

broad-sword severed his head from the body. Forthwith there came in the place of it the head of a man, and she grasped it by the hair with her left hand, and with her right hand plunged her trident into his heart. And thus the monster died.

Adventures of an English Merchant in South Africa.

An English merchant was travelling slowly in a heavy-laden ox-waggon, along the banks of a river in South Africa, when all at once he was surrounded by a troop of Corannas, who ordered him to stop and unyoke his oxen. "A little further on, and then I will," answered he. "On no account; here, on this spot!" was their stern reply.—Seeing that he had no power to resist them, he took the yokes off his cattie, who made the best of their way to the grass. "Now unpack, and show us what thou hast," said his visitors.—"Stop!" replied the merchant, "will you buy anything?" "It may be so; but we will unpack your goods, to save you the trouble."

In a very short time, the waggon was emptied. One snatched up a pair of stockings, another a waistcoat, a third made free with a piece of woollen cloth, and in a few minutes the merchant found that he had been robbed of property worth nearly £30.

The Corannas, clothed in the stolen goods, mounted their horses, and galloped across the plain, while the traveller grieved over his loss to his faithful driver, Piet. "Sir," said the latter, as soon as he had a little recovered from his alarm, "you only wanted a little courage. A shot from your gun would have frightened the villains away."—"That may be," answered the merchant. "I had two loaded pistols in my coat-pockets; but what could one do against forty? I might have fallen, and in the end have died as one that had shed blood." "That was very possible," said Piet; "but we will not say any more on the subject. Rather let us make our way, as quickly as pos-

sible, to find a night's lodging, before darkness overtakes us."

Towards evening, our travellers were pleasantly surprised to see another waggon, and a well-clothed Motschuana sitting near it. When they reached the spot, he invited them to encamp for the night in his neighborhood. "To-morrow," he said, "is the Lord's day, and we can spend it together." In the course of conversation, the Englishman learnt that this man was a native catechist, who had come to preach the gospel to the Corannas. He therefore consented to remain; and on the following morning a great many of them met together at that place for worship. In the front of these Corannas stood a suspicious-looking man, who kept his eyes fixed on the Englishman. He was the interpreter, who was to translate the words of the Motschuana into the clicking, gurgling, tones of the Coranna dialect.

The catechist began, but the interpreter remained silent. The first part of the subject was repeated, but still he did not translate it. The evangelist was surprised, and requested the interpreter to speak; but the man only murmured a few words, which no one understood but himself. "Aha!" called out the Englishman, shaking his head, "I thought thou wouldst not dare to take the Word of God in thy mouth." He then turned to the catechist, and said, "Friend, this is one of the wretches who plundered me yesterday. Do not ask him to use such an office any longer. The gospel will be polluted in passing through his lips. Here is my Piet: he can translate what you say. And thou, Piet, do not forget to give the fellows the full force of the truth."

Piet was not backward in following this command. He and the Motschuana employed the interval, and used all their powers to make the deepest impression on the thievish assembly. The day closed quietly. Piet and the catechist sat down by each other, after divine service, to read the Word of God, while