

way. How else should such numbers agree in one thing, and design to be all for God in a world that is revolted and apostatised from him, it must be the result of one common unitive principle; the effect of his gracious influences, who is the Spirit of holiness, peace and love: our divisions are indeed a sad indication that the Spirit is in great measure withdrawn, and that but little of his work is to be seen among Christians in our day in comparison to what has been, and what may be hoped for in time to come, to which we may avert more particularly hereafter.

SOUTH AFRICA.

MR. MOFEAT'S VISIT TO MOSELEKATSE.

The country before us, though woody and intricate was tolerably well watered; and though we were seldom able to see two yards before us, by the assistance of my compass and occasionally a game path, we proceeded through what appeared an extended plain, covered with wood, and now and then a small granitic hill rising above the trees. The foundation of the whole country is granite, and the rivers we crossed were wide, with the entire bed covered with deep granite sand. We once stumbled upon a village of poor people, three of whom were tempted, for the sake of game, to go with us three days; but such was their terror of the Matabele beyond, that no reward could tempt them to proceed. After crossing the Shashe and other rivers, we entered a perfect labyrinth of hills and mountains, without seeing the footsteps of a human being. We at last found traces of cultivation, and soon after some individuals of the Bamanguato tribe, but who were subjects of Moselekatse. These, after getting over their terror (for they had first to be caught,) conducted us a little farther, when an officer of Moselekatse was sent for. He received us most graciously, professing the utmost joy at the prospect of his master seeing me again; but still, he doubted whether I was the veritable Mofat, or, as they pronounce it, Moshete.

I pass over a variety of incidents, and some hindrances, during which I underwent something like a continental scrutiny. It was at the peril of their lives that they permitted a stranger to pass, which made them terribly afraid lest they should allow a counterfeit Mofat to approach the person of their sovereign. When we at last reached Matlokotloko, we found him sick, and with difficulty brought to the porch leading to his residence. I saw his condition, and, while with one hand he eagerly grasped mine, he appeared deeply affected, and drew his mantle over his face with the other, I suppose, unwilling that his vassals, who sat in silence at a distance, should see the hero of a hundred battles weep, even though it were for joy. After becoming composed, he gave full expression to the joy he felt on seeing me once more. Pointing to his feet, he said, 'I am very sick, but your God has sent you to heal me.' Though we had passed several of his towns, and had been two weeks conversant with his people, no one dared to whisper 'Moselekatse is sick.' The fact was too sacred to be pronounced by vulgar lips. Though he had not been out of his house for some time before, he sat the live-long day (for it was yet early when we arrived) looking at us getting every thing ready for the Sabbath. And a sojourn was indeed most acceptable, after a most harrassing month's journey from the Bamanguato during which we were very often obliged to use our axes from the time of inyoking till halting for the night, cutting our way through the

thickets. As Moselekatse very naturally felt anxious to be restored to health, I engaged to prepare for him suitable medicine, provided he would, like myself, drink no beer, and eat only the kind of food I prescribed. To this he most willingly assented. The means used were, by God's blessing, successful, and in a couple of weeks he was on his feet again, to his great joy and that of his people. There I remained for more than four weeks, having daily intercourse with the great chief, whose kindness was unbounded.

During the time already elapsed, although I was not idle, I could not prevail on Moselekatse to allow me to proclaim to him and his people the truths of the gospel. As he could refuse me nothing that I thought proper to ask, he would give evasive answers, and endeavour to assure me that he believed the Word of God was good for him; but, at the same time, hinting that his nobles and warriors might not like it, from the principles of peace inculcated. But I was aware that they were really desirous of hearing those doctrines, which they knew had a salutary influence on the mind of their master ever since my last visit, more than twenty years ago. Though at that time I was only able to reach his understanding, my strong remonstrances with him to modify the severity of his government had produced so thorough a change in his views, that the cruel and revolting forms of execution were nearly obsolete, while a sense of the value of human life, and the guilt of shedding human blood, characterised his measures to such an extent his subjects had never before witnessed. They knew nothing of the nature or requirements of the Divine Word; for to harbour the idea that there was a God greater than the Moselekatse would be viewed as the veriest madness, and exposed any one to the danger of being hung. His people, though nearly all youths and children when I last visited him, knew that their yoke had been made lighter in consequence of some influence or charm which I had infused into the heart of their monarch, and hence the general joy my visit imparted to all ranks.

It was difficult to account for his reluctance to allow me to preach to his people, except it was from the impression that the exhibition of the character of the Divine Being, life, death, and immortality, would repress the martial spirit of his warriors, whose highest happiness is to fight for, or die for, Moselekatse, the son of Machelobane. His hand, like that of Ishmael, is against every man, and every man's hand against him; and to his soldiers (and every man of the Matabele is a soldier, ready to grasp his weapon at a moment's notice) he looks for the defence and security of his kingdom.

It was natural for me to feel melancholy, situated as I was, surrounded with multitudes of savages who loved me, and yet I could not instruct them. I tried at times to look morose, while he would try in vain to make me smile. I used to say pleasantly that if he would not hear of my Lord and Master he should not have me, neither should I receive the shadow of a present from him, but that I should, one of these mornings, shoulder my gun and march off to Sekeletue's country. I cannot now describe the process by which I at last overcame his objections; the incident was unexpected and interesting. He gave full permission for me to preach to him and his warriors the gospel of salvation. Daily, at a minute's warning they were assembled before me, much nearer him who sat at my left hand, than they dared to approach on any other occasion. Never in my life did I witness such rivetted attention and astonished countenances whilst I, amidst the stillness of the grave, published to them the great doctrines of the Word of God. These were things which never before had en-