

ple, when he was taken ill with bilious fever. This was caused by the heat of the weather, in his small, close house, and living on meat and milk, without salt or vegetables or bread. The fever rose so high, that in two days he became delirious, and did not know anything that was going on. After a while, his senses returned for a few moments, and opening his eyes, he saw Africaner sitting by his bed-side, gazing on him with eyes full of pity and tenderness. Perhaps he thought that this was the last time Mr. Moffat would be able to speak; for, with the big tear standing in his eye, he asked Mr. Moffat, how, if he should die, they were to bury him? "Just in the same way as you bury your own people," was Mr. Moffat's reply. But it was not the will of God that they should so soon part, and Africaner's joy was full, when a few days after, Mr. Moffat was well enough to be again among his people.

Mr. Moffat did not remain all the time at Africaner's village. He made two long journeys, besides several short ones. The first of these journeys was to a country to the north, on the borders of the Damara Land. It was said that there were many fountains of water there, and they hoped to find a better place for a missionary station. At Africaner's station, there was not enough water to cultivate the ground, and rain scarcely ever fell, and the people were often sadly distressed. There was, however, one great difficulty before setting out. The waggon was broken, and who was to mend it? Mr. Moffat had never learned smith's work, but he had watched the smiths at Cape Town, and there is nothing like "try." He had two large goats killed, and with their skins he contrived to make a pair of bellows. The people all stood by to see him blow the new-fangled bellows. He wished them far enough away, for he was afraid he might burn his fingers with the first piece of iron, and perhaps look rather foolish. However, he succeeded: the waggon wheels were mended to admiration, and the travellers set off on their journey. Besides Africaner, Titus and more of his brothers, and thirty men, went with Mr. Moffat, for they determined that plenty of people should go with him to take care of him. They found no place for settlement in that barren and thirsty land. They were often badly off for food, and were thankful to eat the flesh of zebras and giraffes, though it was almost as tough as leather. They were in still greater distress for water, and were thankful when they reached home at last, after their unsuccessful and dangerous journey.

Mr. Moffat sometimes went on preaching journeys to distant villages. He rode on the horse that Titus had given him, and his interpreter rode by his side on an ox. After a hot day's ride, to reach a village in the evening, the people would give him a draught of milk, and then the whole village, young and old, would assemble in a nook of the fold among the kine, while he preached Christ to them. Then he would lie down on a mat at