

the door of one of the huts, and start in the morning for another village.

As Africaner was an outlaw, he could not venture to go far from home to trade for the things his people wanted. After two years, Mr. Moffat thought it would be a good plan to take him to the Governor of the Cape, and to have him restored to favour. Africaner was much surprised at this proposal. He looked at Mr. Moffat again and again, and said, "I thought you loved me, and do you advise me to go to the government, to be hung up as a spectacle of public justice? Do you not know that I am an outlaw, and one thousand rix-dollars have been offered for this poor head?" However, after much prayer to God, he resolved to take the advice of his missionary, and to go; nearly all the people went with them half a day's journey to the banks of the Orange River, and shed many tears at parting.

That Africaner might not be known, he went as if he had been Mr. Moffat's servant. There was no great fear of Africaner being taken for a chief by his dress. Mr. Moffat gave him one of the only two good shirts he had left. Over this, Africaner had a pair of leather trowsers, a duffel jacket, much the worse for wear, and an old hat neither white nor black.

When they reached Pella, Mr. Moffat says it was a feast fit for angels to see the meetings that took place. Warriors who had not seen one another since they met face to face in savage battles, now met as brothers, and talked of Him, who, without a sword or spear, had subdued both.

As the travellers drew near the borders of the colony, the farmers were astonished to see Mr. Moffat again. Africaner, safe in the waggon, was sometimes amused to hear what they said. We will just tell you about one of them.

This farmer lived on a hill. Mr. Moffat left the waggon, and walked towards his house. The farmer came down the hill to meet him. Mr. Moffat held out his hand, and said, "I am glad to see you again." The farmer put his hand behind him, and said, rather wildly, "Who are you?"—"I am Moffat. I wonder that you should have forgotten me!"—"Moffat!" said the farmer. "It is your ghost!" and he drew back. "I am no ghost," said Mr. Moffat. "Don't come near me," cried the farmer; "you have long been murdered by Africaner."—"But I *am* no ghost," repeated Mr. Moffat, and felt his hands, to show that he was flesh and blood. Still the terrified farmer would have it, "Everybody says you were murdered, and a man told me he had seen your bones." At length, he ventured to hold out his trembling hand, saying, "When did you rise from the dead?" Then they walked towards the waggon, and talked of Africaner. Mr. Moffat said, "He is now truly a good man." That the farmer found still harder to believe. By this time they were come up to Africaner, who was out of the waggon, and sat smiling at their feet. Of course