

ly affected by the sympathy he, as well as others of his family, manifested towards me in a season of affliction. The extreme heat of the weather, in the house which I have described, and living entirely on meat and milk, to which I was unaccustomed, brought on a severe attack of billious fever, which, in the course of two days, induced delirium. Opening my eyes in the first few lucid moments, I saw my attendant and Africaner sitting before my couch gazing on me with eyes full of sympathy and tenderness.

It was deemed expedient, that Africaner, subsequent to his conversion, should visit the colony, where, previous to that event, he had been so much feared and hated. Mr. Moffat gives some incidents which had occurred by the way.

Arriving at Pella, (the place, as before stated, to which some of the people from Warm Bath had retired when the latter was destroyed by Africaner,) we had a feast fit for heaven-born souls, and subjects to which the seraphim above might have tuned their golden lyres. Men met who had not seen each other since they had joined in mutual combat for each other's woe; met—warrior with warrior, bearing in their hands the olive branch, secure, under the panoply of peace and love. They talked of Him who had subdued both, without a sword or spear, and each bosom swelled with purest friendship, and exhibited another trophy destined to adorn the triumph of the Prince of peace, under whose banner each was promoting that reign in which—

"No longer hosts encountering hosts,  
Their heaps of slain deplore;  
They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more."

The following describes an interview between Mr. Moffat and a farmer of the colony while on the journey above adverted to:—

On approaching the house, which was on an eminence, I directed my men to take the wagon to the valley below, while I walked toward the house. The farmer seeing a stranger came slowly down the descent to meet me. When within a few yards I addressed him in the usual way, and stretching out my hand, expressed my pleasure at seeing him again. He put his hand behind him, and asked me, rather wildly, who I was. I replied that I was Moffat, expressing my wonder that he should have forgotten me. "Moffat," he rejoined, in a faltering voice, "it is your ghost!" and moved some steps backward. I am no ghost, I said. "Don't come near me," he exclaimed, "you have long been murdered by Africaner." But I am no ghost, I said, feeling my hands, as if to convince him and myself too, of my materiality; but his alarm only increased. "Every body says you were murdered, and a man told me he had seen your bones;" and he continued to gaze at me, to the no small astonishment of the good wife and children, who were standing at the door, as also to that of my people, who were looking on from the wagon below. At length he extended his trembling hand, saying, "When did you rise from the dead?" As he feared my presence would alarm his wife, we bent our steps towards the wagon, and Africaner was the subject of our conversation. I gave him in a few words my views of his present character, saying, he is now a truly good man. To which he replied, "I can believe almost any thing you say, but that I cannot credit; there are seven wonders in the world; that would be the eighth." I appealed to the displays of Divine grace in a Paul, a Manasseh, and referred to his own experience. He replied, "These were another description of men, but that Africaner was one of the accur-

sed sons of Ham, enumerating some of the atrocities of which he had been guilty. By this time we were standing with Africaner at our feet, on whose countenance sat a smile, well knowing the prejudices of some of the farmers. The farmer closed the conversation by saying with much earnestness, "Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is, to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle." I was not before aware of this fact, and now felt some hesitation whether to discover to him the object of his wonder; but knowing the sincerity of the farmer, and the goodness of his disposition, I said, This, then, is Africaner? He started back, looking intensely at the man, as if he had just dropped from the clouds. "Are you Africaner?" he exclaimed. He arose, doffed his old hat, and making a polite bow, answered, "I am." The farmer seemed thunderstruck; but when, by a few questions, he had assured himself of the fact, that the former bugbear of the border, stood before him, now meek and lamb-like in his whole deportment, he lifted up his eyes and exclaimed, "O God, what a miracle of thy power! what cannot thy grace accomplish!" The kind farmer, and his no less hospitable wife, now abundantly supplied our wants; but we hastened our departure, lest the intelligence might get abroad that Africaner was with me, and bring unpleasant visitors.

Africaner's appearance in Cape-town excited considerable attention, as his name and exploits had been familiar to many of its inhabitants for more than twenty years. Many were struck with the unexpected mildness and gentleness of his demeanour, and others with his piety and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures. His New Testament was an interesting object of his attention, it was so completely thumbed and worn by use. His answers to questions put to him by the friend in Cape-town, and at a public meeting, exhibited his diligence as a student in the doctrines of the Gospel, especially when it is remembered that Africaner never saw a catechism in his life; but obtained all his knowledge on theological subjects from a careful perusal of the Scriptures, and the verbal instructions of the missionary.

Respecting an interview which Africaner had with a rival chieftain of similar character, both having now embraced the Gospel, Mr. Moffat writes—

Mr. Campbell being about to return to England, Africaner travelled with us as far as Daniel's Kuil to accompany him, where he met the Griqua chief Berend Berend, with whom, as stated in a former chapter, he had many a deadly contest. Being now both converts to the faith, all their former animosities were melted away by the Gospel of peace and love. These chiefs sat down together in our tent with a number of people, when all united in singing a hymn of praise to God, and listening to an address, from the invitation of Jehovah to the ends of the earth to look to him, and him alone, for salvation. After which they knelt at the same stool, before the peaceful throne of the Redeemer; thus the Gospel makes—

"Lions, and beasts of savage name,  
Put on the nature of the lamb."

We parted with some hope that we might see him again; but no—it was the last farewell; for scarcely two years had elapsed when he was called to enter into the joy of his Lord. This he had anticipated, with the full assurance of hope, believing that, "when his earthly house should be dissolved, he would

have a building of God." The closing scene of life is faithfully delineated by the Rev. J. Archbell, Wesleyan missionary, in a letter to Dr. Philip, dated March 14th, 1823—

"When he found his end approaching, he called all the people together, after the example of Joshua, 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 possible, consult those who are placed over you, before you engage in any thing. Remain together, as you have done since I knew you. Then, when the directors think fit to send you a missionary, you may 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.'"

#### CHOICE RECOLLECTIONS.

MEMORY often brings before me, with soothing and sacred recollections, the scene of our domestic worship; where we bent the knee together morning and evening, in the small, low parlor; where we all joined in the sweet songs, framed by a Christian's hand; and read, each one in turn, from the sacred book before us. True, the tear will come, as I think of the scene now past forever; true it is, that when a member of that band, I loved not as I now should love, an act so sacred; but yet I am always soothed and refreshed as I turn me to those hours of my childhood. Again I see that kind and tender father—I hear him ask that God would guide his little ones; fondly as he loves them, he may soon leave them to go on alone, but may a Father in heaven guard and defend them. I hear him ask that Jesus' smile may rest upon each, and upon all; then if they wander homeless, friendless, and alone, there will be found a balm for their sorrows, in the love of a Saviour. And then again, in accents warmer and more fond—"give them all a home in thy brighter kingdom; father and mother, brothers and sisters, may they all meet there; may all be found jewels in the crown of our Redeemer." I hear him read a hymn of his selection. He has told us of the bliss of the heavenly world; and now he leads in our devotions, with an eye brightening with the prospect of mingling in its joys, and a voice engaging and solemn—

Jerusalem! my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me;  
When shall my labors have an end,  
In joy, and peace, in thee?

Or we had read of the love of Jesus, and I hear him, animated and happy, engaging in the hymn—

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
While in this world we stay;  
We'll sing of Jesus' lovely name,  
When all things else decay.  
When we appear in yonder cloud,  
With all the favoured throng,  
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be our song.

It is the still Sabbath morning; we are gathered in the room of our devotions, and we join in worship.

Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breath,  
And these rejoicing eyes.

We may have met with trouble in our pilgrimage—sweetly consoling are the trains of thought suggested by the evening hymn,