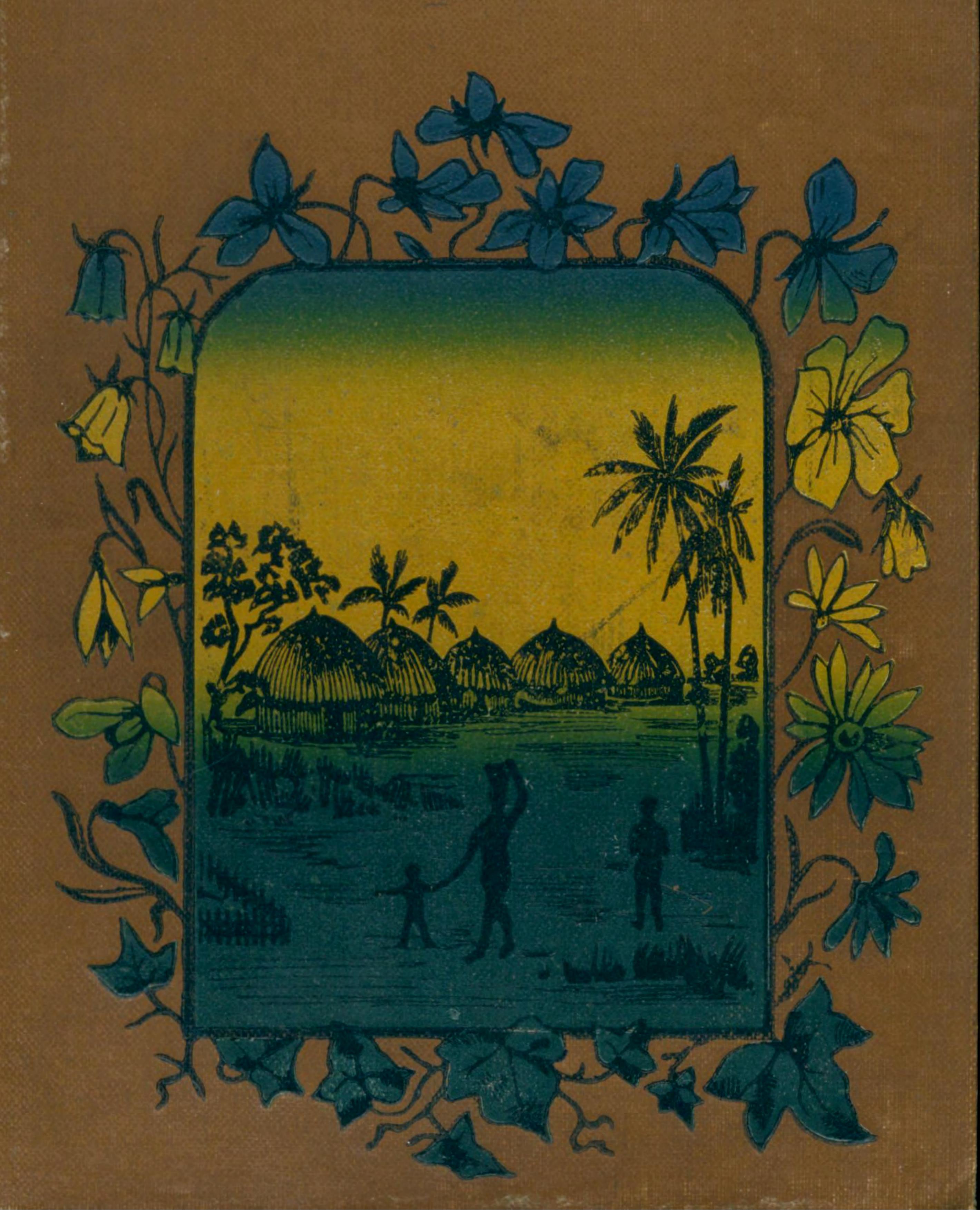
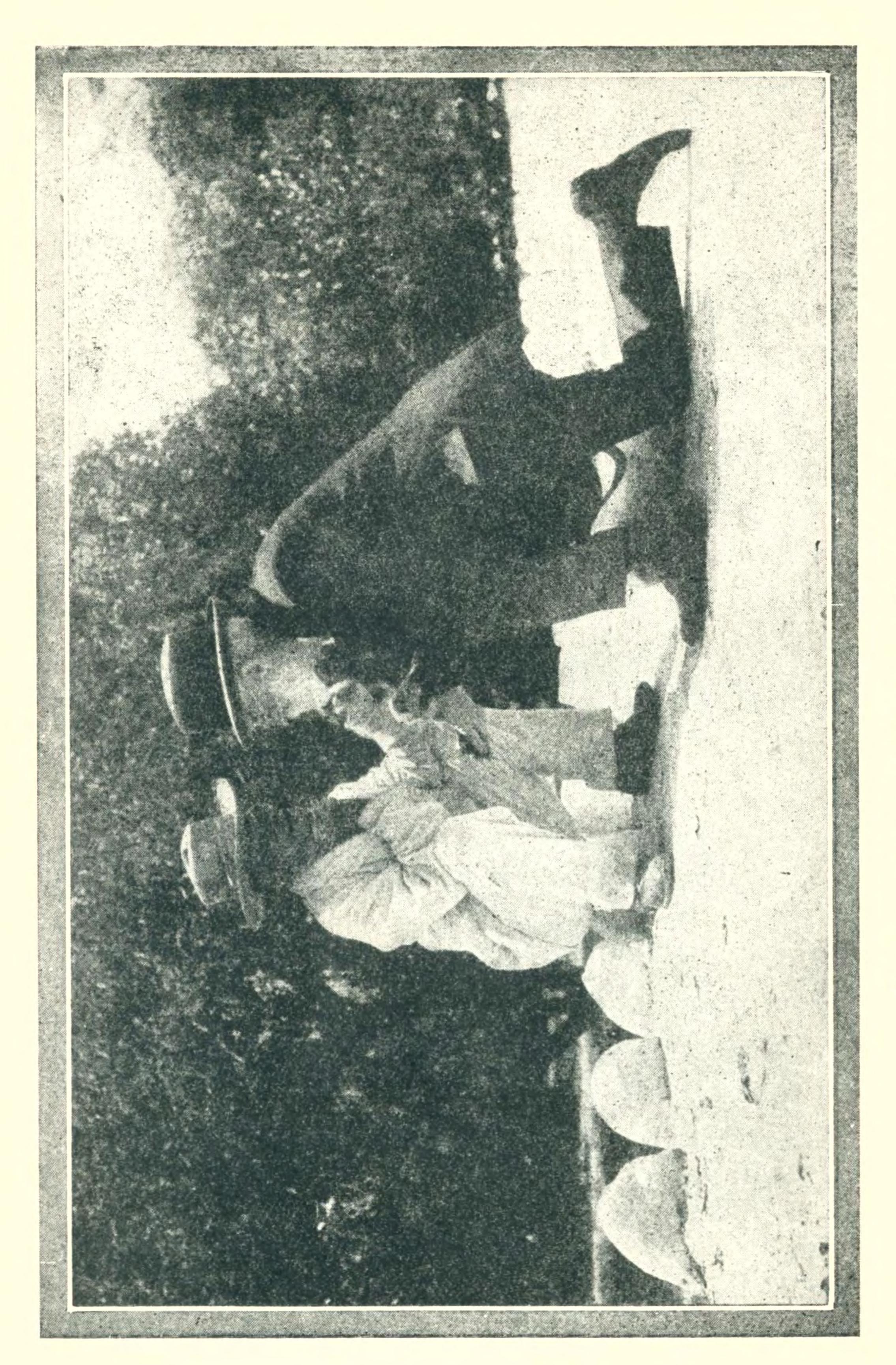
# In the Kraals of South Africa



In the Kraals of South Africa.



PREACHING TO LEPERS ON ROBBEN ISLAND.

# In the Kraals of South Africa

Peeps at the Land of the Kaffir and the Hottentot.

A STORY OF GOSPEL LABOURS AMONG THE TRIBES OF THE DESERT.



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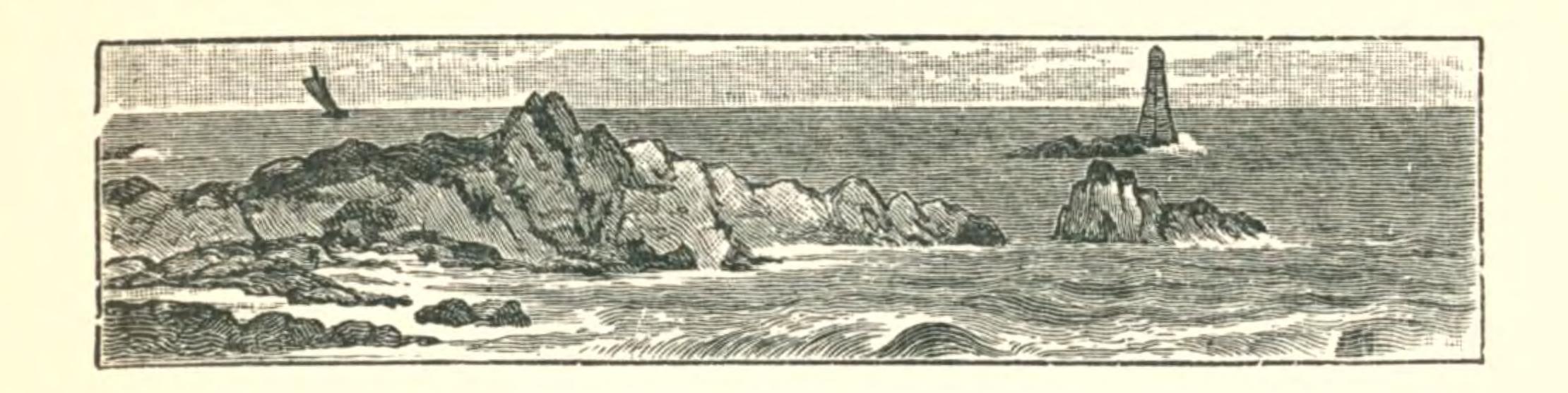
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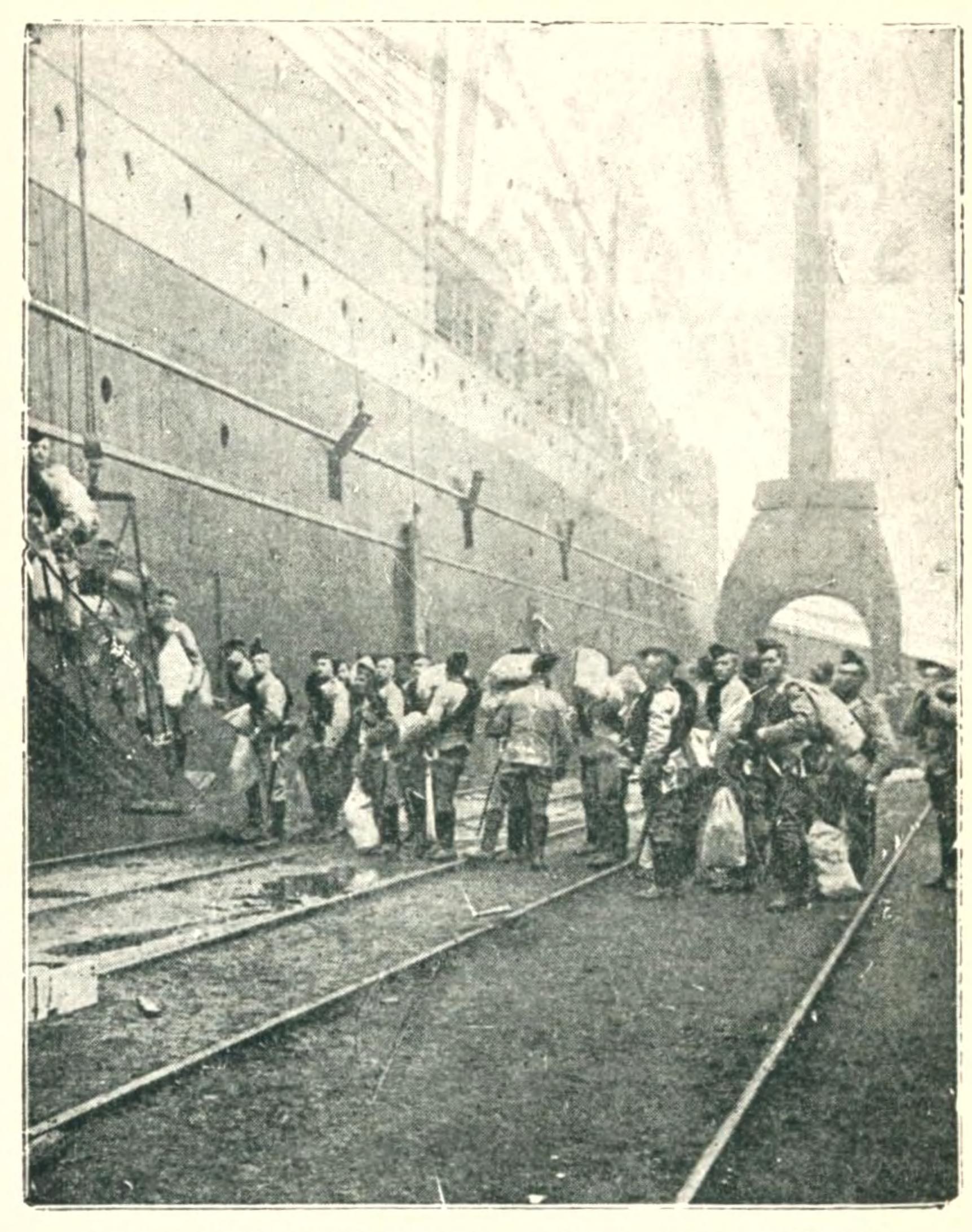


#### PEEPS AT SOUTH AFRICA.

INTRODUCTION.

the words that fell upon my ear, as I stepped from the train on to the street, to find it lined with people on both sides, eagerly looking on a company of local volunteers who, preceded by their band, were making for the railway station, on the way to the field of war in South Africa. Many of them were quite young, just lads, yet they were leaving home and friends "for Queen and country," and I fear some of them will never see their native land again. The whole town seemed in a state of excitement, everybody talking about "the war." Even the children were full of it, for when I passed a

group of boys the following Sunday afternoon, I could hear them talking about "South Africa." In speaking to the superintendent of the Sunday School about it, we were both of the opinion that a few "Peeps at South



SOLDIERS EMBARKING FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Africa and its Peoples" would be acceptable, and, perhaps, profitable to the young folk; for not only is South Africa a land of war, and of gold and diamond mines, but some of the most thrilling stories of the Gospel's

triumphs, and of the devotion of the ambassadors of Christ who first carried the message to the dark places of the earth, come from the land of the Hottentot and the Kaffir. While we make it our chief business to teach the doctrines of the Gospel, and tell the way of life and peace to our young folks in their classes on the Lord's Day, we take betimes a week-night trip with them to some far-off land, where that Gospel has wrought its wonders, and won its triumphs in the salvation of sinners; thus bringing home to them in living form and actual fact the Gospel's saving power. I had just received some nice photographs taken by a friend, who had returned from a visit to Cape Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal, so we arranged to show the pictures on the screen, and tell the story connected with them the following Friday night to our boys and girls.

I need scarcely tell you there was a good turnout—especially of boys, I am glad to say—and for a long two hours they looked and listened with manifest interest while I told the story which I will now briefly tell to you.

There are few countries in which more startling events have transpired than South Africa. It has been the scene of some terrible wars, in which many precious lives have been sacrificed; to its gold and diamond fields thousands of eager emigrants have flocked from all lands, and thanks be unto God, men and women whose hearts have been filled with the love of Christ have gone to the deserts to tell the dark-skinned millions there "the old, old story" of Jesus and His love.



# A Trip to South Africa.

In order to get a proper look at the country with its different peoples, and some of the chief places of interest, we will suppose ourselves accompanying the soldiers we saw starting for the field of war in South Africa the other evening. Our ship lies in the Thames, and here are our soldiers embarking. They are now wearing a uniform that they think will suit the country, of a yellowish colour called "Khaki." Some of them take a last fond look and wave their caps to friends on the shore, and the ship's great cable is loosed, the engines move, and we sail away.

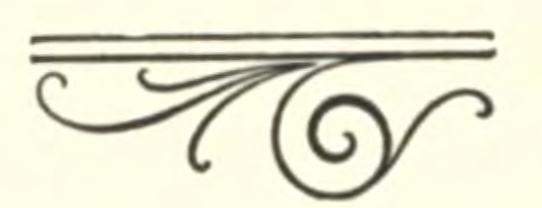
Two days' sailing takes us away from England's shores, and we are heading towards the sunny south. There are several places of interest we have to pass, but as our ship only calls at certain ports, we can only have a glance at some of them.

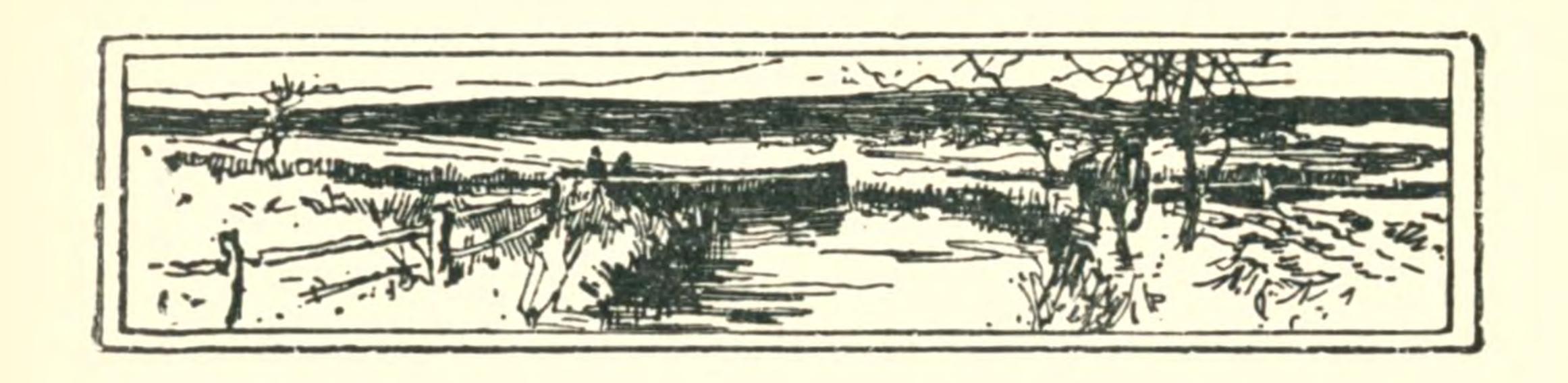
Madeira is our first call. It is a pretty island. The white houses studding the hillside among the trees look very pretty. Vines grow in luxuriance, and the climate is delightful. Many invalids and delicate people reside on the island.

The Canary Islands are a coaling station. Teneriffe, with its snow-peak, looks splendid in the sunshine. Santa Cruz is a pretty little town, with its white lime-washed houses, around which palms, vines, and pretty flowering plants grow luxuriantly. We go ashore for an hour, and find in the market a plentiful supply of oranges, bananas, guavas, and apples, which the Spanish sellers know how to dispose of to visitors. Pack-mules, with bundles slung across their backs and baskets of strange shapes, trudge along the narrow streets. A bell, rung on the vessel, brings the visitors back in the row-boat quickly, and very shortly we are off. Flying fishes in immense numbers, with their bodies shining, sparkling like silver, are borne on the breeze as we approach the equator, and several sharks are also to be seen. Across "the line" the Southern Cross comes into view, and the Milky Way appears so large and bright.

Ascension Island is a military station, and there are some houses at the foot of the hills. It is a volcanic island of about thirty-five square miles, and belongs to Britain. Eight hundred miles further sailing brings us to St. Helena, where Napoleon was banished in 1816, after his defeat at Waterloo. It resembles a great rock rising out of the ocean. Jamestown, its capital and seaport, lies in the slope of a narrow valley, at the top of which is the

fort. Napoleon Street is the main thoroughfare, on either side of which plain but tidy little houses with pretty gardens lie. On a little eminence not far off, the exiled Napoleon stood watching the passing ships, and pining for liberty. Here he died and was buried, but his body was afterwards taken to France. We are only 1,200 miles from the coast of Africa now, and from this point until we reach Cape Town we might inform ourselves a little of the country to which we are going, and the various people we shall meet on South African soil.





### South Africa in the Past.

South Africa embraces all the territory from the north of the Transvaal to the south of the Cape Peninsula. Few strips of country rival it in historic interest or have known greater changes.

It is supposed that about 2,500 years ago a band of Phœnicians circumnavigated the continent of Africa, and landed on its southern shore, but all trace of them has perished.

In 1486 a Portuguese captain named Bartholomew Dias, commanded a small squadron of vessels, which were sent by the king of Portugal to explore the east coast of Africa. Dias effected a landing, and planted a wooden cross at Cape Voltas, south of Orange River, but, owing to a mutiny among his sailors, he was obliged to leave without further exploring the country. On his voyage south he sighted the Cape, where he experienced such storms that he named it Cape Storm, but King John changed the name to Cape of Good Hope.

About the year 1605, a fleet of Dutch vessels anchored in Table Bay, and a band of colonists landed and settled in Cape Colony. Seventy years later they were joined by a number of peasants from France and Piedmont, who bore the name of Huguenots. They had been driven from the country by a persecution which arose owing to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. These simple peasants, finding themselves free to read the Scriptures and worship God as they desired, settled in the new country. Some three hundred made their homes in the neighbourhood of Paarl and Stellenbosch, and began to cultivate the land. In a very short time little homesteads dotted the plain around which the vines grew, and the peaceful settlers lived there far from the busy world.

The population of the Colony is now over a million and a half, of which less than a fourth are whites. Natal, which received its name by being discovered on Christmas Day, has over half a million, chiefly Kaffirs. When the Dutch arrived in Cape Colony they found the country thinly populated by a dark-skinned race named Quaequae, whom they named Hottentots. They seemed to have no defensive weapons, nor to be possessed of the warrior spirit, else they would not have allowed the Dutch to seize their land and compel them to serve them as slaves. The Kaffirs dwelt in the south-east, beyond the Fish River, the Basutos had their territory south of the Orange River, while the Bechuanas dwelt on the north side, and the Damara tribes in the far north-west. Such was South Africa at the beginning of the nineteenth century. For

many years slavery and all the cruelties of heathendom existed in Cape Colony, and it was only after it was brought under British rule that slavery was abolished. This and other reforms did not please the Dutch farmers—or Boers, as they were called—so rather than submit to the new order of things, they "trekked" with their great waggons across the Vaal River to the far north, and there formed themselves into a Republic, with such laws as they were



KAFFIR. BUSHMAN. HOTTENTOT.

pleased to make for themselves. The natives—which chiefly consisted of Kaffirs, Bushmen and Bechuanas—they treated cruelly, making the women weed their fields, giving them nothing in return. And when the messengers of the Gospel penetrated into that country, the Boers sought to hinder them from preaching Christ to their "black property," whom they only regarded as "heathen," to be subdued or extinguished, like the nations of Canaan before the chosen people, which they claimed to be. The Bushmen lived in

the wilds among the passes and by the rivers. But as I shall have to tell you something of the Kaffirs and other native races as they are to be found at the present time, I will pass on to another chapter of the history of South Africa in the years long gone by.





# How the Gospel Reached South Africa.

On a sultry afternoon in July, 1737, a solitary young man, twenty-seven years of age, plainly clad, partly lame, and with only a few shillings in his pockets, set his foot on African soil, at Table Bay. This was George Schmidt, a young Moravian, who had given himself to the Lord as a missionary to carry His Gospel to the Hottentots in South Africa. Up to the time of his arrival, no effort had been made to reach them with the Gospel. They were almost savages, living in ignorance of the true God, worshipping idols carved in ebony, practising witchcraft, propitiating evil spirits by sacrifices, and exposing their young children to wild beasts. They ate the flesh of animals, partly roasted on fires of logs in long strips, ashes and all, and at the full moon danced in wild and warlike fashion in the fields in crowds.

Their personal appearance was not more pleasant than their habits. Their high cheek bones, thick lips, flat noses, and small dark eyes gave them a very unpleasant appearance to a stranger.

I must tell you something now of the young man who went forth amongst this benighted race with the glad tidings



NATIVE POUNDING CORN.

of salvation. He was born at Kunewalde in Moravia, in the midst of the colony of Christians known as "The United Brethren," of which the devoted Count Zinzendorf was the leading spirit. They had been exiled from their homes for the Gospel's sake, and for the most part were poor and sorely tried. Yet among these six hundred despised

followers of Christ, there was at that time more of a true missionary spirit than anywhere else in the whole of Europe, some of their number having already gone forth as evangelists to Greenland, America, and the West Indies.



A SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVE VILLAGE.

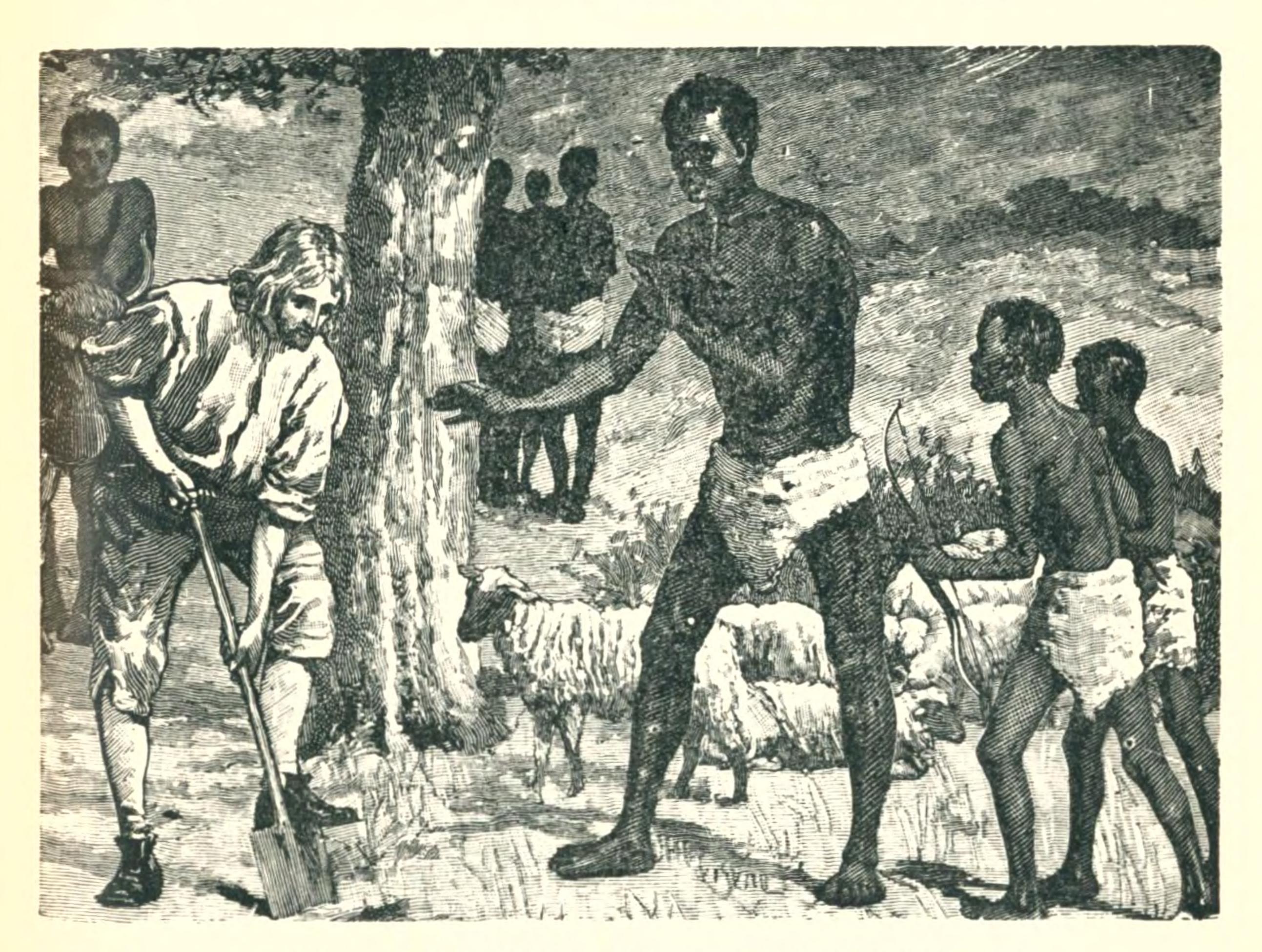
George Schmidt was awakened and converted to God in the midst of the little colony of Moravians at the age of sixteen, and very soon after his conversion, he began to spread abroad the Saviour's Name.

At the age of nineteen he went with an aged missionary

named Nitschmann to Bohemia, where they were both apprehended and cast into prison. There they remained in a cold, damp cell, during a fearfully cold winter, where the aged evangelist ended his life, and passed away to be with Christ. In his last moments, Schmidt supported him in his arms, while with his dying breath he exclaimed, "I have hold of my Saviour, He does not leave me, nor do I leave Him." Then he dropped his head on his breast, and passed away. The young missionary was then taken from his prison, and marched in chains before a Romish tribunal, where, in the name of the Pope, he was excommunicated, and sentenced to imprisonment in irons for six long years. In 1734 he was released, and in shattered health, partly lame on both his feel by long confinement in the stocks, he returned to the Moravian settlement at Hernhutt. But George did not spend his days in idleness. His heart glowed with the love of Christ, and he longed to tell others of His great salvation. Eighteen months after his arrival in Hernhutt, he was preparing to go to South Africa as a missionary to the Hottentots, and, after working for a year as a day labourer on a farm in Holland to secure a passage, he sailed for the Cape, and arrived there on that July afternoon of 1737, alone, a stranger in a strange land, with unknown hardships awaiting him there.

When he arrived at Table Bay he found a night's lodging in a small inn, and was delighted to find that some of the natives could speak a little of the Dutch language. He began at once to preach the Gospel, first to the natives at the port, then to those in the interior, and finally settled in a place called Baavian's Kloof, about a hundred and twenty

miles from Cape Town, where, with the assistance of some of the natives, he built for himself a house, and planted a small garden. At first the people were very shy, and would not come near his dwelling, but, after a few months, a few of the natives brought their children to him to be taught the Dutch language, leaving a cow to support them

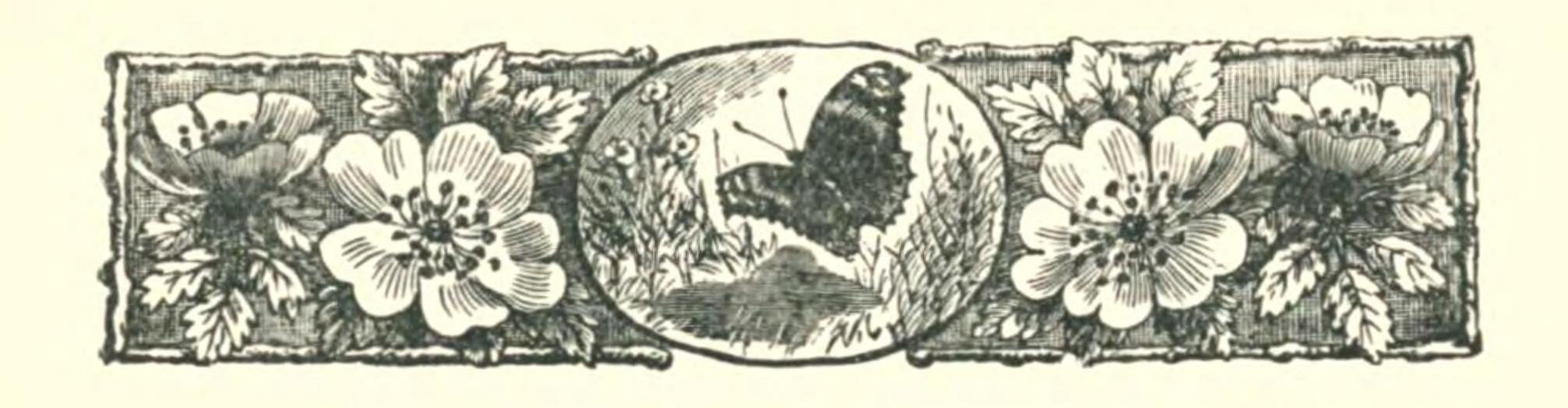


SCHMIDT TEACHING THE HOTTENTOTS TO DIG.

with its milk. To these children, and to such of their parents as would come to hear, he preached the Gospel. For over a year he plodded on, and had the joy of hearing at least three of the Hottentots confess their faith in Christ

as their Saviour—one, whose name was William, giving clear evidence of his conversion to God. These beginnings of God's grace among the natives greatly cheered the young missionary, and strengthened his faith in God. After he had been there a little over a year, two of the Moravians on their way to Ceylon paid him a visit, bringing with them a letter full of encouraging words from Count Zinzendorf, a sentence of which was, "Preserve, dear brother, the precious treasure which has been committed to you. Let our Jesus be your all. Labour to convince the Hottentots that they are sinners, and then bring them to His feet" words that every Gospeller in these more peaceful days will do well to remember, for only as sinners are convinced of their need, will they flee to Jesus Christ.





# Dangers, Toils, and Rest.

GEORGE SCHMIDT continued to tell the story of redeeming love to the Hottentots for six long years, without a helper. A little house which he built with his own hands, with its surrounding garden, he named "Gnadenthal," which means "The Vale of Grace," and it was indeed the scene of many a wonderful triumph of God's grace in saving sinners. But the path of the true Gospeller, who makes it his aim to push forward the Lord's standard into the enemy's camp, will never be a flowery one. He will be sure to have the opposition of Satan and his allies. So George Schmidt found it. When it became known that he was preaching to the Hottentots, that several of them had been converted, baptised, and were confessing Christ, it aroused the anger of the Boers, who looked upon the poor blacks as their slaves, and treated them as beasts. Their ministers joined in a fierce attack upon the young missionare, whom he characterised as a "madman." To show their contempt of his work, and of the despised race among

which he laboured, they had posted on one of their church doors a notice: "Dogs and Hottentots forbidden to enter." But, blessed be God, the door of God's grace was wide open to them, and is still to sinners of every colour and clime.



"THE LEOPARD MADE A SPRING AT HIM."

Another danger to the pioneer evangelist was the presence of wild beasts. Lions, hyenas, leopards, and wolves were numerous, sometimes entering his garden and carrying off sheep and other animals.

One day while Schmidt and several Hottentots were journeying in the country, they came upon a wounded wolf, which made its way into a thicket near. They followed it with a loaded gun, and as they entered the thicket a leopard sprang out, and, pulling one of the Hottentots to the ground, began to bite his face. Schmidt, who stood a short distance off, prepared to fire at the animal, but before he had time to do so, the leopard made a spring at him, and, fixing its teeth in his arm, brought him to the ground. With great presence of mind he grasped the animal by the throat and planted his knee firmly on the pit of its stomach, which made it send forth a hideous cry, its eyes flashing like fire. Schmidt felt his strength giving way, and cried to his companions to come to his help, which one of them courageously did, picking up the loaded gun and discharging it at the leopard, which immediately rolled over, shot through the heart. For a long while Schmidt suffered from the fierce struggle, and bore marks of the wounds made by the leopard's claws all his days. He toiled for ten years, preaching Christ, enduring many privations, and making long journeys with the Gospel, until his strength was gone, and his health shattered.

In 1744 he set sail for his native land, leaving the little band of converted Hottentots to the care of the Great Shepherd, hoping to return to his field of labour shortly. But the Dutch East India Company at that time so obstructed the way of missions that he was prevented. After a season of rest, Schmidt began preaching the Gospel in Silesia, working as a day labourer in the fields to support himself. This continued until he was seventy-six years of age, and

the coming day of Christ will show his labours were not in vain. Worn out with incessant toil, and suffering from a disease in his feet, the result of his cruel imprisonment at Schildberg—the aged labourer felt his end was drawing near. He had certain hours set apart each day for secret prayer. One day he was working in his garden, when the hour of prayer came round. He laid down his spade, and, entering his little chamber, knelt before the throne. Hours passed, and still the door remained shut, until one of his brethren, fearing some illness had come upon him, opened it and entered. He found the aged man kneeling with his hands clasped, a heavenly smile upon his pale and wrinkled face, but his spirit had gone to rest with Christ.





# Peeps at Cape Town.

Table Mountain, 3,582 feet high, is visible a good while before we enter the bay. It is just behind Cape Town, and shelters it from the terrific winds which at certain seasons sweep down, destroying everything. That is Sea Point on the right, a pretty little suburb of Cape Town; and, away on the left further off, is Robben Island, where there is a large Leper Settlement, at which we may have a peep one afternoon.

We set foot on African soil and find ourselves—not in a Kaffir kraal—but in a fine city with large modern buildings, beautifully laid-out shops, equal to any you see in Britain. Electric trams run on the streets, and people move about in smart business-like fashion. Still, you cannot forget that you are in Africa, for such sights are not to be found anywhere else on earth. Here you see a group of coloured people, not all alike by any means, even

in their colour, for some are black, others brown, and a few almost white, and are dressed in different garbs: Malays in long robes, with gaudy turbans; Kaffir women in light print dresses, with bright coloured headgear; Cape "boys" with their carts, in which you can ride to any part of the town. Yonder is the Government building, with a

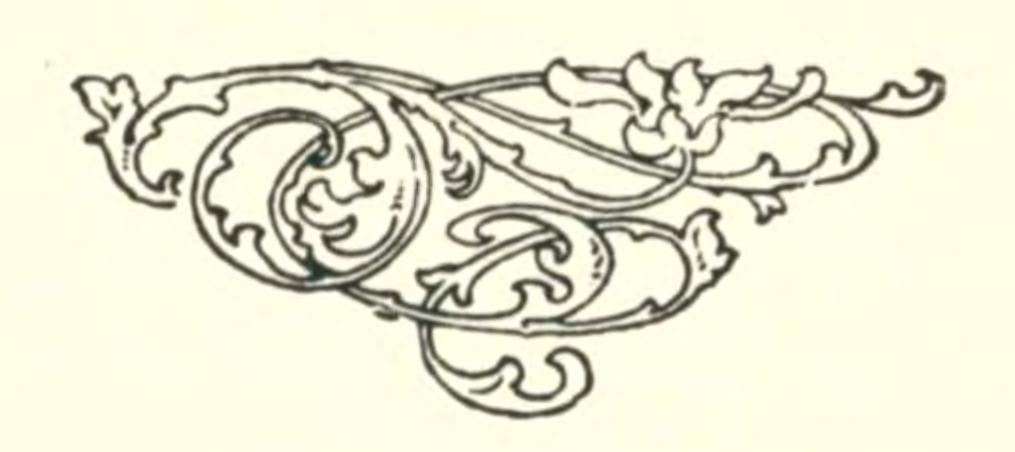


CAPE TOWN MARKET WITH TABLE MOUNT.

statue of Queen Victoria in front, and close by the Botanical Gardens, where a fine collection of plants of all kinds may be seen. Trains with corridor carriages leave Cape Town for all parts, and steamers for the various ports of Cape Colony, Natal, and the East sail almost daily. Once a week the English mail arrives, bringing letters, newspapers, book

packets, and parcels. That is a busy day. Nor is Cape Town without its witnesses for God; for here, as in the homeland, the glorious Gospel is preached in the open air to good crowds, and the people listen with more apparent interest than they generally do in favoured Britain. It is pleasant to hear the same sweet Gospel hymns, with which we have been so long familiar, sounding forth in the clear African air, and to know that "The old, old story" of Jesus and His love is "the power of God unto salvation" to "whosoever will" believe it.

"From every kingdom of earth they come
To join the triumphant cry,
Of worthy's the Lamb Who once was slain,
But will you be there and I?"

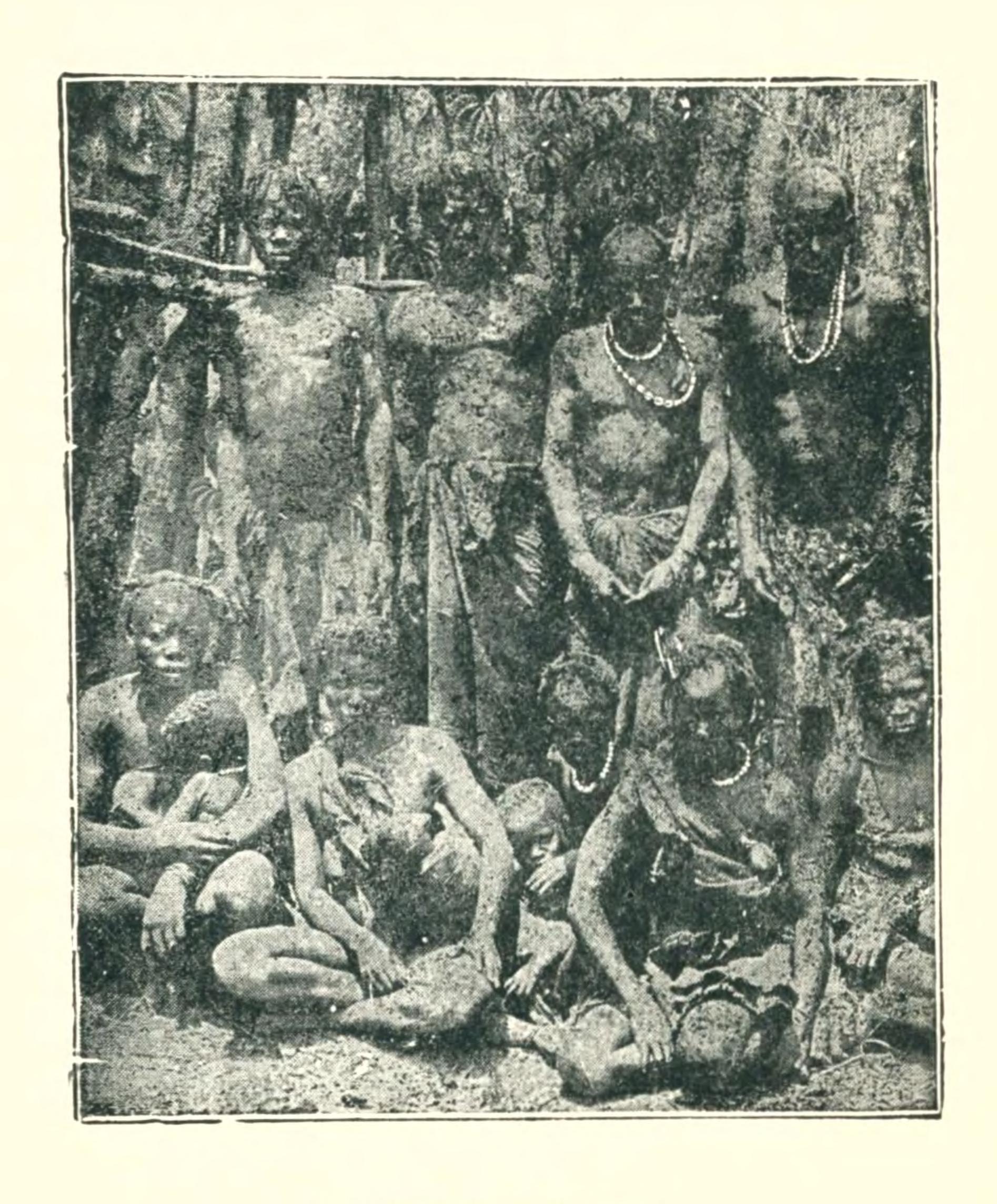




# A Trip "Up Country."

In former times the only means of conveyance was by transport waggons, capable of carrying large quantities of goods, each waggon drawn by twelve to eighteen oxen, They are "inspanned" in pairs to a long pole, and kept in order by a leather noose passed under their horns, which a Kaffir "boy" who goes in front holds, while another with a long whip walks by their side keeping them going. All the "trekking" of ancient times was accomplished in this way. The front part of the waggon is used for goods, the back part, which is covered, is used as a "dwelling" for the family, or whoever may be travelling. There are resting-places all along the rough roads where the oxen are loosed, or "outspanned," as the Boers call it, and allowed to eat. During night the women sleep in the waggon, the

men under it. Food is cooked in a great Kaffir pot, which stands on three high legs above the fire. Journeys for hundreds of miles were undertaken in this way before the railways were opened, often with great danger and many hardships, as we learn from the diaries of missionaries and explorers who traversed these wilds, when they were peopled by unfriendly natives and savage tribes. But as railways are now all over the country, you may travel with as much comfort and ease as in the homeland. In the journey north you first cross miles of flat, sandy plains, which join the Cape to the mainland. Then through the Paarl vineyards, which in their season are very pretty; then up higher and higher until we find ourselves over 3,500 feet above sea level, passing through rugged mountains, along the edge of steep precipices—dangerous enough at any time, and immensely so in times of war, when loosened rails and blown-up bridges are everywhere to be found. South Africa, above every place, is a land of hills, or "kopjes," as the Dutch call them. Miles of them at a stretch, all sizes, treeless and bare; not even a blade of grass to be seen, but bare solid rock or dark red earth, with the Karoo bush everywhere, from which it takes its name. In other parts there are green fields well watered. Here you see farmhouses dotting the "veldt," or plain, with flocks of sheep; in some cases ostriches wandering about among the bushes. Ostrich-farming is a common industry, and so is fruit-farming, the orange and lemon trees laden with fruit looking very pretty with their golden fruit growing amid the dark green foliage. In many of these Dutch farmhouses the Bible is read and the Psalms sung, but I fear that a good deal of the Boer religion is little more than form, for they cruelly treat the natives, and would hinder servants of Christ from going among the Kaffirs with the Gospel message.



GROUP OF KAFFIRS.

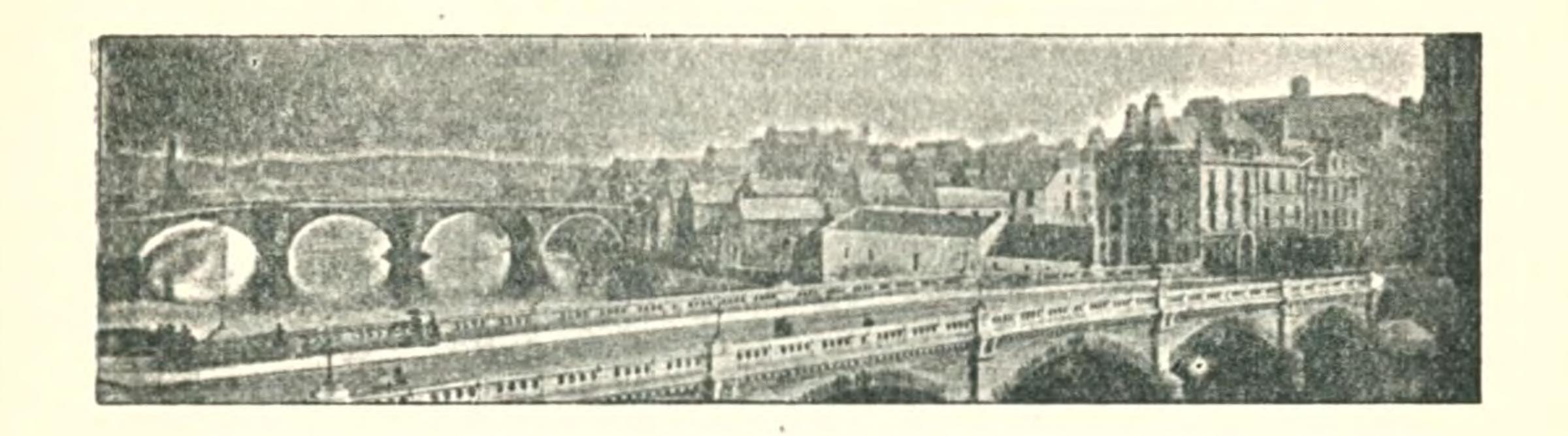


### A Visit to Robben Island.

Robben Island is a penal and leper settlement off the coast of Africa. Visitors are not allowed there, but it so happens that we have a friend living not far out of Cape Town who has a "permit" from the Government to visit there, telling them of Jesus and His power to save, and he has promised to take us across to the island one afternoon in a small steamer. What a sight meets us there. Several large houses all filled with lepers on one side, while across on the other is a penal settlement where criminals from all parts of the Colony suffer due rewards for their deeds. The lepers while in the early stages of the disease are allowed to walk about the grounds, while those in whom it is further advanced, are confined to the large houses prepared for them. There in all stages of the dire disease, what sights meet the eye! The young and the aged: men of high rank

and day labourers all severed from home and friends, never to see them again. What a mercy that the Lord has opened a way for the Gospel to be preached to them, and books containing it given them to read. Sometimes our friend is able to take over large baskets of grapes and other fruits, which they greatly value. But no power of man can cure them. How this leper island speaks to us of the nature of sin! Sooner or later, all in whom it is found and allowed to work, will be separated from God and His people for ever. But the Gospel tells of full and free salvation, which is within reach of all, even the chief of sinners while here below. Nothing to hinder the vilest from being cleansed from sin and delivered from its power here, but once beyond the Gospel's sound there is no deliverance, no remedy.





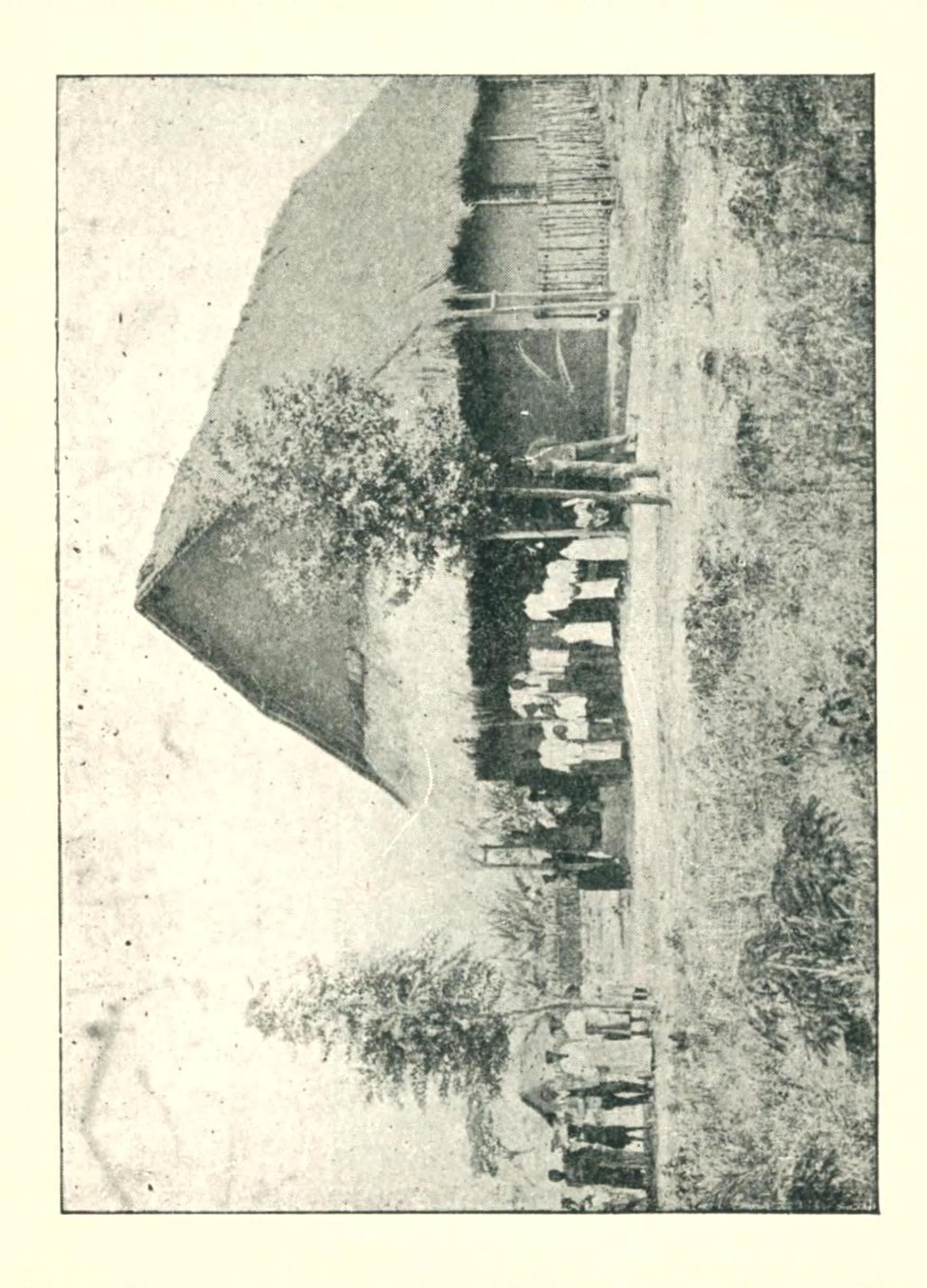
## Peeps at the Kaffirs.

THE Kaffirs live in "kraals," or locations separate from the white people's dwellings. Most of the servants on the farms are Kaffir men, and the women do the housework, each having a special duty, such as cook, water-carrier, laundry work. The women come in the morning, work all day, and go home to their huts at night. If they have children, they generally bring them with them, so that a Cape farm kitchen is frequently a rather lively place. Spiritually, there is little done for these Kaffir servants. There are a few "churches" and "chapels" of various kinds, to which some of the white people go, in country places, perhaps once a month, when a local preacher conducts a "service," but the poor Kaffirs are not allowed to go there. Thank God, they are not left to perish in ignorance of the Gospel, for some, whose hearts have been constrained by the love of Christ to go with the message of

salvation to the Kaffir "locations" get a good hearing for the Word. Seated in a circle around the missionary may be seen rows of dark faces, eagerly listening to the old, old story of Jesus and His love.

The Kaffir huts are warm and comfortable, some very neat and clean. The fire is kept outside, the large Kaffir pot in which the mealies are cooked is usually to be seen above it. The Kaffirs are not by any means bad looking. The men wear a blanket, often coloured with ochre or other bright colours. The women wear a kerchief around their heads, twisted so as to form a kind of turban. Skirts reaching to the ankles, of red or other bright colour, a blanket thrown loosely over their shoulders, brass rings on their arms as bracelets, bead ornaments around their necks, and always barefooted. Almost everything is carried on the head, a pail of water, a Kaffir pot, or a basket of mealies all the same, and they are taught from infancy to balance them so steadily that they rarely require to touch them with their hands at all. Many of them believe in witchcraft, and attribute disease and death to the "gods," and where the witch doctor is at large, many of the old ceremonies continue. Alas! where they have been brought into contact with the white man's "spirit," which for the sake of gain has been freely sold to these poor heathen people, who seem unable to resist the temptation to drink themselves mad when once they have tasted it. This, with the unjust treatment often given them by those who take the name of "Christians," has done much to hinder the Gospel, and to prejudice the ignorant Kaffirs against it. Nevertheless, a few are found among them who truly love the Lord

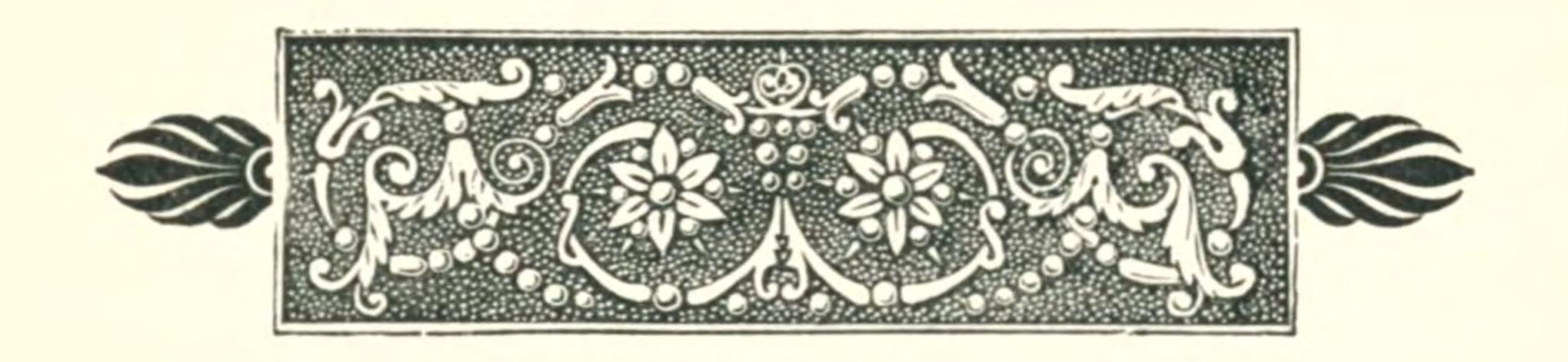
Jesus, who have known His saving power, whose happy faces tell of the joy in their hearts, and who in their own



humble sphere adorn the doctrine, by living godly and exemplary Christian lives.

How the glad tidings of salvation first reached the Hottentots by the devoted Moravian youth, George Schmidt, I have already told you, and if you come again another evening I will tell you the true story of a Scotch gardener lad who went out to these benighted tribes, and, amid dangers from wild beasts and bloodthirsty chiefs, lived in the lone deserts and in the kraals of South Africa, telling the dark-skinned tribes of Him Who came to seek and to save the lost. Then of another honoured Scotchman who began life as a "piecer" boy in a cotton mill on the banks of the Clyde, and from there was called to explore the unknown regions of Central Africa, and to spread the Gospel among the many hitherto unreached tribes of the desert. There are no missionary stories of more thrilling interest than the life-stories of ROBERT MOFFAT and DAVID LIVINGSTONE.





### The Story of Robert Moffat.

THE GARDENER BOY WHO BECAME A MISSIONARY.

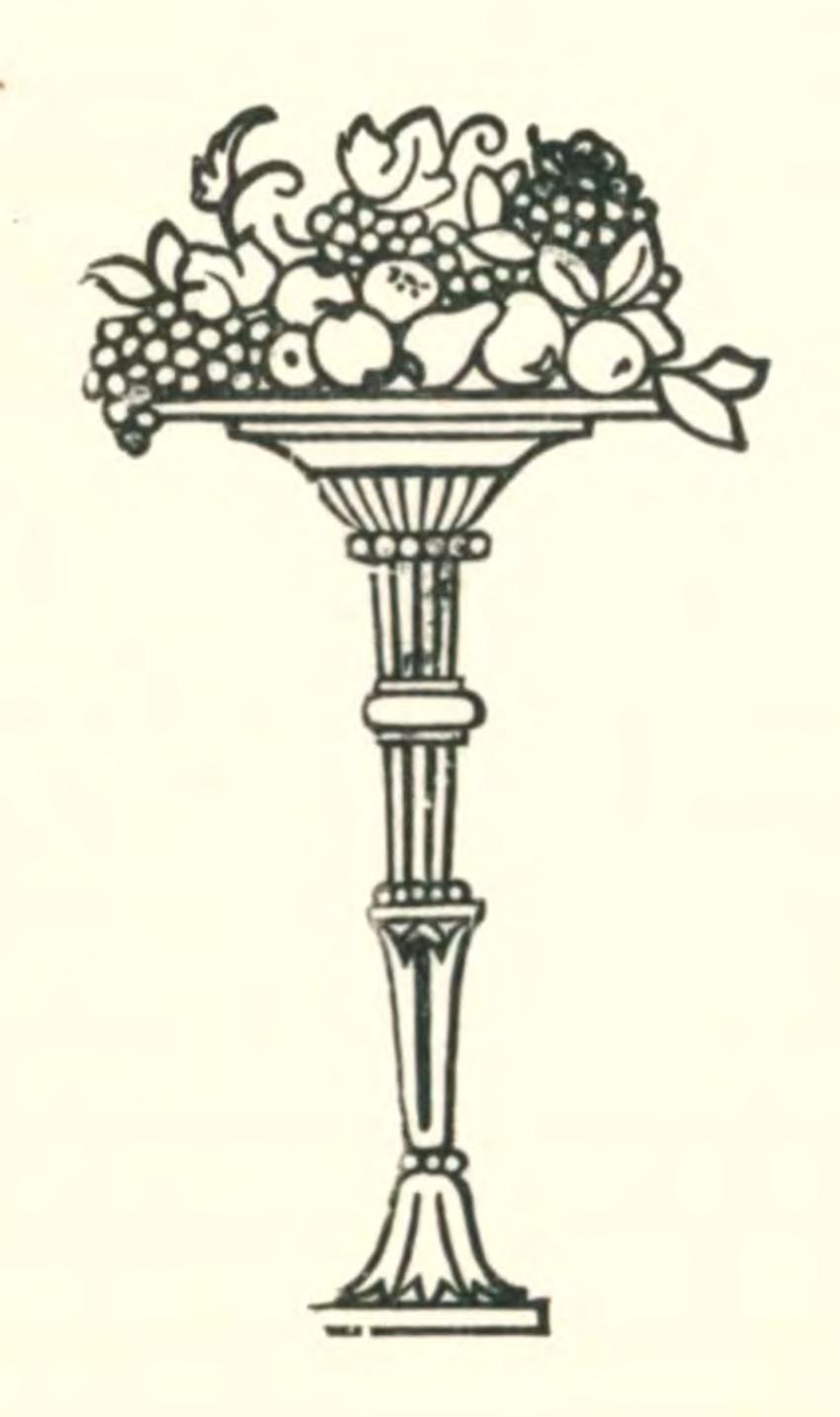
### EARLY YEARS IN SCOTLAND.

CARRONSHORE is a straggling village near the Firth of Forth. Over a hundred years ago it was little more than a hamlet, consisting chiefly of low, red-tiled cottages in which outdoor workers and farm labourers lived.

We will take a peep inside one of these humble dwellings, where a happy circle of children sit around the fireside. There are seven of them; five boys and two girls, all busy knitting, while the mother sits under the old-fashioned oil lamp, reading aloud to them a thrilling story of the devotion and sufferings of the Moravian missionaries in Greenland. That godly mother has a yearning desire to see one at least of her "boys" in the service of the Lord, bearing the glad tidings of salvation to the heathen, which in these days, alas! received but little attention from those who bore the Christian name.

"Robbie," a bright-eyed boy of six, sat eagerly listening to the strange, but true, story, and in his heart he wished that his life might be spent in such a noble service. But Robbie Moffat had yet to learn that he needed Christ as a personal Saviour ere he could serve Him. It must have been about this time that he went to the parish school, where "Willy Mitchell," the old schoolmaster, made him so familiar with the cane that he "plunked," and, when found out, although only ten years old, ran off to sea. There, he had several narrow escapes from drowning, and was glad to get back to the humble home at Carronshore. At the age of eleven he went with his brother to school in Falkirk, where he was more anxious to learn, and picked up a little geography and astronomy. At fourteen Robert was apprenticed to a gardener at Polmont, named John Robertson, in whose employment he tasted the first experiences of a hard life. The apprentice lads had to rice at four o'clock in the cold winter mornings and go out to dig. So intense was the cold sometimes that they had to knock their knuckies against the handles of their spades to inspire some feeling into them. Yet in these days Robert managed to attend an evening class, where he learned Latin and mensuration, and on other evenings he picked up some useful knowledge in the country smithy, and also acquired the art of playing the violin, which in after years was a cheer to himself, and an attraction to the natives amid the deserts and kraals of South Africa. Although he was yet a stranger to grace and to salvation, these early years were watched over by a God Who loved him, and was preparing him even then, although he knew it not, for the path and

the service to which in after years he was called. After his apprenticeship was finished, Robert moved across the Forth into Fife, where he served the Earl of Moray at Donibristle, near Aberdour. Here he had a narrow escape from drowning in seeking to rescue a companion who had gone beyond his depth while bathing. By these, and other means, God was beginning to turn the gardener lad's thoughts to the world beyond, and to show him his need of a Saviour.





### Leaving Home.

On a fine Spring morning a tall, dark-haired youth of eighteen, carrying a bundle, walked by the side of a middle-aged woman—whose striking resemblance to the youth by her side, clearly marked her as his mother—along the banks of the winding River Forth.

This was Robert Moffat, now a journeyman gardener, on his way to a situation at High Leigh, in Cheshire. It is always a sore pang to a fond mother's heart to part with her sons, especially if they are going out into the cold world without Christ, exposed to all the dangers and allurements of earth, with no personal faith in a Divine arm to protect, or hand to guide them safely through. It was the thought of this that pressed hard on the godly mother's

heart as she walked by Robert's side that morning, loath to part with him. But the corner of the road had been reached where they must say "Good-bye," it might be never to meet again on earth.

"Let us stand here for a few moments," said Mrs. Moffat, "for I have one special favour to ask of you, Robert, before we part. I know you will not refuse to do what your mother asks."

"What is that, mother?" Robert tenderly inquired.

"Promise me that you will do what I am going to ask you, my son, and I will tell you."

"But I cannot do that, mother, until you tell me what your request is."

"Ah, laddie, how could your mother, who loves you, ever ask you to do anything but what is for your highest good," said she, as the tears ran down her cheeks.

And Robert stood silently looking to the ground, striving hard to suppress the rising emotion in his breast. The sight of her tears fairly conquered him, and when able to speak, he said, "Yes, mother, ask what you will and I will do it."

"I only ask you to read a chapter in the Word of God every morning and every evening."

"You know that I read my Bible, mother," interrupted Robert.

"I know you do, my boy, but you do not read it regularly. Now that I have your promise I will go home with a light heart, for I know you will keep your promise and read it daily. And, oh, Robert, my boy, read much in the New Testament. Read the Gospels, the blessed Gospels, then

you cannot well go astray, and the Lord Himself will teach you. I have given you over into the hands of Christ, and I am sure you will be found at the right hand of the Lamb."

Then the fond mother and her son parted; he to begin life among strangers, and she, ere long, to reach her happy home above, where partings and tears are all no more.

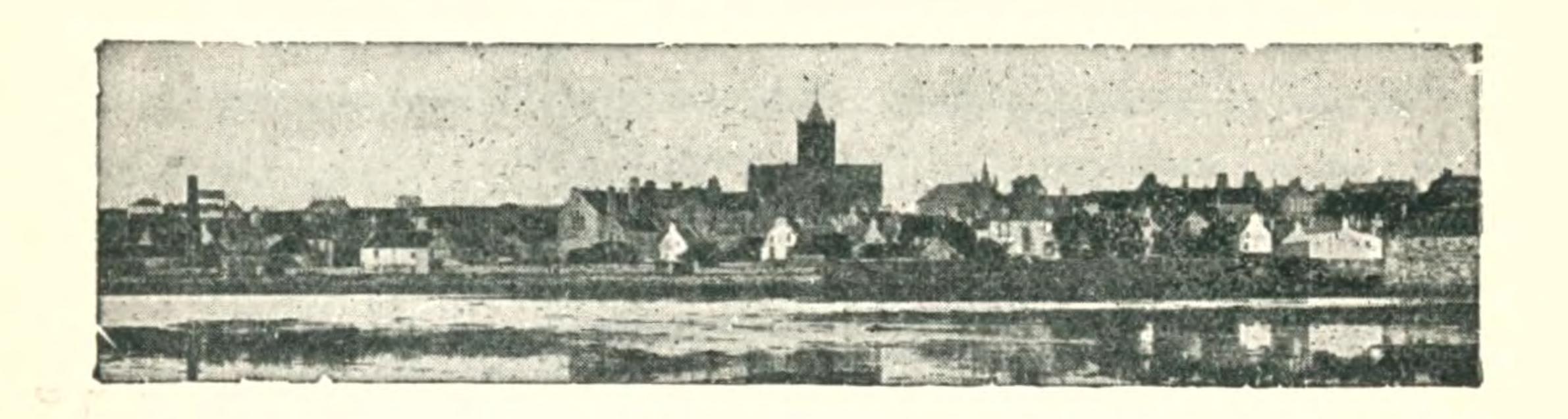
But that last promise was never forgotten, for many, many years after, when the aged missionary returned from scenes of danger and marvellous preservation among the heathen, and was telling of the Lord's goodness to him, he was able to say, "I never forgot my promise to my mother." Even although still unconverted, and often mingling with the gay and godless throng in their amusements, he continued to read the Word of God morning and night, as his mother had desired him. Would to God all our boys and girls and young men and maidens would do the same. The Word of God read and treasured in the memory; the "old, old story of Jesus" and His love learned in the golden years of youth has been known to yield its fruit in conversion in most unlikely places, and in most unlooked-for hours. Therefore let the habit of reading it daily be encouraged, for there is no more likely way of becoming acquainted with its Author, and thus becoming a possessor of life eternal. "And this is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent" (John 17. 3).

On the 18th November, 1813, Robert went on board a ship at Greenock, bound for Liverpool. A storm compelled the sailors to seek shelter in Rothesay Bay, where a man belonging to a warship was drowned the same night

while attempting to reach the shore. A press gang boarded Robert's ship, and finally carried off a young man to serve in the dead man's place. The ship reached Liverpool a week later, and the following evening the young gardener was settled in a tiny lodge in a corner of the beautiful gardens of Mr. Leigh, his new employer. Here he soon found friends. His mistress was kind to the young stranger, and lent him books to read, and the head-gardener, finding him trustworthy, left a good deal in his hands.

And as was soon to be manifested, God was working deep conviction of sin in the young gardener's heart, and showing him his state before Him, and his need of a Saviour.





### A Great Event.

TY/ARRINGTON is about six miles by road from High W Leigh, and as Robert Moffat walked along the high road one day on an errand he noticed a bill pasted on a brick wall. Curiosity caused him to stand and read it. It was an announcement of a missionary meeting to be held in the town, at which a Mr. William Roby, of Manchester, was to preside. It was impossible to attend that meeting, for the date was past, but the very mention of mission work awoke in Robert's mind the stories of the Moravians in Greenland and Labrador, which his mother used to read to them around the fireside at Carronshore. As he walked along the road on his homeward journey, the old desire, awakened in his heart as a boy to become a missionary, returned with greater force than ever, but now it was coupled with the stern conviction that there was something else that must first take place, ere he could go and tell others of the Saviour. This was his own conversion, his

own personal acquaintance with Christ, apart from which no service could be acceptable to God, or a blessing to men.

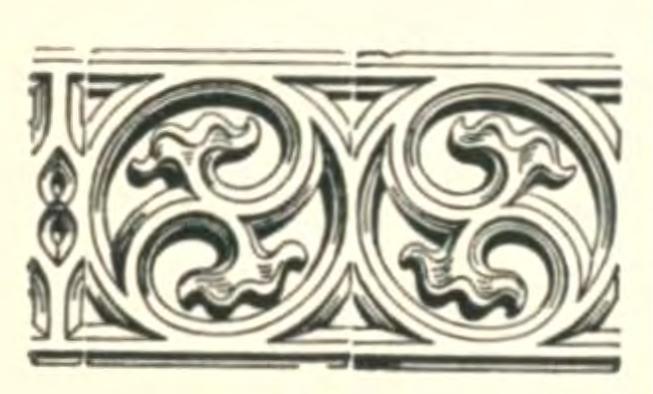
There were a few earnest Christians in High Leigh, known as "Methodists" at this time, who were much despised and evil spoken of. Robert became acquainted with some of them, attended their meetings, and was further convinced of his need of a Saviour. But he does not seem to have been really converted, or at least to have had the full knowledge and joy of salvation, until on a visit to Manchester to attend some meetings there, where he became so deeply convinced of sin while conversing with a young man named Clarke, that he decided to call at the house of Mr. Roby—whose name he had seen on the placard—to ask guidance and help. Summoning courage, he knocked at the door, was kindly received by Mr. Roby, and was greatly helped to a clearer knowledge of God's way of salvation.

In answer to the question: "Are you really trusting in Christ, Robert?" the young gardener said, "I am a guilty, hell-deserving sinner, yet God loves me, and laid my sins upon Jesus Christ, Who died in my place."

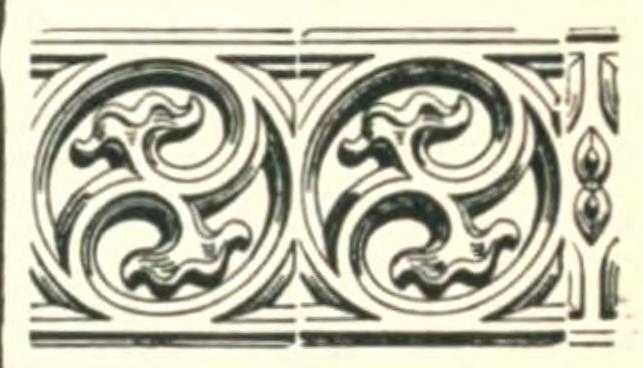
This was the first full confession of his faith, and it was possibly at this time that he was born again. At any rate, from that day onward he took his stand clear on the Lord's side, and feared not to confess Jesus Christ as his Saviour before men.

Then the desire to go with the Gospel to the heathen came back with increased power, from new motives now, for the love of Christ constrained him, and on mentioning his desire to the man who had led him to the Saviour, he encouraged him to wait upon the Lord, and seek to know His will. He also suggested to Robert that if a situation could be got nearer to his home he would seek to help him in preparation for such a path. It was only a few weeks later that Robert removed from High Leigh to Dukinfield, where he was employed in the nursery of a Mr. Smith, who was a pious man, and who, with his wife, was greatly interested in the missionary cause. This godly couple became true friends to Robert, and while here he formed an acquaintance with their beautiful and devoted daughter, named Mary—a young woman of fervent piety and genuine enthusiasm in the missionary cause—who afterwards became his wife, and shared his many years of privations, toils, and dangers among the kraals and darkskinned dwellers of South Africa.









### Off to Africa.

On the last day of September, 1816, nine young missionaries were commended to the Lord, and sailed from London a few days later, four for the South Seas and five for South Africa. Among the former was John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga, the first to suffer death for the Gospel's sake; and among the latter, the Scotch gardener lad, Robert Moffat. His party reached Cape Town early the following year, and Moffat, with a companion named Kitchingman, proceeded to Namaqualand. While waiting for the Government's permission to enter, they lived with a Boer farmer, and acquired the Dutch language, preaching as they had opportunity. An incident may here be related which shows the treatment that the Boers were

in the habit of giving to the natives, whom they regarded as their slaves. Being asked by the farmer to conduct a "service" in the house, Moffat said, "Call in the servants."

"Do you mean the Hottentots?" replied the Boer with a sneer. "Why, we may as well call in the dogs."

Moffat made no answer, but, after prayer, opened the Bible and read the story of the Syro-Phœnician woman,

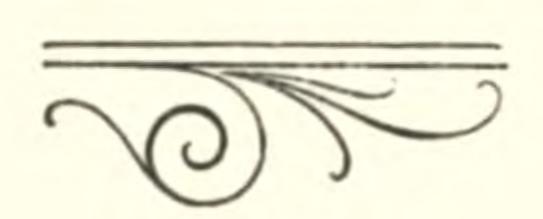


GROUP OF AFRICAN BOYS.

taking as his text her words to the Saviour, "Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table" (Matt. 15. 27). Before he had proceeded far with his address, the farmer gave orders to bring in the Hottentots to hear the Word, and admitted that the reproof had gone home, and that he would not again object to the blacks hearing the Gospel.

Here Moffat left his companion, and, starting with an ox-waggon, a guide and drivers, began the long journey across this desert, where hardships from lack of water and food were endured. He had to swim the Orange River, which in these days was only crossed by a raft, a feat which greatly astonished the natives who accompanied him.

On the 26th of January, 1818, Moffat arrived at Africaner's Kraal, which was afterwards called Vreede Berg, and then Jerusalem. About one hundred miles west of here, at Warm Baths, Abraham Albrecht had served the Lord and died, and the work was carried on by Mr. Ebner, who gave the young missionary a warm welcome, but left soon after for Germany, leaving Moffat alone amid the heathen. What happened here I must next briefly tell you.





### In Africaner's Kraal.

A fricaner was a Hottentot outlaw, a robber chieftain, whose name was a terror through the whole of South Africa. He, with his brother Titus, had attacked and killed a Dutch farmer and his family, waged continuous war with the natives, and fled across the Orange River. He plundered and burnt huts and mission houses wherever he found them, and was regarded by the farmers and natives as a bloodthirsty monster. Yet such was the power of the Gospel of God, that this man of blood was converted, and became a humble follower of the Prince of Peace. It happened in this way. One of the missionaries wrote a conciliatory letter to Africaner, asking liberty to settle near his Kraal, to which, much to their amazement, he sent a favourable reply, and very soon after, Africaner, and his brothers David and Jacobus, became constant listeners to the Word. Gradually the light of the glorious Gospel of

Christ shone into the dark mind of the chieftain and very deep was his conviction of sin. As he thought of his past life, he would often weep, and wonder at the mercy of God toward such a sinner as he had been. Some time before Moffat arrived at Warm Baths, Africaner and his brother had openly confessed their faith in Christ and been baptised, the chief taking the name of Christian Africaner. He welcomed Moffat, gave instructions to the women to build him a hut, which they did in half an hour, into which he dragged his weary frame and lay down to rest. But he could not sleep; his thoughts were across the seas with those he had left and might never see again. Around him on every side were the heathen, and he was there alone. Yet in musing on the goodness of God, His faithfulness and love, he could not help singing aloud:—

"Here I raise my Ebenezer.

Hither by Thy help I've come."

Moffat began at once to have morning and evening services, with school for three or four hours during the day. Africaner was a constant attender, and soon learned to read the New Testament. This was a great joy to him, and Moffat often saw the chief withdraw from his hut to the shadow of a great rock, where he would sit for hours alone reading the Word of God. Need we wonder that he grew in grace, for he was desiring the milk of the Word, by which the new life is fed. Many a long evening he would sit on a stone by Moffat's side, asking questions and conversing about the things of God, until

unable to take in more, he would rise, rub his hands on his head, and say, "I have heard enough. I feel as if my head would swell with these great subjects." If ever his past life was referred to, he burst into tears, and whenever he could he went seeking to heal quarrels among his people.

Speaking with the chief one day, Moffat proposed that he should accompany him on a visit to Cape Town.

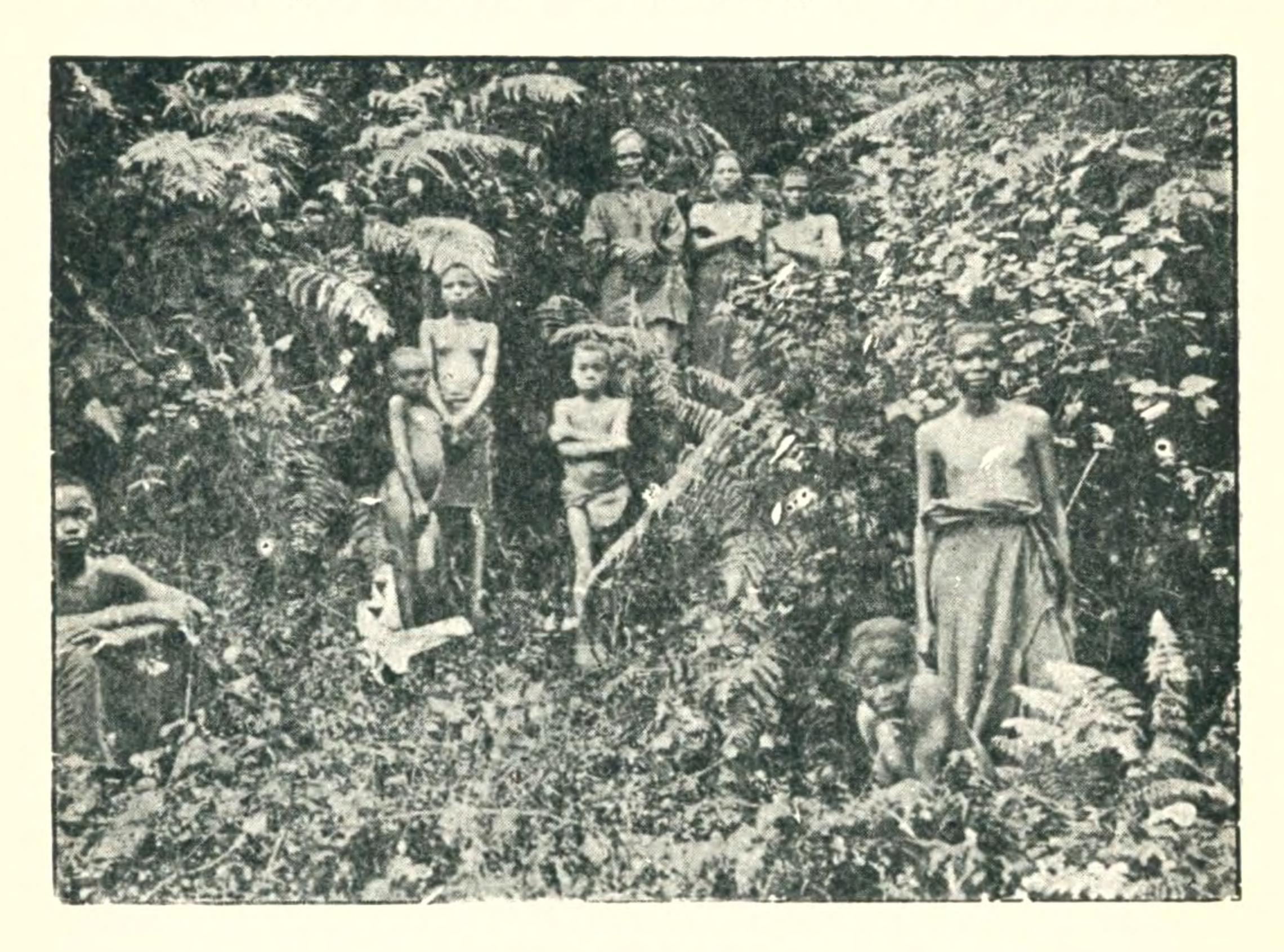
Looking up with astonishment, Africaner said, "I had thought you loved me, and yet you advise me to go where the Government will hang me up as a spectacle to justice? Do you know that I am an outlaw, and that one thousand rix-dollars have been offered for my head?" After deliberating on the proposal, he consented to accompany Moffat, saying, in the words of the Psalm, "I shall roil my way (as the Dutch Bible has it) upon the Lord, I know He will not leave me." Dressed in an old jacket and a pair of leather trousers of Moffat's, Africaner started for the Cape. The journey through the country where he had committed so many crimes was not without its dangers from the Boers, who threatened to be avenged on him. Africaner passed as one of Moffat's servants, and none who saw him suspected that the gentle Hottentot was the fire-brand of a few years ago. At Pella some met him who had not seen his face since they joined him in deadly conflict; now they, as well as he, were followers of the Prince of Peace. At one farm at which they passed the Dutch farmer, at whose house Moffat had spent a night on his way to Namaqualand, when he heard it was Moffat, stepped back in amazement, saying, "It must be Moffat's ghost, for Africaner killed him." "I'm not dead yet, nor a ghost either, feel my hands," said Moffat. The astonished Dutchman, who was a believer in Christ, held up his hands in amazement, and said, "Thank God, you have escaped Africaner." "But Africaner is a Christian, now," said Moffat.

More astonished than ever, the farmer replied, "I can believe almost anything you say, but that seems impossible. He killed my uncle. If *he* has become a Christian, I have only one desire, that is to see him ere I die."

Pointing to the spot where his "servant" sat, Moffat said, "That is Africaner."

The farmer started back in great surprise. The chief rose and bowed. Lifting his eyes heavenward, the farmer clasped his hands, and exclaimed, "Almighty God, what a miracle of Thy power! What cannot Thy grace accomplish?" At Cape Town the Governor received Africance kindly, heard the story of his conversion and loyalty, and presented him with an ox-waggon, valued at eighty pounds.

After visiting various mission stations, Moffat arranged to move to Lattakoo—among the Bechuanas—to which place Africaner generously removed his books and personal effects. His intention was to remove his tribe there, so that they might receive the teaching of Mr. Moffat, but



BUSH KAFFIRS.

before this could be done, Africaner was called to his heavenly home. As his end drew near, he said, "My former life is stained with blood, but Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to Heaven." And thus Africaner, a trophy of God's wondrous saving grace, transformed from a blood-thirsty outlaw to a true Christian, passed on to join the

ransomed throng, whose title to the presence of God they joyfully own to be "The Blood of the Lamb." Happy, thrice happy, are all who can truthfully, honestly sing:—

The Cross of Christ is all my boast,
His blood my only plea;
My password to the realms of bliss
Is, "Jesus died for me."





### In Perils Among the Heathen

On the 27th December, 1819, Robert Moffat and Mary Smith were married in Cape Town, and proceeded from there to their new home in Lattakoo. For over fifty years (in storm and sunshine) they were truly one in heart and mind, and together served the Lord Who had saved them and called them to be His witnesses in Africa. What a blessing it is for a servant of Christ to get a true helpmeet, and what a hindrance to be yoked for life to one who has little heart for the Master's service.

Several attempts had been made to reach the Bechuanas with the Gospel, but little progress had been made before Moffat and his wife went there. Mottubi, the chief, only favoured the missionaries so far as they taught the people to handle tools or cultivate the land, but he had no desire for the Gospel. The tribe was known as the Batlapis, and was very degraded—robbery, plunder, and murder being

every-day occurrences among the people. Their lives were in daily peril. A long drought was blamed upon them, and the rainmakers advised the chief to send them out of the country. One day, while Mrs. Moffat was standing at the door with her baby girl in her arms, the chief appeared with a long spear in his hand, accompanied by a number of warriors, and ordered them to leave the country at once. Moffat calmly replied, "We have suffered much from you, but we are resolved to stay, as He Whose servants we are has directed us. If you are resolved to get rid of us you must shed our blood or burn us out, for our hearts are with you." Then throwing open his waistcoat, Moffat stood erect and fearless, and said, "If you will thrust your spear to my heart, then my companions will know that the hour has come for them to depart." The chief was astonished, and with a significant shake of the head, said to his followers, "These men must have ten lives when they are so fearless of death," and walked away.

About two hundred miles farther north-east Moffat heard of a Bechuana tribe named the Bangwaketsi, whose chief was named Makaba, to whom he desired to pay a visit. Starting with a few men, he travelled across a dry, trackless country, where he learned that a cannibal tribe, called the Mantatees, had attacked the Baralongs, and were marching on Lattakoo. They hastily retraced their steps and informed the chief. The warriors of the tribe were assembled, and, accompanied by about a hundred armed Griquas, they started off to meet the Mantatees, who were now only some thirty-six miles off. Moffat accompanied



MOFFAT AND THE ANGRY CHIEF.

them, hoping to prevent bloodshed, if possible. But all his efforts failed to effect a peaceful meeting. The Mantatees rushed at the Bechuanas with a howl like a wild beast, throwing their war clubs and javelins, and for hours a desperate struggle took place, during which many were killed on both sides. Moffat nearly lost his life by a wounded man throwing his weapon at him as he passed. The Mantatees were defeated, and had to retreat, leaving many of their women and children, who were taken to the mission station and cared for. Some time after this, the chief gave permission to remove to a more healthy spot about three miles below the fountain, where the Kuruman River has its source, and there they built a new station, which was named Kuruman. What the Lord did there I must now briefly tell you.

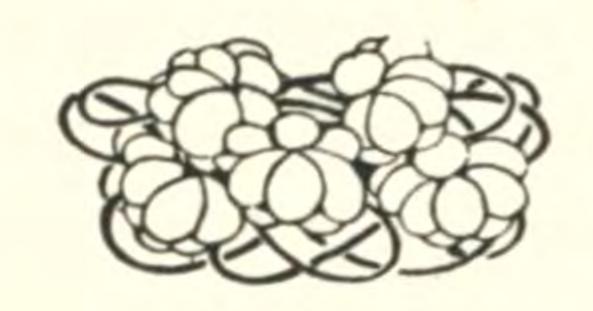


### Revival Days at Kuruman.

A FTER ten long years of labour, the good seed of the Word began to grow at Kuruman. The Bechuanas, who had been so indifferent, began to listen to the preaching of the Gospel very earnestly, and great crowds came to the meeting-place. Mr. Moffat translated three Gospel hymns into the Sechuana language, which gave great joy to the natives. Many of them could by this time read, so that they were able to sing the words of Gospel truth which these hymns contained. The Spirit of God began to use the Word and many were awakened. Tears streamed down the natives' cheeks as they heard the story of the Cross; young men, who had been warriors and robbers, were melted and sobbed while the Word was spoken.

Mrs. Moffat was often engaged pointing anxious women to the Saviour, and had the joy of seeing many saved. From their huts the sounds of prayer and praise came forth. A wonderful change was soon manifest in the village. Many, instead of rubbing their skins with grease and red ochre, were washed and clothed, and the women came daily to Mrs. Moffat to have her help in making garments for themselves and their husbands. Mr. Moffat was busy translating the Gospel into the Sechuana language, so that those who had been saved might read in their own tongue the precious Word of God, by which the new life must be sustained.

Mr. Moffat went to Cape Town to arrange about the printing of it, but being unable to get it done there, a printing press was sent out from England, and he set to work on it himself. Then he translated the whole Bible into the Sechuana tongue, and in 1857 it was printed. What a boon the Word of God was, and will be to the tribes of South Africa. Eternity alone will tell what God has wrought thereby.





## Among the Matabele.

One morning two messengers arrived at Kuruman, from the great king Moselekatse. They were much astonished to see the great change in the Bechuanas, and asked what it all meant. This gave Moffat a good opportunity of setting the Gospel before them. They would have him to accompany them part of the way back to their country, to save them from attacks which they feared from Bechuana tribes on the way. After he had conducted them safely to the borders of their own country he wanted to return home, but they insisted he should accompany them to Moselekatse's capital, which he did. A great welcome was given him at the Khotla or fold at which the king received his guests amid a great company of naked warriors, who broke out in a loud war-song as they entered. Then the king appeared, shook hands with Moffat, and said, "Moshete, the land is before you, camp where you will, you are come to your son." During his stay at Moselekatse's

capital, Moffat had many talks with the king, and sought to set before his dark mind the realities of God, sin, Heaven and hell. Soon after his return to Kuruman, Moffat was visited by a chief whose name was Mosheu. This man was so pleased with what he saw and heard, that he soon returned, bringing his wives and relatives with him. It appears that after he returned to his kraal he talked about the words he had heard Moffat speak, and now he had



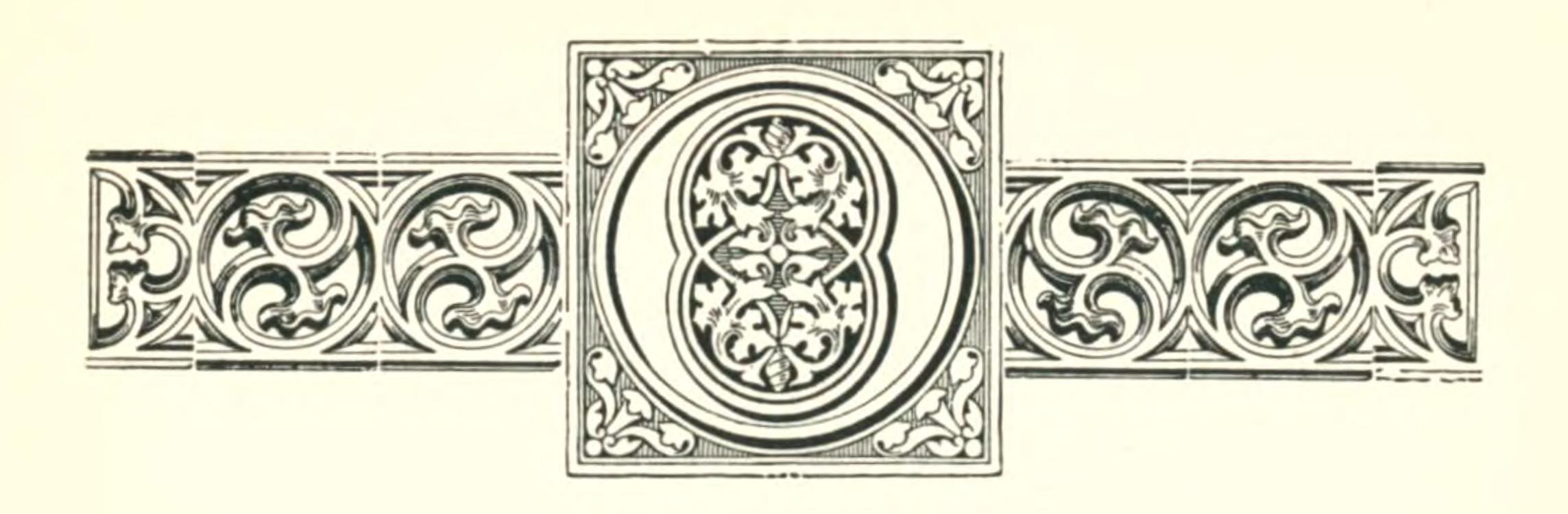
GROUP OF MATABELE.

come to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" And to this great question—by far the most important a true Gospeller ever hears—he was glad to be able to say, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts. 16. 31). Mosheu and his people stayed some time and listened very attentively to the Gospel, and when he left he begged Moffat to visit his village. That visit was a memorable one. Over five hundred natives came out to meet the wagon, and not

till midnight would they desist from pressing forward to shake his hand. Early next morning, before the wearied missionary had risen, he heard voices, and such was the eagerness of Mosheu and his people to hear of Jesus, that for a full hour before he had breakfast he spoke from that grand old text, John 3. 16, "For God so loved the world," etc., which for the very first time echoed through the village from the lips of the tall Scotchman, whose face beamed with the joy that filled his own heart.

A brief visit to England, then back to Kuruman, where he was joined by David Livingstone, who married his eldest daughter, and soon after left to settle in Sechele's country. We cannot pursue the course of this great explorer at present, further than to say, he pushed his way into places where no white man had ever dared to go, and was used to break the chains of slavery from thousands. Although a younger man than Moffat, he was called home from Africa to Heaven before him.

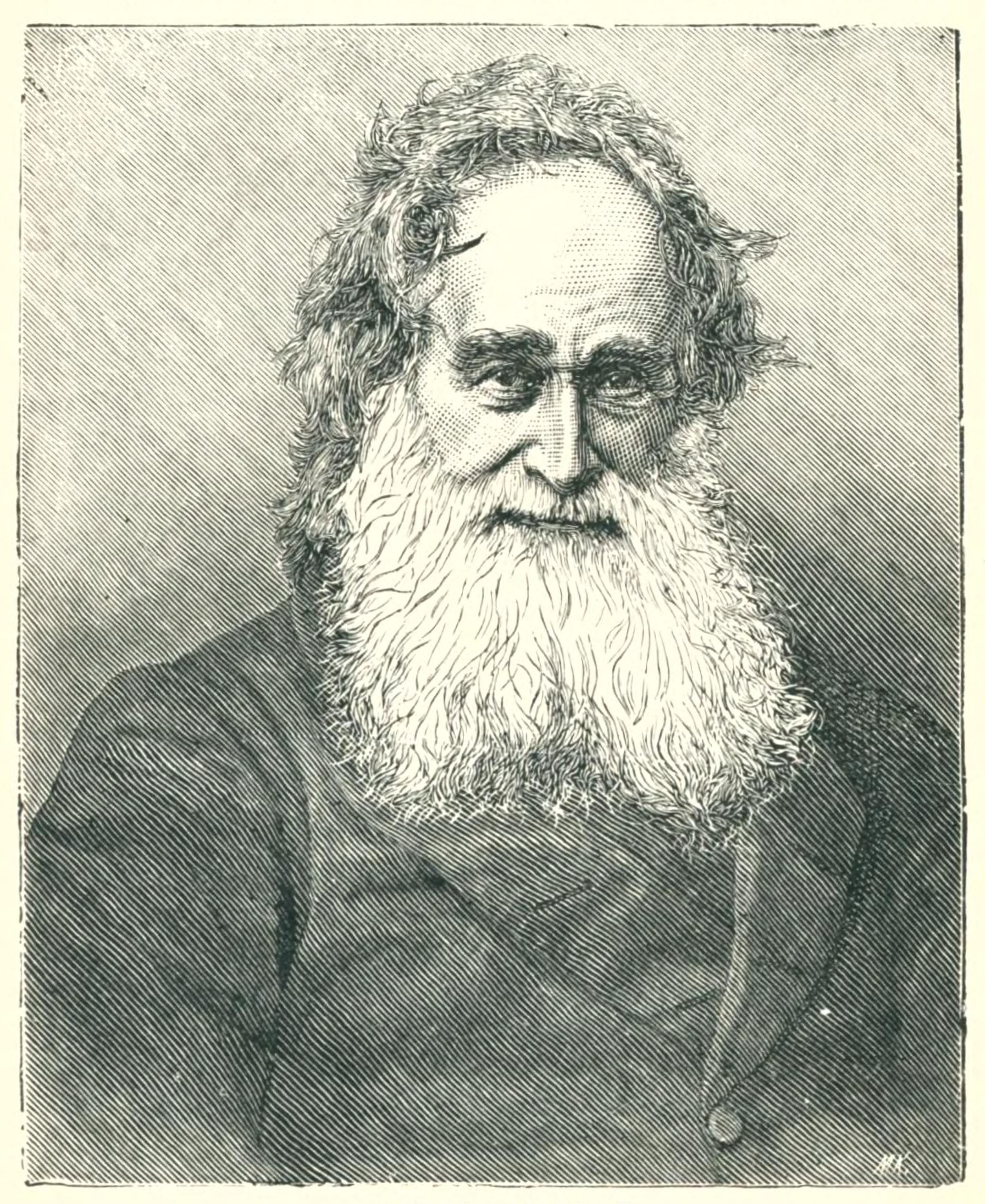




# "Life's Evening and Rest with Christ."

ROBERT and MARY MOFFAT were no longer young and active. Over fifty years of hard work began to tell on the brave missionary. Family sorrows, too, weighed heavily upon the aged couple. Their eldest son, Robert, had died, and Mary, the wife of Dr. Livingstone, had also passed to her rest above. Bessie and Ann were both married, Jane alone was left with them. On Sunday, 20th March, 1870, Robert Moffat preached for the last time at Kuruman, then bade farewell to the old spot where so many years had been spent, and to the people for whom his life had been given. They flocked around the waggon with the tears streaming down their cheeks, and as the wheels began to move, a long, loud cry went up from the weeping crowd, which the aged couple answered with their tears. They reached England on 24th July, 1870, and ere the year had closed, Mrs. Moffat was with Christ in

Heaven. The aged missionary visited many parts of the country, seeking to stir up interest among God's people in



ROBERT MOFFAT.

Africa. He visited Carronshore sixty-three years after leaving it, and found the red-tiled cottage in which his

boyhood was spent. Some of the old people still lived who knew him, and one who had been a schoolmate would not be satisfied till he heard the aged missionary speak to the crowd which had gathered round the door. Visits to



MARY MOFFAT.

the Queen at Osborne, to Cetewayo, the Zulu king, who was then in England, and to Muller's Orphan Homes at Bristol closed the public life of the veteran missionary. With his daughter Jeanie seated by his side, on a quiet Sunday evening, they sang his favourite hymn, one verse especially of which was dear to him:—

"I've wrestled on towards heaven
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide:
Now like a weary traveller,
That leaneth on his guide:
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land."

On the following Tuesday evening, the 10th of August, 1883, the home-call came, and the ransomed spirit of Robert Moffat passed into the presence of Christ, Who saved him when a youth, and Whom he had loved and served even unto old age. Happy, thrice happy is such a life: in Christ at conversion, for Christ all the years of service, and with Christ for ever and ever.





# The Story of David Livingstone.

AFRICAN MISSIONARY AND EXPLORER.

### BOYHOOD AT BLANTYRE.

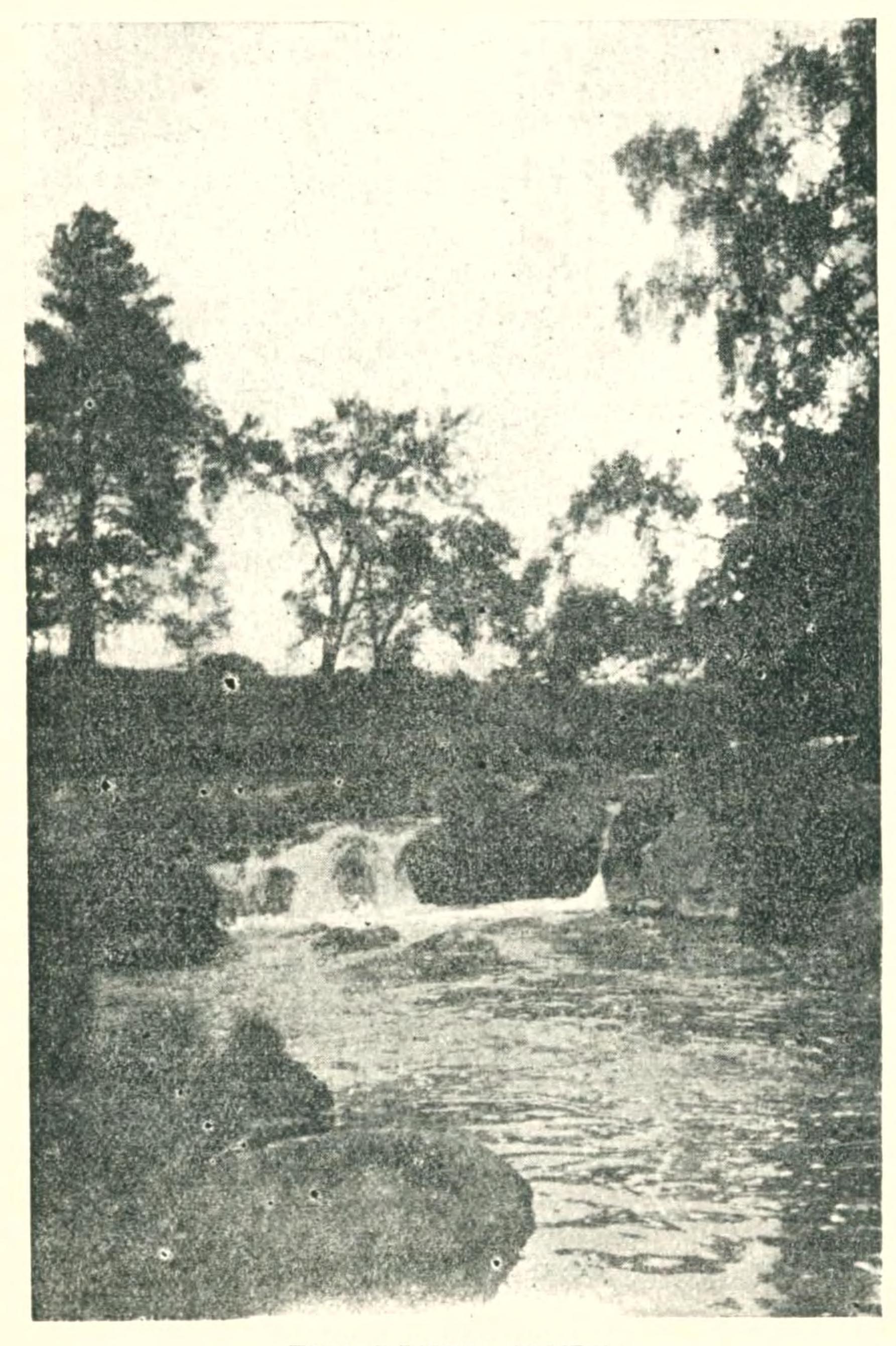
Clyde, about eight miles above Glasgow. It was not the busy place over a hundred years ago that it is now. The chief industry of the village was a large cotton mill near the river, where a number of the villagers were employed. Among these was a bright lad of ten years, named David Livingstone. He had to go to work in the mill at this early age as a "piecer," to help his poor but honest parents, and although he had to work from six in the morning till after eight at night, his weekly wage was only half-a-crown. Not a large sum surely for such a long day's work, yet David tells us that out of his first week's "pay" he managed to get as much as would buy a Ruddiman's Rudi-

ments of Latin, which he studied at an evening school between the hours of eight and ten. So eager was he to learn that often by the fireside he would sit and read, until his mother would rise from bed and snatch the books from his hands, for well she knew he would be unable to rise the following morning before six and go to his work in the mill.

The Livingstones were a typical Scotch family. Their great grandfather fell at the battle of Culloden, fighting for "Prince Charlie." His son, the grandfather of David Livingstone, had a small farm in Ulva, in the far-off Western Isles, but, finding it insufficient to maintain his family, he came south, and found employment with several of his sons in the Blantyre cotton mill. Neil Livingstone, the father of David, was a clerk in the employment of the firm, but after his marriage he began business in a small way as a tea dealer. He was a godly man, and sought with his devoted wife to bring up their family in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Books were costly in these days, and religious books, such as a boy would like to read, were few. David does not seem to have had any special love for reading the rather dry and uninteresting religious books that lay in his father's house, for he tells us that he openly rebelled when asked to read Wilberforce's Practical Christianity, and caused his father to "apply the rod."

At the age of nineteen, David became a cotton-spinner, and although the work was hard, he was able to support himself, give something to his parents, and purchase scientific works, which he studied by placing the book on

the spinning jenny, while attending to his daily work in the



THE RIVER CLYDE.

mill. In this way he gained a good knowledge of many

subjects, and also read such books on travel and exploration in other lands, as were within his reach.

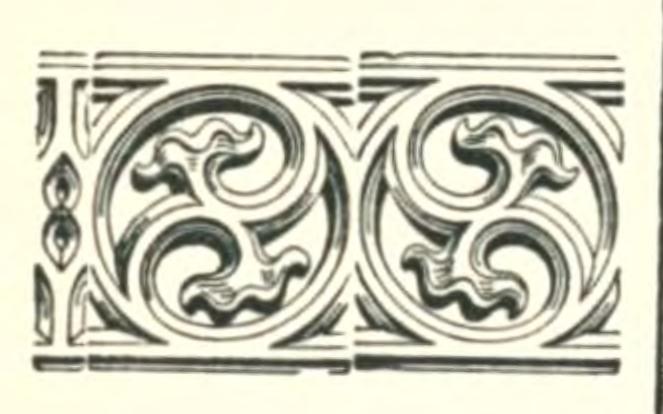
But up to this time, David Livingstone seems to have had little or no concern as to his spiritual state. He, in common with many of the children of believing parents, then and now, had been taught the doctrines of the Gospel, but beyond a "head knowledge" of the plan of salvation, there was nothing. He had no Christ, no eternal life, no salvation; and as the Word of God so plainly declares, the soul that lacks these is yet in the darkness of nature, unfit for the kingdom of God.

As to the means by which the young cotton-spinner was awakened to see his need of a Saviour, there is nothing left on record, but we have from his own pen a full and clear testimony to the fact of his conversion. "Great pains," he says, "had been taken by my parents to instil the doctrines of Christianity into my mind, and I had no difficulty in understanding the theory of a free salvation by the atonement of our Saviour, but it was only about this time that I really began to see the necessity and value of a personal application of the provisions of that atonement to my own case. The change was like what may be supposed would take place were it possible to cure a case of 'colour blindness.' The perfect freeness with which the perfect pardon of all our guilt is offered in God's Book, drew forth feelings of affectionate love to Him Who bought us with His own Blood."

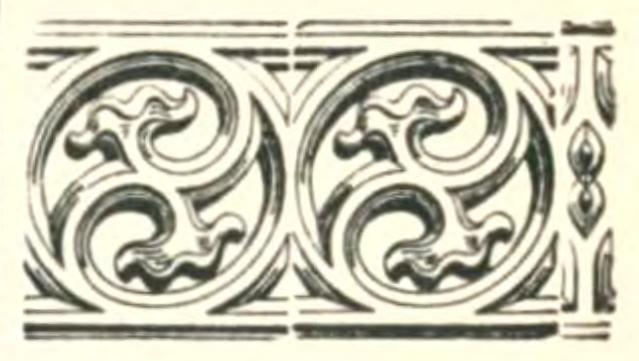
Yes, this is just what produces genuine conversion, and sets one on the heavenly road—"a personal application" of the Gospel, an individual acceptance of the Lord Jesus

as one's own personal Saviour, apart from works or merit of our own. Believing in His love to us, reposing by faith in His death for us, the sinner is justified and at peace with God, and in the blessed assurance of being saved by sovereign grace, the happy soul can truly say, "We love Him because He first loved us." It was this that, as David Livingstone testifies, "drew forth feelings of affectionate love to Him who bought us with His Blood, and a sense of deep obligation to Him for His mercy." "The inner, spiritual life, which I believe then began," as he writes, was what "impelled" the young believer to tell others of the Saviour, and gave him a burning desire to go forth to lands where millions live and die in darkness, never having even heard the precious Name of Jesus, Who came to seek and save the lost.





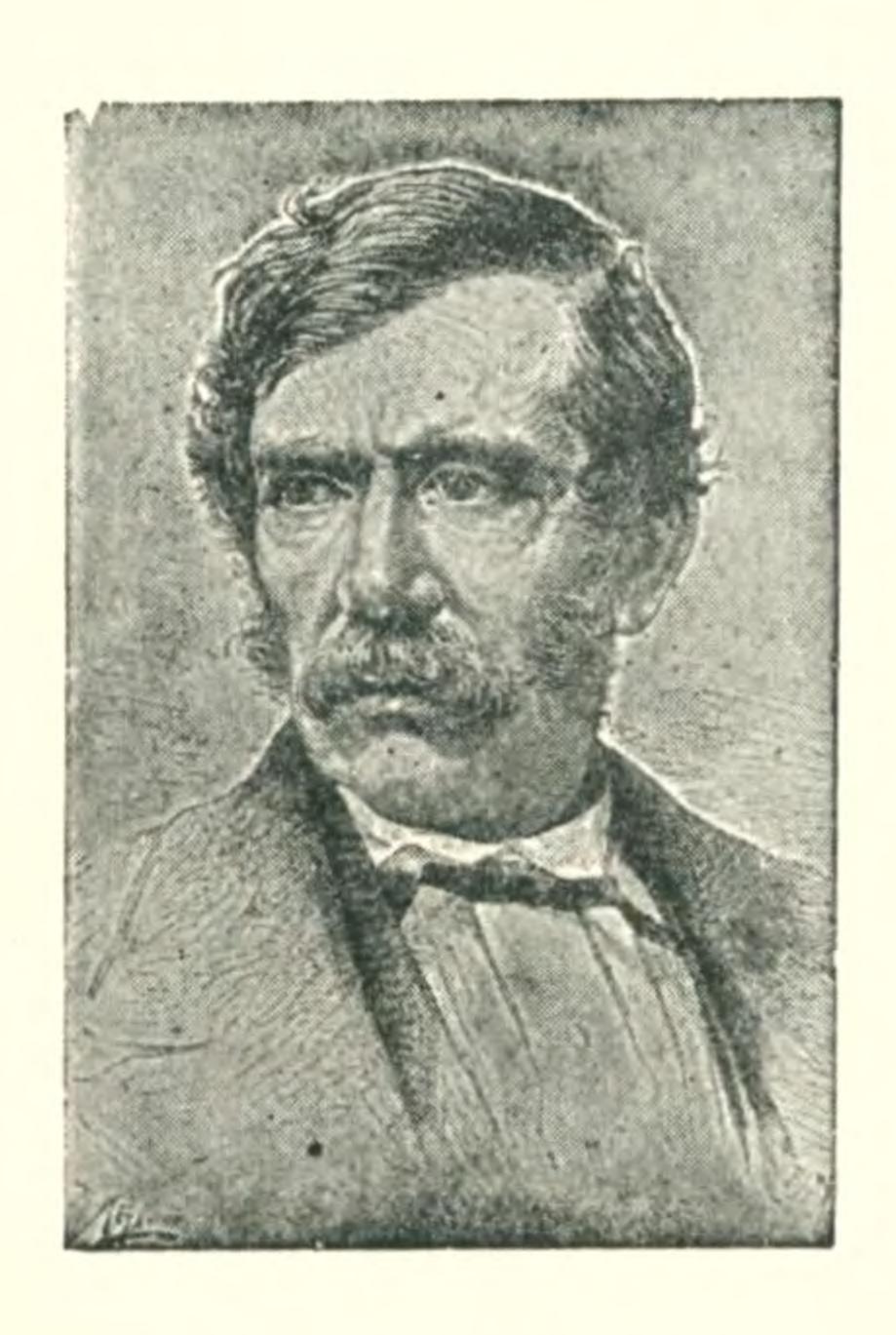




# Preparing for His Life-work.

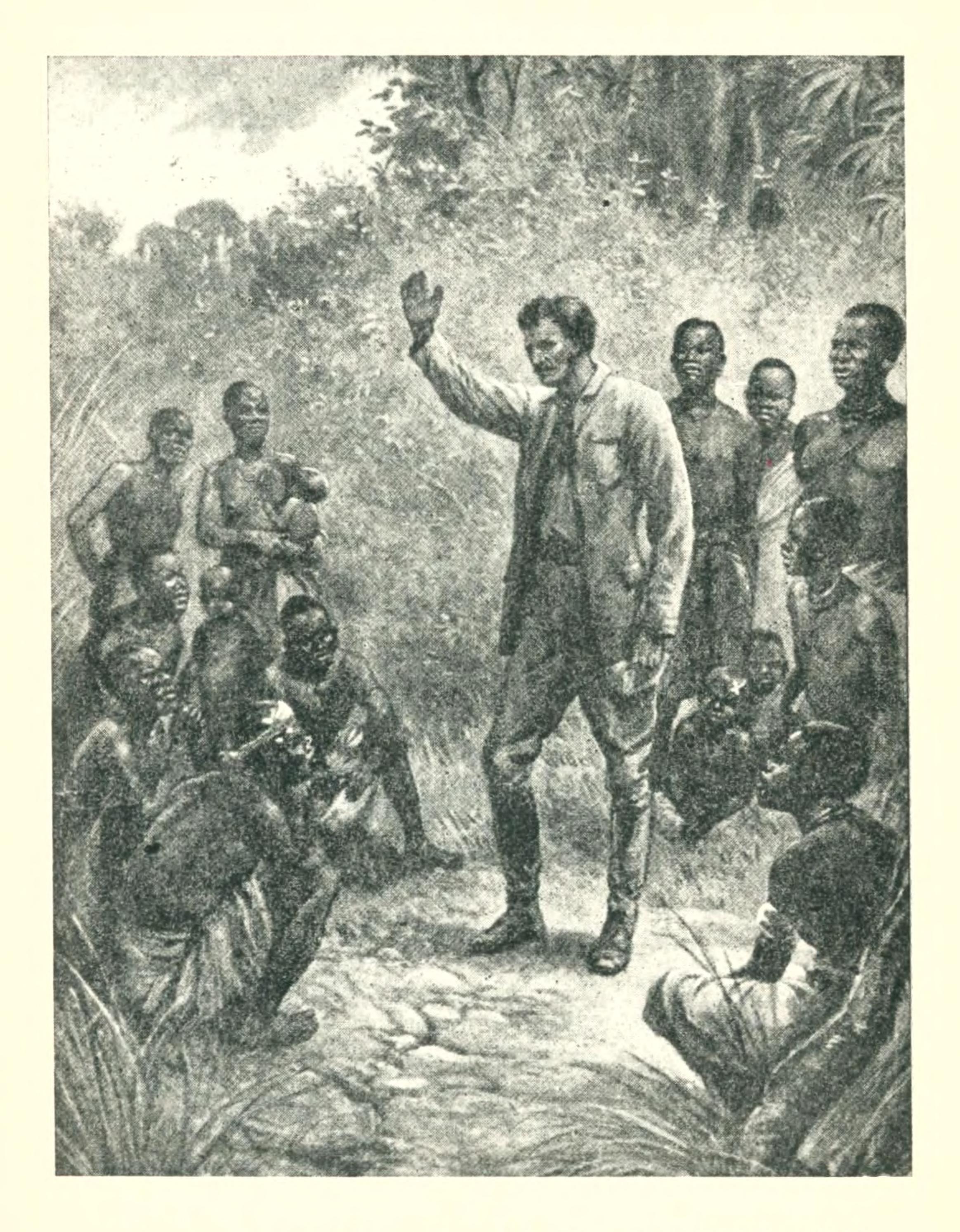
Soon after David's conversion he became possessed of a strong desire to go forth to the heathen with the Gospel, and in order to qualify himself for such a path, he set himself to obtain a knowledge of medicine. His own words concerning this important step are very simple and sweet, and they tell the motive that led him to such a choice. He writes: "In the glow of love which Christianity inspires, I soon resolved to devote my life to the alleviation of human misery. I felt that to be a pioneer of Christianity in China might lead to the material benefit of some portions of that immense empire." Thus it was that in the ardour of his "first love," which is the best time of one's life to get from the Master's hand the service in which the energies of youth and the years of manhood are to be spent, David Livingstone asked and received from the

Lord, Whose now he was, and Whom he desired to serve, the line of service which He planned for him. He attended medical and Greek classes at the Glasgow University during the winter, sharing a humble room, which cost him half-acrown a week, and living in common with other students, chiefly on oatmeal. During the summer he wrought at his trade, and was thus able to support himself without



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

receiving a farthing to aid him from anyone. This noble example is worth imitating. Some of the best known and most talented Christian men have been "self-made," as the world speaks, working with their hands, in many cases living in the most frugal way, in order not to be a burden to anybody. This is noble and praiseworthy. Having finished his medical curriculum, and received his diploma,

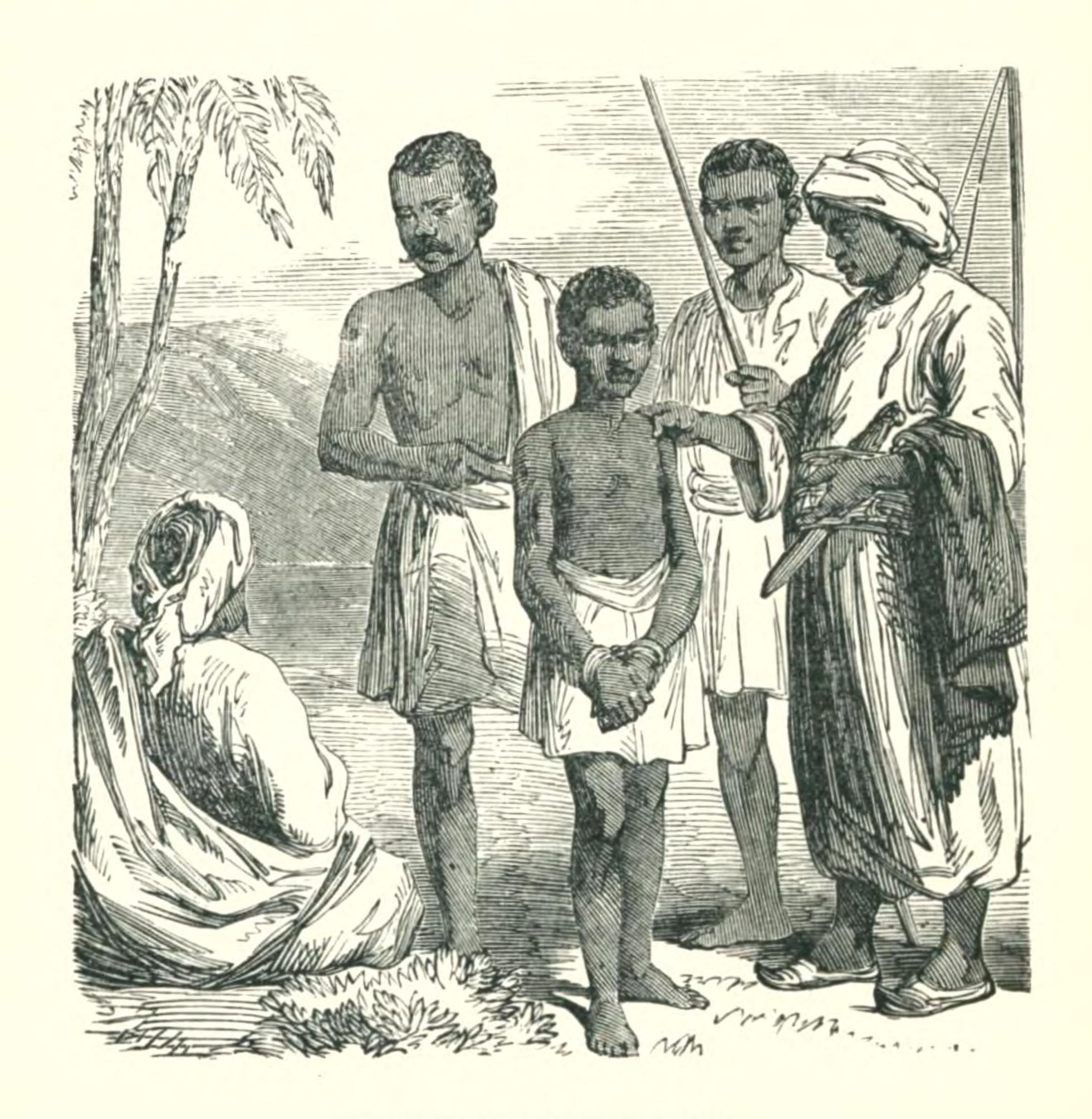


DAVID LIVINGSTONE TELLING THE STORY OF JESUS
TO THE DARK AFRICANS.

David set himself to pick up some knowledge of carpentry work, agriculture, and other crafts, which might be useful to him in the mission field, and well it was that he did, otherwise it would have fared ill with him when he found himself amid the lone deserts, or face to face with the task of building for himself both dwelling-house and school, as well as cultivating grain for his own sustenance. "foreign missionary" needs to be a man who, like the Apostle Paul, can preach Christ, gather sticks to make a fire, make tents, or guide a ship in stormy seas. A mere "preacher," a platform or pulpit orator, is of no use whatever; no more is a lady of the drawing-room more familiar with the piano than the wash-tub. God wants "labourers," well hardened off by self-denying habits and uphill work among the lost and needy in the slums and neglected corners of the home field, to go forth, content to be little known, save in the annals of Heaven, in their work abroad.

Livingstone was not much of a preacher. So true was this, that when he was at Ongar, in Essex, under the theological tuition of Richard Cecil, he was regarded as a "failure." And, indeed, so indifferent was he as to whether he would "pass" his examination test or not, that he had been rejected by the leaders of the London Missionary Society as defective in the art of preaching, he would not have been greatly disappointed, for David Livingstone was not formed in a mould to be the accredited agent of any particular sect or Society; he felt the need of being the Lord's freeman, ready to go and do whatever He might appoint for him. And although he did go forth eventually under the auspices of that Society, he soon severed his

connection with it, rather than embarrass its position, or compromise his own. The servant of Christ, whether at home or abroad, needs to be free from all human restraint and obligation, in order that he may run the Master's errands whenever and wherever He may send him. When

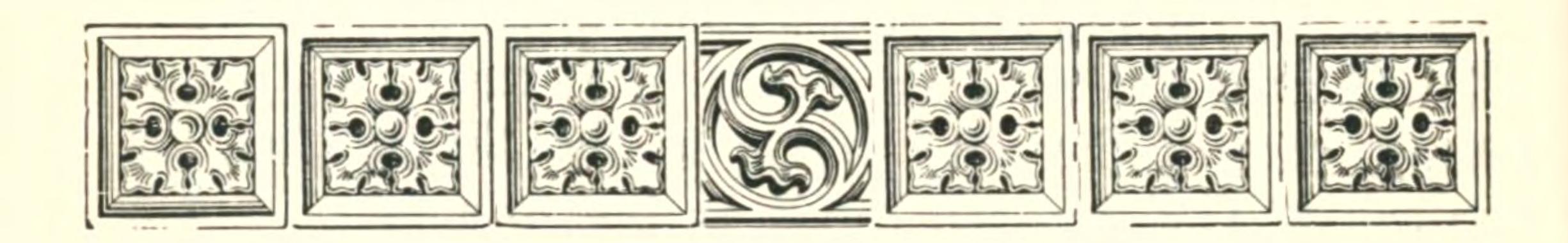


AFRICAN SLAVE BOY.

all was about ready for the young medical missionary to start for China, the opium war with Great Britain—one of the most iniquitous wars in which British arms were ever engaged—broke out, closing the door against all missionary

effort in the Chinese empire. This was a gerat blow, and a real trial of faith to the zealous young missionary, no doubt allowed as a needed lesson in patience; and as the sequel shows, part of the out-working of the Divine plan, for the call of God was not to China, but to another equally needy land. While waiting for light and guidance, Livingstone met with Robert Moffat, the earnest missionary pioneer from South Africa, who was then on a visit to Britain, telling of the open door there, and the need of men of God to enter it with the Gospel. It was by means of an interview with Mr. Moffat that Livingstone had the needs of Africa laid upon his heart, and soon after, he heard the call of God to go forth to its dark-skinned dwellers with the Gospel's message.

When he returned to Blantyre to bid farewell to his friends, David Hogg, a well-known villager, in shaking hands with the young doctor, said, "Now, my lad, make religion the everyday business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts, for if you do not, temptation and other things will get the better of you." This was sound advice, as true now as it was then, for all who belong to Christ. To make His business the chief of life, to seek to please and honour Him is the only safe and happy path, in which there is present joy and future reward.



## Amid the Desert Kraals.

On the 17th November, 1840, Neil Livingstone stood upon the Broomielaw Bridge, Glasgow, taking a last farewell of his son, who was going by steamer to England. On the 20th, he, with some others, were commended in London to the Lord for the work to which they had given themselves, and after a three months' voyage, Livingstone arrived in Cape Town. From thence he proceeded to Algoa Bay, and soon after by ox-waggon he arrived at Kuruman, where, by means of the labours of Robert Moffat, a green spot, literally and spiritually, had come into existence, from which the Gospel of God sounded forth, and to which the natives grouped to hear it. But Livingstone had too much of the pioneer's spirit to rest there, or to enter on the field of another man's labours. His motto was—Forward. Away, beyond Kuruman, which was the most northerly

mission station at that time in Africa, but in reality, "the most southern point of the real mission field," as Livingstone put it. Further north lay fields upon fields unreached. To the north and north-west were the Bangwaketsi, further still the Bakwains, and, beyond these, the Bakaa. He visited all these in succession, studying



PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO KAFFIR PRISONERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

their languages to fit himself to labour amongst them. Then the tribes he longed to reach, unknown and unnamed of Matabeleland, and further north on the Zambesi. The eye and heart of the true Gospeller yearned to reach these unevangelized millions, but the Society's directors did not see their way clear to encourage his proposals, further than to give their permission for a new station, which, in 1843, Livingstone founded in a valley not far from the Mabotsa mountain range, from which it took its name. Here he began his work among the Bakatla.

It was while living here, that an incident occurred which is one of the most familiar events of his life. The Bakatla of the village were much annoyed by lions. They entered



MATABELE WARRIOR.

the cattle pens by night and carried off their cows. They had several times gone forth to attack the lions, but always returned without success. Livingstone determined to lead the next attack, hoping to kill at least one of the marauders. When this happens, the rest usually take the hint and leave that part of the country. The party started off and found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length.

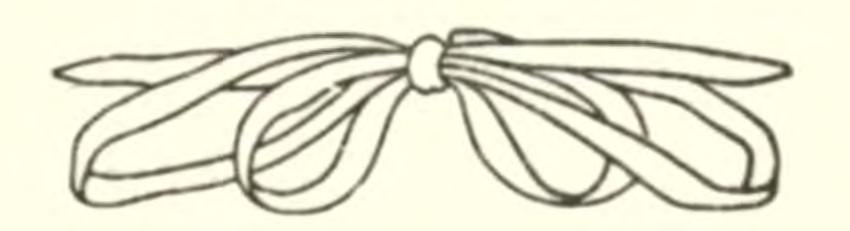
The party formed a circle, gradually closing, and ascending. Three of the lions escaped, but on the way back one of the lions was seen sitting on a rock. Livingstone fired two shots at him, and when loading to give him a third, the beast gave one loud howl, sprang upon Livingstone, caught him

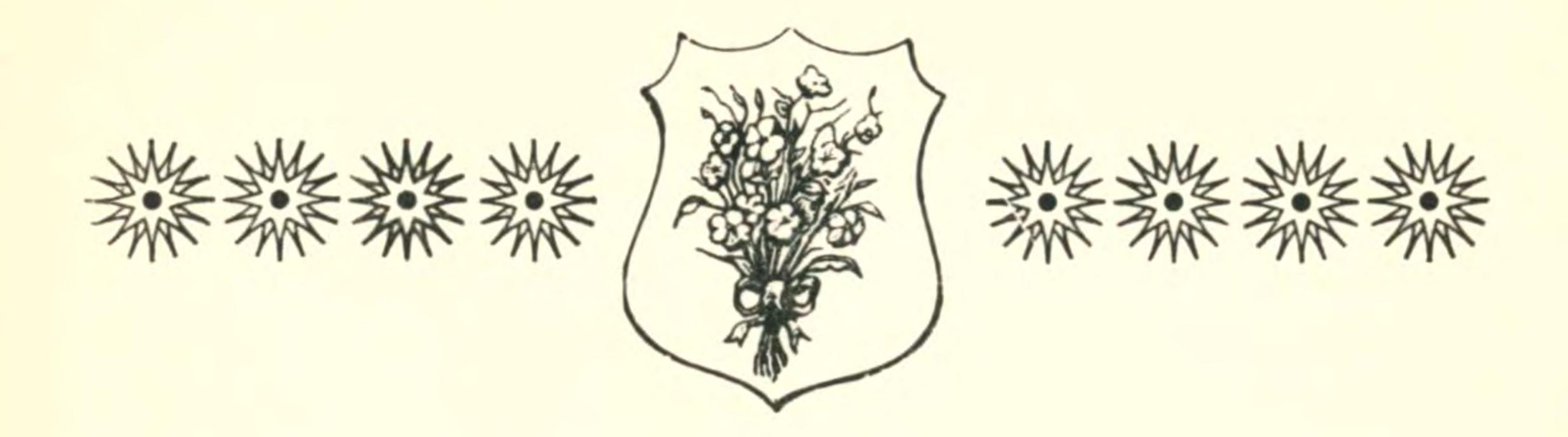


AFRICAN BOY PLOUGHING.

by the shoulder, crushing the bone to splinters, and leaving eleven tooth wounds in the flesh. The lion shook him as a dog does a rat, then placed his paw on the back of his head, bearing heavily. Mebalwe, one of the party, took aim at the lion from a distance of fifteen yards. The gun

missed fire, and the lion, seizing the opportunity, left Livingstone, and, dashing at Mebalwe, bit his thigh, then turned to attack another, but fell dead from the bullets he had received. The natives made a huge bonfire on the carcase, which they declared to be the largest they had ever seen. Thus the Lord spared His servant from a violent death, to serve Him in the further spread of the Gospel. A few months' care and nursing at Kuruman brought him back to health; and while there, he found a true help-meet in Mary Moffat, the eldest daughter of the devoted missionary there. They were soon afterwards married, and settled to a busy life at Mabotsa among the Bakatla.





# Journeys in Africa.

In these two years the Livingstones had thrice changed their home; from Mabotsa to Chenwane, then on to Kolobeng still further inland. A peep at their mode of life may interest you. Rising in the early morning, breakfast was over by six o'clock, then worship, followed by school, in which both taught. After dinner, Mary Livingstone attended to household duties, baking bread, making butter in a jar, candles in wooden moulds, and soap from the ashes of a plant, then milking the cows. Livingstone himself was occupied in building, tilling the ground, sowing and cultivating vegetables and fruits, upon which they chiefly subsisted. Then at five, he visited the sick, gave medicine and advice, spoke to all who would listen to the Gospel message, and held meetings thrice a week. He tells us he had no ambition to "form a Church of nominal Christians," nor did he press the natives to make a profession of faith in order that he might send home glowing

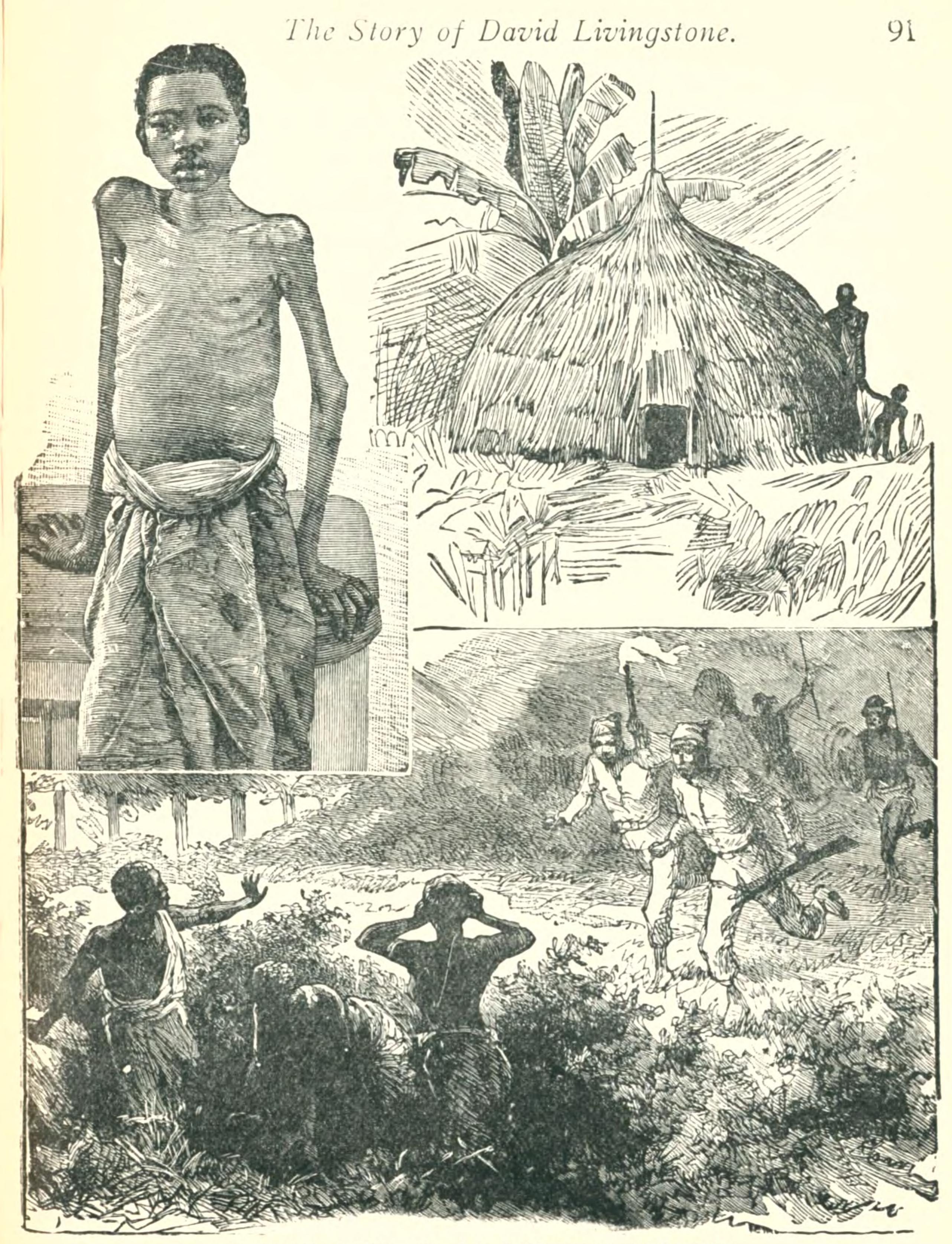
reports of the success of his work. He rather sought to speak the Word simply and earnestly, to live Christ before the heathen, and to leave the results with God.

Three little children had by this time been given to the Livingstones, whose prattle enlivened their desert home; and although far from friends, and surrounded by the heathen, with wild beasts ever near, they were peaceful and happy in the knowledge that God, Who loved them,



WITCH DOCTOR.

watched over them day and night. An enemy worse than lions, and more persistent in their attacks, was the Boers of the Cashan Mountains, a body of Dutch farmers who had fled from British law, and been joined by outlaws and deserters, who hated everybody who sought to alleviate the miseries of the blacks, whom they treated as slaves.



A SLAVE RAID ON AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

Although Livingstone had ministered to many of them when sick, they sought to have him removed by raising a report, which reached the ears of the Governor at Cape Town, that he had given the natives guns, and that they had seen cannon at the station, which turned out to have been his cooking pot.

Sechèle, the chief of the Bakwains, had welcomed Livingstone, and given remarkable attention to his message. After three years, he was baptised as a Christian, but was much disappointed in finding the people of his tribe unwilling to hear what had made his heart glad. "In former times," said Sechèle, "when the chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs and hunted, too. If the chief drank beer, so did they; but here it is different, for, though I love the Word of God, none of my people will have it."

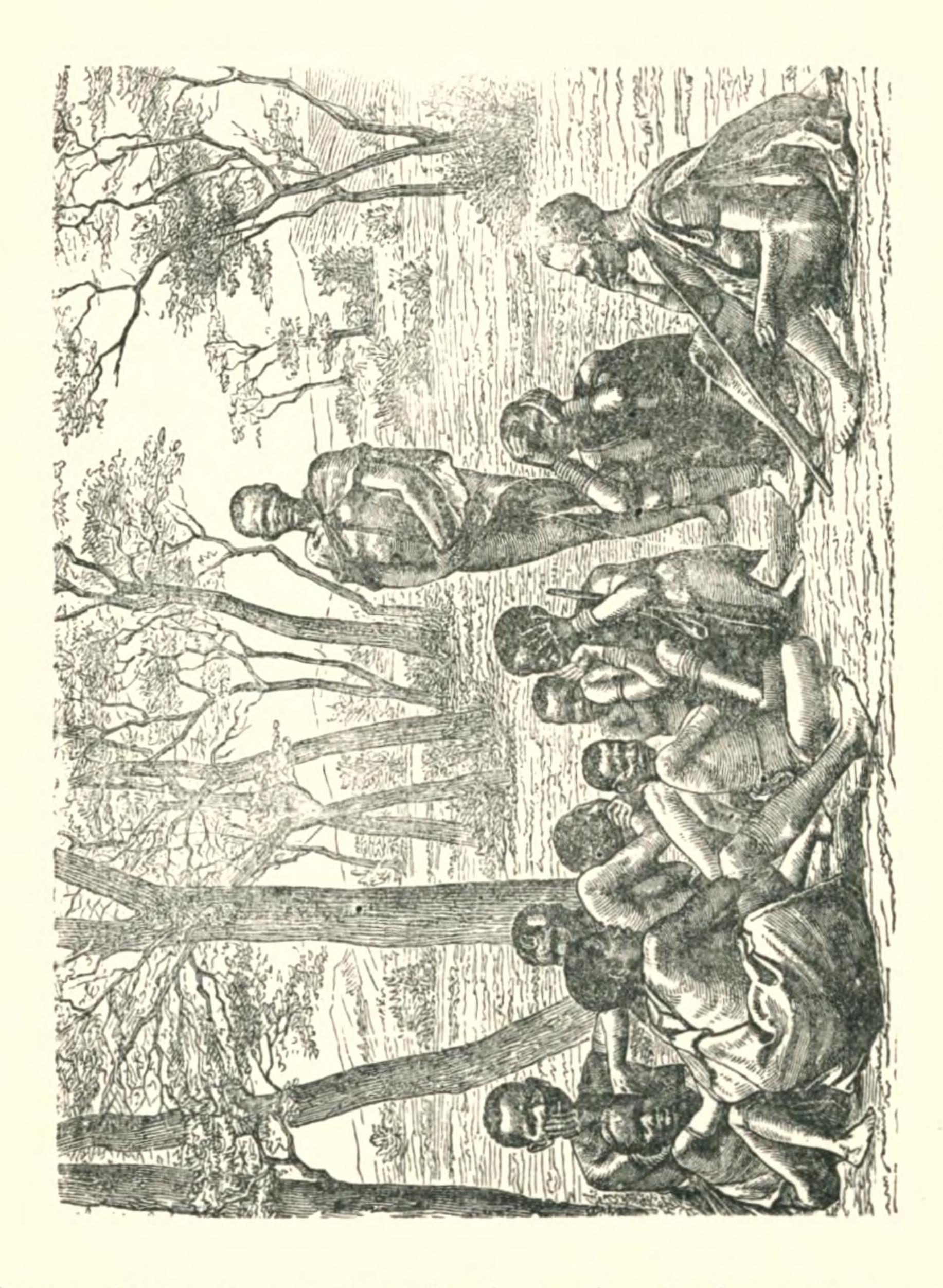




# The Discovery of Lake Ngami.

THE following year Livingstone started on a long journey to the court of Sebituane, the chief of a powerful tribe named the Makololo, in which his wife and children accompanied him, but which, alas! was cut short by the death of his youngest child, the severe illness of his wife, and the prostration of nearly all his servants with fever, the very oxen dying from the bites of tsetse fly, which caused them to return to Kuruman. In April, 1851, a third attempt was made to reach the Makololo country, taking the Kalahari Desert route, and, after a long and hazardous journey, he reached the court of Sebituane, and was received by the chief, who was the most widely known from Cape Colony to the Zambesi. After a month's stay their hopes of settling among the Makololo were blighted by the death of the chief from inflammation of the lungs. Livingstone had many opportunities of speaking with him, and prayed for him at his dying bed.

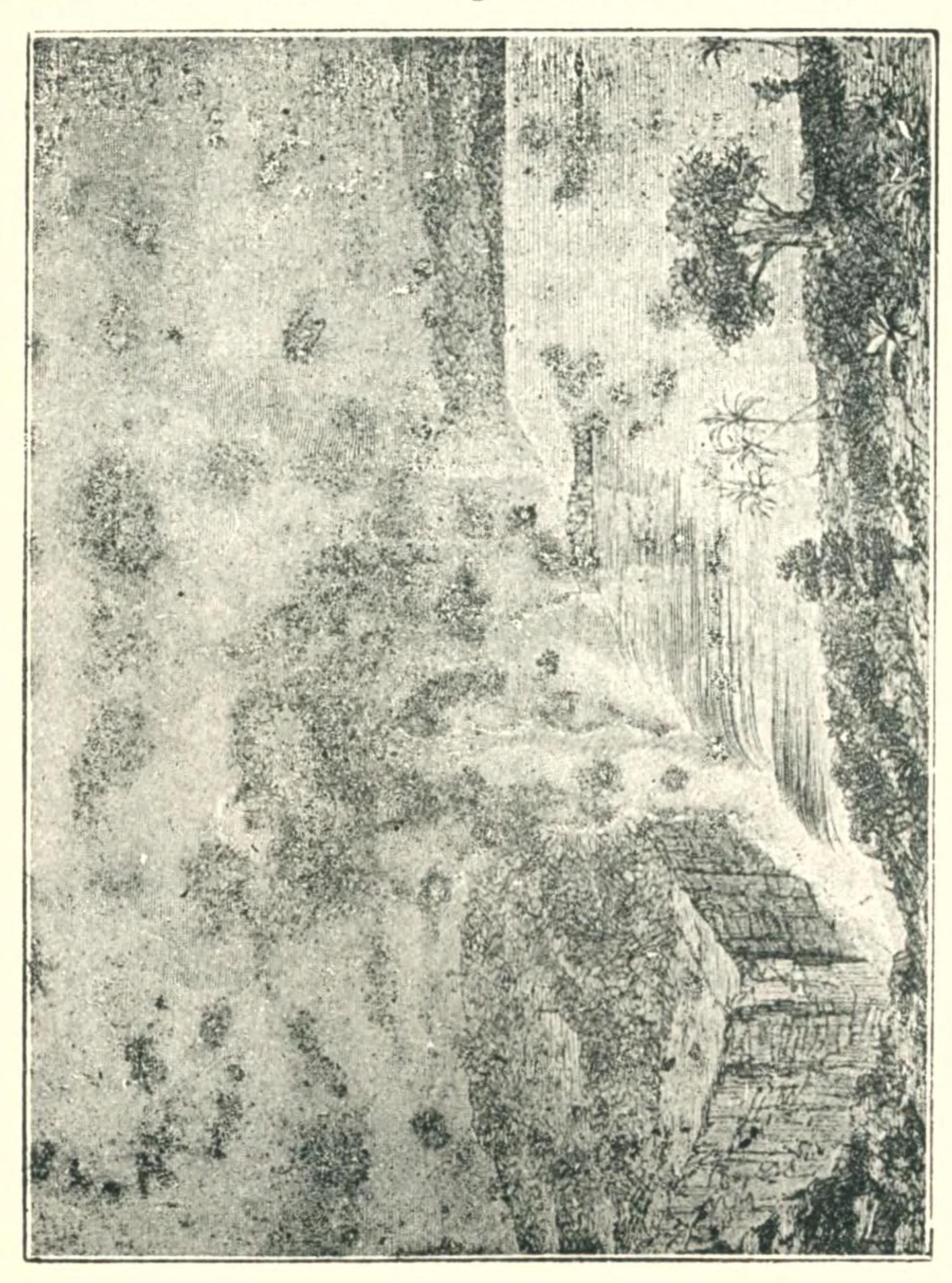
A further journey leading on northward to Sesheke led to the discovery of the great river Zambesi, in the heart of Africa, which though then at its lowest, had a channel



of from three to six hundred yards of deep water; when it rises, it floods twenty miles of country beyond its banks. Livingstone's desire was to trace it to its sources, and, in

TORIA FALLS OF ZAMBESI.

a most unhealthy region, he took his family to the Cape, and sent them home to England, where he hoped to join



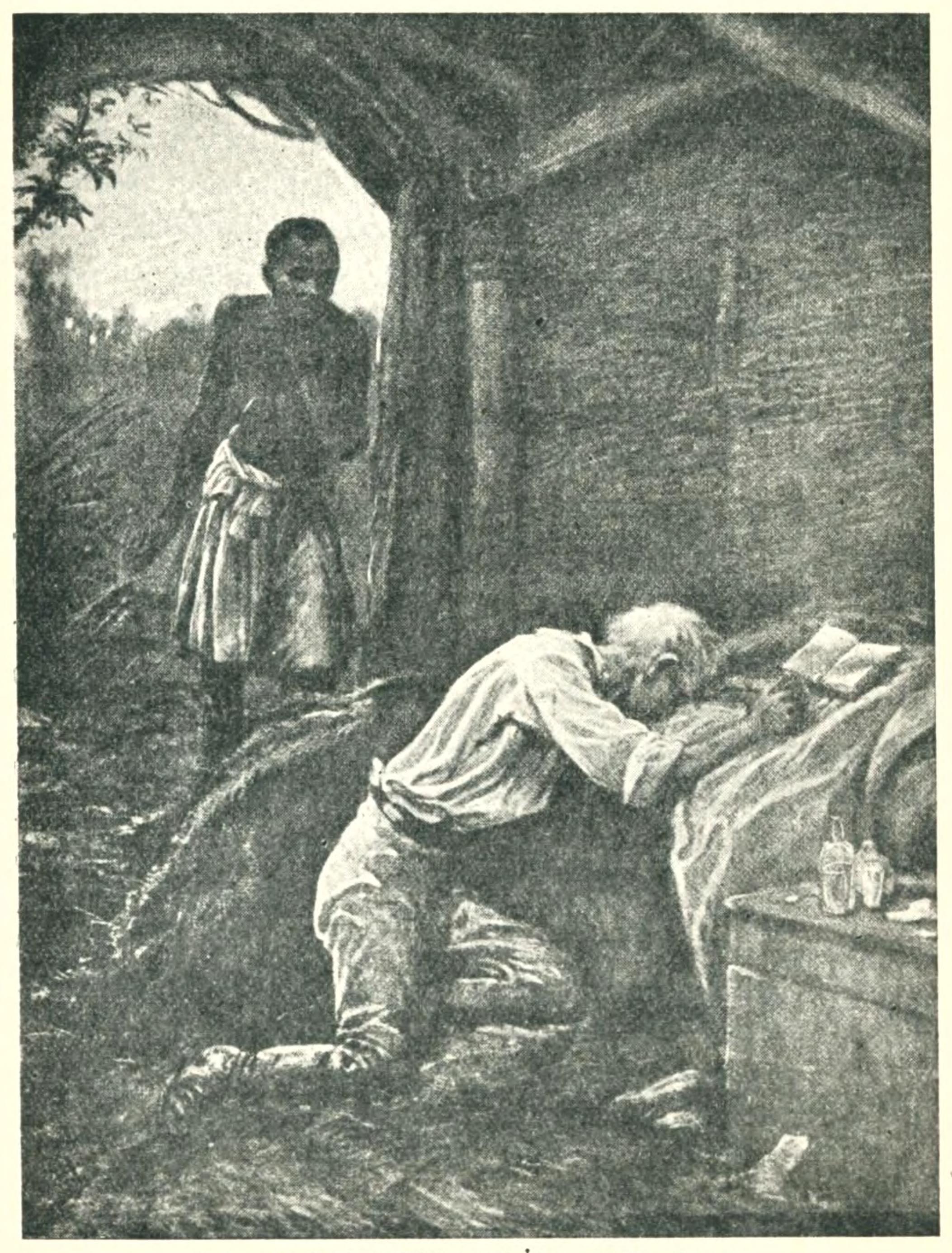
them in two years; which, however, were lengthened to five. In the interval, he visited the Makololo again; on he pressed, through trackless forests, past hundreds of

villages, each with its idol, here preaching to the natives, next laid down with fever, now suffering from thirst, then in swamps drenched day and night, until he reached Loanda, wasted by fever and depressed by care, "a bag of bones," as he described himself. After a brief sojourn at Loanda, he started off with a larger party to cross Africa, along the watershed of the two great rivers which drain Africa—the Congo and the Zambesi. Here dangers from elephants, buffalos, and lions were frequent. All through this journey Livingstone preached Christ, and sought to live Christ before his followers, and he was permitted to see definite fruit of his labour. It was during this journey that the great falls of the Zambesi—to which the name of Victoria Falls were given—were first seen. They are about three hundred feet in height, and eighteen hundred yards wide. The noble river, a mile in width, passes into a fissure in the hard basaltic rock, and falls over 400 feet, sending a cloud of spray a long distance into the air, in rainbow tints, falling again over the banks, causing the grandest tropical vegetation. The natives of this region were hospitable, and willing to hear the Gospel. Here he hoped an open door would be found for others, his work he believing to be that of a pioneer. On December 9th, 1856, Livingstone reached England, and was warmly welcomed by his wife and family, and indeed by the whole British nation. From an obscure missionary he had become a great explorer. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and invited to Windsor by Queen Victoria; yet, amid all this honour, David Livingstone remained the same humble follower of Christ, with a heart still warm with His love for the down-trodden slaves of Africa.

# Opening New Fields.

I go back to Africa, to try and make an open path for Christianity and commerce: do you carry on the work which I have begun. I leave it with you." Such were Livingstone's words to a company of graduates at Cambridge, on the eve of his return to Africa. Accompanied by his wife and youngest son, taking with them in sections the Ma Robert, a steam launch to be used on the Zambesi; which, however, proved a failure. The mouths of the Zambesi, the Shire River, and Lake Nyassa, were all explored by Livingstone between 1858-62. On April 27th, 1862, Mrs. Livingstone died at Shapunga, an event which Livingstone never ceased to mourn. He writes in his diary: "I am left alone in the world by one whom I felt to be part of myself. She rests under the baobab tree at Shapunga. In some other spot I may have looked at, my own resting place may be allotted. I have often wished that it might be in some far-off still deep forest, where I may sleep till the resurrection morn." In 1863 he again

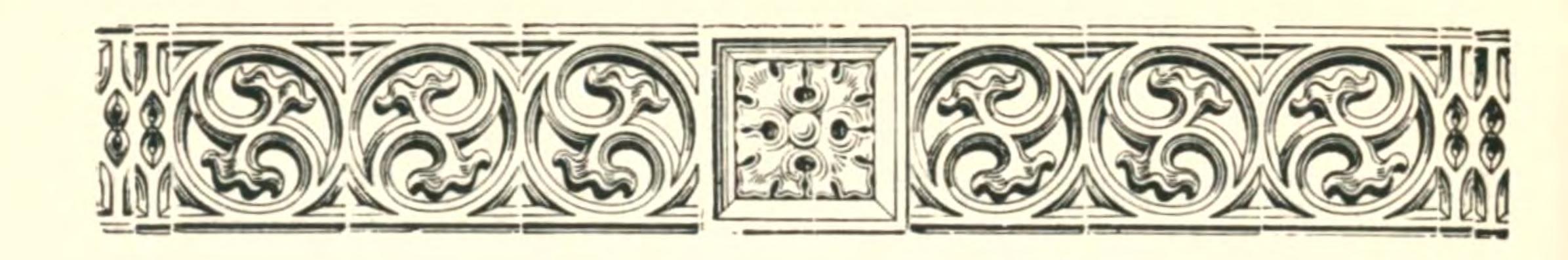
explored the Shire and Nyassa valleys, and in 1864, after



DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S HOME CALL.

a short sojourn in the homeland, during which he visited

Blantyre, his native village, and stirred up interest in the African mission field, he returned to Africa in 1866, as it proved for the last time. The slave trade had depopulated parts of the country once full of people, and dead and dying slaves were found all along the roads. The Arab slave traders feared and hated him, and he never ceased to expose their unholy traffic. Lake Tanganyika was sighted, Lakes Moero and Bangweolo were discovered, and being weak from frequent attacks of fever, he determined to go to Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika. On the journey thither, he became so ill that he had to be carried. Weakened by fever, his mind wandered, and he thought of himself as again at home amid his family. Attended by his faithful servants, Chuma and Susi, he made his way through the dense forests. Here he was robbed, some of his men mutinied, others ran off and told at the coast that Livingstone had been murdered. Many of his friends in England believed the story, so no effort was made to reach him. He arrived at Ujiji, to find that all his stores had been plundered. Suffering from ulcers of his feet, he was unable to go about, but occupied his time well in reading. It was about this time that he wrote in his journal, "I have read the Bible four times through." But deliverance was on the way from another quarter.



## Lost and Found.

On the 28th October, 1871, while Livingstone was in Ujiji, Susi his servant came running in great excitement to his master crying, "An Englishman is coming." Livingstone went out to meet this unknown visitor, who had by this time entered the village to the accompaniment of gun-firing and shouting. The American flag, with its stars and stripes fluttering in the breeze, told Livingstone that his visitor was from that country. In a few moments Henry M. Stanley stepped forward, and with much emotion clasped the doctor's hand. He had been sent by Mr. Gordon Bennett, of New York, to find Livingstone, if alive, if dead to bring his bones to England. For four months Stanley remained with Livingstone, and his presence greatly cheered the aged explorer, now over sixty years old, his hair grey. Stanley was much attracted by his quiet, godly manner, his clear testimony to God's saving grace, and writes in his journal how he was made to see and feel the reality of genuine Christianity as he never had before. His love to Christ, his daily reading of God's Word, the simple trust in God, all spoke loudly to the intrepid

Stanley had seen much of the world—much, too, of its religion, but he confesses that he never met so true, so humble, and so real a Christian as David Livingstone.



A NATIVE BARBER AT WORK.

On March 14th they parted, never to meet on earth again; Stanley reached the coast and sailed for England, bearing Livingstone's journals. Livingstone turned back to the swampy region to finish his work and to die.



# The Last Journey: Rest with Christ.

STANLEY had promised to send reinforcements from the coast, which he did to the number of fifty-seven. On August 25th, 1872, Livingstone started off on his last journey around Lake Tanganyika, and along the western shore of Lake Bangweolo. On his birthday he wrote: "My Jesus, my King, my life, my all, I again dedicate my whole self to Thee." Such was the spirit in which the aged explorer, longing to open up the great slave country to civilization and the Gospel, started on his last mission. Across flooded rivers, through marshy swamps, until completely exhausted, he had to be carried upon Chuma's shoulders, then on a blanket hung on a pole, borne on the shoulders of his faithful servants. At length Chitambo's village was reached, where they found a native hut, into

which they carried him, laying him on a bed of grass, upheld by sticks. He lay all day apparently unconscious.



LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY.

Before midnight he asked Susi to bring his medicine chest, and, selecting a bottle with calomel, he said to his servant,

"All right, you can go now." Shortly before dawn, a lad who remained in the hut woke Susi, who when he entered the hut found the doctor on his knees by the side of the bed, his head resting in his hands. While in the act of praying to his God, David Livingstone's ransomed spirit had winged its flight from the fever-worn frame to the presence of Christ. He was absent from the body and present with the Lord. They buried his heart under a tree, and marked the spot near Chitambo's village; they dried the body in the sun, and wrapping it in calico covered with bark, they carried it to Zanzibar, from whence it reached England, accompanied by Susi and Chuma, his faithful followers. It was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey amid the mighty dead. Around the open grave men of all ranks and classes were gathered, from the peer to the peasant, and joined in singing the old Paraphrase:—

"O God of Bethel! by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed:
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led."

Along the border of the stone that marks his grave are the memorable words: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice."

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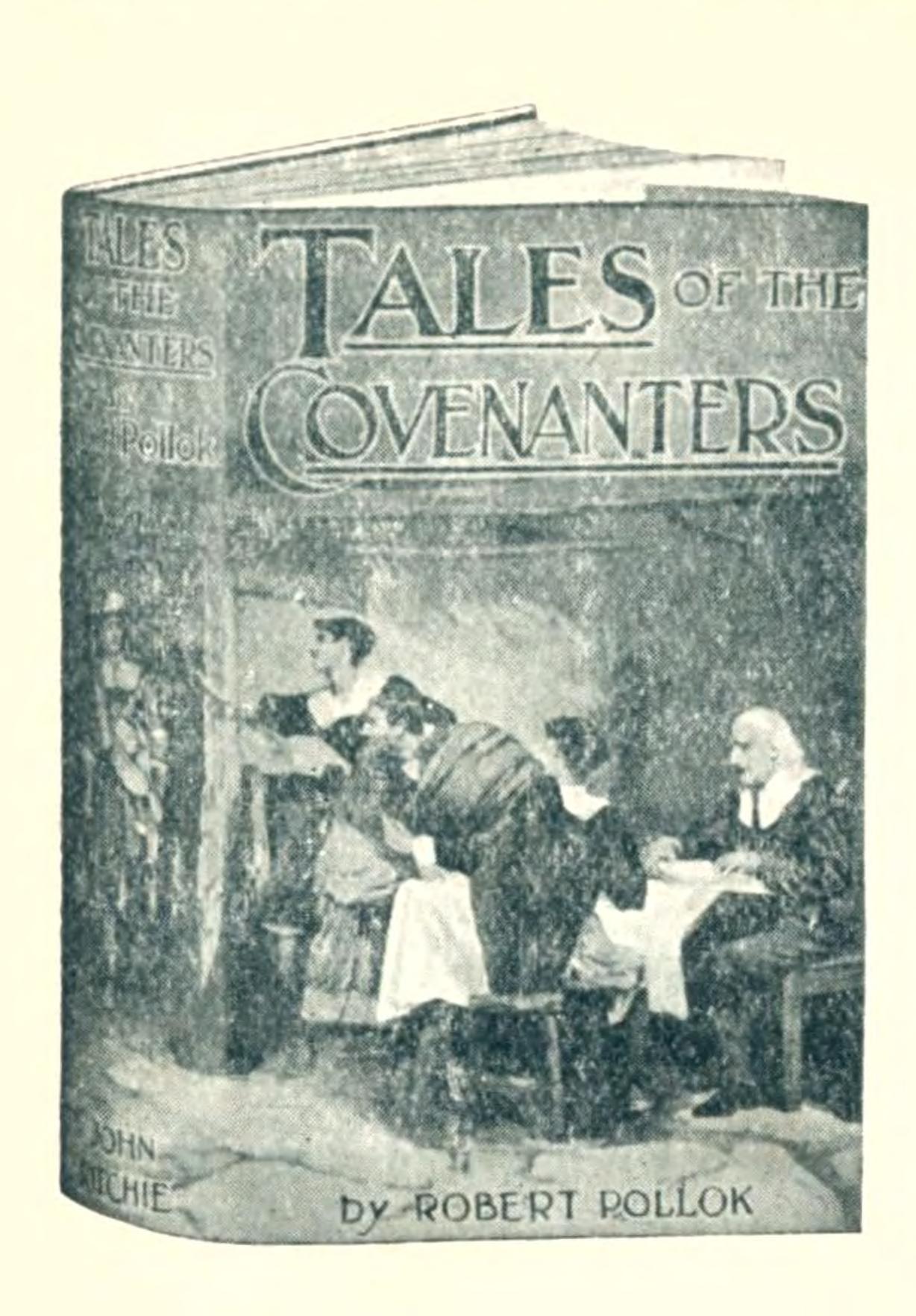
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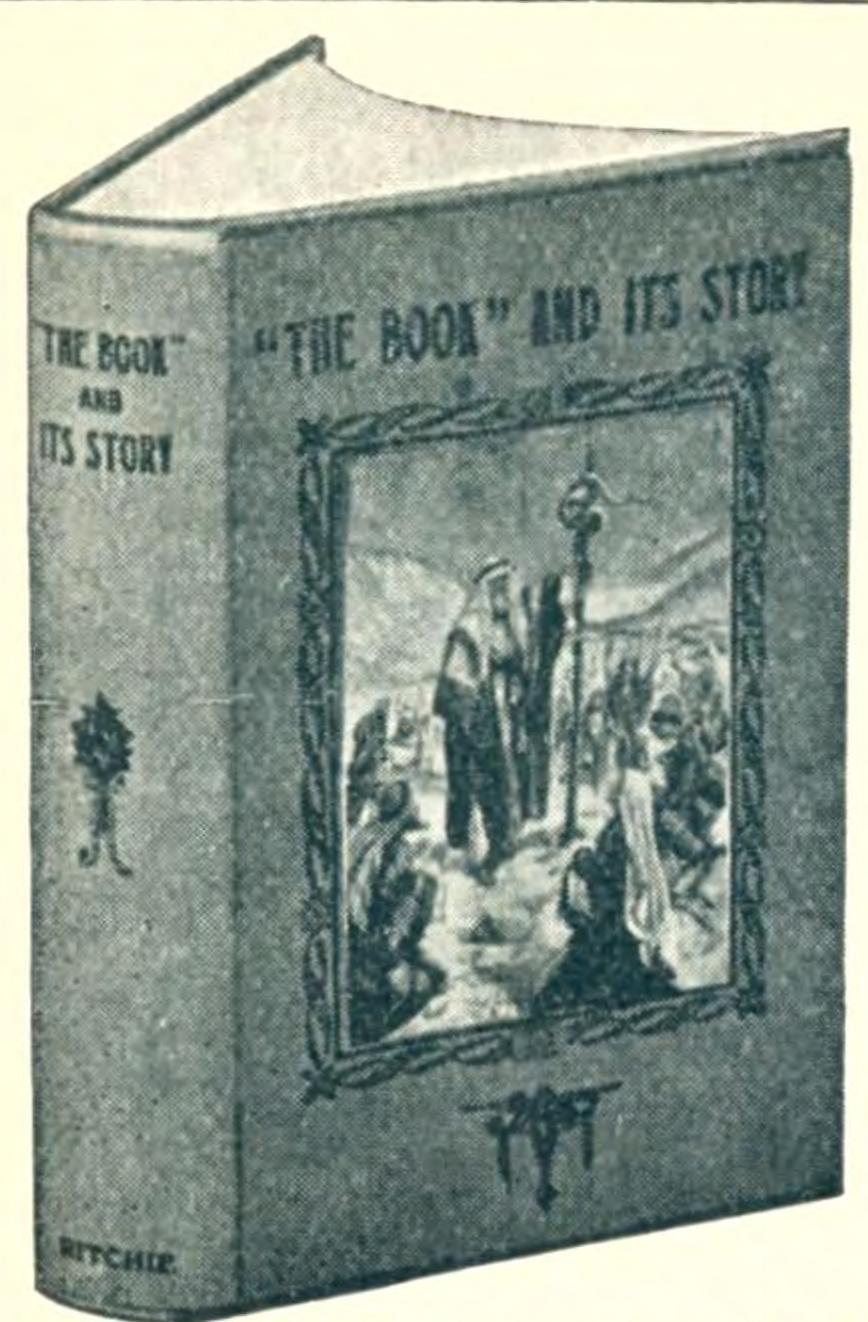
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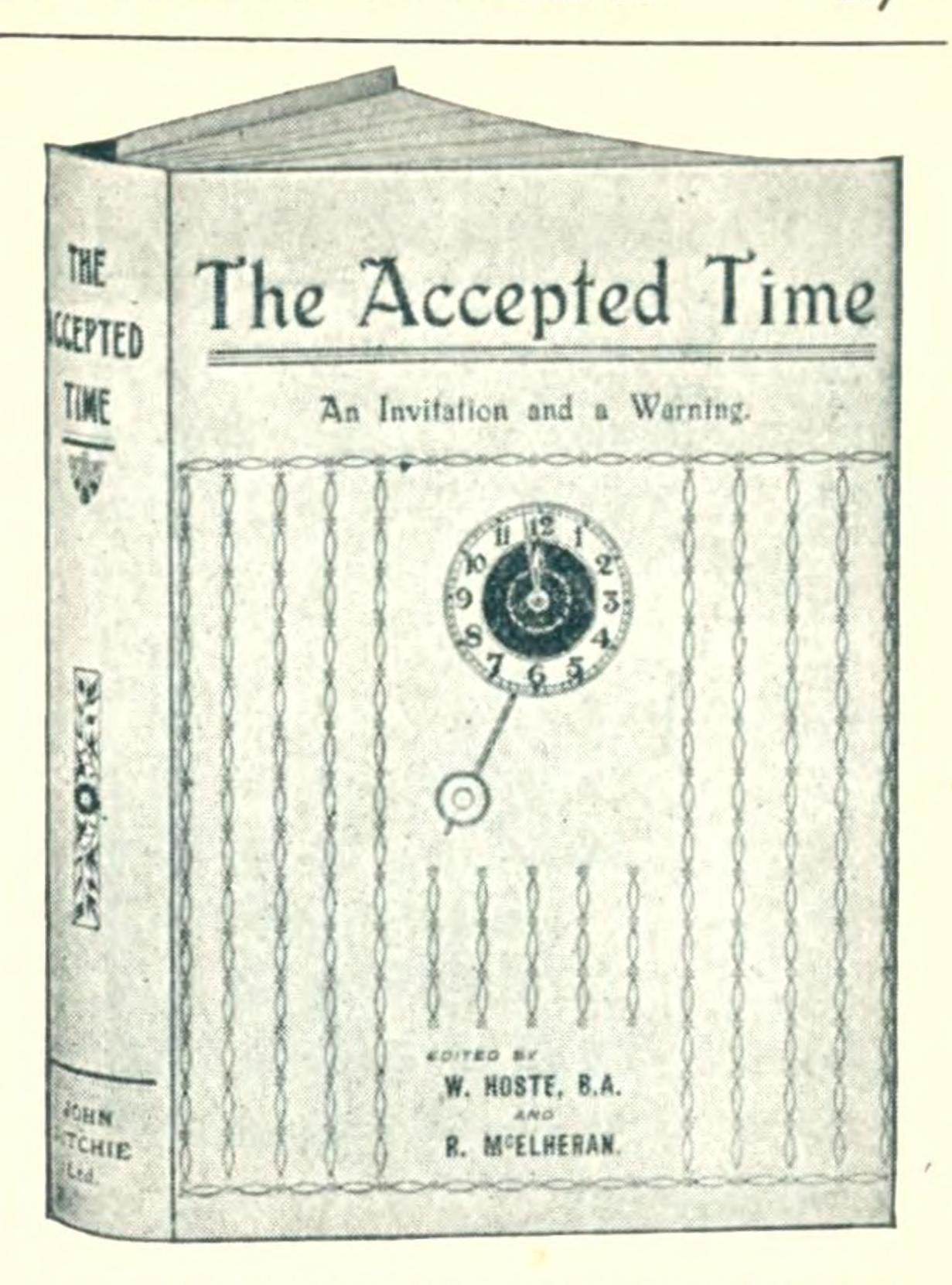
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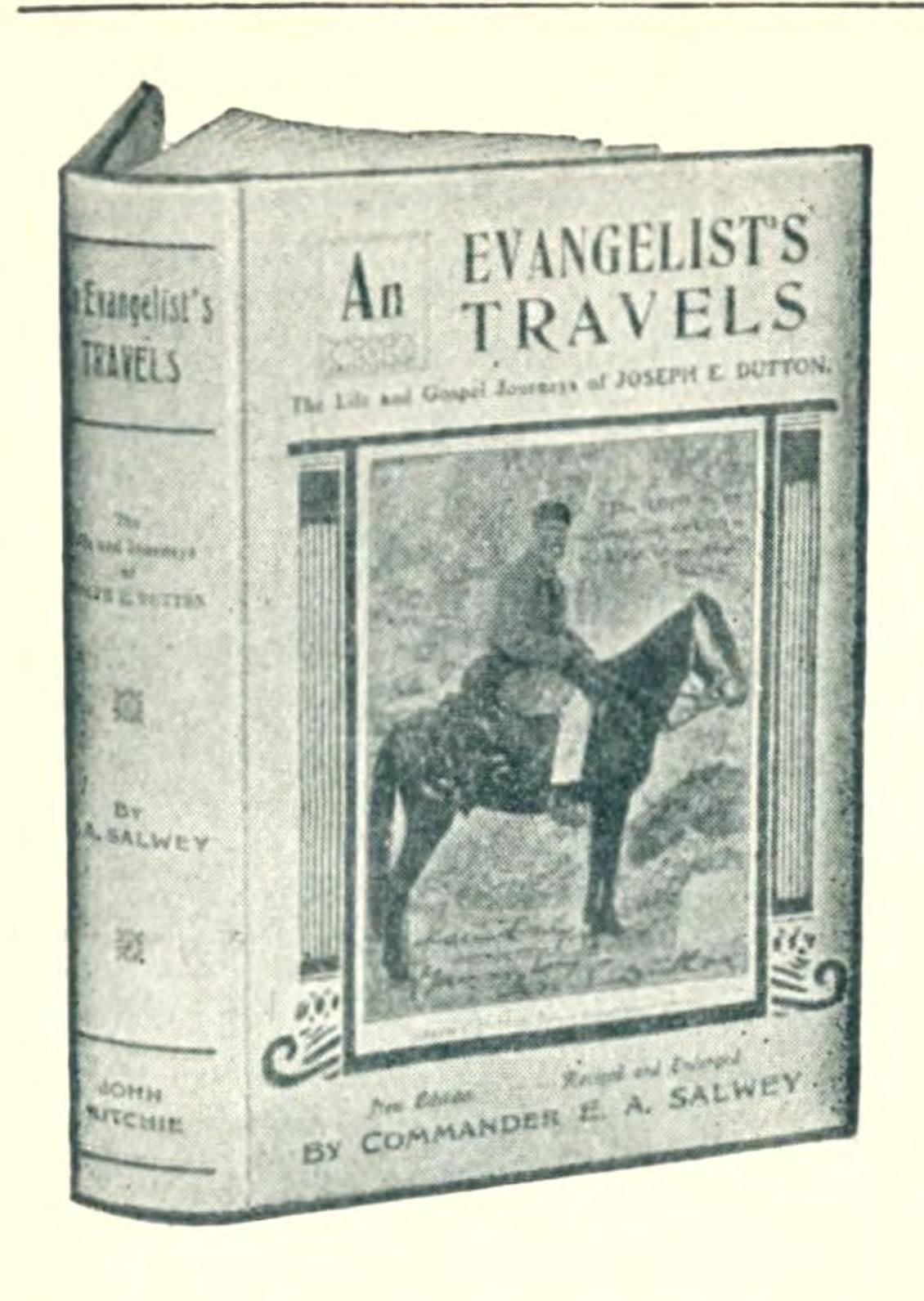
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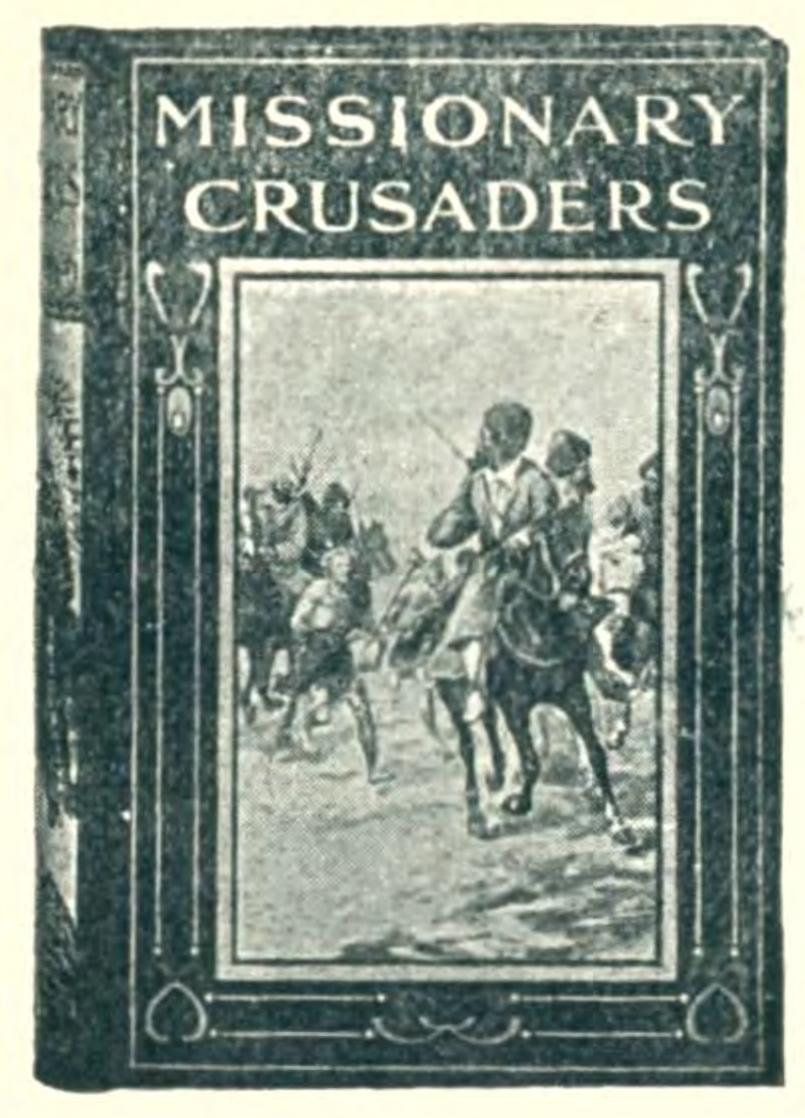
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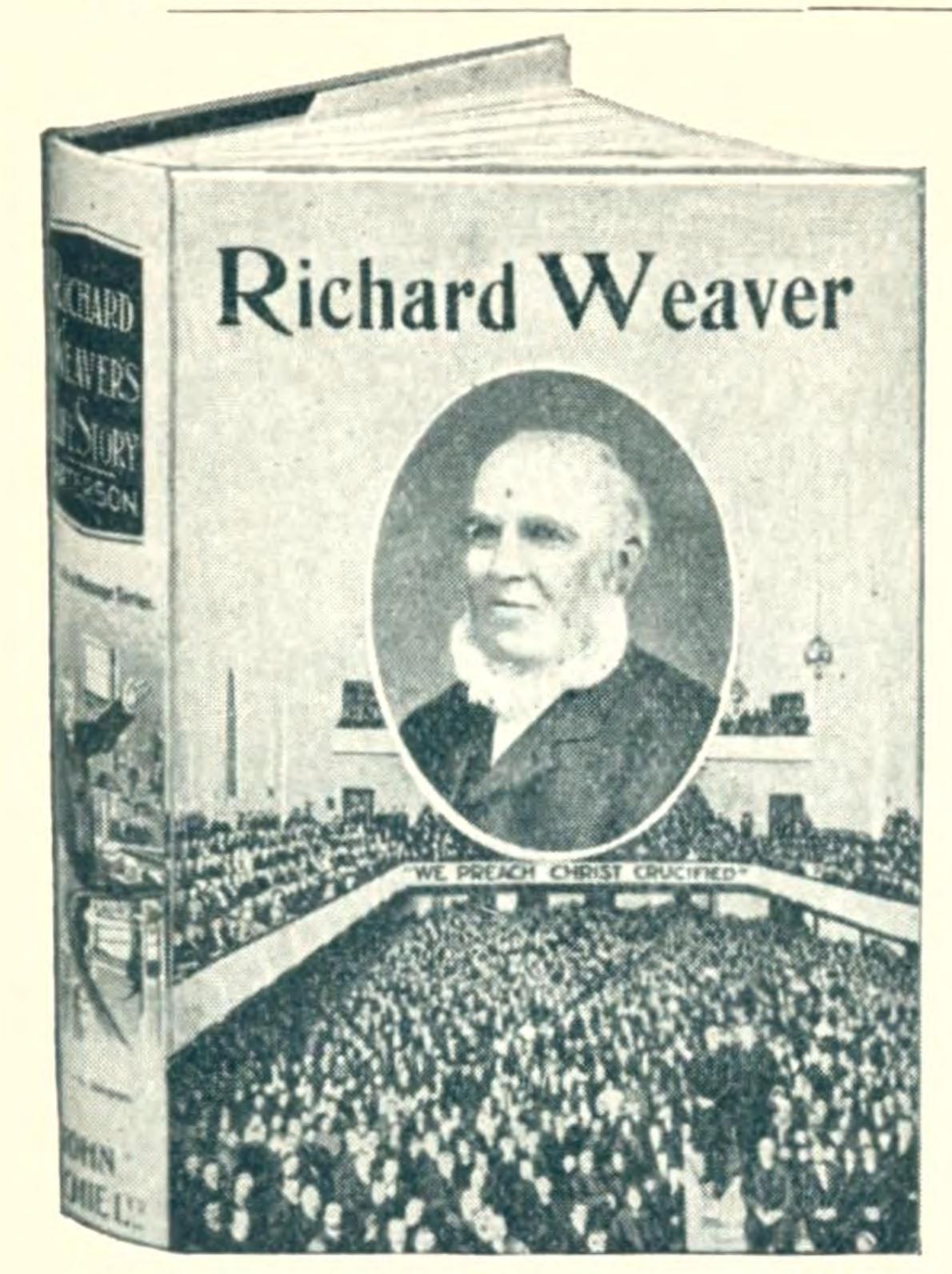
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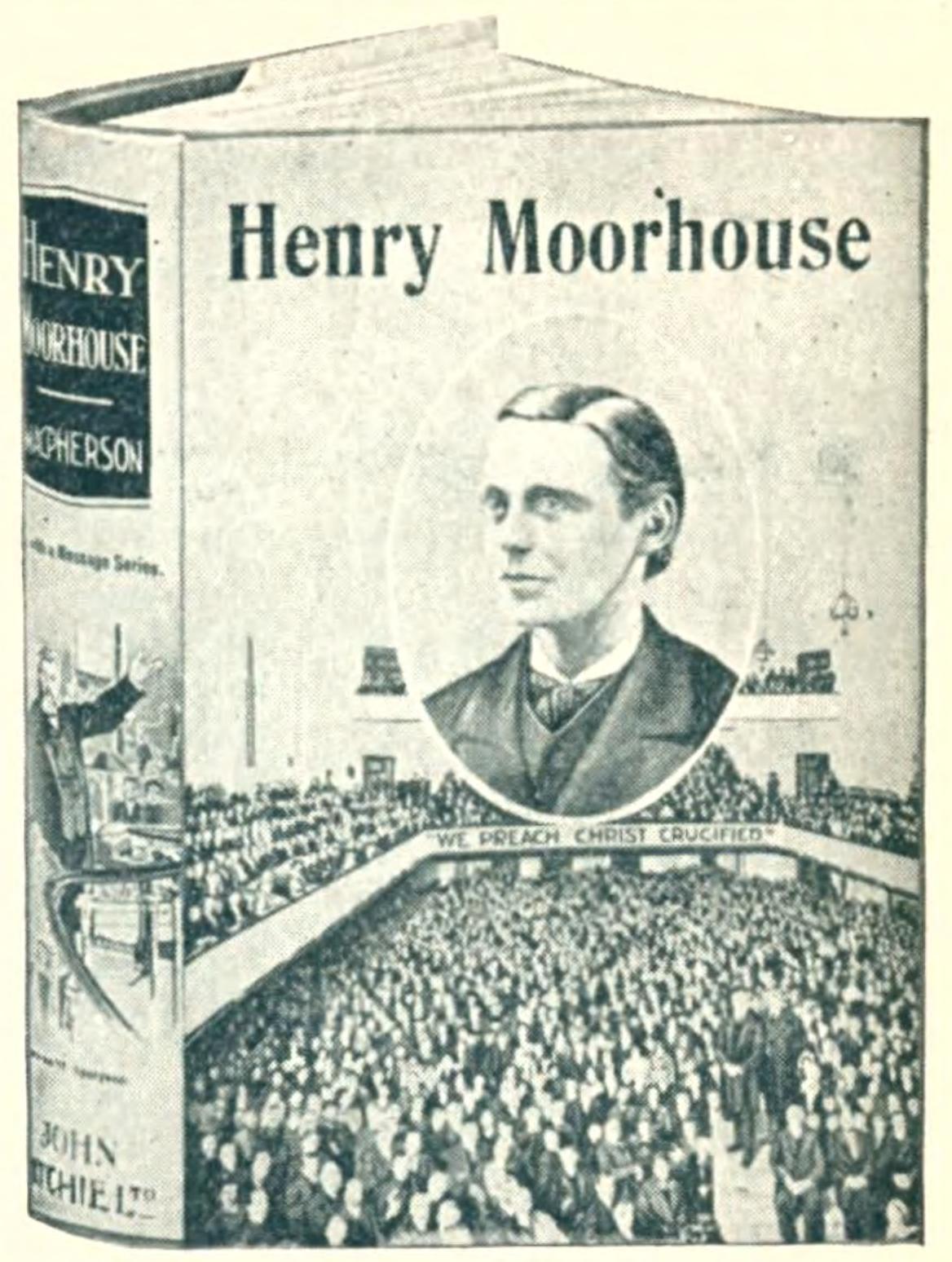
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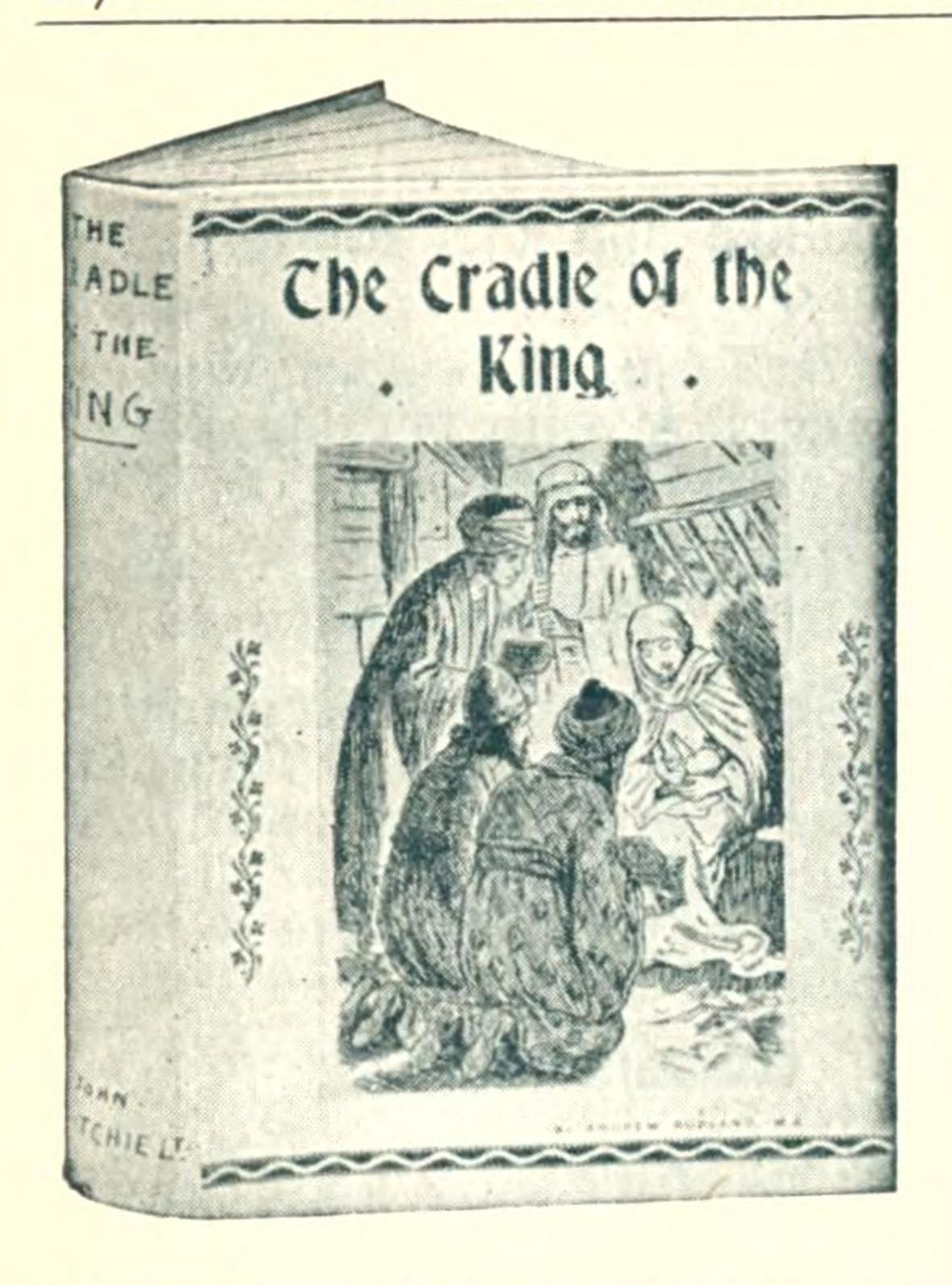
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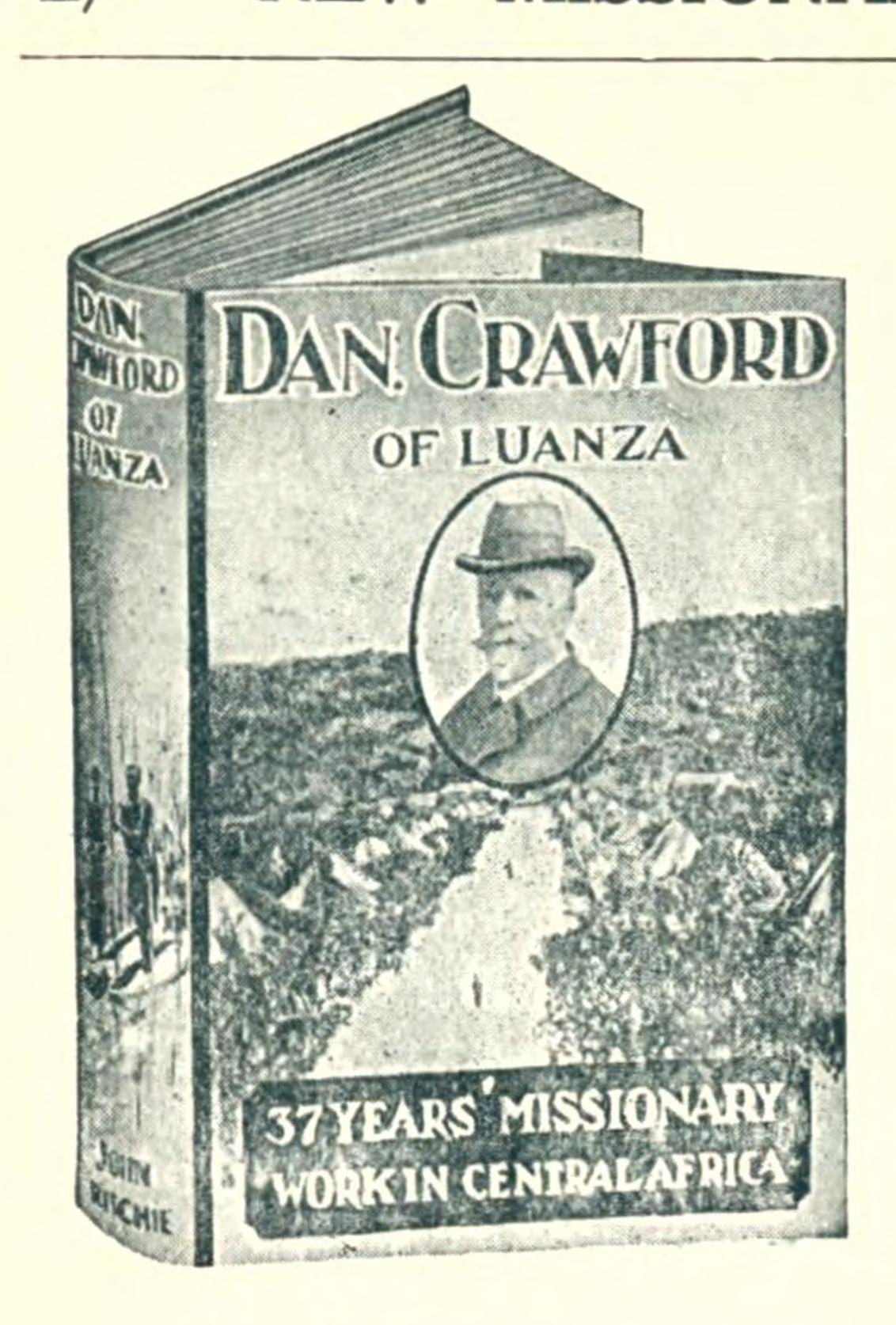
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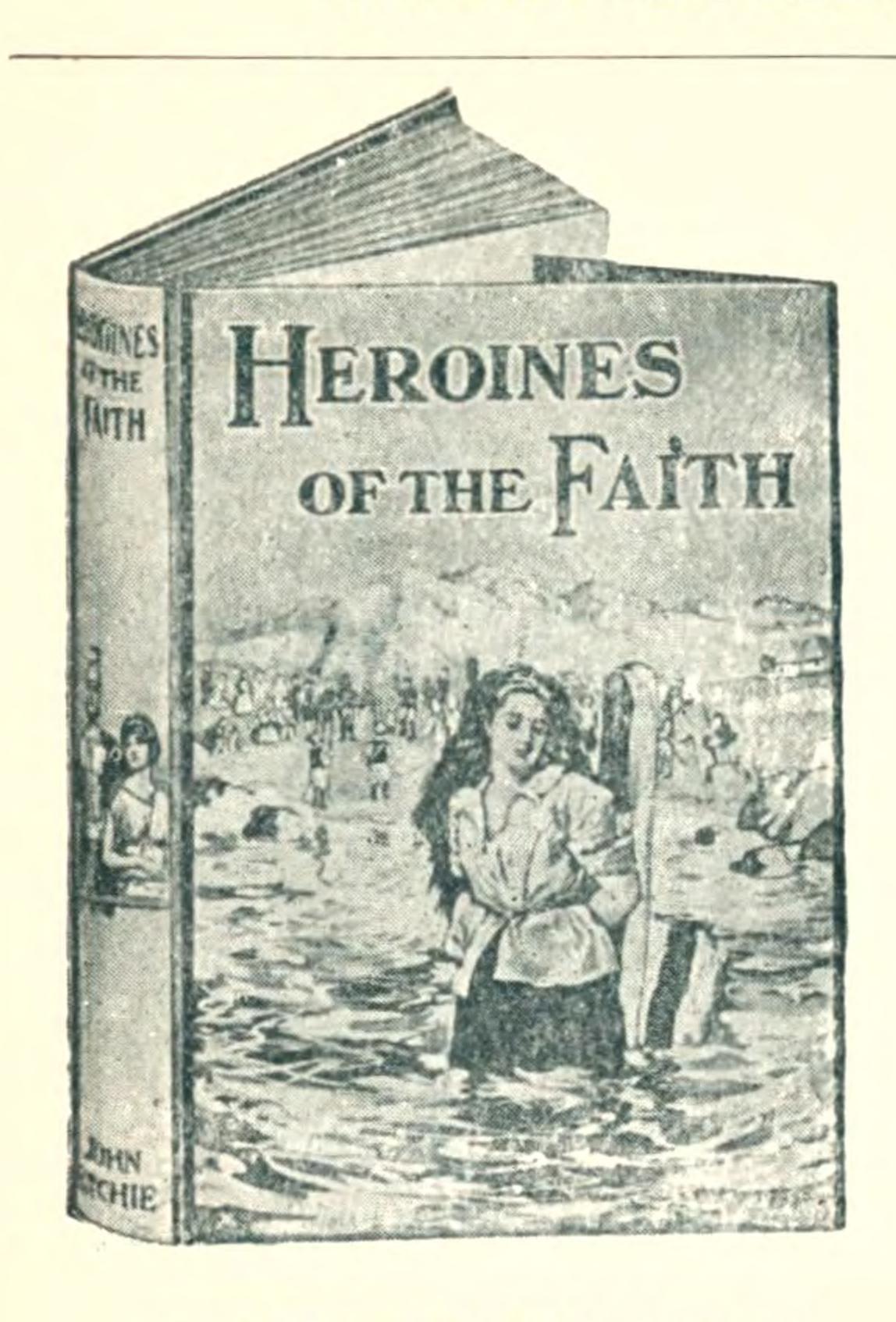
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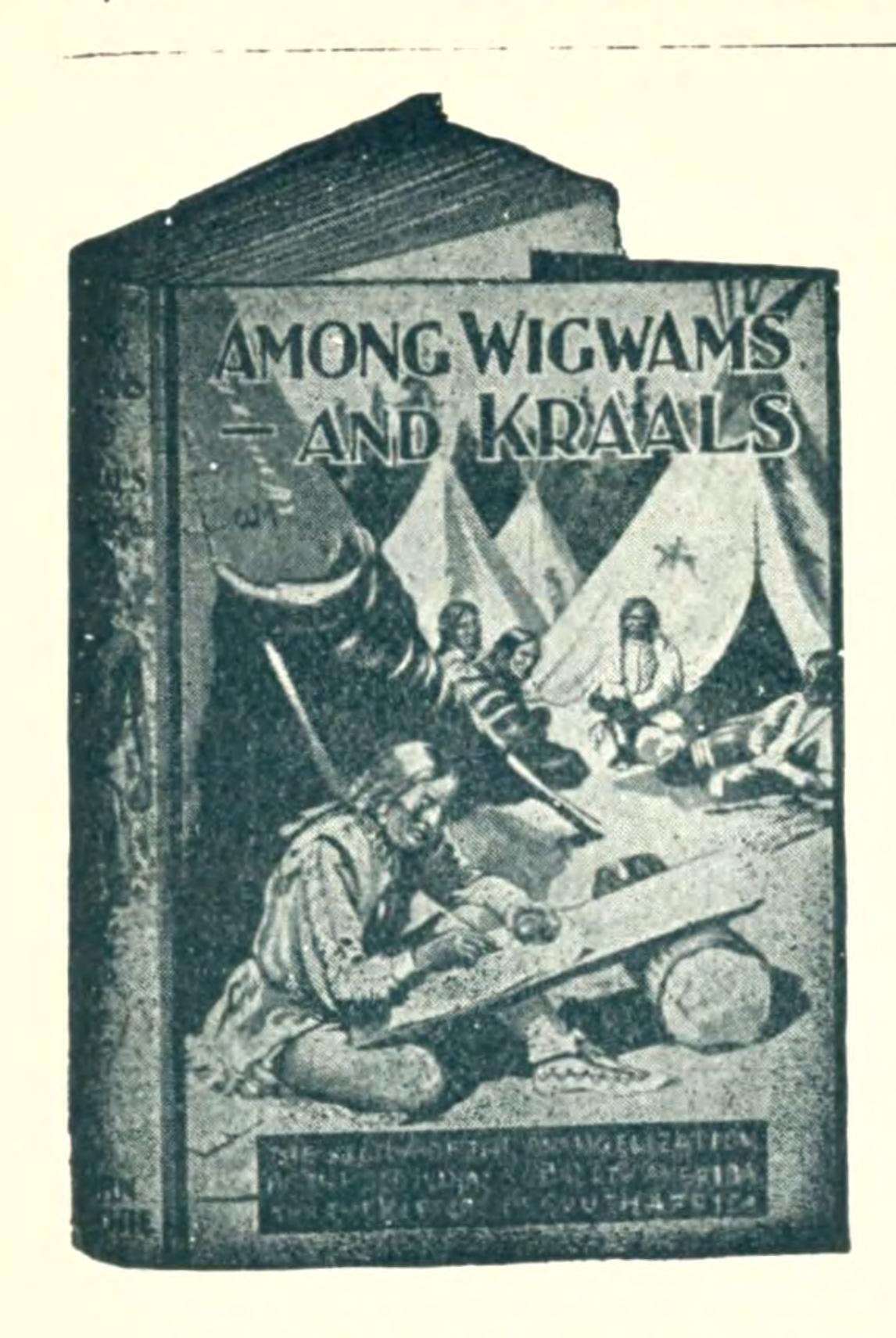
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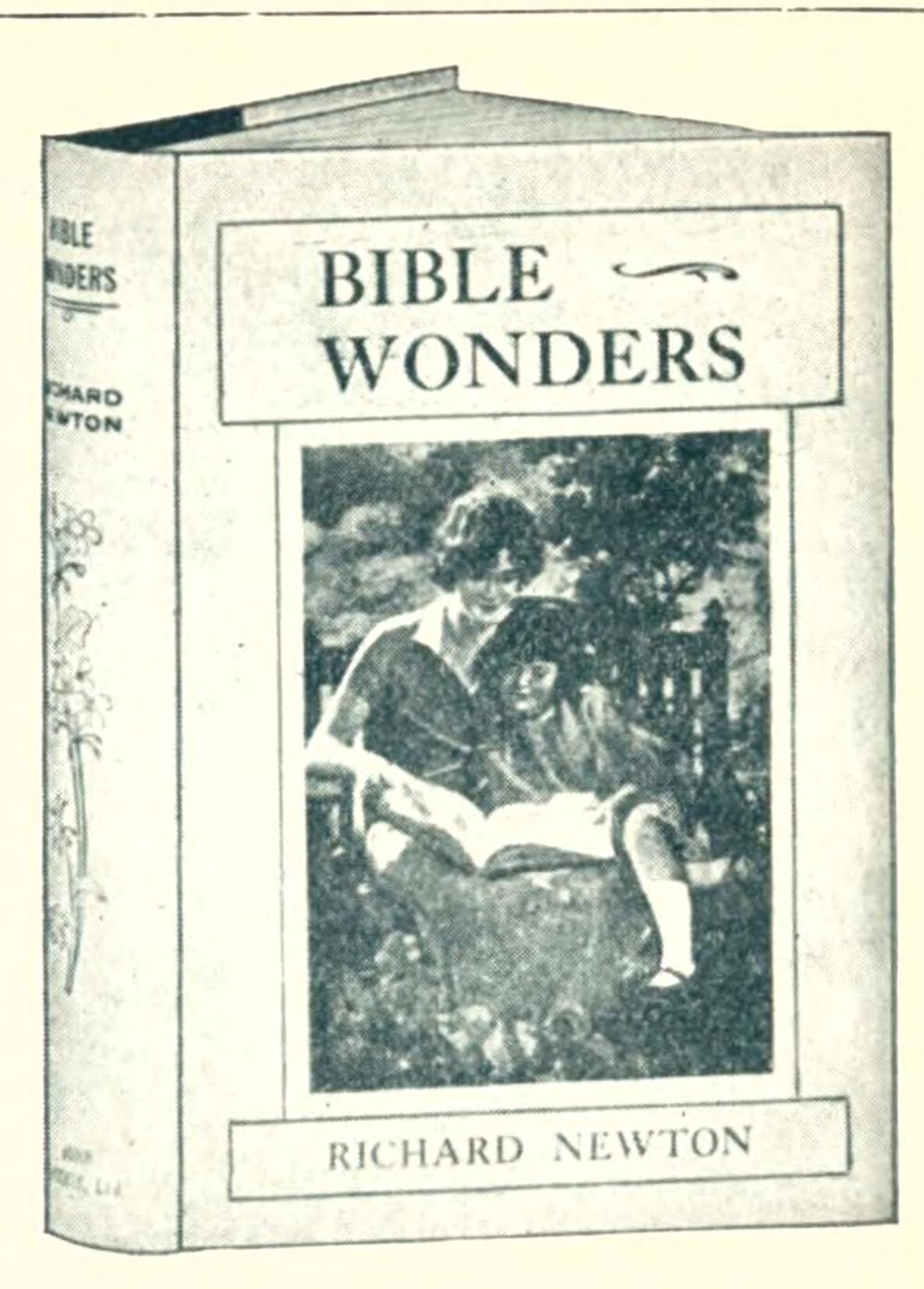
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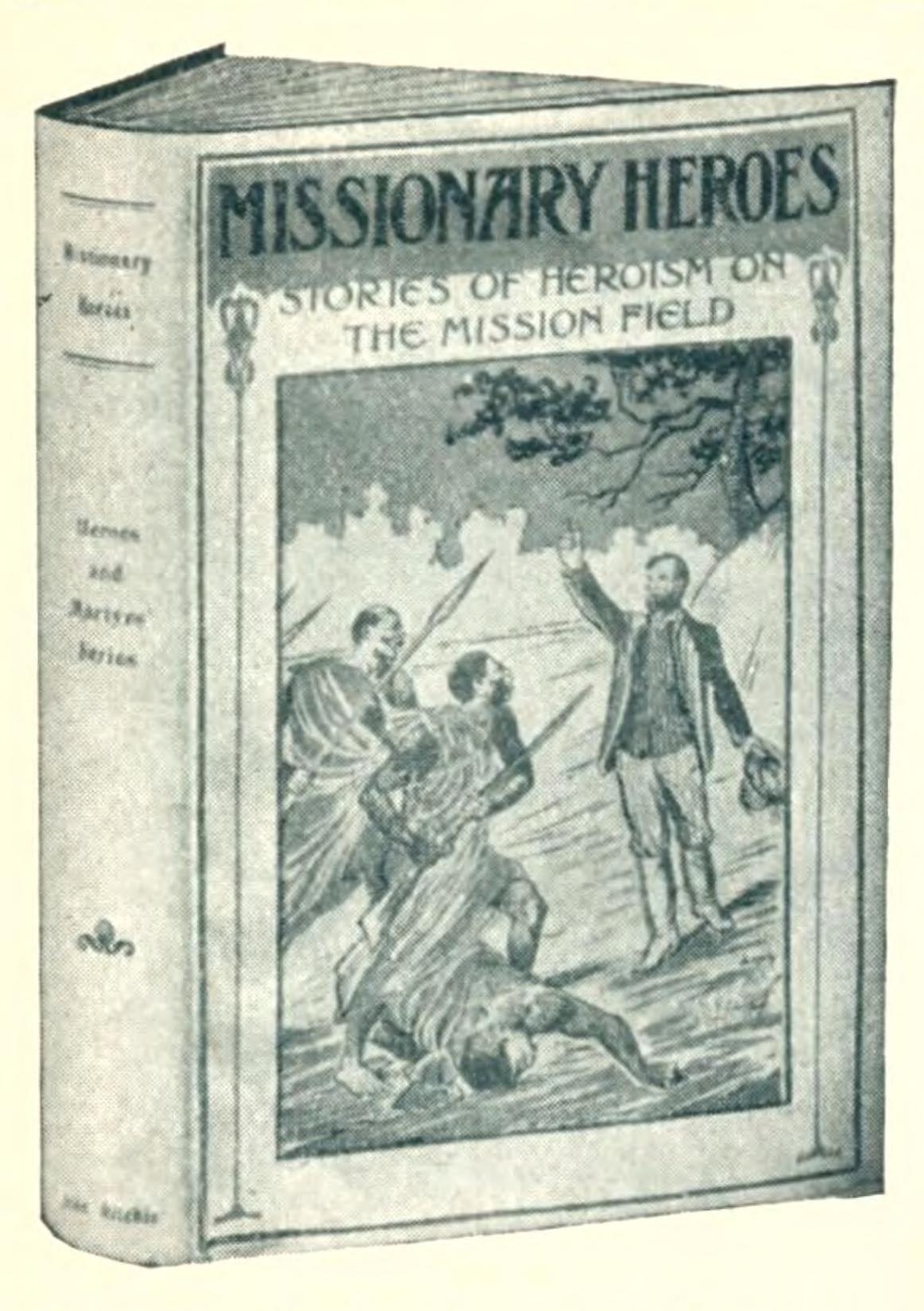
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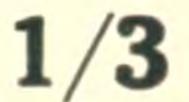
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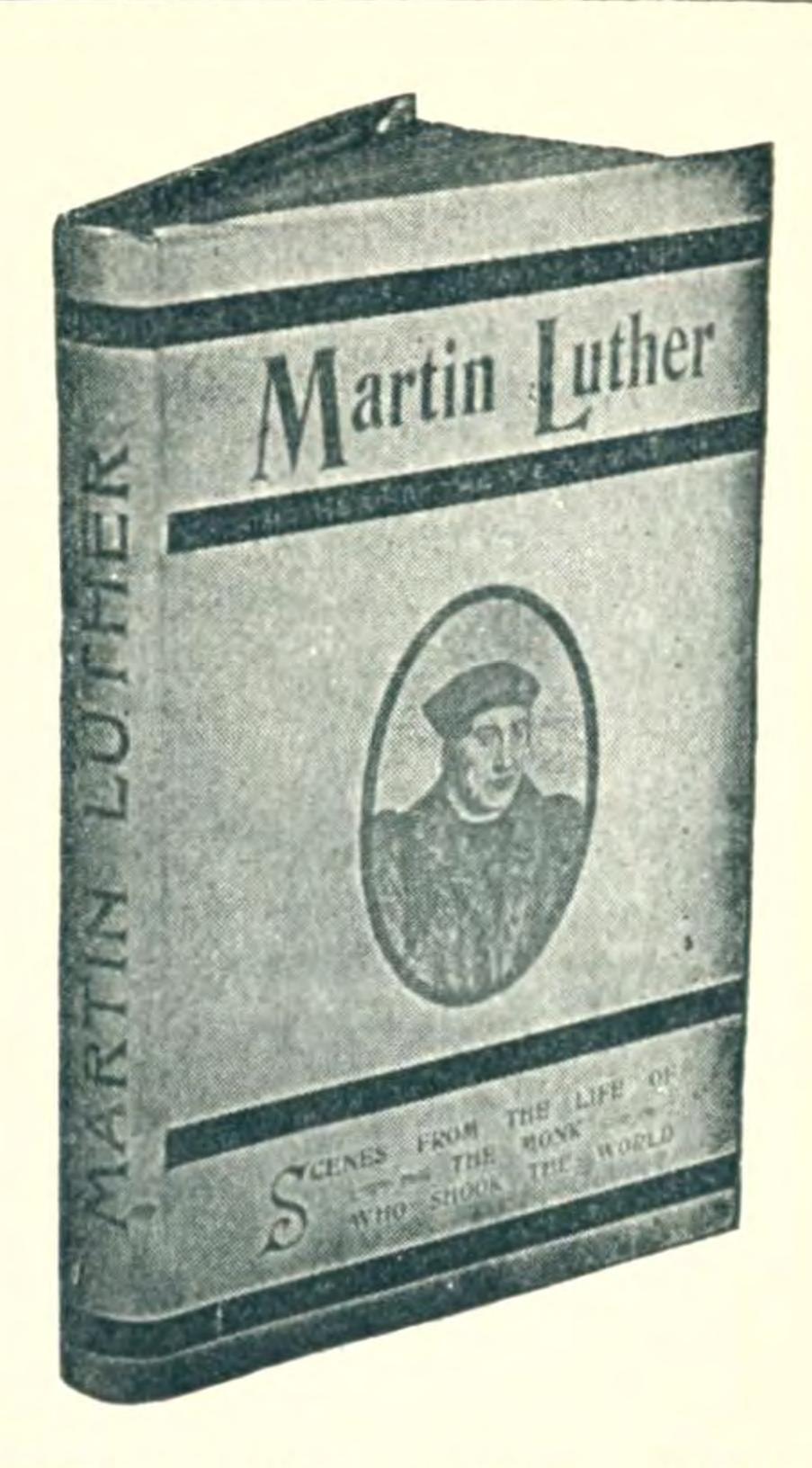
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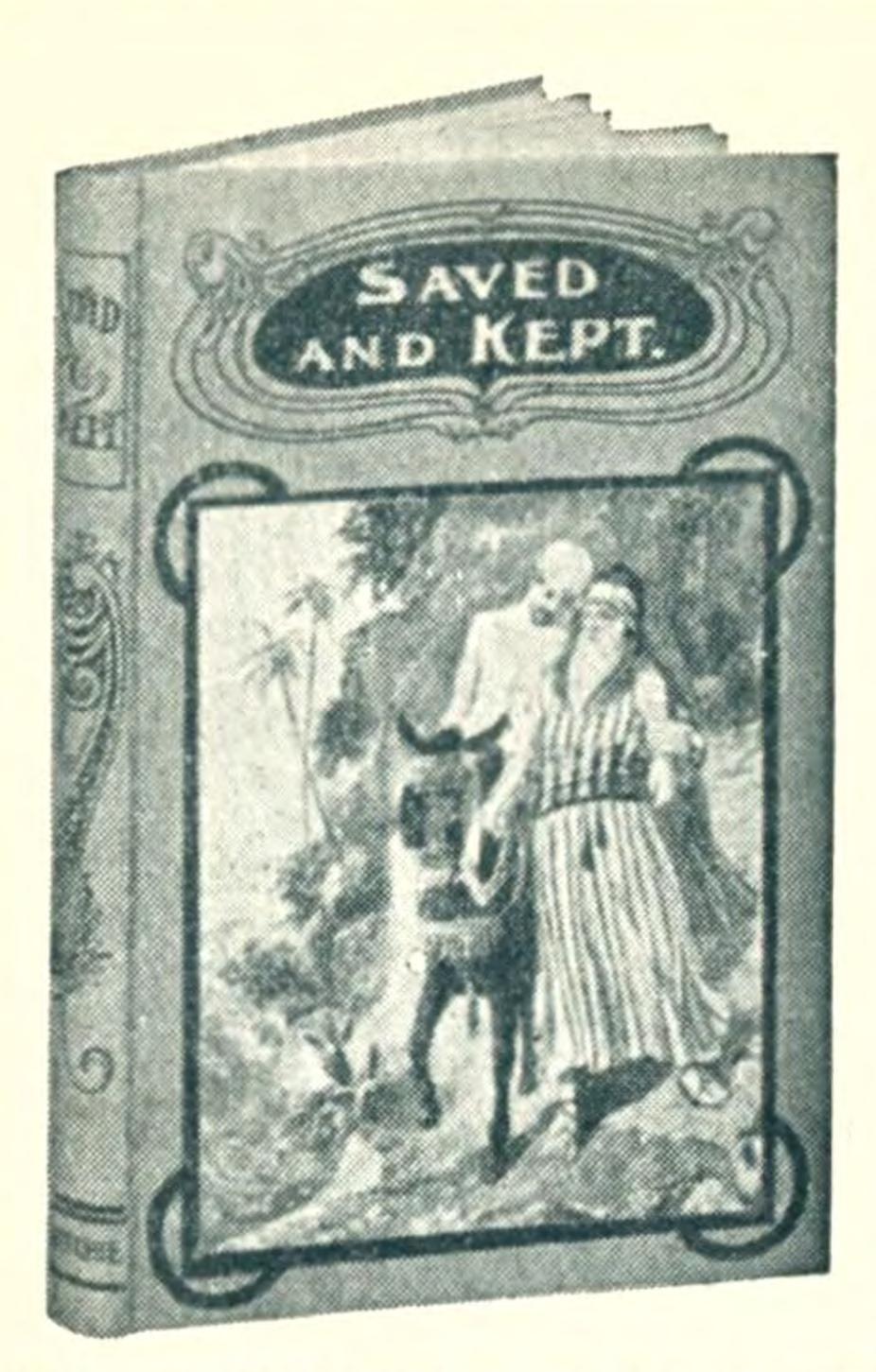
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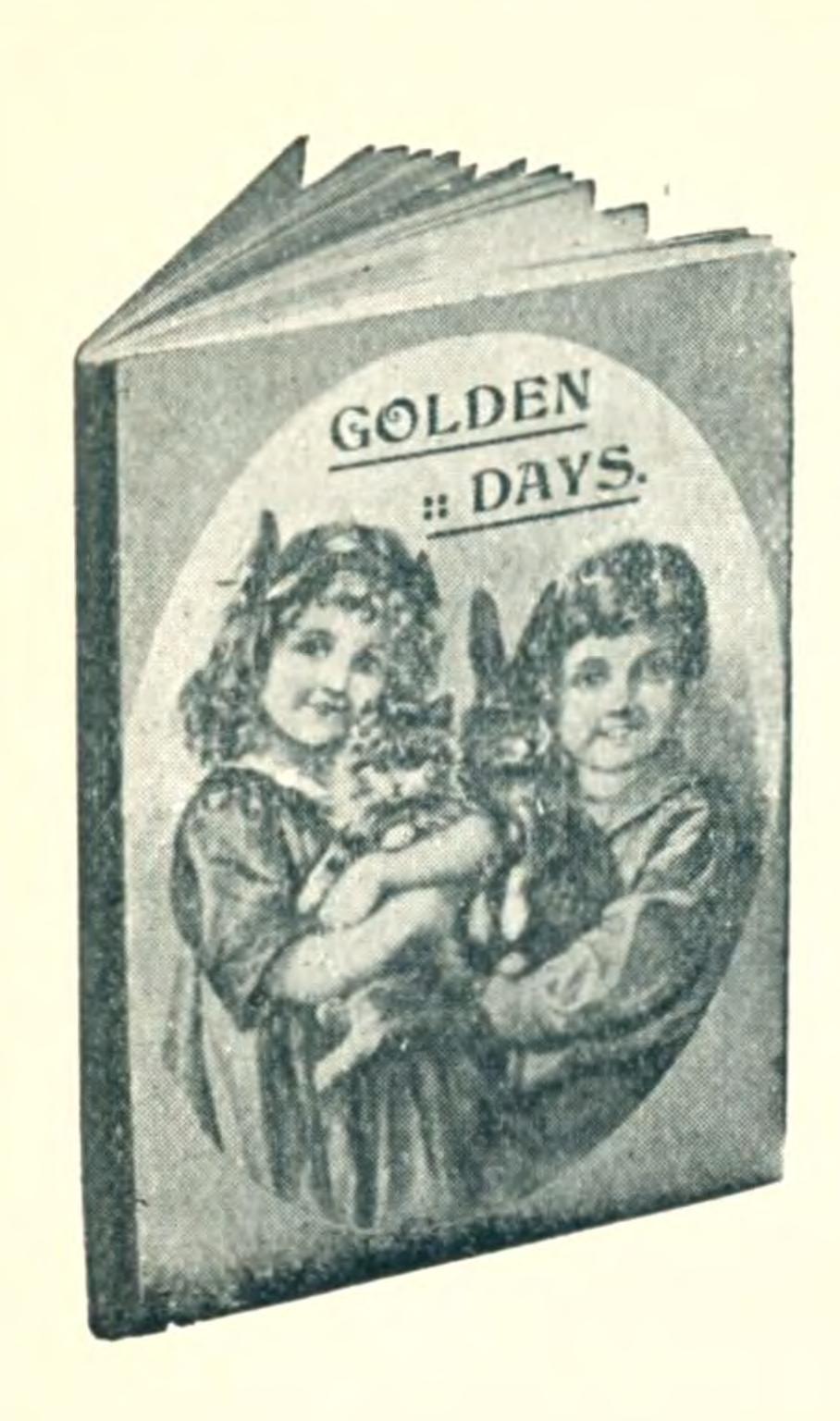
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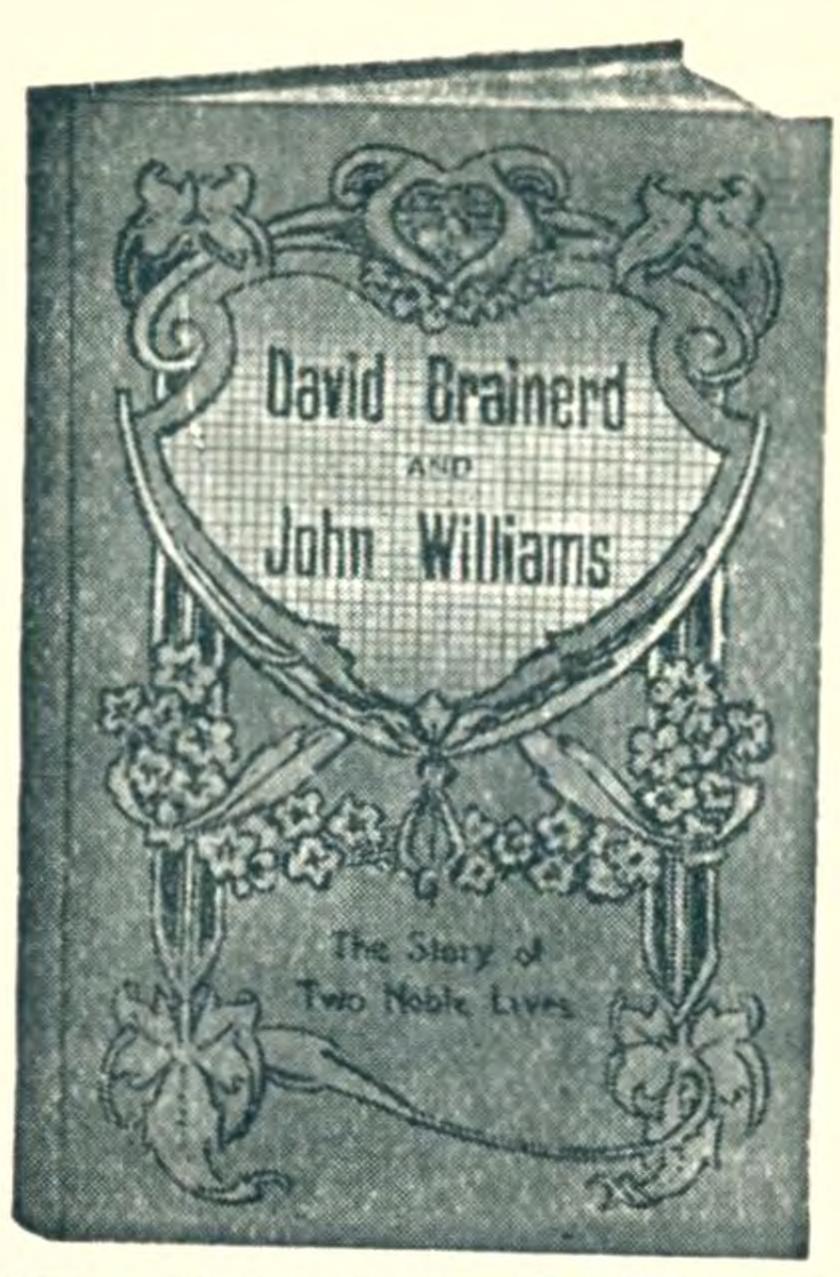


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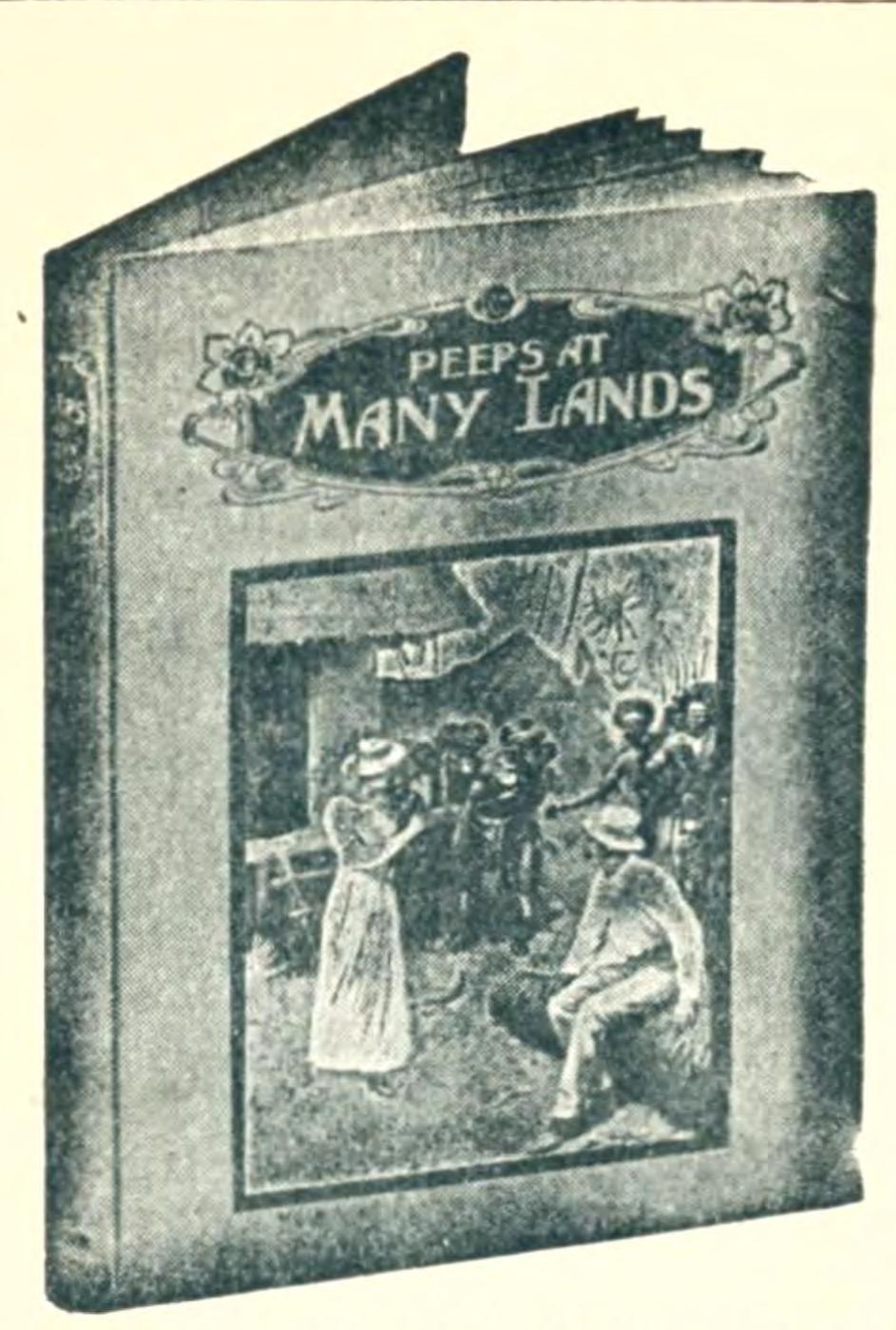
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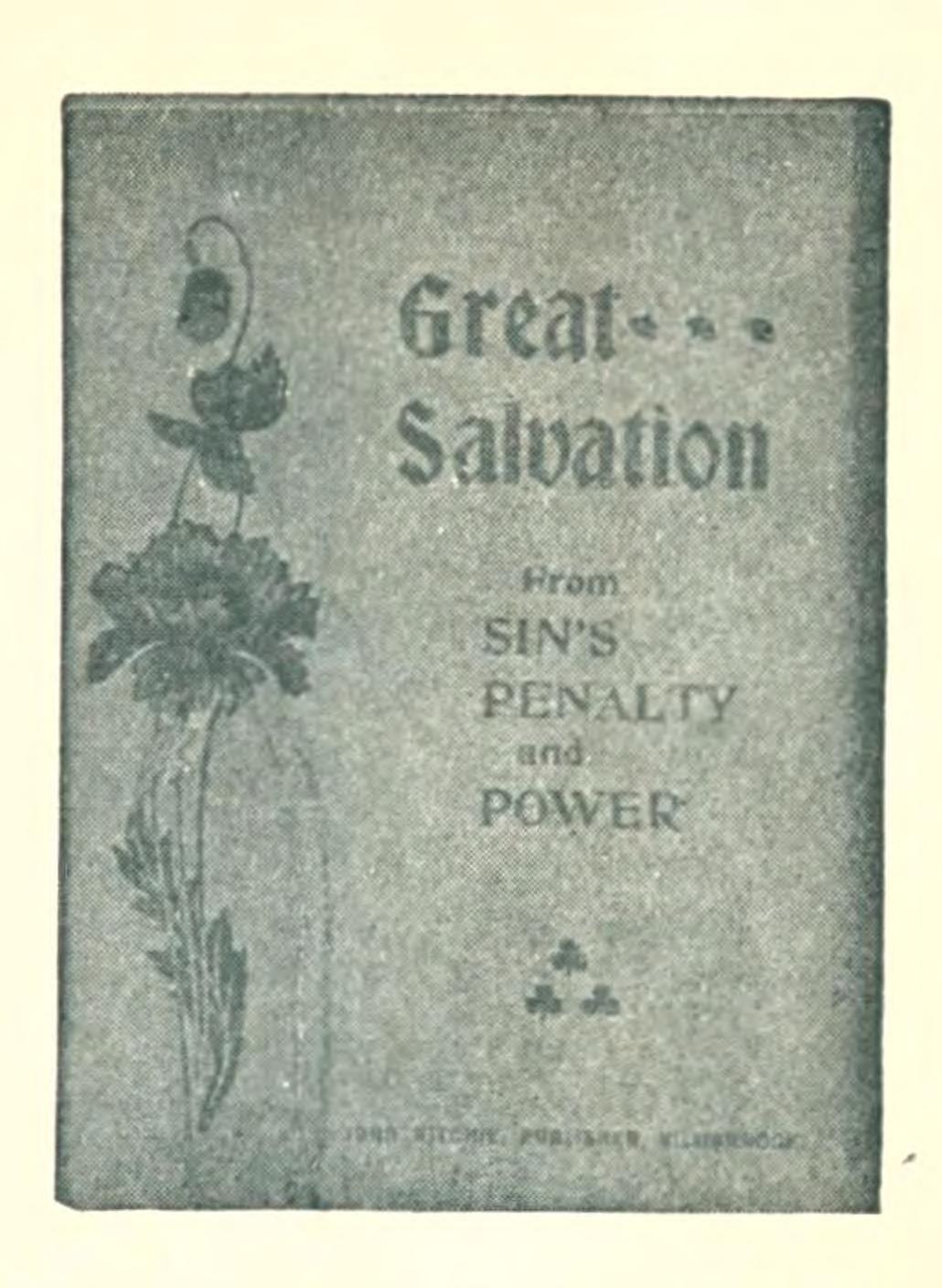
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