

**SUB SOLE; OR, UNDER THE  
SUN MISSIONARY  
ADVENTURES IN THE  
GREAT SAHARA**

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Sub sole; or, Under the sun missionary adventures in the great Sahara by Artegall Smith

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**ARTEGALL SMITH**

**SUB SOLE; OR, UNDER THE  
SUN MISSIONARY  
ADVENTURES IN THE  
GREAT SAHARA**





**THE CONGREGATION OF THE DEAD.**

*"I fell on my face in the midst of this congregation of the dead." (Page 16.)*

SUB SOLE  
OR  
UNDER THE SUN MISSIONARY ADVENTURES  
IN THE  
GREAT SAHARA.

BY THE  
RIGHT REVEREND ARTEGALL SMITH, D.D.

With an Introduction

BY THE REV. PHILIP NORTON,  
*Formerly Secretary of the Italian Association.*

"ÆTHIOPIA PRÆVENIET MANUS EJUS DEO."

ILLUSTRATED.

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RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT WOLSELEY K.P., G.C.B., &c.

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TO GENERAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.

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Most noble scion of right worthy sires,  
Accept the tribute that thy fame inspires ;  
Pride of our army, and Great Britain's boast ;  
Thy name, without thy sword, equals a host :  
All loyal Irishmen, exulting see,  
Thy wreaths with their own Wellington's agree ;  
Thy stainless record this—"no battle lost,"  
Though many a daring foe thy path has crossed.  
To Gordon, fainting 'mid drear Soudan's sands,  
In eager haste marched on thy dauntless bands ;  
Great soldier sigh no more ; thine was the fate,  
Not fault : we blame the laggard helmsman of the state,  
Through whom alone, for once thou wast too late.

PH. N.

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*Some of the last words of David Livingstone :—*

“ All I can say in my solitude is, may Heaven’s rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world.”



## INTRODUCTION.

WORCESTER,

SEPTEMBER 1st, 1889.



WEEK ago, I was seated in my study, when a thundering knock shook the door and my nerves at the same time. In less than a minute there stood before me a fine specimen of the British sailor. He made

his bow and placed upon the table a tin box, evidently nothing more nor less than an old Huntley and Palmer's biscuit box. Not a scrap of paper remained upon its battered and weather-beaten sides. The lid was carefully soldered on, and bore in letters of red paint my address, disfigured but legible. The sailor, giving a hitch to his

trousers with his left hand and indicating the red letters with the outstretched thumb of his right hand said, "D'y' see, Sir, I guess this box belongs to you." In answer to my enquiries, he told me that he had picked the box up in the Bay of Biscay, on a calm day a month ago, and as he was coming from Bristol to Worcester to see his friends, he had brought it himself. He ended by saying, "I hope, Sir, d'y' see, that the cargo of this craft is worth overhauling." "We will soon see," replied I, and diving into a cupboard, I produced a bull's head sardine knife and very shortly succeeded in opening the box. The sailor's face lengthened when I held up the contents; a small roll of M.S. written in a neat hand. The first part of the roll consisted of ordinary writing paper, the last part of very thin parchment, as though the supply of paper had failed the writer. I glanced at the first lines. They were in the form of a letter. I read it aloud—

"City of the Ammiel, 500 miles N.E. of Timbuctoo, January 7th, 1888. My Dear Norton,—After seven years' silence, I write to you from the heart of Africa. I enclose a history of my adventures and hope that it will interest you. If you think it worthy of the light as likely to promote the glory of God and the good of man, place the