

the poor merchant reflected sorrowfully on his loss.

The sun had scarcely risen on the following morning, when both waggons were surrounded by a troop of Corannas. The robbers had come to the knowledge that the good catechist had brought with him a small stock of tobacco, which he intended to exchange for his necessary food, and they were now come to plunder him of it. But they did not know with whom they had to do. This simple-minded Christian, strong in faith, sat quietly on the seat of his waggon; and as soon as the attack began, he took out his New Testament, and began to read it with a loud voice. At the sight of the book, the thieves suddenly started back, sprang upon their horses, and fled. "That is the way," called out Piet, looking to his master. "We have been very foolish. Why did we not take to our Bible yesterday, instead of thinking of our pistols?"

They then parted from the Motschuana, and towards evening reached the house of a Dutch boer, or farmer. The Englishman, filled with a sense of his loss, told the Dutchman what had happened. "What!" said the farmer, "and you allowed yourselves to be plundered in that way? you are yet strange in this land and know not how to bring the negroes to reason. I'll show you the way." On the following morning, the Dutch colonist armed himself, and went forth alone to the war. When he reached the village of the robbers, he fired five bullets among their huts, and then went back with the utmost indifference to his house, and having seated himself, he took his pipe and began to smoke it, as if nothing had happened.

This anecdote, which the merchant related himself to Missionary Ludorf, clearly shows what kind of people some of the Missionaries in South Africa must labor among. First, you see a sample of the unconverted heathen existing upon robbery and spoil. Then you see one of these changed into a humble disciple of Christ, and risking

his life for the salvation of his countrymen. Next you have an Englishman, knowing something of the truth of Christianity, but too much engaged in the affairs of this world. And lastly you see the Dutch farmer, who trusted only to his musket, and looked on the poor natives as if they were savage beasts, and shot them without fear or pity.

Such is Africa. How much does it need our sympathy and our prayers!—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

The Fisherman and the Serpent.

The fishermen of India are like no other of the people. They have superstitions entirely their own; and, while they have often the name of God on their tongues, their hearts are far from him. They speak of his protection, while they trust to lying vanities.

A missionary tells us, that he lately met a fisherman travelling to Callicut to see the doctor, as he had slept on the sand, and something had bit his foot. He thought, he said, it was a rat; but when the wound was looked at, he was told that it was the bite of a serpent. "O no!" he replied, "I am quite sure it was not a serpent; for, in the first place, my family, through the blessing of an old serpent, have the privilege that other people have not, that no serpent will bite them; and, in the next place, if any of us should be bitten, the wound would immediately heal." "What mean you, fisherman," I asked, "about the blessing of an old serpent? Can a reptile give a blessing? Does not every blessing come from God, the Father of mercies?" The man answered, "It is quite right what you say: but I am convinced in my case, that no serpent will injure me." Hereupon he told the following story:—"My great-grandfather, a very great fisherman of Coilandy, was once going to Annatsherry to visit an old friend of his, when he saw a spectacle snake (the dreadful *cobra cupella*)