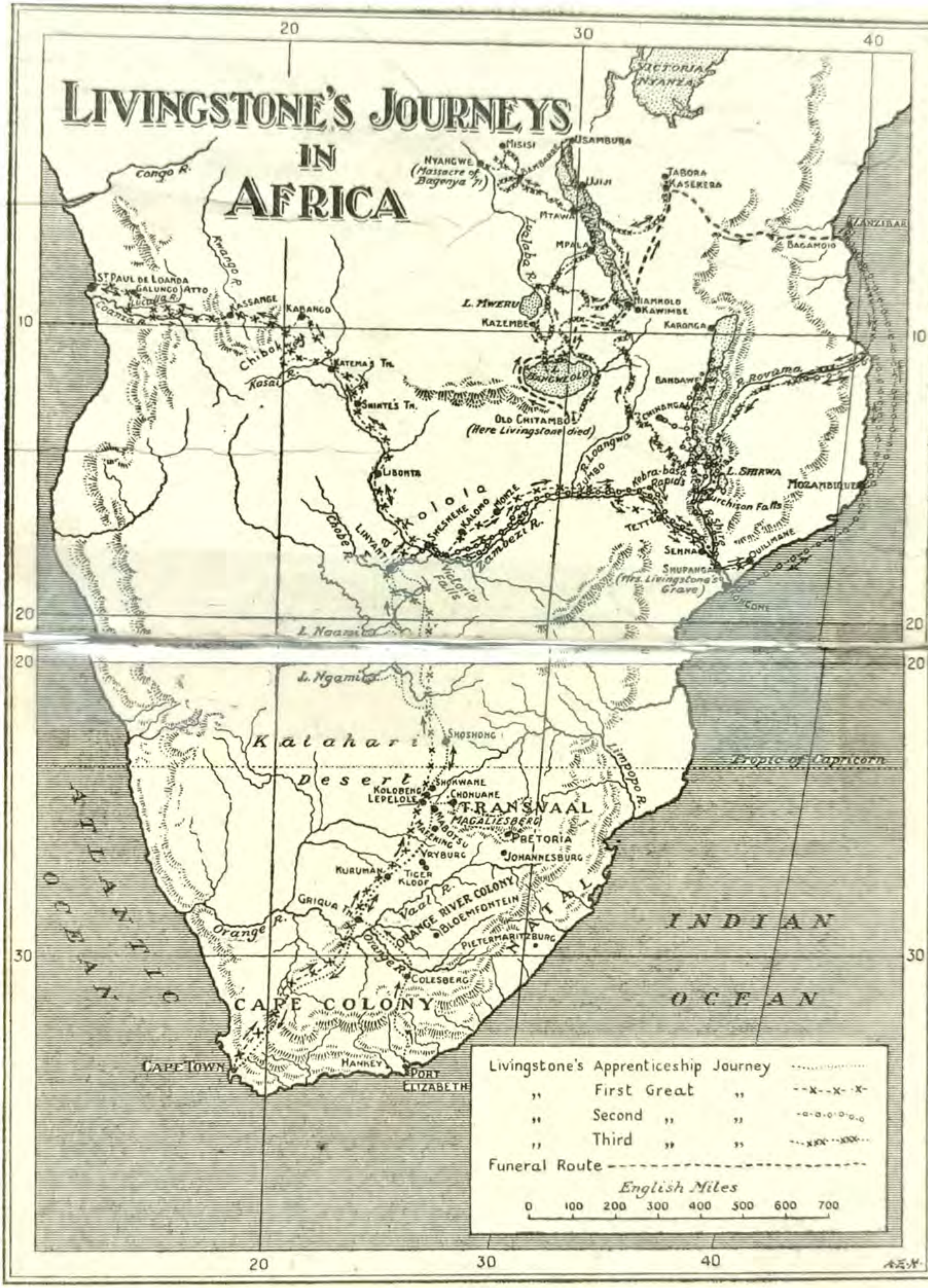
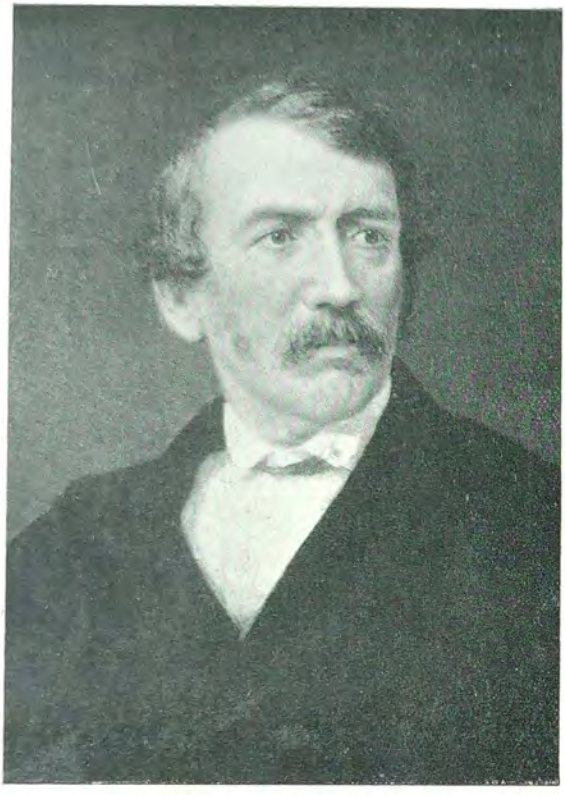


LIVINGSTONE'S JOURNEYS IN AFRICA
Congo R.
Kwango R.
Lualaba R.
St. Paul de Loanda
Galungo
Atto
Lucalla R.
Coanza R.
Kassange
Kabango
Chiboko
Katema's Tn.
Kasai R.
Shinte's Tn.
Libonta
Linyanti
Sesheke
Kalomo
Monze
Zumbo
Chobe R.
Zambezi R.
Victoria Falls
L. Ngami
Victoria Nyanza
Nyangwe
(Massacre of Bagenya '71)
Misisi
Usambura
Ujiji
Mtawa
Mpala
Tabora
Kasekera
Zanzibar
Bagamoio
L. Mweru
Kazembe
Niammolo
Kawimbe
Karonga
L. Bangweolo
Old Chitambo
(Here Livingstone died)
R. Loangwa
Bandawe
Chinanga
R. Rovuma
L. Shirwa
Mozambique
Kebra-basa Rapids
Murchison Falls
Tette
R. Shire
Senna
Quilimane
Shupanga
(Mrs. Livingstone's Grave)
Kongone
Kalahari
Desert
Shoshong
Tropic of Capricorn
Limpopo R.
Shokwane
Kolobeng
Chonuane
Lepelole
TRANSVAAL
Magaliesberg
Mabotsu
Mafeking
Pretoria
Johannesburg
Vryburg
Kuruman
Tiger Kloof
Griqua Tn.
Vaal R.
ORANGE RIVER COLONY
Bloemfontein
NATAL
Pietermaritzburg
Orange R.
Colesberg
CAPE COLONY
Cape Town
Hankey
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
20
30
40
10
A.E.N.



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DAVID LIVINGSTONE

From the Painting by F. Havill

The Story of
DAVID LIVINGSTONE

by W. P. Livingstone
Author of "Mary Slessor", "Laws of Livingstonia", etc.

London :
THE LIVINGSTONE PRESS
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THE STORY OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE

CHAPTER ONE

The Armour of Light

1813—40

I

T the name of David Livingstone the drab streets, grey skies and orderly civilization of our Northern land vanish and there comes a vision of Africa, vast, inscrutable, menacing—of brilliant, shadeless deserts, and sombre forests, and swamps infested by hordes of wild beasts; of sunlight glowing with incandescent heat, pitiless rains, and cold white mists; of a multitude of little groups of mud huts populous with black humanity: of endless conflict and panic, tribal wars, slave-raids, and savage, unreasoning slaughter; of suffering and misery and sadness unspeakable—all bringing a stifling sense of physical degradation and moral miasma.

Within the field of vision we see moving the solitary figure of a white man with peaked cap, whose keen observant eyes note every detail about him, who speaks gently to all and reads much in a Book ready to his hand. We see him remonstrating patiently and

courteously with hostile natives and slave-traders; contending against stupidity and treachery, against hunger and weakness and pain, perpetually baffled and disappointed but always dauntless and hopeful and calm. We see him pressing ever forward, indomitable in his determination to bring about the redemption of the people and the land.

We see him grow old in his sacrificial service, grey and toothless, and racked with fever and excruciating pain, walking with ulcered feet and swimming brain —but always forward.

We see him stricken, his strength slowly ebbing under his privations and hardships, lying in a hut in the bush, his thoughts outreaching the worn and disabled frame and travelling onwards on his quest.

Dimly in the darkness and loneliness of the tropical night we see him on his knees, his tired body at last at rest, but his spirit winging its way on further adventurous flight. . . .

The vision fades but the story remains, a continuous inspiration in its revelation of the power and dignity and possibilities of the human soul.

II

It is little more than a century since the Christian Church realized that it was neglecting its primary duty and ignoring the example of its Master, the Missionary Saviour. An evangelical revival made it conscious of a great world untouched by Christ, and it was moved to minister to its spiritual needs.

In 1813, when David Livingstone was born, only the fringes of non-Christian lands had been occupied by missions. With difficulty a start had been made in India. China was closed to foreigners, but here and there a pioneer was digging himself in. In Africa, sections of the coast had been settled but belts of malarial jungle and desert made the interior in-

accessible: the map of the inland continent was practically a blank.

Public opinion was not at first favourable to the work of missionaries. Governments and officials regarded them with unconcealed aversion and even hostility. Livingstone grew up to give the movement its greatest impetus and to broaden the basis of its appeal. At that time the one aim of missionaries was the conversion of the individual heathen heart: he expanded this aim so that it came to include every agency contributing to the spiritual, social, and economic betterment of backward humanity.

III

Livingstone came into a home which was typical of thousands of others in Scotland at that period. His parents lived on the Monteith Estate at Low Blantyre near Glasgow. Within the grounds of the Estate were spinning and dye-works, and rows of tenements and small houses, access to which was through a large gateway that was closed at 10 p.m. and opened early in the morning. The Livingstone home was in Shuttle Row, a tenement block, with an outside turnpike stair. From the window of the single room the inmates looked down upon a grassy slope, the gleaming waters of the river, and, beyond, a thickly wooded country.

The building became dilapidated after Livingstone's day but a happy change has come over the scene. Christendom has honoured him by transforming the tenement and grounds into a memorial of his life and work; into a Shrine of Remembrance, a place of beauty and inspiration and pilgrimage.

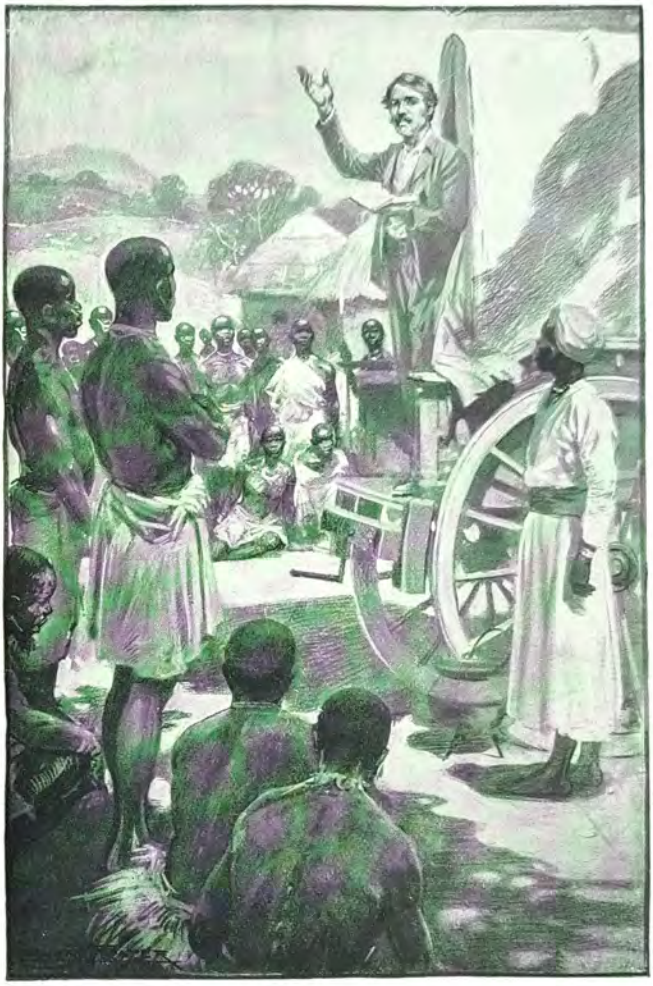
In David's veins ran a mixture of good northern blood, Highland on his father's side, Covenanting on his mother's, two strains that in their combination tend to produce spiritual sensitiveness and strong

character. His father was upright, well-read and observant; his mother a bright and gentle being, a thrifty housekeeper, and a careful trainer of her children. David had reason in after years to be thankful that she had kept him so scrupulously clean and tidy.

Though religion was not paraded it was of supreme concern in the family. Of the old Calvinistic type, regarded nowadays as harsh, it was tempered by natural affection and associated with a catholic outlook and a keen interest in missionary enterprise and progress. Growing up in such an atmosphere David was unconsciously influenced by its spirit and conformed to its rule, but remained a very human boy, full of life and fun, and occasionally earning a rebuke or chastisement for some minor escapade or fault. He helped his mother in the home, sweeping and scrubbing with a thoroughness which satisfied even her exacting requirements.

The family attended the Congregational Chapel in Hamilton, three miles away, and were seldom absent. There was a novel arrangement here for receiving the offerings which helped to sharpen David's wits. The coins were slipped through an aperture in a wall and slid down an incline to a box on the floor. David took to listening to the clink of the coins, and so expert did he become in guessing what they were that he could give a fairly accurate idea of the amount of the collection for the day.

As was the custom of boys in humble circumstances he was sent out at an early age in order to eke out the family earnings. At ten he was in the cotton weaving factory on the Estate, watching the threads as they ran through the machine, and joining those that broke. The long hours, from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m., with short intervals for meals, did not leave him much leisure, but he was fond of reading and ambitious to learn, and



LIVINGSTONE PREACHING FROM HIS WAGON

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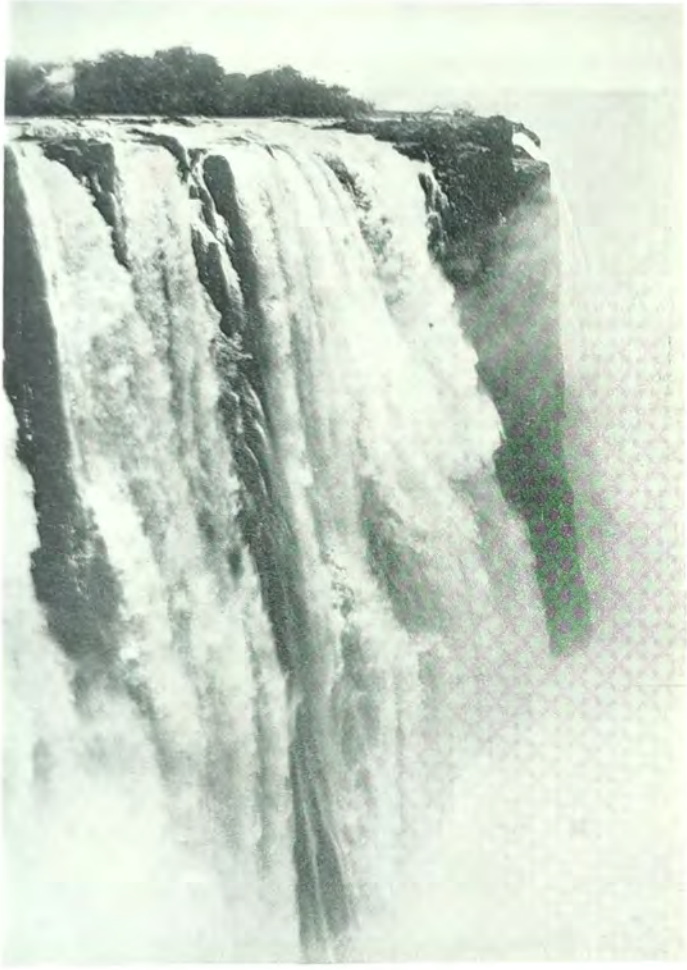


THE VICTORIA FALLS

(One of the wonders of the world. Discovered by Livingstone in 1855)

face page 13

with his first wage he bought a Latin grammar and began to study it. This did not satisfy him : night schools in connexion with industrial works were common then, and he attended the one in the village until ten o'clock. After that he went on poring over his books as long as he was permitted to sit up. In those years he was habituated to steady toil which gradually lost its irksomeness and even became a pleasure.

On the household bookshelf were the popular theological treatises which every Scottish home contained. These he disliked and would not read : they did not seem to be related to the living world about him so full of colour and wonder. Books of travel he devoured, and also scientific works, which his father imagined to be antagonistic to religion. David, who was thinking for himself, did not see how the truth of God revealed by science could contradict the truth of God expressed by religion.

His love of nature was as keen as his love of reading. On Saturday afternoons and holidays he wandered far afield with his brothers, curious about all the objects of the countryside and gradually acquiring a knowledge of botany, geology and zoology. It was noted that when they came to a difficult bit of ground David trudged straight on while his brothers went round the obstacle. He had already that resolute forward tread, unhasting, unresting, which characterized him throughout life. It was, a lady who knew him told the writer, " a restful active walk, very steady, very sure, very patient."

Thoughtful, and at times inclined to be dreamy, his fellow workers imagined him to be lacking in spirit. In reality he was groping for an understanding of the meaning of life. Young as he was he gave the matter serious and honest thought with the result that he passed from mere outward profession to a vivid realization of Christ and His redemptive mission.

It brought him into a new and close association with Him which powerfully affected his whole character and governed him ever after.

The same change comes to many lads, but it is not often that it leads to such complete surrender and dedication as it did in Livingstone's case. He gave up all idea of " getting on " in the world or of working for distinction or monetary gain : he determined to employ whatever gifts he possessed in the selfless service of God and men. Impressed by accounts given of the mission work of the Moravians and other societies he began definitely to think of becoming a missionary. His attention was drawn to China through reading an appeal by Karl Gutzlaff, of the Netherlands Missionary Society, who, forced to restrict himself to the seaboard, trained Christian Chinese and sent them into the country. From his writings Livingstone learnt that a medical man might gain admission to many places by means of his healing art when a clerical missionary would be debarred.

IV

At the age of nineteen he was promoted to the rank of spinning and earned a wage which justified him planning for the University. He carried on his studies with such earnestness that he took a book in his pocket to the factory and laid it on the machine so that every now and then he could read a sentence or two as he worked. By the time he was twenty-three he had saved up enough to attend medical and divinity classes in Glasgow during the winter, returning in summer to the mill. So impatient, however, was he to realize his dream that in his second session he decided to apply for a position as a missionary.

Among the agencies in the foreign field none appealed to him more than the London Missionary Society.

From 1795, when it was founded, it had been sending out men to China, the South Seas, South Africa, Madagascar and India: it had on its roll such famous names as Vanderkemp, Robert Morrison, David Griffiths and Robert Moffat: all its operations had been distinguished by high faith, enthusiasm and courage. It was also undenominational, its sole object being "to spread the knowledge of Christ among the heathen and other unenlightened nations."

To this Society Livingstone sent in his application, in the course of which he indicated his belief that the Gospel included the improvement of the temporal conditions of the natives "by introducing the arts and sciences of civilization." It was favourably considered, and he went to London to be interviewed. His heavy-looking figure and strongly marked Scottish features did not seem promising to an experienced Board of Directors who had reason to be careful in their selection of agents. He was, however, accepted provisionally and sent to the Rev. Richard Cecil of Ongar in Essex for a course of instruction. It was not a very happy experience for one of his type of character. He was simple and direct in all his thought and action: especially so in his inner relation to God, and the long prayers and sermons, though in harmony with the spirit of the age, were foreign to his nature. The sermons it was his duty to learn by heart. On one occasion when suddenly called upon to take an evening service his memory played a not uncommon trick; he forgot what he had to say and had to leave the pulpit. It was a trivial lapse—similar failures have occurred to the most experienced preachers—but it told against him when his case came again before the Board. But he was given another trial, and this being of the nature of a challenge to his ability, he resolved to fulfil the conditions, and did so. Thereafter he went to London to complete his medical training.

Still, he did not impress the Board, which continued to hesitate as to his field of service. What Livingstone called "the abominable opium war" was being waged in China—abominable it was, for it had been started by the British to enforce their right to trade in the country and introduce opium. He was not considered suitable for India where missionaries of a peculiarly able type were required to combat the subtleties of Hinduism. On the whole it was thought he would find his niche in South Africa. The Society's missionaries there were working their way into the interior and Robert Moffat had planted a station as far north as Kuruman (between the modern towns of Kimberley and Mafeking) in Bechuanaland.

At this juncture Moffat himself appeared in London on furlough and called at the boarding house where Livingstone lived. The latter listened to the pioneer's description of what was being accomplished in the hinterland, and became interested, and finally asked modestly if he would do for the work. Eager to secure another recruit Moffat drew a vivid picture of the land and its needs and of thousands of villages in the vast regions in the north which no missionary had yet visited. Livingstone's eyes kindled: he considered a little and then said, "I will go to Africa."

The Board acquiesced, appointed him a missionary at a salary of £100 per annum, and instructed him to proceed to Kuruman and turn his attention to the interior. In Glasgow he secured the Diploma of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, and one cold grey dawn in the winter of 1840 he said good-bye to his parents and, after being ordained in London, sailed for the Cape.

V

He was in his twenty-eighth year, a well-built, sturdy figure, with deeply chiselled features and keen hazel eyes haunted by a quiet humour which now and

then broke out into a winning smile that was like sunlight in a grey day. In manner he was unassuming with a certain bluntness which some mistook for roughness ; it was the symbol of an independent mind, for he was self-reliant and thought his own thoughts, without being stubborn. He was sensitive to the influence of experience and receptive of new ideas, though, after considering any matter, he resolutely pursued the path which he believed to be right.

He would have been considered inadequately trained by most modern Societies, but he had already in some measure qualifications without which no missionary, however technically equipped, is able to win men and women, those which his Master, the medical missionary of Galilee possessed in supreme degree—simplicity, sympathy, understanding, patience, gentleness, courage, purity—the armour of light.

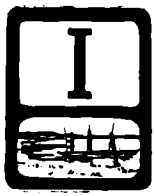
He was cultivating those qualities because deep in his reticent nature was a passionate love of Christ : " My great object," he said, " is to be like Him, to imitate Him as far as He can be imitated." It was his constant prayer. The result proved how profoundly unbroken contact with the personality and ideals of Jesus can influence and mould a human life.

CHAPTER TWO

1841—1849

A DRY AND THIRSTY LAND

I



IT was winter, the best season for the road, when Livingstone, after a short stay at the Cape left Algoa Bay on his seven-hundred-mile wagon trek to Kuruman. As he leisurely ascended from the moist coast to the second plateau, and crossed the great central karoo dotted with kopjes, and then the higher plains, with clear bright days of sunshine and nights of serene starlight, the spell of African travel fell upon him. He entered the vast spaces of Bechuanaland, 4,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level, and in July came to Kuruman, on the edge of the Kalahari Desert, a little oasis of pleasantness created out of the sterile wilderness. It consisted of a number of buildings of blue limestone thatched with reed and straw and a large garden of vines and peaches, oranges and apple trees, beside a streamlet which came gushing out of a cave.

During the journey he had been pondering the reports current among native traders and missionaries that a lake existed somewhere in the north-west beyond the utmost bounds of civilization. If there were a lake there might be a river, and if a river then fertile country and a population. It might be his work to open up this unknown sphere and he grew enthusiastic at the

prospect. " My life," he said, " may be spent as profitably as a pioneer as in any other way."

He had been influenced by his observations in the South. Some of his judgments, expressed freely in letters, may have been immature, but his shrewd eyes had rightly appraised a situation which was unsatisfactory and he had no hesitation in saying so to the Board of Directors in London. That body must have been surprised to receive communications from the young man of whose ability it had been doubtful, respectfully but firmly questioning the wisdom of the policy in force in Cape Colony. His view was that the field there was overstaffed: too many men were clustered in a region where the number of natives was comparatively small: they ought to move up into the unevangelised interior.

It is a curious commentary on his opinion that today there are in South Africa no fewer than forty-eight missionary agencies at work and that the natives, following white example, have established as many as 35 " separatist " church bodies.

Another point which he stressed was the necessity of training native agents. He had been struck by the character of the converts in the south and regarded them as suitable for work in the unoccupied areas. Africa, he was already convinced, would only be won by Africans. Training institutions would be the solution of the tremendous problem of its evangelization.

The matter, of course, was not quite so simple as he thought then. Even yet there is considerable difference of opinion as to whether the work of Europeans ought to be intensive or take the form of widespread itinerant evangelism. Much can be said for both methods: each is needed and has its place: each is complementary to the other. Livingstone was thinking of Africa and the immediacy of its needs and was

in favour of expansion as against concentration. Nor, as regards native agents, could he foresee the difficulties, in the practical working out of his scheme, the slow evolution of the right kind of men, the failures and disappointments that would mar its progress. At first it could only be a rough and ready means of meeting the situation.

II

He found at Kuruman an artisan missionary, an older man, named Roger Edwards. Eager to move on he proposed to him that they should make a reconnaisance to the north; and they set off, taking with them two native Christians whom Livingstone believed to be suited for advance posts: one of these he was ready to support out of his own salary. They kept to the east of the Kalahari and travelled for seven hundred miles amongst various tribes, chief of which, going north, were the Bakhatla; then five days beyond these the Bakwain; and eight days farther on the Bamangwato. Other fourteen days' travel to the north-east would have brought them to the Matabele, a war-loving tribe of Zulu stock, who under Mosilikatse, were terrorising a wide region; but their attendants would not risk facing these dreaded marauders. The whole country was found to be in a state of demoralization as a result of Matabele raids, inter-tribal strife, and the advance of southern influences inimical to mission work. Livingstone's conclusion was that it was a sphere which should be occupied at once. Missionaries ought to be settled in a land before commercial forces entered: otherwise lawless conditions and racial friction were apt to develop.

As the party was making its way back a little girl sought the protection of the wagon. She had run away from a family who intended to sell her when she was old enough to be a wife. It was Livingstone's

first contact with an evil with which, in its grosser forms, he was to come to death-grips, and it is interesting to find him puzzled how to deal with the case. One of the converts handled it for him; the girl was hidden and taken on to friends near Kuruman.

This journey so impressed Livingstone with the importance of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the native language that one day he quietly left the station and disappeared into the north. For six months he saw nothing of European society. He made his headquarters at Lepelole, 264 miles north of Kuruman, but wandered far and wide in his ox-waggon. One day he appeared at Shoshong and interviewed Sekomi, the chief of the Bamangwato. Among those who gazed at the white man was his son, Khama, then a lad of fourteen, who was later to become the greatest Christian ruler in Africa.

He reached a point within ten days of the mysterious lake (Ngami) about which there was so much talk, a short distance, as distances go in Africa, but geographical discovery was not his object at the moment. He was also travelling on foot as his oxen had gone sick. His followers had no great opinion of his walking powers and made some derogatory remarks about him which he overheard. These so stirred his Highland blood that he kept up a swift and continuous march until the men were obliged to revise their judgment.

This long and intimate association with the natives had a profound influence upon his career. It gave him such a familiarity with the idiomatic characteristics of the common tongue and such an insight into the customs, laws and mentality of the African that he was thenceforward able to " think native." To this knowledge and to the understanding and respect it brought, his success in the future was largely due.

He fixed on Lepelole for his new centre, but on returning to Kuruman for building material, news

followed that tribal war had broken out in the district and he resumed his work at the station and in the villages around. His fame as a kindly and skilful physician spread to all quarters of the land. Patients came from districts 130 miles distant and carried back to their villages stories of the white medicine man who treated them like a brother. Wherever he went his wagon was besieged by crowds appealing to be healed. The scenes were reminiscent of another age and another land for " he received them and spake unto them of the Kingdom of God and healed them that had need of healing."

As a number of northern natives had come down with him to Kuruman and he felt responsible for their safe return he set off again in February, 1843, covering 400 miles on ox-back, a rough method over tracts of sand and rock. After seeing the men to their homes he pushed into new country, coming across many and strange types of degraded humanity, who drew out his interest and compassion. By their evening fires he sat and talked to them of God and Jesus and Peace and Love. He suffered hardship and hunger and weariness, but endured all with patience and cheerfulness. Once he stumbled in a stony pass and fractured his finger. No sooner had it begun to heal than it was broken again by the recoil of his revolver on the occasion of a midnight visit from a lion. On his way back he chose a site for a station among the Bakhatla, at Mabotsa (between Mafeking and Johannesburg) in what seemed a pleasant valley, 270 miles north of Kuruman.

Two letters awaited him, one from the London Board authorising him to proceed with his plans, the other from a Scottish lady who sent him £12 for the support of a native agent. In selecting the agent he made a happier choice than he realized at the time : he was one of the Christians on the station named Mebalwe.

With him, and accompanied also by Mr. Edwards, he went north to Mabotsa. Scrupulous to respect the rights of the natives, even when they were unaware that they had any, he bought the site—with a gun valued at £4—drawing up the deed in legal form, and making the chief affix his mark. In a short time, even before building operations were finished, a complete station was in being, with services for adults—who were curious but not keen about the new religion—a dispensary and a school of naked and awe-struck children. Livingstone disliked the confinement and drudgery of school work, but he always held that " the true and honest discharge of the common duties of everyday life is divine service," and he discovered as he had discovered in his youth, that what he began as a duty ended in being a joy.

Frequently he had to leave his work and chase lions off the station. They prowled round by day as well as by night. Cattle, calves, sheep and goats were killed and mangled, the stock of Mabalwe suffering most. One afternoon Livingstone was superintending workers at a watercourse when a runner arrived with news that lions were in the vicinity. He procured his gun and set off with the people. A number of the animals were stalked and encircled, but they burst through the cordon and escaped. Moving round a hillock Livingstone saw one squatting on a rock thirty yards off and fired. " He's shot ! " the natives exclaimed. " Wait," he cried. While re-loading he heard a shout of alarm and noticed the people fleeing in all directions with the exception of Mebalwe who had a gun, and another man with a spear, who courageously stood their ground. He glanced round. The lion, a little below him, sprang and caught his left shoulder, and hurled him to the earth, growling and worrying him as a cat does a mouse. He was shocked into a dream-like state yet sought to shake the beast off. Mebalwe took

careful aim, but both barrels missed fire. Enraged at this interruption, it left Livingstone and leapt upon Mebalwe, biting his thigh. The native with the spear then rushed up and attacked, and the lion turned and seized him by the shoulder, but it was its final effort: it fell dead from the effect of the original shot.

Pale and bleeding, Livingstone walked back to the mission house. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Edwards had any knowledge of surgery, but he gave them directions and they did their best and nursed him back to health. His shoulder bone was broken in pieces and there were deep wounds made by the lion's teeth. In time the injuries healed though a false joint formed, and he was never after able to uplift his left arm to any extent without pain.

III

Shortly after this incident the Moffat family returned from furlough, and Livingstone with his arm in a sling went down to Kuruman to welcome them. All his resolutions to remain single gave way before the charm of Mary, the eldest daughter, a capable, affectionate girl, to whom he proposed under the almond trees in the garden. She accepted him, and it was with a new and sweet interest in life that he went north to Mabotsa to build a permanent house that would be worthy of its mistress.

Together they began a busy Robinson Crusoe sort of life, he moulding bricks and laying them—for the Africans had no idea of symmetry and every one had to be placed square by his own hand—sawing wood, irrigating, joinering, gardening, doing smith work, teaching, preaching, and in spare hours agitating by letter for a training institute: she baking bread in a rough oven, making butter, manufacturing candles and soap, and running an infant school and sewing class. It was a happy time. "The sweat of one's brow," Livingstone remarked, "is

no longer a curse when one works for God."

Unfortunately, strained relations developed with Edwards, the artisan-missionary, and things were said which hurt his spirit, but his principle was to do anything for peace rather than fight for it. He always tried not to judge a man : " Jesus," he said, " did not come to judge, but to love and sympathise." Though it was with a sore heart he quietly vacated the station and left his colleague in possession. Moving forty miles further north into the territory of the Bakwains, to a place called Chonuane, he started his building and other labours over again, under conditions of strain and privation little known to others.

To Sechele, the Chief, he was strongly drawn, and the Chief was equally attracted by him, though startled by the nature of the new teaching. " How is it ? " he enquired, " that you have not come sooner to tell us these things. Our fathers have passed into the darkness without knowing whither they were going." Possessing an alert mind, he set himself to read and was soon conning the Old Testament stories which depicted a life not unlike that in Africa. But he ridiculed the missionary's idea of converting people. He wanted to enforce the process by using the rhinoceros hide. Better ideas came later.

It was three years, however, ere he applied for baptism. Livingstone said : " What about your wives ? " The Chief was troubled. " What should I do ? " he asked. " You have the Bible," was Livingstone's reply, " Read it." The Chief went home and read it. The result was that, retaining one wife, he loaded the others with clothing and goods and sent them back to their friends. " I want to do the will of God," he said. This action alienated many of his heathen followers who became less respectful in their bearing and more hostile to the religion which had given their Chief a " soft heart."

No mission could exist without an ample supply of water, and persistent drought destroyed the hope of Chonuane becoming a permanent settlement. Livingstone decided that he must look out for another site. So great was the influence he had acquired over the Chief and his people that they agreed to accompany him wherever he chose to go. A site was selected on the banks of a stream at Kolobeng, forty miles to the westward, and here again was undertaken the laborious task of erecting and equipping the necessary buildings. One of the lessons Livingstone was always teaching the natives was the value of self-help. Under his stimulus and direction they now set to work and constructed a dam, a water course, and little irrigation canals to their provision fields. The Chief provided the schoolhouse. "I desire," he said, "to build a house for God, the defender of my town." He was baptized soon after and continued faithful to his vows, a remarkable example of the power of the Gospel to change an African ruler's mind and ways.

Not many of his people followed his example: they liked to have a white man in their midst since it gave them a feeling of security against enemies, but his religion had no attraction for them. There was one village where all the cocks were put to death because they persisted in crowing "Tlang lo rapelling" —"come along to prayers!" Yet even the fiercest sometimes came under the power of moral conviction. Livingstone told of one mighty hunter who when lying mangled by a rhinoceros scorned to show feeling or shed a tear, but when listening to the gospel sank to the ground weeping.

IV

Livingstone was now settled in a pioneer post with a young family growing up about him. These were some of his happiest years. His time was fully

occupied with medical and evangelistic work : his restless mind was constantly planning; he was writing to the London officials and his friends (some of whom thought he was too ambitious ; " yes," he said, " I am ambitious—for the Master ") ; he was " hatching " a grammar of the language, and he was studying the natural history and the climatic and geological phenomena of the country with the most minute and painstaking observation. Bechuanaland he became enthusiastic about as a resort for patients with pulmonary complaints. The whole region adjacent to the Kalahari desert, though hot, was extremely dry and bracing and the evenings were deliciously cool and for months together there was no dew.

One of the problems which exercised him was the desiccation going on before his eyes : he believed there was ample evidence to indicate that the whole region of the Kalahari had formerly been under water. He had good reason to be interested in the subject, for once more the rains and the springs failed, the stream dried up, the heavens became as iron and the earth brass. To the end of his days he carried a picture in his memory of that weary time, the hot east wind, the yellow, sultry, cloudless sky, the drooping grass and plants, the lean cattle, the dispirited people, his own heart sick with hope deferred, and in the dead of night the shrill whistle of the rain-doctor calling for the rain which never came. Food became scarce : the family were reduced to using bran, and were glad of a dish of locusts, while the children ate roasted caterpillars and a species of frog as large as a chicken, which, to their thinking, was delicious. It was little wonder that the natives defined that rare quality " holiness " in their picturesque way as " when copious showers descend during the night and all the earth and leaves and cattle are washed clean, and the sun rising shows a drop of dew on every

blade of grass and the air breathes fresh."

There were times even in these comparatively smooth days when Livingstone sat down and brooded over the meaning of the misfortunes which beset him. Was the Spirit of Evil at work seeking to defeat him? But these moods quickly passed. Acting on his own principle that "if we serve God at all it ought to be done in a manly way" he braced himself to face his difficulties. The best cure for depression was to strike out on a new venture and his eyes turned to the grassy plains, woodlands, and rugged hill-ranges in the East. More than once he travelled hundreds of miles in that direction in the hope of finding better pioneering country. But here he came up against a more formidable obstacle than waterless veldt, or sun-smitten desert, or warring tribes. He challenged a white people and political aspirations antagonistic to the extension of British influence.

Into these wide free spaces had filtered from the Cape considerable numbers of the old Dutch colonists or Boers who disliked British colonial rule. Not many years previously the emigration had assumed large proportions as the result of three distinct factors, the elevation of the Hottentots to political equality: the insecurity from Kafir depredations, and the emancipation of the slaves who comprised blacks from the Mozambique coast, Malays, and men and women of mixed blood, many of whom were nearly white. Some sort of elementary Government had been set up but it was still a lawless land and a lawless time; and lawless methods were the rule. Livingstone liked and appreciated the good Boers. They were sturdy, sober, hospitable and industrious, but extremely conservative, especially in religious matters. They looked at life through the Old Testament and regarded the natives as inferior creatures without rights, and believed they were

justly entitled to their enforced, unpaid labour.

This rude commonalty desired nothing better than to be left alone in its isolation to develop a national existence. The leaders were well aware of the presence of Livingstone. Spies watched his movements and noted his efforts to establish mission agencies in the west. They were alarmed, and rightly so, from their point of view. Here was an energetic and enterprising man opening up the hinterland on their left flank, making a corridor between them and the desert from the south into the far north. They knew that where a missionary went a trader would follow and then the politician with armed forces. History would repeat itself and their independence would again be threatened and in time destroyed. It was not surprising that they were actively opposed to the introduction of mission work and the development of the tribes. Sechele expected to be attacked any day and for this reason he did not accompany Livingstone on his last fruitless trip to the east.

Baffled by the drought which was now scattering the people ; cut off on the west by the desert, shut out of the east by the implacable Boers, there remained only the unknown mysterious immensity to the north.

"Suppose," Livingtone said to Sechele, "I went north, would you come?" The Chief said he would go gladly, and thereupon told a story which greatly interested Livingstone. When a boy his father was murdered. A Chief named Sebituane happened to be in the vicinity and he was appealed to by the people to safeguard the rights of the heir. He did so, and, ever since, Sechele had felt a warm regard for his protector. Sebituane was now paramount Chief of the Makololo tribe and his headquarters were beyond the lake and in the direction which Livingstone wished to go. It was well known that he desired to enter into friendly relations with the British.

Livingstone thought a little, as he had done once in London when a picture of Christless Africa was presented to him. He had seen for himself those thousand villages of which Moffat had spoken, and now another vision rose before him of a greater region beyond and a more numerous population waiting for the gospel. He resolved to attack the intervening desert, and to conquer it. "I cannot perform impossibilities," he sometimes said—but he was always making the attempt. On this occasion he set himself a task which had broken the spirit of other travellers, one which well-organized and fully equipped expeditions had failed to accomplish.

CHAPTER THREE

Across the Desert

1849—1852

I

S Livingstone was making his preparations an embassy arrived from a young chief named Lechulatebe who lived at the Lake. He had heard of the missionary who was so good to Africans, and besought a visit from him. Livingstone, aware of the remarkable way in which news was relayed from village to village throughout the land, was confirmed in his purpose. His plan was to leave after the rains in March or April in order to obtain the benefit of the pools which formed in the desert. But, mentioning his project to Colonel Steele, a big-game sportsman, the latter asked him to wait until he communicated with other hunters whom Livingstone also knew. Two of these soon appeared, Mr. W. Cotton Oswell and Mr. M. Murray, both eager to join the expedition and secure some elephant hunting in fresh fields. Livingstone had arranged to pay Sechele's guides by lending him his waggon to bring back ivory, but Oswell generously insisted on meeting the cost himself.

Livingstone was quite at home with men of this virile type and exercised a remarkable influence over them. They were struck by his happy way of dealing with Africans, but it was his character which chiefly impressed them—his simple goodness, combined with

a manly endurance and cheerfulness. Not a few became his life-long friends and supporters. Of these, Oswell, a modest Great-Heart, was the most intimate. The two loved each other like brothers. Livingstone said of Oswell that he always did what was true and right: Oswell, referring to Livingstone's moral courage and personal pluck, declared he was the bravest man he ever met. Mr. W. F. Webb was another hunter for whom Livingstone had the warmest affection. Oswell and Webb, he said, belonged to the true Nimrod class whom he admired for their "great courage, truthfulness and honour."

Sending his family to Kuruman to be out of the way of a possible Boer attack, Livingstone, with Oswell and Murray, set off with an imposing caravan of wagons, horses and native servants.

The desert traversed was not altogether arid. Vast stretches were covered with grass, creeping plants and thorny bush, while here and there were patches of water melons, providing sustenance for herds of antelopes and zebras upon which the nomad Bushmen preyed. But interspersed with these were extensive tracts of soft white sand where not a living thing could be seen and over which it was difficult for the heavy wagon to crawl. For days the oxen went without water and became so parched with thirst that when a pool was reached they dashed into it up to their throats and drank to repletion. As they advanced slowly and painfully it seemed as if they were entering a furnace. The heat increased, the very grass was so dry that it crumbled to powder at the touch: the unrelieved sameness of the flat landscape, brilliant in the burning light, confused even the experienced guide. Salt-pans with white efflorescence were passed; one, twenty miles in circumference, looked so like a sheet of water in the blue haze of sunset that they imagined they had reached Lake Ngami.

Then one day they came upon what was to their hot wearied gaze the most beautiful river in the world—the Zouga—with wooded banks bordered by grassy meadows alive with game. With boyish delight they boarded canoes and were paddled along by natives. Another river flowing into it from the north—the Tamunakle—attracted Livingstone's attention. "Where does that come from ? " he asked eagerly. " From a country full of rivers and large trees," was the answer. He was overjoyed : here were his anticipations verified : his vision of a healthy mission area about to be realized. Inland Africa, instead of being a wilderness of waste sand, was promising to be a fertile and opulent land. From that moment he made up his mind to devote all his energies to making it accessible. So captivated was he by the idea that when twelve days later, on August 1st, 1849, he stood on the banks of Lake Ngami he was thinking less of the fact that his party were the first Europeans to gaze upon it than of his plans for the future. He wrote so glowingly of the prospect that he feared he would be charged with enthusiasm. " It is a charge I wish I deserved, as nothing good or great is ever accomplished in the world without it."

He was not long in determining the true character of the Lake : it was merely a shrunken survival of a once greater body of water and seemed to be still drying up. To-day it is little more than a reedy marsh.

The discovery excited much interest in England, and Livingstone was awarded twenty-five guineas by the Royal Geographical Society, but to him it was a matter of small concern. To find Sebituane would be a greater discovery. Lechulatebe, when he met him, professed to be afraid of what would happen if the way were opened up and white men supplied Sebituane with guns, and he refused a passage across the river. It was Livingstone's first clash with such an

attitude and straightway he started to make a raft for himself, working for hours in water infested with crocodiles, of whose presence he was unaware. The wood, however, proved so dry and worm-eaten that the craft was a failure. Knowing when to halt as well as when to go forward, and satisfied meanwhile with what he had accomplished, he retraced his steps over the desert to Kolobeng.

II

In April of the following year he headed for the north again, accompanied by Sechele and Mebalwe. He also took his family in case he found a satisfactory site for a settlement. "The wild healthful gipsy life of wagon travelling" as Livingstone called it was an agreeable change from residence at a station. That they might not, however, suffer discomfort from thirst he followed a more easterly route. His plan was to avoid Lechulatebe by crossing the Zouga at its lower end and then to ascend the eastern bank of the Tamunakle. Without incident the latter river was reached, but he was disappointed to find that the tsetse fly was prevalent along its banks. This was an enemy which was henceforward to impede his path at every turn.

The tsetse fly is a little larger than the house fly and is the carrier of a parasite which exists in the blood of wild animals and is fatal to most domesticated stock. Livingstone and his children were frequently bitten without ill results, but it is now known that the parasite is the cause of the terrible human malady, sleeping sickness. The fly frequents isolated patches of ground and is active only during the day so that susceptible animals can safely pass through their habitat at night. Livingstone was not aware of the exact history of the disease but he rightly inferred that with the extinction of game it would disappear.

Not caring to have his oxen stricken and his wagon stuck in the jungle he reluctantly crossed the Zouga and went on to Lake Ngami where he decided to leave his family and proceed on ox-back to Sebituane's district. Again the Chief stood in the way. Neither Livingstone nor Sechele could persuade him to supply guides, without which no white man can find his way in tropical Africa. But when his avaricious eye fell on Livingstone's gun, the cherished gift of a friend, he changed his mind. That was the price he demanded for providing assistance. The Doctor never counted the cost so long as he could get forward, and, without hesitation, he handed over the weapon.

The sacrifice was unavailing, for the children went down with fever and at once he relinquished his project and moved from the malarial banks of the Lake into the pure dry atmosphere of the desert, and so home.

III

" I am going to try again," he wrote to his Directors. His resolution was confirmed by the news that Sebituane, hearing of his two failures, had sent gifts of cattle to Sekomi and Sechele, requesting them to assist the white man on his next attempt. Livingstone was well aware of the reason for the obstructive tactics of the chiefs. They occupied the position of middlemen and naturally sought to control the trade passing from the coast to the interior : it was obviously to their advantage to keep out any stranger whose operations might interfere with a profitable monopoly. This, in Livingstone's view, was a short-sighted policy. But it was equally clear to him now that the inland trade could not be with the south : the distances were too far, and the cost of transport would be prohibitive. Lake Ngami was 870 miles from Kuruman, and Kuruman 700 from the Cape. Mission stations would

be greatly handicapped under such conditions. What he called his "dreamy imagination" perceived the only solution. "We must have a passage to the sea on either the eastern or western coast." Meanwhile he must reach his objective. There would be no turning back this time: again he took his wife and family with him in the hope of settling in the interior. Oswell was also in the party.

He made straight for Sebituane's country over a more desolate region than he had yet seen. The guide lost his way, and through a servant's carelessness the water in the wagon was wasted and the children, already tormented by mosquito bites, began to suffer from thirst. Only a small quantity was left and the father and mother were in agony of mind, when the men who had been scouring the desert returned with a supply. Eventually they struck a pleasant district inhabited by Makololo and came to a broad river, the Chobe (a tributary of the Zambezi) on one of the islands of which they found Sebituane. He had travelled three hundred miles to bid Livingstone welcome.

Two strong men met that day. Sebituane was of middle age, tall, of an olive complexion, and frank, collected and cool, a true type of the warrior-chieftain who from time immemorial had appeared in Africa, had led tempestuous lives of conquest, defeat and victory, and had become masters of vast territories. His sphere of influence extended over a circle of about a thousand miles, and more than eighty tribes paid him tribute. It had been his dream, he said, to come into relation with white men. Livingstone liked him and he liked Livingstone and eagerly offered him every facility to settle in his territory. He was touched by the trust of the Doctor in bringing his children with him and was specially attracted by the eldest boy, Robert.

Then occurred another of the strange disappointments

which seemed to dog all Livingstone's movements. The Chief was struck down with inflammation of the lungs and died, his last thought being for little Robert. With his dying breath he directed that he should be taken to one of his wives. " Tell her," he said, " to give him some milk." Livingstone grieved for this noble African soul as for a brother. He was the finest specimen of a chief he had yet met.

IV

The chieftainship passed to a daughter who lived at a town twelve days' journey to the north. It was characteristic of Livingstone that he would not move until he had obtained permission from her to explore the country. When this came he and Oswell set off and 130 miles further on they came, suddenly, at Sesheke, on a magnificent river, which proved to be the Zambezi : it was not known to flow so far inland. They also heard of great waterfalls not far off—the " falls of the sounding smoke "—but it was a healthy mission site that Livingstone was after, and not sights. So far he had seen none suitable. The people were living in swamps as a protection against the forays of the Matabele in the east.

Observing that many persons were wearing gaudy garments of printed cotton he enquired where the stuff came from and was told of members of a west coast tribe called the Mambari who had recently come trading to their town. He also learnt of the grim result of their visit. The Makololo, anxious to obtain weapons to withstand the assaults of the Matabele, had offered cattle and ivory for some guns, but the Mambari would accept nothing but boys in exchange. They said they wanted these for their domestic service. Africans do not sell their own children and the demand was refused. Later, however, the Makololo sold some young men taken prisoners in war. Then the

Mambari tempted and helped them to attack a neighbouring tribe to secure more captives and, as a result they marched to the coast with two hundred victims.

Scenting these proceedings from afar, like vultures, ivory-trading Arabs from the east coast, appeared and engaged in the same tactics. For them it was a profitable business for a few old guns would purchase a gang of men, women and children who would carry the ivory and then be sold in the eastern slave-markets. To Livingstone it was a striking illustration of the manner in which the slave traffic originated, and it intensified his desire to settle in the country and open up a path for legitimate commerce. Very reluctantly, however, he came to the conclusion that he could not on this occasion realize his purpose, and he took his party back to Kolobeng. His sense of disappointment was mitigated by the receipt of letters from the Directors approving generally of his plans and leaving him to his own devices.

V

A domestic problem which confronts every married missionary with a family was now claiming his attention. When the children are young life with its freedom and interest is, for them, a joyous thing, but as they grow up they are inevitably affected by their environment and their close association with native thought and manners. The matter of their education also becomes pressing. It is a problem not easily solved. Some missionaries send their children to the homeland and place them in the care of friends or in a boarding institution : or the mother goes also and makes a home for them : in either case there is sacrifice, separation, loneliness and economic strain. Sometimes the missionary himself resigns and remains at home until the critical years are past and then returns to his sphere.

Livingstone took the course which the majority of missionaries follow : he sent the children home with their mother, who was not well and greatly needed a change. On their way down to Cape Town, Oswell, who was with them, went on ahead, a little to Livingstone's surprise, but his purpose had been to make all comfortable for them. There was ready for Mrs. Livingstone and the children a complete outfit of clothes. He managed this so delicately that even Livingstone's sensitive spirit could not take offence.

So they went home, and Livingstone, bereft, as husband and father, of the human companionship which he dearly loved, turned to face the future alone.

CHAPTER FOUR

Alone in the Beyond

1852—1853

I

IVINGSTONE was now free to give his undivided attention to the opening up of Central Africa to the gospel.

No one was better qualified for the adventurous task. For ten years he had been serving a severe apprenticeship to missionary work and travel. He was a seasoned campaigner, he could sleep in a wagon, or on the ground at the foot of a tree, or in mud huts, with equal ease. He was able to live on native food and drink any kind of water, whether "thick with mud, putrid with organic matter, or swarming with insects." Alcohol had never passed his lips: he believed that the most arduous labour and sorest privation could be undergone on water alone. It was only in later life when he was weakened by hardships that he took a little wine as medicine. He had got inside the native mind and knew how necessary it was to honour their customs and courtesies, and to exercise patience, gentleness and sympathy rather than force. Not that, as will be seen, he ignored the need for firmness and on occasion a demonstration of force, but he was persuaded that the spirit of Jesus was the best solvent of all problems and difficulties. His experiences, again, had borne out his early impression that Christianity and civilization were inseparable: the Gospel meant more than was implied

by the picture of an evangelist walking about with a Bible under his arm : it included the removal of social evils, the suppression of tribal conflicts, the opening up of trade routes, the fostering of industry and education. The redemption of Africa in all its aspects—even its physical aspects—was the ideal he set before him.

II

Two months spent in Cape Town making his preparations were rendered unpleasant by the suspicious and obstructive tactics of the authorities who imagined him to be something of an unpatriotic firebrand, but this did not disturb him or weaken his purpose. " So powerfully am I convinced it is the will of our Lord," he said " that I will go no matter who opposes." One warm friend he made was Sir Thomas Maclear, the Astronomer Royal, who gave him what proved to be invaluable instructions in the science of taking observations for determining geographical positions.

He left in June 1852, accompanied by a trader named Fleming, a coloured man from the West Indies. His wagon contained a quaint collection of objects : in addition to the usual supply of cloths and beads, the currency of the interior, there was quite a small menagerie, goats, fowls, cats, a bull—for he never moved to new scenes without taking stock for experimental purposes—as well as plants and seeds.

What seemed at the moment a vexatious accident, the breaking of a wagon wheel, detained him at Kuruman, but while there, startling news came that the long anticipated Boer attack on Sechele had been delivered. Kolobeng had been stormed, the village set on fire, and the people dispersed, and the mission buildings with his furniture and books destroyed. His deep anger at the outrage was quickly dissolved

into whimsical humour. " Now that we are lightened of our furniture," he wrote to his wife, " we shall be able to move more easily." The incident merely tightened up his resolution. " I will open up the country," he said, " or perish." The possibility of succumbing occurred to him, but his faith was strong. " If God has accepted my service, then my life is charmed till my work is done."

He went on, meeting on the way, the indignant Sechele bound for England to lay his grievance before the great White Queen. The Chief did reach Cape Town, but was obliged to return through lack of funds.

Livingstone steered a straight course for the Makololo country. After crossing the seared desert spaces where he experienced the usual discomforts he reached a region where rains had fallen and the land was green. Next came stretches of giant grass and dense bush with occasional lovely glades, and abundance of game. He then floundered into the flooded flats of the Chobe. It was impossible to move further with the wagon. Taking one of his men, who carried a small raft-boat, he splashed through the plains, paddled across the deeper places, cut through razor-like grass and reeds, slept on the ground and in an insect-infested hut, the night about him filled with the weirdest sounds : and at last reached the river and arrived at a Makololo village on the bank, dropping on the people, as they said, like a bird from the clouds. A party was organised to bring on the wagon, which was achieved by taking it to pieces and conveying it across the waters on several canoes lashed together. Through the carelessness of his men ten oxen had wandered into a tsetse patch and died. This failure of the human factor about him was one of Livingstone's sorest trials : it dogged him daily and called for infinite self-control and patience.

III

When Linyanti, on the western bank of the Chobe, was reached, Livingstone learnt that the late Chief's daughter, disliking the task of ruling an Empire, had abdicated in favour of her half-brother Sekeletu. He was a light-coloured youth of eighteen with much less character than his father, but he also fell under the charm of Livingstone's magnetic personality and was ready to assist him to settle in the country. For a time, however, nothing could be done as Livingstone, as a result of his recent experiences, went down with malarial fever.

This was the first time he had suffered from the malady, but from now onwards he was a constant victim. The attacks were a source of much suffering and misery and seriously hindered his movements. He met them with courage—" fever or no fever," he said, " I am determined to work for Christ's Kingdom "—he fought them : he struggled against the after-moods of depression which are so apt to distort one's outlook and judgment : he studied the symptoms and submitted himself to the hands of native doctors in order to find out their methods of treatment. Only too clearly he realized that unless this terrible scourge was conquered it would be long ere Africa was civilized. Had his guiding star not led him into other paths he would have devoted his life to the discovery of a remedy. Quinine he found not to be a cure though a good tonic. Ultimately he devised a useful palliative and " Livingstone's pills " became famous. As a rule he found the best preventive to be plenty of interesting work and abundance of wholesome food.

It is interesting to note that his observant mind suspected the connexion between mosquitoes and malaria. He noticed that the insects were always in force in malarious districts—" their presence " he said, " may be taken as a hint to man to be off to more healthy localities." Latterly he always carried

mosquito netting and slept under its protection. "When our posterity shall have discovered what it is which causes fever," he shrewdly observed, "they will pity our dullness of perception."

It was not until 1898, after years of patient research, that Sir Ronald Ross established the fact that malaria was conveyed by certain mosquitoes. As he wrote :

"Seeking His secret deeds
With tears and toiling breath,
I find thy cunning seeds
O million-murdering Death."

IV

Livingstone's object was to fix on a healthy spot for a mission station, and then to connect it by an easy outlet to the east or west coast. Sekeletu was eager to accompany him on his quest and they set off together, attended by a picturesque retinue of servants armed with spears, shields and clubs, and arrayed in coloured prints with headgear constructed of ostrich feathers and lions' manes. On the way to Sesheke on the Zambezi they met a member of the ruling family who, in league with the slave-dealers, was conspiring against Sekeletu, and waiting an opportunity to assassinate him. By accidentally placing himself between the two, Livingstone saved the Chief's life. That night the schemer was quietly speared to death. Later, his father and a headman, implicated in the intrigue were, to Livingstone's horror, cut down before his eyes and thrown to the crocodiles. It was, no doubt, rough justice, but no worse than what was meted out in the early days of European civilization.

From Sesheke the party ascended the Zambezi in a flotilla of thirty-three canoes paddled by 160 men. To Livingstone, sun-dried for years, it was a keen pleasure to move up the beautiful islanded river.

The banks were alive with game which meant that the tsetse fly was everywhere. He thought there might be higher and healthier ground further north, and leaving Sekeletu he pushed on by himself through the upper Zambezi valley, the country of the Barotse, one of the tribes subject to the Makololo. It was a rich and lovely and, in some respects, terrible land. No white man had ever passed through it. Though capable of supporting millions of people it was sparsely populated, but swarmed with prodigious numbers of wild animals that were more interested than alarmed at the strange intruder. Herds of splendid elands stood fearlessly a short distance away : one evening no fewer than eighty-one buffaloes defiled slowly past the camp fire. Another night when Livingstone was sleeping on a sand-bank a lion stood at the river side and roared at him for hours.

The people were friendly and kind, but he had never before been so close to heathenism, and he found it unsavoury and disagreeable. The noisy life, the dances, the cursing and vile jesting were hard to endure. But he never allowed himself to dwell upon the dark side of human character. The evil was there to be sorrowed over and corrected ; and quietly and persuasively he taught them and commended love and peace. As always, he turned for solace to the observation and study of nature in all its phases and in this way maintained his moral and mental health.

V

He ascended the valley as far as Libonta, the last town within the jurisdiction of Sekeletu, a distance of three hundred miles north-west of Sesheke, without noting any site that would be suitable for a station. Turning, he rejoined Sekeletu and both made their way back to Linyanti. Livingstone could now have justifiably given up the search and said that " the Lord's

time hadn't come—the door was closed," but he was not one to effect a retreat in this spirit. There still remained the second part of his plan to be carried out. To open up a line of communication to either coast would be as much missionary work as planting a station in the wilds. It would make mission enterprise possible. It would be influential in bringing about legitimate trade, putting an end to the slave traffic, and enabling the people to leave the swamp and marshes and live in healthy localities.

He would first attempt the west coast, and in order to avoid the slave paths and the tsetse belts he decided to strike north up the Zambezi valley in the direction of Loanda, the capital of Portugese West Africa.

A native Council was held at which his scheme was approved. But there were some who were solicitous about his safety. Could one weak, fever-stricken man carry through such a desperate task? And "suppose you die or are killed?" they asked anxiously, "we shall be blamed for allowing you to go." He replied that he would leave a "book" with the Chief which would explain matters and free them from blame. Thereupon twenty-seven men were appointed to accompany him, to act as personal attendants and as porters to carry the head loads and the ivory tusks which Sekeletu was sending for sale at the coast. They were a mixed company of Zambezians, only two being real Makololo. As it was to be a pilgrimage of Peace they left their shields behind and only carried spears. Five guns were also taken as a protection against wild beasts and to provide food for the pot. They would, however, be amply provided for in the early stages, as Sekeletu thoughtfully sent word to all his subjects that "the doctor must not be allowed to hunger."

Knowing that the art of travel is to move lightly Livingstone took a tiny tent to sleep in, a sheepskin mantle to use as a blanket, and a horse rug for a bed.

Not wishing to burden his men with European food for himself, he carried only a small quantity of tea, coffee and sugar. A magic lantern, some spare clothes, and barter goods completed his outfit. His only literature was the Bible, but that for him was a library in itself. Whatever the issue of the venture might be he was aware that he would be criticised for engaging in it with so little equipment—as was the case—but he knew what he was about. " Can the love of Christ," he said, " not carry the missionary where the slave trade carries the traders ? " And he had a larger equipment than his critics suspected. He had faith in God, in the Africans, and in the power of meekness, patience and conciliation.

CHAPTER FIVE

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

1853—1854

I

AKING again for the Zambezi he re-ascended the river with his men. On this occasion he had more opportunity to observe the character of his surroundings and he was impressed by the gorgeous splendour of the scene. With the rains the trees had burst into vivid green. Flowers of brilliant hue covered the meadows. The affluence of wild life also was amazing. The river swarmed with fish : families of hippos sported in the water : the sandflats were black with crocodiles : clouds of birds passed and repassed overhead ; he counted three hundred pelicans in a single group : two shots into a flight of ducks brought down seventeen and a goose. There were dense flocks of sandpipers, snipes, curlews, plovers, sandmartins and turtle-doves ; with cranes, herons and kingfishers innumerable. Herds of game roamed over the plains, so tame that to shoot them seemed like wanton slaughter. But the Doctor was not a hunter : he only killed for the larder. His men seemed unable to learn to shoot—there was not enough ammunition to teach them in any case—and as owing to his disabled arm he could not steady his rifle and it had to rest on his left shoulder he was a poor marksman and more often missed than hit his quarry.

The days were passed in orderly routine. In the misty light of dawn, after worship, the camp broke up, coffee being taken while the canoes were reloaded. Through two cool hours, vocal with bird-song, they

paddled up-river. At eleven when the heat began to be oppressive there was a short rest and a meal of meat or honey with a biscuit. Then came the long blazing afternoon when Livingstone in his fever cowered under an umbrella. Towards sunset a camping ground was chosen on shore. The Doctor's tent was set up, a fire kindled in front of it, and grass cut for his bed. The evening meal consisted of coffee and a biscuit, or coarse native bread, with an occasional potful of meat. The two Makololo lay on the Doctor's right and left: another man slept in front of the opening: the rest bestowed themselves in grass shelters in a half-circle round the fire, with the cattle in the centre. The same procedure was followed when marching overland. Livingstone would often look out upon the scene when all was quiet and think how picturesque and peaceful it was.

Partly in obedience to the Chief's order, but largely on his own account, for he had captured their interest and affection, the people supplied him with all kinds of food and assisted him in every way. "My heart," he wrote, "glows with gratitude to them." As a messenger of God he sat beside them and patiently sought to illumine their dark minds, and as a man of peace he was active in reconciling conflicting interests. Towards the loosely defined borders of Sekeletu's dominion he heard that a retaliatory raid had been made on a neighbouring tribe and that women and children had been brought back as prisoners. He gave the offenders a "piece of his mind," and, obtaining the consent of the people, carried forward the victims to restore them, though in doing so there was grave risk of misunderstanding. The original transgressors also received a sharp lecture and were counselled to fear God and live at peace. This from a solitary white man, the first they had ever seen, who had nothing but moral authority to back his words!

II

After leaving Libonta he rode for the most part on his ox, Sinbad. His direction now lay through the unknown region to the north-west. Many varieties of countryside were traversed, English-like parks where a hawthorn fragrance scented the air, extensive glades and lawns, then woods—outliers of the great forests of western equatorial Africa—where the trees were intertwined and throttled by lianas: and they marched in dense gloom, a strange contrast to the shadeless glare of Bechuanaland. Rain now fell incessantly, and he was drenched day and night and racked by perpetual fever.

The natives were of a different and more intractable type. Being in occasional contact with half-caste traders they were suspicious of strangers and lived in stockaded huts. They were also idol worshippers, their jujus being of a peculiarly repulsive appearance, half-crocodile, half lion. Livingstone was perfectly open and frank with them and told them what his aims were, but they were like stupid children and many difficulties arose which required all his patience and tact to overcome. They declined to supply him with food, and as there was now little or no game to be shot the men suffered from hunger which they bore with surprising fortitude. Livingstone lived chiefly on an indigestible diet of cassava.

Always careful to observe the niceties of African etiquette he would go quietly into a village and announce that he came in peace. But he found that he had something yet to learn. His teacher was a young woman chief whose nude body was smeared with fat and red ochre. She had constituted herself his guide to the next important centre, the headquarters of her uncle, a paramount chief named Shinte, and he was vexed by the apparently deliberate and needless delays she devised. She made him sit down under a tree

outside every village while she sent forward a man to explain who he was and why he was travelling : and only when the headman returned to bid him welcome and show him a sleeping place did she allow him to move. The wisdom of the plan was apparent, and he followed it ever after.

Properly forewarned and propitiated with a gift, Shinte received the traveller with a ceremonious display of barbaric splendour, accompanied by weird music and oratory. Livingstone's contact with this potentate confirmed his view that " a frank, open, fearless manner is the most winning with Africans." That he was able to adopt such an attitude says much for his will-power, for all the time he was in the town he was suffering from raging fever and a violent action of the heart. When he was able to exhibit the lantern pictures a strange scene occurred. As he slid in the one depicting Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac the crowd of court ladies imagined that the knife was moving towards them and they rose precipitately, and fled, shrieking, into the bush.

There was evidence that the coastal slave area had been reached. Close to their quarters was a gang of slave women in chains, a sight which astonished and horrified the carriers. Shinte hospitably presented Livingstone with a slave girl. When the gift was declined the Chief imagined that she was not old enough to be acceptable and offered him another, but was given a severe lecture for his pains.

III

With a much weakened constitution Livingstone resumed the dismal journey. Rain poured in torrents night and day : his tent was rotten and battered : his instruments were rusty, his spare clothing and shoes mildewed. He was in no state to look after the men and through the negligence of a guide the flat-bottom

boat was left in the jungle. It was indispensable for crossing rivers, making him independent of native ferries, and it was with uneasy foreboding that he went forward. He waded through numberless streams and lagoons or passed through them sitting on Sinbad, the water often flowing above the saddle so that he had to place his watch under his arm-pit. If he was not plunging through water he was ploughing through boggy sloughs. Everything was sodden and dripping and there was no place to sleep except the wet ground.

Worst of all he had entered the slave belt, as sinister an area as the tsetse belts. Contaminated by coast influences, the natives were hostile and insolent. " I never found a path safe," Livingstone wrote, " that had been trodden by slave traders." No gifts were given : instead tribute was imposed. As he had few barter goods left he was often brought to a standstill. The humour of the situation appealed to him, for he could have procured more food for a button than for a sovereign. So careful was he not to offend that he would not allow his men to follow the honey birds to the forest hives because the latter belonged to the natives and he had no right to touch them.

One chief with his young warriors surrounded the party with the intention of plundering it. The Doctor sat quietly on a camp-stool with his gun across his knee. As a fine for some alleged offence a claim was made for a man, an ox, or a gun. Nothing angered Livingstone so much as a demand for one of his followers. Declaring that he would die rather than give any of them up he handed over one of his shirts and then some beads. They took this to be a sign of weakness and pressed forward to attack. One slipped behind Livingstone with the intention of cutting him down. He wheeled round and pointed his gun at the fellow, who hastily retreated. " I will not fight," he told them, " unless you strike the first blow. Then

you will bear the guilt before God." He sat down again. So calm and unflurried a manner had its effect: their passions cooled, and after he had presented them with an ox they allowed him to pass.

He did not judge these chiefs harshly for he understood their attitude. Native traders crossed their territories and they had learned to exact the price of safe conduct; it was equivalent to the passport or tariff system in civilized countries. To them Livingstone was an ordinary passing stranger and they could not appreciate his purpose. As it was his conviction that most skirmishes arise from misunderstanding he was careful to explain why he was travelling. "It is in your own interests," he told them, "I could kill you easily, but . . ." pointing upwards, "I fear God and seek peace." So unaccustomed were they to altruistic motives that they found it difficult to believe him.

His men were touched by his care for them. He was different from traders; he treated them as rational beings, explaining his aims and methods, and trusted to their intelligence and loyalty. Recognising in him the qualities of a chivalrous chief they responded to his interest, followed him without a murmur, were unwearied in their efforts to guard him from discomfort and annoyance, and were in a panic when he was in danger. Once when his ox threw him in mid-river they instantly flung aside their loads—some into the water—and swam to save him and help him up the bank.

The nearer they came to the coastal district the more difficult progress became. At every village the request was for "a man, an ox, a gun, or a tusk." Spies dogged their steps and they were compelled to march in compact order, vigilant, and ready to resist attack. Only the excitement kept Livingstone going. But he was becoming too ill to care what happened.

He was reduced by fever and privation to a mere skeleton : his bones protruded : his skin was chappedand raw.

Yet his humour was unquenchable. At one point he was obliged to part with an ox which had lost part of its tail. It was returned as the people smelt witchcraft in its odd appearance. To the amusement of his men Livingstone at once docked all the others, which ended the demand for oxen ! His own ox, Sinbad, seemed always to be in league with the enemy, for it did its utmost to do him injury. Its chief manoeuvre was to dash under trees where lianas stretched from branch to branch and so unseat him : and then, when he was on the ground, to kick him.

IV

As he drew close to civilization it seemed as if, after all, he would be beaten. His men became so cowed and disheartened by the unceasing obstacles that they wanted to return. " If you go back," said the indomitable Doctor, " I will go on alone." He went into the tent to pray. Presently they came to him. " We will never leave you : we have only spoken in the bitterness of our spirits. Where you go we will go. We will die for you." They marched on. He became so weak that, much against his will, he had to be assisted down the hillsides.

One petty chief after another worried him with their demands. Nothing could placate them. The more humbly he spoke the more exacting they became. The fighting spirit of the party at last was roused. " Let them begin," he heard his men say in a kind of desperation. " That's what we want." But when by their leader's conciliatory policy they managed to get clear of difficulties they would remark thankfully, " We are children of Jesus."

One evening there remained the last obstacle between them and the Portuguese sphere of influence,

a river which it was impossible to cross without canoes. The Doctor, now without a change of clothing, spent a miserable night under his blanket, the only article he had left, but grateful to God for having been brought so far in safety. Next morning the party moved down to the river. A chief and his people stood on guard. Livingstone heard the ultimatum—" Deliver up one of your men or go back the way you came." " I will give you my blanket," he replied, " but only after we cross," and ordered his men to go for the canoes. They hesitated, afraid of being attacked.

Livingstone went into his tattered tent.

At that moment there appeared a half-caste Portuguese, a sergeant of militia, who had come over in search of beeswax. When he took in the situation he told the men to proceed to the ferry, and they all moved off. The chief and his band opened fire, but there were no casualties. The party crossed into safety and reached the militia quarters, where Livingstone had what was to him a " magnificent breakfast " of native food.

A few days' trudging through mud and wet grass brought him to Cassange, the furthest inland Portuguese station, into which he walked, a pitiable object, who excited the compassion of the kindly officials. They fed and tended him and he rested for a time. Sekeletu's tusks were sold, realizing fair prices which enabled him to buy a supply of clothing and barter goods to carry him to Loanda—three hundred miles distant.

Although far from well he pushed on again, determined to complete the journey. His men were attacked with fever : he himself suffered from chronic dysentery and was scarcely able to sit on his ox. His hands were no longer steady enough to take observations, his mind became fogged : he forgot the days of the week, and even his own name.

He crawled into Loanda, a dejected and forlorn stranger, depressed by disease and anxiety, not knowing where to turn. For six months he had been sleeping on the ground. Would he find some good Samaritan who would give him house room? There was, he knew, only one Englishman in the place, the Consul, and to him he went. As soon as that kind-hearted soul saw the worn and weary figure of the traveller he hurried him off to his own bed, where he dropped at once into profound slumber.

CHAPTER SIX

Towards the Sunrise

1854—1856

I

IVINGSTONE was now within easy reach of the homeland and of his family whom he longed to see. He received tempting offers of a free passage to England, but he thrust the idea resolutely from him. His first duty was toward his faithful band of followers. He had pledged his word that he would see them safely back to Linyanti. Were he not to keep his promise the fact would become widely known and the character of all white missionaries would be gone. They would not be trusted again. And he had only fulfilled half his purpose. He had not failed in this venture. He had revealed a new and wonderful world to civilization: he had proved that even in the torrential rainy season a passage through the country could be negotiated: he had shown the natives that better prices could be had for their ivory at the coast than they obtained from itinerant traders in the interior. But in regard to missionary work the journey had been only a negative success: it was clear that a wagon road through the upper Zambezi valley was impracticable because of the many rivers and swamps. His thoughts, therefore, turned to the eastern side of the continent. He remembered his swift voyage down the Zambezi and he wondered

whether similar river transport would not be possible right on to the Indian ocean. If he could show that this was the case his task would be accomplished.

He remained in Loanda only long enough to build up his wasted constitution and write his despatches and letters and prepare his maps. On his departure he and his men were loaded with gifts by the kindly citizens. The Roman Catholic bishop, then acting Governor, provided a horse and a Colonel's uniform for Sekeletu : there were also donkeys and a potted-plantation of economic plants. Each of the men was given a musket.

As usual Livingstone did not go far without meeting misfortune. He was still in Portuguese territory when word came after him that his despatches had been lost in the wreck of the mail packet, the ship in which he had sent them to England. There and then he sat down and patiently made fresh copies of all he had written and sent them back.

II

With one or two deviations the route taken was the same as that by which he had come. When the low-lying country was reached it rained incessantly and for two days the party were marooned on a flooded plain where they had to sleep on piled-up mounds of earth covered with wet grass. The Doctor was prostrated with a severe attack of rheumatic fever and lay for eight days tossing, half-unconscious, and in great pain.

Ere he was fit to move a quarrel developed between his followers and a village headman, and to avoid a conflict he struggled up and resumed the march. But in the forest he was attacked ; the headloads were knocked off, and some shots were fired. Livingstone grasped a six-chambered revolver with which he had been presented, and staggered along the path until

he came face to face with the chief. He levelled the weapon at him and the fellow collapsed in terror, begging for peace. It was found that his gun had been discharged. Livingstone's tactful dealing settled the affair without the shedding of blood.

Another ugly incident occurred when an avaricious chief sought to exact an exorbitant tribute and mobilised his forces to enforce the demand. They came rushing up armed with spears and bows and arrows. Livingstone's men were panic-stricken. Jumping on his ox he ordered them not to fire unless they were attacked. " Follow me," he cried. One of them disobeyed and aimed at the chief. Livingstone gave him a punch on the head with his revolver and bade him move on. When they reached a river ten miles further on it was found that the chief had sent men with orders to the ferrymen to refuse them a passage. The canoes were hidden, but sharp eyes discovered them among the reeds, and after dark, one was borrowed by which they secretly crossed, the canoe being returned by men who were good swimmers. Such a manœuvre might have raised the countryside, but Livingstone was careful to relate the circumstances to the other chiefs he met, and they justified his conduct.

Despite fever and weakness and perils, Livingstone had his tranquil and happy moments when life was engaging and the world pleasant. Throughout his writings are scattered a number of vignettes of quiet beauty which show how he was affected by aspects of nature. At this time he wrote :

> " How often have I beheld, in still mornings, scenes the very essence of beauty, and all bathed in a quiet air of delicious warmth, yet the occasional soft motion imparted a pleasing sensation of coolness as of a fan. Green, grassy meadows, the cattle feeding, the goats browsing, the kids skipping. the groups of herd-boys with miniature bows, arrows

and spears ; the women wending their way to the river with watering-pots poised jauntily on their heads ; men sewing under the shady banyans ; and old grey-headed fathers sitting on the ground, with staff in hand, listening to the morning gossip, while others carry trees or branches to repair their hedges ; and all this, flooded with the bright African sunshine, and the birds singing among the branches before the heat of the day has become intense, form pictures which can never be forgotten."

III

When the Zambezi waters were reached all was well. The people welcomed Livingstone as an old friend and food supplies were heaped upon him. His journey down the Barotse valley was of the nature of a triumphal procession. The only danger arose from encounters with wild animals. He had a narrow escape from a buffalo—which he considered a more dangerous creature than the lion. It charged him at full speed, but, strangely, swerved only a few yards from him. He fired and then fell flat on his face. It bounded past, and dropped dead. Again, while coasting down the river a hippo butted the canoe, pitching a man into the water and making Livingstone and the others spring out and scramble for the bank.

Livingstone made a deep impression upon the Barotse. Twenty years afterwards a solitary explorer in the same district wrote : " Undue credit has been given me by some for having successfully travelled a tract of unknown country alone and without armed escort. The bulk of such credit belongs to David Livingstone for the confidence his name still inspires."

At Linyanti where he arrived in September, 1885, the wagon and material he had left in the care of the Makololo were handed over to him intact. Letters and

packages from the Moffats, brought by a party of Matabele, the year before, had also been preserved on an island in the Zambezi. He was deeply touched by this evidence of their faith and honesty, and even more moved by the unselfish joy which they exhibited at his safe return. Great things had been expected from his venture and yet, though he had come back as poor as he left them, they showed no disappointment. It was only natural that at the service he held they paid more attention to Sekeletu's handsome uniform than to his sermon.

Quiet reflection confirmed the impression which had been forming in his mind during the journey. Inland Africa was a magnificent field for Christian effort. There would be security for life and property. The people were not anxious for instruction, but they would not oppose it. A serious drawback was the climate, but his experience was exceptional and none would require to emulate it. Everything would depend on the sympathetic attitude and kindly character of the men sent out. " It ought never to be forgotten," he said, " that influence among the heathen can be acquired only by a patient continuance in well-doing and that good manners are as necessary among barbarians as among the civilized." His own success had been won by rare qualities of faith and courage, patience and purity of word and deed. On this point it is well to quote what he himself wrote :

> " No one ever gains much influence in this country without purity and uprightness. The acts of a stranger are keenly scrutinized by both young and old, and seldom is the judgment pronounced, even by the heathen, unfair or uncharitable. I have heard women speaking in admiration of a white man, because he was pure, and never was guilty of any secret immorality. Had he been they would have known it, and, untutored heathen though they be,

would have despised him in consequence ; while one unacquainted with the language may imagine a peccadillo to be hidden, it is as patent to all as it would be in London, had he a placard on his back."

IV

In public assembly he explained his new plan of proceeding to the west, and so great was the trust in his wisdom and leadership that it was agreed to without hesitation. After deliberation he decided to travel along the north side of the Zambezi, though that, he was told, would lead him into unfriendly areas. Supplies were again lavished upon him, and he was given 114 men as attendants and porters. Many of these, however, were carrying another consignment of Sekeletu's ivory for sale at the coast. As guide he was fortunate in obtaining an intelligent and trustworthy native named Sebwebu who knew the general lie of the country and the dialects of the people.

The cavalcade moved off in November at the beginning of the cool rainy season. Before long a terrific thunderstorm burst upon them : the carriers were scattered, and at night Livingstone and Sekeletu were obliged to sleep in their clothes on the wet ground. With innate chivalry the young chief took his own blanket and placed it about the Doctor and lay uncovered himself.

Sebwebu's counsel was to keep well away from the river on account of the tsetse and the rocky character of the ground, but before striking off to the north-east Livingstone thought it well to visit the falls of the " sounding smoke," the filmy, rainbowed vapour of which he saw from a distance of six miles. He went down the river in a canoe, passed through a series of rapids, and at the risk of being sucked over by the current, reached an island on the edge of the falls and looked down with feelings of awe at the most wonderful

sight he had witnessed in Africa. The river, which was over a mile wide, plunged into an immense transverse fissure : and then the seething waters tumbled through a narrow zigzag canyon for a length of forty miles. The scene as he saw it in the clear sunlight and framed in green vegetation was inexpressibly beautiful. It was not his custom to substitute English place-names for native ones, but on this occasion he felt he must honour his sovereign and so called the falls after Queen Victoria.

Taking leave of Sekeletu he proceeded at the head of the long sinuous line of carriers through the Batoka country where the people seemed unusually degraded. At one village he counted over fifty human skulls on stakes, relics of the times when chiefs vied with each other in killing the greatest number of their enemies. He came to mountain ridges, with an altitude of over 5,000 feet, which he climbed with the keenest pleasure, a healthy, delectable land, such as he had been looking for, one that would form, he thought, a favourable sphere for mission work. At present, however, it was largely depopulated. Sebituane had lived in it until driven out by the Matabele. The scourge of war had left it desolate. The villages were in ruins : the cultivations were choked by rank weeds.

On the borderland of Makololo territory the people were more independent and less civil. At one village they attempted to spear a carrier, and a man rushed at Livingstone with a battle-axe, howling like a demon. Though the Doctor expected to have his head chopped off he showed no fear. Sebwebu stood by, watchful, ready to plunge a spear into the assailant. Quietly beckoning to the headman, Livingstone ordered him to remove the madman, which he did.

He came to a district where the men went about absolutely naked, and had a singular method of saluting the Doctor which he found particularly disagreeable :

they threw themselves on their back, rolled about, and slapped their thighs. He did not lose the opportunity of leading their minds to spiritual things. His favourite topic was the love of God, and the message of Jesus to all mankind—peace and goodwill. "Yes, yes," they said eagerly, "that is good: that is what we want. We are tired of war and flight. Give us sleep." Sleep was their word for peace. It was the significant and pathetic cry which he heard everywhere. The idea of having a white missionary domiciled in their midst appealed to them, not because they were willing to change their religion, but because it would mean peace. One woman was overjoyed at the thought of sleeping without dreaming that she was being pursued with a spear. No woman was safe outside her village.

V

The Zambezi was rejoined at the point where the river Kafue ran into it from the north. Here were even vaster herds of buffaloes, zebras, elephants, and other game than Livingstone had seen in the west. It was as if the fauna of the geological epochs had come to life again. He traversed another series of high ridges where he enjoyed the best of health and had visions of mission stations crowning the heights: then dropped into the wide valley of the River Loangwa. At its junction with the Zambezi he discovered ruins of stone overgrown with vegetation and came upon a broken bell with the letters I.H.S. and a cross, the only survival of Zumbo, an early colonial outpost of the Portuguese.

He was now in a kind of no-man's land where the Portuguese and natives were perpetually at war. The chiefs professed amity but were suspicious and secretly hostile. Livingstone's instinct told him that he would be attacked while crossing the Loangwa and

he was in some " turmoil of spirit," not from fear of being killed but because if he died Christendom would not hear of the healthy ranges he had found so admirably suited for mission centres. In his matter-of-fact way he described what he did. He opened his Bible and read : ' Go ye and teach all nations . . . and lo, I am with you even unto the end of the world.' " I took this as His word of honour," he wrote, " and then went out to take observations for latitude and longitude."

When morning came his party were surrounded by a crowd of armed men. The women had been sent away, a sure presage of fighting. Only one canoe was grudgingly given them. While his men slowly ferried the goods across the river, half a mile in breadth, Livingstone stood and showed the warriors his watch, lens, and other objects to keep their minds interested and occupied. When he embarked, the last to do so, he thanked them courteously for their kindness. After all, he said, they had reason to be distrustful of white men. In the circumstances it was surprising how polite and hospitable they were. " In what other country would 114 sturdy vagabonds be supported by the generosity of a headman and villagers ? "

It was, however, his sagacious handling that carried him through the wilds in peace. Another incident illustrated this clearly. He discovered that the Portuguese settlement of Tete, for which he was making, was on the south side of the Zambezi and not on the north as his old map indicated : and he was urged to cross as he was marching right into the heart of a district controlled by Mpende, a formidable thorn in the side of the Portuguese. But the local headmen were too afraid of the chief to give him the use of canoes without permission, and he went forward, and camped outside Mpende's village. To the usual intimation no message was returned ; instead armed

men began to gather, uttering hideous cries and working enchantments, the usual preliminaries of an assault. As a clash seemed inevitable the Doctor, adopting the African method of inspiring warriors with courage, had an ox slaughtered and feasted his men, who, being veteran marauders, were spoiling for a fight. Nevertheless he sat and waited, determined to do nothing until a blow was struck.

Presently, by some spies who were watching him, he sent a leg of the ox to Mpende. Two old men then made their appearance. "Who are you?" they demanded. "An Englishman," he replied. "We thought you were Portuguese whom we are fighting," they said, still suspicious. He showed them his white skin. "Ah," they said, "you are one of the tribe that have a heart for the black man." Livingstone then begged for the loan of a canoe for one of his men who was sick. This care for a common carrier so impressed Mpende that a palaver followed, and the chief, now apologetic and gracious, did everything in his power to facilitate the crossing of the Zambezi.

As all the barter goods were expended Livingstone's policy was to avoid the villages and to subsist on what could be procured by the party's own exertions. An occasional buffalo or elephant was killed and wild fruits gathered, but food was often scarce, and the Doctor was reduced to eating roots and honey: he had not tasted salt for two months. The continuous marching—which gave him a vivid idea of the treadmill—and the constant perspiring had made him as lean as a rake. Yet, as usual, he was busily observing and enquiring and sifting the information gained. He learned that the country to the north-east and beyond the Zambezi was a healthy region of hills and lakes and rivers inhabited by a virile Zulu people, also at enmity with the Portuguese. It was the country in which he was later to spend so many eventful years.

VI

Patiently overcoming all difficulties he drew near to Tete. Eight miles from the town he was dead beat. Sending forward some letters from Loanda notabilities he lay down to sleep. At three o'clock in the morning his followers roused him in alarm : armed men had invaded the camp. They proved to be two officers and a company of soldiers who had come to escort him to the town. They brought breakfast and also a machilla for his use. After the civilized food he felt so refreshed and strengthened that he continued his walk over the rough ground to Tete. Here the utmost kindness was shown him.

Arranging for the settlement of his men and telling them that nothing but death would prevent him returning to conduct them home again, he went on to Quillimane, arriving there in May, 1856. He had been on the African road for four years : for the greater part of the time he had spoken no English, and for three years he had not heard from his family.

It was strange how often his work was associated with tragedy. At Quillimane he learnt with sorrow that a naval commander, a lieutenant, and five men had been lost on the bar while coming to enquire about him. Then Sekwebu, whose services had been invaluable, begged to go to England with him—Sekeletu, indeed, had wished all his men to accompany him—and the Doctor agreed : but the strain of the strange new world which he entered proved too great for the untutored African mind : his reason gave way, and at the Mauritius he drowned himself.

After narrowly escaping shipwreck in the Bay of Tunis Livingstone reached England in December.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Consular Cap

1856—1858

I

IXTEEN years previously Livingstone had left England, an unknown young missionary, who was thought to possess only the meagre qualifications that fitted him to be a teacher of primitive people. Now he was the most talked of man in the world. He was summoned to private interviews with the Queen and the Prince Consort. He was the recipient of the highest academic honours, though he had no wish for distinctions or titles of any kind. He was lionised by social and scientific circles. He was the hero of the populace.

These tributes he had fully earned. Alone, unaided by his own race, he had performed a task which had again and again baffled the skill and resource of organized adventure: he had altered the age-long conception of Central Africa revealing it as a region of extraordinary luxuriance and economic possibilities —a prospect which appealed to leaders of industry and commerce — and peopled by masses of pathetic harassed humanity waiting for the evangelising and civilizing forces of Christendom. It was this last aspect of his achievement which he continued to emphasize. The opening up of the country, he said, was only a matter of congratulation in so far as it provided the opportunity for the elevation of its

inhabitants. "The end of the geographical feat is the beginning of the missionary enterprise."

Livingstone did his best to combat the ideas held regarding the African—the Bantu—that branch of the negroid race south of the equator amongst which he had been working and travelling. He seldom saw a pictorial representation of them which did them justice, and he could get no artist to portray them as they were. They were not "savages" in the ordinary sense of the word. Physically they were not black, but different shades of velvety brown, and as varied in appearance as white people: there were amongst them handsome and refined as well as ugly and brutish. The women might not be particularly good looking, but that was owing to the harsh conditions of their life, and he could say for them that they were modest and imbued with domestic feeling and affection.

In their nature the people were a mixture of good and evil, like men and women everywhere. They professed a profound belief in the Unseen, and ascribed everything to spiritual agency, and their ideas of right and wrong did not differ from those held by Europeans. Goodness and unselfishness impressed them more than skill and power. They might be stupid on subjects they did not understand, but in matters within their knowledge they were keen and shrewd: his conviction was that they possessed more natural intelligence and good sense than the uneducated peasantry of Britain. Their tribal life was governed by complex laws and conventions rooted deep in the past: and there was an organized public opinion with loyal respect for authority. He did not believe in drastically changing their customs: his view was that these should be maintained but purified by the Christian spirit. "I never preached against polygamy," he said, "I was sure that when the gospel took effect it would operate on the mind just as it did with Sechele."

II

Livingstone's time was spent in quiet and happy days with his wife and family, in fulfilling public engagements throughout the country, and in preparing the account of his journeys. Few travellers ever brought back material so rich and novel in interest. In the hands of a master of style it could have been fashioned into a magnificently appealing story. But *Missionary Travels*—a volume of 680 pages—had to be hurriedly compiled, and Livingstone was conscious that it lacked literary arrangement and finish. Yet there is something impressive in the steady procession of the narrative and the sober marshalling of facts, so scrupulously exact and unembroidered. On every page shines the light of a humble and courageous faith. The book was an instant success and poured sufficient money into his hands to make him for a time financially independent.

One of his earliest duties was to adjust his relations with the London Missionary Society, of whose staff he was still an honoured member. The Board had followed his movements with the liveliest interest: had expressed their admiration for his achievements; had forwarded him ample funds for his passage home; and now they were anxious for him to remain with the Society and organize mission work among the Makololo. This despite the misgivings of some of their supporters who thought that exploration did not come within the category of missionary duties. According to the ideas of that time it did not. But Livingstone was always marching in advance of his time. By opening up Africa he was preparing the way for resident missionaries. Such work as he had been doing was, he believed, essential for the evangelization of the world. His conviction was that all sorts of pioneer tasks, if done in the spirit of Christ, and for the highest welfare of men, was missionary work. Even traders presenting

to the native peoples an example of Christian character and life, were, to his mind, real evangelists. "Geographers, mechanicians, sanitary reformers, soldiers and sailors, fighting for right against oppression, as well as missionaries—all are fighting in very much the same cause." It was from this standpoint that he approached his future. He had no intention of developing into a mere explorer, but he saw a directing hand pointing the way to larger work in the interests of Christ's Kingdom and he had to follow the urge of his soul or have no peace. The Board understood, and acquiesced, though regretfully, and parted from him with the warmest good feeling.

It was no secret that his mind was set on returning to Africa to follow up his discoveries in the interests of Christian civilization: he declared his purpose in public meetings: and at one in Cambridge he profoundly moved a distinguished audience: "He stood before us," said one who heard him, "a plain, single-minded, cheerful man, somewhat attenuated by years of toil and with a face tinged by the sun of Africa, and he addressed us in unadorned and simple words and said nothing that savoured of self-glory." His concluding sentence electrified the company. "I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and for Christianity: do you carry out the work which I have begun: I leave it with you." That speech founded the Universities Mission.

A movement was set on foot to place him at the head of an expedition for the exploration of Eastern and Central Africa in which scientific, commercial and humanitarian objects would be combined. The Government adopted the proposal and Livingstone, realizing the moral and social value of such an enterprise, accepted the appointment. He was given the title of Consul for that undefined district and thenceforward he always wore the cap which denoted his

official position. Arminius Vambéry once said to a friend of the writer: "Livingstone was the greatest living Christian that has ever come within my orbit—but he was terribly, humanly proud of that consular cap of his!" But there was no vanity in the act. He wore the cap because of its psychological effect in Africa. The native mind is quick to recognise and defer to authority and that blue cap with the band of gold braid was to become known far and wide throughout the continent. It was to exact respect and assistance from native, Arab, and half-caste alike.

Unwilling to be parted from his wife—"his guardian angel" as he called her—Livingstone was happily able to arrange to take her and their youngest boy with him. He appeared to be conscious of the difficulty of his task. One who loved his fellows, he was a kind and considerate companion, but he worked best alone: his aims were so lofty and unselfish that it was not easy for less highly-tuned and single-minded natures to keep up with him. He was now to lead a mixed company of Europeans. One was his brother Charles, another was Dr. John Kirk, who later became so well-known for his work at Zanzibar, and others were a naval officer, an engineer, a geologist, and an artist. During the outward voyage he sought to inspire them with the team spirit and provided them with some admirable rules of conduct in regard to their treatment of the natives. In conclusion he wrote: "No great result is ever attained without patient, long-continued effort. In the enterprise in which we have the honour to be engaged, deeds of sympathy, consideration, and kindness, which when viewed in detail, may seem thrown away, if steadily persisted in, are sure, ultimately, to exercise a commanding influence. Depend upon it, a kind word or deed is never lost."

As a small paddle steamer had been taken for the navigation of the Zambezi a dozen Kroomen were

engaged at Sierra Leone to man her. Unhappily Mrs. Livingstone was so ill all the way to Cape Town that the Doctor was reluctantly forced to leave her with her parents who had come down to meet them, and they took her up to Kuruman—a bitter parting: "It was," said Livingstone, "like tearing the heart out of me." His public reception was an agreeable contrast to his former experience in the town: he was entertained by the citizens and at a meeting was presented by the Governor with a silver casket containing 800 guineas. It was a triumph for character and self-sacrificing achievement.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Discovery of Lake Nyasa

1858—1860

I

N the small steamer "Ma-Robert" (called, African fashion, after Mrs. Livingstone—"the mother of Robert," her eldest son), the party explored the web of channels and lagoons constituting the Zambezi delta and found that the Kongone was the most accessible entrance. Livingstone suspected that there was a still better mouth, and that it was used as a secret slave-route by the Portuguese, a surmise which later proved to be correct.

Trouble was never very far away. The work had scarcely begun ere the naval officer left the Expedition owing to a dispute about Sunday duties, and Livingstone had to undertake the task of navigating the vessel himself. This he did with his unfailing courage and resource, though it considerably handicapped his freedom of movement. Other members were dispensed with, and the Kroomen were sent back to their country as inefficient.

The "Ma-Robert" threshed its way up the Kongone channel, bordered by dense jungle, to the point where it joined the Zambezi, twenty-five miles from the ocean, and then proceeded to Shupanga, a range of stone buildings attractively situated on the north bank with a wide outlook over the river and level grass and forest land to a solitary mountain mass,

Morambala, in the far distance. Here, as everywhere, called the river was populous with hippos and crocodiles, and the woods bright with bird life.

Political conditions were those of a wild frontier region. The Portuguese had to deal with a different type of native from that in the west. In addition to the ordinary tribes they were confronted with a branch of the wandering Zulu stock who had fought their way north and had become a dominant force in the hill country of East Central Africa. These were disciplined fighters, armed with shields and stabbing spears, and subsisted largely by raiding neighbouring tribes during harvest and plundering their corn and cattle. Opposing the over-lordship of the Portuguese they were regarded by the latter as rebels. To ensure peace the Portuguese went the length of paying them tribute instead of levying it. Livingstone did not interfere in their quarrels : he managed to keep on good terms with both.

What seriously upset his plans and his equanimity was the behaviour of the " Ma-Robert." It turned out to be a sort of Greek gift, an utter misfit and heart-break, the cause of endless worry and vexation. Its condition was such that it was always undergoing repair. He would have preferred to use canoes which would have done the same work with half the toil and cost. There was good reason for his mortification, for the foisting of such a vessel upon the Expedition not only crippled it but actually, in the long run, ruined it. If it had not been for the delays it occasioned, Livingstone believed that he would have made a series of quick and successful journeys. "Burton," he wrote, " may thank the builder of ' Ma-Robert ' that we were not at the other lakes before him."

At Tete he was welcomed with unbounded joy by his band of carriers. His first task was to ascertain the navigability of the Zambezi further inland, and he

proceeded to investigate the Kebrabasa rapids about twenty-five miles up the river. Along with Kirk he explored them for a distance of eight miles and later examined them thoroughly from end to end, as tough and painful a bit of tropical foot-travelling as he had yet done. They had to clamber along the high, steep banks covered with huge boulders, polished and slippery, and interspersed with sharp, thorny bush. The torrid rays of the sun beat down upon the rocks making them so hot that even the horny feet of the natives were blistered. Far below them ran the swirling waters of the river, penned in here and there by precipitous gorges. For hours they had to leap from rock to rock or painfully climb up dangerous crags. Sometimes they had to wade up to the waist in reaches of water infested with hippos. They had to sleep in any shelter they could find in the open air. Even the Makololo were inclined to rebel. "We always thought you had a heart," they said reproachfully to Livingstone, "but now we believe you haven't." They imagined that he had become mad. But he did what he set out to do. The conclusion he came to was that another steamer of shallower draught and more power than the "Ma-Robert" would accomplish the passage of the rapids, and a request for such a vessel was dispatched to the British Government.

II

In the meantime he turned his attention to the River Shiré, an important tributary of the Zambezi, which flowed from somewhere in the north. Strangely enough the Portuguese had never taken the trouble to explore it. Travellers by it to the Shiré district in pre-railroad days can understand Livingstone's feelings of pleasure at the novelty of his experience. For a hundred miles the steamer moved quietly over the placid waters. It ran like a broad canal through level

grass-land, winding and twisting and turning back upon itself, so that the length of the journey was doubled. Then advance was blocked by an extensive stretch of cataracts—which he called after his friend Sir Roderick Murchison—where the river came tumbling down from the higher plateau. Throughout the journey the party were watched by excited and suspicous natives—the Manganja—armed with bows and arrows. At one point a cloud of arrows fell on the boat. Livingstone leapt over the side, waded fearlessly ashore, and holding up his hands cried to the throng " I come in peace." He showed them his white skin, and talked to them of his love for Africans and his hatred of slavery. Winning them over he presented gifts to the chiefs, and having thus gained their confidence he withdrew down the river.

This cautious and patient attitude had its reward. When he returned the people were friendlier ; and, what was more important, the chief at the cataracts, Chibisa, allowed his village to be used as a base for further operations. Leaving the vessel, Livingstone and Kirk struck out on foot up the valley and then over the hills to the north-east. They crossed the beautiful district now known as Blantyre, after Livingstone's birthplace, and lighted upon Lake Shirwa, a brackish sheet of water, the haunt of crocodiles and hippos, lying in the shadow of Mount Zomba. Beyond, they were told, lay a much larger lake. But Livingstone, the incarnation of patience, did not intend jeopardising the future for the sake of present triumph, and having made themselves known to the people the two retraced their steps in a more southerly direction, having on their left the magnificent cloud-capped bulk of Mlanje mountain.

Having visited the Kongone again for provisions and repair the Expedition returned to the Shirê. Even Livingstone was amazed on this trip at the

prodigious abundance of animal life : on a marshy plain he counted 800 elephants feeding : on a single bank of the river 67 crocodiles were sunning themselves : the water-fowl were in myriads. At Chibisa's an overland party was made up, the natives being armed with guns, though they had never drawn a trigger in their life. Livingstone would have left all weapons behind, but he had other Europeans to think of, and he knew that human nature, whether white or black, is always ready to take advantage of the weak and is civil to the powerful ; and a show of force would be better than nothing.

The valley of the Shiré was followed, but deviations were made to obtain a knowledge of the surrounding country. It seemed well watered and fertile and the climate was delightful. The Manganja were apparently an industrious people for they were busy cleaning, spinning and weaving cotton and working in iron ore. They regarded the strangers with suspicious, wary gaze, but treated them with a natural courtesy. Livingstone said he felt pained to see the " abject manner " in which the women knelt as they passed : this, however, was their graceful form of salutation, equivalent to the old-fashioned English curtsey. They wore the ugly projecting lip-ring, called the pelele, which was then fashionable.

III

The current of the Shiré became sluggish and the banks were lined with dense masses of papyrus reed—the upper reaches are now completely choked. Suddenly on September 16, 1859, they came upon Lake Nyasa, a lovely stretch of shining water bordered by green hills and misty from evaporation and the haze of the seasonal grass fires. Their pleasure was soon damped. Close by was encamped a large slave caravan ; and half a dozen Arabs, an ill-looking lot,

came to offer young children for sale. When told that the newcomers were English they disappeared. During the night they struck their tents and stole silently away.

Livingstone learnt that the lower end of the Lake was one of the great slave routes from the interior to the coast. Another was half-way up, the slaves crossing in dhows ; and a third was round the head of the Lake. Excusing themselves for the part they played in the traffic the chiefs said they must have manufactured goods, such as cloth and brass rings, which they could only purchase with human flesh. A man was sold for 4 yards of cloth : a woman 3 yards, and a boy or girl 2 yards. As in the west, they had taken to raiding neighbouring tribes to obtain prisoners for the purpose and were even selling their own people. Private stealing was also carried on. The whole region was demoralized and in a state of nervous tension and terror.

The soul of Livingstone was grieved for the misery of Africa and he vowed to make it the main aim of his life to rouse the conscience of Christendom on the subject. " Death alone," he wrote, " will put a stop to my efforts." With the seer's vision and the statesman's practical sense he came to two conclusions. He believed that if a small British steamer were plying on the Lake it would check the iniquitous business and give security to the people, and do it more effectually than half a dozen warships on the Indian Ocean. He determined to devote his entire fortune to the purpose. " It could not be better spent," he said. At once, on his own behalf, he ordered a steamer to be sent out from England. Though it was not destined to reach the Lake, time proved the accuracy of his judgment and saw the fulfilment of his hopes.

His other conviction was that the Shiré Highlands were suitable for white colonization and the cultivation

of cotton, tobacco and coffee. He often thought of the hard lot of the honest poor at home: how difficult it was for them to make a living: how severe they found the battle of life—and how much of the fertile portion of the world was unoccupied. He became fascinated with the idea of planting a colony of industrious Scots on these beautiful hills, and in this case also was prepared to finance the undertaking. His remarks about emigration are as applicable to-day as then: "Colonization from a country such as ours ought to be one of hope and not of despair. It ought not to be looked upon as the last and worst shift that a family may come to, but the performance of an imperative duty to our blood, our country, our religion and to humankind." The region of Blantyre in lower Nyasaland to which he referred is now the centre of white occupation, and has become, what he anticipated it would be, the key to Eastern Central Africa.

For future use a boat was left hanging from a large tree on an island in the river and the party returned to the Cataracts which they reached in an exhausted and half-poisoned state. The ship was again taken down to the Kongone and beached for repairs. A Government steamer arrived with despatches and letters from the outer world, but as these were being brought ashore the boat capsized and the mail was lost. It was not easy to take such incidents philosophically, but Livingstone was schooled in patience. He decided to implement his promise to his Zambezi carriers and take them home. On arriving at Tete, however, he found difficulties blocking the way, and once again he went down to the Kongone in the faint hope of another mail, only to learn that the lost bags had been recovered, and that he had passed them on the way. For some weeks the party lived in huts amongst the mangroves, but no other vessel appearing, they steamed back to Tete.

THE STEAMER *MA-ROBERT* ON THE ZAMBEZI

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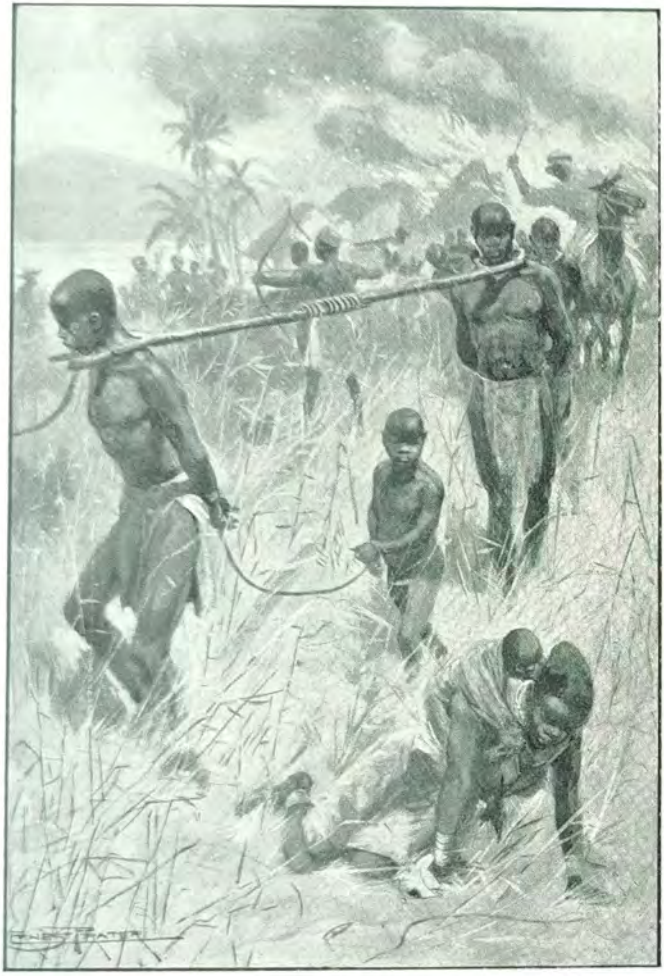

SLAVERY

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IV

It was only when the ulendo, or caravan, for the interior was being organised that the demoralization which had set in amongst the carriers was revealed. So many had adopted new wives and occupations that a considerable number declined to move. With the remainder the Doctor set out accompanied by his brother and Dr. Kirk. A different route was taken from that by which he had previously travelled, and being fully armed, the party received more civil treatment. One day when Livingstone was out alone a rhinoceros suddenly charged him. He thought the end had come. But when close upon him the beast abruptly stood stock still. He turned and ran. A branch wrenched his watch from his pocket and when freeing it he glanced back. The rhinoceros was standing " as if arrested by an unseen hand."

Over healthy bracing hills, across hot savannah country, and tracts as populous with wild life as a zoo : past villages where they were watched furtively by curious eyes, through a district where the men wore only red ochre—" God made us naked," they said simply, " and naked we will remain "—they wound their slow way. Three hundred miles from their destination they had an example of how rapidly and far news travels in Africa. They were told that " English who said it was wrong to kill men," had arrived at Mosilikatse's. This, Livingstone rightly guessed referred to Dr. Moffat who had planned a mission among the Matabele.

When at last they reached Sesheke on the Zambezi, Livingstone was startled at the change which had come over the scene. Sekeletu was there, a hopeless leper, secluded within a wagon enclosed by a high reed wall. Suspecting that he had been bewitched he had put his principal headmen and their families to death. Many tribes had declared their independence : the Barotse

were in revolt, the people were scattering. The great Makololo dynasty, built up and consolidated by the genius and personal influence of Sebituane, was fast disintegrating. It did, in fact, disappear within the next few years, and the Barotse kingdom which took its place remains as a British protectorate to this day.

The London Missionary Society, anxious to take advantage of the favourable situation created by Livingstone's pioneering journey among the Makololo, had despatched a mission to Linyanti, Sekeletu's town. It consisted of the Rev. H. Helmore, his wife and four children, and the Rev. Roger Price, his wife and one child. Of this party of nine, six had died of fever, and the field had been abandoned. The only survivors were Roger Price and two Helmore children. The full story, when he heard it, was one of the most moving and heart-rending in the heroic annals of missions.

Hastening to Linyanti he found all the material he had left there years before—books, tools, magic lantern, even food—lying untouched, and within a short distance of the spot where the missionaries had perished. It was with sorrowful feelings that he came across his medicine chest, which would have proved so invaluable to them had they known of its existence.

For a time he merged into the resident missionary, preaching, teaching, and healing as in former days. Then in September the party left Sesheke and retraversed the country by the same general route. The chiefs and people were now so familiar with Livingstone's character that they were everywhere friendly. One chief who had heard of the Sunday services came and begged that he also might be " Sundayed." The only incident of note occurred when the party endeavoured to shoot the Kebrabasa rapids. Kirk's canoe, caught in a swirl, crashed on a rock and all his notes and the natural history materials he had laboriously collected were lost.

They reached Tete in November, 1860, after an absence of six months, and started for the Kongone in the leaky and asthmatic "Ma-Robert" which at Christmas met an inglorious end by sticking fast on a sandbank and becoming a wreck. The members of the Expedition, chagrined but scarcely sorry, took to canoes and landed at Senna. They arrived at the Kongone in January and for a time had nothing to do but fight mosquitoes and fever and explore the malodorous mangrove.

CHAPTER NINE

Blighted Hopes

1860—1864

I

T last came the "Pioneer", the new river steamer sent out by the Government. Livingstone's hopes rose high. It was a well-built and suitable vessel in every way. But again he was doomed to disappointment. Instead of drawing three feet of water it drew five, and this was fatal. It was as often fast on the river sandbanks as afloat. Frequently the party were marooned for weeks together. On one occasion it remained immovable on a shoal for over a month and one of the crew succumbed to fever. It took all Livingstone's iron self-control to be patient and resigned in such circumstances. He often wondered at the manifold delays and obstructions that hindered the progress of his work, but never lost his child-like trust and always took refuge in the faith that all must be for the best.

What promised to be sufficient compensation for all his trials and toils was the prospect of a mission in the Nyasa district. The addresses he had given while at home had stirred the heart of Christendom as never before, and several influential movements had been set on foot for the evangelization of Africa. It was with keen pleasure that he heard of an Oxford and Cambridge Universities Mission to the Shiré Highlands. Such a settlement might take the place of his

projected colony : at any rate he decided to delay his own plans until he saw how the enterprise fared. When the agents of the Mission arrived he was surprised to see so large a party : it consisted of Bishop Mackenzie and five assistants, along with five coloured men from the Cape, but, what to him was of ominous import, no medical man. While he was eager to do all in his power to assist them he felt the embarrassment of numbers and divided interests. The Bishop naturally wished to proceed to the Shiré at once, but Livingstone was under orders to explore the Rovuma, a river entering the Indian Ocean further north, in order to discover whether it provided access to the Nyasa region. This was necessary on account of the Portuguese placing obstacles in the way of the free navigation of the Zambezi. As Livingstone's aid was indispensable, the Bishop at last agreed to accompany him first to the Rovuma. But valuable time had been lost ; and when they ascended the river to a distance of only thirty miles the water fell for the season and the Expedition was compelled to retreat. Livingstone decided to reverse the route : to go back to the Shiré, see the Mission founded, and then explore from Nyasa down to the coast.

II

When the Expedition and the Mission parties arrived at Chibisa's they found the situation changed for the worse. The Rev. Dr. Laws, C.M.G., who realized one of Livingstone's dreams by establishing the Livingstonia Mission, once remarked to the writer that there never was any difficulty in going wherever Livingstone had been : he made it easy for all others to follow him. That, however, applied to evil-disposed men as well as to the messengers of peace. Taking advantage of Livingstone's good name the men-hunters, working under Portuguese licence, had

invaded the Shirê valley and, pretending that they were his "children," were carrying on a brisk trade in slaves. In addition a tribe called the Yao, largely Mohammedan, were on the war path, killing and kidnapping the peaceful Manganja. The whole region was ravaged and terror-stricken. While ascending the highlands they encountered a slave caravan winding its way down to the valley, the women and children manacled, the men with their necks fastened in forked sticks. As soon as the black drivers caught sight of the company they bolted into the forest. The captives, eighty-four in all, were released and attached to the Mission. Several other gangs were liberated under similar circumstances. The majority of the victims were entirely naked and had to be clothed.

Burning villages and fleeing people, the cries of wailing women, and the shouts of frenzied warriors assailed them as they proceeded. Presently they sighted a body of Yao flushed with the fighting, who surrounded them dancing and yelling. It was in vain that Livingstone reasoned with them, protesting that his party were men of peace; they attacked with poisoned arrows and wounded one of the men. Livingstone gave the order to retire, but the Yaos closed in and began to shoot with muskets. In self defence the fire was returned—Livingstone himself was unarmed—and they were driven off. "A most unpleasant day," wrote Livingstone, heart-sick at what had occurred. It was the first time he had been in actual collision with Africans. If he had been alone it is probable that the situation would have ended in different fashion.

The Bishop, new to the country and horrified at the scenes he had witnessed, proposed to go to the rescue of the Manganja who had been captured, but Livingstone strongly opposed the idea, advocating patience

and conciliation. "Don't aid the Manganja if they ask you," he counselled: "if you do they will never be done asking you. Don't interfere with native quarrels." His sympathy, however, was all with the Bishop. After seeing the Mission settled at Magomero, a pleasant wooded spot beside a clear-flowing stream, which he hoped would become the centre of Christian civilization, Livingstone returned to Chibisa's.

III

Accompanied by his brother and Dr. Kirk he set out for Lake Nyasa with a light four-oared gig which his porters carried past the forty-mile stretch of cataracts and launched on the upper Shirè. They rowed into the Lake and coasted along the western shore. A promontory at the south end was named Cape Maclear after his Cape Town friend. . . . It was here, on the edge of a sandy bay, that the Livingstonia mission of the Free Church of Scotland was first planted in later days.

Owing to the smoke haze Livingstone was unable to judge the length of the Lake, but he estimated it at over 200 miles—it is actually 350, with an average breadth of forty. The beauty of it appealed to him—the calm surface glittering in the brilliant sunlight, the rampart of green hills, and the intense peace that brooded upon it. At times, however, as he found to his cost, it was swept by sudden fierce storms. He noted dense brown clouds drifting along: when encountered they resolved into millions of minute midges. The people told him that they collected these and baked them into edible cakes.

Every jutting point, every sweep of white beach, was black with wondering men and women. They were quite civil, and two northern chiefs, Marenga and Mankambira treated him kindly. The former,

Livingstone thought, would be a friend to missionaries, a surmise which was afterwards borne out. When the writer was in this district he met several old men who had as boys seen Livingstone when he landed. " We were much afraid," said one with a fine intelligent face. " I did not know there were such beings as white men. I thought they were men without bodies. Dr. Livingstone wanted to see our chief, Mankambira, but, as is our custom, we showed him another man. ' It is your Chief I want,' he said. Then we brought forward another, but he shook his head—he knew better ! He was very kind and gave the Chief gifts. He gave us medicine too, but we were afraid of it and would not take it."

On the highlands which rose towering into the western sky dwelt the Zulu warriors, then called Mazitu, now known as Ngoni, who periodically swept down on the shore tribes and looted the crops and cattle. They also took prisoners, but not to sell : they were absorbed into the clan. Once when Livingstone was accidentally separated from a boat party for four days and was travelling overland, he came into contact with a number of these raiders. They were fantastically arrayed in feathers and armed with spears and shields. After a parley which the Doctor conducted with his customary wisdom they parted without violence. What would he have said if he had known that half a century later the wild Ngoni would be going down to the tribes they were now raiding and murdering, as evangelists to preach to them the Gospel of Peace !

This land journey along the borders of the Lake took Livingstone far north. From a height of a thousand feet he saw the mountain masses closing in at the upper end. On one of these green heights, had he but known it, was to be established the principal institution of the Livingstonia Mission,

a great evangelistic, educational, industrial and medical centre which has spread light and peace throughout the Lake region.

The present state of the country was dark and desperate enough. The slave traffic was thriving: Livingstone calculated that 19,000 slaves were being transported annually along these beaten trails to Zanzibar. But the waste of life during the " middle passage " was such that not a tenth of the victims reached the coast.

Provisions were done and reluctantly abandoning the exploration of the eastern side of the Lake the party returned, enfeebled by their experiences, and proceeded to the Kongone.

IV

Presently Livingstone sighted H.M.S. " Gorgon " towing the brig " Hetty Ellen." On the latter to his great delight was Mrs. Livingstone, for whom he had been impatiently waiting. With her was the Rev. James Stewart, on his way to prospect for a suitable site for the Free Church of Scotland Mission, and three ladies for the Universities Mission. Also came the pieces of his own vessel, the " Lady Nyasa," which he hopefully expected would neutralize the slave traffic at the Lake. These were stowed on the " Pioneer," and the passage up the river begun, but the vessel drew so much water that she missed few of the sandbanks and for days and weeks at a time was stuck fast in the shoal water. So vexatious were these delays that instead of continuing up to Chibisa's, Livingstone decided to unship the parts at Shupanga and screw them together there. Six months, which meant a full year of travelling weather, had, however, been lost. Many men would have become irritable and discouraged under such set-backs, but Livingstone remained bright and cheerful. One of the ladies of the party, Miss Lennox,

who was temporarily left behind when the others went up-river, told the writer that he had " brain and heart and gentleness." She was struck by his intellectual qualities but more impressed by his spiritual character. She and Mrs. Livingstone slept on the deck of the " Pioneer ", but occasionally spent a night on shore in a room at Shupanga House.

One day to their great surprise, they saw the gig returning with the ladies who had left for Magomero. These brought news of a disaster as tragic as that which had befallen the London Missionary Society's venture at Linyanti. Two members of the Universities Mission while journeying were attacked and barely escaped with their lives. Their carriers were captured, and Bishop Mackenzie, ignoring Livingstone's counsel not to engage in reprisals, proceeded to the rescue and burned the villages of the offenders. He and his colleague subsequently underwent severe privations : their canoe was lost with all the medicines ; and, taking fever, the Bishop succumbed. His colleague was carried back to Magomero where he died shortly afterwards.

Livingstone sat down in the cabin of the " Pioneer " in an attitude of extreme dejection. " This," he said, " will hurt us all." But his spirit soon rallied to its divinely inspired purpose. " I shall not swerve a hairsbreadth from my work," he said quietly, " while life is spared." There is no doubt that he admired the courage of the Bishop, tacitly approved of his action, and was quite prepared to receive a share of the blame.

Another blow was inflicted by the decision of Mr. Stewart who, after surveying the country came to the conclusion that the founding of a Scottish Mission was not then practicable. There was justification, perhaps, for the bitterness of heart felt by the Doctor who expected that Scottish grit would have been able to grapple with the situation bad as it was. But

Stewart was never satisfied with his own decision, and years afterwards he redeemed his action by promoting the Livingstonia Mission already alluded to.

The crowning misfortune followed, one which wounded Livingstone vitally and darkened his whole after life. The ladies had to be sent home. He took them down to the Kongone, Mrs. Livingstone accompanying them. Bad weather prevented the steamer coming in, and there was a long enforced wait in feverish surroundings ere they got away. On returning to Shupanga Mrs. Livingstone was prostrated with violent sickness and died in the mansion on the evening of April 27th. She was buried on the estate, at the foot of a baobab tree. The surroundings to-day are much the same as they were then. The river flows silently past, gleaming like polished copper ; birds flit among the mango and palm trees, bright splashes of flying colour : an air of loneliness, of sadness, broods over the landscape which stretches, a melancholy waste of grass and jungle-land to the far blue hills. The scene often came back to Livingstone afterwards and he never ceased to mourn the loving faithful heart that found rest there. It was not realized then, nor is it realized yet, what sacrifices of health and happiness the missionary's life entails. Mary Livingstone was a heroine in her own right. She was one of the pioneers in a silent service which is gladly undertaken for love of Christ. Like many a missionary's wife since she responded courageously to the demands made upon her, bore with cheerfulness and fortitude the trials and absences inseparable from her lot, and gave her husband devoted help and comradeship. " She endured more than some who have written large books of travel," he wrote. Neither escaped the pain of being misunderstood, but they understood one another and cared nothing for the world's opinion.

V

With forlorn heart he turned to the performance of his duty. The "Lady Nyasa," when rebuilt was launched, but the season being too advanced to take her up the river he utilised the waiting period by a further exploration of the Rovuma. The usual incidents were encountered in the coastal belt: one was an affray with the villagers on the banks who used poisoned arrows. Livingstone managed to pacify them, but on the party proceeding they were treacherously attacked and were compelled to fire in self-defence. Livingstone noted the incident as another example of the demoralization which always accompanied the advent of the slave trade. The journey established the fact that the river was navigable only up to a distance of 156 miles and was therefore useless as an entrance-way to Nyasa.

In January, 1863, the "Lady Nyasa" was taken up to the foot of the Murchiston Cataracts. A fearful change had taken place in the Shiré valley. After the savage slave raids and the tribal conflicts had come famine. The villages were blackened ruins; scarcely a soul was to be seen: those stumbled across were starving: the crocodiles were gorged with human flesh. The whole land, once smiling and busy, was now a desert strewn with bones. Such conditions made the party quicken their efforts. The "Lady Nyasa" was unscrewed and a forty-mile track was begun that it might be transported piecemeal past the rapids. Illness crippled the operations. The health of both Dr. Kirk and Charles Livingstone became so shattered that they were obliged to give up the work and return to England. Livingstone himself was down for a month and was reduced to a shadow, but held grimly to his task.

In order to be independent of the south he decided to tap the Lake-side for fresh provisions, and with one

of the Europeans, walked up to the river island where the boat had been left suspended on a previous occasion. It was found to have been burnt only a short time before, probably in a grass fire. " We shall go back and bring back another," said the patient Livingstone, but on reaching the base, in July, he was handed a despatch from the British Government recalling the Expedition. The salaries were to cease in December.

So many crushing blows had been suffered that this final shock left him unmoved. He had himself expected it for he was aware that adverse political influences were at work in Europe against the policy he was pursuing. He had never been very sanguine as to speedy results from the Expedition, though he was convinced of its ultimate effect. He was satisfied to have inserted the thin edge of the wedge and he looked to British energy and spirit to drive it home.

VI

It was impossible to take the " Pioneer " and the " Lady Nyasa " down the river until the December floods, and he was not one to lose an opportunity. To " improve the time," as he said, he made a dash for Lake Nyasa in order to examine it further and collect more information regarding the slave traffic. A boat was carried past the cataracts. At the last rapid it was lost through the childishness of his porters " showing off " their ability to row it. Many men would have stormed at the delinquents, but Livingstone, inured to disappointment, said it was no use crying over spilt milk, and quietly ordered them back for fresh provisions, cloth and beads. When these arrived, he and the steward of the " Pioneer " set off on foot. On the way he cast many a wistful glance at the Shiré Highlands : " I still think," he said optimistically, " that they may be a centre for civilizing influences." They are, to-day.

Bearing away to the north-west the two men became separated from their carriers and supplies, and for three days went hungry save for meagre meals provided by the impoverished people. The countryside further on had been recently over-run by the Ngoni as dead bodies and silent villages bore witness. Striking the Lake they trudged along its shore. As they approached the Arab settlement of Kota Kota they found dense communities of natives living on the beach in the hope that the near presence of slavers would protect them from the hillmen. Seeing these multitudes Livingstone's hopes beat high for the success of a peaceful mission. The Arabs were quietly pursuing their own game. Two dhows were transporting slaves across : another was being built, and he saw gangs in goree sticks waiting to be ferried over.

At this point he turned due west, passing through districts terrorized by Arab and Ngoni alike, where the villages were stockaded : and over the hill country with its cool and invigorating climate ; and thence down into the valley of the Loangwa. From occasional Arabs he learnt something of the geography of the interior. Two large lakes, they said (Mweru and Bangweolo) lay immediately to the west, not more than ten days distant. Though now suffering from want of food and dysentery he would have gone on had it not been for the inexorable order of the Government. Reluctantly the two men turned and hurriedly retraced their steps. So swift were their marches that the natives were astonished : no sooner, they declared, did they appear than they were off again. The chief difficulty was to allay a gnawing hunger. Always ready to excuse the natives, the Doctor remarked that white people would not have relished feeding vagrants any more than Africans.

They reached the ship after an eight hundred mile journey " with muscles as hard as boards and feeling

well and fit." In spite of the hardships Livingstone had greatly enjoyed the experience. Those who, like the writer, have also tramped over these Nyasaland hills can understand his pleasure, and realize, what is sometimes forgotten, that though he had many dark and sad days in Africa, he must also have had many happy ones. Now and again he incidentally confesses it. " The mere animal pleasure of travelling in a wild unexplored country," he wrote, " is very great. When on land of a couple of thousand feet elevation, brisk exercise imparts elasticity to the muscles, fresh and healthy blood circulates through the brain, the mind works well, the eye is clear, the step is firm, and a day's exertion always makes the evening's repose thoroughly enjoyable."

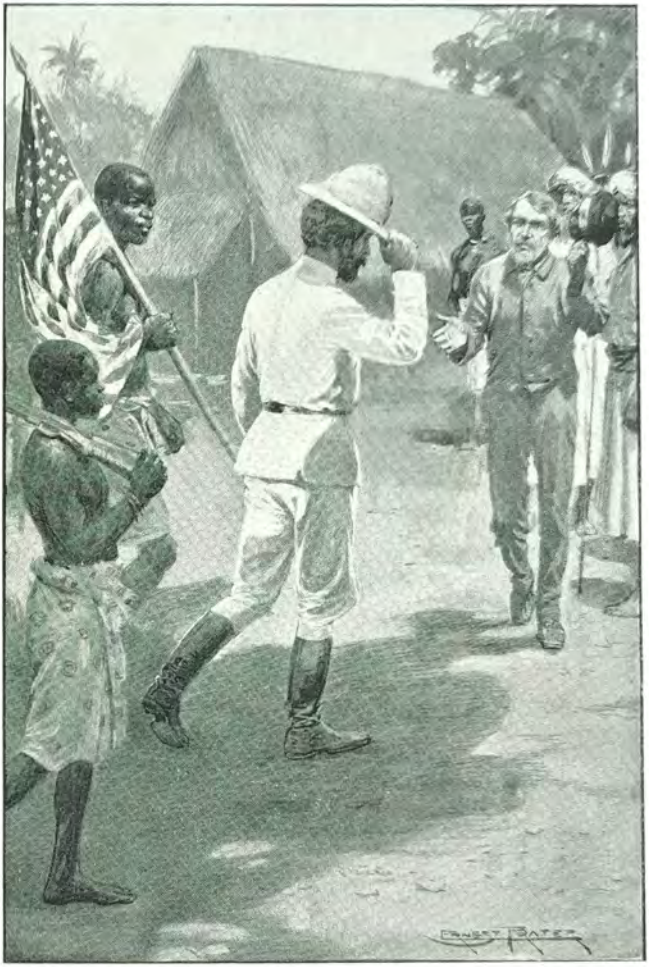
VII

The malicious powers seeking to baffle and outwit the indomitable soul of Livingstone tantalized him further. He found that he could easily have reached the unknown lakes, for he had two months to wait for the flood at Chibisa's. While waiting he also received the information that with the death of two additional agents the Universities Mission at Magomero had been abandoned, and operations transferred to Zanzibar. Later it was to re-establish itself on the mainland and do noble work. In the end the Shiré Highlands were not to go unoccupied. They became the centre of another great mission of manifold activities, that of the Church of Scotland—called after his Blantyre birthplace—where was built by native labour a church, the architectural beauty of which excites the wonder of passing travellers. In this mission the son of one of Livingstone's Makololo became a pastor.

In February, 1864, Livingstone handed over the " Pioneer " to the Navy, and taking command of the " Lady Nyasa " and engaging a small crew he per-

formed a feat which was as extraordinary as any of his land journeys. He sailed the vessel 2,500 miles through calm and storms across the Indian Ocean to Bombay. He steered by the chart, and so accurate were his calculations that he informed his men one day that they would sight land next morning—which they did. He sailed right into the great harbour, the gateway of India, and so tiny was the vessel that its arrival passed unnoticed.

He reached London on July 21st, 1864.



THE MEETING OF STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE

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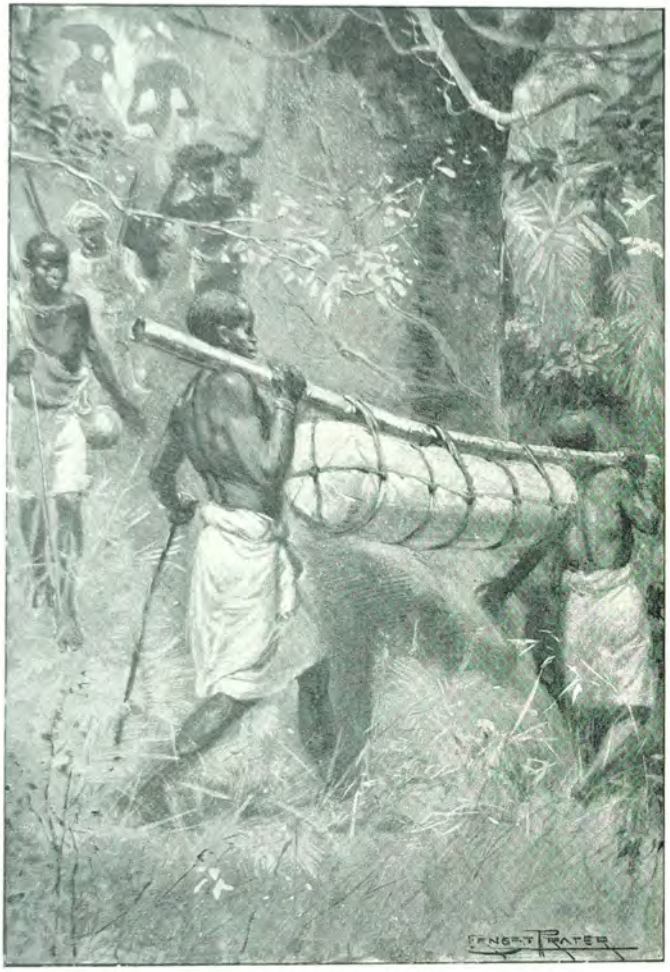

THE LAST JOURNEY

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CHAPTER TEN

Lakes and Sponges

1864—1869

I

LIVINGSTONE was again a popular and honoured figure and was obliged to appear frequently on the public platform, though the very thought of having to speak made him ill. Most of his time was spent with his children. While preparing his report of the Expedition, *The Zambezi and its Tributaries*, for the press he and his daughter Agnes were the guests of his old hunter friend Mr. Webb, at Newstead Abbey. In his book he incorporated some of his brother's material and gave due credit to his colleagues " for their untiring zeal, energy, and courage, undaunted by difficulties, danger or hardfare."

He had less thought than ever of settling down at home. Always in vision he saw those pitiful slave processions winding endlessly along the African trails to the coast, and was ready for any enterprise that would help him to fight the hideous evil. His scientific friends wished him to devote his entire energies to the solution of the problem of the watershed in the interior, but he who held that " the spirit of missions was the spirit of our Master, the very genius of His religion " would not accept any appointment that did not leave him free to work in his own way. They acquiesced. An Expedition was promoted, and the Government assisted, as generously as could be expected.

As his stern denunciation of Portuguese support of the slave trade made it impolitic for him to use the Zambezi, he decided to reach the interior by the Rovuma, north of the territory which they claimed; then he proposed to round Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika, and, striking west into the great inland valley, to investigate the structure of the watershed in relation to the lakes and rivers. In order to dispose of the "Lady Nyasa" he went first to India where the vessel was sold for £2,300, which he dedicated to the cause of Africa. The money was invested in an Indian bank—which failed. The whole of the £6,000 received for his first book had now disappeared. His only regret was that no practical benefit for Africa had accrued from it. He placed no value on money except in its relation to the Kingdom of Christ.

II

Arriving, in January, 1866, at Zanzibar, where he saw 300 slaves exposed for sale, the greater number from Nyasa districts, he made careful preparations for the journey and arranged for future supplies. The company he organized consisted of thirty-seven men, including thirteen Sepoys of the Bombay Marine Battalion, ten men from Johanna in the Comoro Islands, and nine liberated African slaves educated at the Church Missionary Society's orphanage at Nasik in the Bombay Presidency. Three of his followers require special mention, Musa, one of the Johanna men, a Mohammedan, who had been a sailor on the "Lady Nyasa"; Susi, a grave-looking African, who had cut wood for the "Pioneer" at Shupanga; and Chumah, one of the slaves freed in the Shiré Highlands in 1861, a merry vivacious lad who had sailed in the "Lady Nyasa" to Bombay. And there was Chitane, a poodle dog, which became Livingstone's faithful companion. Keen, as usual, to experiment,

the Doctor took six camels, three buffaloes, two mules and four donkeys, in order to ascertain their tsetse-resisting qualities and their capabilities for draught purposes.

He set out in eager and happy mood. Once more he was alone, unhampered by the temperaments and ideas of others, free from Government rules and restrictions, and inspired by his lofty ideal of ameliorating the lot of the African race. But no sooner had he plunged into the jungle than his troubles and torments began. From his *Last Journals*, published as he wrote it from day to day, one obtains vivid unstudied pictures of his experiences. Almost all his difficulties were due to the stupidity and wickedness of his new followers. The Sepoys were the chief source of annoyance and worry: they were of no possible use, they were lazy and insubordinate, and they vitiated his experiments by merciless treatment of the animals in their care, most of which were so cruelly abused that they died. "I am now," he wrote, "as much dependent on carriers as if I had never bought a beast of burden." "Sepoys," he said tersely, "are a mistake." The others were not much better. He exercised wonderful patience, forgiving offences again and again. "I shall try to feel as charitably as I can in spite of it all," he said.

The Sepoys became more and more wilfully exasperating: one threw away fifteen pounds of Livingstone's precious supply of tea in order to lighten his load. The Doctor merely reproved him, but issued a warning that any similar disloyal act would be punished. The occasion speedily arose, and he gave two men some strokes with a cane, but feeling that he had degraded himself he resolved never to chastise again with his own hands.

Food became unprocurable because white calico was useless as currency among a people well supplied

with it by the slavers. Short marches on empty stomachs were the rule. Apart from ordinary trials he had the sorrow of witnessing the slave traffic in full blast. Indications of it were visible on every hand. He came across dead women tied by the neck to trees or lying in the path in pools of blood: unable to march they had been killed to stimulate the flagging energies of others. Men were also found dying with the sticks still on their necks, abandoned because the food of the caravan had run out. His blood boiled at the inhumanity; and yet individual Arabs whom he met were kind to him and freely supplied him with provisions when they could spare them. He never ceased lecturing the people themselves on the iniquity and foolishness of the trade and directing their thoughts to the gospel of the Prince of Peace.

He discovered that the Rovuma had its source among the hills he was traversing, and so disposed of the supposition that it flowed out of Lake Nyasa. In February he reached Mataka's, a prosperous looking town of a thousand huts, governed by a good natured Yao chief who had never seen a European before. The climate was delightful, the soil rich, and cultivations well-laid out and irrigated. Having eaten nothing for eight days but maize and rice without relish, he enjoyed the good fare he was able to procure. All the conditions appealed to him: the place seemed as suitable as Magomero for a mission settlement. In course of time Mataka's became a post of the Universities Mission, whose pioneers gradually occupied the whole district.

The Sepoys, continuing to behave like criminals, could no longer be tolerated, and they were sent back to the coast. Thus freed from one incubus Livingstone proceeded on his march over the uplands, and in August came to Lake Nyasa lying shimmering in the heat haze. "It was as if I had come back to an old

home I never expected again to see ; and pleasant to bathe in the delicious waters again, hear the roar of the sea, and dash in the rollers. I feel quite exhilarated." On account of the fear which the English name inspired he was unable to procure a passage across, and made for the southern end. Sombre reflections were induced by the memory of his first visit. " Many hopes have been disappointed here. Far down on the Zambezi lies the dust of her whose death changed all my future prospects." But with a prescience which proved justified he added " All will come right some day though I may not live to participate in the joy or even see the commencement of better times."

He interviewed two Yao chiefs who carried on raids against the Manganja in the interests of the Arab slavers. " What can we do without Arab cloth ? " one asked him. " Do what you did before the Arabs came," was the prompt reply. At the village of another chief he saw 85 slaves immured in a pen, most of them mere boys.

His route lay again in the direction of the Ngoni strongholds and his Johanna men became nervous. A passing Arab stimulated their fears. The country in front of them, he said, was full of Ngoni. Musa, whom Livingstone had found to be " an unmitigated liar," and the others, were terrified, flung down their headloads, and decamped. Livingstone was pleased to get rid of them so easily, but he was unaware for long of the extraordinary tale they carried back to the coast and the stir it caused. They reported that he had been murdered by the Ngoni, and gave a circumstantial account of the affair. When the statement reached England many placed reliance on it : others doubted, and an expedition under Mr. Young, who had been the able gunner of the " Lady Nyasa," was despatched, and swiftly making for the lower end of Lake Nyasa, found ample proof of the falsity of the story.

III

While the world was speculating as to his fate, Livingstone, quietly trusting in the protection of Providence, was moving north-west, zig-zag fashion according as he could procure food supplies. The country was thinly covered with trees and well-wooded, but scourged and wasted by the slave trade, and haunted by fear of the stealthy approach of the Ngoni with their sudden cry of " War ! war ! " He watched the people at their common occupations—the charcoal burners, the potters, the iron workers, the mat-weavers, the bark-cloth makers—and thought what a pleasant land it would be were it not for the dark shadows resting upon it.

He descended to the Loangwa, now a familiar river to him, and, after crossing it, spent Christmas Day hunting for four of his goats that had disappeared. This was a loss he felt keenly, for they had supplied him with the milk which kept him well. A little indigestible maize porridge, tasteless, for he had neither sugar nor salt, was his only fare. He was never a dreamer : he toiled too hard not to sleep profoundly : but he began now to have dreams of feasting on sumptuous meals. At the end of a day's marching through lovely country richly wooded, gay with brilliant blossoms, and resounding with bird song, he camped beside a stream, famished, and dreamt all night long of delicious dinners. Tightening up his belt he trudged hopefully onwards to a village where it was almost certain he would obtain supplies. It was deserted.

On New Year's morning he wrote : " 1866 has not been so fruitful or useful as I intended. Will try and do better in 1867, and be better and more gentle and loving." With gnawing hunger a constant companion he went on through famine country where the people were subsisting on mushrooms and leaves ;

and now he began to dream of food by day as well as by night. His condition probably explained the loss of his pet dog. Chitane, which had taken charge of the party and kept off thieves, never stealing itself, was forgotten while a river was being crossed: it swam until its strength gave out and then sank.

Then occurred an incident which demonstrated how his high purpose could be balked by the petty wickedness of man. He had followed his usual practice of dividing up the goods in case of mishap, or the desertion of the porters, but he never thought of separating the medicines into different packets since the box containing them was always in the care of a trustworthy boy. On a certain evil morning it was transferred to one of two guides, both of whom had so far proved faithful. That day they deserted with the box and the most anxious and diligent search failed to trace them.

Livingstone, whose health depended upon his medicine chest, felt as if he had received his death-sentence—as, indeed he had. He possessed nothing now to fight fever or dysentery. "It is difficult," he wrote, "to say from the heart 'Thy will be done,' but I shall try. One's losses and annoyances are just part of the undercurrent of vexation which is not wanting even in the smoothest life." The amazing thing was that he discovered compensation in what was an irremediable disaster. Medicines, he said, were regarded as charms and magic by the people, and so one source of suspicion and difficulty had been removed from his path. He even had a good word for the thieves: "Having had hard and scanty fare, wet and misery in passing through dripping forests, hungry nights and fatiguing days, their patience must have been worn out." He often prayed that he might be like Christ: we see in his attitude at this time how closely he had approximated to his ideal.

In January he crossed the Chambezi without, at the moment, appreciating its significance in the river system of Central Africa. Incessant rain aggravated his difficulties : hunger and weariness reduced him to extreme weakness : he was startled to realize how emaciated he had become. A village with a triple stockade was reached where the chief, at first truculent but afterwards friendly, supplied his needs. A passing slave trader going east accepted a despatch to England —which duly arrived—and also a letter for Zanzibar, ordering an adequate supply of goods to be sent to Ujiji, the Arab settlement on Lake Tanganyika. An attack of rheumatic fever prostrated him ; at times he was scarcely able to walk ; driver ants paid him an unwelcome visit ; a party of young braves threatened him ; villagers shut their gates against him—these and many other annoying incidents varied the monotony of the march.

Very pleasant was the sight of Lake Tanganyika. He was the first white man to reach the southern end. The water lay quiet and peaceful in the hot sunshine, and down the green heights white cascades leapt. It was a scene of surpassing beauty, but the surroundings were still in a state of primeval wildness, the haunt of lions, elephants, buffaloes, hippos and crocodiles.

If only he could have seen into the future ! This was the district selected by the London Missionary Society for a Central Lake Mission, another heroic effort which was almost baffled by the climate—about thirty per cent of the early workers died—but which has developed into a flourishing enterprise.

Without drugs to combat the fever he became extremely ill and had fits of insensibility : on one occasion he fell and his head struck heavily against a box. With native delicacy his boys hung a blanket before his hut that no stranger might look upon his helplessness. When partially restored he struggled

on, up the west side of the Lake. The people were friendly and saved him from unwittingly entering a war area, the Arabs being in conflict with a chief called Nsama. Always combining caution with boldness he altered his course and came upon the Arab headquarters where a party of 600 black Swahilis, half-caste natives of the east coast, were encamped. Presenting a letter from the Sultan of Zanzibar he received the utmost kindness from the leaders and was given provisions, beads, and cloth. These ivory and slave traders, he decided, were of a much higher type than the men he had encountered in the Nyasa region.

For three and a half months he waited while tedious negotiations for peace went on, the Arabs reading the Koran and he Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*. When the way was clear he turned west and with but three men visited Nsama to lecture him on the evil of war and the blessing of peace. The chief's people he thought extremely handsome; they had well-cut features and neat small hands and feet.

IV

In November he discovered Lake Mweru, which he estimated to be from 12 to 33 miles broad. Moving down its eastern side through thick forest he made for the town of a far-famed chief called Cazembe, one of the tyrannical type, whose very cruelty was undermining his authority. He had dull degraded features and was clothed in a blue and white shirt and cap of yellow feathers. So superstitious was he that when he dreamt of a man twice he put him to death. Many of the principal men and others of his subjects had their ears cropped and their heads chopped off. Livingstone noticed, at the reception given him, a grim individual carrying a sword and a scissor-like instrument: he was the executioner who carried out these disciplinary mutilations. It was again a case of

a black chief recognizing and fraternizing with a white chief, but the white chief could not overcome his repugnance for the bloodthirsty despot. A number of Arabs were domiciled in the town and were kind to the Doctor : one gifted him a sweet which had the curious effect of nauseating him as he had not tasted sugar or honey for over a year.

He was anxious to proceed to Ujiji for the letters and fresh supplies which he hoped would be stored there, but the rainy season had set in, and the country was flooded and impassable. On New Year's Day, 1868, he dedicated himself anew to his task and added : " If I am to die this year prepare me for it." As he was always feverish when sedentary, he visited Lake Mweru several times. In after years on its shores was established a mission which became famous through the writings of Mr. Dan Crawford.

Finally he ventured north again, tramping most of the time in black mud, and wading waist-high through rivers, until he reached another Arab encampment at a dry spot called Kabmabwata. Here he was forced to remain, though he made one short interesting journey to the west when, for the first time, he saw the river Lualuba : it was at the point called Mpweto where it issued from Lake Mweru through a gap in the hills and turned northwards.

Two tedious months still lay ahead of him and the geographical problems occupying his mind were crying out for solution. Too keen to rest, he determined, against Arab advice, to go south again and seek for the larger lake, Bangweolo, of which he had heard so much. It was a disagreeable prospect for his followers, who were hoping he would start for Ujiji, and the bulk of them mutinied and refused to move. Livingstone did not blame them : " they are tired of tramping and so verily am I. Consciousness of my own defects makes me lenient."

With only four of his personal attendants he set out through a wet, sodden land, rain falling all day and cold winds blowing all night. After a weary delay at Cazembe's the march was resumed. He chanced to hear half a dozen slaves in goree sticks singing. "Why are you so happy?" he asked. "At the idea of coming back after death and haunting those who have sold us," was the reply. The bitterness of it hurt him. In a forest he stood looking at a little grave. "This is the sort of grave I should prefer," he wrote, "to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones . . . but I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over all decides where I have to lay me down and die."

Crossing a belt of water-logged waste he reached Lake Bangweolo quietly thankful that he had come to it safely. The Lake, to-day, as then, has no banks, it is surrounded by marsh and grass lands and level plains which become submerged during the rainy season. The people live on the higher patches of ground and are dependent on dug-out canoes.

He heard of curious underground dwellings to the east of Mweru and native copper works north at a place called Katanga, and was eager to see them. In view of a remark in his journal that people who cultivated the soil would get more wealth from it than those who depended on copper, it is interesting to note that the Katanga copper mines (at Elizabethville) have become one of the chief industrial centres employing native labour. But it was with the problem of the watershed that he was most concerned. Standing now at the heart of the vast continent he speculated on its physical structure. These rivers and saturated sponges, as he called the water-logged plains, must, he imagined, be the sources of the Congo or the Nile or of both. He now knew that the Chambezi, which he had crossed south of Tanganyika, flowed into Lake

Bangweolo, that it emerged as the Lake Luapala and fell into Lake Mweru. Then as the Lualaba it proceeded towards the north to form—what? Sometimes he thought the Congo: at other times the Nile: the "westing" was in favour of the Congo. He was determined to solve the question. "There is still much to do, and if health and protection be granted I shall make a complete thing of it."

As we now know, the correct alternative was the Congo.

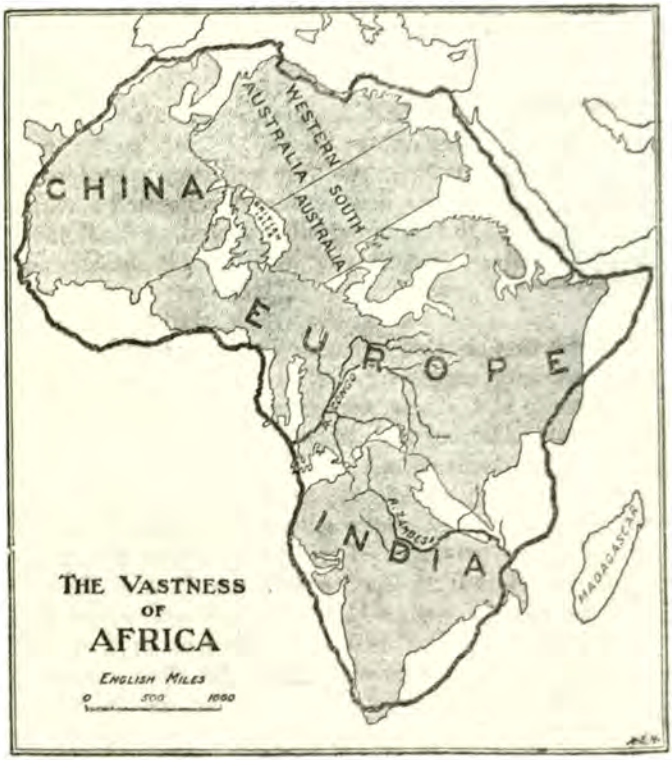
On retracing his steps northwards he found that the whole country had suddenly blazed up: there had been a tribal conflict: the victims and the Arabs had joined forces at first, and then the victims had turned on the Arabs, and a state of confused lawlessness prevailed. He managed to regain Kabwabwata—where with characteristic generosity he forgave and took back his defaulting men—but was not long in the village ere it was fiercely attacked. The fighting lasted two days. Livingstone took no part in it, but strove to save some prisoners who, to his horror, were being put to death.

It was not till December that his Arab friends set out for Ujiji, and he had perforce to accompany them, though it was against the grain to march alongside a string of slaves in goree sticks, carrying ivory, copper and food. He now realized why the unhappy creatures were yoked or chained; if unfastened they stole off into the bush at night, where their fate was often worse than servitude.

The journey was a nightmate. Drenched times without number both by rain and from wading through rivers, he grew weak from unchecked fever, became seriously ill with pneumonia, and was half delirious. The Arab leaders were kindness itself. A litter was made for him in which he was carried, but the vertical sun beat fiercely upon him, blistering the skin so that

he endeavoured to protect his head and face with a bunch of leaves. He felt that all would be well if only he could hold out until he reached his stores and medicines at Ujiji.

Thankfully he saw the gleaming waters of the Lake where a canoe carried him up to the Arab centre.



CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Good Samaritan

1869—1872

I

A BITTER disappointment awaited him. The bulk of the barter goods had arrived, but they had been plundered : only a few remnants remained ; while the other supplies, including medicines, were still lying at Tabora in the Unyanyembe country, thirteen days' march eastwards beyond a war-closed area. After the first shock he accepted the situation with his usual serenity, and wrote off at once to Zanzibar for fresh stock and a new company of porters. He also sent away 42 letters and despatches—not one of which reached its destination.

Ujiji was not a pleasant town. It was a clearing house for ivory and slaves with a daily market for the sale of native produce. Livingstone found the Arabs a different class from the " gentlemen slavers " he had been associating with. Cupidity and callousness had turned their trading ventures into kidnapping and murdering forays. He cared little for their company and their concerns, and as soon as he felt better he decided to fill in the time by visiting the country to the west of Tanganyika, called Manyuema, of which little was known, in the hope of settling the question of the ultimate direction of the Lualaba. As Arabs were also setting out for the same district, excited by

tales of vast quantities of cheap ivory to be had there, he took the opportunity of accompanying them, with the private purpose of acting as a check upon their operations.

It was a hot, sultry and exhausting march. After passing through dense forests he arrived, in September, at Bambarre in the centre of Manyuema. He rested for a time and continued westwards through one of the richest and most attractive regions he had yet seen, a land smothered in luxuriant vegetation, and inhabited by a good-looking civil people, who were, however, extremely ignorant, and occasionally addicted to cannibalism. He reached a point only ten miles from the Lualaba. One of its larger tributaries had, however, to be crossed, and as he was now in a district where the slave-servants of the Arabs had been maltreating the inhabitants, they were bitterly opposed to all strangers and refused him canoes. He had to move with great caution, and was eventually compelled to return to Bambarre.

At Christmas he was off again on his quest. The rains had begun and it was now a case of tramping through slush, waist-deep, and being constantly drenched. " Sometimes," he wrote, " the mud and mire were too awful to be attempted." Illness and weakness continued, but he maintained his habit of painstaking observation, studying the flowers, trees and animal life, watching the games of the children, and perpetually questioning the people about the physical conditions of the country. It was remarkable that though they lived so near the Lualaba they could tell him nothing about it. His men, demoralised by their contact with the Arab servants, mutinied, and he fell back again upon a faithful bodyguard of three, Susi, Chumah and Gardner, the last one of the Nasik boys. And for the first time his feet failed him : they were attacked by " irritable-eating ulcers," an intractable

and painful affliction. Crawling back to Bambarre, he was stranded for eighty days, confined to his hut, and suffering, in addition, from a choleraic fever which was epidemic in the country.

This was the loneliest period of his career. He was deadly tired of inaction, he was in agony for news from home, and he was sickened by the human nature about him. Hitherto he had, as a rule, moved quickly through the country: now he was forced into prolonged association with the people. The whole panorama of their lives passed before his eyes, and he realized how degraded they were in all their thoughts and actions. The Swahilis were not much better. His one comfort was his Bible—he read it through four times while in Manyuema. His courage remained undimmed. "I have endeavoured to follow with unswerving fidelity the line of duty," he wrote, "Mine has been a calm hopeful endeavour to do the work that has been given me to do whether I succeed or whether I fail. The prospect of death in what I know to be right does not make me veer to one side or the other."

II

It was not until January, 1871, that he heard that his men had arrived at Ujiji. Another month brought them to Bambarre—ten wretched slaves of the Banians or Indian traders at the coast. He was chagrined and disappointed. They had only one letter for him: forty had gone amissing; but what dismayed him most was that Shereef, the capitao or headman, had remained at Ujiji and was squandering his goods.

The carriers gave him immediate provocation. They refused to obey orders and behaved so treacherously that there was good ground for Livingstone's suspicion that they had been told to obstruct his plans.

Settling with them at last he started for the west, marching through a wild and lawless land. "I am heart-sore and sick of human blood," he wrote. So numerous were the difficulties he encountered that he became depressed. "I doubt," he wrote, "whether the Divine favour and will is on my side." Nevertheless he crept patiently forward and was rewarded at last by coming again upon the Lualaba, a noble river three thousand yards wide, flowing quietly along to the north. But no further progress was possible: the slave porters rebelled and plotted his destruction. In despair he offered an Arab £400 if only he would give him ten good men in exchange for his rascally followers. Ere a bargain could be struck an incident occurred which almost broke his heart.

A market was held regularly on the river bank attended by over a thousand people. It was always a picturesque and interesting scene, and Livingstone was a frequent and welcome visitor. One hot, sultry day he was walking through the throng watching the buying and selling of the produce—potatoes, bananas, flour, palm-oil, pigs, cloth, fish and other articles—when he noticed a number of Arab servants about, three of them armed with guns. One began to haggle over the price of a fowl. He passed on; then suddenly two shots rang out. Instantly wild panic and confusion prevailed. Shots continued, and the people rushed pell-mell here and there, shouting and shrieking. Those who had come across the river dashed for their canoes and were fired upon by another party on the banks. A large number leaped frantically into the water and were drowned. Indiscriminate shooting went on and spread: villages were set on fire, as many as twenty-seven being destroyed. The loss of life was estimated at between 330 and 400 souls. Livingstone was filled with unspeakable horror: "it gave me the impression of being in hell," he said.

The chief Arab disclaimed responsibility for the sudden affray and expressed regret, but Livingstone declared he could remain no longer with such " bloody companions " and decided to return to Ujiji, 600 miles distant, with his work undone. But, he said, doggedly, " I will do it yet." His account of this atrocious incident horrified public sentiment in England and hastened the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the African slave-trade.

He found the country up in arms against all strangers. Natives hung on his flanks, and in the forest stole up unseen and discharged their spears. Two of his party were slain. A spear narrowly grazed his own back : another missed him by a foot. In a new clearing a huge tree fell across his path and he just escaped death. He drifted into a state of mind in which he was indifferent whether he was killed or not. During the whole journey he was ill and suffering : almost every step was a pain. It is little wonder that he was disposed to be despondent. The traders were returning from their ventures laden with spoil. " I alone have failed," he wrote mournfully. But his cup of bitterness was not yet full.

III

Shereef, the half-caste capitao, was awaiting him at Ujiji with a smirk and a handshake. He had " divined on the Koran " that Livingstone was dead, and in spite of Arab protests had sold off every yard of calico and every bead at nominal prices and invested the proceeds in slaves and ivory. Livingstone was staggered. He had no redress, for the only law in the country was that of the gun or dagger. But he had been too long in contact with knavery to be angry, and he believed that " no good ever came of fierce denunciations and scoldings." He simply called the man a " moral idiot." He was now literally a beggar, and to be

destitute in the middle of Africa was tragic. He felt like the traveller in the parable who fell among thieves and was robbed of all he possessed. " I cannot hope, however," he wrote ruefully, " for any good Samaritan to come."

But the miracle happened. A few days later Susi rushed up to him crying " an Englishman ! " The Doctor saw a ulendo approaching. " This is a luxurious traveller," he thought as he noted the long line of carriers and the large assortment of goods and chattels. A white man walked in front beside the American flag. He approached slowly and lifted his helmet. The Doctor took off his peaked cap. " Dr. Livingstone, I presume ? " the stranger said. " Yes." Making for the verandah of Livingstone's mud hut the two sat and talked. Livingstone was astonished to hear that it was an American newspaper which had organized an expedition to find and relieve him. The young manager of *The New York Herald*, Mr. J. Gordon Bennett, determined to increase the reputation of his paper which his father had developed, had commissioned one of his correspondents to " find Livingstone, regardless of cost," and the journalist, H. M. Stanley, true to the spirit and daring of his kind, had accomplished the feat.

Stanley had a stirring tale to tell of his own adventures and misadventures. When he thought of these he wondered all the more at what Livingstone had achieved with his meagre resources. He brought from Tabora a bag of letters and papers a year old : but Livingstone's supplies were still lying there, and there was nothing for it but to go for them. Meanwhile, after his broken health had been restored by the good food and good company he went off with Stanley to the northern end of Lake Tanganyika to settle the vexed question as to whether a river ran out of the Lake or into it. They found that it ran into it and

that it had, therefore, no connexion with the Nile. Livingstone surmised that if there were an outlet it would be found on the western shore and into the chain of rivers he was investigating, a " theoretical discovery " but one which later was found to be correct. Stanley going down with fever it was not until December, 1871, that they were able to start for Tabora. On New Year's Day Livingstone re-dedicated himself. " Help me," he prayed, " to finish my work this year for Christ's sake." His companion became so ill that he was carried in a machilla.

When they arrived at Tabora it was to find that thieves had again been busy—their stores had been rifled. Stanley, however, possessed sufficient supplies of all kinds to make up a satisfactory stock. " I am quite set up," Livingstone wrote happily. He was earnestly urged by Stanley to go home with him and recruit, but would not hear of it. " I must finish my work : I must verify the sources of the Nile. After that I will go."

An experienced journalist is the last man to suffer from illusions about his fellows, but the impression Livingstone made upon Stanley was profound. For four months he lived with him and studied him with critical mind—and, as Livingstone himself said, " it is by the little acts and words of everyday life that character is truly and best known." Yet Stanley came to love him and declared that he could find no fault in him. The more he saw of him the more his admiration and reverence for his character grew : he was, he said, the ideal Christian gentleman. When they parted and he turned and saw the figure of " an old man in grey clothes with bended head and slow steps returning to his solitude " his eyes filled with tears. Livingstone, on his part, admired Stanley and was deeply grateful to him : " A dutiful son could not have done more for me," he said.

IV

Hastening to the coast, Stanley arranged for fifty trustworthy men and additional stores. For these Livingstone had a weary wait. On the first of May, exactly a year before he died, he wrote a letter to the *New York Herald* appealing for American aid to stop the slave trade—the famous letter which ended with the words: "All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone, American, English or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

Weeks passed into months, and still there was no sign of the caravan coming over the hills from the coast. He had time to think, and his journal is full of reflective comment. When inclined to brood and doubt his unconquerable faith blossomed afresh. "I am sorely let and hindered but it may be all for the best . . . I don't know how the great loving Father will bring all right at last, but He knows, and will do it . . . He *will* keep His word, then I can come and humbly present my petition and it will be all right." Now and again came the cry "Weary! Weary!" His thoughts turned to his past experiences. "In the case of most disagreeable recollections I can succeed in time in consigning them to oblivion but the slavery scenes come back unbidden and make me start up at dead of night, horrified by their vividness." But hopefully his mind turned also to the future: in prophetic vision he envisaged a time when the development of enterprise and transport would break down nationalities and make the world one.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Lonely Passing

1872—1873

I

IT was August ere the men arrived, fifty-seven in all, a good company, among them Jacob Wainwright, an educated lad from the Nasik Institution. All was pleasant bustle and preparation and in a short time Livingstone set off at the head of an imposing ulendo. It is not without interest that the wife of one of the men acted as cook for him. " She was always very attentive and clever," he said, " and never stole, nor would she allow her husband to steal. She was the best spoke in the wheel." Livingstone, like his Master, found women always ready to help him and provide him with food : they sensed his goodness and chivalry and his sympathy with their hard lot. " She is somebody's bairn " was a favourite phrase of of his when doing them a good turn.

He went south to avoid the war area and then westward toward Lake Tanganyika. The usual mishaps, losses, and obstacles occurred, though the carriers as a whole behaved as well as the Makololo, which was high praise. Livingstone said the Christian porters of Kuruman and Kolobeng were the best he ever had : " the Makololo were the next best—honest, truthful and brave " ; heathen Africans in his view were much superior to the Mohammedans, who were

worthless. Some of them, however, fell ill and Livingstone's own health began to fail. The rocky district east of the Lake was broiling under a fierce sun, the grass had been burned off, and the ground was so hot that it blistered the feet of the carriers. Livingstone was feeling useless and inwardly tired, but plodded on in order to keep fit.

Turning south, he mounted a high cool region. Then the rains set in and food became scarce. At the beginning of December he wheeled to the west again in the direction of Lake Mweru, over diversified country shrouded in shower or mist and drenched with dew. A presentiment came to him that he would never live to finish his task, but he pushed on and the feeling disappeared. The opposition he met troubled his spirit and made him ponder again on the value of force. He had always made allowances for human weakness though that weakness had cost him untold suffering; he had invariably treated the people kindly and equitably, even, he admitted, to the extent of what the world called foolishness, but he wondered if he had been too mild and gentle. He now made an occasional show of force, and he found that it worked. "The peace plan" he concluded "involves indignity and wrong. The pugnacious spirit is one of the necessities of life." When he did storm at any one he did it well, then gave a present—and finished up with good wishes!

By Christmas he had turned south again towards the eastern side of Lake Bangweolo. The weather became very wet and cold by day and night and at the beginning of the year he was once more entangled waist-deep amongst the spongy marshes.

From now onwards the story becomes one of deepening gloom. It induces the oppressive feeling which shadows one on reading the last pages of the Gospels. There is the same sense of impending

tragedy: the same sub-consciousness that the slow march of events is making for inevitable doom.

II

The rain poured pitilessly, incessantly: he was weak from bleeding and had to be carried over the land bordering the Lake which was flooded four to six feet deep as far as the eye could see. Part of it was crossed in punts and shelter was taken on islets: on one of these refuge was found from the pelting rain under an inverted canoe. "Bitterly uncomfortable," though the Doctor was, he wrote, "nothing will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord and go forward."

The Chambezi, flowing into the Lake from the east, was crossed on March 26th. For a time he was separated from the main party and lost in the world of waters. The night was passed on an ant-hill. A lion, near at hand, roared as if disgusted. "I could sympathise with him," he wrote with a flash of his old humour. From March 31st to April 10th he suffered excruciating dysenteric pains and bled profusely. Though very unwilling to be carried, he allowed the men to construct a litter in which he lay. The tremendous rain at night beat his rotten tent to shreds. "It is not all pleasure, this exploration," he remarked grimly. "This trip has turned my hair all grey."

On April 27th, when rounding the south end of the Lake he wrote with a trembling hand his last entry in the journal. He was, he said, quite knocked up and was remaining at a village on the bank of the Molilamo to recover. On the 29th he was carefully carried across the river to Chitambo's village in the district of Ilala where a hut had been built for him. He was gently laid upon a low bed of stick and grass, and a box was placed beside him on which was his medicine case and

a candle stuck in its own wax. A fire was kept lighted outside the door, and just within lay his boy Majwara ready to attend to his needs.

One has a natural wish that the dying hero could have visioned the future; he would have greatly rejoiced to know that to this spot beside Lake Bangweolo would later come to minister to the people his grandson, Dr. Livingstone Wilson, and his granddaughter, as missionaries of the United Free Church of Scotland.

Next day stole quietly past. As night fell the watchmen lit their fires and sat silent and dejected. At eleven o'clock Susi was called. Livingstone asked him, " Is this the Luapula ? " and later ; " How many days is it to the Luapula ? " " I think it is three days, Master," Susi replied. " Oh dear, dear," he said, and seemed to fall asleep. At midnight Majwara again called Susi who boiled some water and gave the Doctor his medicine chest, from which he selected the calomel and said, " All right : you can go now."

When Majwara looked to see if all was in order within the tent Livingstone was kneeling by the side of the bed, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. It was a familiar attitude to the boy : he knew his Master was praying : and, reassured, he lay down and slumbered. About 4 a.m. he woke and was alarmed to see the Doctor still in the same position, and perfectly still. He ran and roused Susi. " I am afraid," he cried, " I don't know if the Bwana is alive." The other personal attendants were awakened and they all entered the hut, but instantly drew back when they saw the Master's attitude. " He was like that when I lay down," Majwara whispered. " How long is that ago ? " they enquired. " I don't know, but it is a long time." They drew near. He did not stir. One reached out and touched his cheek. It was cold. The soul had fled.

III

" You have no idea how brave you are till you try," said Livingstone once, and his men now proved the truth of the statement. Rising nobly to the occasion they determined to carry back their beloved Master to his own people. Susi and Chumah who, though not so well educated as Jacob Wainwright, had force of character, were appointed leaders. All the Doctor's belongings were scrupulously respected, inventoried, and packed. A hut in the bush was prepared to which the wasted body was removed : the heart was extracted, placed in a tin box, and interred beside a mpundu tree on the spot, Jacob reading the burial service in the Prayer Book. Guns were fired over the grave and then, Jacob said afterwards, " we sat down and cried a great deal." For fourteen days the body was exposed to the sun and dried, being guarded continuously by relays of the men : then it was wrapped in cloth and bark and made into a bale-like package and lashed to a pole.

The company marched round the west side of Lake Bangweolo, crossed the four-mile stretch of the Lualaba, tramped through the marshy region and on to the foot of Lake Tanganyika whence they made straight for Tabora. Many adventures and perils befell them by the way : they were taken ill, some died or were lost ; in one village there was a conflict and blood was shed : strategy had to be used to get their burden past hostile tribes : at Tabora, whither the news of the Doctor's death had preceded them, they found a Relief Expedition, and had to resist the suggestion that the body should be buried in Africa. They reached Bagamoyo in February, 1874, and delivered their sacred charge into British hands. It was a travelling feat as remarkable as any of Livingstone's own : they had justified his devotion to them and their cause and had proved that Africans are very gallant gentlemen.

In striking contrast to the scene in the sodden bush of Africa, the body of Livingstone was interred in the nave of Westminster Abbey with stately ceremonial and in the presence of mourners representative of almost every interest in the land ; of tanned African explorers and missionaries ; and, not least, of the black lad Jacob Wainwright who had conducted the little service on the banks of Bangweolo.

Since that April day in 1874 numberless visitors have sought the Abbey to pay their tribute of respect to the memory of the missionary explorer. They come from all parts of the world, but none with more thankful hearts than the dark-skinned people of the land for which he toiled and died. They can be seen kneeling beside the tomb in silent prayer and homage. Once, on entering the building the writer's eye was caught by a white speck in the dimness of the interior : it proved to be a few white lilies lying on the grave. Attached to them was a slip of paper on which was written : " With the gratitude of an African woman." A mere whisper out of a vast continent, but in its simple sincerity a more moving tribute than studied oration.

IV

It appeared to many that Livingstone's life had ended in failure ; that the relentless powers of Nature, drought and rain and flood and fever, had succeeded at last in thwarting and vanquishing him. But his death turned out to be his greatest victory : it brought about all that he had dreamt of and longed to see accomplished. The pathos of it, crowning his life of travel and discovery and travail, moved Christendom to its depths. It released spiritual forces which have not yet spent themselves. How he inspired a multitude of other lives for service in Africa would in itself form an epic story of absorbing interest. In his

spirit missionaries attacked the difficulties and perils of pioneer settlement in the interior. They planted stations along the route of his journeys : they fought the climate and the slave traffic : they prevented tribal wars : they introduced the arts and crafts of civilization, and gradually and surely they led the people into the paths of orderly industry and progress.

Livingstone's geographical work also set in motion political movements which soon altered the whole aspect of Africa. In 1873 Lord Houghton was already describing the change :

> Morning's o'er that weird continent
> Now slowly breaking—
> Europe her sullen self-restraint
> Forsaking.

Trade enterprise and national rivalries produced a scramble for territory and a partition of the country amongst European Powers with the native too often a helpless instrument in the hands of selfish commercial exploiters. At first governments and missionaries worked independently of each other, but in time a new spirit—the Livingstone spirit—began to operate. The more enlightened governments joined forces with the missionaries in the matter of the educational, social, and industrial welfare of the people. With the great war came a partial shifting of responsibilities and the introduction of the mandate system under the League of Nations which rests on what was Livingstone's principle ; " that the well-being and development of native peoples form a sacred trust of civilization." And now at least one Government is beginning to take the stand that not only must the African be suitably educated, but that his education must have a religious basis.

Nevertheless, despite roads and railways, motor-cars and aeroplanes, equatorial Africa is still a primitive land with large numbers of the people in a state of practical serfdom. Its future will depend on the extent to which the Livingstone spirit prevails and influences the association of ruler and ruled. It is the spirit which lies at the root of all right human relationships. Livingstone's conviction was that only when such a spirit is universally adopted in the international and inter-racial fields will the life of humanity become smooth and tranquil.

V

"Pioneer missionaries," wrote David Livingstone, "are only morning stars shining in the dark . . . I have shed light and am fain to believe that I have performed a small part in the grand revolution which our Maker has been for ages carrying on by multitudes of conscious and many unconscious agents all over the world."