

dead, and from the grave of poor *Okoi* many may arise to fill his place.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

Molapo, the Basuto.

Molapo was a son of Moshesh, the chief of the Basutos. In 1833, he was placed by his father under the care of the missionaries. As he was very diligent, he made rapid progress, and was the first native who learned to read. But his pride was great, and his passion fierce; and these evils were increased, when, at the age of seventeen, he led his father's warriors against the Caffres, and became their conqueror.

Soon after he began to hear the gospel, he became very unhappy.—On the one hand, conscience said to him, "Repent," but the fear of man, and the love of sin, kept him from doing so. This made him so sad, that he seldom smiled, and never seemed happy. Often he would go to the missionary, and tell him his misery: but when the good man urged him to obey the Bible and become a Christian, he would answer, "But the Bible gives only sorrow." "Ah! no, my friend," replied the missionary, "Jesus comforts those that mourn. He only asks you to give him your heart."

After such conversations, Molapo would resolve to be a Christian; but alas! his goodness, like the early cloud and morning dew, soon vanished away. Sometimes he would cry, "Why does not God convert me at once? Is it impossible, or does he desire to see me unhappy?" This was very wrong; but at such seasons Molapo felt so much that he scarcely knew what he said.

While he was in this state, his young wife, Inimosa, became a Christian, and, by the blessing of God, this great change in her led to the conversion of her husband. How this happened, you shall hear. As yet, Inimosa could not read, but Molapo became her teacher; and, while he taught her the *letter* of Scripture, she explained to

him its *meaning*, and its *spirit*. This was a good exchange; and must it not have been a lovely sight? Here was the proud, fiery warrior, patiently instructing his wife in letters, and words, and sentences, while she, young, and meek, and beautiful, full of love to his soul, and desire for his salvation, spoke often and kindly to him about the things he read to her concerning sin, and Jesus, and heaven. By her sweet temper, and constant endeavors to make her husband happy, she gained great influence over him. No foolish conversation was allowed in the house. No day was closed without reading the Scriptures, and prayer; and often would she ask Molapo to go with her to the chapel, "where," she would say, "we shall learn together how much the Saviour has loved us."

One day, when they were both in the house of the missionary, Molapo said to him, "I have found Inimosa without fault. She is so kind, that she would not hurt the meanest thing. Religion has increased her excellence. I now love her more than ever, and I love the God whom she worships; but I am fickle and cold. It grieves me so much to see her unhappy on my account. What shall I do? You say, 'Embrace the gospel.' But what if I should afterwards do what it forbids, and dishonor it? I have many things to give up. I wish, therefore, to wait a little longer."

Inimosa bowed down her head, and sighed.

Her husband heard that sigh—it touched his heart, and he said, "Thou art alarmed, Inimosa. I, too, feel my sinfulness. I confess I am wrong. A thousand sins stain me; but I trust that God will give me the assistance I need."

They then knelt down together, while the missionary prayed for the penitent sinner.

Some months afterwards, Molapo said to the missionary "I have now given up all for Jesus, because in hearing of his sufferings, I have *felt* that he has loved me."