

two Fingo men, who dug the little grave, in which the innocent babe was buried.

This happened on a Saturday night. On the following morning, the missionary, Mr. Calderwood, heard of it. His heart was sad. He felt that he could not be silent. But as it was now too late to save the child, he waited for a day or two until he thought the time had come when he should speak. After much prayer, he went to Makomo, and asked if what he had heard was true. Caffre like, the chief inquired who had told Mr. Calderwood. The Missionary, of course, would not inform him, knowing that, if he did, the person would be murdered. Mr. Calderwood then said, "I have asked you a question, and I wish you to give me a direct answer to it." This made him angry, and he replied, "You are leading me round the hill." "No," said the Missionary, "that is what you are doing to me, by refusing to answer my plain question." But that question Makomo would not answer. The missionary, therefore, told him that, if he had done the thing, he had committed one of the greatest crimes in the sight of God, that his heart was filled with grief to hear it, and that he had come to defend him if innocent, but to warn him if guilty.

Mr. Calderwood then left the chief; but he had scarcely reached his house when Makomo came with all his wives. "I saw," says Mr. Calderwood, "the cloud was still on his brow. It was dark as night, and few men can give such a malignant expression to the countenance as he can when very angry. Still I hoped that, since he had come, he might now be disposed to listen to me, and express sorrow for his sin. He had before admitted to me that it was wrong to shed innocent blood, and therefore I must look upon him as a murderer, and beg him to flee from the wrath to come."

Without noticing the words of the Missionary, he turned, and with one of the darkest frowns, said that he had brought his wives that Mr. Calderwood might point out which of them had told him about the child. The chief was right in supposing that the Missionary had received the dreadful news from one of them. And as she stood there, and heard the tyrant, her heart trembled, lest she should be discovered. But whatever she might have feared, she did not show it. And as Mr. Calderwood firmly refused to tell the chief, she felt safe.

The tyrant was angry. He said he could govern his people as he liked, and that the child deserved to die. The Missionary, of course, spoke to him faithfully; but at length he