

DEAN'S
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THE NEGRO WIFE.



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DR. LIVINGSTONE, in his travels in Africa, came one night to the house of Mozinkwa, a friendly black man, with a pleasant looking wife and fine family of children, very "black, but comely." Perhaps their hospitable, kind ways made them look handsome to the lonely missionary, so far from home and friends. He was caught in a heavy rain, but he and

his companions received a warm welcome and plenty of food from this friendly couple, till they were able to proceed.

They had a large garden, cultivated by the wife, with yams, sweet potatoes, and other vegetables growing in it, and all surrounded by a fine hedge of the banian-tree. Under some larger trees, in the middle of the yard, stood the huts in which they lived, and no doubt the fine-looking little black children played many happy days under their mother's care in the shade.

When Dr Livingstone took his leave of this interesting family, the wife asked him to bring her some cloth from the white man's country. When he returned, after a long journey, he was surprised to find the pleasant home silent and deserted; the garden given up to wild weeds, and the huts in ruins, and no sign of life in the spot where he last saw a large family of frolicking children. Poor *Mozinkwa's wife was dead* and in her grave under the large trees, while the huts, garden, and hedge, of which she had been so proud,

were fast going to ruin : for, according to the custom of that heathen country, a man can never continue to live where a favourite wife has died. He is so lonely and sorrowful when he thinks of the happy times they have had together, that he cannot stay where everything reminds him of his loss. If ever he visits the spot again, it is to pray to his dead wife and make some offering. So for want of a knowledge of the Friend of Sinners, who binds up the wounded heart, they must move from place to place, and can never have any settled villages in that part of the country.

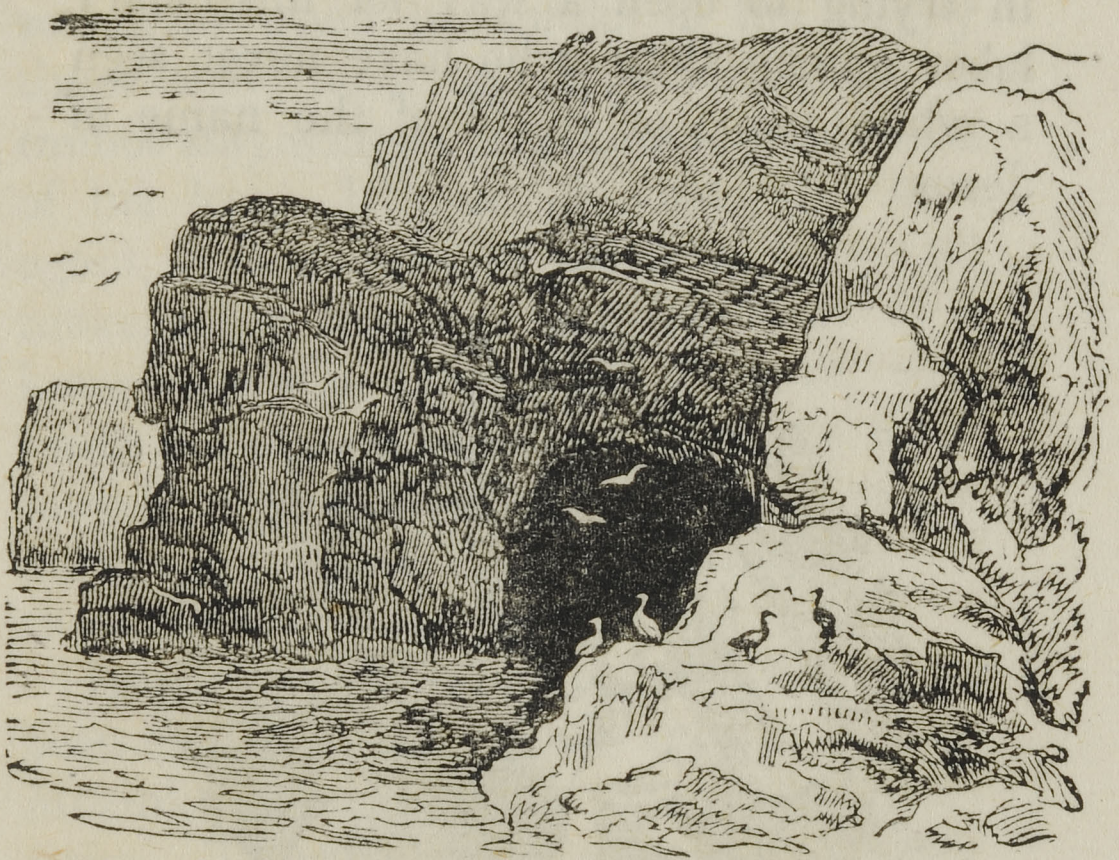
How different would the scene have been on Dr. Livingstone's return, if poor Mozinkwa and his wife had been *Christians*. Then he might have been happy even in his loneliness, for he would have prayed to God for strength to bear his loss, and read the Bible, and taught his children to live so as to meet their mother in heaven. Instead of flying from place to place to forget their troubles, those poor Africans might have permanently happy

homes, if they knew the peace the gospel gives.

Dr. Livingstone is spending the best part of his life far from home and friends, in trying to open a way for missionary labor among those who have never seen a white man, or heard of the name of Jesus.



A LEAP FOR LIFE.



ON a part of the British coast, where cliffs from three to five hundred feet in height overhang the ocean, a few poor people, during a part of the year, gain their living by collecting the eggs and feathers of the rock-birds who make their nests in the crevices of the rocks.

The method these people pursue is this : selecting a cliff, they drive a crowbar into the ground a few feet from the precipice. To this they attach a rope ; fastening the rope to his body, the man will lower himself till he reaches the ledge of rocks where he wishes to begin his search.

In doing this, the adventurer is often in great peril. In one instance, a man who was thus employed, in gaining a narrow ledge of rock which jutted under the overhanging cliff, secured his footing and began his work. Discovering a full nest on an almost inaccessible point, he swung himself to it ; but in his eagerness to grasp the eggs, he accidentally unloosed the rope attached to his waist, and in an instant it swung out beyond his reach. He at once saw his danger : no one could come to his relief, or even hear his cries. He must starve to death where he stood, or be dashed to pieces on the rocks hundreds of feet below.

Turning round in his terror, he saw the rope as it swung to and fro, but it was far beyond his reach in its long vibrations.

He looked at it in agony when he noticed that every moment of the rope was shorter than the preceding, and that it would soon hang motionless.

He reasoned thus: "That rope is my *only* chance of life. It will soon be entirely beyond my reach. It is nearer now than it will ever be again. I can but die if I stay here; possibly I may grasp it;" and with the thought he sprang from the ledge as the rope again swung towards him, caught it, and with desperate effort ascended, hand over hand, in safety to the top.

