

son to go to the Cape for supplies. His clothes were giving out, and it seemed best for health to get some flour and other necessaries of civilized life. He proposed to Africaner that he should go with him. The chief at first thought the missionary was jesting, and when he found he was really in earnest he was amazed. "Why," he said, "have you forgotten that I am an outlaw: that a price has been put on my head: that whosoever kills me will be rewarded for it? I should not live to get half way to the Cape." "No," said the missionary, "I will protect you. I will take you through safely. You are king here in your own country, and I am your subject; but I must be king on this journey, and you my subject." "Well," said the chief, "I must think about it and pray over it." But

NEXT DAY HE WAS READY.

and so, doffing all the rude trappings of barbaric royalty, putting on a slouched hat and leather breeches, he started as the missionary's attendant helper, though in the matter of clothing there was but little difference between the master and the man. As they neared Cape Town, a little incident occurred which illustrates the apprehensions of the people. The missionary called at the house of a pious Dutch family, where he had rested for a short time, when on his way to Namaqualand. He had been treated very kindly two years before, and, needing food, thought he would renew the acquaintance. He found only the woman within. He greeted her almost as an old friend; but she did not know him. "What," he said, "don't you remember the young missionary going to Namaqualand, whom you treated so kindly two years ago?" "But," she replied, "you are not he. We heard he was dead long ago. You must be his ghost, if you are not somebody else." And she ran out to call her husband, and told him she verily believed

THERE WAS A GHOST IN THE HOUSE.

He came in with evident apprehension, at first did not venture too near the stranger, and when at length he became somewhat assured, that he was not a ghost, but real flesh and blood, his hand still trembled as it was extended to take that of the missionary. When, however, the recognition was complete, there was no limit to the hospitality proffered or to the interest manifested in the story which the missionary had to tell. But when he came to the conversation of Africaner, that was almost too much to be believed. And when once this truth also was received, the good man of the house lifted his hands and exclaimed, "Well, well, there is nothing too hard for God! How I would like to see that man who is such a miracle of grace!" When he found that the missionary expected soon to return to his station, he actually expressed a desire to go with him, that he might see for himself what a change God had wrought on that fearful savage. "Would you, indeed," said Dr. Moffatt, "like to see Africaner? If so, there he is. He is my helper. He has come with me. He has come with me. I am taking him to the Cape." But this again was too much for faith, until the man had questioned the chief for himself.

"ARE YOU AFRICANER?"

The chief rose from the ground, took off his hat, bowed with the grace of a king, and said "I am Africaner." The chief was kindly received at the Cape, was introduced to the governor, received from him the present of a wagon, and returned safely to his own county, no longer an outlaw. He lived and died a simple, earnest Christian. But Mr. Moffatt did not himself return to Namaqualand. A more promising field seemed to open further in the interior, and he was sent to the Bechuanas, 700 miles north of the Cape, where he spent most of his missionary life. He was