

They have no protection. In these holes a whole family will squat themselves, each wrapped in a skin, and rolled up almost like a ball. In the summer they live chiefly in the trees, here they make themselves a sort of nest with the branches. To make these, the Bushman seats himself on a good strong branch, and then, drawing all the branches within reach round him, fastens them together like a large bird's nest, and lays grass and leaves at the bottom. It is on account of their thus living in the trees that they are called Bushmen, or by the Dutch, *Bosjeman*, *Bosje* meaning Bush. They wear very little of clothes. They have generally an antelope or sheep skin fastened over the shoulders like a short cloak, and a jackal's skin hung before like an apron. The women are dressed much as the men, only have several skins hung round their waists like aprons.

They are a very lazy race, and do no work, excepting as hunger drives them to hunt or steal, or revenge takes them go to war. When they catch plenty of food they will eat till they cannot walk, and then lie down and sleep many days, or until forced to hunt for more. They generally eat what they get, and leave their wives and children to seek food for themselves. In seeking food they show a good deal of cleverness. They make great pits by the side of their rivers, into which a sea-cow falls, and where they then sily kill it: and they have many various contrivances for catching fish. They climb about the rocks and trees, hunting for nests, and find the eggs a good sort of food. They catch and eat the most poisonous serpents, and can live for days on white ants or grubs.

Their language sounds very strange, every word has a little *cluck* before

They have very few religious superstitions amongst them, and no sort of idols. Indeed they seem too stupid to have any ideas of religious worship of themselves.

They are a great annoyance to all the people living on their border, for they frequently come down upon their cattle, and kill and carry off all they can.

You may imagine how difficult must be the work of missionaries to teach and civilize such wretched creatures. Still we hope the day is coming, when even the poor Bushmen shall be seen blessed with the gospel of Christ.

The company exhibited in London consisted of two men, two women, and one little child. They are all very wild, and shout at and beg from all who go to see them. The picture at the head of this Paper gives you an idea of them. You must think of these poor heathen Bushmen when you kneel down to pray at night, and ask God to send his glorious gospel to them all, that they may learn both the civilities we know, and the great things that will save and bless their souls for ever.

Scriptural Illustration.

JOHN iii. 16. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Mr. Nott, missionary in the South Sea Islands, was on one occasion reading a portion of the gospel of John to a number of the natives. When he had finished the sixteenth verse of the third chapter, a native who had listened with avidity and joy to the words, interrupted him, and said, "What words were those you read? What sounds were those I heard? Let me hear those words again! Mr. Nott read again the verse, "God so loved," &c., when the native rose from his seat and said, "Is that true? Can that be true? God love the world, when the world not love him! God so love the world as to give his Son to die, that man might not die! Can that be true?" Mr. Nott again read the verse, "God so loved the world," &c., told him it was true,