilisation his visits had produced, to advance the unholy traffic for spreading fresh misery and woe among the natives.

They had stolen the treasure he had found and sold it to ruin the land; they had sown tares where he had sown wheat, and were dancing with a fiendish delight at the prospective as well as present profits of their devil's game. His blood boiled as he reflected upon the course of events. He was ready to engage this enemy in any form of warfare that would end this state of

affairs. The other project which crystallised in his mind was the establishment of a new settlement somewhere about the head of the Rovuma, outside the Portuguese territory. This was the scheme which he had transplanted from Linyanti, the station which he never erected, a modification or improvement upon the centre [illegible] upon by Bishop Mackenzie. As soon as the [illegible]ssary arrangements could be made, he would return [illegible] superintend this new home for a new life in Eastern Africa.

When he reached London, he took up quarters in a hotel, but he had scarcely seated himself in one of its rooms, when he went off to find his friend, Sir Roderick Murchison. He had been in correspondence with him from the time when he sent the account home of his crossing of the Kalahari desert. He was a fellow countryman of Livingstone, by birth a Rossshire man, twenty-one years his senior, but with so many interests in common with him that the two men were not unlike brothers. He had been for ten years previously the Director-General of the geological survey of the United Kingdom, and officially connected with the Royal Geographical Society for a longer time. He was raised from the honour of Knighthood to the distinction of Baronet two years later, in recognition of the services he had given to the nation's science. Livingstone was away in the heart of Africa, with three more years of life to run when his friend died. The Murchison Falls on the Shire river got their name from Livingstone, as a tribute to Sir Roderick, and they perpetuate to-day the devotion of a good man to scientific pursuits and the affection entertained for him by another man of like mind.

No sooner did Sir Roderick get him, than he and his lady marched him off to a reception at Lady Palmerston's, at which he met the head of his government officialdom, Lord Palmerston—then in such apparent health that Livingstone nor any one else anticipated the close of his distinguished career in the following year, 1865. In that company, and in subsequent assemblies to which he was invited during the next few weeks, before he could escape to see his mother and children and other relatives and friends in Scotland, Livingstone was moving in the most distinguished society of Britain. There were the Shaftesburys. Lord Shaftesbury was the most conspicuous leader of his time in religious and philanthropic work. As the President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he was most deeply interested in every kind of missionary operation. He took a foremost place in the agencies of his own church, more particularly in what was known as the Exeter Hall School of the low churchmen—a section of the Church of England whose sympathies were with the Evangelical and aggressive, as opposed to the Ritualistic and exclusive elements of the Established religion. But nothing detracted from, all he did ministered to a large degree to further, the interest for which he worked all his life, the total abolition of slavery. He met the Wellingtons, the Duke of that day being the son of the great Iron Duke, who had continued his father's fame by editing a greater part of his despatches. His home was childless, but it was under the rule of the Duchess, an attractive centre for most of the best company of the day. In that distinguished rank, Livingstone was accorded a place. Lord Houghton was another of the company at that time, the writer of

poetry and the chronicler of his own travels, but still more entitled to grateful memory as the friend of those who were dedicated to letters and Science, an admirer and associate of Thomas Carlyle. It was in his home in Yorkshire the sage of Chelsea stayed on his road to deliver his rhetorial address at Edinburgh, and under his care that he was shielded with such privacy as set the brain to produce an oration which stands out among rhetorical addresses delivered in Scotland as one of the most conspicuous.

As a matter of course, he must meet Lord Russell, the Head of the office under which he had served in Africa. In him he found some restraint. But Sir Austin Layard was his deputy, as Under-Secretary for foreign affairs. With him there was warmth and frankness. The two men were about the same age, and Layard had been a traveller. His researches had been made in another part of the world, in the Turkish Empire, and had been chiefly confined to the exploration of a world which had been buried during the centuries under the masses of ruins which shrouded its life in an inpenetrable oblivion. Layard had unearthed ancient Nineveh, had made the British Museum the richest in oriental specimens on the face of the earth, and had in consequence laid the foundation for the construction of ancient oriental history by means of the plentiful supply of cuneiform inscriptions. Livingstone had gone to a country concerning which mankind testified their ignorance by labelling the greater part of it the Sahara, a great desert waste of arid sand. He had discovered the more ancient writings of the Creator of the world and opened up prospects for the good of humanity in the future, beside which the

fascinations of Nineveh were small. But both men had contributed inestimable value to the riches of British knowledge. They could not help but be drawn to each other.

When he got away from London to Scotland, he was still meeting with men of title and fame. The Duke of Argylle wanted to have him at Inverary, where he was writing his "Reign of Law." At least, it was published two years after. There in his beautiful castle, from whose green sward the blue Grampians rise to kiss the clouds with their rugged peaks and cast their shadows over the waters of Loch Fyne, when the sun is sinking in the Atlantic Ocean, Livingstone was a welcome guest. By the castle walls, in the old, quaint, sleepy town, capital of the rugged country, another giant soul was being stirred to noble designs in the Sunday School of the Parish Church. He too was to go out as a missionary, to open another unknown land—James Chalmers, of New Guinea, who shed his blood, by the blow of a native's club, for the dark country he had gone to illumine. The Duke paid all respect to Livingstone. Before he left the castle, he had to plant two trees, beside two planted by Sir John Lawrence, the "saviour of India," and others planted by ducal and royal hands.

In that same region he came across Dr. Duff, at the end of the Crinan Canal. Dr. Duff, Alexander Duff, was at that time the professor of Evangelical Theology in the Free Church College, a fine, tall, noble-looking man, with a white beard, but with a twitch in his muscles which he had contracted while following his vocation in India. Dr. Duff was as great in his own sphere as was Livingstone in his own line. His particular contribution to

the development of missionary enterprise was that he revolutionised it by introducing an educational system into it. The Churches have accepted that method as an integral part of missionary activity, but Dr. Duff had to plead with the Church of Scotland to adopt it until he was brought to the point of bodily exhaustion. How much the two men could have said to each other, had time been as slow in its progress as were the waters of the canal on the banks of which they stood.

Soon he had to make public appointments, and these also brought him into the company of noted men. One of these was Bishop Colenso, who was the stormy petrol in the religious affairs of South Africa, a man whose mind was built on the same lines as was that of Livingstone in one respect, but who differed from him as far as east from west in other particulars. He was Bishop of Natal, a mathematician by preference and training, and a convinced and enthusiastic defender of the native African. It was he who espoused the cause of the Zulus, and succeeded in getting their chief, Cetewayo, brought to Britain. But he was also what was known as a Higher Critic. He called in question some of the accepted tenets of Moses, and expressed his opinions in a book called "The Pentateuch." This work was examined by his ecclesiastical superiors and was condemned. As its author continued to hold the views it expressed, he was duly deposed from his ministerial office. With his theological notions Livingstone had not the slightest sympathy, although they were so heartily in accord as far as interest in mathematical matters and their backing of the natives of Africa was concerned.

Among all those men of name and fame, Livingstone moved as a son of Britain, and her servant as far as he could in keeping with his missionary ideal. Among all the engagements of a social character, healing as they were to his sense of disappointment at the poor issues of his expedition, he had the cares and duties of a father upon him. Soon after he reached London, he got word that his son, Robert, named after his mother's father, Dr. Robert Moffat, had gone to America and had joined the Northern army. Every man who gives himself to the service of his country or of the kindgom of God in foreign parts has to reckon upon a considerable sacrifice in the matter of domestic felicity. He cannot give the oversight of a parent to his children, and may have the pain of seeing them break away from the course along which he would like to see them go. This boy had many of the noble qualities of his parents in him, with a strong mixture of the wandering vagabond, which his father had hitched up to his deep sense of duty to the African people. School life to Robert was not a discipline but a hated drudgery. So he was sent to Natal, with the intention of getting him to join his father. But there were no means found of getting him from there to the Zambesi, and as an opportunity presented itself of going to America, he went there. That land was the theatre on whose stage the battle was being fought for the greatest issue in which his father had an interest, the abolition of slavery. He enlisted at Boston in the Federal Army, and like all the other young fellows was soon in the thick of the hot contest.

There was a doubt in his mind as to whether he had behaved quite as he should, as a son of David Living-

stone would be expected to conduct himself, and he did not use his own name when he enrolled. No one knew that a son of Livingstone of Africa, was fighting in the army for the freedom of the slaves of America. In an engagement, he was wounded and taken prisoner. His young life ended in hospital at the age of nineteen. His body lies among the three thousand five hundred and eighty, whose graves are commemorated by the central monument at Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania. Lincoln declared at the dedication of that cemetery, that they could not consecrate nor hallow that ground. The brave men living and dead, who struggled there, consecrated it far above their poor power to add or detract. It was rather for them to dedicate themselves to the great task remaining before them, that from the honoured dead they take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that they should resolve that the dead should not have died in vain. It was in that, the young son of Livingstone poured out his young life. His father would not have wished it spent in a better, although his world was getting empty of the endearing ties in consequence of his death.

As soon as he could, Livingstone began to carry out the first of the projects he had formulated in his mind on his way home. He was to write a short book, the purpose of which was to expose the Portuguese connection with the slave trade. His first intention was to make it brief, but while his soul burned against the iniquities of those who were lending their patronage to the infamous traffic his mind had other interests, and the brief book expanded into " The Zambesi and its Tribu-

taries." He had spent some weeks with his aged mother, who did not know him when he put in his appearance at home. His motherless children were at home with their grandmother, now two boys and two girls. Their company was one of the dearest delights to him, and they received much of his attention. But as the son and servant of Britain, there was laid on him the hard task of exposing the evil ways of one of her neighbours and allies. The question arose as to where this piece of work could best be done, to give him the necessary seclusion, and to retain for him at the same time as much as possible of his children's company.

Along with his trip to Inverary, he had worked in a trip to Ulva, the home of his grandfather, and after such pleasures as these he must turn to his serious business. The problem of location was settled by an invitation from intimate friends to stay in one of the most beautiful houses in the Midlands of England, Newstead Abbey, in Nottinghamshire. There he spent the subsequent months in busy toil and delightful social intercourse. In a speech he had delivered before the British Association, he had fired the first shot in his campaign against the Portuguese government, and gave them desperate offence. Their officials were stung into making excuses, replies, and denials to the facts he had stated. Now he brought up his heavy guns. The enemy was as unscrupulous in its attacks as it had been in its connivance at the trade which called forth the rebuke. They seized upon unfair advantages, such as some criticism made upon Livingstone for his connection with the Universities' Mission, to damage his character, and on the principle of abusing the other side, made insinuations about his good faith. He

began his book with the consciousness that there was still heavier shot in his locker.

His days were spent between his manuscript, local scientific pursuits, and the company of friends and his family. In the morning early, he began to write, and after breakfast returned to his desk until noon. The rest of the day was divided between science and society. In the genial atmosphere of Newstead, his spirits revived to the point of frolic and jubilation. With the strain of previous days removed, he returned to the ways of a boy again when free from his desk and at liberty to join in the games of his children. But steadily he went on, never forgetting that he was already entered upon a feud, a man against a government, which must grow into a death struggle on behalf of his beloved Africa. His materials were too voluminous to be compressed into a diatribe against the Portuguese. His brother, Charles, who had been with him for the major part of the time, had written a full diary of the doings and sufferings of the Expedition, and there were his own entries in the diary which he always kept himself. The brothers' names were to be linked together on the title page, but it often happens in the course of the book that the joint-authorship is forgotten. By the autumn of 1865, it was ready for the public. It may be questioned whether it was that trumpet blast against the oppressor which its chief author intended it should be, but there is none that it was one of the most notable contributions to the literature of the day—looked at in its effect on the public mind on the question of slavery, or as an addition to the knowledge of the world on scientific and geographical matters, as

well as a new chapter of the Acts of Apostles and as a great call to the missionary consecration of the church.

When this task was accomplished, he turned his mind again to the future. There was a mass of material collected, of much value to science in the department of botany and natural history. This had been under the immediate care of his colleague, Dr. Kirk, and it could not be properly utilised unless the doctor had some remunerative office as a means of livelihood, which would give him a good amount of spare time. By the help of interested friends this was secured through his appointment to a government post.

His brother Charles, who had been so useful to him, received the office as British Consul at Fernando Po, away on the West coast of Africa. Then when these affairs were all satisfactorily settled he was ready to go back to effect that settlement on the heights of Rovuma, where he wanted to see a light kindled which would banish the black curse from that section of Africa at least.

Just at that time, Sir Roderick Murchison intervened to give a direction to his life which took him back to Africa, and engaged him in an enquiry which occupied all the rest of his remaining days, until he lay down to die. There was a question of intense geographical and geological interest—What was the watershed of South Africa? He proposed to Dr. Livingstone that he should cut himself off from the trammels of political or the limitations of religious state appointments, and at the same time from missionary purposes, and go out to settle once and for all, by personal investigation, this much canvassed problem. The proposal appealed to him. Already he saw himself making new roads into lands

hitherto unknown, while having intercourse with the people, by conversation with them, enlightening them on the slave trade, and giving them some idea of the Christian religion. But while he was prepared to find out what was beyond Lake Nyassa, and where the Nile rose, he could not do anything which would involve his abdication of the coveted prerogative of a missionary. Sir Roderick was not indifferent to missionary agencies, but he believed that the enterprise of the missionary hindered the success of the explorer. As he looked at things, an ordinary missionary station, especially of the Episcopal order, with its bishop and staff, having some more or less remote alliance with the Established Church of England, was sure to excite prejudice and suspicions if erected on the territory of another power. Livingstone differed from his friend on that point. His working principle was that the missionary was the best auxiliary of the explorer. He was a true son of Britain, and had proved himself one of her most efficient and devoted servants, but he could not give up the central and cardinal principle of his life. The line of duty for him lay anywhere in Africa, but always along the missionary's way. Longitude and latitude were printed first on the missionary map.

In the long run, partly between the advances of the Royal Geographical Society and partly through the intervention of the Foreign Office, he did agree to undertake the task. He was to be made a sort of governor at large over all the chiefs between the Portuguese territory and Abyssinia and Egypt. But the offer on the part of the government, while it gave a post of some dignity with the right hand, made a stipulation with the left

that there should be the merest pittance of remuneration attached to it, and no provision at all for its occupant should he be unable to fulfil its duties through illness. The treatment of this noble son and servant of Britain by one of its most responsible offices does not add to our pride in her name. Still he wanted to go.

Before he could set out, he was further baptised in domestic grief by the death of his mother. She had a deep desire, that one of her laddies should be present to lay her head under the sod. Her most famous son, whose love for her was never lessened among all the scenes through which he passed, stood with bowed form in reverent sorrow, as she was laid in her last resting place. From that sanctifying grief and sacred duty, he went out to serve his country and his God again in his beloved Africa.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Price of New Knowledge.

THE last farewells to Scotland began. B[illegible]he schools broke up for the summer mont[illegible] of his boys, Oswell, had to receive prizes. W[illegible]me difficulty, Livingstone was persuaded to att[illegible] The man who never quailed before a lion or a h[illegible] of u[illegible] friendly natives, was afraid to face an audi[illegible] of [illegible] own race and acquaintances if he had to mak[illegible] speech He was prevailed upon to attend and of cours[illegible] spe[illegible], and left for the youth of Scotland the parting advice which has something of the inspiration of th[illegible] Solomon in it—Fear God and work hard. If ev[illegible]n put his precept into practice, he was leaving Sc[illegible]d to do it at that time. The other farewells to E[illegible] were soon over, too. In the month of August, when [illegible] sickle and scythe were mowing the ripe grain in her rich southern lands, he set out to make what harvest he co[illegible]ld of his previous experience of Africa.

The Royal Geographical Society, at whose incentive he was to discover the source of the Nile, made a contribution of five hundred pounds to the cost of this new piece of knowledge, while the British Government, in a fit of pettiness, gave a similar amount. A private donor contributed as much as both of them put together.

With that small sum at his command, such a sum as would not cover the cost of a week's social functions when the state honoured her guests, Livingstone set out on his three-fold object, to advance the missionary cause, establish civilising centres of trade, and to determine the watershed of South Africa. As we look at the attempt over the intervening years, we are as much amazed at the colossal resolution of the man, as we are at the perviousness of those who had so big a share in the inception of the plan. The price of the knowledge he was to gleam was too evidently to be taken mostly out of himself. Only the impassioned love for the African which burned like a holy fire in his heart, can explain the utter absence of anything like the shrewd common sense of his race, of which he showed often that he possessed a large measure, as he went away on this mission. There is no sign as he goes away on this long journey that he thinks the eye of the world is upon him. Never before has such an important person left the shores of Britain, not even when the Embassy went to settle the peace of Europe. But he passes away, after a hearty handshake from a Presbyterian minister and his wife in London, by way of Paris, where he was leaving his youngest daughter to complete her schooling, a plain Scotchman, and yet the mightiest man of a great race. So little attention was paid to his progress, that he got into the company of a number of people in a hotel at Marseilles, which included a number of merchants from Bombay. They were discussing the trade in ivory, an important and extensive article of commerce in that port, especially as coming from Africa. One man ventured to enquire in a jocular if not a cynical manner,

if any of them had any idea where the old fellow Livingstone might be just then, and to his surprise learned that he was sitting at that table with himself. It is a pleasure to know that both men, after an introduction so unpromising, became fast friends and continued in that happy relation until they had to separate from each other.

Livingstone was going to Africa by way of Bombay. The "Lady Nyassa" was there. He was relying on her as his chief asset to provide the necessary funds to finance the new expedition. In addition, he intended to find his supplies and helpers there.

Sir Bartle Frere was still in office when he landed on 11th September, 1865. As on his previous visit, he showed him all respect and kindness. Through his initiation and the assistance of others, Livingstone was engaged to lecture on behalf of the funds of his expedition. The Britishers of Bombay thought that the home folk had been ungenerous in their treatment of him, and set themselves to raise a sum as great as the contributions of the government and the Geographical Society put together. The lecture proved a great success, and the proceeds came near the amount at which they aimed. The "Lady Nyassa" was at last sold. She was advertised several times before a suitable offer was made for her, and at last Livingstone parted with her for two thousand three hundred pounds. She had cost six thousand pounds. The money he now got for her was invested in the shares of an Indian bank, which failed a few months afterwards, and all his funds deposited with the institution were lost. So that his precious "Lady Nyassa," on which he had built such high hopes, not only never sailed the lake for which she

was intended, but never even gave any tangible help to the great cause to which she had been originally dedicated.

He sailed from Bombay to Zanzibar in a government boat, the "Thule," which was being presented to the Sultan of Zanzibar. Livingstone was asked to be the representative of the authorities in making the formal presentation. He did so. The Sultan received him and his company with quite a lavish hospitality. They were his guests for two months, as they had to wait another government boat the "Penguin," which was to take them to the mouth of the Rovuma. As he waited, Livingstone saw slaves exposed in the market, men and women exposed and examined in the same way as he had seen cattle in the markets of Scotland, and made to run to fetch a stick to show their paces as if they were colts. Slave dhows came and went. He longed more than ever to see the day when a legitimate commerce would be started between Zanzibar and the Cape and Bombay, which would put an end to this terrible traffic in human beings.

At last the "Penguin" came. He got a document from the Sultan which commanded all the people who acknowledged his rule to give Livingstone all the assistance they could on his journey. With this and commending himself to the care of Almighty God, on his birthday, in the year 1866, when he was fifty-three years of age, he set out on this his last tour into the heart of Africa. There were two evils against which he had made the most careful provision, the fever which was the chief enemy of men, and the tsetse fly which was most fatal to animals. The expedition had been

fitted out with the intention kept steadily in view of averting these two great dangers as far as possible. He had as helpers, thirty-seven men and boys in all. There were thirteen Sepoys from India, one of whom was their Havildar or leader, and ten men from the island of Johanna, one of whom had been on the " Lady Nyassa," two men from the sacred soil of Shupanga, Susi, and Amoda, who had been in the crew of the " Pioneer," and two lads, Wikitani and Chuma, who had been rescued from the slave traders when Bishop Mackenzie and Livingstone liberated the gang at Magamero. Besides these he had nine Nassick boys from a place near Bombay which he had visited when there. He had gone on the advice of the governor to see if he could find suitable assistants among the boys, who were in a large school, supported partly by the government, and who had been brought from Africa, some of them from places in which Livingstone had been. Eight of the nine volunteered at once to join him.

In addition to these, he had a collection of animals, tame buffaloes, camels, mules, and donkeys. These were got, in the hope that they would prove impervious to the tsetse. The wild buffalo of Africa was immune, and perhaps the tame buffalo and the camel would be immune, too. If so, a good part of the problem of African exploration would be solved.

When we pay our tribute to David Livingstone nearly half-a-century after his labours were ended, and find that we are joined by hosts of people in all the civilised world, it is not easy to keep in mind that the most of the tasks he undertook appeared to himself and many closely connected with him to end as failures.

This journey, the greatest of them all, is one continuous record of failure. He took these impedimenta of animals with him, all to make a means of blessing for Africa. But before he had left Zanzibar, nine of his buffaloes had died. His Sepoys were incorrigibly lazy and before they had been two months in the country began to mutiny. They would not carry, and their treatment of the brute beasts was outrageous—not only by overloading them, but by beating and wounding them. There was one thing they could do—they could eat to excess, and then vomit and begin again, a feat which was not an acquisition in a land where food was often far from plentiful. Livingstone tried remonstrance, and then threats, and finally, to get them to do their work, gave two of them smart cuts with a cane, a chastisement which hurt the smiter much more than it did the culprit. When it would have been demonstrated beyond doubt to anyone else, that they could never be anything else than a hindrance, he still struggled on with them, until at last they refused to go any further and were sent back to the coast in the company of a trader. They were less than no help. The experiment with the animals proved abortive, because they had been killed off before it could be tested whether or not they could resist the attacks of the tsetse fly.

The Johanna men turned out to be born thieves. They did not steal when food was scarce only, as the effect of hunger, so much as when they had plenty. If one of them remained behind, his object was to steal from one of the packages in his care. Musa, their leader, was as bad as any of them, and, as was proved later, was an inveterate liar as well. When they had

got to Marenga's town, on the south-west corner of Lake Nyassa, he pretended to have got word from an Arab trader that the country through which they had to pass was infested by a marauding tribe, the Mazitu. Livingstone got information from the chief, Marenga, that there was really no danger, but it was of no use. Either Musa saw that the prospect of further plunder was becoming steadily smaller, or else a twinge of conscience told him that he could not expect to escape the penalties of his wrong-doing. At any rate, he and the rest of the Johanna men deserted their leader. They reached Zanzibar, where Musa put a story into circulation that Livingstone had been murdered. It was prepared with a care, which showed him to be a master of fiction. Livingstone had crossed Lake Nyassa at its north-western end, and got involved in an inter-tribal fight. In self-defence, when his small party was attacked he had fired twice and killed two natives. When he was re-loading his gun, three savages leaped upon him. One of them felled him with an axe, the blow being so terrible that his head was nearly severed from his body. By a miracle, the Johanna men escaped to the jungle, and in their devotion to their murdered master, ventured back to the scene of the tragedy, where they found his body, and after digging a rude grave with stakes, gave it such reverent interment as they could.

Dr. Kirk, Livingstone's old colleague on his previous expedition, was at Zanzibar in a government post. He was deceived by the story and the sad news was sent to England. But it was known to somebody that Marenga lived at the south end of Lake Nyassa. An officer of the Royal Navy, Mr. Edward D. Young, had known

Musa before, and knew him to be a liar. Mr. Horace Waller, who was with Livingstone on the Shire, and who took the saved members of the Magamero mission to the Cape, was also incredulous. Sir Roderick Murchison was also unable to believe the story. It was not the first time that it had been given out that the doctor was dead. So it was determined by the Geographical Society, to prove whether or not the story was true. An expedition was hastily fitted out, and especially equipped under the direction of Mr. Young, and before many months the evidence was discovered that Musa's story was a pure fabrication. The search party got to Marenga's town, where they got from the chief himself the true account of the desertion of the Johanna men. Livingstone was still alive as far as any one knew, although it was impossible just then to locate him.

After the Sepoys, who were worse than useless, and had to be abandoned, and the Johanna men who were utterly unreliable, the only considerable body of his helpers were the Nassick boys. They were selected chiefly because they were all native born Africans, and would be presumably impervious to fever. In this case, too, there was disappointment. They had not got very far into the country when one of them succumbed to the malaria, and the others were not sufficiently strong in morals to resist the contaminating effect of association with the lazy Sepoys and the deceitful Johannas. Two only continued with the party until the heroic march was ended, when the dead body of their master was handed over to the British authorities at Zanzibar.

There is necessarily always danger in penetrating a new country. Those which may be regarded as natural to the business, are the attacks from wild beasts and of these Livingstone had his share. A lion would come to steal away their meat when they had a supply, or a man, if he could get one; the elephants would break down their temporary dwellings; a leopard would seek his prey among them. Livingstone was exceedingly fortunate in escaping from such dangers, although the risks were as great in his case as in that of any other traveller. One morning, when they were in the vicinity of the Loangwa river which flowed into Lake Nyassa from the west, he sat down near a tree and within three feet of his head there was discovered a big cobra coiled in the sprouts of its roots. The sting of the beast is so deadly; that a girl who was struck by one when the party bearing Livingstone's body to the coast, lived only a few hours. He attributed his escape to the fact that it was numbed by cold and to the over-ruling deliverance of Providence. Then there were the dangers caused by the unsettled condition of affairs created through the raids of marauders, native African and Arab. This journey was a series of escapes from the perils created by the cruel, warlike tribe, the Mazitu. At one time, when they were in very serious straits for want of food, and were as far as possible making a forced march, because it was within two days of Christmas, and they did want to have a decent supply for that day, they had been tramping for four hours and came to a village at which they were to call. They sat down outside it for a bit to rest before entering, when they were observed.

They were taken for the Mazitu, who had been successfully resisted there only a little time before. All the force of the village turned out with the purpose of killing them, when they stood up and thus revealed that they were not of the hated tribe. Again when he was making his way from Lake Tanganyika to Lake Moero to discover another lake about which no exact evidence had been so far secured, he got himself wedged in between conflicting tribes at Chitimba's village. In this case a quarrel had broken out between a chief, N'sama, and a leader of Arabs. This outbreak had raised so much suspicion and ill-feeling that any party was unsafe. In this case by waiting until the differences were satisfactorily composed between the two parties concerned, he was able to continue his journey. But the delay of such negotiations, even among the simple courtiers of Africa, extended his stay there for three months and ten days. Before he reached the lake, by a path which was by no means marked out by the flight of a crow, he got into the village of a chief, Casembe, where there was a long detention. This chief was of the cruel kind, who punished his subjects who offended him by chopping off their hands, or cropping their ears. Livingstone had to be received by this character, who was supported on the occasion by the executioner, who bore as his insignia of office a broad sword on his arm and at his neck a curious scissors-like instrument. It was a month before the party could get free from this unattractive company. But the result of their stay was that the savage chief was so mollified by Livingstone that he sent three men to guide him to Lake Moero. He had usurped his place some years before, and like others who steal their office

of power he was mean and cruel, mean with those who hunted for ivory, cruel to those who offended him.

Then there were the discomforts of making a way across the country which had but few roads of any kind, and in which at certain seasons swamps and rivers become all but impassible. In one case they met a river, after boring their way through a bushy country, sixty yards wide, and held on by its banks for a time, until they were forced so far out of their track that they were obliged to ford it, and in doing so waded thigh deep at one side and breast deep at the other. Sometimes they had to go through marshes covered with an oozy sponge, through which they must wade for weary miles, with water coming up to the shoe-top as they went on, plash, plash, with a frequent deeper dip when they met an unwary foot in a hole made by some previous passenger of the hippotamus or elephant tribe. In the vicinity of Lake Bangweolo, in thirty miles of latitude, there were twenty-nine of these to be crossed. They collect their water into central burns or streams, which in this instance took the men from the calf of the leg to the waist. It took them from fifteen to forty minutes to make their way across each of these rivulets. No great imagination is necessary to calculate, with an approach to accuracy, the rate of progress or the amount of comfort the party would have, which had to camp in a region so saturated with moisture. These were some of the inconveniences which had to be suffered, the part of the price which had to be paid for the addition to the sum of human knowledge of Africa.

There was also the possibility of trouble among the few attendants who held to Livingstone and among the

carriers which he had to secure at the different stopping places to transport the goods from one point to another. At one time, when he was in the company of an Arab, a quarrel arose about meat which was exposed in a village for sale. The Arabs asserted that it was unclean, that it had not been killed in the way prescribed by their rules of religion. Ceremonial has as important a place among the followers of Islam as among the sons of Abraham. But in the one case as in the other observance is ignored as often as honoured, when it is not convenient to carry out the laws. Only it is dangerous for anyone else to assume that they are of no importance. In this case the Arabs called Livingstone's men by ugly and degrading names. Susi deemed that their honour was impeached, and he sallied out to defend it with a stick. In the impending row, one of Livingstone's men got felled by a heavy block of wood which hit him on the head, making him insensible and throwing him into convulsions. A good deal of diplomacy had to be exercised before this trouble was smoothed over. The energy which might have been used for other things was used up in healing this breath.

Then there were no arrangements made for supplying the party with food. What they could carry with them, with gourmands like the Sepoys, was soon exhausted. They could sometimes procure sufficient with the rifle or by purchase from the natives. Sometimes, however, there were no animals to be seen and often they were on the trail of the Mazitu, who had devastated all the country through which they had passed. Nine months after they had left the coast, Livingstone is living on flesh only, while it can be got, but is gratified that he has

also a quantity of goat's milk, got from the four animals they take with them for that purpose. He was keeping his meal for contingencies. But he did not long enjoy the goat's milk, for they were lost, or more likely stolen. He had to give up his delicacy on Christmas day. Creatures like rats were caught and cooked. A month after his goats were lost, his meal was done. To stop the gnawings of hunger he pulls up his belt three holes. But that does not put flesh on his bones. Often they were in great straits for food. But the most terrible obstacle to travel was the intermittent malaria, which hung like a poison on the air of many of the low-lying places. So long as he could treat himself with medicine, Livingstone could keep fairly free from it. But one of his attendants lost his medicine chest by trusting it to a carrier. This fellow had thought it would be worth something and decamped with it. Without his medicine the health, if not the life of Livingstone, was most uncertain. Fever had its own way with him. Rheumatic fever came after the exposure to bog and river. Malaria also got a grip of him. He became very weak. In time he became insensible, and so reduced that he could not keep himself erect; and at one time, when attempting to get up fell back, striking his head upon a box.

This was the high price which was being paid for the new knowledge of Africa. He was alone—with no news from friends, often hungry, tried by helpers, in peril of savages, frequently ill, and not seldom on the confines of death. But he was prepared to pay the price to let men know what there was in Africa, and let Africa know what the Son of Man had for her.

CHAPTER XV.

Explorer and Evangelist.

THE sum total of results for which Livingstone was paying so great a price was far away beyond in value all the other expenditure put out to attain it. Had he been only an explorer, he would have given up a business so difficult and unremunerative. Away in the heart of Africa, with no companionship of an encouraging kind, deprived even of the common necessities of existence, losing even a little dog by drowning and the neglect of his attendants, a creature which had the fidelity for his master which made the loss a severe trial, Livingstone pursued his task—adding steadily more knowledge to that scanty and ill-assorted stock men had got up to now about that country, pursuing his course with the strength and spirit of an apostle carrying a gospel into a savage land as well as with the scientific interest of a man solving a geographical problem. As we have seen, the main business of his exploring work was to determine where the watershed of Africa was, which sent the waters to the north, making the majestic, fertilising Nile, and those to the Congo, away to the west. In many respects the experiments he was making in carrying out this work failed to prove anything. In some they showed conclusively that they were of no use.

For instance, it was clearly established that the helpers from whom he expected so much were almost entirely unreliable. The Sepoys, although some of them had undergone the training of naval drill, in the test of the tramp through Africa, showed themselves so cruel, so sulky, and so brutal to the beasts of burden, as to be a serious hindrance. For other reasons the Johanna men were a failure. Could any race have been found who had the physical stamina to resist malaria and the moral force to overcome the temptations peculiar to such a march, the future development of Africa could have gone on at a great rate.

Viewed from the present time, we look at the exploration as showing the nature of a hitherto unknown land, but also as revealing in all its terrible colours the curse which infected almost every part of it. After Livingstone died the greatest impetus was not given to the discovery of the interior of Africa, but to the missionary cause which was to remove the greatest sore from her heart. But the exploration made the way of the missionary measureably easier, although no field to which men have gone as missionaries had made a more terrible toll on young, enthusiastic, and consecrated human life, than that which Livingstone brought before the Christian churches. His example made the heroic efforts to establish Christianity in Central Africa something so noble that men were ready to make the greatest sacrifices. Livingstone made his entry on this trip by way of the Rovuma river. When he reached the high lands which divided the valley from that in which lay Lake Nyassa, he discovered a plateau which would be an excellent site for a mission centre, as good as that on

which Bishop Mackenzie's work had been set up at Magomero. To him it was more important to find such places which could be utilised for the future benefit of Africa, than to discover lakes which had never been touched by Europeans before, although he had the enthusiasm of the genuine explorer for that work too.

Lake Tanganyika he discovered without knowing it. At its southern end it was known by the name of Lake Liemba. At that time, he was suffering from the illness which produced the insensibility of which we have already taken note. But although in such a state of body he wrote so graphic an account of the beauties of this new lake as makes the picture stand out before the eyes of the reader in indescribable attractiveness. The party approached it from an elevation of some two thousand feet, down a ridge which was nearly perpendicular in most places, with occasional breaks between, a Loch Lomond of his native Scotland, only still more majestic, with greater mountains to form the frame work of the greater mirror of water which shimmered in the sunlight. The resemblance extended to the tree-covered rocks, which cast their leafy shadows on the surface of the lake. The weary, ailing traveller was fascinated with the exquisite beauty and colossal grandeur of the scene. In the morning the waters lay both peaceful and still, while by noon a breeze sprung up which raised the waves to dance in the bluish tinge in the light and bathed the fevered brow of the sick man with a welcome coolness. After looking upon it for a fortnight, its splendour continued to grow upon him. Not only was he in one of the most gorgeous beauty spots of Africa, but in a place rich with natural wealth.

Down the rocks there fell beautiful cascades, and among the more level places there wandered buffaloes, and elephants, and antelopes grazing on the rich green verdure. Huge palm-oil trees grew on the banks, not the smaller stunted variety of the Lake Nyassa, but those he had seen on the west coast, giving bunches of ripe fruit which took two men to carry. There were other animals besides the buffaloes, and elephants, and antelopes. Lions would waken the echoes of the high hills by their roar in the night. Crocodiles could be seen making their paddling course from the lake to their feeding grounds in the morning or evening; and the hippopotami snorted along their laborious way with heavy gait by night or in the early morning. There was an abundance of fish in the lake. In all this prospect which was so pleasing, the one thing unpromising and unpleasing was man. The Mazitu had left their trail of rapine and blood there. In consequence the natives were suspicious of Livingstone. They were not quite convinced that his purpose was peace. Like most of their race they had also the superstitions which made it difficult to get all the information he desired. They would not let him sound the lake, with some fear in their minds that his lead or stone would drop through the bottom and let out all the water, as in some districts they had seen water disappear when the hard pan at the bottom of a sponge section was pierced. He could not get to know how far the lake extended to the north, partly because the people did not know themselves, but chiefly because they were afraid to communicate what little knowledge they had. Here he was really at the south of Lake Tanganyika without knowing it.

Liemba was exceedingly fair, but it was none the less so when its name was changed. It would have afforded if anything more delight to its explorer, if his state of health could have improved by this visit to a scene so grand.

His course from here should have been to Ujiji, to which place he had directed that a fresh supply of stores should be sent. This is on the opposite side of the lake, its eastern side, and between three and four hundred miles further north. But war was waging among the tribes in that direction, and in consequence the way was more perilous. But during the brief stay at Lake Liemba he had heard about another lake, away to the west somewhere. If he could reach it, he might be able to settle the vexed question about the sources of the Nile and the Congo. So he turned his steps away from the direction of Ujiji to find lake Moero. He started from Lake Liemba on the last of April, and reached his destination on the eighth day of November. Moero is due west from the south end of Tanganyika, but he made a zig-zag road, going west, then north, and then west again, coming to the north end of that lake. He passed through countries where elephants were so numerous that they did much damage to the gardens, and even ate up the crops without being molested. At another point they reach a village with a meadow four miles across; but instead of it being the home of the peaceful cattle which luxuriate on the rich pasture of English meadows, and chew a contented cud while they lie lazily under the shady trees, this one was the haunt of wild buffaloes, and the grass was high enough to hide

them from the hunter. At Chitimba's village, when they got to it again, there was a large party of Arabs, mostly black Suehelis, from the coast.

This meeting might be an obstacle or a help. It turned out to be a help in one direction. Livingstone carried with him the firman he had received from the Sultan of Zanzibar. The leader of the Arabs read it and acknowledging the obligation it put upon him, treated the bearer of it with hospitable kindness. There had risen trouble between the Arabs and a chief, Nsama, which had resulted in fatal hostilities. Like most wars among more civilised peoples, it was difficult to find out just what this one had been about, but it made the country unsafe for an ordinary exploring party, and Livingstone had to wait until peace was restored. After long delay, this was accomplished through the Arab leader. The chief exchanged presents and ratified the agreement by drinking blood with some of the Arab underlings. This cleared the way for Livingstone's progress to Lake Moero. The Arabs went along, affording an escort to the explorer. Again they met with a wealthy district, rich in animals, elephants, and zebras, and buffaloes, which subsisted on the abundant pasturages. There was generally rich soil, sometimes sand stone, and no scarcity of streams. At last the lake appeared, the third which Livingstone discovered. After the trip through the Kalahari desert he came upon Lake N'gami; he had found Lake Nyassa, when he made his way up the Shire river, and now here is Lake Moero. Lake Tanganyika was known before he saw it as Lake Liemba, although he added considerably to the scanty knowledge of that lake too.

Moero seemed to him a sheet of water of goodly size, flanked by ranges of mountains on the east and west. Round it were banks of coarse sand, behind which was a thick belt of tropical vegetation. Like Lake Liemba, this lake had abundance of fish. It had also salt springs and salt mud on its shores, which produced salt in quantities and made a trade. After a time, although afflicted with sickness, Livingstone explored the lake. It turned out to be forty miles wide. In this exploration he had made his way down its eastern side to the southern end of the lake, where he met with another Arab. This was a slave trader, but a man who had still something of the gentleman about him, preserved from the contaminations of his degrading business. He too acknowledged the Sultan's firman, and at once entertained Livingstone to a meal, which consisted of vermicelli, oil, and honey. This was the first time his guest had tasted honey or sugar even for two years. He also regaled him with coffee, a luxury he had not seen for a very long time. This new friend, Mohamid Bogarib, was exceptionally kind to Livingstone, and wanted him to go north with him to Ujiji. But while they had been staying there he had heard of still another lake, further south, Bemba or Bangweolo, he did not know which—did not know indeed but what there might be two of them. As it turned out, it was Lake Bangweolo, on one of whose tributary streams he died.

Bangweolo, one of the largest lakes of Central Africa, was reached on the eighteenth day of July, 1868. Because the country and the lake were called by interchangeable names, it was necessary to set about a careful exploration of this water. The country around was

flat, and very unlike that about Lake Tanganyika. The foliage was mere shrub, which was dense enough, however, and produced seeds from which an oil was extracted, the only use of which so far was for smearing the hair. The bottom of the lake was a fine white sand. As a broad belt of rushes grew round its edge, he concluded that the lake was shallow. But there were islands in it. These he must visit. Fishermen also plied a trade, catching perch chiefly, and with hooks without barbs. Wind and canoe men were against him getting out from the shore, but at last he succeeded in getting to one of the islands, Mpabala. It was inhabited. With five or six rowers, they had come to it at the rate of six knots an hour, but when they reached it there was very little accommodation on it for travellers. They had to find a shelter in a sort of public meeting place, where they cooked a modest meal and composed themselves for the night; the canoe men to sleep by the fire they had made up, and Livingstone to dream of staying amid the rolling tides of London's busiest life, at one of its best appointed hotels.

The people on the island were industrious, weaving nets, or beating mats of bark cloth. Some were even spinning cotton. This island was not even the largest in the lake. He saw another, on which was a still larger population, and an abundance of sheep and goats. The most remarkable thing of all was the health of the inhabitants, for while in his previous journeys he had seen many signs of disease among the natives, cases of goitre, or Derbyshire neck, and of elephantiasis, there was no sign of anything of that kind here, either on the islands or about the lake. There it lay, an enormous

mass of water, in which the big islands were dwarfed by the extent of the lake about them, with a range of mountains running from south-east to south-west, which as was learned afterwards closed in round the south end of the lake, making the cup-like cavity in which he ended all his journeys.

His stores were almost exhausted, and he was therefore compelled to turn his steps at last away in the direction of Ujiji. Mohamid had not stirred very far, and so he got up with him again. In due time they got to Lake Tanganyika, crossed it, and reached Ujiji. They met many things of interest on the way. In some of the rivers they had to cross leeches were very numerous, and they had a special preference for a white skin; when they got hold of it too, they were not at all willing to let it go, they refused to be pulled away. The natives could get them to release their grip by a smart slay with the palm of the hand, and Livingstone found that plan work well in his case too. Always they were coming upon country beautiful and rich; so much and so often was this the case that the wonder which possessed him when he first saw the natural wealth of Africa has passed away, and he accepts as something to be expected that Africa is everywhere replete with treasures—in her trees, her animals, her lakes; and, could they but be saved from the scourge of slavery, in her people.

In this journey he was more in the actual company of the Arab slave trader than ever before. But he found nothing to lessen the horror of that traffic. It had been stated that there was some jaunty delight about the slaves, which had been put into them by the Providence

who had made them purposely for the beasts of burden to white people, or else they had sufficient sense to recognise that in the position of slaves they had no further care about their own maintenance. Life in future was to be a holiday free from worry, with just enough labour to give them appetite for food and make their pillow sweet at night. One could understand that Livingstone would not be easily persuaded that slavery had any attraction for those who were held in its terrible grip. But still there was no doubt that songs did rise from the lips of those who were being marched round to the human market. He discovered what these songs were about. It would have been an apotheosis of devilry, a deification of rascals, were it found that by divine appointment or through human desire there was any joy in this ghastly business. As a matter of fact, the slaves in their ignorance had got some knowledge of a future life. As many of the poor in England were taught and believed that they would receive magnificent compensation in a voluptuous heaven for all the misery and poverty and hardship they had to endure on earth, so those slaves of Africa believed that there would be a future world in which they would be endowed with a power of visiting a terrible revenge on those who had sold them into slavery. They sang of the time when they could haunt and kill, after death, those who had tormented them in this life. This was no song of joy, but of bitterness and despair, a sort of appeal to another power to make amends for the sufferings they were compelled to endure. If they failed to sing this song, they succumbed to the broken heart which claimed the greater part of those who died on the way to the market.

As they marched along they would hear the beat of the drum at a village, which revived the memories of the home and friends they had left and they could not be kept from shedding tears. The lash of the driver might keep them in the gang for a time, but they steadily drooped with the breaking of the heart. Every fresh discovery Livingstone made, every time he came across the trail of slaves his soul revolted against the traffic, and however much of it he saw, he never saw anything to redeem its horror. He believed that it could be ended as a business by aggressive measures, by putting a gun boat on each of the African lakes he had discovered, because the track was almost always by the lakes one way or another. And he was very positive that the natives themselves could be induced to give up the traffic, as far as they were concerned in it. He had plenty of evidence to justify him in that opinion. When he was making his way up to Lake Nyassa on this journey, he came to the village of a chief, with whom he had reasoned about the folly of selling his people when he had visited him before. The chief had been impressed with the arguments put forward, had stopped selling his men, and was fast building up a strong tribe.

In the heathen, the helpless always bear the greater part of the suffering. The pagan had a persistent tendency to sacrifice the women and the children on the cruel altars of his superstitions, for reasons which would lead one to think that they had no natural affection at all. Livingstone had come across a practice among the Makololo by which a child was killed, if its dentition did not follow the usual order. It was an unlucky thing if the upper front teeth came before the

lower. He met the same custom in the lake country, as well as others which were aimed at the life of the child. He had to be killed if he were restless at night in his sleep, if he turned from one side to another—a most likely thing for a child to do in an equatorial climate, with the lively conditions which were common enough in most of the native houses. With all this toll on young life, and the terrible drain on what was allowed to grow up by the marauders and slave traders, it was a marvel that there was any population left in Africa at all. What would it not be if the gospel system could only be everywhere established?

Although his mind was so fully occupied with the scientific business of finding out the sources of the Nile, he never neglected to show the proper conduct of a Christian man. Seldom did anything interfere with the observance of the Sabbath day. In all his dealings with his troublesome servants, he always inclines so strongly to the charity that suffereth long and is kind, that he reminds us more of the saint, whose name adorns the ecclesiastical calendar, than a man of ordinary flesh and blood. As a traveller he had to deal first of all with the chief, and he was the person whom he tried first of all to influence for the higher things. In the nature of the case, he could not now form the friendships which he made in his earlier days with Sechele or Sekeletu, but he was no less eager to convert the headman of the tribe to the ways of civilisation, and the Christian faith. Among those he met there were many varieties of the savage mind. As he was going up the Rovuma, he met Motumora, who had many of the nobler qualities of the savage. He was held in high repute through the

country, as one who would give protection to anybody who was fleeing from persecution or oppression. When he came to meet Livingstone he was very polite, and saw him safely ferried over the river on the banks of which they stood, a mark of the gentleman at any time, especially so at that time, as Motumora had just lost the greater part of his movable possessions through a raid of the Mazitu. Still he made what provision he could for this passer-by, and gave him a basket of fish he had in his hand when they met, as well as some vegetables, all originally intended for his own table. Yet this man had no knowledge of God. When Livingstone asked him if his people ever prayed to him, he answered that he did not know God, and warned his guest that he must not ask the people through whose country he was going if they prayed to Him. If he did, they would think that he wished them to be killed. When they did engage in any devotion to the unseen spirit, they first offered a little meal and then presented their petition. Still they had a reverence for this Supreme Being. When they asserted their ignorance of Him, they did so in the same way as the Greeks approached their gods with a euphemism. The chief was greatly surprised to learn that Livingstone positively loved to speak about God and took his chief delight in speaking to Him. Such visitors as Motumora had ever entertained in his village before were of quite a different sort from this man, and when he left he left behind him something in the chief's mind which at least taught him the first rudiments of a new heaven and a new earth.

Kinsusa was chief of a tract of country about the south of Lake Nyassa. Livingstone first made his

acquaintance when he was on his way to the lake by way of the Shire river. When he returned again, the chief showed great pleasure at the sight of him. He kept him well supplied with food during the short time he stayed, and when he had to go he tried his best to get him suitable guides and carriers. When the latter could not be found, he got his wives to turn out in that capacity, and himself gave Livingstone a convoy as far as the women went. This man could brew a native beer, of which he sometimes took too liberal a supply for himself, enough to give his tongue an undue freedom of utterance. But he could talk about divine things, with a rationality which showed that he was not far from the Kingdom and appreciated the advice he got about the slave business which showed that he was not without the sense of civilisation. Had it been possible to establish a mission there, how soon a centre of all that was good in Livingstone's eyes would have grown up under this chief!

Chitapanga, whose land lay about half-way between Nyassa and Tanganyika, had something of the style of royal state about him. His village had a triple stockade. When Livingstone came to see the chief, he was received with considerable ceremony. Chitapanga sat, showing numerous rings of brass and copper on his ankles, with three drummers, and about a dozen other men with rattles in their hands. With these instruments a great noise was kept up and certain acts of obesiance were performed. The chief, himself, saluted with the grace proper to his rank. In appearance he was fat and jolly, but it was some time before Livingstone could make much of him. There was a good deal of avarice in him.

When he made a present of a cow to the party, it was with the expectation of receiving in turn a handsome present which would more than pay for the gift. In this instance, Livingstone had at first to rely on one of his helpers to interpret between himself and the chief, which did not improve matters very much. It was very difficult to enter into his ideas, or understand his point of view; he was ignorant and had his full share of delusions and prejudices. Livingstone showed him and his wife his instruments, which they could hardly be expected to comprehend, and also his books which were little less than a puzzle to them, and also his Bible, which was quite beyond them. After a day or two, Livingstone got him to himself, on a Sunday evening, after their service, and explained to him something of the nature of the exercises in which they had been engaged. In addition he also showed him the wood cuts of his "Bible Dictionary," which the chief readily understood. Through that means some straggling rays of light got into the Stygian darkness of his mind. The immediate effect was that the intercourse between the two became quite good natured. In this triumph of manhood over savagery, what hope there was that the gospel would secure for itself a permanent position in this land too, if its representatives could only be planted on its soil!

Livingstone did not confine his missionary interests to chiefs. When he got to the village at which he stayed when he was making his first acquaintance with Lake Bangweolo, he met a traveller from another part of the country who was anxious to know why he had come so far. As the evangelist opened up the Scriptures to the

Ethiopian and sent him to his own country with the expulsive power of a new affection in his mind, so did Livingstone give this chance acquaintance new notions about the best pursuits of life. His object in coming was that he might make the country better known to the rest of mankind, and that he might make a way for others to come, who would teach the people of Africa that all men are the children of one Father; he himself believed that they should all know each other better, and that they should preserve peace among the different races as well as among the different tribes. There were no samples of merchandise he could exhibit, but he showed him the book in which was the pearl of great price. As far as he could on such an occasion, he told him about the contents of the volume. That trader carried away with him something he would never forget. Surrounded by his own heathenism, he could not in a few hours learn what the principles of the new religion were, but he had found out that there was something different and better than anything his own tribe or any of his neighbouring tribes possessed.

When on this journey Livingstone was thrown into intimate association with the Arabs and he had sufficient opportunity for observing the value of their religion. We may expect to find a strong prejudice in his mind against it since he saw that there was nothing in it to prohibit trading in slaves or the outrageous cruelties which were systematically practised by the slavers. But he found that the devotees of Mohammed were ignorant as were the savages of African paganism. One of the men with whom he marched was quite certain that the sun rose in the east and set in the west, because

the Koran said so. The faith of Islam laid no obligation on its adherents to win the heathen within its folds. He took every opportunity which presented itself to tell everyone whom he could reach that everyone was invited to share in the blessings of the faith he held as his own. All along, Livingstone was the missionary. If it can be said that his enterprise as an explorer failed to accomplish the desired results, it may also be said that he met disappointment in his religious work, for those who were in his company did not respond to his teaching or profit by his example. Still he never wavered in his confidence that in the gospel of Christ, Africa would get all she needed to redeem her from the curse of slavery and the blackness of a hopeless future.

CHAPTER XVI.

Lost and Found.

As Livingstone was tramping through the country, investigating the sources of all the considerable rivers, and scattering constantly wherever he went the seeds of the kingdom of heaven, no news was coming from him. It had been reported concerning him more than once before that he was dead. That rumour revived and as the months passed and no tidings reached the outside world as to what he was doing or where he was, there were many who believed that he had at last succumbed to the perils of African travel. The lie which had been circulated by Musa was exposed by the smart expedition sent out by the Royal Geographical Society. There was some talk about another expedition which would discover the truth, and settle the question as to whether he was dead or alive, and get from him the journal of the discoveries he had been making during the long silence, if he were actually to be found. This step was eventually taken, in a manner which had all the brilliant dash of the Neo-journalism of the American Press, combined with an astute management which kept the destination of the expedition wrapped in mystery until the special correspondent had scooped the copy which some other enterprising paper might have been equally anxious to obtain.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, whose name has been associated with more than one magnificent, spectacular demonstration of the dashing genius of the expert journalist, was in Paris. The whole world was talking about Livingstone. Everyone was making conjecture as to where he would appear on his first liberation from the enthralling grip of the dark continent, or weaving the shrouds of regret which were designed to cover with tributes of respect his lonely grave in the depths of the African forest. No sympathy with the dominating purpose of Livingstone's life moved in the mind of this man. He was simply the proprietor of the "New York Herald." No copy of the time could be more valuable than the authoritative, undeniable evidence of Livingstone's existence. So he called one of his special representatives, Mr. H. M. Stanley, who was at the time in Lisbon, and gave him the commission to go into the heart of Africa and find Livingstone if he were alive, and if he were dead to bring his bones back as the melancholy trophy of his endeavour. There was no limit set to the expense of this expedition, only it must do its work. To prevent anyone forestalling him, to throw off suspicion that they were after solving the riddle which engaged so general attention, Stanley went first to Egypt, then to Palestine, Persia, the Crimea, Constantinople, and then on to Bombay. From Bombay he went by broken journey to Zanzibar, where he began to fit out his force to penetrate the interior of the Continent.

At Zanzibar he met Dr. Kirk, the representative of the British Crown there, who had been with Dr. Livingstone when he was exploring the Zambesi, and who had

received the position he held at the time almost entirely through his influence. He so far forgot the principles of honesty, and had profited so little by the years of association with his leader, that he gave Stanley an account of the character of Livingstone which was very far from true. According to him he was exceedingly difficult to suit with company and pettishly jealous of the honour of being the first to make any discovery. Were he aware that anyone was seeking to meet him, he would put a space of one hundred miles of swamp between them as fast as he could cover the ground. At this distance of time it is not easy to understand why the honour of an officer of the Crown did not shield a fellow officer from a base calumny, but it indicates that Livingstone was getting no hearty encouragement from the home base. A despicable atrocity, the outcome of this indifference to Livingstone, was discovered by Stanley as he began his trip. He crossed the strait between Zanzibar and the Continent, to Bagamoyo, and found a caravan which had been despatched three months before, with letters and stores for Livingstone. They had idled away these months, living in luxury, almost within sight of Dr. Kirk. Stanley could not believe that he was ignorant of their presence there. In his opinion, the party which had been selected to go up country was about as unlikely to fulfil the contract as any Dr. Kirk could have got together. Out of seven, four were slaves. While they lazied there, Livingstone might be dying for want. Being jogged on to look after them the Consul did cross over to Bagamoyo, but even then he spent his time and attention with hunting, and allowed the party to move off without even a reprimand

If we let the names of all those who had the high privilege of being colleagues of Livingstone pass before us, their records seldom justify our expectation that they would show something of the same nobility which he daily practised. Stanley had met another of Livingstone's friends at Zanzibar. This was Bishop Tozer, the appointed successor of Mackenzie, who had scuttled the Universities' Mission at Magomero, and left Livingstone to rescue the poor wreckage from utter destruction. He was now enjoying the titular distinction of Bishop of Central Africa, and had developed a great love of ornate, ostentatious display and highly ritualistic worship. What an abortion of the infant cause which had filled Livingstone with hope so high!

Stanley set about his preparations with the impetuosity of a wide-awake American. But the hustling of New York was of little use amid the chronic lethargy of Zanzibar. He could not sit at a desk with a telephone in his hand and command an army of assistants in this business. In coming from Bombay, he found a man who had acted as first mate on the vessel by which he sailed His name was William Lawrence Farquhar, a native of Leith, Scotland, who had a good few of the virtues of that [illegible] also in a pronounced degree its most degrading vice. Away on the high seas, Farquhar was a good, honest, hard-working, respectable Scotchman, but in a port, he was a poor, debauched loafer, about the places where whiskey could be got, a creature whose language and habits in his intoxicated state were a disgrace even to an African savage. This was one of the first members of the staff of this expedition being fitted out to find Livingstone. Another

was a Christian Arab boy, Selim, who was hired at Jerusalem. He was to be the interpreter when they met Arabs on the way. A third member of the company was engaged at Zanzibar, John William Shaw, a native of London, England. He had come by a ship to the port and applied to Stanley for work. His discharge from the vessel was not quite correct, but the clever American decided to take him. As far as his keen scrutiny went, he was just the sort of man he required.

Both the Scotchman and the Englishman proved very unsatisfactory. They had not got very far on the way, when Farquhar showed that he expected to proceed with something of the state of a Sultan, not walking but riding, and living on the fat of the land, cooked to suit his fastidious taste. The party when completed, proceeded in several caravans, one of which was under the care of Farquhar. His incompetence in managing his company and husbanding the goods entrusted to him, was only equalled by his impertinence in excusing his defaults. The excesses in which he had indulged brought on disease when he was exposed to the tests of the march. He must ride on a donkey and had not sufficient interest in his work nor care for the animal to ride it properly, and soon he ended its life. The rest of his caravan laughed at him, so helpless was he to do anything for himself. But he was cruel as well as useless. He beat and flogged the native who was his cook until he was almost imbecile. Eventually, Stanley found that he could not retain him with his company and arranged with a chief to keep him until they should return. Long before that he had succumbed to the disease induced by his bad life.

Shaw was no better than Farquhar. When the two of them got together, they frequently quarrelled, as both had a big amount of conceit, and neither had the redeeming qualities to make him bear with the infirmities of the other. They were separated by being attached to different caravans, which marched with some distance between them. Shaw soon showed that he had not the bare elements of common gumption, and that he could not be trusted with the transport of necessary and valuable goods. But he made up in temper what he lacked in intelligence, and exhibited it in full measure when remonstrated with for his negligence. His physical condition was little better than that of Farquhar, and soon gave out under the trials of the African march. By and by, he got quite out of patience with his lot. Stanley had invited the two of them to breakfast at a point where all the caravans had met. He opened out upon his leader by referring insultingly to a roast quarter of goat, flanked with such accessories as would have tempted the palate of a prince, by calling it dog's meat. His further comments on the fare provided were liberally mixed with obscenity, and might have gone on for a long time had not his host knocked him down with a blow on the face. When he recovered his breath, he tendered his resignation. Stanley took him at his word, ordered one of the attendants to strike his tent, bring in his gun and pistol, and to conduct the delinquent and his baggage two hundred yards outside the camp. All this was done, but two hours had not gone when he returned in penitence, with abundant promises that he would behave better in future. That very night he made an unsuccessful attempt to shoot

Stanley in his tent. It would have been no loss to the expedition if he had been left to find his way back to the coast as best he could.

Zanzibar was the port of Central African trade. Stanley had read what books he could to get information as to how he should fit out his expedition, but when he set about his job on the spot, his book knowledge was of little use. He next turned to the British residents to ascertain the nature and amount of the goods he should take with him, as currency for food or for any tribute he might have to pay. These were all quite willing to give him what information they could, but they were generally ignorant of the matter. At last he got introduced to an Arab trader, who informed him as to just what he would require for a trip to Ujiji. Certain kinds of cloth were good currency at one place—others at another. Beads were beads if of one colour for one tribe, but with another they were as worthless as the pebbles on the beach. So with the guidance of this Arab, Stanley made his purchases.

When one compares the lavish expenditure of this outfit, with the modest and even penurious outlay Livingstone himself made, it is not easy to forbear wishing that it had been given to the missionary to command the funds which were at the disposal of the journalist. After a time he was ready to start from Zanzibar and crossed over to Bagamoyo, to find the carriers he needed. When he was ready to give the order to march, he had put on the road to Ujiji five caravans. The total number of men engaged in them was one hundred and ninety-two. Besides these he had twenty-seven donkeys and two good horses, in addition to a dog.

A month had been occupied in getting stores at Zanzibar. At Bagamoyo, further vexatious delay was occasioned through the agents who procured carriers and their excessive demand for the services they gave so leisurely. The price of their attention was about in inverse ratio to the hindrance they occasioned. One agent had been asked to secure carriers, but professed himself unable to do so. Another could provide them, but would not because no letter had been sent to him from Zanzibar requesting him to do so, while the other man had been so favoured. The missing document was got and there began a duel between the two—one a typical representative of the smartest men of the American continent, the other a fair specimen of the commercial genius of Africa. Stanley and Soor Hadji Palloo entered on a contest in which the wit of the West was pitted against that of the East, and a fair jury would have to give the verdict in favour of the dusky member. There was no inconvenient code of morals restraining him, and no fear of an exposure in the columns of New York's leading newspaper. It was only his command of capital that let Stanley get through with Palloo at all. Even with that to grease the palms of the greedy Arab, it took six weeks to get the expedition free from his grasping fingers.

Once fairly started they had only to meet the usual difficulties of African travel. Fever began to make its toll. Twenty-three times in thirteen months, Stanley was himself prostrated with it. Once in Unyanyembe, the first place at which they stopped for any length of time, he had a very severe attack and was unconscious for some days, losing one week of time altogether out of his reckoning. There were also fever and dysentery

among his men, although the most serious cases were confined to his white assistants, as we might expect from what we have learned about them already. Then there began the usual decimation of the animals. First one horse and then another succumbed, within fifteen hours of each other, the first, if not both, victims of the tsetse fly. The men of the expedition were divided into ranks, some were common carriers, over one hundred in number; there were about twenty soldiers, and four chiefs were in the body. It was a composite between a trading caravan and a military troop. As they carried a breech loading gun and sundry other defensive weapons, they were quite equal to sustain their appearance as a small army.

In addition to the moral deficiencies of his white colleagues, there were the usual defects of the African carrier, a tendency to desert and to steal. The first to desert went off with two goats, a valuable tent, the personal belongings of another member of the party—consisting of a long Arab shirt, ten pounds of beads, and a few fine cloths. Two of the men were sent after him, one of the two being the owner of the stolen goods. They caught the thief. When he was brought, Stanley constituted a court and had him sentenced to be lashed with a dog whip, so that he got eight lashes from fellow carriers, three from soldiers, and one from Shaw. Later on a soldier decamped, but he too was caught. His punishment was two dozen lashes and he was also put in chains so that he should not run away again. Another set off with a valuable gun, but turned up again with the excuse that he had been sleepy and had only turned aside to rest a little in the jungle. His punishment for

letting his eyes close while in the possession of the valuable carbine was to be put in chains too.

Stanley had none of the gentleness of Livingstone. It would not be easy to conceive a greater contrast among decent men than that between the two. When the Sepoys failed Livingstone, he bore with them far beyond the limits of an ordinary human endurance, and when the Johanna men pilfered he never lost his patience. When Stanley goes up from Bagamoyo on his way to Ujiji to meet Livingstone, we can hear the crack of his dog whip on the backs of his carriers at every occasion when they were more than usually trying. By that cutting means, he got them to plunge through mud and wet, after they had become quite tired out on the tramp. When natives at the places where the party stopped, trespassed beyond what Stanley thought the utmost bounds of curiosity, to see more closely the possessions of the white man, he chastised their intrusion with this same dog whip. If a carrier got so tired of his job that he wanted to go back and it did not suit his master to let him break his bargain, he kept him at his task by the unfailing whip, or a donkey lash if the whip were not to his hand. He even struck a noisy woman one day with the whip to make her hold her peace, in this case without producing the desired effect. It is simply impossible to think of Livingstone behaving in that way. It is just as impossible to think of him as putting the most incorrigible servant into chains. That was the degradation of a slave, to which no servant of a white man could ever be reduced, according to the moral standards he observed. But Stanley was built on another model. He had no scruples about using the

blacks as he did. The end, reaching Livingstone, would justify any means used, if there was any need to apologise for them at all. The African was not to Stanley what he was to Livingstone. Stanley had lived for a time in the slave south of America, and had at the back of his mind the conception that the coloured person was intended by nature to serve the white man.

Still he was true to his employers, and had a genuine delight in accomplishing the duty which had been assigned to him. Through all the dangers he kept on, until he reached the station of Unyanyembe. Here a chief, Mirando, had broken out in hostilities against his neighbours, blocking the progress of all caravans going in a direct line to Ujiji. Stanley halted and made a compact with the Arabs in fighting the bellicose chief. At first they were successful, but the Arabs were not ready to take the advice Stanley was very ready to give them for the conduct of the campaign, and he drew out from the union of forces, made up his marching company again, and determined to find his way to Ujiji by a detour. He still had his one Englishman with him, but at last parted with him, and felt relieved of a dead weight when they had left him behind. Gradually he had become of less and less use, pretending that he was ill. Stanley was sure that he was not really sick, and to rouse him to do his best for the company, he communicated to him the real object of the expedition; but even that created no fervour in his beef and beer loving brain. So they parted, Stanley to go on, Shaw to wait until he might return.

The number of the party when they began the second section of the road was fifty-four. Among the recruits

who were got at Unyanyembe was a slave boy, who was presented to Stanley and turned out an excellent personal attendant. They had been detained altogether three months at this point. Before they started from it again a banquet was held, the very provision for which would have carried Livingstone over a few hundred miles of the continent. There were two bullocks, three sheep, two goats, fifteen chickens, one hundred and twenty pounds of rice, twenty large loaves of bread, one hundred eggs, and five gallons of sweet milk. Even this feasting did not reconcile the men to a faithful discharge of duty when they were on the march. The desertions still went on, until Stanley got a slave chain, in which all those who showed signs of bolting were effectually saved from the temptation.

Meanwhile, as the " Herald " expedition was making its way to Ujiji, Livingstone had reached that port by the side of Tanganyika, Africa's greatest lake. The goods he expected to find there had been squandered by the rascally Arab, one Shereef, of the staff which Dr. Kirk had selected for him, who had divined on the Koran that Livingstone was dead. The prospect before him was that he would have to beg his way at least to Unyanyembe, where it was reported that there was some part of his stores still remaining. When he got there, it was more than likely that some other rascal would have been divining on the Koran too. The little on which he could lay his hands was only sufficient to keep him from want for a month, when he would either have to ask for bread or be fed, like the ancient prophet, by some of God's good ravens.

Stanley got to hear from a caravan they met when within a few days march of Ujiji, that there was a white man there, but he could only get the description of him, that he had a white beard. There were so many chances that it might be somebody else as that it was David Livingstone, but since there was one chance that it was him, and since he had been assured by Dr. Kirk of his elusive character, he must be doubly cautious in his method of approaching him. He had really to stalk him as if he were a mountain deer, or some other animal of the forest. Only by stealing upon him unawares could he keep him from rushing away across a swamp to bury himself beyond the possibility of any white man reaching him. Two years of silence had settled down upon him. For that length of time had the world been waiting to hear news of him. If he could but declare that he was alive, and tell the readers of his paper that he had seen his face and grasped his hand, what a prize he would gain. If in addition he could but give some account of the engagements of this great Heart during this long period of silence, what news he would have for "copy." It was worth all the caution, as it was worth all the labour.

At last they came within sight of Lake Tanganyika, and looked down upon the town of Ujiji standing upon its banks. As they got near the town, Stanley was greeted by first one and then another voice in English. The speakers were Susi and Chuma. Surely the lost Livingstone was found, and the object of his long trying journey was within reach of his hand. Having such an erroneous conception of Livingstone's character, Stanley was at a loss to know just how to approach him. He

could not run away now, but how would he behave when he brought him to bay? In his doubt as to the best thing to do, while his inclination was to rush upon him and throw his arms round his neck, he walked up to him with uplifted helmet, while Livingstone advanced with his cap upraised.

"Dr. Livingstone I presume," said Stanley.

"Yes," was the answer.

"I thank God, doctor, that I have been permitted to see you," said the American.

"I feel thankful that I am here to welcome ——" Livingstone replied.

The two clasped hands. The one was as ignorant as the other as to what was in their respective minds. Livingstone did not know what had brought his visitor to him, and Stanley did not know what this man might be thinking about his appearance on the scene. After some formal introductions, the two got together. The mail which should have reached Livingstone months before, Stanley picked up on the way, and had now the pleasure of delivering into his hand.

What news after two years? But before opening his letters, he insisted on knowing what had been going on in the world since the day he had left civilisation behind him. The Suez Canal had been made and a highway opened along the seas between Europe and India; General Grant had been installed in the White House of Washington; the Spanish Isabella had been driven from the throne of Spain; Prussia had been carrying a warlike force against Denmark and had been successful there, and now were surrounding Paris with her victorious armies; Bismarck and Von Moltke were the

brilliant constellations in the European firmament; there was in Europe a new heaven since the stars fretted over the bloody fields of the Crimea. They talked much and often and long. Stanley had his eyes opened to the magnificence of the character of Livingstone. It was with uncommon pride that he announced that his only object in coming into the heart of Africa was to find him, at the command of America's greatest daily journal. The more he saw of the missionary, the more he admired him. As he continued in his company, a reverence for the good and great man began to possess him, which was not far from being akin to worship. That new affection for him made the fact all the more gratifying when he could announce to his chief that the lost man was found; and that, if he was not well, he was at any rate very much alive.

CHAPTER XVII.

On Bended Knee.

THE story which Stanley had to hear as he sat with Livingstone in his house at Ujiji, is without a parallel in all the chronicles of the human race. If the sufferings of martyrs entitle men to a place in the calendar of Saints, Livingstone qualified for that honour. He had been at Ujiji, and had struck a way across Tanganyika, to pursue his investigations as to the source of the Nile. He was poorly provided for this work, as the goods he had expected to find at Ujiji had been done away with in every direction, until only a few fragments remained. The bulk of them had been left at Unyanyembe, a thirteen days tramp away, which, with an inter-tribal war raging, made them as far off as if they had been at Zanzibar. Before he set out, he sent word about his loss to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and requested that another stock should be sent to him, and some twelve or thirteen good freemen who would help him in his further researches. Leaving directions for these assistants to join him at Bambarre in the Manyuema country, he went away there himself, a hundred and fifty miles to the West of Ujiji. This was an entirely new country to the European. The natives were simple savages, with the most elementary notions of things

seen and unseen. Their knowledge of the spirit world was confined to the charms of idols which were senseless pieces of wood. But the country was very fertile and on it was a great population. Some parts of it were indescribably luxurious. But into this paradise of Nature the primeval curse had already come in the form of the Arab trader, seeking to enrich himself with the human beings he could steal from their homes. The natives feared that Livingstone was bent on the same business, and treated him with suspicion. They would do nothing for him.

With his three attendants he made an attempt to explore the Lualaba river. The road was so bad and he himself became so ill, that he had to hobble back to Bambarre and wait until the assistants he had ordered from the coast should arrive. After a weary wait, he was about to start without them when he got news that they were on the way. When they did arrive there were but ten of them, just as unlikely men for the work he wanted done as even an enemy could have selected. Dr. Kirk had engaged them. Two of them, rascals of the deepest dye, Shereef and Awathe, had stayed at Ujiji, and were living riotously upon his goods. The rest of the time he spent in that West country was spent in all the horrors of that rebellious company, who were in a chronic state of mutiny, betraying all the baser elements of a degraded race; the outburst of cruelty among the tribes who were victims of the slave traffic or were themselves engaged in prosecuting it, and the recurring ailments of a physique sapped by long continued exposure to African fevers, the wettings he had got while trudging through swamps, and recurring

spells of hard, indigestible fare or no fare at all. His men were thieves and liars, constantly harassing him, and altogether impossible for their work, and yet he was uniformly kind to them. Human blood stained the country through which they made their way.

Everywhere the slave trade was horrible, as horrible in this interior as anywhere he had been, if not more so. Between two chiefs a system of pillage and murder was going on which before long broke into a massacre of such merciless brutality that he could describe it as like Hell itself. Some three or four hundred people were ruthlessly killed. The memory of the frightful outrage never ceased to make him shudder. He was spared to send an account of it to Britain, which did at last rouse the authorities to action which was already too long delayed. On finding that he could not complete his task with such incompetent helpers as had been sent him from the coast, he was compelled to retreat once more to Ujiji, where he had but the faintest prospect of finding any better assistance. But his stores were there, and he would go.

On the way his life seemed charmed. Since such murder was going on in the country, every party was unsafe. On one day a native's spear grazed his neck, as it sped with deadly force from his hand; another passed him within a foot, which was driven with as great strength; and not many hours after a great tree, to which fire had been applied to bring it down, did fall unexpectedly within a yard of him—a very gentle breath of wind would have brought it down on top of him. His footwear was completely done. He had to hobble to the side of the lake, and was only borne up by

the expectation of getting at least a supply of creature comforts at Ujiji. When he reached the port, Shereef, as we have seen, had squandered practically all his belongings. Now he could review his loss with equanimity as he enjoyed the hospitality of the American journalist, and what was as much a pleasure as the food and the delicacies of his tent, the conversation with one of his own race and speech.

Stanley, as already observed, was quite a different man from Livingstone, but the two were the English world in Central Africa, and each supplied to the other what they most wanted, to their mutual advantage. Livingstone needed news of the world—here was a bulletin of all the outstanding events of the dead years. Stanley wanted news of Livingstone—here he was in his company, getting information as to where he had been and what he had seen and learning meanwhile how magnificent was the character of the man who had been collecting this wonderful story; he was seeing avenues of a mind which remained pure and noble, although it was assailed by all the exasperating meanness of an unregenerated and depraved human nature. All the persecutions, the base hostilities, the mean impositions, the nefarious attacks, the penurious provisions, the outrageous laxities of savages and of Britons had not succeeded in robbing this man of that beautiful spirit, which thought no evil, and suffered long and was kind. The man of the world, little accustomed to meet with such a character, much inclined to think that it could only exist in the annals of ancient faith, was even more impressed by what Livingstone was than by the incredible things he had done.

What had to be arranged now about his future? Could he lead this great Heart of Africa back to his home and to his adoring countrymen? In a very few days he had been convinced that it would be impossible to attract him away from Africa until he had completed the work he had undertaken to do. He longed to see his family, and knew that he needed to nurse himself to recover from his ailments, but at all costs he must accomplish his task for the sake of Africa. It was not simply that the sources of the Nile had to be found, but the settlement of that question presented excellent opportunity of securing the knowledge which would make Africa a land attractive to commerce and civilisation, and give a chance to spread to some extent a knowledge of the elementary truths of the Christian faith.

The two talked of some of the physical problems of the country, one of these being the outlet of Tanganyika to the north, and they agreed that they would explore that end of the lake together, to ascertain whether there was a river running out of it away to the North. They discovered that a river ran from the North into the lake, not out of it, so that this matter was settled now for ever. As to future arrangements, the best plan the two could devise was that Livingstone was to go to Unyanyembe with Stanley and get supplies from a stock he had been obliged to leave there, owing to the difficulty of transport due to the war with Mirambo and his desire to run down the elusive object of his expedition. There he would wait until Stanley could send up from the coast a new company of some fifty or sixty reliable men. With that help he would go away to Bangweolo, and

then to Rua, where he would complete his work, and then make for home.

They left Ujiji to go to Unyanyembe. The stores which belonged to Livingstone, deposited there by the men whom Dr. Kirk had sent to him, had suffered in the same way as those left at Ujiji. The thief had been making away with them. Stanley's goods also were being looted, although he had left them under lock and key. There were sufficient left, however, to give Livingstone a generous outfit for the completion of his journey, so much so indeed as to make all his previous supplies meagre in comparison. As the time approached for Stanley going on his way to Zanzibar, Livingstone busied himself with writing letters and despatches to friends and government officials, and with preparing his journal. When this last duty was completed he sealed it with five seals, with impressions of an American gold piece, an anna, a half-anna, and a cake of paint, on which was imprinted the royal arms. He committed it to the care of this friend, in whose company he had had so much pleasure since they met. It was to be his privilege to convey it to his family.

The two were sorry to part. Stanley's men were excited at the prospect of beginning the return to their home, and the natives of Unyanyembe were sorry to lose them. They had a farewell dance when Central and Coast people all together engaged in fantastic delight. Even Stanley himself was induced to trip it with the rest. But on the whole, the two men were in a melancholy mood. Livingstone tried to persuade Stanley to wait until the rainy season was over, but he was intent on getting to the coast so that he could engage the necessary

carriers who would enable Livingstone to finish his work and then return to his home. They figured it out together as to how long it would take to cover the ground, on some part of which it was expected the fountains of the Nile would be found. According to Livingstone, it would take a year and a half, but Stanley thought that contingencies should be provided for and that the men who were engaged should agree for a term of two years. So when everything had been arranged, as satisfactorily as possible, on the fourteenth day of March, when Livingstone was five days short of his fifty-ninth birthday, the two most reluctantly parted. The doctor gave his friend a convoy according to the Scottish custom, by going on the road a good way with him. The final goodbye had to be spoken, when the emotions of both were deeply stirred. Stanley was the last of the Anglo-Saxon race to grasp his hand, the hand of the noblest man the race contained for him. He went away to arrange his affairs at the coast, while Livingstone was left behind, alone with his magnificent mission of opening up the heart of Africa to the forces of Christian civilisation.

The party made good progress on the way to the coast. At Bagamoyo they met an expedition which had been fitted out by the Royal Geographical Society to find and relieve Livingstone. In it was Mr. Oswald Livingstone, one of the doctor's own sons. When they met with Stanley, a devil of discontent or envy took possession of them, and one after the other resigned, until only Oswald was left. A quarrel of an unedifying character broke out, in which Dr. Kirk, Livingstone's old companion in the Zambesi days and the representative of the Queen at Zanzibar, played a conspicuous

and unenviable part. Enormous quantities of stores had been purchased for this expedition, quite beyond the h[illegible]nds of utility with a cross country porterage to [illegible]otiate. These were mostly sold again. Part of them w[illegible] sent by Stanley to provide Livingstone with what he needed to complete his supplies for his contemplated journey. Young Livingstone developed symptoms of a complaint which Dr. Kirk affirmed made it dangerous for him to expose himself to the labour and fatigue of an African caravan. So all this expedition simply fizzled out.

Stanley asked Dr. Kirk to help him to secure the right kind of carriers for Livingstone, and was informed by him, after some delay, that he could not procure them. He soon found them himself by applying in another direction, and sent them on, fifty-seven in number, a body of men whom he was certain would prove of use in the work the doctor wanted them to do.

This party reached their master on the Fourteenth day of August. In the interval he had waited wearily, but had been often engaged profitably in filling up his journal, and in soliloquising on the state in which he found himself. From out of that silence came the words of reverie which are engraved on the stone which covers his remains in Westminster Abbey. They were written exactly a year before he died. "All I can add in my loneliness is, may heaven's richest blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

When his new party arrived he had with him five of his original attendants, Susi, Chuma, and Amodi, who had been with him eight years before on the Zambesi

river, men who seldom deviated from a devoted loyalty to their master, and Mabruki and Gardiner, who were the last of the Nassick boys brought from Bombay. In addition to the company selected and sent forward by Stanley as carriers, there were also several more Nassick boys, better trained than the other helpers, and among them two brothers, John and Jacob Wainwright. The addition of Jacob turned out to be a great benefit to the expedition.

The route Livingstone outlined was along the south end of Lake Tanganyika, and then to the south-west to Lake Bangweolo. Going round the south side of that lake, he proposed to go west to examine a place which was reported to be the fountains of the Nile. Away to the north-east is the district of Kitanga, which was said to be a mine of wealth in copper, with vast underground workings or natural excavations not far away. These of course he must examine, and when he had done so, he would be in a position to turn his face homewards, making his return journey by the Lualaba river, a stream which he had named Webb's river, after the name of the host in whose home he had enjoyed so very delightful hospitality when he was writing his story of his wanderings on the Zambesi and its tributaries. Then he would get across Lake Tanganyika, as he was making his road for home.

Before he started on this trip, intelligence reached him that the man at whose instance he had undertaken this journey, Sir Roderick Murchison, had passed away. No personal loss, save that of his wife, ever had so great an influence on his mind. Sir Roderick had been an intimate friend for many years, one who exercised a kind

of spell over him, because of his devotion to geographical science. The two differed as to the place which should be given to missionary operations when exploration was being done, but they had a strong attachment for each other. It was with a keen sense of chastening of sorrow that Livingstone bade farewell to his quarters at Unyanyembe, to finish his work. For the first time in his career he was well served by his assistants. As he went along, his heart was always full of gratitude for the excellent support he had received through the kindness and despatch of Stanley. In England he was suffering most keenly because of the jealousy his success in finding and relieving Livingstone had aroused, and was with violent invective defending his own honour and integrity from the unworthy and apparently unjust attacks being made upon him, through the Press and other public channels. But the man he had cheered and comforted was every day sending up his grateful thanks to Almighty God for the splendid provision he had made for him. As far as outfit went, he had now the time of his life. He had no anxiety about his staff. His orders were carried out to the letter, and even his desires anticipated. But when they set out on their journey, the rainy season was beginning. Illness, which had yielded to the treatment and comforts of Ujiji and Unyanyembe, made its inroads again upon a frame and constitution which had long undergone the strain of African travel.

On the twenty-fifth day of August, the party set out, and on the eight day of October they reached Tanganyika, at the Lake Liemba end. As the season advanced, weather conditions got steadily worse; sometimes a cold drizzle, not seldom an incessant downpour, varied by a

spell of clinging mist, which shut out the heavens and shrouded the swollen streams and quaking sponges. But they held steadily on, the company inspired with such a devotion to their leader as made them willing to bear all the discomforts of the way and the weather. They needed all the help of this kind they could get, for the fountains of the skies seemed fit to supply the fountains of the Nile. Their path lay across flooded rivers, which only showed themselves different from the flooded country by their current. Livingstone got to be so ill that he had to be carried over these streams on the shoulders of one of the men.

To add to the troubles of travel over a continual bog, the inhabitants proved most unfriendly to them; they even refused food and often misdirected them. Hunger was added to their other calamities. As if that were not enough, Livingstone particularly, and all of them generally, suffered a furious attack of red ants. The first to be routed out was the cook. Old Dr. Van der Kemp, the first Protestant missionary to South African Hottentots, used to say that no animal will assail men without provocation. Livingstone put this doctrine to the test, but the provocation included the subjective demands of hunger, as well as the hostile tactics of the enemy, and in this case these were quite sufficient. They drove their mandibles into the leader, and soon so covered his body that he was glad to flee to other quarters. They even followed him there, so that again he had to flee. Burning grass beat them off, but they carried with them a good share of Livingstone's blood.

They were guided to the north side of Lake Bangweolo when they wanted to get to its south side, and had to

make tracks away to the south-east so that they might get to the other end of the lake. False chiefs, bad weather, the recurrence of a serious bowel complaint, made progress very painful and slow, but Livingstone was still hopeful that he would be able to finish his task. When his sixtieth birthday came he was nearing the river Chambesi, which enters the lake from the east side; and while thanking the Almighty Preserver for sparing him so long, he now began to have a doubt as to whether he would have ultimate success, because of the many obstacles which had come in his way, and he prays that Satan may not prevail over him. A few days after this again he has so far recovered that he wrote that nothing earthly would make him relinquish his task till he had finished it. But his frame was giving way. The complaint which was sapping his strength was hemorrhage of the bowels. The weakness which was brought on by this constant loss of blood made him unable to walk. His men made a sort of rough litter for him, swung it on a pole, and by that means carried him. He very reluctantly agreed to receive this help, but they persuaded him and bore him in turns as they splashed through the swampy country. In this way they reached the Lolotikila river and crossed it, but there was no sign of recovery in their master's condition. The rainy season was passing away and the waters confining themselves more to their natural beds and to the lake. Still they were meeting many streams and sponge bogs, which made their march very slow and very disagreeable. By some means it occurred to Livingstone that the bleeding from which he was suffering was due to fever, and he treated himself accordingly, with such good effect

that he was able to ride on a donkey. But it was not for long. So serious had been the havoc made upon his strength already, that he became too weak even to take his usual observations and could scarcely hold a pencil. In a deluge of rain the tent he had used was blown into ribbons, and the men began to make a hut for him at the camping places. On the last Sunday when he could hold up at all, just ten days before he died, he held divine service with his men. By this time they had got round to the south side of Lake Bangweolo, into the Ilala country. After the Sunday he attempted to get along, by riding the donkey, but they had not got very far when he fell off its back thoroughly exhausted. Susi and Chuma picked him up, and he explained to them that he had lost so much blood and was so weak that they would have to carry him. This they did and bore him back to the village which they had just left. Fortunately the chief in whose territory they were was of a friendly disposition.

On the following day, they constructed a rough frame work couch on which to carry him, and covered it with grass and a blanket, making a shade from the rays of the sun by spreading another blanket along the pole by which the litter was suspended from the shoulders of the carriers. The extreme weakness of the sufferer made progress over rough swampy country very slow and to him very painful. He had got so weak that when they stopped he could not get off the couch without assistance. His attendants began to fear that he could not long survive. He was still busy with his mission, however. Coming to a village in which no chief could be found he sent to get one of the villagers to come to him, and he

asked him if he could tell him where the hill was in which four rivers took their rise. But this native knew nothing of it. So there was no information to be got in that quarter as to the fountains of the Nile. On the following day they got on a little further, when he arranged to have an inventory of the beads made, and gave orders for the purchase of some ivory to facilitate their market when they should reach Ujiji again, on their way home; but on the very next day he was so weak that he wrote the last words he ever penned. He tried to get goats so that he might have milk, but a marauding band had been through that part in a hunt for slaves and no goats could be found anywhere. There was nothing the party could provide in the way of nourishment that he could take. On the last day of his march he was too ill to walk out of the hut to the litter and asked the men to break down its side, that he might get on to it from his bed. On that day he was carried along with as much care as possible and ferried across a river. Chuma went on before the others, to get ready a hut for his master at Chitambo's village. To this he was borne and made as comfortable as possible for the night on a rough bed, and one of the Nassick boys was detailed to sleep just inside the doorway to attend to the master's wants. Twice Susi was called to him during the night, on the second occasion to give him hot water with which to mix his calomel. When the month of May was dawning in 1873, he was again summoned by the boy, who feared that something was wrong. He in his turn called Chuma and some of the others to go with him to the hut, and there they found their great master kneeling by the side of his bed, with his hands under his head, lying in an

easy posture, but his spirit had fled. He who had loved Africa and laboured for her as no other had ever done, had left it on bended knee—his last thought on earth being of the land to which he had devoted his life, and of the God into Whose presence he took all his cares and with Whom he found all his peace.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Tributes of Nation and Church.

THE news of Livingstone's death first floated out from the depths of Central Africa on the filmy wings of a rumour. Three times before a report had gone abroad that he was dead, and therefore the public was incredulous and his friends hoped that it was not true. But this time it was a reality. The Great Heart of Africa had ceased to beat within the bosom of David Livingstone. More than once he had received treatment, from those who should have been his helpers, which deserves no apology, and in the light even of the intervening years can only be explained on the ground that human nature is by essence perverse and selfish, when not wicked and cruel. When the news did reach the world at large, and the manner of his dying became known, there was one universal tribute from people of every class to the magnificence of the character of the departed hero. His achievements as an explorer had seldom been equalled, and, for the extent of territory which he had brought within the area of geographical knowledge, never can be equalled again. In the department of science he had risen to the highest rank by his contributions, both as to their number and their quality. But the thing which overshadowed every other thing

about him and cast the crimson hues of a divine illumination upon all his deeds was the sanctified character of the man himself.

In all respects the most pathetic and sublime tribute was paid to him by the Africans among whom he had died. When they learned that his life was gone, his followers had to face the question as to how they would have to dispose of his remains. Susi and Chuma, who had been longest in his service, took the responsibility of calling all the others into consultation as they discussed what they should do. One of the Nassick boys, Jacob Wainwright, could write. The boxes were to be opened in the presence of the whole company, and Jacob was to take an inventory of his belongings. Surely if angels could weep and rejoice at the same time, they would do so as they watched this tiro's pen tracing out the simple account of the possessions of the greatest man of the British race. "In a chest was found about a shilling and a half," wrote Jacob in his record, "and in other chest his hat, 1 watch, and 2 small boxes of measuring instrument, and in each box there was one. 1 compass, 3 other kind of measuring instrument, 4 other kind of measuring instrument. And in other chest, 3 drachmas and half half-scroople." How poor he was? Yet how rich, in that every letter of Jacob's simple record glittered with the bright gold of pure love!

The assembled company heard what Susi and Chuma had to say. Those who had come from Stanley, replied that they were old hands at travel and had been long with their dead master and must become their chiefs; they would obey whatever they said had to be done. Then in that counsel it was decided that they must

undertake to bear the body of Livingstone to be delivered to his own people at Zanzibar. They had to reckon with the superstitions concerning death in the village of Chitambo, the possibility of being met with a demand for the payment of a penalty which would reduce them to want should they meet it, and all the many possible and probable difficulties which might arise from a position so extraordinary But they decided they would meet them as they came. Meanwhile one of the company who had been in the employment of a doctor in Zanzibar, and who had got some rudimentary knowledge of post mortem examinations, was entrusted with the duty of preparing the body to be borne to the coast, a distance which took nine months to cover. Through an incision made with wonderful care, he extracted the viscera and the heart, which were put in a tin box, and reverently buried in a grave four feet deep, made at the foot of a mvula tree. At this spot Livingstone had rested while the hut in which he died was being prepared. Jacob made a rude inscription on this tree, setting forth that David Livingstone had died there. The body was treated with salt and a little brandy, and then exposed for fourteen days to the sun. After that, the legs were bent at the knees and placed in a sheeting of bark. Then the start to the coast was made. Chitambo had been very considerate with them, and made no unnecessary exactions; for he, too, had a dim idea that the man who had died on his ground was in some way a great friend to Africa. But when they set out, sickness, due to the long exposure in the swamps of Bangweolo, made serious havoc upon the company and hindered their progress. But when they had safely overcome all the

dangers of travel round the Lake Tanganyika, they got word that a search party was at Unyanyembe. This proved to be true. Instead of helping them in their task it hindered them, because the leaders of this surprise party wanted to bury Livingstone's body there. His old followers, however, insisted on taking it to the coast, and pursued their way. Even then they had not left all their troubles behind. At one point they only got through by a ruse. The natives objected to a dead body passing through their land and as they knew what had taken place about burying it on the way, Susi and Chuma pretended that they had changed their minds on the subject, and had sent it back to be buried at Unyanyembe —whereas, in fact, they had put it up in a package like a bale of goods and they were allowed to proceed. They had made up another package which resembled the body, which they despatched in the direction from which they had come and had it broken up when they had got sufficiently far back to disarm suspicion.

They reached Bagamoyo in February, 1874. The precious burden which they had borne so far was taken in charge by the Acting British Consul, and borne on a cruiser to Zanzibar, previous to being shipped to England. As they stood there delivering the remains which they had conveyed with such unexampled fidelity for so great a distance, and through almost unsurmountable obstacles, those sons of Africa paid a tribute to the departed Livingstone, whose body was being borne from them, which no one else could pay, and by their payment of it brought the Christian world to appreciate what a debt it owed to them and to the race to which they belonged. Not only had they accomplished this remarkable feat, but

they had demonstrated in a unique way how fine and noble are the native qualities of the ordinary human being; they had elevated the whole race of mankind.

Tributes had already been paid to Livingstone by the British people. The search party which met his remains at Unyanyembe was one of two which had been fitted out to help him. This one had been sent by the Royal Geographical Society, while another was making its entrance from the west coast by way of the Congo river, an expedition provided at the expense of Mr. Young, whose interest in Livingstone and affection for him dated from the days they spent together in Anderson's College in Glasgow. Moreover the letters which Stanley had carried home had been published, and their terrible revelations of the unspeakable horrors of the slave trade had created a feeling in the minds of the British people, which even penetrated through the constitutional torpor of Government departments, and steps were already being taken to remove some of the terrible evils of the traffic. Livingstone's old friend of Bombay days, Sir Bartle Frere, was sent out to effect a treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar, which would put a stop to the business at the sea coast.

Meanwhile the body of the man who had roused all this interest was carried first to Aden, on board the "Calcutta," and then transferred to the Peninsular and Oriental liner, "Malwa," to be transported to its destination. It reached Southampton on the 15th day of April, and three days later, a year all but twelve days from the date of his death, in the presence of a vast concourse of people, the mortal remains were laid to rest among the noble and sainted dead of Britain in West-

minster Abbey. Among those who stood round the open grave were Mr. H. M. Stanley, who had carried relief to him at Ujiji; Mr. Jacob Wainwright, the Nassick boy who wrote the account, such as it was, of the melancholy trip from Ilala to Zanzibar; Dr. Kirk, who had been with Livingstone on the Zambesi, but whose mistaken ideas of duty had caused him much trial in later days; Mr. W. F. Webb, in whose home at Newstead Abbey he had enjoyed such delightful hospitality on his last visit to England; the Rev. Horace Walpole, who assisted him to rescue the outcasts of Bishop Mackenzie's mission from a certain life of slavery; Mr. Oswell, who had crossed the Kalihari desert with him; Mr. E. D. Young, the tried friend and fellow worker of college days, and many more. Conspicuous among them all, however, was Dr. Robert Moffat, who had inspired him with his first love of Africa, and who had given him the hand of his daughter, Mary, who now slept amid scenes so different, at Shupanga, on the Zambesi. In a service which the whole circumstances made peculiarly impressive, nothing was so moving as the singing of the second paraphrase, the song of worship of his boyhood's days, in which at Blantyre, the family praise had so often been raised to heaven. It was set to the old tune of Tallis, and never did the arches of Westminster echo anything more appropriate or sublime.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide,
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore,
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

A Scene in Westminster Abbey.

On the black slab which covers his body he is described as Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist. The order was according to the activities in which his life had been spent, and the tributes of nation and church were guided by an inspired instinct to recognise what he had been and what his most supreme desires had been. "Punch," which is uniformly happy in its references to the great events of the nation's history, published seven verses, of which the last two are of special excellence.

Open the Abbey doors, and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage,
The missionary, come of weaver kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower wage.

He needs no epitaph to guard his name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known;
He lived and died for good—be that his fame;
Let marble crumble: this is Living-Stone.

The tributes which came from hundreds of lips limped falteringly over the tongues of the speakers, because their hearts were so full and their minds were subdued with the sense of the utter inability of any language to express the feelings struggling in the bosoms of those who had learned to appreciate what manner of man David Livingstone was. His life and still more his death, had commanded from every rank of society a tribute of honour for the home of the pious parents in which he had been reared and respect for hands horny with hard and honest toil. Those whose wisdom led them to think he had been wise and that they had been foolish. The determination to keep the missionary duties always to the front, had subdued the tumults of angry murderous tribes, and made paths of safety

through forests and swamps bristling with the spears of death and had left behind an incense of memory which made his name fragrant for more than one generation. No resolution, however eloquently expressed, by the most erudite member of the Royal Geographical Society could exaggerate the importance of his discoveries, and silence could not declare a consciousness of the general admiration for the results of his investigations, without trespassing on the emotional language outside the formal limits of her own rigid sphere. The missionary had so completely overshadowed the explorer, the traveller, and scientist, that it was only when the minds of men rose to the heights of worship that they could in any adequate way give a proper tribute to Livingstone. Some there were who suffered the keen sting of remorse that they had not done more for Livingstone living, that they might honour more Livingstone dead. But the British and the civilised races were in their different ways proud and grateful that there had lived such a man. He had redeemed the common clay of ordinary humanity from the bonds of earth and transfigured it to Christ-likeness.

Before long steps were taken to stop the terrible slave trade and heal the open sore of Africa. At first, the treaty to end it at the coast only sent it along the inland roads and made its tracks more bloody than ever. But by the establishment of the British Protectorate over East Central Africa, and the presence of a gun boat on the lakes, according to Livingstone's own plan, it was quickly made a waning horror of the past. But along with the belated energies of the government there went the spontaneous activities of the trading companies

and religious organisations. Every section of intelligent society felt the impulse caused by Livingstone's death.

There was no general assembly of the leaders of the different associations concerned, but by common consent the decision was reached that although Livingstone had died his spirit must go marching on, and the Africa for which he had laboured must reap the reward of his labour.

Every one of Livingstone's schemes received an acceleration at his death. An electric thrill passed through different institutions when the connecting current ran along by the fall of the controlling lever at Ilala. The "Livingstone Central Africa Company Limited" was soon organised, with the avowed object of promoting lawful commerce in the Shire and Lake Nyassa districts. The "African Lakes Corporation" was formed five years after his death for the distinct purpose of opening to legitimate trade the regions of Central Africa from the Zambesi to Lake Tanganyika. The "Central Africa Company" was begun by a Christian man of commerce in Glasgow. "The Lakes Corporation" was promoted by two gentlemen in Edinburgh to give employment to the natives, and substitute for the degrading slave trade, business carried on in a Christian spirit, excluding rum, and as far as possible gun-powder, and to strengthen as much as they could the hands of the missionaries. Ten years later, the "Imperial East Africa Company" got a royal charter, but it was in the field for two years before under a different name. As a financial concern it had but a short life, although it succeeded in forwarding the highest ends of commerce before it ceased to exist. Thus in several directions,

the cause of saving South Africa by honest trade received an amazing advance by Livingstone's death. On the whole, those who placed their credit and capital in it, have reaped substantial benefits in dividends, as well as satisfactory results in philanthrophy.

But no tribute could have been so gratifying to Livingstone as that which was paid by the churches. Most of the new interest sprung from his native Scotland, but that country has all along been the mother of missionaries more than any other land. Only in this case she was not alone in her new consecration to the crying needs of Africa. The Universities' Mission, which had been diverted into the murky air of ritualistic observance under Bishop Tozer at Zanzibar, came back to offer the incense of a pure gospel under Bishop Steere, who left the foetid streets of the voluptuous capital to set up the standard of his church, consecrated in a new inspiration at Masasi between the sea and Lake Nyassa, to the north of Rovuma, about a hundred and fifty miles to the west of Cape Delgado. It is far from the site of Magamero, but at that and the other stations which have risen around it, the spirit and name of Bishop Mackenzie receive a worthy recognition. The Church Missionary Society had gone to the shores of Lake Nyassa. The Episcopal church through these two societies have won for herself the fadeless renown of martyrdom in Central Africa. Mackay, of Uganda, is a household name, since that young Scotchman burned out his eager life in the land which will always be linked with his name. Bishop Hannington, who might have lived and died in obscurity in England, came into the royal race of apostolic succession in Africa.

The London Missionary Society, which first sent Livingstone to Africa, has at great cost of men and women established healthy stations all round Lake Tanganyika. She has her graves there which have made that region as holy ground to her as any part of the wide field over which her agents are engaged. One of her last advances into the area of pure heathenism was due to the incentive of an English gentleman, who lived himself the life of an impecunious miser, but in life and since his death sent out the elements of gospel knowledge with the munificence of an extravagant prince. That Society commended itself to him as it did seventy years ago to Livingstone, because of its cosmopolitan basis, sending neither Episcopacy, Independency, or Presbyterianism, but simply the gospel of the Blessed God to the heathen. Other Societies caught the same spirit. The Society of Evangelical Missions at Paris sent out its French preachers to the Barotse valley, at the head waters of the Zambesi. From the west as well as from the east the new streams of Christian influence began to flow. The Livingstone Inland Mission, under the direction of Mr. Grattan Guinness, took up its place by the banks of the Congo, and has done much to honour the name it chose. From its operations there sprung the institution in London, England, which is also called after the same hero, the Livingstone College. There among its most precious possessions is the small medicine case with its half-emptied phial of calomel, the last thing Livingstone touched before he clasped his hands in the petition on whose wings he sped to heaven. This institution exists for the specific purpose of giving all missionaries whose fields will be remote from medical help, a sufficient know-

ledge of the art as to enable them to deal with their own ailments and the diseases and accidents of those to whom they minister. The Baptist Missionary Society has also been busy on the Congo, and has put all civilisation under its debt by the defence it has made of the natives against the inhuman atrocities done with the connivance, if not at the instigation, of one of the royal heads of Europe. He has since gone to his reward, but his works follow him but slowly. America which sent Stanley to find Livingstone has also taken her share in carrying on his work. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions went in from Benguella on the west coast to the region of the Coanza, that illusory stream which Livingstone hoped to find on his first famous journey from Linyanti.

But his native land had done most to carry on the work he had to lay down through the agencies of the Presbyterian churches. The Church of Scotland went to the Shire highlands and began the mission at Blantyre, continuing in the land in which he died the name of the village in which he was born. It began three years after his death and was intended as the memorial of the Church of Scotland to David Livingstone. The intention of doing honour to him was evident in its first step, which consisted in sending artisan missionaries, headed by a doctor. While clerical men have been added, the original purpose of the Memorial has been preserved, both at Blantyre and at Kikuyu, a station begun under the direction of Dr. Stewart, Livingstone's old acquaintance, in 1891. At Blantyre, there are about thirty European missionaries to-day, and over five hundred native workers, including evangelists and ordained pastors.

The training given is under an apprenticeship system of four years, and includes carpentry, gardening, and profitable agriculture, printing, clerking, and book-keeping, tailoring, laundry and needlework, while in the hospital boys are taught to be orderlies and girls to be nurses.

The Livingstonia Mission, now under the care of the United Free Church of Scotland, has most fully realised the ideals Livingstone so often urged. As we have seen, the Rev. James Stewart came out to consult with him when he was exploring the Zambesi, as to the advisability of establishing a mission on the east side of Africa then, but decided, much to Livingstone's regret, that owing to the disturbed character of the country through inter-tribal wars, such a step was not practicable at that time. But the plan was not forgotten, and when he stood by Livingstone's grave at Westminster, he got a new inspiration, under the influence of which he went straight to the General Assembly at Edinburgh, where he pleaded that the church should send out men to occupy for the gospel the land where Livingstone had died, and suggested that the redeemed country should be called Livingstonia. The response was quick and great. To-day, the stations of the Livingstonia mission reach from Cape Clear in the south of Lake Nyassa, to Mwenzo, half-way between its north end and the south end of Tanganyika; and proudest of all its stations is Livingstonia itself, in which is carried on, in actual life, the work which flitted before Livingstone's mind as a dream. One of the first effects of this new enterprise was that it brought three sections of Scottish Presbyterians into unity; the Free Church of Scotland began

it, the Reformed Church joined, and the United Presbyterian Church co-operated. One of the best contributions the last-named made to the cause was the gift of their missionary, Dr. Laws, whose name as missionary, administrator, and teacher, shines with a lustre throughout Central Africa, only eclipsed by that of the man whose spirit he perpetuated. Livingstone dead, in all those tributes of mission and church, continues to live; and, as we think about him again, will live more than ever.

THE END.