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Christina



AFRICANER, IN THE DRESS WHICH HE WORE WHEN
HE WENT WITH MR. MOFFAT TO CAPE TOWN.

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AFRICANER ;

OR,

MISSIONARY PLEASURES.

PART II.

IN another little book, some account was given of a fierce chief in Great Namaqua Land of the name of Africaner, of the trials of the first missionaries who went to his country, and how he laid the missionary settlement in ruins. Some time after, he consented to receive a missionary, and we left him with a young missionary of the name of Moffat, just settled at his krual.

Mr. Moffat began his missionary work by holding morning and evening service, and keeping school for three or four hours in a day. He was soon delighted with the earnest attention of the chief. He says that he might as well have doubted of morning's dawn, as of Africaner's attendance at the hour of worship. He would sit under the shadow of a great rock, nearly the live-long day, eagerly studying his Testament,—or in his hut, with his thoughts so fixed on its blessed words, that he did not know what his family were doing, or when strangers entered. He would search it through and through to find one passage to explain another, and what he could not understand, he would ask his missionary to tell him at the close of the day. "Many," says Mr. Moffat, "were the nights that he sat with me on a great stone, at the door of my house, conversing with me till the dawn of another day, on creation, providence, and the glories of the heavenly world." The missionary forgot alike his weariness and his needed rest, and often did the hearts of both burn within them as they thus talked the night away. Africaner would at last sometimes rub his hands on his head, saying, "I have heard enough; I feel as if my head were too small, and as if it would swell with these great subjects."

Soon, all could see the change that had been wrought in Africaner. He became the peacemaker of those parts, and would stand between two angry parties, entreating them to be friends. His heart became tender as that of a little child. He comforted those who were in distress,—he wept with those that wept,—and from his little store, relieved the widow and the fatherless. Mr. Moffat was one day, in absence of mind, looking earnestly at him.

Africaner modestly asked the reason. Mr. Moffat said, "I was trying to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through a country, and I could not think how eyes like yours could smile at human woe." Africaner answered not, but shed a flood of tears.

Mr. Moffat was anxious to make the people more cleanly and industrious, and Africaner was eager to help him. "It would have made any one smile," says Mr. Moffat, "to have seen Christian Africaner and myself superintending the school-children, now about one hundred and twenty, washing themselves at the fountain. It was found that their greasy, filthy carosses of sheep-skins soon made them as dirty as ever. The next thing was to get them to wash their mantles, &c. This was no easy matter, from their being made chiefly of skins, not tanned, and sewed together with thread made of the sinews of animals. It required a great deal of coaxing argument and perseverance to get them to undertake the task; but this too was also accomplished, and to their great comfort; for the sheep-skins formerly harboured so much company, that the children could not sleep soundly."

Africaner's brothers, David and Jacobus, were both believers, and were very useful to Mr. Moffat in the school and in instructing the people. The fierce Titus too, though he did not till long after become a Christian, became very fond of Mr. Moffat. He would come to the house of God, or with his brother sit all night listening to the conversation, just because he thought it would be pleasing to his missionary. Often would he come to Mr. Moffat's hut to ask what he could do for him, or when he found him with nothing to eat, would take his gun, and go in search of game, and bring him back a dinner from the wilds. He gave Mr. Moffat his only horse, because it was safer for him to ride on than an ox. He seemed as if he would cheerfully have laid down his life for the missionary.

Mr. Moffat had not been very long with Africaner and his people, when he was taken ill with bilious fever. This was caused by the heat of the weather, in his small, close house, and living on meat and milk, without salt or vegetables or bread. The fever rose so high, that in two days he became delirious, and did not know anything that was going on. After a while, his senses returned for a few moments, and opening his eyes, he saw Africaner sitting by his bed-side, gazing on him with eyes full of pity and tenderness. Perhaps he thought that this was the last time that

Mr. Moffat would be able to speak; for, with the big tear standing in his eye, he asked Mr. Moffat, how, if he should die, they were to bury him? "Just in the same way as you bury your own people," was Mr. Moffat's reply. But it was not the will of God that they should so soon part, and Africaner's joy was full, when a few days after, Mr. Moffat was well enough to be again among his people.

Mr. Moffat did not remain all the time at Africaner's village. He made two long journeys, besides several short ones. Children in England like travelling, but it is no treat in South Africa. The first of these journeys was to a country to the north, on the borders of the Damara Land. It was said that there were many fountains of water there, and they hoped to find a better place for a missionary station. At Africaner's station, there was not enough water to cultivate the ground, and rain scarcely ever fell, and the people were often sadly distressed. There was, however, one great difficulty before setting out. The wagon was broken, and who was to mend it? Mr. Moffat had never learned smith's-work, but he had watched the smiths at Cape Town, and there is nothing like "try." He had two large goats killed, and with their skins he contrived to make a pair of bellows. The people all stood by to see him blow the new-fangled bellows. He wished them far enough away, for he was afraid he might burn his fingers with the first piece of iron, and perhaps look rather foolish. However, he succeeded: the wagon wheels were mended to admiration, and the travellers set off on their journey. Besides Africaner, Titus and more of his brothers, and thirty men, went with Mr. Moffat, for they determined that plenty of people should go with him to take care of him. They found no place for settlement in that barren and thirsty land. They were often badly off for food, and were thankful to eat the flesh of zebras and giraffes, though it was almost as tough as leather. They were in still greater distress for water, and were thankful when they reached home at last, after their unsuccessful and dangerous journey.

Mr. Moffat sometimes went on preaching journeys to distant villages. He rode on the horse that Titus had given him, and his interpreter rode by his side on an ox. After a hot day's ride, to reach a village in the evening, the people would give him a draught of milk, and then the whole village, young and old, would assemble in

a nook of the fold among the kine, while he preached Christ to them. Then he would lie down on a mat at the door of one of the huts, and start in the morning for another village.

After a few months, he again set off to look for a station in the Griqua country. The account of this journey would be enough for a little book of itself, therefore we must leave it, and return to Africaner's history.

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 or black. You may see in the picture, what sort of a figure he cut. You will not like the good old man less, because his dress is shabby.

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 wagon, was sometimes amused to hear what they said. I will just tell you about one of them.

This farmer lived on a hill. Mr. Moffat left the wagon 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 wagon, 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 wagon, and sat smiling at their feet. Of course the farmer did not know who it was, and he said at last, "Well, if what you say is true, I have only one wish, and that is, to see him before I die, and I will go with you on your return, although he killed my own uncle." Mr. Moffat knew that the farmer was both a kind and good man, and he did not feel afraid to say to him, "This, then, is Africaner." He started back, and cried, "Are you Africaner?" The good old chief arose, doffed his old hat, made a polite bow, and said, "I am." And when the farmer saw that the savage was indeed become gentle as a lamb, he lifted up his eyes, and exclaimed, "O God, what a miracle of thy power! What cannot thy grace accomplish."

The Governor of the Cape (Lord Charles Somerset) also doubted the report, but after seeing Africaner, he too was convinced. He gave Africaner a wagon, worth £80., as a proof of his kind feeling.

How glad were all the good people at the Cape to see Africaner! How interested in looking at his well-worn Testament, and in listening to his pious and sensible conversation! Mr. Campbell, too, was at the Cape on his second visit to Africa, and says, in his *Journal*, "I could not but view with astonishment, the change that grace had made in Africaner; saying in my mind, "Is this the man who was the terror of tribes far up Africa, and whom I was almost afraid to meet when I was among

them a few years ago? Is this the man who burned to ashes our missionary station at Warm Bath? Is this the man who now loves Jesus Christ, and us for his sake?"

Africaner returned alone, and became himself a minister to his people, Mr. Moffat being chosen to go as a missionary to the Bechuanas. A year after, when he thought Mr. Moffat must have reached Lithako, Africaner crossed the continent in his wagon to bring the books and furniture which Mr. Moffat had trusted to his care. This journey was in great part over a plain of deep and scorching sand, and going and coming it took him full three months. It was his last proof of love to his missionary. At Lithako, he also again met Mr. Campbell, and travelled with him a hundred miles to the Griqua country. Here Mr. Campbell beheld the meeting of Africaner and the converted Griqua chief, Berend Berend. In the days of heathenism, these two chiefs had had many a deadly conflict. Now they were both Christians. They embraced,—they knelt at the same stool,—and joined in prayer and in hymns of praise to the same dear Saviour.

In the year 1823, rather more than two years after, Africaner died. On his death-bed, he called his people round him, and charged them to live in peace as became the gospel. He said, "I feel that I love God, and that he has done much for me of which I am totally unworthy. My former life is stained with blood, but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven."

Titus Africaner became a Christian, after his brother's death, under the care of the Wesleyan missionaries.

Dear readers, what are your thoughts after reading these two little books? Do you think the pleasures of the missionary made amends for his former trials? I know what he would say. He would tell you that he had been well repaid for giving up all things for the sake of Jesus, and that there is no joy on earth like that of winning souls to Him. And if such is the joy of earth, what will be the joy of *heaven*?—when the missionary and his beloved converts shall meet, where "neither the heat nor the sun shall smite them, where the Lamb shall lead them to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Dec. 1842.

