

Letter to Robert Moffat 2, 28 April 1845

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My Dear Brother in the Lord

Your welcome notes came safely to hand and like everything from home partook of the nature of cold waters to a thirsty soul, they were really very good (but shall I tell their faults) they were really very short When you write a brother panting in a dry & thirsty land ~~for water~~ don't again only dip in the tip of your finger But try & give a refreshing draught and then though I thank you now for the little I shall be much more cordial in my acknowledgements for the more.

All things work together for good. Can anything be better than that? this affliction you refer to I think has, one soon becomes inured to danger. When I left you I am sure the hair of my head would have stood on end at the sight of a serpent in my path But a residence among such dangers takes away the dread. We become familiar with what would have shocked us before - (may I never become so with sin) Well I had experienced so many instances of merciful preservation, such as escaping from dangerous animals although no

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means had been taken for preservation I became heedless and when the people became dispirited by the frequent attacks of lions and the belief that they were delivered into the power of those animals by witchcraft & always left off the work which I was superintending at the time as soon as the news came of destruction at any of their

cattle posts. I went with them across the valley to encourage them to kill two which had that morning killed 9 sheep belonging to them. A few of the Kuruman people were foremost & having guns were put in the advance by the Bakhatla. I saw the animal ascend behind some rocks towards our people & was as near to them as you at your desk are to M^r Arundel at his. I ran forward to be within reach of call & warn them of their eminent danger, the animal did them no harm I then rushed to draw them away home & in doing so came round by the end of the hill close to the wounded animal. the chief & one of the Kuruman people were between me & it the former ran behind a tree & the latter fell into a hole. It was the work of a moment, Mebaloe our good native as[...][s]istant was close by where the lion was tearing me. He advanced close up to him & tried to fire but his gun missed fire & the animal sprung from me upon him & Mokhatla tried to rescue him & was also torn but another finished the business by

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by at that time pitching his spear into the monsters heart. this was the fifth they had killed within a short time. I walked home without assistance the natives but were carried. The excessive discharge however soon reduced me to a skeleton & there is a little native hut I spent many a weary night dreaming that I saw D^r Bennet putting up my arm with proper splints in London, But the Lord has had compassion on me Bless his name O my soul & all that is within me &c.

I have recently built a large good house though my arm gave me pain all the time We cannot delay here, we have no [...] hands. [...]But few porters & ^ we must be p[...] at the head tail & middle of every oper[...] if something goes wrong. We must [...] from preaching the gospel to mending [...] or giving an emetic. But we shall [...] ple[...][nt]y of time to rest. In that re[...] glorious rest may we meet together. [...] hope for everything though him th[...] us and gave himself for us. that [...] warms your hearts at home. It re[...]

ours here. It never grows old. It [...] find its way into the hearts of the Bakh[...] it will it must.

I have written to you very hurriedly [...] understand it is strictly private. I do not like notoriety. it creates envy. Will you kindly jog M^r Arundel's memory for me relative to my watch sent home by M^r Birt. Perhaps you will take it for me to M^r Yonge. I ask this because I know

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multiplicity of M^r A's engagements. I know too you will be able to tell Mr. Yonge the watch was a thorough bad one & not wound his feelings. Ind[...] [eed] I am sick of it But would give something more cheerfully if it would not be a plague to me anymore if it is as the old guns of the Bakhatla are "dead" then half price for it to be sent out in medicines will suffice. A good watch is very valuable however. We must try & make something of it

Care of Rev. D^e Philip. Cape Town
An Original letter of Dr. Livingston's

Presented by
Mr Rev^d J. H. Bateman
[...]
[...]
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I have written M^r Arundell by same opportunity
If you find time to write again write a long one
and it will be all the more acceptable to.

your affectionate brother in the faith
& hope of the gospel

D Livingstone