

Letter to Joseph Moore, 28 November 1860

Livingstone, David, 1813-1873

Published by Livingstone Online (livingstoneonline.org)

[0001]

Tette 28 Nov^r 1860

My Dear Moore

And why didn't you begin when you were so often on the point of writing but didn't? This that you have accomplished is so far good but very short. Hope you are not yet too old to learn. You have heard of our hindrances and annoyances and possibly that we have done some work notwithstanding. It was galling to find that our "sickly sheep" was what may termed an Evangelical of the ultra or mad school that believes

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in the literal interpretations of everything in the Bible and that table turning is effected by Satan turning shewman at the bidding of any ass who has nothing else to do - but thanks to Providence we have made some progress and it is likely our operations will yet have a decided effect on slave trading in Eastern Africa. I am greatly delighted with the prospect of a church of England mission to Central Africa that is a good omen for those who are sitting in darkness and I trust that in process of time great benefits will be conferred on our own overcrowded population at home. there is room enough and to spare in the fair world our Father has prepared for all his progeny I pray to be made a harbinger of

[0003]

good to many both white and black

I like to hear that some abuse me
now and say that I am no Christian
Many good things were said of me
which I did not deserve and I feared
to read them. I shall read every word
I can on the other side and that
will prove a sedative to what I was
forced to hear of an opposite tendency.
I pray that He who has lifted me
up and guided me thus far will
not desert me now but make
me useful in my day & generation
"I will never leave thee nor forsake
thee" So let it be

I have felt no regret at leaving
the association to which you refer
but felt a pang in prospect of parting
with the sympathies of so many who
would be led to consider me as parted
[...] itit. I rejoice at

[0004]

being free from the Executive whose
nature you understand, and Please
God I shall be more useful than
could have been under them. I saw
poor Helmores grave lately. Had my book
been searched for excellencies they might
have seen a certain cure for African Fever
We were curing it at a lower & worse
part of the river at the very time that they
were helplessly perishing and so quickly
more than a day was never lost after
the operation of that remedy though we were
marching on foot. Our tramp was
over 600 miles - We dropped downstream
again in canoes from Sinamanes
to Chicova. thence to this on Shanks Nag
We go down to the sea immediately
to meet our new steamer Our old
was a sham & a snare. My love to
Mary and all the children - With all our
Friends at Congle[ton]