

lived, they were met by warriors wearing kilts made of ape skins, and having their legs and arms adorned with the hair and tails of oxen, their shields reaching to their chins, and their heads ornamented with feathers. As the travellers drew near, these wild warriors sung their war song, in which they imitated the groanings of the dying on the field of battle, and the yells and hissings of the conquerors. Soon there was a sudden pause, and the king himself came to meet them followed by a number of men bearing baskets and bowls of food, of which he invited Mr. Moffat to partake. Savage and cruel as he was, he seemed grateful for Mr. Moffat's kindness to his messengers. He said, "These are great men; when I sent them from my presence to see the land of the white men I sent my ears, my eyes, my mouth; what they heard I heard, what they saw I saw, and what they said it was Moselekatse who said it. You fed them, and clothed them, and when they were to be slain you were their shield. You did it unto me. You did it unto Moselekatse, the son of Machobane."

Mr. Moffat remained some time with the king, and acquired a great influence over him. This fierce and cruel man, who has been called the "Napoleon of the desert," who subdued all the surrounding tribes, and who numbered his slain by thousands, and tens of thousands, was himself brought to own and yield to the power of "Moshete," as he called Mr. Moffat. "The Lion of the Desert, the Elephant, the Mountain, the King of Kings," as his followers call him, has at last, after long resistance, allowed his men to listen to the tidings of the gospel of peace.

Mr. Moffat laboured more than forty years among the fierce tribes of South Africa, and, after many difficulties and hard study, succeeded in translating the Bible into the Sechuana language, which is found to be the key to the languages of all the tribes. He obtained such influence over the chiefs that, on one occasion, he seized the uplifted arm of a chief who wished to murder a man, and held it till his fury was past, when the penitent chief said, "Father, I thank you." Mr. Moffat is, succeeded in his work by his son-in-law, Dr. Livingstone, who has found the name of his much-esteemed father-in-law a great help and safeguard in his travels among the natives. On one occasion a tribe who had been driven by Moselekatse's warriors from their homes, and forced to live in an unwholesome marsh, said that they could venture to return to the high grounds if Dr. Livingstone would bring his wife to live among them, for they were sure that Moselekatse would never attack any people who had among them a daughter of his friend Moffat.

Many of the poor natives have already learned to know and love the Bible, and may be heard repeating its holy words to each other by the glimmering light of their evening fires. Some of the savage chiefs have become truly converted men, and more than one of them are asking for "a white man to teach their people." Dr. Livingstone is now among them labouring for their good. We may, in future numbers give some account of what he is doing. Meantime, let us ask our young readers if they will help to send more such missionaries as Mr. Moffat and Dr. Livingstone to teach the truth to these poor Africans.