The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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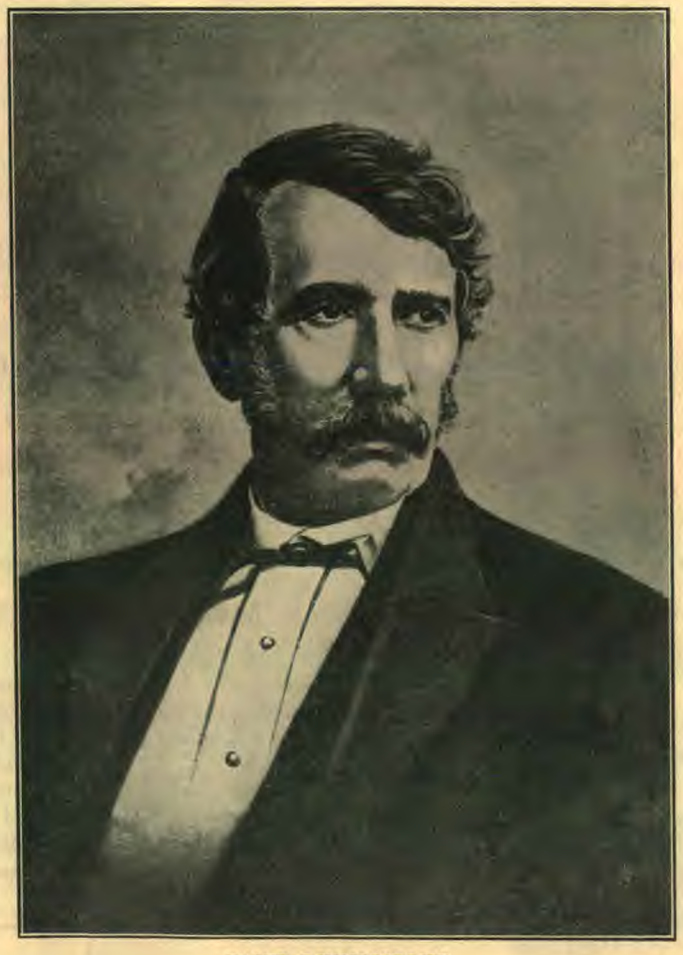


DAVID LIVINGSTONE

ANYWHERE, provided it be forward.— *Livingstone.*

Two visits home in twenty-one years! That is Mr. Livingstone's record.

AT one time Livingstone wrote, "Duty would not lead me home, and home therefore I would not go." Duty was the key-word of his life — duty and love.

LIVINGSTONE'S life-work in opening up Africa led directly to the suppression of the slave-trade, and to the entrance of Western civilization and the Christian religion into the remotest recesses of the Dark Continent.

LIVINGSTONE never whined nor asked for pity. He declared stoutly: "I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk when we remember the great sacrifice which He made who left his Father's throne on high to give himself for us."

DAVID LIVINGSTONE resolved: "I will place no value on anything I have or possess in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything will advance the interests of that kingdom, it shall be given away or kept only as by the giving or keeping of it I shall most promote the glory of him to whom I owe all my hopes in time and eternity."

LIVINGSTONE had a broad view of the missionary's life. He once wrote: "My views of what is missionary duty are not so contracted as those whose ideal is a dumpy sort of man with a Bible under his arm. I have labored in bricks and mortar, at the forge and carpenter's bench, as well as in preaching and medical practise. I feel that I am not my own. I am serving Christ when shooting a buffalo for my men, or taking an astronomical observation."

SPECIALISTS in different lines bore witness to Livingstone's accuracy and capacity in astronomy, geography, natural history, and mercantile affairs. "His sphere of observation," it was said, "ranges from the structure of the great continent itself to the serrated bone of the konokono or the mandible of the ant." A secret of his close observation was his thinking of every living thing as one of God's creatures.— *Selected.*

New "Instructor" Prices

BEGINNING April 1, 1913, the subscription rates on the INSTRUCTOR will be as follows:—

Single subscription, one year	$1.25
Single subscription, six months	.70
In clubs of five or more, twelve months	.85 each
Nine months at the rate of	.90 each
Six months at the rate of	.95 each
Three months at the rate of	1.00 each

These new rates have been reluctantly adopted by the publishers of the INSTRUCTOR on account of the constant, gradual increase in the cost of production. Though the INSTRUCTOR is sixty years old, it has never in its regular issues been self-supporting. Its best friends say it has done its good work too cheap. It has been worth more than $1 a year in single subscriptions and 75 cents in clubs; and certainly now when printing material and labor are so much higher than in years past, we should not expect it to continue the old subscription prices that did not support it when paper, ink, machinery, and labor were much cheaper.

The advance in the price is so slight that the individual subscriber will scarcely notice it. Certainly it can not be a hardship for any; yet this little from each subscriber will greatly help the INSTRUCTOR.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 18, 1913 NO. 11

The Conqueror of a Continent

Livingstone's Boyhood, Youth, and Preparation

LORA CLEMENT

ON March 19, 1813, a hero was born in Blantyre, central Scotland. It was an age of great missionary activity, and the literal fulfilment of the spirit of the great commission had led Carey, Judson, Moffat, and scores of others to give their lives to the promulgation of the gospel of the kingdom of God in heathen lands. A dozen missionary societies were then in their youth. Interest in travel and exploration was at its height, and the attention of adventurers centered in the Dark Continent, the last of the great unknown regions of the world to be explored. Into the kingdom for such a time, and to do a divinely appointed work, came David Livingstone. The words of an old Scotch ballad have been aptly quoted in connection with his experience: —

"O little knew my mother,
The day she cradled me,
The lands that I should wander o'er,
Or the death that I should dee!"

His home was a humble cottage. A rugged constitution came to him as a birthright, for his parents were of sturdy peasant stock. They served God devoutly, and though poor in this world's goods, were honest and industrious, being able to teach their children lessons in economy and thrift which proved of lifelong help to them.

The hereditary influences which shaped Livingstone's life proved a providential preparation for his future work. These enabled him to say. "The only point of family tradition which I feel proud of is this: One of my ancestors, when he was on his death-bed, called his children about him and said: 'Now, lads, I have looked through our history as far back as I can find it, and I have never found a dishonest man in all the line. I want you to understand you inherit good blood. You have no excuse for wrong-doing. Be honest.'"

David was a merry, brown-eyed lad, and a general favorite. Perseverance seemed bred in his very bone. When only nine years old he received from his Sunday-school teacher a copy of the New Testament as a reward for repeating the one hundred nineteenth psalm on two successive evenings with only five errors. The following year, at the age of ten, he went to work in the cotton factory near his home, as a "piecer." Out of his first week's wages he saved enough to purchase a Latin grammar, and set himself resolutely to the task of thoroughly mastering its contents, studying for the most part alone after leaving his work at eight o'clock in the evening. His biographer tells us that he often continued his studies until after midnight, returning to work in the factory at six in the morning. Livingstone was not brighter than other boys, nor precocious in anything save determination. He was very fond of reading, and devised the plan of fastening a book on his spinning-jenny in the factory so that he could catch a sentence now and then while tending the machines. In this way he familiarized himself with many of the classics.

His aptitude for scientific pursuits early revealed itself, and he had a perfect passion for exploration. When only a boy, he usually chose to spend his holidays scouring the country for botanical, geological, and zoological specimens. It was his father's habit to lock the door at sunset, at which time all the children were expected to be in the house. Returning one day from a foraging expedition later than usual, David found that he had infringed upon this rule, and discovered that the door was barred. He met this situation with the calm self-reliance which stood him in such good stead during later years, and making no cry nor disturbance, procured a piece of bread and sat contentedly down upon the door-step to pass the night. There his mother found him later.

Advancement is always the reward of faithful labor, and after serving an apprenticeship of nine years as a piecer, Livingstone became a cotton spinner in the factory. The increase in wages which came with this promotion brought wider opportunities for study and research.

In his twentieth year the embryo missionary and explorer was led to accept Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. Out of the fulness of peace, joy, and satisfaction which filled his heart, he wrote, "It is my desire to show my attachment to the cause of him who died for me by devoting my life to his service." Feeling "that the salvation of men ought to be the chief desire and aim of every Christian," he resolved to "give to the cause of missions all that he might earn beyond what was required for his subsistence." The reading of an appeal by Mr. Gutzlaff to the churches of Britain and America in behalf of China brought to the young student's attention the need of qualified missionaries, and led him to dedicate his own life as well as all that he possessed to foreign service.

As a surgeon carefully selects the instruments with which he works, so it is ever with the divine Physician; and though Livingstone was anxious to enter his chosen field, providence led him to tarry for a little while in preparation. During this time of waiting he put into practise the motto which in later life he gave to the scholars in a Sunday-school, "Trust God and work hard." Having set his face toward China, he had no notion of turning back in the face of difficulties, and finally, after four years of untiring effort, he earned in 1840 a medical diploma, thus equipping himself with a training indispensable for one whose

life was to be hidden for years in the fever jungles of Africa. He wrote, "With unfeigned delight I became a member of a profession which with unwearied energy pursues from age to age its endeavors to lessen human woe."

Livingstone also secured the necessary theological training, and was duly accepted by the London Missionary Society as a candidate for China. But the breaking out of the Opium war effectually closed the doors of that field. Just at this time came his providential acquaintance with Robert Moffat. The missionary was home on a furlough, and at a meeting which the young physician attended, stated that sometimes he had seen in the morning sunlight the smoke of a thousand villages in the Dark Continent where no missionary had ever been to tell the sweet old story of redeeming love. This message came to Livingstone as a Macedonian cry, and he willingly answered, "Here am I; send me." The purpose once formed, he never swerved from it.

Although anxious to begin at once the work which he saw in dim outline before him, the change of fields caused some alteration in his plans, and he remained for a time in England, further preparing for his mission with scrupulous care. He was not to be hurried, yet when he finally felt that he was ready, no earthly power could hold him back. On. Nov. 17, 1840, Dr. Livingstone spent the last evening with his loved ones in the humble Blantyre home, where he had seen so many happy days. There was so much to talk about that he proposed to sit up all night, but his mother, ever anxious for the welfare of her son, would not hear to this. However, they all talked until after midnight, discussing the future prospects of Christian missions. After an early breakfast the next morning David read the one hundred twenty-first and one hundred thirty-fifth psalms, and led the little family group in prayer. His father walked with him to Glasgow, and on the "Broomielaw" they parted, never to meet again in this world. Livingstone proceeded at once to London, where he was ordained as a missionary November 7, and about three weeks later sailed for the Cape of Good Hope — the land of his chosen exile.

An Analogy

A LITTLE coin lay in my hand,
Worn sadly and defaced;
It once had borne an image fair
Upon its shining face.

But now so worn, the image gone,
Its form alone betrays
Its value, as it plainly told
In those remoter days.

Ah, little coin, you represent
Full well the human race.
Alas, too well, your story tells
The history which we trace.

When from God's hand man came, he bore
His maker's image fair;
But sin has marred his character,
God's likeness is not there.

But at the close of wandering life
The coin returns, and then,
With added silver minted bright,
A new life greets again.

And so with man. The life returned
To God the maker, true,
Will at the day God doth appoint
Then be returned made new.

JANETTE BIDWELL.

Livingstone's Work as a Missionary

LIVINGSTONE'S inclination toward missionary work was something that grew with his growth, and with his love of the Bible. His first chosen field was China, but that country being closed to missions at that time, he offered himself with characteristic promptness to the London Missionary Society, and thereby signified his willingness to serve in any land.

God's good providence brings men and circumstances together at the right time, and so it came about that in this time of indecision as to the place where he should work, he met Dr. Moffat, the veteran missionary from South Africa. Thrilled by the power of the doctor's words concerning the needs of that distant field, the young volunteer asked Dr. Moffat whether he thought he "might do" for Africa. "Yes," replied Dr. Moffat, "if you won't go to an old station, but push on to the vast unoccupied districts to the north, where on a clear morning I have seen the smoke of a thousand villages in which a missionary has never been." It would seem that this admonition became Livingstone's mentor, urging him always onward toward the unwarned north.

Mission work, as he viewed its demonstration at the Cape, held no charms for him, and blithely he told the wranglers so, as he turned his steps joyfully to the interior, where there were real things to do. But the earnest missionaries working in lonely, isolated stations on the long road to Kuruman did work more to his mind, and the good results of their efforts evidently made deep impression upon him.

After only a brief stop at Kuruman, he went to live alone six months among the Bakwains, to learn their language, laws, and customs. In that time he gained not only these points, but the good will and affection of the natives as well. His door of opportunity had opened, and from the Bakwains he went on to the Bamangwato, the Bakaa, the Makalaka, and the Bechuana,— always on to tribes farther north,— and within the first three years of his service in Africa he was giving the gospel to heathen far beyond any point ever before visited by white men. Like a benediction upon the man and his great work in years to come, there came to him a certain indefinable power of discipline over the native mind, which made for orderly, thorough, and effective service.

Both Livingstone and his wife learned early the secret of power that comes from living *with* the heathen, rather than merely living *among* them; and the natives knew him for their friend as well as their teacher. Under his loving care, heathen chiefs became Christian leaders of their own people, Christian customs replaced heathen practises, and peace settled where trouble had been. He taught bright young men, and sent them to neighboring tribes to teach and to preach.

With this work well established and carried forward safely by his trained helpers, Livingstone pushed on to the Makololo, that tribe which was destined to be his most devoted helpers in later years. He held services with great congregations of these raw heathen far to the north, near the mighty but then-unknown Zambesi. He taught them the simple power and reasonableness of prayer, and had even to teach them its posture, so little did they know of worship. So clearly did the loving-kindness of the gospel appeal to the Makololo that their feuds and the cruelty of their customs were all changed; and when he would go still farther to the north, as many men as he needed willingly agreed to accompany him.

As for his own intent, he said, "Can not the love of Christ carry the missionary where the slave-trade carries the trader?" And so, right through to the west coast he marched, carrying and diffusing everywhere the knowledge of the redeeming Christ, and illustrating by his own kindly life and words the loving mercies of the Lord.

He had given a faithful promise to Sekeletu, chief of the Makololo, that he himself would bring back his people to him, and no appeal of his countrymen, whom he found at the Atlantic port of Loanda, could alter his intention to keep his word. Reward comes, even in this world, and certainly it did in this case, for his beloved Makololo men worked faithfully through many a year thereafter to further the objects their teacher had in view, and even long years after his death they gave utmost assistance in the heavy work of getting boats up the tangled Shire, to carry supplies to the missions founded in the wake of these first explorations.

At this time he made a most remarkable resolve: "I did not at first intend to give up all attention to medicine and the treatment of disease, but now I feel it to be my duty to have as little to do with it as possible. I shall attend to none but severe cases in the future, and my reasons for this determination are, I think, good. The spiritual amelioration of the people is the object for which I came, but I can not expect God to advance this by my instrumentality if much of my time is spent in mere temporal amelioration, . . . and while I might become a very good doctor, I should be a useless drone of a missionary."

His mind was of that broad character which, at the outset, grasps the whole of a problem, and to those who have followed his later course it is clear that he saw no duty in settling down on one fixed spot to teach and preach in a slavery-harrowed land. He knew that first there must be a mighty clearing out of evil. Boldly he struck out, up the unexplored Shire, bringing the knowledge of God to the untaught multitudes on the shores of Lake Nyassa, and most potent of all, putting the fear of justice into the craven slavers who desolated the land. It was God's own work for that time, and right nobly he pursued his duty, unhindered by the rulings of narrow boards, or the mandates of little statesmen. Those who have entered later shudder to think what might have befallen that bright land had Livingstone failed to answer the call of that day, and slavery had been allowed to flourish.

When the Royal Geographical Society eagerly sought his services (after both the mission board and the government had failed to keep his pace), he said, "I can only feel in the way of duty by working as a missionary," and as a missionary he went, though equipped by the society, and wearing the queen's gold consular band upon his cap.

Going inland from the mouth of the Rovuma at the beginning of this, his third and last trip into Africa, he has left on record in his journals invaluable data of rivers, lakes, and streams, treacherous bogs (sponges), and boiling fountains, plants, animals, seasons, products, and tribes, together with the most accurate maps for the blessing of those who have come after.

For years he wandered among those central tribes in pursuance of his quest, faithfully noting the characteristics of each, together with their tribal boundaries. "The Ubungu are a tribe of gentlemen, universally polite; governed they are, and very well." "Casembe is a powerful and friendly chief near Lake Moero." "The evil Mazitu (Zulu) spread terror everywhere." "The Manyuema is the finest tribe I have met with after the Makololo"—though the Manyuema were cannibals utterly untaught before he taught them. And thus, with great explicitness, he laid the foundations which made possible a work his faith anticipated.

Few are left of those faithful black men who marched with him, but they told their children and their children's children of his loving-kindness, and God only knows how much of present safety Europeans in central Africa enjoy is due to reverence for that memory—and more's the shame it is so often abused by less noble white men.

"He was a wonderful man," quavered an old man (Kwitamula) living near Malamulo Mission station. "He came up from the river, and he spread his tent right there near the place where the mission school bell now hangs in a tree. He sent to ask me to find more carriers for him. I was sick with fever at that time, but I went over to see him. He was very kind, and I wanted to go with the others to help him on his journey. But I could not walk so far because of weakness. He let me walk with him down to the 'Jordan' (the little river a few rods in front of Malamulo Mission house), and there we said good-by. I never saw him again, for he died."

His kindly reasoning induced even Arab traders to turn from habits of slaughter to methods of persuasion. Slavers fled from him, and the oppressed flocked to him. "We missionaries" is an expression running through his graphic journals, even though he was under no mission board those later years. The prayers that those journals record should be made into a special volume for the encouragement of the downcast.

Here are some thoughts written in the lonely solitude of Unyanyembe, while awaiting carriers for that last fatal journey: "I would say to missionaries, 'Come on, brethren, to the real heathen. You have no idea how brave you are till you try. Leave the coast tribes, and, devoting yourselves heartily to the savages, as they are called, you will find, with some drawbacks and wickednesses, a very great deal to admire and love.'"

In leaving England for that last fatal expedition, he bravely said: "I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country, which is now open. Do not let it be shut again."

In the rude hut at Ilala, on the south bank of Bangweolo, the man who was in earnest, who knew and believed the thing he taught, was found dead by his devoted men. Even in the terrible weakness of his last hour of life, he had *knelt* to pray beside his rough African bed, and in that attitude, so characteristic of him in life, his weary body found its rest.

JESSIE ROGERS.

Along the Road

I WALKED a mile with Pleasure;
She chatted all the way,
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow,
And ne'er a word said she;
But, O, the things I learned from her
When Sorrow walked with me!

—*R. B. Hamilton, in Century Magazine.*

THE end of the geographical feat is only the beginning of the missionary enterprise.—*David Livingstone.*

David Livingstone's Love Story

DAVID LIVINGSTONE was fancy free when he sailed for Africa in 1840. He had ideas of his own on the subject of matrimony and missions, and no fair young girl crossing his path had as yet led him to change them.

The directors of the London Missionary Society had asked him the usual questions when he applied to them two years before. One of them was in regard to his matrimonial prospects. In answering this he was very explicit. "I am not married," he said, "nor under any engagement of marriage, nor have I indeed been in love. I would prefer to go out unmarried, that I may, like the great apostle, be without family cares, and give myself entirely up to the work."

But bachelor life in Africa did not prove the ideal thing he had thought it. Seeing none but black faces for weeks at a time gave him a great sense of loneliness; and being his own housekeeper, laundress, and seamstress was hard work and took up too much of his time. Besides, there was work for the women and children that only a woman could do.

After three years of roughing it, he began to wonder if marrying was such a bad thing for a missionary after all. Perhaps, if he could find the right kind of wife, he might do it himself after all — not now, but some time far off in the future.

The next year a dreadful thing happened. Livingstone's station at Mabotsa, two hundred miles northeast of Moffat's station at Kuruman, was infested with lions which did a great deal of damage. Nine sheep were killed in one day, and Livingstone started out with the natives to put an end to the murderous beasts.

But instead of Livingstone's killing a lion, a lion nearly killed him. Springing on him unawares from the bush, it caught him by the shoulder and shook him as a terrier dog shakes a rat. His life was saved by a kind of miracle, but the bones of his arm were crunched and broken, and the flesh torn in a terrible manner.

In this pitiable condition his thoughts turned to Kuruman as affording the best haven of rest near at hand. No place in Africa could seem so much like a home to him. For three years, while the Moffats were absent in England, it had been his headquarters, and now the Moffats were back. He had ridden one hundred fifty miles on horseback to meet them on their way up from the Cape a few months before. So to Kuruman he went to rest and recuperate.

Notwithstanding the pain, he found himself greatly enjoying his visit. Dr. and Mrs. Moffat were both very kind to him; and Mary and Ann, their charming young daughters, whose education, begun at the Cape, had been completed in England, soon led him to feel that there were, after all, young ladies in Africa worth taking off his hat to. Finding in Mary, the elder, his ideal of a wife, he (to use his own words) "screwed up courage to put a question beneath one of the fruit-trees," the answer of which being "Yes," the two were betrothed.

Without doubt his choice was a wise one. Had he searched the world over, he could not have found a more suitable bride than the one God gave him in Africa. Born and bred in the country, adept in all the arts of the household, and already at work in the mission, she had every qualification for the wife of a pioneer missionary such as Livingstone then expected to be. At the same time she had the culture and refinement that made her an acceptable companion for a man of such scholarly bent.

Their courtship was short, but exceedingly happy. Livingstone was fond of his jokes, and Mary Moffat knew how to take them. Notwithstanding their deep piety, they were very merry together, and even in later life, when David was so famous, and both were, to all appearances, so decorous and sober, they continued to be playful at home.

The happy days at Kuruman soon came to an end. Toward the close of July, Livingstone returned to Mabotsa to build a house and lay out a garden to be used as their home.

At Motito, eighteen miles up from Kuruman, he wrote, on Aug. 1, 1844, the first of his many love-letters to her. In it he talked much of their plans for the future, and asked if her father would write to Colesberg about the license for their marriage. "If he can not get it, we will license ourselves," he jokingly said. Then he closed as follows: "And now, my dearest, farewell. May God bless you! Let your affection be much more toward him than toward me; and, kept by his mighty power and grace, I hope I shall never give you cause to regret that you have given me a part. Whatever friendship we feel toward each other, let us always look to Jesus as our common Friend and Guide, and may he shield you with his everlasting arms from every evil!"

At Mabotsa, though his arm still gave him much trouble, he began at once on the house. He had almost no help, and it proved a slow and laborious task. But love spurred him on. In a letter giving an account of his progress, he wrote: "It is pretty hard work, and almost enough to drive love out of my head, but it is not situated there; it is in my heart, and won't come out unless you behave so as to quench it!"

Before the year closed, the wedding took place, and she who bore the honored name of Moffat exchanged it for one little known at the time, but soon to be famous throughout the whole earth.

It was a joyous and happy occasion, with few tears and no anguish at parting. The Livingstones, back in the old home in Scotland, rejoiced that their son had found such a wife, and the Moffats thanked God that their first-born was marrying such a promising young pioneer. They would miss the dear daughter, in both the home and the mission, but she was not going very far from them and would still be in the same work as they.

The young couple proceeded at once to Mabotsa. Strange to say, the name means "marriage feast." The house was ready and the garden in beautiful order, and Mary Livingstone took up her new tasks with great vigor.

To her husband it was all joy, having her with him. "I often think of you," he wrote to his mother,

(*Concluded on page eleven*)

How Stanley Found Livingstone

J. G. MITCHELL

AFTER an unsuccessful attempt to suppress the slave traffic in Africa, Sir Samuel White Baker returned to England with the news that diligent search and inquiry which he had instituted and maintained, had failed to furnish him with facts as to the whereabouts of Livingstone. Report after report seemed to confirm the idea that he was dead. The public in general demanded that Livingstone's whereabouts be definitely ascertained. So when James Gordon Bennett, the young proprietor of the New York *Herald,* proposed to send an expedition in search of the explorer and missionary, Europe and America were enthusiastic in commending the enterprise.

The undertaking demanded a man of experience, ability, and courage; and Mr. Bennett found such a one in the person of Henry M. Stanley, traveling correspondent for the *Herald.* Mr. Stanley at this time was in Spain reporting the struggle of Don Carlos for the crown of the kingdom.

By many persons Mr. Stanley is regarded as an American. He was, however, born in Denbigh, Wales, in 1840. At an early age he worked his way to America as a cabin-boy; he served in the civil war, and shortly after its close, was engaged by the *Herald* to report the Franco-Prussian war.

Arriving in Madrid, Spain, on the morning of Oct. 16, 1869, Mr. Stanley was handed a telegram signed by J. Gordon Bennett, asking him "to come to Paris at once. Important business for you." Hastily packing his trunk, he left the same evening for Paris. He reached that city the following night, and immediately went to the hotel where his employer was stopping.

"Where do you think David Livingstone is?" asked Mr. Bennett on meeting Mr. Stanley. "I'm sure I don't know," replied Mr. Stanley, "why do you ask?"

"I want you to find him. You can act according to your own plans in your search, but whatever you do, find Livingstone — dead or alive."

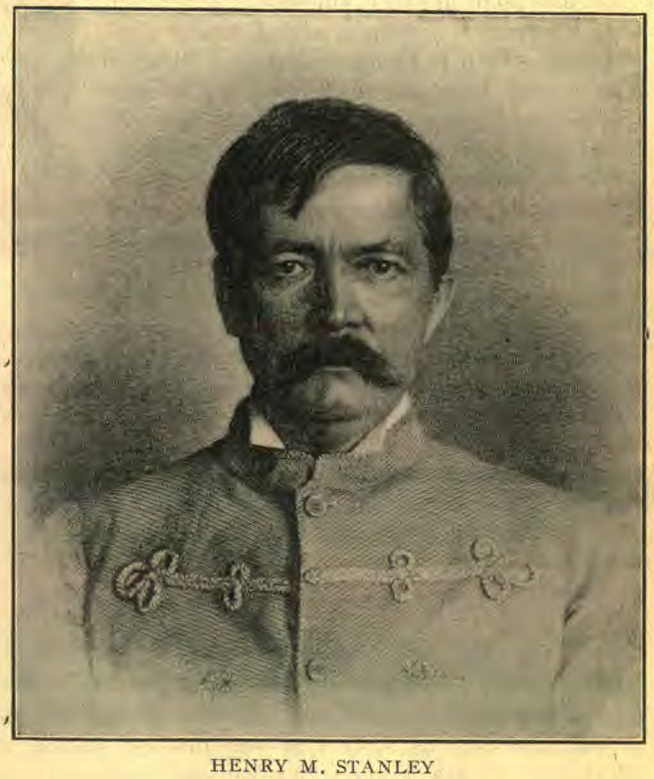
With such a commission, and with the necessary expenses provided for such an expedition, Mr. Stanley left to execute the order. First he attended the opening of the Suez Canal; then as correspondent for the *Herald,* he visited Constantinople, Palestine, the Crimea, Persia, and India. Then on Oct. 12, 1870, he sailed for Zanzibar to find the missionary. After a trip of thirty-seven days, he reached his destination, and immediately began to fit out an expedition with supplies for the journey into central Africa.

Happily, Stanley was informed as to where he could find a few faithful freemen, who could fittingly serve him as a body-guard. These men had been in the service of Mr. Speke during his travel in the interior of Africa. Adding to these some who were recommended by Bombay (the head of Speke's faithfuls), Wm. L. Farquahar, John Shaw, and the carriers, Stanley now was well provided with men. Donkeys, cloth, beads, rifles, ammunition, provisions, boats, and medicine were next added to the list of baggage. When everything was ready, six tons were assembled for conveyance on this march to the interior.

Twenty-eight days after Mr. Stanley landed in Zanzibar, he left for Ujiji. This march, by the way of Unyanyembe, was often hindered by disease, jungles, swamps, rivers, and hostile tribes.

Sometimes his own men revolted, and had to be punished severely before they would again resume the journey. Once while asleep, Mr. Stanley was nearly murdered. John Shaw, who had been reprimanded the day before, was smarting under the humiliation, and during the night fired at Stanley's tent, but missed him by only a few inches.

In the early part of November, 1871, Mr. Stanley met a party of black men who had just left Ujiji. They told him that they had met a white man there, and that he had just arrived there from a far country. From their description of this white man, Mr.



HENRY M. STANLEY

Stanley decided that it was Livingstone whom they had seen.

This stimulated him to put forth every effort possible to reach Ujiji as soon as he could, for the white man might leave that place and thus greatly prolong the search. So with promises of extra wages and presents, he persuaded his men to finish the journey without a halt. As his stores were already low, and the tribes on the direct path to Ujiji were at war with one another, Mr. Stanley made forced marches at night, on a circuitous route, by which he evaded danger and disease. In this way he was able to make the distance in a few days, and arrived at Ujiji, Nov. 6, 1871, one year and one month from the time of starting.

As the caravan neared the town, Stanley rode at the head, with the American flag unfurled to the breeze. In describing this time, he says: —

"At last the sublime hour had arrived; our dreams were now about to be realized. Our hearts and our

feelings, with our eyes, peered through the palms to find the hut in which lived the white man with the gray beard."

When just outside the town, Stanley ordered a salute to be fired. When Livingstone heard this discharge from about forty guns, and the cheering with the beating of drums which followed, he stepped outside his hut to learn the cause of the demonstration.

Preceded by his servants, he went out to meet the caravan. Stanley, running to Livingstone, saluted him, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume." He then told Livingstone of his mission and journey, and gave him mail which he had brought from the coast, and from the Livingstones' home in England.

Dr. Livingstone then told Mr. Stanley of his missionary work and of his discoveries. From the beginning of their acquaintance, the two men steadily grew in favor with each other.

Stanley's striking testimony, after living in most intimate association with Livingstone for four months, was this: "Each day's life with him added to my admiration for him. You may take any point in Dr. Livingstone's character, and analyze it carefully, and I would challenge any man to find a fault in it. Religion has tamed him and made him a Christian gentleman."

The day after Christmas, 1871, Stanley bade farewell to Livingstone. In vain did he plead with the missionary to return home with him, to recuperate his health and visit his friends; but Livingstone desired to finish his work.

The return to Zanzibar consumed but five months. The news of Stanley's return was immediately flashed to all parts of the world, and Europe vied with America in honoring him who had found the lost missionary.

Thus through Stanley was the world apprised of the value of Livingstone's work in Africa. From that time onward, the evangelization of the Dark Continent has steadily advanced.

View of Present-Day Missionary Work in Africa

A Day at Waterloo

WE are indeed pleased to have our friends in the home land pay us a visit at our mission station at Waterloo, Sierra Leone; but we only wish that it might be a *real* one. I am sure you would see so many more things of interest than I can tell you about that the visit would give you a greater inspiration to carry the gospel to these heathen lands, for which many of you are preparing.

After a two hours' ride on the train from Freetown, winding along at the foot of the beautiful Sierra Leone mountains covered with a profusion of tropical vegetation, you reach Waterloo. At a distance you see what seems like a beautiful palm grove, but as you near the village you see native and a few modern houses dotted here and there. Waterloo has a population of two or three thousand and is beautifully situated. Here we have a church of about fifty members. The church building stands near the center of the village, and is a neat two-story stone building, which was erected by our students. The lower part is used for our primary school.

While there are a number of European houses in Waterloo, the majority are made of mud, with thatched palm-leaf roofs. These mud houses are finished in white, brown, and pink clay, and are very neat. You would hardly think they were made of mud.

The people dress in many styles, varying from that of a well-dressed European to that of a native with only an undershirt on or a cloth wrapped around the waist. Many of the children wear no clothing at all. Nearly all loads are carried on the head. Shops line the streets, where are sold matches, salt, native fruits, and various kinds of cloth. One does not usually find a great variety sold in any one shop.

Our school, a two-story building, is only a five-minute walk from the station. On the school campus are the school building, a mission home, and a factory. About a quarter of a mile away is the farmhouse. The second story of the school building is used for a boys' dormitory, being divided into three large wards, or rooms. The lower story has a chapel, reading- and class-room, a principal's office, and a dining-room. This building is half stone, and was erected by the students.

WATERLOO STUDENTS

At five o'clock in the morning the rising bell rings, and soon all the native boys are down-stairs for worship, which is led by a native teacher trained in the school. Here are boys from several tribes — Mende, Temne, Sherbro, Kroo, Ebo, as well as a number of creoles. They are all as black as can be, have kinky hair, are usually erect, and have excellent features. Africa, the home of the black man, presents by far the finest type of his race.

It would be interesting to you to hear the experiences of these native boys,— how they were converted, how some have left wealth and honor to bear the reproach of Christ. The grace of Christ works just as effectually in the heart of the black boy as in the hearts of those of other nationalities.

The small boys are generally dressed in long shirts, while the older students have added a coat and a pair of trousers. Most of the students sleep on iron soldier beds, but some are obliged to sleep on native mats spread on the floor, with blankets for covering. The students' home life is very simple. This is in keeping with their native life, and is necessary on account of lack of funds.

At six o'clock in the morning the boys are off to work,— some to the factory, where they build carts, wagons, and furniture; some to the farm; two or three to the kitchen; and the same number to the brook to wash the clothes.

The factory is under the direction of Brother W. H. Lewis. Here he teaches blacksmithing, carpentry, and painting. Our factory is well equipped with a sawmill and planer, and with an excellent gasoline-engine for

(*Concluded on page sixteen*)

The Last Days of Livingstone

S. W. VAN TRUMP

LET one brief, happy scene be flashed upon the screen as a prelude to the sad ones to follow. In his twenty-sixth year Livingstone and his young friend, Joseph Moore, afterward missionary to Tahiti, were in London, awaiting examination by the London Missionary Society. The day after their acceptance they spent in sightseeing. They went first to Westminster Abbey. Little did this humble young missionary dream that one day his name would be inscribed among those of the illustrious dead there buried, that his mortal frame would rest beside the honored and the great of Britain's fallen sons! Even so he who sets out to do God's service may not know to what depths of sorrow or heights of honor the path of duty may bring him.

Livingstone was sent to Africa as a missionary in 1840-41. He was from that time always a missionary, and more, he was a missionary-explorer, blazing the trail and opening the way for an army of missionaries to follow. For sixteen years he served the Missionary Society, spreading a knowledge of the true God from coast to coast, and exploring the country "in the interests of commerce and Christianity" from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, and returning to the east coast to sound the depths of the broad Zambesi.

His return to England to receive the nation's praises, his second voyage to Africa by official appointment, his penetrating the heart of the Dark Continent, the death of his wife, and his second recall to England, are sketchings of the second phase of his efforts in the land of the Ethiopians.

Livingstone's third and last journey was under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society. He was no longer a young man, but worn by the vicissitudes of a quarter century's strenuous work in a trying climate. He reached the east coast in 1866, and began his search for the central African watershed and the sources of the Nile. Though now a recognized explorer, he was still fulfilling his youthful vows as a missionary of the cross. "More than ever he seemed overshadowed by religious thought and motives." On his last trip his soul was especially tortured by the dreadful sights of the slave-trade. The Catholic Portuguese, the Mohammedan Arabs, and the unspeakable Dutch Boers were becoming rich by manstealing, bartering the captives of intertribal wars. The appeals of Livingstone played no small part in the world's abolition of slavery. It is interesting to note here that Livingstone's oldest son, Tom, had died of wounds received before Richmond, his life also a part of the great price of Negro freedom.

Passing onward to the year 1872, we look in upon the great explorer at Unyanyembe. March 14 he bade Stanley farewell, to await a fresh supply of men to be sent him from Zanzibar.

On March 19, the next to his last birthday, he made the following entry in his journal: "My birthday. My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All! I again dedicate my whole soul to thee. Accept me. And grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone, I may finish my work. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen."

On May 1, one year before he died, he wrote his famous letter to the New York *Herald*, "to elicit American zeal to stop the east coast slave-trade." The last sentence of this letter is inscribed on his tomb in Westminster Abbey: "All I can add in my solitude is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

August 14, after five months of weary waiting, the men arrived. On August 25, Livingstone marched out of Unyanyembe, at the head of a party of fifty-six, on his last journey, his hope, as expressed in a letter to his daughter, being to complete his explorations, and then "to thank the Lord of all and turn my face along Lake Kamolondo, and over Lualaba, Tanganyika, Ujiji, and home."

The entries in his journal show that the last journey was under the extremest pain and weakness. Nothing but his indomitable will and constant faith could have held that shattered body to the performance of so difficult a task under conditions so unfavorable. The rainy season overtook his party, and they were passing through a country devastated by wars. Famine threatened them at times. Through miles of fever-breeding jungle and malarious marshes, Livingstone, now too weak to walk, was borne by his faithful men. His aim to learn if the fable of the hills Crophi and Mophi had any light to throw on the question of the sources of the Nile and Kongo, led him to set out for the two hills due west of Lake Bangweolo. He had previously penetrated to within less than three hundred miles of the Albert Nyanza, and but for the mutiny of his men, would doubtless have discovered this lake and achieved the goal of his ambitions to discover that stream which bore Moses on its bosom.

His southerly march led him along the east banks of the lakes, the whole country "becoming a large sponge." The word "ill" now occurs with ominous frequency in his journal.

January 8, the party was "near Lake Bangweolo, and in a damp region." The journey now became "a constant plunging through morasses and across the many rivers running into Bangweolo."

On March 19, his last birthday, he wrote: "Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men for sparing me thus far. Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen! Let not Satan prevail over me, O my good Lord Jesus!"

On April 10, he wrote: "I am pale, bloodless, and weak from bleeding profusely ever since the thirty-first of March; an artery gives off a copious stream, and takes away my strength."

On April 18, he wrote: "I can hardly hold a pencil, and my stick is a burden. Very ill at night."

His last brief entry was on the twenty-seventh of April. It ran: "Knocked up quite, and remain — recover — sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the R. Molilamo."

On the twenty-ninth he was ferried across the Molilamo, and carried to Ilala, the village of Chitambo, a friendly chief. The motion of the litter caused him such intense pain that he begged to be left where he was. A cold, drizzling rain was falling, and his men found a hut to shelter their loved master, tenderly laying him upon a rude bed of grass. In the morning

he was too ill to see the chief. The day passed, the doctor lying in a stupor, at times arousing and asking wandering questions. In the distance were sounds of shouting. "Are our men making that noise?"—"No, the people are scaring a buffalo from their durra-fields." After a while he aroused and asked, "Is this the Luapula?"—"No, Ilala, Chitambo's village." An hour later he called for his servant Susi, who was told to get the medicine-chest and hold the candle; and as Livingstone selected the calomel with difficulty, Susi saw that his master could scarcely see. Susi placed a cup of water by the bed, and the last words he heard his master say were, "All right; you can go out now."

At 4 A. M., May 1, the boy who slept at the door called out: "Come to Bwana, I am afraid. I don't know if he is alive."

Then hastily came Susi, Chuma, and four others, and found their master not on the bed where they had left him, but beside it, upon his knees, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow, dead.

Livingstone's Body-Guard

THE work of David Livingstone in Africa was so far that of a missionary-explorer and general that the field of his labor is too broad to permit us to trace individual harvests. No one man can quickly scatter seed over so wide an area. But there is one marvelous story connected with his death, the like of which has never been written on the scroll of human history. All the ages may safely be challenged to furnish its parallel. On the night of his death he called for Susi, his faithful servant, and, after some tender ministries had been rendered to the dying man, Livingstone said: "All right; you may go out now," and Susi reluctantly left him alone. At four o'clock the next morning, May 1, Susi and Chuma, with four other devoted attendants, anxiously entered that grass hut at Ilala. The candle was still burning, but the greater light of life had gone out. Their great master, as they called him, was on his knees, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. With silent awe, they stood apart and watched him, lest they should invade the privacy of prayer. But he did not stir; there was not even the motion of breathing, but a suspicious rigidity of inaction. Then one of them, Matthew, softly came near and gently laid his hands upon his cheeks. It was enough; the chill of death was there. The great father of Africa's dark children was dead, and they were orphans.

The most refined and cultured Englishmen would have been perplexed as to what course to take. They were surrounded by superstitious and unsympathetic savages, to whom the unburied remains of the dead man would be an object of dread. His native land was six thousand miles away, and even the coast was fifteen hundred. A grave responsibility rested upon these simple-minded sons of the Dark Continent, to which few of the wisest would have been equal. Those remains, with his valuable journals, instruments, and personal effects, must be carried to Zanzibar. But the body must first be preserved from decay, and they had no skill nor facilities for embalming; and if preserved, there were no means of transportation — no roads nor carts. No beasts of burden being available, the body must be borne on the shoulders of human beings; and, as no strangers could be trusted, they must themselves undertake the journey and the sacred charge. These humble children of the forest were grandly equal to the occasion, and they resolved among themselves to carry the body to the seashore, and not give it into other hands until they could surrender it to his countrymen. Moreover, to insure safety to the remains and security to the bearers, it must be done with secrecy. They would gladly have kept secret even their master's death, but the fact could not be concealed. God, however, disposed Chitambo and his subjects to permit these servants of the great missionary to prepare his emaciated body for its last journey, in a hut built for the purpose on the outskirts of the village.

Now watch these black men as they rudely embalm the body of him who had been to them a savior. They tenderly open the chest and take out the heart and viscera. These they, with poetic and pathetic sense of fitness, reserve for his beloved Africa. The heart that for thirty-three years had beat for her welfare must be buried in her bosom. And so one of the Nassik boys, Jacob Wainright, read the simple service of burial, and under the moula-tree at Ilala that heart was deposited, and that tree, carved with a simple inscription, became his monument. Then the body was prepared for its long journey: the cavity was filled with salt, brandy poured into the mouth, and the corpse laid out in the sun for fourteen days, and so was reduced to the condition of a mummy. Afterward it was thrust into a hollow cylinder of bark. Over this was sewed a covering of canvas, the whole package was securely lashed to a pole, and so at last was ready to be borne between two men upon their shoulders.

As yet the enterprise was scarcely begun, and the worst of their task was yet before them. The sea was far away, and the path lay through a territory where nearly every fifty miles would bring them to a new tribe, to face new difficulties.

Nevertheless Susi and Chuma took up their precious burden, and looking to Livingstone's God for help, began the most remarkable funeral march on record. They followed the track their master had marked with his footsteps when he penetrated to Lake Bangweolo, passing to the south of Lake Lumbi, which is a continuation of Tanganyika, then crossing to Unyanyembe, where it was found out that they were carrying a dead body. Shelter was hard to get, or even food; and at Kasekera they could get nothing for which they asked except on condition that they would bury the remains they were carrying. Now indeed their love and generalship were put to a new test. But again they were equal to the emergency. They made up another package like the precious burden, only it contained branches instead of human bones; and this, with mock solemnity, they bore on their shoulders to a safe distance, scattered the contents far and wide in the brushwood, and came back without the bundle. Meanwhile others of their party had repacked the remains, doubling them up into the semblance of a bale of cotton cloth, and so they once more managed to procure what they needed and go on with their charge.

The whole story of that nine months' march has never been written, and it never will be, for the full

data can not be supplied. But here is material waiting for some coming English Homer or Milton to crystallize into one of the world's noblest epics; and it deserves the master hand of a great poet-artist to do it justice.

See these black men, whom some scientific philosophers would place at one remove from the gorilla, run all manner of risks, by day and night, for forty weeks; now going around by circuitous route to resort to strategem to get their precious burden through the country; sometimes forced to fight their foes in order to carry out their holy mission. Follow them as they ford the rivers and travel trackless deserts; facing torrid heat and drenching tropical storms; daring perils from wild beasts and relentless wild men;

THE GRAVE OF MRS. LIVINGSTONE

exposing themselves to the fatal fever, and burying several of their little band on the way. Yet on they went, patient and persevering, never fainting nor halting, until love and gratitude had done all that could be done, and they laid down at the feet of the British consul, on the twelfth of March, 1874, all that was left of Scotland's great hero.

When, a little more than a month later, the coffin of Livingstone was landed in England, April 15, it was felt that no less a shrine than Britain's greatest burial-place could fitly hold such precious dust. But so improbable and incredible did it seem that a few rude Africans could actually have done this splendid deed, at such a cost of time and risk, that not until the fractured bones of the arm, which the lion crushed at Mabotsa thirty years before, identified the body, was it certain that this was Livingstone's corpse. And then, on the eighteenth of April, 1874, such a funeral cortège entered the great abbey of Britain's illustrious dead as few warriors or heroes or princes ever drew to that mausoleum; and the faithful body-servants who had religiously brought home every relic of the person or property of the great missionary-explorer were accorded places of honor. And well they might be. No triumphal procession of earth's mightiest conqueror ever equaled for sublimity that lonely journey through Africa's forests. An example of tenderness, gratitude, devotion, heroism, equal to this, the world had never seen. The exquisite inventiveness of a love that lavished tears as water on the feet of Jesus, and made tresses of hair a towel, and broke the alabaster flask for his anointing; the feminine tenderness that lifted his mangled body from the cross and wrapped it in new linen with costly spices and laid it in a virgin tomb, have at length been surpassed by the ingenious devotion of the cursed sons of Canaan. The grandeur and pathos of that burial scene amid the stately columns and arches of England's famous abbey pale in luster when contrasted with that simpler scene near Ilala, when, in God's greater cathedral of nature, whose columns and arches are the trees, whose surpliced choir are the singing birds, whose organ is the moaning wind, the grassy carpet was lifted, and dark hands laid Livingstone's heart to rest. In that great cortège that moved up the nave no truer nobleman was found than that black man, Susi, who in illness had nursed the Blantyre hero, had laid his heart in Africa's bosom, and whose hand was now upon his pall. Let those who doubt and deride Christian missions to the degraded children of Africa, who tell us that it is not worth while to sacrifice precious lives for the sake of these doubly lost millions of the Dark Continent,— let such tell us whether it is not worth while, at any cost, to seek out and save men with whom such Christian heroism is possible.

Burn on, thou humble candle, burn within thy hut of grass;
Though few may be the pilgrim feet that through Ilala pass,
God's hand hath lit thee, long to shine, and shed thy holy light
Till the new day-dawn pours its beams o'er Afric's long midnight.

— *Arthur T. Pierson, in "The Miracles of Missions."*

David Livingstone's Love Story

(*Concluded from page six*)

"and perhaps more frequently since I got married than before. Only yesterday I said to my wife, when I thought of the nice clean bed I enjoy now, 'You put me in mind of my mother; she was always particular about our beds and our linen.' I had had rough times before."

Livingstone's marriage, connecting him with the Moffats, was one of the great providential things in his life. "No family on the face of the globe could have been so helpful to him in his great work," says Dr. Blaikie.

And no wife could have done better than his own Mary Moffat. When God called him to open up Africa, after their marriage, she could not make the long journeys with him, on account of their children. Yet she had no thought of holding him back. The interests of the great continent were as dear to her as to him, and she endured, for years at a time, suffering and suspense and separation that he might be free for the work.

Opening up Africa cost them both sore, but many shall rise up and call them blessed because of it.— *Belle M. Brain, in Sunday School Times.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Grandmother's Counsel

GRANDMOTHER says in her quaint old way:
"World wasn't made in a day — a day;
And the blue sky where the white clouds flit —
Why, the Lord was six days painting it!
The way isn't sunny,
But don't you fret;
Cheer up, honey!
You'll get there yet."

Grandmother says in her quaint old way:
"World wasn't made in a day — a day;
The meadow there, where you love to sit —
Why, the Lord took time to carpet it!"

And still to me in the fields and dells
Her sweet voice rings like a chime of bells,
And I dream brave dreams as I hear her say:
"World wasn't made in a day — a day.
The way isn't sunny,
But don't you fret;
Cheer up, honey!
You'll get there yet."

— *Selected.*

The Slave-Raiders

AN African king and his councilmen were talking excitedly over the rumors they had heard that very morning. "The slave-raiders are coming this way," cried one. "They catch the women when they are digging in the gardens, and the men when they are alone on the path. They fasten them with chains and put them into strong pens. They march them off, and nobody knows what becomes of them." "Ah! most of the people die, and whole villages are lost," exclaimed another. "We will see to it," said the king, "that the slave-raiders do not come within our borders. We will keep a sharp lookout and allow no strangers inside the village." "Yes, yes, we will all watch," the men agreed, "and no slave-raider shall come near us."

At that instant some villager came running to the king, crying, "O master, some white strangers are coming up the path." "Go back, stop them in the path, find out who they are and what they want," replied the king at once. The messengers sped off. The king and his councilmen grasped their spears and waited in silence. Very soon the messengers came running again out of the jungle with glad faces. "Who are the strangers, and what do they want?" demanded the king. "They are Livingstone's children," said the messengers. "They have come a long way and are tired; they want to spend the night in our village, and these are the gifts they sent to you." They spread out on the hard earth floor before the king a strip of bright colored calico, some beads, and a roll of copper wire. A murmur of surprise and pleasure ran around the group. But the king only said, "Bring Livingstone's children to me." "Livingstone's children!" exclaimed the men when the messengers had gone. "Can it be that the white master is coming this way again?" "No," replied another, "he was going to the coast, but he left some supplies beyond here." "The white master is a good one," said the king. "He never beats his men, and he taught us many good things." The men grunted and nodded their heads approvingly.

In a few minutes they returned, followed by the white strangers and their servants. The party entered the open council place, and the white men bowed low before the king. "Who are you, and what is your business?" asked the king. "We are Livingstone's children," said they. "Our master has found a road to the coast, and sent us back for his supplies. The day is late; we wish to spend the night in your village." "The white master is our friend," said the king. "Yes," the travelers replied. "Livingstone told us we should be among friends in this country." The chief turned to his men and said, "Prepare the best huts for Livingstone's children." Some of the men left at once to carry out the king's command, and soon the visitors were comfortably settled, and their servants began to prepare the evening meal. The people flocked to their huts, bringing gifts of parched corn, yams, and other food, and they lingered about until the day was ended.

Late that night, when the village lay asleep, suddenly a woman screamed, then another. The people rushed from their huts, rubbing their eyes in a dazed way, and blinking before a great light. Many huts were on fire. People were running about blindly, and the white men who called themselves Livingstone's children were seizing men, women, and children, binding them, and herding them together under a tree, where men with guns kept them from escaping. The few who managed to get out of the village were surrounded there by men, who caught and bound them, too.

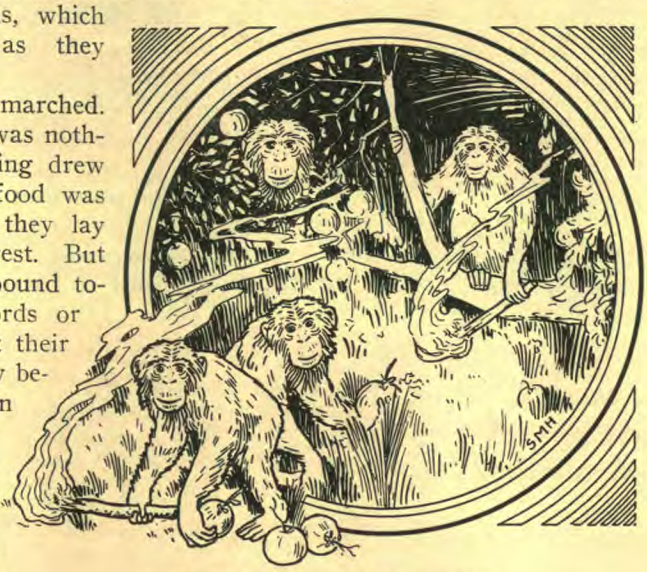
When the gray dawn of the morning light came, there were only the ruins of the village left. The children were crying; men and women were begging to be freed. Some of the stronger men were talking together. "We were deceived," they said. "The visitors were not Livingstone's children. They were slave-raiders. O! why did we ever trust them?" murmured they. "The white master never takes slaves; if he were only here, he would save us!"

And this was the slave-traders' trick! All through the central part of Africa during the terrible years of the slave traffic the slave-raiders trapped the black people in every way their cruelty could devise. Many times they started wars between tribes, and took all the captives for slaves. They bribed men from one tribe to capture slaves from neighboring tribes. The black man was safe nowhere from the slave-raider. Men and women were kidnaped wherever they could be caught. Whole villages were often surrounded in the night and all taken as slaves.

Soon the slave-drivers prepared the captives for their long march to the sea. They lashed the women and children to one another by strong cords of leather. They fastened great Y-shaped sticks around the necks of the men, and riveted the forked ends together with iron. At last the miserable procession marched off,—

women with heavy bags of meal or grain on their heads, and sometimes a mother with a baby on her back; little children, some of them not more than five years old; and great, strong men,—nearly a hundred in all. By their sides marched the slave-drivers, wearing bright red caps and gay clothes. On their shoulders they carried muskets, and in their hands many of them had tin horns, which they blew proudly as they marched along.

All day long they marched. Noon came, but there was nothing to eat. The evening drew on, and only a little food was given them. At last they lay down for the night to rest. But how could they rest, bound together with leather cords or great slave-sticks about their necks? The second day began more miserably than the first. If they complained, the slave-drivers' whips fell on their backs; so they trudged wearily on. But there was in store for them a relief of which they had not dreamed, and upon which the slave-drivers had not reckoned.



CHIMPANZEES STEALING FRUIT

Late in the afternoon, as the procession came around the end of a hill, they suddenly came into a camp, so very suddenly that they were in the center of it before the slave-drivers could stop the procession; and there, standing in plain view, was a white man. That man was David Livingstone! The next instant every slave-driver took to his heels and disappeared, tin horns, red caps, and all, into the thickets. They knew that David Livingstone was in Africa to stop the slave-trade.

And so the entire slave-gang was left alone with Livingstone and his men. The whole procession at once fell on their knees in thanksgiving, and soon they clapped their hands for joy. Livingstone and his men swiftly cut the leather thongs that bound the women and children, but it took longer to saw the slave-sticks from the necks of the men. When at last they were all free, Livingstone said to the women, "Take the meal from the bags you are carrying and cook food for yourselves and your children." But the women looked at him in wonder. "Surely he does not mean what he says," they thought, and stood still. Again he spoke to them. "Isn't that meal in the bags you are carrying?" "Yes," they replied. "Well, it is yours now. Your enemies are gone, and you are to cook some food. See how hungry your children are." It seemed too good to be true, but surely they must obey the white master. "Come," said Livingstone, "build a fire, get some water." Quickly the women set to work. The children gathered the slave-sticks in a great heap and set fire to them, and over the flames they hung a huge kettle. All the hungry company sat down and ate the first good meal they had had since that last evening in their homes when the cruel white visitors came to them.

Presently a boy who did not know Livingstone went to him and said: "The other men tied us and starved us. You cut the ropes and tell us to eat. What sort of people are you? Where did you come from?" "My boy," replied Livingstone, "I came from a far country to tell you and all your people about God."

"Who is God, and who told you about him?" asked the boy. "God is the Creator of this world and the Father of us all. His Son, Jesus Christ, came to tell men that the Father loves all his children, both black and white, and he wants them to live like brothers in peace together."—*Susan Mendenhall, in "Livingstone Hero Stories."*

Chimpanzees and Snakes

"THE forest of Msongwa," said Emin Pasha, "is infested with a large tribe of chimpanzees. In summer-time, at night, they frequently visit the plantations of Mswa station to steal the fruit. But what is remarkable about this is the fact that they use torches to light the way. Had I not witnessed this extraordinary spectacle personally, I should never have credited that any of the simians understood the art of making fire.

"One time these same chimpanzees stole a native drum from the station, and went away pounding merrily on it. They evidently delight in that drum, for I have frequently heard them rattling away at it in the silence of the night."

One tribe, the Dinkas, pay great reverence to pythons and all kinds of snakes. One of the Sudanese officers killed a snake, and was compelled to pay a fine of four goats. The Dinkas even domesticate snakes, keeping them in their houses, but allowing them every liberty, letting them crawl out for prey, after which they return for rest and sleep. These people wash the pythons with milk and anoint them with butter. In almost every hut the smaller snakes may be heard in the roofs, exploring for rats.—*"In Darkest Africa."*

THE GREAT PYTHON OF AFRICA

IT was one of Livingstone's rules not to read what was written in praise of him; but at a time when he was being abused, he wrote that he should read every word that he could on that side, as an antidote to what he had been forced to hear of the other kind.

Take Care, Little Maid

Do you know, little maid, when you open your mouth,
That away to the east, to the west, north, and south,
On the wings of the wind, just like bees or like birds,
Fly the tone of your voice and the sound of your words?

Do you know, little maid, that your mouth is the door
All the words you will say, all you have said before,
Are imprisoned within? Some are sweet, pleasant words,
Which will sing, when they get out, like the warbling birds.

There are others so cross that they no one can please
When they get out, O! believe me, sting like the bees.
Closely watch them, dear maid; when cross words stir about,
Shut the door tightly, and don't ever let them out.

— *The Lutheran.*

M. E. KERN . . . . . *Secretary*
MEADE MACGUIRE . . . . . *Field Secretary*
MATILDA ERICKSON . . *Corresponding Secretary*

Society Study for Sabbath, March 29

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
2. Mission Study (fifteen minutes).
3. Bible Study (fifteen minutes).
4. Social Meeting (fifteen minutes).

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review of Morning Watch texts; report of work; minutes; prayer; special music.

2. "A Day at Waterloo" (West Africa). This interesting study might be prefaced by a few thoughts gleaned from the book "Price of Africa," showing that very many lives have been sacrificed in the effort to build up the gospel work in this difficult field. The article showing you Waterloo will be found in this number of the INSTRUCTOR. Do not fail to have a rough map of this part of Africa.

3. Further study on the methods of personal work employed by Christ and his disciples.

a. He introduced the subject of salvation to strangers. John 4:4-42.

b. He sent his converts home to labor for their friends. Luke 8:38, 39.

c. The disciples gave a personal invitation to friends. John 1:40-46; etc.

4. Review objects for special prayer given in Morning Watch Calendar for the quarter, and close with special season of prayer for these objects.

How are your Reading Course members getting on? Each week counts. Let no one drop behind, but let us all finish promptly the work for this year.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 6 — Lesson 24: Review of "Patriarchs and Prophets"

NOTE.— The book may be referred to during this review. After you have written out answers to eight of the questions, your Missionary Volunteer secretary will be glad to receive them. Next week we begin "The American Government." It will give you much information concerning the operation of the machinery of American government, and you will find it very entertaining, as well as instructive.

1. TRACE the development of the revolt of Lucifer, and state why he was allowed to continue his temptations.

2. Why was not man created incapable of sinning? Explain the plan of redemption as laid in heaven and afterward revealed to our first parents.

3. What objection would you bring to the theory that the seven days of creation were as many long periods of time?

4. Sketch the life of Abraham, and tell why God required of him the great sacrifice.

5. Give a short outline of Jacob's life, and signify what his experience during the night of wrestling illustrates.

6. Write a brief biography of Moses. Which incident of his career impressed you most? How has the account of it benefited you?

7. Write out a set of five questions covering what you consider the best points of chapters 25-49.

8. What truths are exemplified in Israel's system of tithes and offerings? in the regulations for the care of the poor? in the amount of time devoted to the annual feasts?

9. Follow the history of the Hebrews under the judges.

10. Mention two important truths which the sketches of Saul and David have impressed upon you.

Junior No. 5 — Lesson 24: Review of "Pilgrim's Progress"

NOTE.— With this review we complete the largest book of this year's course. Use the book in answering, if you desire. Choose ten questions from the list below, and send your paper, as usual, to your Missionary Volunteer secretary. You will certainly wish to take up the last book of the course, "Daybreak in Korea." Only six short lessons remaining.

1. WHAT was John Bunyan's object in writing this book?

2. State how Christian was led to realize his sinful condition, and to leave the City of Destruction and begin the journey to the Celestial City.

3. As briefly as possible, relate his experiences at the following places, mentioning a truth which he learned at each place: —

The Slough of Despond
In the Interpreter's house
At the cross
At the Hill Difficulty
In the Valley of Humiliation
In the Valley of the Shadow of Death
In Vanity Fair
At Demas's silver-mine
In the castle of Giant Despair
On the Enchanted Ground
In the Land of Beulah

4. Mention two instances of Christiana's pilgrimage which impressed you, and tell why they impressed you.

XIII — Review

(March 29)

Questions

1. WHAT is the difference between the true God and heathen gods? Tell how all things were created. What was made on each of the first four days? Jer. 10:3-5, 16; Ps. 33:6-9; Gen. 1:1-19. Memory verse, Gen. 1:1.

2. Tell how all animals were created. What was provided for them before they lived? What reason can you give for animals and men not requiring long ages for their development? Gen. 1:20-31. Memory verse, Acts 17:25.

3. How many days did God labor in creation? What did he see concerning everything he had made? How was the seventh day spent? How was the Sabbath made? Gen. 1:31; 2:1-3. Memory verse, Ex. 20:8.

4. Describe man's first home. In what way should our homes pattern after it? How were Adam and Eve tested? Why was the tree of knowledge of good and evil placed in the garden? How is our love to God shown? Gen. 2:8-20; John 14:15.

5. Name one of the wisest animals created. In what form did Satan appear in Eden? Relate his conversation with Eve. How did Adam and Eve lose their beautiful home? What more did they lose? What sentence was pronounced on Adam? on Eve? on the serpent? What promise was given to man? Gen. 2:16, 17; 3:1-24. Memory verse, Rom. 6:23.

6. Name Adam's oldest sons. How did Abel show his faith and obedience? How did Cain reveal that he was disobedient and unbelieving? How did Abel suffer for his faithfulness? How was Cain punished for his unbelief and disobedience? Gen. 4:1-16. Memory verse, 1 Sam. 15:22.

7. How long did men live before the flood? Give the history of Enoch. How did he walk with God? How was his experience like that of those who will be alive when Jesus comes? Genesis 5. Memory verse, verse 24.

8. What can you say of the wickedness of the earth while it was still young? What did God say he would do on account of sin? What righteous man lived at that time? What work was given him? Genesis 6. Memory verse, Eph. 4:30.

9. Describe the flood. How were the wicked destroyed? How many people were left living on the earth? Genesis 7. Memory verse, Ps. 121:7.

10. How long were Noah and his family in the ark? How did they know when to leave it? What effect did the flood have on the earth? Gen. 8:1-19. Memory verse, Ps. 37:7.

11. What sign has God given to show that he will not send another flood? Where is the rainbow seen? Gen. 8:20-22; 9:1-16. Memory verse, Heb. 10:23.

12. What city did men build after the flood? Why did they want a tower? How was their wickedness and pride punished? What are we building? What materials can we use? Which will you choose for your building? Repeat all the memory verses. Gen. 11:1-9. Memory verse, Ps. 62:8.

XIII — Drawing Near to God

(March 29)

Questions

1. WHAT did the psalmist declare was good for him to do? Ps. 73:28.

2. What promise is made to those who draw near to God? James 4:8.

3. At the opening of the services in the earthly sanctuary what did all the congregation do? Lev. 9:5.

4. What assurance did Moses then give to the people? Verse 6.

5. How was this promise fulfilled? and what was the result? Verses 23, 24.

6. What view of the glory of God had the people already had? Ex. 24:17.

7. What exhortation is based upon this revelation of God's presence? Heb. 12:28, 29; note 1.

8. When the tabernacle was erected, how did God manifest his presence with his people? Ex. 40:34.

9. What effect did the Lord say would be produced by the glory of his presence? Ex. 29:43-46.

10. What class of persons was especially chosen to come into the immediate presence of the Lord? Ex. 19:22.

11. What sometimes prevented even the priests from entering into the tabernacle? 2 Chron. 7:1, 2.

12. When the high priest entered into the most holy place on the day of atonement, what was he directed to do so that he should not be consumed by the glory of God? Lev. 16:12, 13; note 2.

13. What is the Son of God declared to be? Heb. 1:3, first clause.

14. What made it possible for this glory to be manifested among men? John 1:14.

15. When the glory of God broke through the veil of the flesh, what was the result? Matt. 21:12, 13; note 3.

16. Since Jesus became our high priest, where does our hope enter? Heb. 6:19, 20.

17. What are we able to do through this hope? Heb. 7:19.

18. What shows that the way into the heavenly sanctuary was not opened up while the services were continued in the earthly sanctuary? "The Holy Spirit this signifying that the way into the holy place hath not yet been made manifest, while the first tabernacle is yet standing." Heb. 9:8, A. R. V.

19. What blessing is assured to those who draw near to God through the mediation of Jesus the high priest? Heb. 7:25.

20. Into which apartment of the heavenly sanctuary is the way open under the sounding of the seventh angel? Rev. 11:15, 19; note 4.

21. What gives boldness for entering into the heavenly sanctuary with Jesus the high priest? Heb. 10:19.

22. What veil makes it possible to enter in without being consumed by the glory of God? Verse 20.

23. What further basis of confidence is furnished? Verse 21.

24. In view of all this, what are we urged to do? Verse 22, first part; note 5.

Notes

1. Sin separated between God and man, but in the gospel the provision is made whereby we can draw near to God. In the typical service of the earthly sanctuary this provision was set forth in figure. When the glory of God was revealed as a consuming fire, the great truth was taught that neither sin nor sinners could endure the presence of God, and the need of separation from sin in order to dwell with God was emphasized.

2. The veil which separated the holy from the most holy place also protected the priests from being consumed by the manifestation of the glory of God in the most holy place, and they were therefore able to draw near and to minister in the holy place. When the high priest entered into the most holy place, the cloud of incense served the same purpose, and enabled him to draw near to the mercy-seat and to make the atonement for the people who were represented by him.

3. In order that the glory of God might be manifested among men without consuming them, the Son of God veiled his divinity with the veil of the flesh. When divinity broke through this veil, then the glory became, as of old, a consuming fire, and men were terrified by the sight.

4. The way into the holy place of the heavenly sanctuary was opened when Jesus ascended on high and became a minister of the true tabernacle; but in the closing work of the gospel his ministry is transferred to the most holy place, as is indicated by the fact that the ark of his covenant was visible in the temple.

5. Jesus has not laid aside the veil of his flesh; and hidden in him and protected by this veil, believers may enter into the sanctuary and draw near to God, even into the most holy place, without being consumed. Every one who accepts Christ as his mediator is exhorted thus to draw near to God. Only those, however, who understand the work of Christ in the heavenly sanctuary can intelligently avail themselves of this great privilege.

The Youth's Instructor

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Significant Dates in the Life of Livingstone

BORN March 19, 1813.
Working in cotton factory, 1823-36.
Arrived in London for examination by Missionary Board, Sept. 1, 1838.
Student of medicine and theology in Glasgow and London, 1836-40.
Sailed for Africa, Dec. 8, 1840.
Fought with the lion, 1843.
Married Mary Moffat, 1844.
First period, missionary to Bakwains and Bakatlas, 1840-56.
Discovered Victoria Falls, 1856.
Severed connection with the London Missionary Society, 1857.
First furlough, 1856-58.
Published "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa," 1857.
Second period, British consul to Portuguese possessions, 1858-64.
Death of Mrs. Livingstone, 1862.
Voyage to India, 1864.
Published "Zambesi and Its Tributaries," 1865.
Second furlough, 1864-65.
Third period, British consul to Central Africa, 1865-73.
Discovered Lakes Moero and Bangweolo, 1867-68.
Found by Henry M. Stanley, Oct. 28, 1871.
Death, May 1, 1873.
Buried in Westminster Abbey, April 18, 1874.
Publication of "Last Journals," 1874.
Centenary in Westminster Abbey, March 19, 1913.—*Selected.*

View of Present-Day Missionary Work in Africa

(*Concluded from page eight*)

driving the machinery. For two or three years the factory has built most of the carts and wagons needed in the colony, and has done a great deal of repair work. On the farm, bananas, plantain, coconuts, breadfruit, cola-nuts, mangoes, cassava, pineapples, corn, sweet potatoes, native yams, and other native crops are growing. The boys do most of their work with short-handled hoes and cutlases. The first time we put our ox-team to plowing, the natives gathered along the roadside to see the "digging machine." They said: "White man smart-o. He make cow dig." The Keene Academy students purchased our cultivator.

Let us follow the native boys to "brook" their clothes. You would think their method odd; but since we can not procure wash-tubs, wash-boards, or washing-machines, they are obliged to use their own method. A stone is placed in the middle of the stream, the garments are wet, soaped, placed on the stone, and then beaten with a stick until clean. The clothes are then spread out on the grass or bushes to bleach in the sun.

At nine o'clock the students have their breakfast. They do not care for an early meal. Their food consists principally of rice, with various kinds of sauces. A cup of rice is usually cooked for each boy, which pretty well fills a soup-plate. A plate and spoon are all the table ware they care for; and sometimes, if we are not careful, the small boys dispense with the spoon, as is shown afterward by their fingers. We are not troubled with furnishing a great variety of foods for our African students. They care for only one kind at a meal. In this respect they teach us a lesson in healthful living. Their simplicity is certainly to be commended. The food is cooked in large pots, set on three stones.

The Day-School

The day-school begins at ten o'clock and continues until three, with an intermission at twelve. Our school here is conducted very similarly to school work at home. There are ten years of school work outlined for our students, but most of them begin teaching by the time they reach the sixth or seventh standard, or grade. Bible doctrines and the prophecies are studied in the lower grades, so that the students may have a knowledge of these truths before leaving school.

It is interesting to visit other schools in the village. The students study aloud. One can hear the confusion long before reaching the schoolroom. The rod is the panacea for all difficulties. The dull student is continually lashed across the back at failures to answer promptly, as if to awaken the brain cells through the spinal column. It is very hard to get some of our native teachers not to misuse the rod.

Dinner is eaten at three o'clock, and is followed by two hours' work, after which the students gather for worship and the evening study period.

I should be very glad if you could stop over Sabbath and Sunday, and visit our public services; and also visit the village and see the native houses and shops, and listen to the big tom-tom dance, and hear the shriek of the *googoo* and the doleful yell of the *bando* girls in the bush. Then you could better understand our surroundings. I wish to express our appreciation for what the Missionary Volunteer Department has done toward building up our work at Waterloo. The young people of the Northern Union Conference gave the money for building our mission home, and contributions have been received from the Central Union and Southwestern Union Conferences, and from Loma Linda College. We greatly appreciate these efforts to advance the work in this part of the Dark Continent, and I hope we may continue to have the prayers and gifts of our friends at home until this great work is finished. Then we can sit down in the kingdom of God and relate many interesting experiences that we had both at home and abroad in the finishing of the glorious gospel work.

T. M. FRENCH.

Waterloo, Sierra Leone, West Africa.

"NATURE forces on our hearts a Creator, history a Providence."