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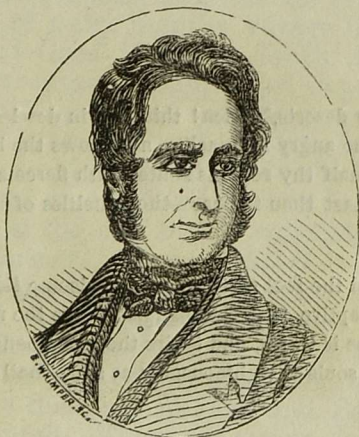
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Travelling in Africa.

MOFFAT,
THE MISSIONARY.



Moffat.

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MOTLEY.

THE MESSIAH.

“Wide are thy deserts, Africa! thirsting in dewless doom,
There roams the angry Ishmaelite, and blows the hot simoom:
While Nature half thy regions smites with fierce and scorching ban,
A darker fate hast thou to bear—the cruelties of man.”

“How beautiful the feet of those who gladsome tidings bring!
Who free the captive, seek the lost, and make the mourners sing:
A glorious hope is theirs, and theirs the recompense divine:—
They who win souls to righteousness as stars shall ever shine.”

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1844.

MOFFAT, THE MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER I.

COLONISTS AND NATIVES.

NINE or ten thousand miles as the ship sails, or at the distance of a two months' voyage from England, is the Cape of Good Hope, in South Africa. Here there is a European colony, called Cape Colony, and a town called Cape Town, which were founded just two hundred years ago by the Dutch, but which fifty years since were given up to the British Government; though a great many of the present inhabitants are descendants of the old Dutch colonists. These are principally farmers: they are called Boers, and most of them still speak the Dutch language.

Within the last fifty years a good many people have gone from Great Britain to Cape Colony as emigrants; for the country has a fine climate and a rich soil. So there are English and Scotch farmers as well as Dutch. There are towns also in different parts of the colony, besides Cape Town, having much the appearance of thriving towns in England. But it is of other matters than these that I have to write.

When the Dutch began to colonize this country, they very easily obtained their first lands from the natives, in exchange for beads and other trinkets; and as soon as they felt they had the power, I am sorry to say they began to behave very unjustly and cruelly to the poor Hottentots, as those native inhabitants were called. They took possession of the best part of the Hottentot country, robbed the natives

of their cattle, and either drove the poor people from their homes, to take refuge in distant deserts, or made slaves of them.

And a terrible life these poor slaves led ; for the Boers came at last to have so many of them that they were thought of little value as servants, and were treated more like brute beasts than human beings. They were made to go almost naked ; and their food was little better than carrion. All the wages they had for their labour was a few strings of glass beads in the year ; and if, by any means, any of these poor wretches happened to possess a few cattle, it was a great chance if his master, the Boer, did not contrive some means of getting rid of him, and keeping the cattle for his own. If a Hottentot offended his master or mistress, he was tied up to a wagon-wheel, and cruelly flogged with a horrid whip made of rhinoceros hide. Or if a Boer took a serious dislike to any one of these unhappy slaves, it was no uncommon thing to send him out on some pretended message, and then to follow, and shoot him on the road. And when thus put out of the way, his poor Hottentot friends and relations durst not make any inquiry about him, lest they too should be severely punished, or perhaps murdered.

It was well for the badly used Hottentots when Cape Colony became a part of the British empire ; for though, at first, their condition might not be much mended, it became better by degrees, until at length they were delivered from their cruel bondage. But they did not get back the lands which had been taken by force from their fathers.

The Dutch colonists used to speak and write about the Hottentots in such a way as to make people believe that they had no more sense or feeling than brutes, and that it was next to impossible to civilize them. Now, if this had been true, it would have been no excuse for their ill-treatment of the poor natives :

but it was not true. Certainly, the Hottentots were ignorant and debased; but they were capable of receiving instruction, and of proving themselves to be thinking and intelligent beings. Before they had the misfortune to become acquainted with Europeans, they were a numerous people, divided into tribes, and governed by chiefs, as is the way with most uncivilized nations. They did not cultivate the land, and their only steady occupation was the care of their flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, of which they had abundance. As they lived in a warm country, they did not need much clothing or shelter. A mantle of sheep-skins, sewed together with threads of sinews, and made soft and pliable by friction, served for a garment by day and a blanket by night. A hut, framed of a few boughs or poles covered with rush mats, which could be carried from place to place on the backs of oxen, was a sufficient protection from the weather. A bow and poisoned arrows, and a light spear, were their only arms, and were used alike for war and the chase.

Besides these, were tribes of wandering natives, who were considered and treated by the Hottentots as inferior to themselves. Very poor they were, and wretched: they had neither flocks nor herds, but lived upon what they could take in hunting, and on raw roots, grubs, insects, and snakes. These Bushmen, as they are now called, were, no doubt, Hottentots of a poor and despised class; and when the Dutch came, and took possession of the country, those who had been the richer natives, having lost all they had, were either made slaves, as I have said, or were driven into the deserts, and became Bushmen too.

These Bushmen have always been the terror of the farmers of Cape Colony; for having been deprived of their possessions, they soon became desperate and revengeful; and, from being treated as wild beasts, they became like wild beasts in habits and disposi-

tion. A missionary, who lived among them some time, has given a sad account of their character. He says, "Their manner of life is extremely wretched and disgusting; they delight to besmear their bodies with the fat of animals mingled with ochre, and sometimes with grime. They are utter strangers to cleanliness, as they never wash their bodies, but suffer the dirt to accumulate, so that it will hang a considerable length from their elbows. Their huts are formed by digging a hole in the earth, about three feet deep, and then making a roof of reeds, which is, however, insufficient to keep off the rains. Here they lie close together like pigs in a sty. They are extremely lazy, so that nothing will rouse them to action but excessive hunger. They will continue several days together without food, rather than be at the pains of procuring it. When compelled to sally forth for prey, they are dexterous at destroying the various beasts which abound in the country; and they can run almost as fast as a horse. They take no great care of their children, and never correct them except in a fit of rage, when they almost kill them by severe usage. In the quarrel between father and mother, or the several wives of a husband, the defeated party wreaks his or her vengeance on the child of the conqueror, which in general loses its life. The Hottentots seldom destroy their children except in a fit of passion; but the Bushmen will kill their children without remorse, on various occasions; as when they are ill-shaped, when they are in want of food, when the father of a child has forsaken its mother, or when obliged to flee from the farmers or others, in which case they will strangle them, smother them, cast them away in the desert, or bury them alive. There are instances of parents throwing their tender offspring to the hungry lion, who stands roaring before their cavern, refusing to depart till some peace-offering be made to him."

This is a terrible picture of human nature ; and as these Bushmen are not, of course, more compassionate towards those whom they consider their enemies than they are towards their own children ; and as, besides their cruelty, they are daring robbers, we may readily conclude that they cannot be safe or pleasant neighbours. But it must not be forgotten that it was the oppression of the white men that helped to make them what they are ; and that if they have given the colonists much reason to dislike them, they themselves have quite as good reason to dislike the colonists, who, in former times, at least, have not scrupled to hunt and kill them whenever they had opportunity.

Beyond the Hottentot country, and hundreds of miles from that part of the colony which lies near the sea, are many nations of Africans, such as the Caffres or Kafirs, the Bechuanas, and the Damaras. These seem to be of a race differing from the Hottentots and Bushmen ; but in one particular there is much resemblance among them all, and that is, their ignorance and superstition. In general, Africa may be described as one of those "dark places of the earth" which "are full of the habitations of cruelty." I shall have occasion to say more of this presently.

As this part of the world is exposed to the fiercer rays of the sun, the natives are dark-skinned. Some of the tribes are almost black, and others are very brown. The Hottentots are not so dark as those who live more in the interior of the country, but they are very different in appearance from Europeans, both in complexion and features.

There is also much difference with regard to the country itself. In some parts, the land is fertile, and the vegetation very beautiful, while in others the ground is rocky and dry, so that for miles and miles not a blade of grass or a green leaf can be seen. And sometimes the finest parts of the country are scorched

up for want of rain, so that even the beds of rivers are dried. Then, when rain falls, it often falls in destructive torrents, accompanied by fearful thunderstorms. Thus, the farmers in Cape Colony have many risks to run, and are exposed to great losses; and the poor natives are obliged to wander from one part of the country to another in search of water and food for themselves and their cattle.

There are dangers, too, in Africa, from fierce animals, such as lions, tigers, panthers, hyenas, and other beasts of prey, which attack men as well as cattle and sheep, especially the lions. Other wild animals also abound, such as elephants, giraffes, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, and deer of various kinds,—all of which furnish rare sport to any person who is skilful and daring enough to hunt them. Snakes and poisonous reptiles there are, too, in great numbers; and swarms of locusts, which, wherever they come, eat up every green thing, and are, in their turn, eaten by the natives. In the rivers are crocodiles; and the sea-cow, as the hippopotamus is sometimes called, haunts their banks, while the ostrich roams in the wide deserts. In short, there is no part of the world in which so many wild animals are to be found as in Africa.

But wilder and fiercer are the natives themselves when their bad passions rouse them to make war on each other. Then are seen some of the darker shades of the African character, in the savage cruelties which are exercised, not only by the warriors upon each other, but also upon helpless and unoffending women and children.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST MISSIONARY TO THE HOTTENTOTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that the Dutch colonists said about the Hottentots and Bushmen, there were some persons who pitied them, and believed that if they were stupid and ignorant and vicious, there was the more need to attempt their instruction; and also that there were better ways of instructing them than by tying them to a wagon-wheel and flogging them. So, in the year 1736, which was more than eighty years after the colony was founded, a good German, named George Schmidt—or Smith, as he would have been called in England—left his native country, and went among the wild Hottentots, at a place which is now known as Genadendal, or the Vale of Grace, but which then went by the name of Bavian's Kloof, or the Glen of Baboons. This place was a secluded valley, a good distance from Cape Town; and here George Schmidt built himself a hut, cultivated a garden, and, by kindness, won the affections of the ignorant natives.

You may fancy how scornfully some of the Dutch colonists would look upon a man who had come all that way from home for no other purpose but to teach the Hottentots; and how, if they ever met with him, they would tell him he might as well try to make reasonable beings of baboons. But Schmidt did not regard this. He built a school for Hottentot children, and though he was ignorant of their language, he preached to the older people by means of an interpreter. And it was not long before they began to look upon him as their friend. More than this, many of the poor despised Hottentots listened to his instructions; and when he told them of the

love of God, in sending his dear Son to be the Saviour of the world, their hearts were melted with love and gratitude: by the grace of God they became Christians.

George Schmidt lived among the Hottentots seven years, with no one to encourage or assist him in his loving and self-denying work. At the end of that time he was obliged to go back to Europe, not intending to remain there, however. But the Dutch colonists had taken great offence at his having been successful in teaching the natives. They saw that he was making men of them, as well as Christians; and they did not wish them to be men: it suited their purposes better that they should remain as ignorant as beasts. So they sent word to Holland that Schmidt had done great mischief in the colony by his teaching and preaching; and when he was about to return to Africa he was not allowed to proceed on his journey. Thus this first Christian mission to the Hottentots was wickedly put an end to.

It was fifty years afterwards, and when George Schmidt had been long dead, that three travellers from Europe landed at the Cape of Good Hope, and were not long in finding their way through the colony to the Vale of Grace. They were missionaries, like Schmidt; and they wished to know if he was still remembered there. They found the little village he had raised almost deserted; there were ruins of cottages, in which the Christian Hottentots had lived; and a part of the walls of Schmidt's house was yet standing, with several fruit trees, which he had planted, yet flourishing beside it.

Was this all? No; they found, living near, a poor old Hottentot woman, who wept for joy when she was told that these strangers were friends of her good teacher, who had lived so many years ago at the Vale of Grace, and that they were Christians—for she too was a Christian. And besides poor old Magdalena

—for that was her name—were many other Hottentots, who either remembered Mr. Schmidt with affection, or had heard of him : and very glad they were when they found that missionaries were come to live among them again.

After this, other missionaries went out to different parts of Southern Africa from Europe, especially from Great Britain, after Cape Colony became a British colony ; and there are now a great number of missionary stations, not only among the Hottentots and Bushmen of the colony, but in the countries beyond.



Armed Bushman.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOTTENTOT CHIEF.

IF you look on a map of Africa for Cape Colony, you will find it quite at the lower part of that great continent,— a little corner, as it may seem, compared with the whole of the map. Small as it appears however, it is more than twice as large as the whole of Great Britain. On the right hand side of this colony is the country of the Caffres, between whom and the English, as you may have heard, a sad war has for some time been carried on; and higher up on the map, beyond the colony, is a large country called Namaqua-land, inhabited by different tribes of Hottentots. It is in general a wretched country, for want of water; and it was to the deserts of Namaqua-land that numbers of the poor Hottentots were driven by the cruelties of their Dutch masters. I will give you a short history of one of these.

AFRICANER was the chief of a Hottentot tribe; and in former days, he and his brothers “roamed on their native hills and dales, within a hundred miles of Cape Town; pastured their own flocks, killed their own game, drank of their own streams, and mingled the music of their heathen songs with the winds which burst over the Wilsemberg and Winterhoek mountains, once the strongholds of their clan.” But the Dutch came and took possession of Africaner’s pastures, and compelled him to remove. Some of his people were destroyed, others deserted, and others were made slaves by the Dutch, till at last, far from the land of his forefathers, the Hottentot chief, with the remainder of his tribe, were compelled to become servants to a Boer. Here he and his diminished clan lived for a number of

years, and were faithful to their master, who, in return, seemed to take a mean and cruel pleasure in provoking and oppressing them. At length Africaner saw that there was no relief to be gained from this constant tyranny, but that his people were dwindling away in number, while their wives and daughters were abused, and their infants murdered, and he himself—once their proud chief—had to subsist on a coarse and scanty pittance, which, in the days of his independence, he would have scorned to give to the meanest of his followers. Then he asked permission of the Boer to leave his service, and to remove to some distant part of the country where they might live in peace and quiet. But, instead of granting this request, the haughty Boer let Africaner know that he looked upon him and all his people as slaves; and began to treat them more tyrannically than before.

This was more than the poor Hottentots could endure. They refused any longer to obey the commands of their master. Order after order was sent down to the huts of Africaner and his people to no purpose—they sat still brooding over their multiplied wrongs.

“It was eventide, and the farmer, exasperated to find his commands disregarded, ordered them, the Hottentot *slaves*, to appear at the door of his house. This was to them an awful moment, and though accustomed to scenes of barbarity, their hearts beat hard. It had not yet entered their minds to do violence to the farmer.

“They moved slowly up to the door of the house. Titus, the next brother to the chief, dreading that the farmer, in his wrath, might have recourse to desperate measures, took his gun with him, holding it behind his back. When they reached the front of the house, and the chief had gone up the few steps leading to the door, to state their complaints, the

Boer rushed furiously upon him, and with one blow precipitated him to the bottom of the steps. At this moment, Titus drew from behind him his gun, and fired on the tyrant, who staggered backwards and fell.

“They then entered the house, and the wife having witnessed the death of her husband, implored for mercy. They told her not to be alarmed, for they had nothing against *her* ; but demanded all the guns and ammunition that were in the house, and charged her not to leave the house during the night, for if she did, the other slaves, over whom Africaner had no control, might kill her.

“The poor wife obeyed this command ; but two of her children, overcome with terror, escaped by a back door, and were slain by two Bushmen, who had long been looking out for an opportunity of revenging injuries they had suffered. The mother afterwards escaped to the nearest farm.”

After this, you may be sure, Cape Colony was no safe place for Africaner. Without loss of time he got together the remnant of his people, and escaped to Namaqua-land, beyond the danger of pursuit, where he soon became known and feared as a terrible robber.

All this occurred long after missionaries had begun to teach the gospel to Hottentots and Bushmen in different parts of the colony ; but it does not appear that Africaner had ever received such instruction, or indeed heard of that mild and merciful revelation of God to man, which tells of One who loved his enemies, and gave his life for them, and which teaches us to bless them that curse us, to do good to them that hate us, and pray for them that despitefully use us and persecute us. And we need not wonder that Africaner had never heard of the Bible, when we consider how far distant the missionaries even now are from each other in that wide country.

As to the Boer, who was Africaner's master, and who came to the miserable end I have described : it is not likely that the poor Hottentot slaves learned much of christianity from him.

Well, as I said, Africaner's name spread terror far and wide in Namaqua-land. The colonists who lived nearest to that country, feared to sleep in the night lest he should fall upon them, rob them of their cattle, and perhaps murder them ; and the natives around him looked upon him as a dangerous neighbour and their enemy. One plot after another was laid, both by Boers and Namaqua Hottentots, against his life. But he was watchful and brave, and had around him his brothers and faithful followers, so that he always managed to escape from his enemies.

He had narrow escapes, however. Once he and his men were unexpectedly attacked by a large party of Namaquas, under the command of a chief, named Berend, with whom Africaner was at feud ; and, after a desperate conflict the Namaquas drove off all Africaner's cows and oxen, leaving nothing behind, except a few calves. The Hottentot chief was not likely to sit down quietly under this injury. He and his followers returned home, and having slaughtered the calves which were left them, rested a couple of days in order to dry the flesh in the sun. Then, for several days they pursued their enemy, and having found out their retreat, which was on the opposite side of the Orange River, without being themselves discovered, they swam over in the dead of the night with their clothes and ammunition tied on their heads, and their guns on their shoulders. "The little force thus prepared, not unlike that of Bruce at Bannockburn, seized their opportunity, and, when all the enemy were slumbering in fancied security," fell upon the encampment, and not only regained possession of their own cattle, but marched off victoriously with all belonging to the marauders.

This is but one of the many adventures of Africaner's life at this time; and it is one in which certainly the right was on his side. I dare say he was not always in the right, and that his enemies had great reason to dread him. Many years afterwards, when Africaner became a Christian, and was seen and heard entreating some who were on the point of fighting, to forgive and love, and live at peace with each other,—a Namaqua chief said, "Look, there is the man, once the lion, at whose roar even the inhabitants of distant hamlets fled from their homes! Yes, and I have, for fear of his approach, fled with my people, our wives and our babes, to the mountain glen, or to the wilderness, and spent nights among beasts of prey, rather than gaze on the eyes of this lion, or hear his roar."





The Musical Grave.

CHAPTER IV.

AFRICANER AND THE MISSIONARIES.

WHILE Africaner was thus getting himself a great name, but not a good one, a little party of missionaries went to Namaqua-land. They had great reason to dread the robber-chief; but he did not at first molest them, though it would have been easy for him to do so. Instead of this, he went to see them soon after their arrival, and behaved in a very friendly manner.

‘As you are sent by the English,’ he said, to the wife of one of the missionaries, ‘I welcome you to

the country ; for though I hate the Dutch, my former oppressors, I love the English ; for I have always heard that they are the friends of the poor black man.'

And afterwards, though the missionaries were a long distance from Africaner's kraal or village, he and his people used sometimes to go and listen to their instructions.

But this kindly feeling did not, at this time, last long. Some one told the Hottentot chief that the missionaries were plotting against him with some of his enemies. This was a false report ; but Africaner believed it, and he was filled with rage, and declared that he would put an end to their preaching and teaching in Namaqua-land, and would take vengeance on the people who harboured them.

You may be sure that this was a very distressing threat to the missionaries and their wives, who had seen enough of Africaner to know that he was capable of almost of any enormity when his passions were roused. They had no place of refuge, and were more than two hundred miles from the abodes of civilized men. For a whole month they waited in terror, expecting the threatened attack ; and could devise no better plan for security than to dig deep holes in the ground, in which they might take shelter from the shots of the robbers. Then, they thought it better to remove and return to the colony.

It was well that they did this ; for soon afterwards the robber-chief and his men came to the station, having spread devastation around him on all the road. And when it was found that the missionaries were gone, his band began to search the premises for anything of value that might be hidden. Presently one of the men, who had wandered into the burying-ground, stepped over what seemed to be a newly-made grave, and, much to his surprise and terror

heard soft notes of music, which seemed to rise from the ground beneath his feet. "He stood motionless, gazing over his shoulder, with mouth and eyes wide open, hesitating whether to stand still and see the dead arise—which he had heard the missionaries preach about—or take to his heels." Presently, the poor heathen, seeing no signs of anything wonderful, and hearing no more of the sounds, plucked up courage to leap again on the same spot, and again he heard the awful music. This was enough: without again looking back, he darted off to the camp, and told his chief that there was life and music in one of the graves.

The chief, fearless of the living or the dead, was not to be scared, even by the supposed spectre of the tomb. He arose, and ordered his men to follow him to the spot. One jumped, and another jumped, and at each succeeding leap succeeding notes of the softest music vibrated on the ear from beneath.

'Dig,' said the chief; and they dug, till very soon the mysterious cause of the sounds came to light. It was a pianoforte, which the wife of one of the missionaries had brought with her from London, and which, being too large and heavy to be taken away in the rapid flight, had been hastily buried in the dry soil. It was very soon broken to pieces, as you may suppose.

After having well searched the mission premises, the robbers burned them to the ground, and then departed.

As to the missionaries who were thus driven from their wilderness home, they had to pass through many sufferings in their flight; and the lady to whom the pianoforte had belonged did not live to return. But you will be glad to know that the mission to Namaqua-land was not given up. And you will not, I am sure, be sorry to hear, though it may surprise you, that the bold robber chief, whose very name, for

years and years, had been such a terror to the country for hundreds of miles around, not only made peace with the missionaries, but invited them to settle in his own village ; and, better still, repented of his former life of violence—showing by his conduct that his heart was indeed changed, that his repentance was sincere, and that he was indeed and in truth, what he professed to be—a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

I shall have to tell of this presently, and you will see how true it is that—

“ When once the love of Christ is known,
It breaks and melts the heart of stone ;
There tenderness and mercy dwell,
And peace, and joy—and all is well.”



CHAPTER V.

A CHAPTER OF TRAVELLING.

IN the year 1817, a wagon drawn by a dozen oxen or more, might be seen day after day slowly dragging along the rough roads of Cape Colony—now climbing a steep and rugged mountain, now rolling along in a fertile valley, and now fording a shallow river—the oxen wading and swimming, until reaching the opposite bank, they make a desperate plunge and scramble to tread again on dry ground.

This wagon is attended by I know not how many Hottentots, who in their strange language are urging on the oxen to make haste. But the oxen are some of them lazy, and some of them obstinate, and all of them very tired, so they get along rather slowly.

The wagon is not at all like an English wagon ;—such an awkward, heavy, clumsy thing has not been seen in England for many a long day ; and the harness that fastens it to the oxen, and that keeps the oxen together, is awkward and clumsy too. But travellers must not mind trifles ; and perhaps this Cape Colony wagon is a better conveyance than we may at first imagine, for such a country of rough roads and no roads at all.

It does not do, however, to be in a great hurry. Our travellers have some hundreds of miles to go ; and the oxen do not travel many miles a-day : sometimes the road is so bad, or the mountain side so steep and dangerous that it takes an hour or two to get over a few yards of ground : and when any difficulty arises, some of the beasts lie down and wont go a step farther without more help.

Well, help is at hand. There are some spare oxen

in attendance, with Hottentots riding on their backs. Off jump the Hottentots, and fasten their loose oxen to the foremost pair of the team, cracking their long whips, and shouting with their harsh voices, till the perverse beasts rise up lazily, and pull away again, but with no good will to their hard labour, I think. Sometimes twenty or even thirty oxen are needed to drag the heavy wagon up a mountain side.

As there is a lady in the wagon, besides other travellers, we will not be so rude as to draw aside its thick canvas tilt or covering, but will merely guess that it is pretty well filled with almost all sorts of stores for housekeeping, as well as with baggage, and ironmongery, and tools of different sorts, with two or three guns, perhaps more, and a quantity of gunpowder, shot and bullets. The travellers are going far away into the deserts beyond the colony; and if they have forgotten anything in the housekeeping way, they must learn to do without it, for they will have no shops to go to. They need tools, for they must be their own mechanics;—and guns, for they are going where wild beasts are plentiful, and game is not scarce. Perhaps they will have by-and-by to depend upon their skill as marksmen, for a dinner of meat.

Not at present, however, for following the wagon is a little flock of sheep, stopping every now and then to nibble the grass that falls in their way. Behind them is a person trying to keep them from straying. He is a white man and young. He has a gun on his shoulder and a broad-brimmed straw hat on his head, to keep off the hot sun. He looks tired, and well he may be, for he is not much used to driving sheep, and just now, the loud howl of a hyena was heard, which set the sheep scampering off as fast as they could run, some one way and some another; and the white man had to scamper after them, among the thorny bushes which scratched his face and tore

egs ; and it was a long time before he could get flock together again.

That white man is a missionary, who a few months ago said good-bye to his home and friends in Scotland ; and, after spending some time at Cape Town in learning the Dutch language, is going with another missionary, and that missionary's wife, to a station in Little Namaqua-land, which is between Cape Colony and the Orange river. After that, he will have to go alone, beyond the river, into Great Namaqua-land. His name is ROBERT MOFFAT.

Now and then, as they pass through the colony, the travellers stop at farm-houses, where they are very kindly treated. But when the farmers ask Mr. Moffat where he is going, and he tells them, they tell him he must be mad to think of such a thing.

'You are going to Africaner's country,' they say ; 'that evil-minded robber. You will never come back alive.'

'I hope I shall, if God pleases,' thinks Mr. Moffat ; 'but perhaps I shall not come back at all. I am going to live among the people of Great Namaqua-land. I am even going to the village of Africaner himself.'

'Did any body ever hear such madness ?' thinks the farmer, who has heard enough about Africaner to hate to hear his name mentioned. 'Why,' he says, 'when you get there, Africaner will set you up as a mark for his boys to shoot at !'

'He will strip off your skin,' says another, 'and make a drum of it to dance to.'

'He will cut off your head,' says a third, 'and make a drinking cup of your skull.'

'Ah !' exclaims a kind motherly lady, the wife of another farmer, at whose house the tired travellers are resting for a little while ; 'If you were an old man it would not matter, for then you must soon die, whether or no : but you are young ; and to think

of your going to be a prey to that—that monster, Africaner!’—and she wiped the tears from her eyes as she spoke.

‘But you do Africaner great wrong,’ says the young missionary. ‘He has been very wicked and violent, it is true; but he is converted, and is now a Christian, and will not harm any one.’

But no, no! they will not hear this; they don’t believe anything about Africaner having become a Christian. No, no; the thing is impossible—it cannot be!

If Mr. Moffat does not say it—and perhaps he does—at least he remembers that there is a text in the Bible that tells us, “With God all things are possible.” So he is not much discouraged by what he hears; and on and on the travellers go, till the colony is left behind, and they get into the deserts of Little Namaqua-land.

Dangerous travelling now, and very fatiguing. Every day the sun scorches them, and the poor oxen pant, and hang out their tongues as they drag along the heavy wagon. Sometimes they have to travel miles over sands and stones, so hot that they can scarcely bear it; and the oxen low and sheep bleat with pain and weariness. Water becomes scarce too, and weary as they all are, they must keep moving till they reach the next stream or pool, or they will all perish with thirst. And when they reach it, it is dirtier than English puddle water. Never mind, it is very refreshing and acceptable for all that.

Every night, when they stop, they must kindle a great fire to keep off the lions and hyenas, which they can hear roaring and growling and howling, not far off. I think they smell the sheep and oxen, and skulk about the travellers, hoping to get a good meal; and woe to the poor animal that strays in the night from the protecting fire! There will be nothing but bones left of it in the morning.

CHAPTER VI.

A HOTTENTOT VILLAGE.

I MUST take you now to a Hottentot village or kraal, as it is called. It is not much like an English village. There is no particular high road, leading in at one end and out at the other: there are no neat cottages with garden plots around them—no village church and parsonage-house, and squire's mansion—no cultivated fields around. Nothing of the sort.

Fancy yourself on a wide wild moor, scattered over with great rough rocks, bare and weather-beaten, with patches of coarse, scanty herbage growing where there is soil enough for it to take root, and here and there clumps of trees, which throw a pleasant shadow beneath: fancy again, a gipsy encampment on this wild moor, with women and children in abundance, black, and grimy, with filthy tattered sheep-skins hanging about them for clothing; some wandering about, shrieking, scolding, quarrelling; others lazily rolling on the ground; others cooking at fires, outside the huts; dogs prowling about also, half-starved and ugly; then cast your eyes round, and see in the distance, herds of oxen, and a few sheep and goats, picking up a poor meal off the scanty grass, under the care of black, woolly-headed, half-naked savages, while others having nothing to do, are stretched at full length, or idly lounging about the camp. Fancy all this, and you may, if you please, suppose yourself to be in a Hottentot kraal.

The huts are not very complicated in their architecture. Draw a circle on the ground; stick long poles into the ground, just outside this circle; pull them together at the top, and fasten them with strips

of cow-skin ; then cover over this frame with anything you may happen to have,—sheep-skins, bullock's-hides, or mats made of long grass,—and you have a Hottentot hut complete.

You must not expect your hut to keep out all the rain that falls upon it ; nor yet to stand very firm against a hurricane : but it keeps off the sun, and if blown down, it is soon put up again ; and what rain soaks through you must bear patiently, or fasten an extra mat over the leaky part of the roof. There is this advantage at any rate in your hut—when you are tired of one spot you can easily move it to another.

Let us stroll outside the village, beyond the huts, and under the shade of yonder clump of trees. Why, but what do we see ? A wagon that surely was never made by the builders of yonder huts. It is broken and crippled, but it looks wonderfully like the wagon we saw months ago, toiling over the mountains and through the valleys of Cape Colony, I know not how many scores of miles away.

Truly, there is no mistake about it. It is the same wagon—Mr. Moffat's travelling carriage. It has had some rough work since we saw it last ; and so has its owner : but, they, both of them—the missionary and his wagon—reached their destination at last. This is Africaner's village.

Ah ! poor Mr. Moffat ! and was he set up as a mark for the boys to shoot at ?—they look as if they would not scruple to shoot at a missionary if they had the chance. Or did Africaner make a drum of the missionary's skin ? or a drinking cup of his skull ?

Well, no ; he did none of these things : but as soon as the young missionary arrived he had a hut built for him ; and though fifty years old, and a great chief among his people, he came daily to that hut to receive instruction like a little child.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER ASPECT.

It is very lonely for Mr. Moffat in the Hottentot village. He is the only white man there. He has left behind him almost all the comforts of civilized life. He cannot even get bread to eat; for the people do not grow any kind of grain; and he is obliged to live as he can on any game he can kill with his gun, with sometimes a bit of mutton or goat flesh, or beef, but this not often; and then he must eat his meat without bread, or vegetables of any kind, or salt. Once a friendly missionary in Little Namaqua-land, sent him a bag of salt; but when it was opened it was so mixed with sand that he could not relish it; so he quietly hung the bag up in his hut, and there it remains untouched.

He has milk to drink, however, for Africaner has given him two cows. They do not yield much, it is true, but they often save him from a hungry night. So the young missionary lives on meat and milk, sometimes for weeks together on milk alone, which, by way of change, he drinks at one time sweet and fresh, at another time sour, and at another curdled.

But sometimes his milk fails, and he has no meat either: what shall he do then? He cannot buy, for there are none to sell, and if there were, alas! he has no money. He does not like to ask for food of the poor Hottentots, who are as hardly driven as himself, though, without asking, he now and then discovers that some unknown friend has slipped a piece of meat into his hut when he has been absent—so he throws his gun on his shoulder, and rambles out on the plain, or on to the mountains beyond, in search of something to eat. He cannot

always find it ; and then he returns to his hut half-starved, to go to rest, in hopes that there will be something in store for to-morrow.

He has no prospect of faring better than this in time to come ; for though he may have as much land to cultivate as he pleases, the ground is so dry and barren, and there is rain so seldom, and water is so scarce, that digging and sowing would be of no use :—there would be no reaping.

As there is no society of his own countrymen for the young missionary, and no one of whom to ask advice, or to speak to about his difficulties and trials among the poor ignorant Hottentots, he sometimes feels his heart sinking within him, and thinks of the happy home and kind friends he has left behind, in his native land, till he almost wishes himself back again. But then he remembers why he left his home—that it was not to get money, nor to obtain a fine farm, but to show the way to Heaven to the dark-minded heathen ; and he remembers too that if he is a faithful servant of God, God will be with him to help him and comfort him ; and this cheers his mind, and he can go when evening is drawing on, and can sing praises with a joyful heart to his God and Saviour all by himself, among the rocks outside the village.

After all, there is something—and not a little—to encourage Mr. Moffat at Africaner's kraal, which is become a favourable specimen of Hottentot villages. Before he went there, another teacher had been among them, who had prepared the way for our young missionary by giving religious instruction. Indeed, there is now a little congregation of Christians there ; and among them are to be reckoned Africaner himself, the redoubtable robber, but a robber no longer, but *Christian* Africaner, as he is now willing to be called—and his brothers, David and Jacobus. Titus Africaner too who you re-

member shot the Boer, their former master, and who has been in his time a fiercer tiger in human form than his brother, and who had hated the former missionary, and set a terrible example of wickedness to all Africaner's people—even he is become the steady friend of Mr. Moffat, and is like a different being.

Mr. Moffat has plenty of employment at Africaner's village. He has a service at his hut every morning and evening, to which he invites as many of the natives as like to come, when he reads and explains to them some part of the Scriptures, and joins with them in prayer. Then three or four hours every day are spent in teaching the Hottentot children to read; and in this he is greatly assisted by the two brothers of the chief, David and Jacobus.

Christian Africaner, himself, is not very ready at reading, but he improves every day: and the New Testament is his constant companion. He may be often seen for hours together, sitting under the shadow of a rock, reading those words of life which, you know, are able to make us wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus, and which, while they bring salvation, teach us also, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in the present world.

Sometimes when all his people are gone to rest, Africaner sits with the young missionary on a great stone at the door of his hut, and talks till the dawn of next day about the wonders of creation and redemption. A new world is opened to his mind, and he cannot be satisfied. He is like a bee gathering honey from every flower. Then, after asking a great number of questions, he exclaims, rubbing his head,—“I have heard enough for this time. I feel as if my head were too small, and as if it would swell with these great subjects.”

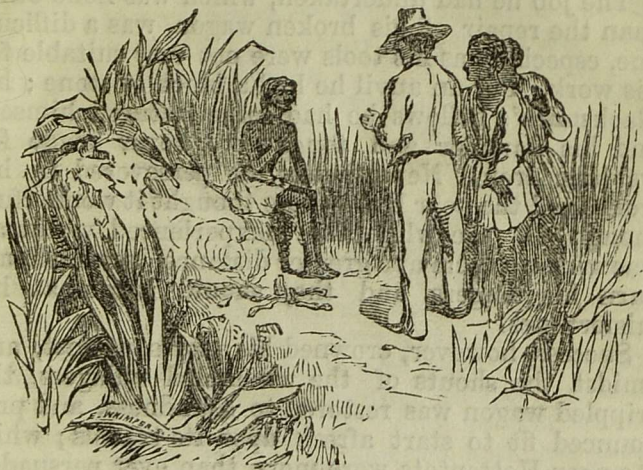
No more thieving and fighting excursions for

Africaner and his men, you may be sure. "What have I now of all the battles I have fought, or the cattle I took," he asks, "but shame and remorse?" And when he hears of those around him, who are at variance with each other, he goes and begs them to be reconciled.

Our Hottentot village, as well as becoming more peaceful, is getting cleaner and neater. One day, for instance, Mr. Moffat thinks it would be a good thing if the children, and there are a good number of them;—about a hundred and twenty—who come to his school, were to undergo a little purification at the fountain which supplies the cattle with water. Does not Africaner think so too?

Yes, Africaner has not much doubt about it; for since he has become a Christian, he has not been so contented to live in the midst of filth as he used to be. So he persuades the people to suffer their children to be washed; and then, having washed their bodies clean, our two reformers get them to wash their dirty sheepskin garments. They don't like it much at first; for they have been so used to dirt, that washing is like stripping off a skin; but they begin to feel more comfortable, and before long, you would have to travel long and far before you would meet with such bright-looking Hottentots as are to be found at Africaner's kraal.





Left to die.

CHAPTER VIII.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

I HAVE told you that a great part of Namaqualand is desert country; and Mr. Moffat had not been many months at Africaner's kraal before great distress came upon the people through want of water. No rain had fallen for weeks, and all around scarcely a blade of green grass could be seen, so that most of the cattle had to be driven to distant pastures to feed.

On one of the hot cloudless days of that summer, there was an unusual bustle in the village. All the people who remained in the place were flocking towards the missionary's broken wagon, and gathering

round the missionary himself, who, for the first time in his life, had turned blacksmith.

The job he had undertaken, which was none other than the repair of his broken wagon, was a difficult one, especially as his tools were not very suitable for his work. For an anvil he had a block of stone ; his blacksmith's bellows he had manufactured himself, and his hammer and tongs were never made for welding iron. Nevertheless, he persevered in his work, and the poor Hottentots thought it wonderful ; though all the while the inexperienced workman was wishing them at a greater distance, lest he should burn his fingers and they should laugh at his misfortunes.

Success, however, crowned his efforts at last, and amidst the shouts of the assembled villagers, the crippled wagon was restored to soundness, and pronounced fit to start afresh upon its travels ; while the poor Hottentots were more than ever persuaded that their white friend must be a very clever man.

A day or two later and the village was again in confusion. Oxen were harnessed to the wagon ; and the missionary, attended by the Hottentot chief, and thirty picked men, active and willing, were making the last preparations for a long journey of many weeks to the farther borders of Namaqua-land. At length these preparations were completed, and amidst the confused noise of shouting Hottentots, lowing oxen, and barking dogs, the wagon and its attendants moved on, and soon Africaner's kraal was left in the distance, almost deserted, except by women and children.

There had been a time, no doubt, when a band of thirty of Africaner's men, led on by that terrible freebooter himself, would have struck dismay into every Hottentot kraal near which it passed. The villagers would have expected nothing less than to have their huts burned over their heads, their poor

wives and children murdered, and their cattle driven off. But Africaner's expedition was, now, a very peaceable one. He had no idea of molesting any one; and if he had a large party with him, it was only as a precaution against the many dangers of the long journey he had undertaken.

And that journey was not without an object. The chief had found that the barren wilderness in which he had, many years before, fixed his village, was better calculated for the residence of lawless robbers, such as he and his people had once been, than for the home of quiet, God-fearing Christians. It was his wish to live thenceforward, honestly and industriously; and having heard that, on the farther borders of Namaqua-land there was a country, well-watered with many fountains, and more fertile, which he would be at liberty to occupy, he had proposed to the missionary to visit it. And he was accompanied by Mr. Moffat, to be assisted with his judgment, as well as that the gospel might be preached to the poor heathen natives whom they might meet with on their way.

For many days, after leaving Africaner's kraal, the travellers passed over a dry and barren country. The plains were sand—the hills were sand—almost all around them was sand. It was difficult to find food for the oxen as they went on; and when their small stock of water was gone, they had to travel for hours before they reached a fountain where they could quench their thirst.

Bounding along the desert around them, the missionary and his friends saw troops of zebras and wild asses; herds of stately giraffes, sometimes as many as thirty or forty together; great numbers of elks and antelopes; and now and then a solitary rhinoceros. All these were welcome sights; for the travellers had to depend for subsistence upon the game they might meet with in the course of the

journey. Mr. Moffat was a good marksman, and so was Africaner, and so were many of the men; though none of them could equal Titus, who was one of the party, and who had been known to take his gun in the dead of the night, enter an immense deep pool in the Orange river, swim to the centre, take his seat on a rock just above the surface of the water, and wait the approach of a hippopotamus, which he would shoot just as it opened its monstrous jaws to seize him.

So, having plenty of powder and musket-balls, and a good number of guns, the travellers managed to obtain a tolerable supply of food in the desolate regions through which they were slowly passing. Nothing came much amiss to them, for their appetites were too keen to allow them to be very dainty; and Mr. Moffat found that even zebra's flesh was not to be despised, though a young fat giraffe was to be preferred. When they killed a large animal, they generally halted a day or two, at some convenient spot, to cut the meat into thin pieces and dry it in the sun. It was then stowed away in the wagon for future occasions, and, when eaten, had to be put under hot ashes, and then pounded between two stones to loosen its fibres.

Sometimes even this hard fare failed, and, being unsuccessful in procuring fresh food, the travellers had to fasten leathern thongs tightly round their stomachs to prevent the gnawing of hunger.

One day the whole party narrowly escaped being poisoned. They saw before them a beautiful valley, as it appeared, clothed in lively green; and hoping to obtain food for their oxen, they hastened to it. But when they reached the spot, they found that what looked so lovely and inviting, was nothing but a bitter plant which the cattle would not eat, and which only impeded their progress. They were faint themselves with hunger, and the oxen were worn out

with fatigue, when some of the party found honey in the clefts of the rocks. This was a welcome treat : and they all ate heartily. Presently, however, one complained of a burning heat in his throat, and then another, and another ; then a native came up, and said, ' You had better not eat the honey of this vale. Do you not see the poison-bushes from which the bees get honey and poison too ?'

You may be sure the travellers did not feel very comfortable after that. Every one had recourse to the little water that remained in the vessels, for the inward heat was terrible : but the water instead of allaying only increased the pain. It was well that no more serious consequences followed ; but it was several days before they got rid of the effect of the poisoned honey.

Sometimes they came to a Namaqua village ; and then the missionary got the inhabitants together and told them of the glad tidings of the gospel. And it is pleasant to think of Africaner, the dreaded robber, as he had been, standing beside Mr. Moffat, and interpreting to his poor Hottentot brethren the message of peace and good-will to men which he delivered.

At one of the villages Mr. Moffat met with a Hottentot conjuror, or sorcerer, who pretended that he had entered into a lion which, the night before, had alarmed the village and killed the cattle. But when the missionary invited him to try his power again, he declined, saying that the missionary himself must be a white conjuror, from the strange doctrines he taught.

At this village the journey outward came to a close, for the wild Namaquas, as they were called, were jealous of the visit, and were preparing to oppose the travellers. It would have been easy for Africaner and his men to have forced their way ; but the chief himself proposed to return rather than shed blood.

So the wagon was turned southwards, and the travellers began to retrace their weary steps to Africaner's kraal.

On their journey they were often exposed to danger from lions. One evening, on their way homewards, when they were quietly resting for the night beside a pool of water, and were just closing their evening worship, a terrible roar was heard close by, and, in the next instant, the weary oxen who had been peacefully chewing the cud, rushed madly over the fire, round which the travellers were seated, and scattered, in wild confusion, fire and men, huts, hymn-books, guns and bibles—disappearing, as rapidly as they had come, in a cloud of dust and sand.

A shout was raised—'a lion!—a lion!' and Africaner, jumping up, grasped a firebrand, and followed by his men, rushed down a dark and gloomy ravine after the terrified oxen. Probably the lion was scared with the shouting and the fire, for no more was heard of him through the night, and the oxen were recovered. This was a better ending to the alarm than might have been expected; for often, in spite of shouting and firebrands, a hungry lion will break in upon a night encampment, and bound off with its prey; and sometimes will prefer a man to an ox.

I must tell you of only one other adventure which befel our travellers on this journey, to show you what heathenism is, and how much need there is for Christian missionaries in heathen lands.

Mr. Moffat and his companions had travelled all day over a sandy plain, and passed a sleepless night from extreme thirst and fatigue. Rising early the next morning, and leaving the people to get the wagon ready to follow, the missionary and one of the men went forward in search of game.

After passing a ridge of hills, and advancing into the plain beyond, they saw a little smoke rising from

a few bushes ; and animated by the sight, they started forward, hoping to meet with some one who could direct them to a fountain. When they had arrived within a few hundred yards of the spot, they were startled at the fresh marks of lions. They had no guns, and hesitated a moment whether to proceed : but thirst urged them on, so they advanced cautiously, keeping a good look out at every bush they passed.

On reaching the spot, the mystery of the smoke was disclosed. Seated by a smouldering fire was an aged woman—a living skeleton, so weak and helpless, that when terrified by the appearance of a white man, she tried to rise, she sunk back again to the earth.

‘Fear not, mother,’ said the missionary, ‘we are friends, and will do you no harm. How came you here ? and who are you ?’

‘I am a woman,’ she replied, ‘I have been here four days ; my children have left me here to die.’

‘Your children !’

‘Yes,’ said the poor Hottentot woman, raising her hand to her shrivelled bosom : ‘my own children—three sons and two daughters. They are gone to yonder blue mountains, and have left me here to die.’

‘And pray why did they leave you ?’ asked Mr. Moffat, kindly.

The old woman spread out her hands :—‘I am old, you see, and am no longer able to serve them. When they kill game, I am too feeble to help in carrying home the flesh. I am not able to gather wood to make fire. I cannot carry their children on my back as I used to do !’

The missionary was much affected. At length he said, he wondered she had escaped the lions, which seem to have been near.

‘I hear the lions,’ she answered ; ‘but there is nothing on me that they would eat. See here ;’ and she raised the skin of her arm, which hung loose upon it.

There was indeed no flesh—nothing but bone and skin.

At that moment the wagon drew near. This greatly alarmed her; she seemed to think it an animal. Assuring her that it would do her no harm, Mr. Moffat offered to put her into it, and take her with him. But the thought of this struck more terror into her than the expectation of death.

‘If you take me with you to another village,’ she said, ‘they will do the same thing again. It is our custom. I am nearly dead; I do not want to die again.’

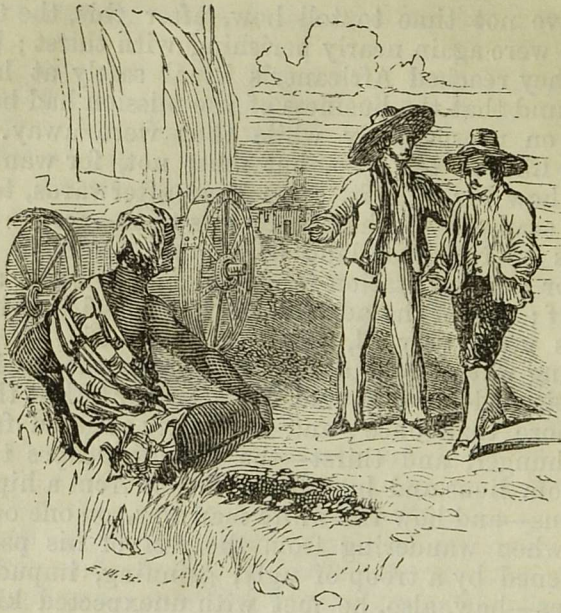
It was useless to reason with her, and to have attempted to move her by force would have hastened her death. The poor oxen were raging with thirst, and the travellers were nearly delirious. To have remained would have been fatal to them: but before they left the poor outcast, they collected a quantity of fuel, gave her a good supply of dry meat, some tobacco, and a knife; and telling her to keep up her courage, and a good fire, lest the lions after all should come upon her and destroy her—they promised to return as speedily as possible.

In a day or two they performed the promise, but found the old woman and every thing gone; and, on further examination, the fresh footmarks of men were discovered near. Several months afterwards the missionary was told that the sons, seeing from a distance the wagon halt at the spot where they had left their mother to perish, returned, expecting to find only her mangled remains. But finding her still alive, and supplied with food, and on hearing her tell of the strangers’ kindness, they were alarmed, and dreading the vengeance of the great chief, as they supposed the white man to be, they took her home, and afterwards provided for her with more than usual care.

I have not time to tell how, after this, the travellers were again nearly perishing with thirst ; but how they reached Africaner's kraal safely at last, and found that the business of the mission had been going on prosperously while they were away. I should like to tell also, but must not, for want of space, how Mr. Moffat, some time afterwards, took a long scamper—on horseback this time—across the deserts of Namaqua-land in another direction, to look for another station for his friend Africaner and himself ; and of the adventures he met with :—how he was made very ill, and nearly lost his life, by drinking water from a fountain which the natives had poisoned—how he and his attendants lost their way more than once ; and how they suffered from cold, hunger, and thirst—the narrow escapes they had from lions and hyenas ; and once from a hippopotamus—and how the white man was, on one occasion, when wandering from the rest of his party, threatened by a troop of ugly, grinning, impudent baboons—how, also, he met with unexpected kindness from the poor Bushmen of the desert, for whom few people have willingly a good word to give—and how at length they once more returned to Africaner's village.

I should like to tell you, too, if I had room, which I have not, how Mr. Moffat went from village to village, all around Africaner's kraal, and preached to the poor Namaqua Hottentots ; and how his heart was cheered with believing that God was blessing his labours, so that he thought little of the hardships he had to endure, but thanked God again and again for having put it into his heart to become a missionary.

Especially in Africaner's kraal, and among his tribe, was there such a difference to be seen, that you would not have believed them to be the same place and people.



Before you is Africaner.

CHAPTER IX.

RETURN TO CAPE TOWN.

ABOUT two years after the journey into Namaqualand, of which I have told you in a former chapter, a wagon, drawn as usual by a number of oxen, was seen slowly winding through a pleasant valley in Cape Colony; and by the direction it was taking, it was plain that the travellers whoever they might be were proceeding towards Cape Town.

On a hill at a short distance was a pleasant farmhouse; and the sight of the wagon had drawn the farmer and his wife and children to the door. We may suppose therefore that many travellers were not in the habit of passing that way.

Presently the wagon stopped, and the farmer's

attention was drawn to a nearer spot in the same direction, by the approach of a sun-burnt stranger in the dress of a European, but who had not much the appearance of a colonist.

‘Who can he be?’ thought the farmer, who was a good, kind-hearted, and hospitable man—a descendant of one of the old Dutch colonists—‘but whoever he is, if I can do him a service I will.’ And he stepped forward to meet the stranger.

He was not quite a stranger either; at least he knew the farmer’s name, and claimed his acquaintance, by offering to shake hands with him, and by saying he was glad to see him again.

But the farmer seemed to be in no haste to return the friendly greeting. Indeed, he looked sadly puzzled and troubled; and, instead of taking the offered hand, he put his own behind his back to keep it from being touched; and asked, quickly and wildly, like a frightened man,—‘Who are you?’

‘My name is Moffat,’ replied the traveller; ‘I wonder you have forgotten me. Did I not stop at your house two years ago? And you treated me very kindly, and gave me good advice.’

‘Moffat!’ exclaimed the farmer, stepping backwards in great trepidation; ‘It is Moffat’s *ghost*! I thought so.’

‘Not a bit of it: I am no ghost,’ said the traveller, laughing at his friend’s alarm.

‘Don’t come near me!’ cried out the farmer in a tone of horror:—‘Don’t! You were long ago murdered by Africaner.’

‘But, murdered or not, my good friend, I am no ghost I assure you;’ and the cause of alarm rubbed his hands together to show that he was good substantial flesh and blood.

But this made little impression upon the farmer, who was more and more terrified at the apparition: ‘Everybody says you were murdered,’ said he; ‘and a man told me he had seen your bones.’

All this time the farmer's wife and children at the farm-house above them, as well as the people at the wagon in the valley, were gazing with astonishment at the strange gestures and evident concern of the farmer, who at length extended his trembling hand, and asked Mr. Moffat when it was he had risen from the dead? It seemed vain for the young missionary to declare again that he never had been dead; and the farmer was so certain that his wife would be as alarmed as himself if he took Mr. Moffat to his house, that he began to walk slowly and fearfully towards the wagon.

By degrees, I suppose, the farmer's confusion of mind and unbelief gave way to the evidence that a living and breathing man was by his side, and he began to talk about the dreadful robber, Africaner.

'He is a truly good man,' said Mr. Moffat.

'I can believe almost anything you say,' responded the farmer; 'but I cannot believe *that*. There are seven wonders in the world, and that would be the eighth.'

The missionary reminded his obstinate friend that God was able to soften the hardest heart; and asked him to think of Manasseh and Paul, of whom, you know, the Bible tells us that they were at one time exceedingly sinful and rebellious, but became, by the grace of God, holy and obedient.

'Ah, but,' said the farmer, 'these were another sort of men. Africaner is one of the accursed sons of Ham;' and he began again to talk of the enormities of his past life.

By this time they had reached the wagon; and, seated on the ground by its side, was a pleasant-looking native, dressed in a rough kind of fashion, and having very little the appearance of a great man, any way. His eyes twinkled good-humouredly when he heard what the Dutch farmer was saying so energetically, and a smile played on his face.

'Well,' continued the farmer, 'if what you say

is true, I have just one wish, and that is, to see Africaner before I die ; and when you return I will go with you to his village, though he did kill my own uncle years ago.'

'Then,' replied Mr. Moffat, after a moment's hesitation, 'you need not go so far as that, for—look before you—there is Africaner !'

Yes, it was none other than the Hottentot chief, who had been invited by Mr. Moffat to accompany him to Cape Town, and who had adopted a kind of disguise in order that he might not be readily recognized. It was not without risk that he had ventured thus into the colony, for besides the danger that some of his former enemies might take vengeance on him if they should discover he was travelling unprotected through the country, he knew well enough that at one time the Cape government had proclaimed him an outlaw, and had offered a reward to any one who would kill him. But the missionary trusted to obtain his pardon, and engaged that no harm should befall his Hottentot friend.

You may easily guess how the farmer, when he heard that the terrible freebooter was before him, started afresh with amazement ; and you will like to know that when he was really convinced that Africaner was no longer a robber, but a Christian, he frankly and cordially welcomed him to his house, and hospitably entertained the whole party.

I am glad to tell you also that Mr. Moffat was not disappointed when he reached Cape Town. The Governor of the colony received Africaner very kindly ; and said he was much pleased to see before him, as a friend, one who had formerly been the scourge of the country, and the terror of the border colonists. And, as a testimony of his good feeling and regard, he purchased an excellent wagon, and gave it to the Hottentot chief.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

MR. MOFFAT did not return to Namaqua-land as he intended. When he reached Cape Town he met Mr. Campbell and Dr. Philip, who had been sent by the London Missionary Society in England to examine into the state of the African missions; and it was proposed to Mr. Moffat to accompany them in their travels through the country, and then to go as a missionary to the Bechuanas—a large nation of Africans on the east of Namaqua-land. After much consideration, Mr. Moffat thought it right to agree to this proposal; but not till he had obtained Africaner's consent. Indeed, the Hottentot chief was, as we have seen, himself anxious to remove his people from Namaqua-land; and he hoped that he might be able to get some land in Bechuana, and thus be still near to the missionary.

Africaner then said good-bye to his friend, and returned to his distant village, having been furnished by the governor with a passport, to ensure the friendship and attention of the colonists, through whose lands his road lay. He also undertook to convey Mr. Moffat's books and furniture across the country, from Namaqua-land to Bechuana; and there, some months afterwards, they once more met, and travelled for a little while in company.

And there, also, Africaner met with an old enemy of his, Berend-Berend—a native chief, with whom he had had many a fierce and bloody battle. But they did not meet as enemies. Berend, as well as Africaner, had become a Christian; and all former animosities had faded away. Both of them had learned to love and practise that “new command-

ment" which the Lord Jesus Christ has given to all his followers, that they "love one another."

After this, Mr. Moffat saw no more of his friend Africaner, who, not long after his return to his village, fell ill and died. You would like to know how he met death, and whether he was sorry, at last, that he had listened to the "strange doctrines" of the missionaries. I will tell you.

"When he found his end approaching, he called all the people together, and gave them directions as to their future conduct. 'We are not,' said he, 'what we were—*savages*, but men professing to be taught according to the gospel. Let us then do accordingly. Live peaceably with all men, if possible, and if impossible, consult those who are placed over you before you engage in anything. Remain together as you have done since I knew you. Then, if another missionary should be sent to you, you will be ready to receive him. Behave to any teacher you may have sent, as one sent of God, as I have great hope that God will bless you in this respect, when I am gone to heaven. I feel that I love God, and that he has done much for me, of which I am totally unworthy.

'My former life is stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has pardoned me; and I am going to heaven. Oh! beware of falling into the same evils into which I have led you frequently; but seek God, and he will be found of you, to direct you.'"

After the death of Africaner, his people remained together for some time, as he had directed. Then a part of them—those who had never cordially loved the missionaries, nor the gospel which they preached—went away, and returned to their old practice of cattle stealing. Among these, I am sorry to say, was Christian Africaner's son. But the greater number remained, and kept up the worship of God; and among them were the brothers of the old chief—David, Jacobus, and Titus. They did not remove

their kraal, as Africaner had wished ; but after a time they were again visited by missionaries ; and if you were now to go to that part of the world you would be pleased to find that of many of the poor Hottentots of Namaqua-land it may be said—

“ Where Satan reigned in shades of night,
The gospel sheds a heavenly light ;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

Lions and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the Lamb ;
While the wild world esteems it strange,
Looks, and admires, and hates the change.”

Before Mr. Moffat began afresh his duties as a missionary, he married a young lady to whom he had been engaged in England, and who ventured to Africa to become the wife of a missionary. Perhaps at another time you may be told of some of the adventures through which Mr. and Mrs. Moffat passed, the dangers they braved, and the hardships they endured in their missionary stations among the Bechuanas, many of whom Mr. Moffat found more savage and intractable than the poor Hottentots of Namaqua-land.



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