

The journey of these brothers was as tedious as it was toilsome. Their waggons were drawn by oxen, and they went little more than two miles in an hour, and eight hours in a day. Besides which, they had not enough oxen to draw the load, and they sometimes stuck fast in the sand, and sometimes in the mud of the river. Some of the oxen fainted in the yoke, and were obliged to be left behind. Nor were the wild men of the desert disposed to help them. They had been cruelly used by white men, and were jealous of the visits of Europeans. They would rather have laid the travellers dead on the plain with the poisoned arrows, than have helped them on their way. There were other dangers in travelling through an African wilderness. Serpents, scorpions, and venomous insects, crossed their path by day, and at night the roar of the lion, echoing from rock to rock, often started them from their brief repose.

Yet they did not repent, or turn back. As their troubles increased, their hearts grew bolder, for they were nearing their journey's end. At length, they reached the place which was to be their home. It was a barren and unlovely spot. No spreading trees, no mountain, glen or cave, were near, to shelter them from the noontide sun, or from the attacks of savages. They called the settlement, "Warm Bath," from the salt hot-spring, which was to supply them with water. The house was such as they could build with their own hands, and their furniture was little better. Their table was for a long time the lid of a waggon chest, and was covered with the most scanty fare.

The men who sought this comfortless abode, came from a far distant land, where they had left behind them dearly loved friends, and all the comforts of life. They were not culprits escaping from the pursuit of justice, nor travellers on a passing visit, brought by curiosity and the hope of fame, nor men seeking for treasures hid in the earth. They had crossed the stormy ocean, and the pathless desert, from love to Jesus, and the souls of men, and when the wanderers of the desert drew near to listen to the words of eternal life, they felt themselves richly repaid for all that they had suffered, and were suffering still.

There was one who came and stood among the listeners with fixed attention, and earnest look. He was a robber and a murderer. White and black men alike trembled at his name, and the British Government at the Cape offered a thousand dollars to the man who would bring down the head of the outlaw Africaner. Yet the missionaries feared him not, and the fierce marauder, who turned not from his bloody purpose for the orphan's cry, or the widow's wail, felt his heart strangely moved when he heard of One who by wicked hands was crucified and slain, that he might save the chief of sinners.

Africaner had not always been a robber and an outlaw. Time.