

JUNE, 1860.

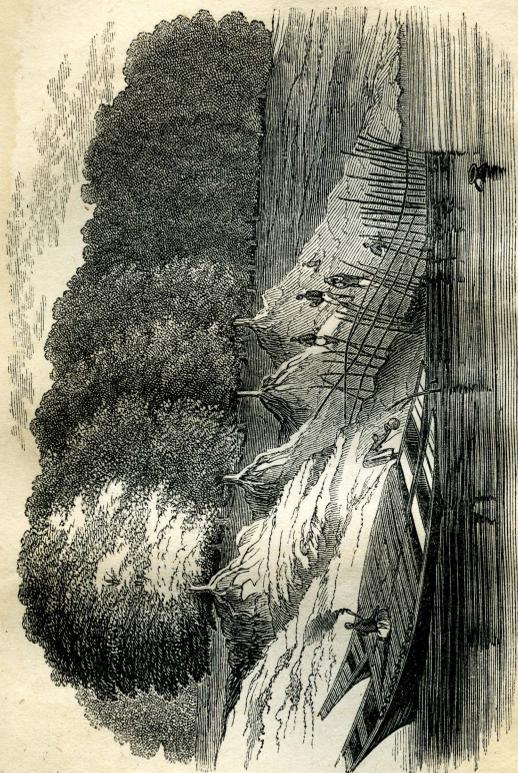
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Alligator Ghât, India.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1, 1860.

FATALISTS AND ALLIGATORS.

MANY of our readers will have met with the word "fatalists," but some of them, perhaps, may not know what it means. This knowledge, however, they ought to possess, because the name belongs to millions upon millions of Pagans and Mahommedans, who believe that everything that happens is the effect of fate, and could not possibly have been different from what it is. They fancy that whatever a person may do, he cannot help it—that if he is to sin he will sin, and if he is to suffer he will suffer. Now, you may easily suppose that those who believe such falsehoods will be very careless and very wicked. They will just follow their inclination, and be indifferent about death. This is the case with multitudes in India, and it is shown in the thoughtless way in which they often expose themselves to danger. If, for example, you were to stay for a few weeks at the spot represented in the Frontispiece, you would have many proofs of this superstition. That spot is called "Alligators' Ghât," because the stream there swarms with those dangerous

reptiles. And yet the foolish people often almost run into their jaws—at all events, they do not trouble themselves much to keep out of their way. Though they know that the monsters are lying there, just under the water, or amongst the reeds, watching for their prey, hundreds of them daily bathe at the spot. One day an English gentleman was there with his gun, for the purpose of shooting a very large alligator. The creature was swimming just under the water, but within thirty yards of him some Hindoo women were bathing, apparently without a thought of danger, and when the Englishman cautioned them, they carelessly answered, "What can we do? We must bathe and fetch water!" At another time, near the same place, he was riding one morning by the river, when he heard a heavy splash in the stream, and, looking towards the place, what should he see but a fisherman running up the bank, and just by an alligator, which had sprung at him, but missed his prey, swimming in the contrary direction. Now you might have thought that, after this, the man would have made his way home, very thankful for such a wonderful escape. But no such thing! Just as if nothing had happened, he walked back to the river, waded up to his waist in the water, and began to fish again. When the stranger asked the people why they let the man do so, they only laughed, and said, "Oh, sir, they won't eat fishermen."

One day, a poor woman was standing upon the brink of the stream bargaining with a fisherman for his fish, when a very large alligator crawled quietly behind her, and all at once spinning his body round, he swept her

off with his tail into the river, then seized her with his great jaws, and instantly dragged her under the water. The English gentleman ran towards the spot, where he found a man with a gun, firing at the creature. When he was first seen, he was swimming about just under the water with the poor woman in his mouth, but a shot made him drop his prey. It was, however, now too late, for she was dead.

Ten days after this, another woman, a young mother with two children, was carried off in a similar way. The Englishman felt much for the husband and orphans who had been so cruelly robbed of their best earthly friend, and he resolved, if he could, to kill the monster. So he left word with the people of the village that, if the alligator showed his nose above the water again, they were to send at once for him. Scarcely had he reached his home, when a messenger came to say that the creature had again come up; so, taking his gun, he rode as fast as he could to the village. Here he was met by a crowd of people, who told him that the animal was upon a bank not far off; but while he was loading his piece, the noise made by the natives so frightened him, that he sprang into the river and swam away. In ten minutes, however, he was again seen lying upon the opposite bank. At once the gun was fired, and the ball entered his side. Giving himself a kind of somersault, he rushed into the stream. But when wounded, an alligator cannot keep long under water. So it proved in this case, for in a few minutes he was seen floating in the middle of the river. A second shot was fired, and struck him in the head. But again he dived out of sight. A third

time, however, he rose, and a third shot entered his neck. The villagers, who were watching the sport, raised a shout that their enemy was dead. But killing an alligator is no easy matter; and, as the creature seemed now to be awake to his danger, he made off down the river as fast as he could. The Englishman followed him for two miles, but whether he died from his wounds, he could not tell.

But this is sometimes dangerous sport. A friend of the Englishman about whom we have been speaking, and who was so clever in hitting these dangerous creatures just in the right place, that the natives called him "Koomer Sahib"—"The Alligator Gentleman," one day struck a large one eight times, and, as he lay still upon the surface of the stream, he thought he was dead. So a rope was tied round his neck, and he and the boatmen began to draw him towards the shore. As the women and villagers upon the opposite bank begged to see their old enemy, to gratify themselves, they rowed towards the village; but just as they reached the middle of the stream, he sprang into the boat, upset it, and threw every one there into the water. But this proved only his dying struggle. When they opened the alligator, which was nearly five yards long, they found in his stomach human bones and hair, armlets, rings, and other ornaments, which showed that he had carried off at least four women. How many men and children besides, who wear no ornaments, it was impossible to say. More than a dozen persons from that single village are destroyed in this way every year, and pretty much because they have no proper sense of the value of life and the solemn

duty of preserving it—ideas which never enter into the mind of a Hindoo, until he receives that Gospel which reveals the connection between the present and the future—the life that now is and that which is to come. Nor is this strange, when we remember that the only portion the heathen has or seeks, is made up of the poor pleasures and the sins and sorrows of this present evil world.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

OUR readers will expect some account of the Annual Meetings of the London Missionary Society, which were held on the 10th of May. But it is not easy to describe such meetings so as to make those who were never present at one of them understand how good and pleasant they are. It would be almost worth while to travel to London, even from the distant parts of our country, simply to see such a sight as Exeter Hall, with the noble-hearted Lord Shaftesbury in the chair—the platform crowded with hundreds of ministers and other active friends of the Society—and the body of the Hall packed with thousands, whose bright eyes and cheerful faces showed how much delight they felt in being there. But though there is much in such a meeting to please the eye, there is still more to delight the ear, and to draw the mind and the heart to love the blessed work of spreading the Gospel through the world. And never were meetings held, more suited than those of the 10th of May to encourage the friends of Missions, and to make them steadfast, abounding, and happy in the work of the Lord.

Although the morning was cloudy, and there was some rain, hundreds were to be seen at an early hour flocking along the Strand, from the East and the West of London, towards the well-known spot, and a pleasant thing it was to stand upon the platform, and to watch the eager groups as they entered, seeking here and there for a seat from which they could hear the speakers. Soon the great Hall was filled. All now wish the meeting to begin, and at ten o'clock you might have seen Lord Shaftesbury, followed by the Secretaries and Directors of the Society, with the speakers of the morning, come upon the platform, amidst cheers and clapping from all parts of the room. A hymn having been sung, and prayer offered, the Report was read. And perhaps some of our young friends may fancy that it would not be so very nice to sit for three-quarters of an hour to hear such a paper. But they are mistaken, for they would find that the Report was not dry and dull, but a very interesting account of much that God has been doing, during the last year, which could not fail to gladden the hearts of all who love the Saviour, and desire the heathen to see His salvation.

The first thing reported was the fact, which we are sure our readers will be thankful to hear, that, never since the Society was formed has its income been so large as it has been during the past year. That income was nearly £94,000, and the increase from subscriptions, collections, and donations had been little less than £5000. This shows that Christian people feel more concerned than ever for the spread of the Gospel; and we are sure that, just as they consider what the Gospel has done and is doing amongst the heathen, they will become more and more ready to pray, to labour, and to give, that it may win its way through all the world.

The Report told us of the death of four of the Society's

Missionaries during the year, but added that, in the same period, ten others had gone out from this country—that there were now one hundred and fifty-two labourers in the field—and twenty-two more preparing soon to enter it. But the most pleasant thing of all is, that there are now not less than eight hundred Christian natives belonging to the Society, whose lives are spent in preaching and teaching the Gospel to their heathen brethren.

Our young friends have often heard of the island of *Lifu*. It is one of those interesting spots in Western Polynesia which are every year visited by their Missionary ship, the "John Williams." In that large island multitudes had been brought, by God's blessing upon the labours of Native Teachers, to renounce idolatry, and to listen to the Gospel. Two English Missionaries—Messrs. Baker and Macfarlane—have during the last year landed upon its shores, and one of them, Mr. Macfarlane, thus describes their reception:—"We went on shore, and were warmly received by a number of the natives, who were standing on the beach waiting our arrival. A meeting was called, at which I was formally introduced to the people. On the following day the news had spread. About a thousand natives were assembled, who gave unmistakable proof of their desire for a Missionary. Finding it necessary to make a journey into the interior of the island," Mr. M. adds, "as we passed along, the news of our coming spread from village to village; hundreds assembled to receive us, who seemed delighted to feel that they had really got a Missionary at last. All wear clothing of some kind, which they get from ships in exchange for yams, pigs, &c. I was highly pleased with their appearance, and the manner in which they conducted themselves. When we think what they were a few years ago, compared with their present state, we have

great cause to thank God and take courage." Now, our readers should remember that it is hardly likely that teachers would have reached this and many other islands of the South Seas, where Christianity is now spreading, but for a Missionary ship. How glad and thankful, then, should they feel when they think that they helped to raise the money to buy and repair the "John Williams!"

The Report contained some good news which has just come from Mr. Moffat. After a long and difficult journey, during which Mr. Moffat says, "We lack no good thing, and all are contented and happy, amidst the dust, dirt, and heat, which all must expect who travel the interior wilds of Southern Africa," he and his Missionary companions reached the town of the great and dreadful chief Moselekatse, and found themselves in the midst of the Matabele, the large nation of warriors to whom they had gone with the news of peace and salvation. At first, indeed, the king, though he expressed much pleasure in seeing them, was not so kind as they expected; for a wicked man had been to tell him, before they came, that they were spies of the Dutch Boers, and that these enemies of the native tribes would certainly follow them. But after a little time, this cloud was cleared away, and on the 23rd of December, some of Moselekatse's principal men, by order of the king, led the Missionary to a rich and lovely valley, through which a living stream was flowing, while upon either hand were hills covered with beautiful shrubs and noble trees. After walking for some time in this fine spot, the king's prime minister thus addressed Mr. Moffat and his brethren:—"If the valley you now see pleases you, it is, with the fountain, at your service; choose where you wish to build, and occupy as much land as you please. If *you* are satisfied, the king's heart will be glad." You may fancy how happy and thankful the Missionaries were

to find such a pleasant home in the midst of Africa. Mr. Moffat says, "I have not had time to observe much, but it is evident that the people are very healthy, and no sickness, that I have heard of, ever prevails among the cattle. The grasses are of a fine description, and many evergreen trees and shrubs give the landscape a lovely appearance. Man only is vile. Oh! they are savage, they are ignorant and wicked. How indescribably lovely would this region be, were it studded over with little hills of Zion, and from them anthems of praise ascending to the Divine Redeemer, instead of the thousands of hoarse war songs which anon resound from every town and hamlet through the Matabelian dominions. 'Mine arm is not shortened,' saith the Lord, 'who willet that all men should come to the knowledge of the truth.'"

The accounts from China are cheering. The Missionaries at Shanghai, Amoy, and Canton have gone to many large places towards the interior of the great empire, preaching the Gospel, and wherever they have gone, the people have received them kindly, and heard them gladly. Mr. Edkins, who has been to Leuchen and Lung Kiang, says, "The journey was very delightful and encouraging." Mr. Lea writes, "The people were more attentive than usual. All were anxious to get books, and invited us to visit them again. The people received us most cordially. Everywhere we had large and attentive audiences. They invited us to go to the largest temple in the town, which was soon filled with curious and quiet hearers. I converted the incense table into a pulpit, while a Native Assistant at the further end of the building preached to the crowd immediately around him. The people were exceedingly friendly; such was their eagerness for books, that many came through the water to the boat on purpose to get them. At various places teachers and respectable

tradesmen came and sat with us in the boats, and while we drank together the friendly cup of tea, listened as we spoke to them of the Gospel of Christ." Mr. Turner, of Canton, writes in much the same way. "In the open places of this large city," he says, "the preacher can proclaim the glad tidings to listening crowds, and everywhere he finds persons willing to converse about 'the new doctrine.' The country round, thickly dotted over with towns and villages, is open to us; and in his excursion, the Missionary generally meets with civility and an attentive hearing." Thus we see how much of China is really open to Missionaries; and what the Report says upon this point will, we are sure, be very pleasant to those dear young friends who so kindly did what they could to raise a New Year's Gift for sending more labourers to that large land. But the Report says something more, and something still better, respecting China. It tells us of many of the people who have been converted, and especially of one Native Christian, living at a place called Poklo, which no Missionary had visited, whose pious labours had been blessed of God in bringing fourteen souls to the Saviour!

The Report contains striking proof of the great value of Native Preachers. It tells us, for instance, that the Native Pastors in Tahiti are still working in that island with success, against all the efforts of France and of Rome to bring over the people to Popery. It speaks too of the firmness and consistency of the Native Teachers in India and Burmah, and of the wonderful way in which God has preserved and blessed the faithful ministers of his word in Madagascar. And here may be repeated what was announced to the meeting, that the Queen of that island is very ill, and not likely to recover—that the Christians, at present, are not persecuted—that their numbers are still increasing, and that the young prince is continually

getting more power and influence. It was also stated that information had just arrived of great interest. Our readers know that the young prince has a rival—his cousin—who is the head of the heathen party and the deadly enemy of the Christians. This man said he had a right to the throne when the Queen died, because she had promised, before the birth of her son, that he should be her successor. Now, lately, the Queen resolved to settle the dispute in the following way:—"Two jars were filled—one with jewels—the other with earth taken from the tomb of Radama, the former king. These jars were of the same size and shape, and were covered with crimson velvet, so that no person could tell which contained the jewels and which the earth. Now, it was decided that the two rivals should choose one of these vessels, and that he who chose that with the earth in it should be the King after the Queen's death. The choice was made, and the young prince took the vessel of earth. He was, therefore, proclaimed the future King. Whether his enemy will be content with this decision, remains to be seen; but we will hope and pray that the God of heaven will preserve a life which seems so important, and give to the prince that power which, we believe, he will use for the good of his country.

But we cannot say more about the Report, which we hope our young friends will get and read for themselves.

As to the Meeting, it was acknowledged by every one to be the best the Society ever held. And, indeed, it was most interesting and impressive. All the speakers seemed full of the right spirit, and their addresses appeared to move the multitude, "as the trees of the forest are moved by the wind." These speeches will be given in the "Missionary Chronicle" for June, and we hope our friends will read them there.

In the evening the Juvenile Missionary Meeting was

held, and the Poultry Chapel was crowded, principally with young people. The Rev. S. Martin presided, and all the speakers were Missionaries. There were Dr. Boaz, the Rev. Mr. Budden, and the Rev. Behari Lal Singh, an excellent Native Minister from India; then there were the Rev. Mr. Williamson from China, the Rev. Mr. Gill from the South Seas, and the Rev. Mr. Ingram from the West Indies. Mr. Budden described the trials which the young must bear, who become Christians in India; the Native Minister showed the value of female education, and gave a very interesting account of a babe, whose mother died from cholera, while she was going on pilgrimage to the temple of Juggernaut, but whose life was preserved by a Missionary. That babe is now a Christian woman, well educated, very useful, and, though he did not say so, he might have added that she is his own beloved and honoured wife. Mr. Williamson told the meeting many curious customs and superstitions of the Chinese, and Mr. Gill pointed out the wonderful changes wrought in the South Seas, and the good which the Missionary ship had done there. It was a pleasant and a profitable meeting, and one, we hope, which, with God's blessing, will lead many who were there to love the Missionary cause more than ever, and by prayer and labour to endeavour to promote it.

Altogether, these Meetings were amongst the most delightful and useful which were ever held at the Anniversary of the London Missionary Society.



SHEELKOBUS, THE BUSHMAN CHIEF.

(Continued from p. 115.)

THE Bushmen had long been expecting the Boers, and had done their best to fortify their village. They are a cunning race, and if they had as many firearms as their

enemies, they might, perhaps, before this have driven the Boers out of the country. But most of them have only bows and arrows. As a means of defence they dug holes all round the village so cleverly that no one would notice them until he came close up to them. In these holes they intended to conceal themselves, and shoot at the Boers as they were rushing past them. At last the Boers set out from Venter's house to make the attack. It was night, and everything was kept perfectly quiet. No one dared to kindle a fire, for the Bushmen have very quick eyes. But a spy was lying close to the river watching the Boers. He saw them as they rode down to cross the stream, and gave the alarm. Directly they had crossed they were saluted by the shots of their foes, who lay quietly concealed in their holes. This was a bad beginning for the attacking party, who were standing on the open ground without any protection. But the Boers rushed bravely on, and fired so fiercely, that many Bushmen were shot even in their holes. At this the natives were seized with a great panic, and rushed in headlong flight into the desert. The village was taken, though Scheelkobus fought like a lion till a musket-ball struck him down. That was the end of his glory, and his wretched soul went with all its sins upon it into eternity.

The news that the Boers had attacked Scheelkobus's village soon reached Mr. Zerwick, and on that very day he hastened to their camp, to see if he could do anything to help the unhappy Bushmen. The first thing he found was a group of fifty of the natives sitting on the ground, tied by cords to one another. None of them were wounded, but before long they were all shot dead by the Boers. Next he came to five hundred wounded persons. Among them were a great many women and children, who had been concealed in a huge hole, and had held out a white cloth when the Boers stormed the village, as a sign that

they surrendered themselves. To these the farmers did no injury; they only made them prisoners. Mr. Zerwick told the Boers that he intended to go across to the field of battle to bury some of the dead, and fetch as many as possible of the most seriously wounded into his village, so as to take care of them and try to save their lives. They had no objection to his plan, so he sent home to tell the Hottentots to come on the next morning with their spades and pickaxes to bury the dead on the field of battle.

Accordingly on the next day the Hottentots came. The chief brought thirty men with him, all armed, for they feared lest the Bushmen might return to attack them. But, unfortunately, they had only brought three spades with them, and were obliged to borrow some more from the Boers.

The field of battle presented a terrible sight. Mr. Zerwick counted one hundred and thirty dead bodies, and among them were several children. In some of the large holes he found the living and the dead piled up together, and two wounded men he drew out of the mud on the bank of the river. The Hottentots had begun to dig a large grave, when they saw at a great distance a cloud of dust arise. To hurl down their spades, to mount their horses, and rush away, was the work of an instant. Mr. Zerwick was just returning from the river, when he met all the thirty men riding past him, and shouting out, "The Bechuanas are coming; the Bechuanas are coming, like the locusts!" at the same time pointing him to the dust in the distance. As it was impossible to stop them, and as the Missionary saw that the Boers were beginning to stir and prepare for battle, he was obliged to leave the field, with all the poor wounded men, and ride home.

On the next day Mr. Zerwick told his Hottentot friends that they must set out again and fetch the wounded; that this was a Christian duty, and was by no means to be neg-

lected. But they were so frightened, that the Missionary could not persuade them to go. Till late in the afternoon he kept on trying to do so, but all was in vain. So in the evening he mounted his horse, and started off, with no companion but his own servant. It was quite dark when they reached the field of battle. They approached very cautiously, for they could not tell whether the Bechuanas were still near at hand, and they feared lest they might be shot. The first wounded men whom they found out called to Mr. Zerwick, "Boos, water!" that is, "Sir, water!" so thirsty were they. Their request was soon granted. But the poor creatures, while parched with thirst, were also shivering with cold, and Mr. Zerwick collected wood from the huts, and made a fire, to which he carried the wounded men. But they could not all be found in the dark, and, as the servant refused to creep into the holes, the Missionary was obliged to do so himself. With a torch in his hand he groped among the offensive corpses in the pits, and drew out the wounded, and carried them to the fire. He was in constant fear lest the Boers on the other bank of the river should see his light, and shoot at him; for they would naturally think it a very suspicious thing to see some one with a torch wandering about on the battle field. But all remained quiet, and when the Missionary had provided the poor sufferers with water and fire, he rode away home.

The next day was Saturday, when Mr. Zerwick was obliged to remain at home; but he sent some Hottentots with food and drink for the wounded. The men, however, did not venture on to the battle field, as they saw through the darkness people wandering up and down with fire-brands in their hands; so they returned with the provisions. On the Sunday morning a service was held in the church, when the Missionary preached on the duty of showing mercy to the distressed, and urged his congre-

gation to go and fetch the wounded, and take care of them, telling them that he intended, on that very afternoon, to get his waggon ready, and that they ought to go with him and help him. But all was in vain. Not a single Hottentot was willing to go. They would not even help to yoke the oxen in his waggon. What could Mr. Zerwick do? He resolved to go without them. His three boys helped their father to yoke the oxen, and he was just about to set off, when one native was found who promised to drive the waggon. Mr. Zerwick's eldest son led the oxen, and thus they went to the battle field. On the way two Hottentots met them and joined the party.

When they reached the field of battle five out of the ten wounded were already dead. The survivors again cried out to him in piteous tones, "Water, sir, water!" They were supplied with this, and also with a little meat, but they were so weak they could hardly eat it. Then the wounded had to be carried to the waggon. But the Hottentots very much disliked this part of the task. The Missionary took one by the arm, and led him to the place where the wounded were lying; but directly he turned his back to fetch a second man, the first ran off, and the others stopped their nostrils, and stood a long way off. Only one of the three gave real help, and with this man and his own young son, Mr. Zerwick was obliged to do all the work. This native had found his brother among the dead, and was anxious to bury him. The night was coming on; a grave was quickly dug, and the body put in it. The wounded were placed in the waggon; several bows, arrows, and quivers were gathered up, and the whole party returned home by night.

When they reached the Mission-house, Mrs. Zerwick was willing to show the poor sufferers every kindness in her power. A meal of hot rice was provided, which all in the waggon enjoyed, except one little child, who was found,

when they took it out, cold as a stone, for during the night death had put an end to its sufferings. After their hunger was satisfied, Mr. Zerwick washed and bound up their wounds. But his kind efforts to save life were of no use to two men, who died the next day.

What a terrible thing war is! How sad thus to look on the dark side of the picture which so many think of as only glorious! Dear young friends, how earnestly we should pray that God would make "wars to cease unto the end of the earth," and would break the bow and cut the spear in sunder. And does not this narrative show what a blessing a pious Missionary may be, even in a time of war? Like the good Samaritan, he cares for men's bodies as well as their souls. And do you not think that the kindness and self-denial which Mr. Zerwick showed might produce a good effect upon some of the poor heathen around him, who had listened in vain to his sermons in the Mission Chapel? May God honour and reward him for his labour of love! And may we all learn of that loving and compassionate Saviour from whom the Missionary learned to show mercy to the sufferers; and in any way that we can, to the very utmost of our power, may we "go and do likewise!"



SCHOOL DIFFICULTIES AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

You all know that one of the first things a Missionary tries to do when he settles among the heathen, is to get together the children in schools; for he is very anxious that before they grow up, and become hardened and careless, they should learn to read of that Saviour who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." You have often read accounts of these schools, and of the way in which God has blessed the truths taught in them. Thus, many dear children have been saved from the horrors of a life of

heathenism, and have been brought to know "the true God and eternal life." But this good work is not always smooth and easy. Many are the difficulties among the barbarous tribes, which the Missionary must overcome before he can do what he desires. You will find a proof of this in the following account of the trials of one of these devoted men—a German Missionary—who settled among the Caffres, and tried to establish schools for them and their children.

When he reached the country, the first thing he had to do was to build a house in the midst of the wild natives. The Caffres have no regular towns or villages. Each man puts up a hut just where he likes. Around this hut he raises a strong fence, and outside of this a hedge, within which he can keep his cattle. If the Caffre has any slaves they build their huts near his own, and thus a "kraal" is formed, a name which they give to such a group of huts. Each house is round, for Caffres never build anything with corners to it. It was in the neighbourhood of a large number of such kraals that the Missionary fixed his dwelling.

When he began to speak the language pretty well, he was anxious to gather the children into a school, that they might hear something of the Lord Jesus. So he went to a kraal, where there were many young persons, and tried to persuade their parents to send them to be taught. The parents said they would do so; but none of the children made their appearance. He next went to other kraals, and here, too, the parents promised to send their children; but still they never came. The Missionary soon found out that the fault was with the parents. They cared nothing about God, or his word, or their own salvation, and were not at all anxious that their children should know more than they did. Accordingly, as the parents would not send their children, the Missionary thought that he would go and fetch them himself.

The next morning he set off again to the nearest kraal.

The parents had many excuses to offer for not sending their children, but they were all false; for the Caffres are sad liars, as, indeed, are other heathens. Still they professed to be willing to do what he wished, and said, "To-morrow the children shall come to the school." But the Missionary now knew them too well to be content with this promise. "You ought to rejoice," he said, "that men have come to you who desire nothing except to teach you what is good without any charge; but you only love things in this world, and are deaf when one speaks to you of heavenly things. Neither you nor your children love God's word; you only love your sins, and will continue in them till you perish." He then told them that he must have the children in the school that very day; that it was God's will they should go, and that he would take them with him at once. This did some good; and before long a group of little Caffres, with their dark faces, and carosses of skin, came round him, and with these he set off towards his home. But on the way two of the young rogues ran off, and could not be found again.

Every day after this, the Missionary was obliged to fetch the children to school from several kraals; and, had you been there, you might have seen him at ten o'clock each morning, with stick in hand, setting off upon this errand. First of all, he was obliged to wade through a river, as there was no bridge over it. Then he had to clamber across a high hill to get to the kraals. As soon as he entered a kraal out rushed the dogs, barking at him and threatening to attack him; and it was not always easy to keep them off, and get them quiet. But this barking drew out the children; and as soon as they caught sight of his white face away they scampered, some of them to the bushes, while others crept into the dark huts, and hid themselves under the skins, and others crouched down behind the fence of the kraal. While this was going on, the

women came forward, shouting out, "White man, give us tobacco; give us tobacco." And the men came forward, and say "Mollo," which means "Good morning," a salutation they have learned from the Dutch. Then follows a string of questions: "Where do you come from?" "Where are you going to?" "What do you want here?" &c., and all keep on begging "tobacco; give us tobacco." The poor Missionary tells them he has no tobacco, but they still beg for it. If a Caffre wishes to show himself very friendly, he laughs as much as he can, and in the midst of his laughter he speaks words of most extravagant praise. One says, "Thou most lovely man! thine affection towards the Caffres is like an ornamental chain for the neck; it is like the rain that drops from heaven." Others invited themselves to take dinner at his house, and others, again, came to receive salt, fat, tobacco, and soap, adding: "The three greatest men in all the world are Umhala, Macomo, and thou, and thy wife is the greatest among all women upon earth." At this they laughed until their whole bodies shook. They did not, however, intend to mock the Missionary, but only to say something which they thought would be agreeable to him. He, however, replied: "Leave off talking thus, my men; I am only a teacher, and am no prince; you won't get anything by all these prayers and praises. But tell me, where are your children?" At this no one answered a word; so the Missionary had to seek them himself. First he went to a hut, and the women cry out "Stop, there are no children there." "But they are there," he said, and he hunted about in the dark hole, until he dragged out one from one place, and another from another. These he took with him, and then went off to another hut. There several children were sitting around a little basin, and eating, one with a spoon of wood, another with a chip, a third with his hand, while a fourth was licking up the drops from the bottom of the spoon, and a

fifth had poured out his broth on a stone, and was lapping it up like a dog. "Now, come, come! how long do you intend to keep on eating?" said he. "Wait a bit," answered one; and another added, "We are so hungry;" and a third pointed to his stomach, and said, "There, look at my stomach, it is not near full yet." At last the young feasters rose from table, put on their carosses, and went with the teacher. And thus the Missionary had to pass through all the huts; but often, just as he had caught one another would rush away, and he was glad, if out of twenty-five children he could bring eight with him. With these he went homewards. But on the way they began to beg. One began by saying, "White man, don't you see that I am going to the service to-day, and have not run away; now, give me some bread in return." Another added, "White man, I have been bitten; give me some salt to cure myself." And a third added, "White man, it is a capital thing to wear trowsers; so give me a pair of trowsers, that I may look fine."

Then they kept dancing and jumping around the Missionary, wrestling, singing, hurling stones at birds, and performing all sorts of tricks all along the road. If they had seen anything that seemed new or strange, they talked about that, and mimicked the creatures they have met with. Their stories were chiefly about oxen, or dogs, or hyænas, or jackals, or horses. If any one had told them a story about a horse, they would run along upon their hands and feet, just like that animal, first walking, then trotting, and finishing off with a gallop. But with all this fun and folly, the young people talk as cleverly and often as eloquently as their parents, for the Caffres are naturally very clever people, as far as things of this world are concerned; and one might suppose that such sharp children might be taught something important in their schools. But they had no love to God's word, and seemed as stupid

as their oxen on the subjects which that word teaches. And, strange to say, they would not go to school if they could any way help it. One day the Missionary, as he came to a kraal, saw three boys running off as fast as they could. "Ah," he said to himself, "I have legs as well as they," so he gave them chase, and cried out to them to stop; but the more he called the faster they ran, like antelopes, over stocks and stones. At last, however, he caught one of them; but as soon as he had overtaken the second, the first boy began to bite and scratch him, and to shriek out with all his might, as though he were being stuck by a spear, till the Missionary was obliged to let him go. The parents saw all this, and made no opposition. They said they wished their children to go to the school and learn something; but all their professions were false: in their hearts they wished just the opposite. Sometimes they said so plainly. Once, when he had a great deal of trouble in getting the children together, he stepped up to a group of men who were quietly looking on. Several laughed at him, and asked him why he troubled himself at all about their children. "We are now," one of them said "just like cattle, and we shall always continue like oxen and dogs. We will just go on eating, doing nothing but eating, till we cannot swallow any more. Yes, that is our desire, and a capital life it is; we will eat as much as possible, and then lie down on the ground and do nothing more. As to your words, we don't hear them; our ears are a great deal too thick and firmly closed."

Such are the heathen; and such are some of the trials which the Missionary has, in the beginning of his work. Such trials would be enough to make many men give up in despair. But the faithful Missionaries of Jesus know that their Lord in heaven has sent them, and that He will not forget their "work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope." Nor does He; for in due time they reap, if they
not.

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