

**DAVID LIVINGSTONE**

MISSIONARY EXPLORER OF AFRICA

by

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**CHAPTER SIXTEEN**

**THE GOOD SAMARITAN**

It was not an Englishman, but instead, an American - Henry M. Stanley - who had come to find Livingstone.

As he approached he was surprised to hear one voice after another saluting him in English. It was the greetings of Livingstone's faithful servants, Susi and Chuma. Then behind them came one whom, though he had never seen him, he knew to be David Livingstone.

"As I advanced slowly toward him," says Stanley, "I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a gray beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band around it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was in the presence of such a mob - would have embraced him, only, he, being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing - walked deliberately up to him, took off my hat, and said, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' - 'Yes,' said he with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly. I replaced my hat on my head and he put on his cap, and we both grasped hands, and then I say aloud, 'I thank GOD, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you.' He answered, 'I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.' "

Then they sat down and talked. Mr. Stanley told Dr. Livingstone how he had received a message from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, to "come to Paris on important business."

"Where do you think Livingstone is?" Mr. Bennett had asked.

Mr. Stanley did not even know whether he was alive.

"I think he is alive," Bennett answered, "and that he may be found, and I am going to send you to find him." Mr. Bennett had determined that cost what it might he would find Livingstone and give the news to his readers.

The meeting of Livingstone and Stanley at Ujiji was as much a miracle as were many of the other events of Livingstone's life, and he regarded it as nothing less than the guiding hand of GOD.

With all his money and luxurious equipment, Stanley had had his difficulties in travel, too. He had no reason to expect to find Livingstone at Ujiji, but he had hoped to learn something there as to his whereabouts. When he had reached Unyanyembe, about half way to Ujiji his worst troubles had begun.

There for two weeks he was out of his senses with fever. Then the Arabs were at war with a chief, Mirambo, and Stanley, hoping to bring about peace, sided in with the Arabs. However, they were defeated, and the Arabs fled, leaving Stanley, who was still ill, at the mercy of their enemies.

He escaped with his life, but resolved never to interfere in their brawls again.

Early in his journey Stanley had met a man who said, "I saw the musungu [white man], who came up from the Nyassa a long time ago, at Ujiji last year. He lived in the next tembe to me. He has a long white mustache and beard. He was then about going to Marungu and Uniema."

A little later another man told him he had seen Livingstone. These reports, of course, had made Stanley hopeful that he would soon find the one he was seeking. But many difficulties and dangers awaited him first. His men were constantly giving him trouble.

One night just as Stanley was about to fall asleep a bullet tore through his tent only a few inches above his body. Stanley rushed out of his tent, revolver in hand, to find who had done the shooting. Every evidence pointed to Shaw, a man with whom he had recently had trouble. The man pleaded that he had dreamed of robbers and had fired the shot in his sleep. Stanley was sure that it was an attempt to murder him; so he thanked GOD for sparing his life.

At about the same time Livingstone's life was being endangered from the plot of his slaves. Surely the kind hand of GOD was over them both protecting them till they might meet.

Stanley was nearing Ujiji when he met another caravan. He asked for news and was told that a white man had just arrived at Ujiji from Manyuema. Stanley questioned the leader further. Yes, the description was the same as others he had heard of Livingstone.

"Indeed! and is he stopping at Ujiji now?" he asked. "And do you think he will stop there until we see him?"

"Don't know," was the answer. Stanley quickened his speed, hoping that he might not be

disappointed. And he was not.

But this was not all Stanley had to tell Livingstone. There was news from the outside world. "The news," says Dr. Livingstone, "he had to tell to one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made my whole frame thrill. The terrible fate that had befallen France, the telegraphic cables successfully laid in the Atlantic, the election of General Grant, the death of good Lord Clarendon, my constant friend; the proof that Her Majesty's Government had not forgotten me in voting 1,000 pounds for supplies, and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had lain dormant in Manyuema."

Stanley was charmed with the grand old man whom Providence had permitted him to find. Let us hear the report in his own words:

"I found myself gazing at him, conning the wonderful man at whose side I now sat in Central Africa. Every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, and the slightly wearied look he bore, were all imparting intelligence to me - the knowledge I craved for so much ever since I heard the words, 'Take what you want, but find Livingstone.' . . .

"O reader, had you been at my side on this day in Ujiji, how eloquently could be told the nature of this man's work! . . . His lips gave me the details; lips that never lie. I can not repeat what he said; I was too much engrossed to take my note-book out, and begin to stenograph his story. He had so much to say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious of the fact that five or six years had to be accounted for."

In a further description of him, Stanley says:

"I defy anyone to be in his society long without thoroughly fathoming him, for in him there is no guile, and what is apparent on the surface is the thing that is in him . . . Dr. Livingstone is about sixty years old, though after he was restored to health he looked like a man who had not passed his fiftieth year. His hair has a brownish color yet, but is here and there streaked with gray lines over the temples; his beard and mustaches are very gray . . . His dress, when first I saw him, exhibited traces of patching and repairing, but was scrupulously clean . . .

"His religion is not of the theoretical kind, but is a constant, earnest, sincere practice . . . In him religion exhibits its loveliest features; it governs his conduct not only toward his servants but toward the natives, the bigoted Mohammedans, and all who come in contact with him."

Before going to Africa, Mr. Stanley was a mere gentleman of the world. Livingstone did not talk religion to him. But his life and the atmosphere he shed about him were such that Stanley was won for CHRIST there in the heart of Africa.

Mr. Stanley's kindness brought tears to the eyes of the Doctor. Instead of two scanty meals a day, he was eating four meals. And the dainty dishes cooked by the American coaxed his appetite so that he was gaining in flesh and in strength.

Livingstone did not know until Stanley told him what an interest scientific men were taking in his theories concerning the sources of the Nile. Especially did the interest of his old friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, spur him on to face any hardships in order to finish his task. So a thorough

exploration of Lake Tanganyika was made at Stanley's expense. The result was the knowledge that the lake had no visible connection with the Nile system.

Other duties now called Stanley home. He had come to bring back Doctor Livingstone. But now it was for Livingstone to make the decision. Should he return with Stanley to recuperate his strength, look after his children, and make further preparation to return and finish his task? Or should he remain in Africa till that task was done? No one would have blamed him had he returned at this time; and his tender heart-ties bade him to do it. But a stronger call, the call of duty, urged him to stay. And he obeyed. What greater sacrifice could he have made, after all he had endured in Africa?

The plan was that Livingstone should accompany Stanley as far as Unyanyembe, where a quantity of Livingstone's stores had been left. Had it not been for Stanley, Livingstone would probably not even have received the letters that had been sent to him. The bag of letters had been nearly a year on the way already when Stanley had found it lying at Unyanyembe. He had compelled the carrier to go on with him to Ujiji. But the other goods he was not able to bring. However, he shared with him his clothes, his medicines, and whatever else he needed.

On account of an attack of fever which Stanley had at Ujiji they were not able to leave until about the last of December, 1871. Livingstone's New Year prayer for 1872 was, "May the Almighty help me to finish my work this year."

The country they crossed on the way to Unyanyembe was beautiful, "like an English gentleman's park."

With flags unfurled and guns firing triumphantly, they entered the town on February 18. Proudly the young leader of the Herald expedition welcomed Doctor Livingstone to his house. But again Livingstone's goods had been broken into, scattered, and stolen.

Stanley's goods, however, were safe and he forced upon his friend a goodly store of them - "thirty-eight coils of brass wire, fourteen and a half bags of beads, twelve copper sheets, a strong canvas tent, boat-trousers, nine loads of calico, a bath, cooking-pots, a medicine-chest, a good lot of tools, tacks, screw-nails, copper nails, books, medicines, paper, tar, many cartridges, and some shot."

One package of his own that awaited him Livingstone appreciated greatly. It contained four flannel shirts from his daughter, Agnes, and two pairs of English boots from his friend, Mr. Waller.

The next month Livingstone spent in writing twenty-nine letters, besides his journals. These he committed to Mr. Stanley, the journal sealed with five seals.

Then came the sad day of parting - sad indeed to Livingstone at the thought of facing many long, weary months alone in the heart of Africa where wild beasts, fever, and treacherous men fought for his life; but sad too to Stanley who in spite of the fever and perils he had met in Africa was loath to leave the man who had so completely won his heart.

On March 14, they had their last breakfast together. Neither of them ate much. They found

something to do which kept them longer together. About eight o'clock they started, walking sadly side by side, while the men sang as they swung along. Finally Stanley begged his friend to return.

Livingstone's parting words were: "You have done what few men could do, far better than some great travelers I know. And I am grateful to you for what you have done for me. GOD guide you safe home, and bless you, my friend."

"And may GOD bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend," said Stanley with deep feeling.

For many months afterwards, he says, his eyes filled with tears at the thought of that parting.

"I am a man of a quick temper," he says, "and often without sufficient cause, I dare say, have broken the ties of friendship; but with Livingstone I never had cause for resentment, but each day's life with him added to my admiration for him."

The loneliness of Livingstone in returning to that house in Unyanyembe without his friend would be hard to describe, And he was doomed to wait five months for the force of picked men whom Stanley had promised to send him.

~ end of chapter 16 ~

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