

that the rev. missionary hurried down, against the importunities of his family, to the cattle-kraal, where, as is usual, the hottest of the conflict was raging, and that he had scarcely reached the spot ere he received three assegai stabs, one of which, across the jugular vein, proved to be mortal. The cry was speedily raised that the missionary had fallen; and, a rush being made to the spot, the unfortunate sufferer was rescued from the combatants, and borne into the mission-premises. But life was fast ebbing; and in about two hours death terminated the career of one of the most devoted men that ever came to this country on a mission of mercy to its barbarous inhabitants. The deceased, we may add, came to this colony about fifteen years ago; since which period his history has been an eventful one. His trials were of no ordinary character,—amongst which the loss of a most excellent wife must take the foremost place. But none of these things moved him from the great work he had in view. With indomitable courage and perseverance he laboured on. He had mastered all the difficulties of the language, he had acquired the high esteem and confidence of the natives among whom he dwelt, and there was open before him a field of usefulness of the greatest promise. All his bright hopes, however, as to the future were nipped by the late proceedings in the Amaponda country. The prestige of the missionary character, as well as the British name, seems to have been compromised, and to have led to those painful occurrences, the ultimate result of which it is not possible to foresee. In the mean time, we may remark, it will be incumbent on our government to watch narrowly the progress of events in the country in question. Until lately the Amapondas had been steady allies of the British government, and by no means unfriendly to missionary enterprise. This, however, be it borne in mind, was under the rule of the paramount chief, Faku, who is now in his dotage. The recent inquiry into the conduct of the British resident in that quarter has, we doubt not, something to do with these unfortunate disturbances; but still, if that misunderstanding, as, as is reported, satisfactorily settled, the savage slaughter of a peaceful missionary must be treated, would we secure the peace of the country, as an affront which demands the fullest explanation as well as the most ample redress.

THE SABBATH STROLLER—HIS COURSE AND END.

A young man, the son of a reverend father, was born and educated in a rural district. He shared the admonitions and prayers of his parents along with his younger brothers and sisters. His career as a school-boy was such as was to be expected of one enjoying such advantages; nor are we aware that he, as yet, ever gave his parents the least cause of anxiety. He was fast approaching an age when he must for a time leave his happy rural home, and procure a livelihood by his own industry. He was sometimes elated with the thought of being independent, and frequently indulged fond fancies of what he would do for his parents and his family when he grew to manhood. The kindness of friends procured him a situation in a distant city, and he became an apprentice.

The morning of his departure was anticipated by the anxious forethought of his mother, who was busy preparing everything for his comfort. On the night previous there was one of the family who slept but little, and whose waking eyes anxiously watched the dawning. It was his mother. She was first

astir. The family in a little gathered round the departing boy, to get the last glance of his eye. The father's farewell kiss is pressed upon his cheek, and a mother's parting tear rolls from her eye, and drops on his soft hand, as she shakes and presses it for the last time. He arrives in the city, and is introduced to his shopmates. They receive him with patronizing kindness, and surround him as candidates for his friendship, offering their services to initiate him into the regulations of the shop. A week passed, and they were insinuating themselves into his confidence, and his respect for them was gathering strength. They began in a week or two to drop hints that they thought it too much to be ever going twice to church, every Sabbath, and more especially as they were so closely engaged all the week; and seriously advised him to take a little relaxation—one half of the Sabbath occasionally; and very kindly offered to accompany him in a walk into the country. He had never been introduced to the clergyman whose church he attended—he had not therefore a fear of being missed; he consented and went. What was the subject of their conversation? Did they reason of judgment and righteousness? *To be sure not.* They talked continually of their master's tyranny, and how they had given him such pert and clever answers; and even insinuated that they thought it no shame to appropriate a little thing for their own use, *since their wages was so small.* He heard all this, his soft waxen heart was impressed, his memory was polluted, and he never could forget his Sabbath conversations.

He changed his master in order to better his situation; but still his companions clung to him, and he to them. They would make appointments to meet him at a certain place on Sabbath morning; and after being separated from him for a week, they would hail him as an old friend, and ask him many kind questions as to how he prospered in his new situation. He now began to think, "Can I not try some of those things which I hear so much about? I am sure I need a few pence for pocket money as much as John or James." From that moment he began to possess himself of little things which his master, after a while, began to miss; but never suspecting him, the thing went on. Once when returning from a message he found means of entering his master's desk. He abstracted a considerable sum of money. It is needless so say that this brought upon him the frown of the civil authorities, and he was lodged in jail.

One day, as his father was reflecting on the great mystery of godliness, interrupting himself with a thought and a prayer for the welfare of his family, a letter was handed him. It was not in his son's hand-writing. He turned it over and over. He opened it. He began to read; nor had his eye traced the line half down the page, when his pale face and fast-falling tears told a tale of woe. It was a letter from his son's master, revealing his disgrace. He sinks in his chair, with a deep drawn sigh, and could almost cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" And his poor wife! how was he to tell her? He could not, he dare not; such was the state of her health, that to tell her would have proved fatal. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" But yet this poor man had to bear it alone, pent up in his bosom, and concealed from his dearest on earth.

The time came when it could be prudently disclosed to her; and the dear, worthy, holy man set out to visit his son. He arrived at the prison. But let neither tongue nor pen attempt to describe the meeting; it was beyond all description; no third party could endure to witness it. There is only one