

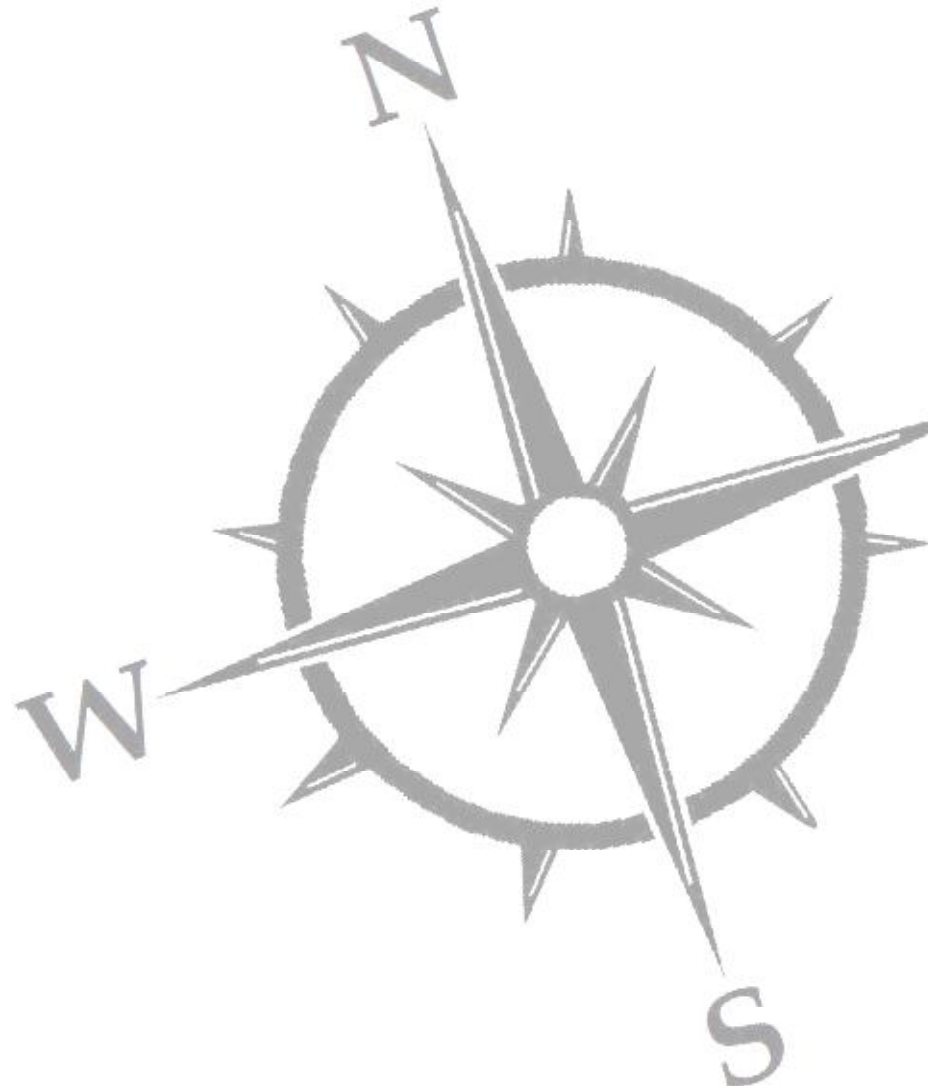
The Life of David Livingstone

(1813-1873)

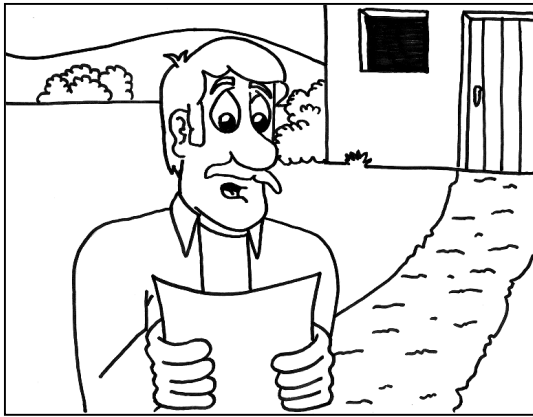
Lesson: 5.9 – Protection Missionary Spotlight Series

This story reminds us that the Lord is ever present to protect and care for His children. When God is on our side, regardless of the opposition, we are never outnumbered. David Livingstone faced a lot of scary things, but he knew that the Lord was going to protect him and keep him safe.

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower." - Psalm 18:2







Who remembers where we left off last week?

(Read the last paragraph from last week's lesson to begin this lesson as a review).

Chief Sechele's wife Masebele came running into the mission compound at Kuruman. As I came out into the courtyard, Masebele was crying as she handed me a note from her husband. The Boers had surrounded their village. They had injured over 60 people and stolen all of the tribe's goods, cattle, and crops. On top of that, many of the people were made to become slaves, including Chief Sechele's two sons. Chief Sechele and Mebalwe had been able to escape. The Boers also went through my things and took most of them and burned the rest. All of my medicine books, surgery instruments, extra medicines, and other things were gone.

I still had two things to be thankful for. First, God had protected me from the Boer attack. If my wagon wheel had not

broken and forced me to stay in Kuruman, I would have arrived back in Kolobeng before the shots were fired. With how much the Boers hated me, I was sure they would have tried to kill me. God had kept me safe. Second, news of this attack would let all the tribes know that I had nothing to do with the Boers and that I was not like the Boers. I hoped others would now be open to talking to me about the gospel since they would hear about what the Boers had done to me.

I packed up my things and traveled to a place called Linyanti where Chief Sechele had escaped and gone to. Linyanti was a Makalolo village. On my way there, I ran into Chief Sechele. We talked for some time, and he told me that he was headed to the coast to complain to the Queen of England about what the Boers had done. We parted ways, and I continued heading to Linyanti.

When I arrived in Linyanti, the people there were very glad to see me. They introduced me to their new chief, Chief Sekeletu. Do you remember what I told you earlier? Chief Sebitoane had become sick with pneumonia and died, and his daughter, Mamochisane, had become the new chief. She told her people to treat us like her father had treated us. After I had seen the Zambezi River and left, Mamochisane made her seventeen-year-old son the chief because she did not want to be chief anymore.

It was here in Linyanti that I caught malaria for the first time. My battle with malaria showed me that I needed to find a safer place for future missionaries to settle down. It was also during this time that I decided that I needed to find a way for

missionaries to be able to easily get to the middle parts of Africa. Traveling up from Port Elizabeth would take months and months. I wondered if perhaps they could travel down the rivers from the coast. I decided to try to find an easier route to the west coast of Africa for future missionaries to follow. Chief Sekeletu gave me twenty-seven of his men to go along with me.

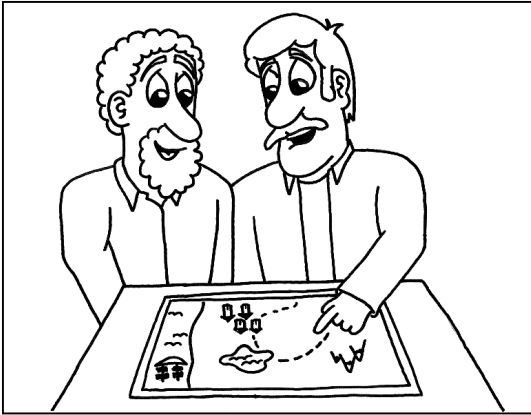
The nearby tribes were very friendly towards us, but as we continued, the tribes began to get meaner and meaner. Many times we were surrounded by tribes with their spears and guns out, and we would be taken to their chief, and I would have to think fast to keep us from getting injured or killed.

At one point, we arrived on the shores of the Quango River. There the chief rounded us up and demanded that we give him a gun, an ox, or a man. I could give none of these things up. The remaining guns that we had we needed for defense and hunting. We had very few oxen left to pull our heavy wagon, and I knew if I gave him one of my men the chief would force that person to become a slave in the tribe. I had quietly prayed for the Lord to help me.

I then told the chief that I needed to talk it over with my men. The chief laughed, and he yelled after me that I would never be able to cross the river without his help and that if I tried to turn back, they would follow us and attack us.

As I talked with my men, a man in a Portuguese soldier's uniform suddenly stepped out from behind a bush. I explained our situation, and he told me that they had a settlement set up just across the river. He





said he would help us, and we decided to try to cross the river in the middle of the night to avoid waking the tribe up. About halfway across the river, we heard shouting back on the shore. The tribe was awake! The chief ordered his men to fire at us. Thankfully, his men were terrible shots, and the Lord protected us and got us all across the river safely. The sergeant there gave us rations and told us to go on to the Portuguese settlement called Cassange and to ask for Captain Neves. Captain Neves was just as kind to us as the sergeant had been. He guided us the rest of the way to the coast. As we got closer to the coast, the Makalolo men began to get worried that someone would try to capture them and make them slaves. I promised them that I would protect them with my life if I needed to. In May of 1854, we arrived at the town of Loanda on the west coast of Africa. I had made the 2000 mile journey from Kuruman to the coast. By this point, I was very sick from malaria and had to be carried on the back of one of the oxen.

We stayed in Loanda for about four months before I was strong enough to leave.

A captain offered me a free ride back to England on his ship the *Forerunner*. I had to say no because I had made a promise to the Makalolo men that I would get them safely back home. Little did I know that God was protecting me again because the *Forerunner* sank before it ever got back to England.

It had taken us seven months to get to the coast, but the trip back to Linyanti took us almost one year. It was the wet season, and nearly every day we walked in water that was up to our knees. Each night we had to find some higher ground to sleep on and hope that we didn't attract crocodiles.

When we arrived back in Linyanti, Chief Sekeletu was shocked to see us alive. It was amazing that not one person had died on our journey. We spent the whole week celebrating with the tribe.

Along the way, I had heard that there was an easier route to the middle of Africa. It was to follow the Zambezi River to the east where it met up with the Indian Ocean on the east coast of Africa.

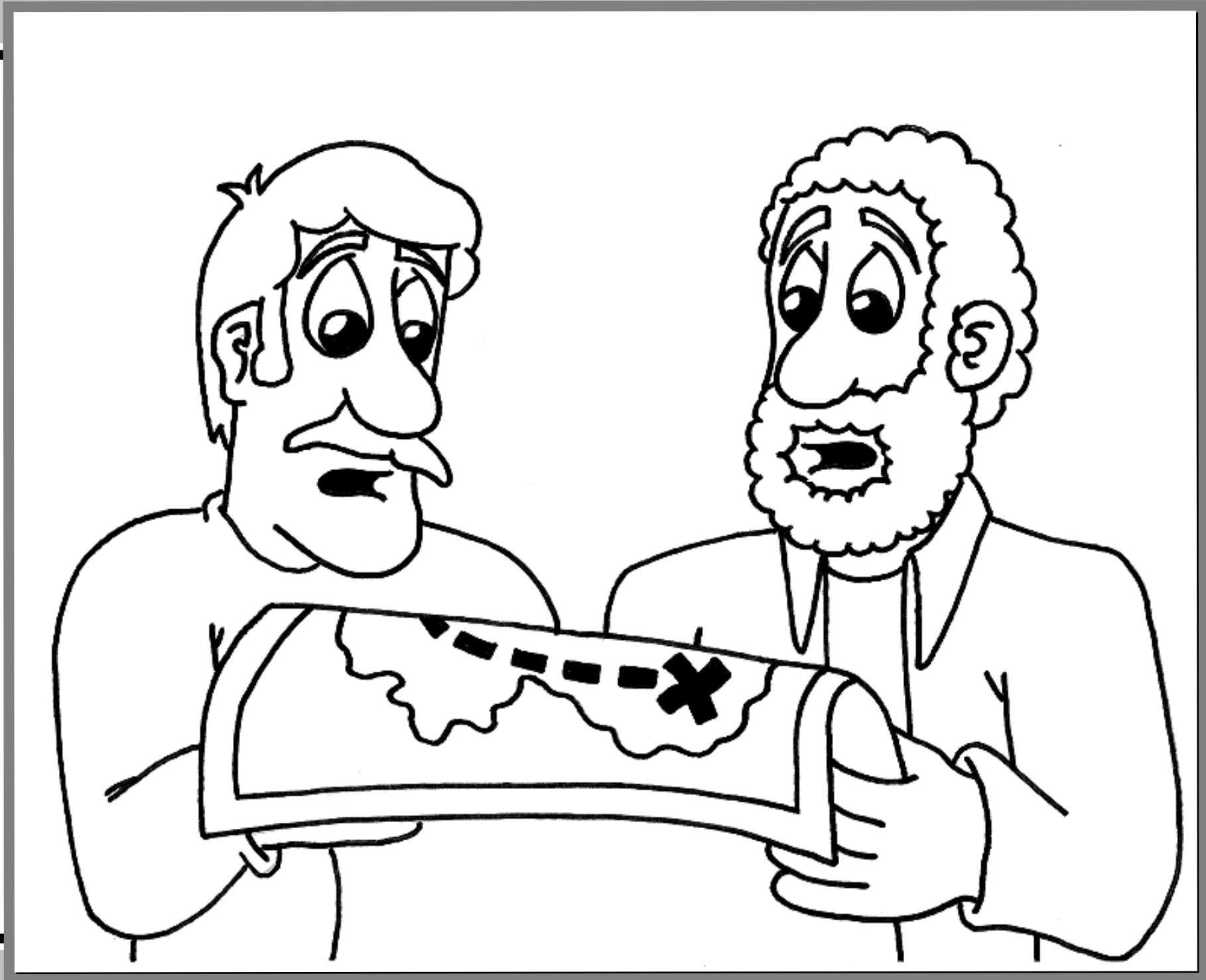
A month after arriving in Linyanti, I set out to explore this route. This time, the chief gave me one hundred men and many supplies for our journey. Not long into our trip, we came across "the smoke that thunders." This time I was able to stop and see it. It was the biggest and most beautiful waterfall I had ever seen. I named it Victoria Falls after Queen Victoria. I was told that the Zambezi River made a big loop south. That seemed way out of the way, so we decided to skip that section and keep going east on land until the river came back north. I again got very sick, and our travel slowed up. It was

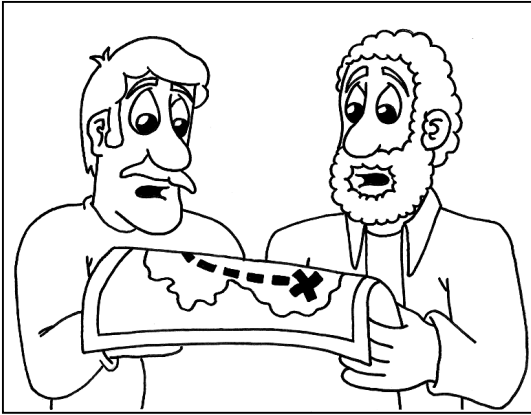
hard dealing with all of the enemy chiefs along the way who were always trying to trick us. A lion also attacked our camp one night and injured several men. As we came near the Portuguese settlement of Tete, I became too sick to walk and had to be carried. At Tete, I talked with the major there, and he told me that I could easily canoe down the Zambezi River from the coast to Victoria Falls. This advice would cause me a lot of trouble later.

Most of my men wanted to stay in Tete. I took sixteen of them along with some Portuguese soldiers and canoed the rest of the way to the East coast of Africa. It was May 1856 when we reached the town of Quilimane, and I decided to take a ship called the *HMS Frolic* back to England to see my family. I had not seen them in four and a half years!

Back in England, everyone seemed to want me to come and speak to them about Africa. I traveled all over England and Scotland telling people that Africa needed more missionaries. At the same time, the London Missionary Society was telling me to go back to Africa and set up a permanent mission station and stay there. I felt that God wanted me to find ways to open Africa for other missionaries to come there in the future. So many people had never even heard the gospel.

God opened up two doors for this to happen. First, I was offered a government position that would pay me five times my missionary's salary. Second, I was asked to write a book about my travels. Both of these things made it to where I could continue to





explore and find tribes that had never heard the gospel, tell them of Jesus, and find ways for future missionaries to go there.

While back in England, I was also invited to a private meeting with Queen Victoria. She wanted to hear all about my travels in Africa. I told her that I was glad to meet her because many of the people in Africa were puzzled that I had never met my “big chief.” She laughed at all of the stories that I told her.

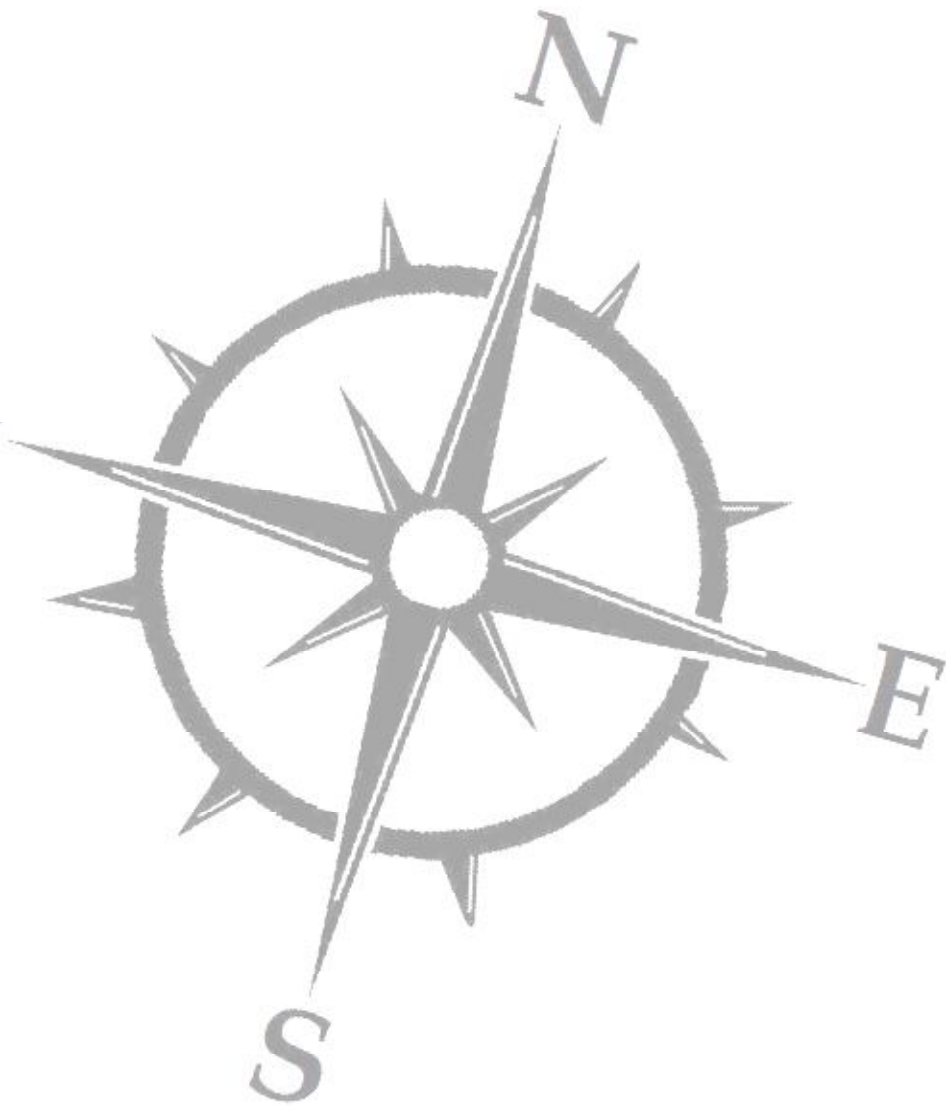
On March 10, 1858, Mary, Zouga, and I headed back to Africa aboard the *Pearl*. The Royal Geography Society had also sent six other men to help me out. We had also brought along a small steamship that was stored in pieces below the deck. We called it the *Ma-Robert* after my wife. Because my oldest son was Robert, the natives in Africa always called my wife Ma-Robert or the mother of Robert. The *Pearl* made it down to Port Elizabeth where I dropped Mary and Zouga off. They would stay with her parents at Kuruman, while the other six men and I explored the Zambezi River. I was sure that we could easily reach Victoria Falls, just like

the Portuguese major had told me that we could earlier. When we arrived at Quilimane which is where the Zambezi River connects to the Indian Ocean, we put together the *Ma-Robert* to begin exploring. The *Ma-Robert* was not at all as good of a ship as I thought she’d be. She needed so much wood to keep her going that we often would spend a day and a half chopping up wood for her to be able to run for just one day. And even when we got her moving at full speed, a child could paddle a canoe faster than she went. She wheezed so loudly that we nicknamed her the *Asthmatic*, and we found ourselves constantly jumping in the water to pull her off of a sandbar.

It took us three months to get back to Tete. There we found seventy of the natives that had come with me earlier. A few of them wanted to join me and explore the river. Two days after leaving Tete, the *Ma-Robert* just couldn’t run against the current anymore. I pulled it over to the shore and did some exploring on foot. What I found as I climbed up a large cliff on the river bank that day brought our entire expedition to a halt. I quickly climbed back down to the river bank and hurried back on board the *Ma-Robert*. “We have to turn around,” I told my men. “There’s trouble around that next bend...big trouble.”

What do you think David saw? What kind of trouble do you think was waiting just around the next bend? To find out, come back next time.

(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 5.9 on page 136 in your Africa Expedition - Leader's Guide).



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