

word, "To whom much is given, of them much shall be required."—*Rev. Mr. Goldie.*

CHILD STEALING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Some of you, I dare say, have heard stories about gipsies, and other wicked people who steal little children, and carry them away from their happy homes and their dear fathers and mothers. Such things, I hope, are hardly ever done in our country now, but they have been done. And I am sure that, if you knew of any little boy or girl who had been kidnapped, you would be very sorry for them, and very glad that it was not you. And you can easily think how dreadful it must be for a poor child, whose parents loved him, and taught him, and did everything they could to make him happy, to be dragged away by a dark-looking woman, with fierce eyes, and long black hair. And you may fancy how he would feel, when, poor little fellow! he found himself in a thick wood, and a great way from home, amongst none but ragged, and dirty, and wicked people. Don't you think, if you were served in such a way, you would be dreadfully frightened, and would cry till your heart was ready to break? When the dark night came on, how sad and sorry you would be, if you thought you would never more see the face of your dear father, or have a kiss from your loving mother, or play again with your sister, or sit in your own little chair, or read once more your pretty books, or sleep in your snug little bed! And when you found out that you were to climb up chimneys, or to do other hard work for the people who had stolen you, how miserable you would be! Now, dear young friends, though the children of the heathen have not so many comforts as you have, they loved their friends and their homes as much as you love yours. The little huts they lived in, the trees and rocks they loved to climb, the woods where they often gathered the wild fruits, or watched the beautiful birds, or started the timid deer

of their sunny land, with the wide plains over which they sported, and the swift streams into which they plunged, are as dear to them as your houses, and gardens, and games are to you. And sad, indeed, must they feel when they are dragged away from all these pleasant things. Surely, then, you ought to pity such children, and do what you can to send missionaries to teach and to save them.

Now there *are* such children—they live in South Africa. The tribe to which they belong are called Lighoyas and Bushmen. Many and many of them are caught and carried away by a fierce people called Corannas. Yes, hundreds of little girls and little boys are thus kidnapped. But why are the Corannas so cruel and wicked? What have these children done to offend them? Nothing. Then, what is the use of stealing them? It is sad to say, that they tear them away from their homes and their friends, to sell them to white men—to Dutch farmers—who live to the north of Cape Colony, and who are, therefore, not prevented by British law from buying them, and making them little slaves. How shocking, is it not, that people who call themselves Christians should tempt the very heathen to do wicked things which they would never have thought of otherwise? But so it is, and there is now many a village where all the children have been carried away by the Corannas, and sold for money and cattle to the Boers.

When the two Missionaries, Dumas and Cassalis, were travelling about in South Africa, they came to a place called Ralitabane. The chief received them kindly, and said a good deal about his people; but there was one thing he told them which seemed so very strange that they could scarcely believe it. He said that all his own children, and all the children of his subjects, except the infants, had been taken away from them. And this they found to be true, for not a boy nor a girl more than four years old could they see in the place. All above that age had been stolen by