

DAVID LIVINGSTONE*

The heart of David Livingstone lies buried under a mvula tree in the heart of Africa. It is a great heart in a great continent. It is the heart of a missionary, a philanthropist, a traveler; for David Livingstone was eminently all of these. But he was a traveler because he was a philanthropist, and he was a philanthropist because he was a missionary. Whether he was an agent of the London Missionary Society in South Africa, or a British consul with a roving commission in East Africa, or the joint emissary of Government and the Royal Geographical Society in Central Africa, he was first and last, in motive and practice always, a missionary.

He might have been a missionary to China; only the Opium War and the hesitation of the London directors prevented it. But, by Providence, he was a missionary to Africa, a dark continent, through which he carried, from 1840 to 1873, a torch with an undying flame. Now Robert Moffat was also a missionary to Africa. He built an hearthfire and sat patiently by it for sixteen years before a single native came to warm himself. But David Livingstone took a brand from the hearth and carried it twenty-nine thousand miles across deserts and savannahs, through forests, up and down unknown rivers, to the margin of hidden inland seas. It shone on millions of men who might as well have been dead as far as Christendom was concerned; who might almost better have been dead as far as they themselves were concerned. No one will compare David Livingstone and Robert Moffat to the disadvantage of either. Each had his voice and vision. But the voice that came to Robert Moffat whispered, "Something lost and waiting for you. Stay!" While the voice to David Living-

* An address delivered at the Memorial Service in honor of the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of David Livingstone, March 19th, 1913, in Miller Chapel.

stone repeated day and night, with everlasting iteration, "Something lost and waiting for you. Go!"

In 1840, when Livingstone first set foot in Africa, the interior of the continent from ten degrees north of the equator to twenty-five degrees south was practically unknown. The European world had only the vaguest idea of its physical configuration, its commercial possibilities, and of the number, character and condition of its inhabitants. This is an astonishing situation when you reflect that Egyptian civilization is prehistoric, that the Phoenicians in Utica and Carthage, as elsewhere, were famous navigators and colonizers, that the Portuguese of the fifteenth century began a new era in the exploitation of the world, and that the Dutch had established themselves at the Cape in the seventeenth century. But the ancient opinion that the interior was a pathless desert was so persistent, and the difficulties of approach to it so terrible, that there had been no sufficient motive to go and see until the imperative voice came to Livingstone.

The geographical ignorance of the world, after the glory of Egypt, after the exploits of Carthage, after the Greek colonization and the conquest of Alexander, after the rule of the Ptolemies, in the period of the Roman occupation, is graphically exposed in the famous map of Ptolemy, the Alexandrian astronomer, about 150 A. D. He was a speculative geographer. Because he did not know the configuration of the west coast beyond twenty degrees north, he ran it out to the indefinite west, where dwelt, he said, the Ichthyophagi; because he did not know the southern limits of the continent, he filled the whole southern hemisphere with it; because he knew only vaguely the trend of the east coast beyond Cape Guardafui, he gave it a crazy twist into an imaginary Antarctic continent which swept on to the east, inclosing the Indian Ocean and joining China, and he set down the Anthropophagi as dwelling at the junction of Africa and the new continent. Because he knew nothing of the interior, he described it as a pathless

desert, "a land uninhabitable from the heat". This is the creative ignorance of Ptolemy, and so far as the coasts are concerned, it imposed itself on the Arabic geographers and through them on the Christian world until the days of Henry the Navigator; but so far as the interior is concerned, it was first dissipated by David Livingstone.

From the point of view of our present inquiry, the Vandal invasion of North Africa, and the occupation of it by the Byzantine Empire are mere episodes. But there is no point of view, least of all that of the historian or the Christian, from which the Islamic conquest, beginning with the raid of Amru Ibn al Aasse into Egypt in 640 A. D., can be regarded with indifference. In seventy years all the Mediterranean coasts, along which had flourished the Christianity of Tertullian, Cyprian, Origen and Augustine, had exchanged Jehovah for Allah. Between 740 and 1000 A. D. the east coast was occupied by Islamic Arabs with great centers from Magdoshu, through Brava, Melinde, Mombasa to Kilwa, and when, in the fifteenth century, the Portugese reached that coast, they found Islam established as far south as Sofala. While, beginning in the eleventh century, wave after wave of Arab influence poured into the Sudan; up the Nile and westwards through Kordofan, Darfur, Wadai and Kanem; through the Sahara to the bend of the Niger, where from Timbuctoo as a center it moved eastwards to meet the westward movement in the great Hausa empire of Othman dan Fodio in the early years of the nineteenth century. This movement brought with it great travelers, like Masudi and Ibn Haukal in the tenth century, Ibn Batuta in the fourteenth, and Leo Africanus in the sixteenth; but a better knowledge of the Sudan and the east coast was their only contribution to African geography. It brought with it also a culture easily adaptable to the native races, exceedingly expansive, and essentially inimical to Christianity; moreover, it established on African soil an immense foreign slave-trade, whose unhappy victims were hurried from the great centers on the east coast to

Arabian or Asian markets, or down the Nile to Egypt, or from Timbuctoo along the great trade-routes, through the Sahara, to Morocco, Algiers, Fezzan and Tripoli.

If the Moslems of the fifteenth century were unable to relieve themselves of the preconceptions of the old Greek geographers, there was a Christian to whose free genius the world owes the exploration of the African coast, east and west, the circumnavigation of the Cape and the discovery of a sea route to India, as well as the emergence out of the dreadful Atlantic of a New World. He caught the spirit of the age that was stirred by the irruption of the Northmen into the Old World, and that was inspired by the broadening influences of the Crusades to great eastward land journeys like those of certain Christian pilgrims, the Polos, and their successors. I refer to that Most Christian Prince, Henry the Navigator, who from his Naval Arsenal near Cape St. Vincent sent his sea captains southwards around Cape Bojador into the "Sea of Darkness", which sincere fancy peopled with sea-monsters and serpent-rocks and water-unicorns and over which hovered the mighty hand of Satan, around Cape Blanco, with its rush of waters, around Cape Verde, to the land of the blacks. And when he died in 1460, his spirit sent out Diego Cam to discover the mouth of the Congo in 1484, to reach Walvisch Bay in 1485, the stout Bartholomew Diaz to round the Cape in 1486, and Vasco da Gama to win the Indian goal in 1497-9. From those days until 1580, Portugal was the dominant power on the lateral coasts—but only on the coasts.

From the days of the Portuguese decline to Livingstone the story is soon told. The Portuguese dragged out a miserable existence in East Africa and Angola. The Dutch and English, the Spanish and the Danes dotted the shores of the Gulf of Guinea with trading posts. The French developed the Senegal country. The Dutch founded a port of call for the eastern trade at the Cape in 1652, settlers came, the French refugees trekked into the hinterland, the English seized the Cape settlement in 1795, the Dutch trekked into the Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

Bruce explored the eastern tributaries of the Nile. Mungo Park and Lander traced the mysterious course of the Niger to its mouth. Denham and Clapperton, Laing, Caillié and others explored the Lake Chad and the Niger regions. While Livingstone was in Africa, Barth made his remarkable scientific expedition to the central and western Sudan; du Chaillu penetrated the West African forests; information sent out by the missionaries Krapf and Rebmann sent Burton and Speke, and then Speke and Grant to the discovery of Lake Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza; Sir Samuel Baker made his famous journeys up the Nile to Albert Nyanza; Schweinfurth revealed the condition of the Bahr-el-Ghazal district. But as yet the interior of Africa was Ptolemy's desert, "a land uninhabitable from the heat."

In 1840, the sources of the Nile were unknown; the Congo was a puny river conjecturally shorter than the Orange; the Zambesi was not known six hundred miles from the coast; Lake 'Ngami, Lake Nyassa, Lake Shirwa, Lake Bangweulu, Lake Mweru, Lake Tanganyika, Lake Kivu, Albert Edward Nyanza, Albert Nyanza, Victoria Nyanza, Lake Rudolph were still hidden; millions of the natives who now live under European protection in the lower Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, the Uganda Protectorate, the British East Africa Protectorate, German East Africa, Belgian Congo, parts of French Congo, Nyassaland Protectorate, the Rhodesias, and the extreme hinterland of Portuguese Angola were out of the world. Worse than that—they lived in an economic world of their own which forbade all progress, in a moral and social world so sensual that its details can be printed fully only in scientific books, in a spiritual world that, if there be a primitive revelation, had lost almost every practical trace of it, and that had in it not a single element of hope.

The slave trade on the west coast, begun by Henry the Navigator in order to win converts to Christianity, furnished countless slaves to the West Indies, to North and South America, languished under an awakened Christian

sentiment, and lingered in its death struggle, under the eyes of Livingstone, in Portuguese Angola. The northern slave trade, under Mohammedan auspices, drove wantonly on. The monster which had settled on the east coast stretched itself into the interior. But until Livingstone came, Christendom did not know the virulence of this Portuguese, Arab, half-caste curse. It did not know how many thousands of slaves were annually shipped from east African ports or carried down the Nile; it did not realize that the slaves who were actually exported did not form one-half, they did not form one-third, or one-fifth, it is doubtful if they formed one-tenth of the total number of the traffic's victims. For every slave exported, three or five or ten died in the night when the raid was made or in the torrid days on the march to the coast. Christendom did not know the ruin, the famine, the desolation that followed the traffic; or if Christendom was faintly aware of it, there was no adequate conception of it, no direct and damning proof of it, to catch the imagination and stir the blood. Here was a million square miles of Africa's most fertile and most populous territory waiting for a torch-bearer to discover its condition to the world.

What qualities must this torch-bearer have? Surely, he must first of all be a Christian, for it is the imperative voice of God that will drive a man into these regions and it is the sustaining presence of God that will enable him to endure their horrors. Now, to use his own words, the theory and practice of David Livingstone were rooted in "a secret feeling of being absolutely at the divine disposal as a sinner". His journals breathe an unsurpassed devotion to the service of God, and a sense of absolute dependence upon Him. The torch-bearer must be, moreover, a man of stubborn independence and dauntless resolution. These qualities in David Livingstone are positively thrilling. His stubborn independence made him the missionary by eminence to all of Central Africa, instead of one of a crowd of missionaries in South Africa. His dauntless resolution

carried him many a mile. On one of his first short journeys he overheard one of his native companions say, "He is not strong, he is quite slim, and only appears stout because he puts himself in those bags (trousers), he will soon knock up". That caused his Highland blood to rise, and he kept them at top speed for days together until he heard them expressing proper opinions of his powers. These are among the last entries in his journal: "(April) 23rd (1873), 1½; 24th, 1; 25th, 1; 26th, 2 ½"—just these simple entries which, being interpreted, mean that although too far gone to make the usual copious notes in his journal, on the 23rd he was carried an hour and a half's journey; on the 24th, one hour; on the 25th, one hour; on the 26th, two and a half hours; on the 27th and 28th, he could not be moved; on the 29th, too weak even to walk to the door, he had the side of the hut torn down so that he could be lifted directly into the native palanquin, and he was carried for miles that day in intolerable pain and an ominous stupor. These were not the forced marches of desperation in search of succor. He was having himself borne farther into the interior in the steadfast pursuit of his purpose. Nothing but death could stop him, and death was from God.

But how worse than useless are stubborn independence and defiant resolution if they are not in the service of a calm and constructive mind, or if they are not licensed and controlled by gentler emotions and sympathies? The man who is to arouse Christendom on behalf of Africa must not only startle the crowd by spectacular journeys, he must impress the minds of statesmen, and command the respect of scientists, and out of depths in himself call to the depths of the public heart. Contact with Africa evoked in David Livingstone powers of analytical and constructive thought of which no one had dreamed him possessed. He became a missionary statesman. Moreover, his scientific achievements as natural historian, geographer, and astronomical observer commanded the respectful admiration of the learned world. The armchair scientist yielded him all the

more generous praise because his accurate and painstaking results were worked out in a rotten tent or a filthy hut in the fever-stricken wilds.

To these qualities of will and intellect were added in David Livingstone a quick and lively sympathy, a tender and catholic affection, a meek and forgiving spirit, a delightful natural simplicity, and a saving portion of humor which broke out, under favorable conditions, into genuinely high spirits, or which showed itself in the amusing descriptions and deft phrases of his letters and journals. If his humor is a little grim at times, who can wonder? And more often the wonder is that he can keep so thoroughly sane and human in a perfectly mad environment. This is the man who wrote in his diary, "I will place no value on anything I have or may possess except 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 giving or keeping of it I shall most promote the glory of him to whom I owe all my hopes in time and eternity". This man, who kept the faith and gave away his life, God sent to Africa to be His torch-bearer.

When Livingstone arrived at the Cape in 1840, he was offered a comfortable and useful position as minister of the congregation at Cape Town. He declined with emphasis. He would not build on another's foundation, and he was impatient of the petty jealousies and hesitating policies which impaired the efficiency of the missionary communities around the Cape. He longed for the freedom of the interior, and its opportunities invited him. For a short time he was at Kuruman in the Bechuana country, the most northerly station of the Society, made famous by the apostolic labors of Robert Moffat. And then he set to extending the frontiers. God thrust him further and further north, by successive droughts, by the obstructive tactics of the Boers, by rumors of the far interior until he understood his roving commission. But for twelve years, at Mabotsa, at Chonuane, at Kolobeng, he was builder, irri-

gator, blacksmith, doctor, student, teacher, preacher, and explorer. To Mabotsa he brought Mary Moffat to be the heroic companion of his labors; from Mabotsa he retired, quietly yielding to the intrigues of a fellow missionary who informed the London Missionary Society that Livingstone was a "nonentity". He moved northwards to Chonuane, whence, after a short stay, he was driven further north by the drought. The drought and the wanton conduct of the Boers, who put every obstacle in his way and were determined to prevent his northward progress, together with rumors of the great chief of the Makololo, Sebituane, confirmed him in his determination to move on from Kolobeng, his last settled station.

His first attempt to reach Sebituane's country, made in the company of two English hunting friends, Mr. Oswell and Mr. Murray, though it failed of its purpose, resulted in the discovery of Lake 'Ngami, in 1849, a lake which had been the unattained goal of several secular expeditions. A second attempt, Mrs. Livingstone and the children being of the party, was also unsuccessful. In the interval between the second and third attempts, Livingstone was compelled to go to the Cape for an operation on his throat, an operation which he had unavailingly tried to persuade Dr. Moffat to perform with a pair of scissors. The third attempt was successful. Sebituane was found all that rumor had pictured him, "unquestionably the greatest man in all that country", but he died within a few days after Livingstone's arrival, and although Livingstone and Oswell pushed on to the Zambesi River, another great geographical feat, for the Zambesi was not known to exist so far in the interior, they were unable to find in all that region of magnificent scenery a healthful site for a permanent mission.

What should he do now? He had been aroused by the need of one great tribe, and there were many more beyond. He had been horrified by the slave trade, newly begun among the Makololo by Zanzibar Arabs. He was convinced from what he had seen of the development of the Lake

'Ngami region that slave-trading in the interior could be prevented only by opening the country to peaceful traders and missionaries. Should he settle, in comparative comfort with his family, among a handful of Bechuana and stop his ears to the call of the north, or should he send his family to England and plunge boldly into the interior to throw the light of his torch on new peoples and their needs, on strategic citadels and sally-ports for new missionary enterprises, on trade-routes along which a commercial and spiritual revolution might be brought about for all of Central Africa? If you can hesitate to answer, Livingstone could not.

In 1853, with a company of Makololo, he translated his answer into action and began the transcontinental journey which astonished the world. Rivers are the great natural trade-routes. Livingstone knew that the Zambesi rose far in the interior, and an old map showed the Coanza, in Portuguese territory, as rising about where he conceived the Zambesi to rise. He would try to open that route. And so with no stores of European food and no trade goods, afflicted with countless attacks of intermittent fever, entranced by the beauty of the country but oppressed by the unspeakable degradation of the people, preaching so far as the native languages he knew served him, but preaching always in that Pentecostal language which every man hears in his own tongue, the language of a blameless life, he pushed northwards up the Zambesi through the Balunda country, westwards along the upper course of the river, and, although he did not find the Coanza where he expected, still ever westward to St. Paul de Loanda on the Atlantic. Nothing escaped his eye; and nothing failed to touch his heart. His journals are strange mixtures of solemn prayers and exalted reflections, lunar observations, details of the day's march, keen geographical conjectures, notes on the character and superstitions of the natives, zoölogical notes, botanical notes, notes on the Portuguese slave-trade, notes of the personal kindnesses which he received from the

Portuguese planters: everything is recorded with the same painstaking accuracy. And so he came to Loanda, utterly worn out by fever and dysentery, the fatigue and perils of the journey. There he recuperated his strength, and declining an invitation to embark for England, because he had promised to take his Makololo followers home, he turned his face eastward again. He had revealed to the public mind the fact that the country "uninhabitable from the heat" was a country of extraordinary beauty and fertility, teeming with native life, but he had discovered no healthful location for a mission nor he had found a natural trade-route to the west coast. He would retrace his steps to the Makololo country, and follow the Zambesi to the Indian Ocean. Perhaps that river would furnish the great highway for the relief of the interior. And so, in the same perils of nature, and east of the Makololo country, in deadly peril of men, he presses on, making by the way a virtual discovery of the great Victoria Falls in the Zambesi, until he reaches the east coast at Quilimane in 1856. Across Africa in the tropics, the greatest geographical feat of half a century! From Quilimane he writes, "But it does not look as though I had reached my goal. Viewed in relation to my calling, the end of the geographical feat is only the beginning of the enterprise". He has elaborate and statesmanlike views on his calling which he goes to England to spread before the London Missionary Society and the British public. He is received in triumph. His public appearances and his book, *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*, are immensely popular. The London Missionary Society, which at first declined his proposals because they were too extensive, is eager to have him work in the service of the Society in his own way; but Livingstone feels that his freedom would be restricted and the Society criticised for what some might consider a misuse of missionary funds, and he prefers to draw down criticism, however unjust, on himself. And the criticism which attended his acceptance of a government commission as a

consul for the east coast with instructions to explore eastern and central Africa has persisted to this day in a sort of feeling that however great Livingstone was as a traveler he ceased to be a missionary. But Livingstone held a commission from a higher authority than the British government, and whoever is content to judge action by motive and to weigh the deep sentiments of the heart against casual appearance will always be sure that Livingstone was obedient to that great commission.

This second expedition, under government auspices, from 1858-1864, was not a complete success. The "Ma-Robert," a steamer named after Mrs. Livingstone, in the African fashion, proved unfitted for river navigation. There was a lack of harmony between the saintly but not angelic Livingstone and the military and naval officers under his command. However, the Zambesi was explored at its mouths, and up beyond the Kebrabasa Rapids; the beautiful Lake Shirwa was discovered and the great Lake Nyassa; the Makololo country was revisited; and the Rovuma was explored in the vain attempt to find another waterway into Lake Nyassa. The Universities Mission, sent out by the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin and Durham, to begin the work of evangelizing the newly opened lands, met with sad disaster along the Shiré; and Mrs. Livingstone, who had come out to join the Doctor, died at Shupanga in 1862. How deeply affected Livingstone was one simple entry in his diary will show, "For the first time in my life I feel willing to die". But at once the great achievement and the immediate occasion for the recall of the expedition was the frightful revelation of the slave-trade in all the Nyassa country. Slave-trade between native tribes, slave-trade by east coast Arabs, slave-trade by Portuguese, slave-trade by the half-castes of both, everywhere war and famine, the slave-stick and the lash. A prodigiously rich country was being ruined. Commerce could not flourish; missions could not thrive until the curse was lifted. This very revelation, though it somewhat im-

pressed Christendom, strained the diplomatic relations of Great Britain with Portugal; and besides, the expedition was costing more than the government had expected, and it was recalled.

Dr. Livingstone returned to England, bitterly disappointed but resolute. He was greeted with the old enthusiasm. In his second book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries*, he struck a tremendous blow against the slave-trade on the east coast. He was of course determined to go back to Africa. Sir Roderick Murchison proposed to him, on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society, the organization of a purely geographical expedition to examine the watersheds of central Africa. This proposition Livingstone declined, and wrote in his journal, "Answered Sir Roderick about going out. Said I could only feel in the way of duty by working as a missionary". Nothing could keep him from the discharge of what he conceived to be his duty as a missionary, and, as he was almost without funds himself, a friend provided a subsidy of £1000, the Royal Geographical Society added £500 and the government £500, and with that niggardly capital, with no salary and no pension, though technically a British consul, he set out on his last journey. He hoped to open a way for lawful trade and Christian missions which, together with the repressive efforts of British cruisers, he believed would stop the slave-trade, an half of whose horrors he did not yet know. In addition, he promised Sir Roderick that he would determine the watersheds of that part of Africa.

The first year of the expedition is devoted to a new exploration of the Rovuma country and the Nyassa district. Here he finds everywhere new evidences of the increasing trade in slaves; bones and wasting bodies along the paths, misery and famine in the villages. His renewed examination of the country confirms him in the belief that, in spite of the failure of the Universities Mission, the Zambesi-Shiré region is most strategic for a missionary center.

He is now free to undertake the apparently simple task

which Sir Roderick has laid on him. He did not know the difficulty of the enterprise. He did not dream of the years it would consume. Though he had for the Nile a feeling deepened by religious associations, and though he was convinced that to discover its sources would give him influence in Europe on behalf of Africa, he would not have put that Tantalus cup to his lips had he known. But he could not know, and he had promised. Deserted by some of his followers, half-starved, he pushes on to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. Then he turns westward and discovers Lake Mweru, important for the determination of the watershed, he thinks. But at Lake Mweru he hears of another lake to the south. He will not go to Ujiji for letters and supplies yet; he will go south to the new lake. He is detained for months by the disturbed state of the country. He has a weird experience with a party of slaves who are singing, unmindful of their slave-sticks. Surprised at their untimely mirth, he asks the cause of it, and is told that they are rejoicing at the idea "of coming back after death and haunting and killing those who had sold them". He is stricken with famine, weakness, fits of insensibility. He loses his medicine chest, which he regards as a virtual sentence of death. But he thinks that in the spongy marshes around Lake Bangweulu he has perhaps come upon those fabulous marshes in which the Nile was anciently supposed to rise. There is, however, one step to be taken; he must prove that the river running northwards from Lake Mweru, the Lualaba, is really a western branch of the Nile. But he must first go to Ujiji for supplies. He makes the journey in such wretchedness that his constant prayer is that he may live to get there. When Ujiji is reached it is only to learn that his medicines and stores have been left at Unyanyembe and cannot be brought on because of native wars. He rests at Ujiji, and then goes to the Manyuema country where he stays for two years in a vain endeavor to trace the upper reaches of the Lualaba. He was utterly at the cruel mercies of the slave-raiders who robbed, deceived and

obstructed him. There was, too, a merciless irony in the inability of the natives to distinguish between this kindly man on mercy bent, and the other foreigners with a lust for flesh and blood. He was delayed by rains, stricken with pneumonia, crippled by virulent ulcers on his feet. He was oppressed beyond description by the misery of the country, a misery which surpassed the surpassing misery he had seen in the Nyassa country. He wrote, "Sorely am I perplexed, I grieve and mourn". Just as it seemed that he might get forward from Nyangwe, his farthest north, the people of the chieftain, with whom he has made a costly bargain for an escort, are implicated in a massacre which takes place under Livingstone's eyes, a massacre so senseless and wanton that Livingstone writes, "I got the impression that I was in hell". Of course he could not go forward with these people; he must go back to Ujiji for supplies which he had ordered up from Zanzibar. It was a distressing journey which met a crowning disappointment at its goal. The Arab Shereef at Ujiji had divined on the Koran and, discovering that Livingstone was dead, had sold off all his goods. Do you think this situation absolutely hopeless? All the world knows that by a multitude of providences, on this side and on that, David Livingstone was met at Ujiji on October 28th, 1871, by Henry M. Stanley with a relief expedition sent out by the *New York Herald*. Their months of delightful intercourse together at Ujiji, around the northern shores of Lake Tanganyika, on the road to Unyanyembe, were revivifying to Livingstone and big with spiritual and vocational destiny for Stanley.

Why did not Livingstone yield to Stanley's urgency; why did he not go home to England? Let an entry in his diary, made on his fifty-ninth birthday, five days after Stanley had left him, answer, "My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All, I again dedicate my whole self to thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task". He has a task to finish. Shut off from determining whether the Lualaba joins the Nile, he will at

least go southwards around Lake Bangweulu and westwards to great fountains which he has heard of at Katanga, and so assure himself that he has found the ultimate sources of some great river system. - The stores and escort, which Stanley has sent up from the coast, having arrived, he goes forward with firm faith, on past Lake Tanganyika, southwards and westwards to Lake Bangweulu. He is vexed by native chiefs, but he has often been vexed before. He is distraught by evidences of the slave trade, but that is no new sorrow. He is smitten by fever, but he knows that stroke well. He is distressed by internal hemorrhages, but that is an old distress; overcome by fits of insensibility, but he has passed through that darkness before. It is all the old story, but it has been too often told. At Chitambo's village on the southern shore of Lake Bangweulu, the gallant body, worn by countless fatigues, fails the invincible will. On May 1st, 1874, he died on his knees beside his rough bed. The hand of the torch-bearer faltered, the torch fell, but it was not extinguished. He died in the faith, not knowing.

He did not know that his faithful followers, Susi, Chuma, Jacob Wainwright and the rest would for ever give the lie to the opinion that there is no Christian stuff in native Africans by their unparalleled march to the coast with his body. He did not know that through the labors and toils of many of whom time fails me to tell, the monstrous slave-trade would be bruised in the head by the Berlin Convention of 1885 and the Brussels Convention of 1890. He did not know of the marvelous developments that awaited South Africa. He did not know that the Paris Missionary Society would throw its great pioneer François Coillard up into the Makololo country to establish an heroic and successful mission along the middle Zambesi, among the then dominant Barotse. He did not know that in the Shiré district where the Universities Mission had failed, the Church of Scotland would firmly establish itself around a center named Blantyre in honor of his birthplace; nor

that the Livingstonia Mission of the United Free Church of Scotland would stretch a line of magnificent stations along the west shore of his own Lake Nyassa. He did not know that the Universities Mission would grow powerful at Zanzibar, at the heart of the slave business, and would eventually reach out into his Rovuma district. He did not know of the work his own London Missionary Society was to do along the southern shores of Lake Tanganyika. Nor did he know that from the Rovuma to the equator, German, English, Scotch Societies would begin to possess the land in the name of Christ. He did not know that a letter from Stanley, his own child in the African faith, almost incredibly preserved in its transmission from the court of King Mtesa to England, would startle the Church Missionary Society into one of the triumphs of modern Christianity, in Uganda. He would not have been distressed by the knowledge that Stanley's journey down the Congo would forever dispel his hesitating illusion that Lake Bangweulu was the birthplace of the Nile, if he could have known, too, of the sacrificial mission of the English Baptists, the Combers, Bentley, and that great riverine explorer and missionary, George Grenfell, along the lower Congo; and of the Guinness' Balolo Mission on the middle Congo; and of the American Baptist Mission on the upper Congo; and of the splendid work of the Southern Presbyterians on the upper waters of the Kassai, the Congo's great southern affluent. Nor did he know that in the very region where he died, Arnot would set up the Christlike Garenganze Mission on behalf of the Plymouth Brethren. He did not know all this as he died on his knees by his bed, but God knew it when He sent him to Africa to preach His gospel there.

He did not know, but God knows, that in this year of grace there are 100,000,000 heathen in Africa, 60,000,000 Mohammedans, and 10,000,000 Christians, of whom only 2,000,000 are native. He did not know and Stanley did not know to what unspeakable uses King Leopold of Belgium would turn the opening up of the Congo region in the

name of Christian civilization. There is an irrepressible thrill in divining what downright use of language Stanley, *Bula Matari*, the Rock-breaker, would have made, if he had lived to know what the world now knows about the once-called Congo Free State; but we can thank God that he died, as Livingstone died, not knowing. Livingstone did not know, he could hardly dream, but God knows and it ought to haunt the dreams of the Church, that the suppression of the slave-trade and the establishment of European peace over Africa has brought with it the great opportunity of Islam, the only religion that defies and denies Christianity, the only religion that has driven Christianity from a field before now, the only religion that is now discomfiting and forestalling Christianity. Down from the north and in from the east, Islam is advancing, with fanatic zeal or by the slower processes of racial infusion, by commerce and by education, with a culture pitched but a note above the dominant native tone, over the ground whose flesh it once led captive, to lay a deadlier captivity on its spirit. If God wills, Christianity must rouse itself for a mighty and bloodless crusade, born of love and not of hate, to keep forever inviolable the sepulchre of David Livingstone's heart.

Princeton.

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