

Name. ARTHUR K. AGBEVE

Date of Birth. [REDACTED]

Address: Methodist Senior School, Peki-Avetile,
Gold Coast, West Africa.

Commented.

Always
Ezra
PryceMy favourite hero among the pioneers
of the British Empire Commonwealth

We have had lessons about many of the pioneers of the
British Empire Commonwealth, but the only one in which
I am much interested is that about Dr. David Livingstone.

David Livingstone was born in Scotland in a poor family at
Blantyre in Lanarkshire.

As all others got supporters in School David's was not so.

He was a poor miller: though poor, he tried and entered
a night-school, where he could learn how to read and
write. Being a very good boy, he tried and kept his
wages so as to support himself in another School, which
he intended to go in Glasgow. Having saved some few
pounds, he was taken to Glasgow by his father, to continue
his education. Being very ~~xxx~~ anxious to become a
missionary, he wrote from Glasgow to the London Mission-
ary Society claiming a membership. He was heartily accepted
by the society. In this Society, Livingstone did not only
learn to become a missionary, but to become a missionary
doctor.

One day at a missionary meeting he heard, and afterwards
met, a mighty man, tall and strong called Robert Moffat,
who had come back from the broad plains and hills of
Africa, the most mysteriously forest country he knew. In those
days, the maps of Africa were just plain maps, showing no
physical features, no towns or rivers to learn about. Conversing
with Moffat, Livingstone was told that there were several
thousands of villages in Africa, where no missionary had
ever stepped. David Livingstone, having heard of thousands of
people still in darkness, applied to go to Africa, to extend the
words of the gospel. The directors of the London Missionary

Society agreed, and sent him home to inform his parents about it. With his heart full of joy, he went back to Blantyre, his town and to his parents of the joyful news. Just on the next day of his arrival at Blantyre, he left his town for Glasgow, where he took a ship for Africa. After a few days journey they came to Cape town, where Livingstone landed and started inland.

Though it may be difficult for him walking through the thorny bushes of the continent, he enjoyed it all like a boy going to his first camping holidays, though it was full of unexpected difficulties and provoking accidents. In some places, where he found there was better road from one village to the other, he used his wagon drawn by oxen; but in case of no such roads, he must go through the bushes on his own feet, though not familiar to such things. Having walked about seven hundreds of miles, he reached Kuruman, which was the pioneer station of the London Missionary Society in Africa. At some places where he could not get any-body to interpret him, he was bound to learn their language. Livingstone got his great power over the lives of the Africans not by kicks or by whips, as many white men have tried to do, but by being brave in danger, kind to them in sickness, yet very firm and serious when he told them of the badness of their lives and the way that would lead them to be stronger and purer people.

In some parts, he would come to so large a river which could not ^{be} easily crossed without a canoe or a raft. On some hands, he and his men would travel several days without water until to some extent. Livingstone, though was told of the difficulties in crossing the great Kalahari desert, struggled all his way as far as to Lake Ngami, on the first of August in 1850.

One day as he and his ~~men~~ companions were travelling their way in search of some villages, they came to a very rough grass among the reeds, which cut their hands and clothes as they waded through the forest; but Livingstone refused now as always, to give up, till he had tried again and again to

push through the obstacles. They struggled this way till they reached Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo, where an old herald leapt about with excitement at the sight of Livingstone, and roared at the top of his voice. The journey in the land of some of the chiefs was very easy for Livingstone. But as they got nearer and nearer to the west coast of the continent, he found that the Portuguese slave-trade had turned the natives into grasping wretches, who not only would refuse food to Livingstone, but would not let him through their country without gifts. Some chiefs would ask him to give a man, an ox, or a gun before he would be allowed to pass through their country.

But as to give a man to a chief as a gift he absolutely refused, for that meant giving a faithful friend into slavery.

After many days' journey, Livingstone came to a place called Njambi, where a chief sent a message to him, requiring of him a man and an ox. But Livingstone being a missionary could not give a man as a gift to another man. Having refused this unlawful request, he was surrounded by the country-men who intended to kill him; but having a faith in God, by the will of whom David Livingstone came to civilize these people in Christ, he was safe. After a few years' service in this impossible business, he went home on his first leave in 1856. Just after one year's rest, he returned to continue his work in Africa, where he found many great lakes and forbade the cruel deed of slave-trading.

Though David Livingstone was deserted by several of his companions, he had faith in God, the Almighty Father, and continued doing what he thought was right. He did his work sacrificially as Christ Jesus, who came and died for our sins.

Having done the greater part of his work, he wrote home, asking of farmers and other kinds of workers to come and make a settlement there. After some few years, he was found by an Englishman called Stanley at Ujiji, where he was found to be a living skeleton. After only one year, he bade farewell to Stanley, by whom he was found at Ujiji. In 1873, he was tired of the travel, and left for the heavenly home in the act of prayer.

at Ilala. He was carried by faithful hands to Zanzibar, a port from where he was sent to England.

He was buried in the Westminster Abbey, on the 18th of April in 1874. Dr. Livingstone, who is known as the great pathfinder of Africa, met many dangers in his work, but he was faithful and courageous till he was called by the Almighty Father, his and our maker for everlasting life and rest.

My reason of choosing David Livingstone as my favourite hero among the pioneers of the great British Empire, is because he persevered and followed Jesus; even in his last minute of life, he remembered Him. Of his great generosity, particularly to us, Africans whose lives he brought to purer life, and the world's greatest wound which he healed — slavery.