ation was to be sent to Grahamstown to try to remove difficulties reported. It was a great pleasure to meet the most of the brethren in the field & a great surprise to see sitting opposite me at dinner Mr. Welsh once a fellow student in Calderwood’s Class & Mr. Stirling Missionary in Rose Street. Here I again met Mr. A. Murray & heard him address a meeting of workers in the afternoon of 8th Jan. At a meeting in the evening we were presented. On my return to King Williams Town I saw more of it & was then spoken of it more particularly.

Cordially

Mrs. YW. & Mrs. Stirling

very kindly invited me to accompany them home & remain for a few days. On Friday morning Mr. Cumming, Mr. YW. & Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Gledwood & Mr. Welsh & I started for Dohne by train. At Blaauw we changed carriages, the main train going to London.
Mr. Leslie was Missionary at Tutuma but had to flee to Bongwali for safety during the Eclectic war of 1877-8.

Through a hilly country we passed causing the Railway to wind in great circles. Belton the chief educational centre of the London Missionary Society was passed. Mr. & Mrs. Shirnoff are in charge. At Dohme Station we left the train for a long hours waiting. Mr. Welsh rode & the others were taken in two conveyances. The hills & fields are exceedingly bare around with few trees & all parched like in appearance. In hollows by the river sides the mimosa Cape Colunum Vals flourishes.

In the afternoon of my arrival I visited the graveyard by the river side. Mr. Leslie, Mr. Burnside, a brother of Mr. Soqui, Mrs. Chalmers & a few other slept there. The chief purpose of our going as soon was to see a little fresh grave. At New Year's Day Mr. Stirling's second only child died suddenly. Near a jasmine tree sat a wreath of everlasting & by her breast she sleeps in a foreign land.
When the first child died Wm. St. was at Mbulu. The day she died No one being near the parents had to make the coffin themselves and laid it in its little grave. Such are some of the trials of life in the Mission Field. It was not easy to keep the eyes dry when such things were told.

Some leaves of the mimosa tree I got at Mbulu to take home to Mrs. St. Another.

In the evening several of us sat under the shade of some fig trees and had a pleasant chat about the old country the work going on in Zafaraka.

On Saturday 14th Jan. I preached in the forenoon in Longworth Church from the Rev. Timp Edge's pulpit. In an account of his labours at this place and his life by Chalmers. About 250 were present. Wm. & St. Mr. St. Rev. Daniel Samuel, etc., among others in the audience. Many of the people were well dressed. One elder I saw
was dressed scarcely equal to a beggar at home yet he might be worth 20 oxen & a hundred sheep & goats. I spoke on the Marriage Supper of the King. The attention was good & the sermon to feel the word.

The church, built under the superintendence of Soga & from money mostly raised by himself is a plain structure with large windows. A porch with a door at each side stands at the front entrance. The inside is evidently needing repairs which I was glad to hear was in prospect. The pulpit is hexagonal with a cornice round the base. It is so deep as almost to compel a little man to have a chair to make a respectable appearance. On a framework outside the bell is hung a most indispensable article where clocks are a rarity.

At the opposite end of the church is Mr. Stirling's house which is made up of two rooms. A bed room & another that has to serve for parlour-dining room.
Toby. It is not commodious but certainly preferable to a Kaffir hut. Fully a year ago during a storm the roof was carried off the one end and left them scotting the bedroom for all purposes. The church had to be made use of for a time during the exposure.

A few yards from the church is the original school now used for boys only. I found William Soza a first-rate intelligent looking young man the teacher. He is the nephew of Tip Soza. He said he had a great desire to visit Scotland.

Among a clump of green trees is the house of Mr. Cumming. Senior Missionary. It is one story and with cane and thatched roof. Under the veranda I saw Mr. C. often sitting talking with the people who came for advice and medicine. My bedroom was once the study of Soza. In spirit I sometimes feel David the good man pondering his Bible and praying for his benighted country.
It was with feelings of sacredness that I went about the garden and grounds looking at the trees planted by Soga’s hands I sat under the shade of a willow said to be his favourite seat.

About 100 yards further on is the Girls School for boarders 4 day work. The building is one of the best finished places I have seen in the Mission field, perhaps too good for the purpose. From Kafir huts to that home must be a great change for the girls. The holidays were going on during my visit and consequently I saw neither teachers nor scholars. The board I think is £8 per year. Miss MacKitchie has charge but being absent in Scotland. Miss Vickenhaal is at present the head teacher. She I believe is to be married soon to Mr. Ferguson of East London.

During my stay I wandered over the place on horseback 40 in feet. Seeing native gis, anthills. By the
side of a waterfall I observed the greenness of the grass and thought of the 23rd Psalm, "The meadows pastures and the still waters."

In Mr. and Mrs. Staligo's company I rode to Yelena to visit the Pringle family related to Pringle the poet. There I saw an orange grove for the first time. Two hundred trees with their dark green leaves was a beautiful sight. Some of the golden fruit were still hanging on the trees which we sampled with. Peaches and apples with oranges hung in abundance. With water and slight attention what will this land not yield. It is another Canaan.

I met the woman who cleans the church. Mina Bena spoke a little to her. She is considered one of the best women on the station. "Before the missionary came she said she was bound, but now she is free. With tears in her eyes she spoke of the..."
preciousness of Jesus.

One day a Mr. Co. dont to be the
day he the evangelist. While still a
child he stole three horses
when not discovered. He after-
wards came to hear Mr. Chalmers
father of Mr. W. Ch. of Grahamstown
preach. His text was “Thou shalt
not steal”. So great was the im-
pression made that he returned
the horses and became a candidate
was shortly after converted. For
45 years he has been doing evan-
gelistic work on this station.

Many pleasant chats I had with
my good friends Mr. and Mrs. Stirling.
She spoke some of the need there is
for prayers on behalf of missionaries
and their families. Now they do pray
for the stimulus of home sickness.
With Mr. C. I walked to a kraal near Toirst Suteh the great wife of Bakia. As we approached the hut there was nothing to indicate royalty. Her hut is a plain as others scarcey so good I think as some I saw near. The inside was also anything but royal like. The roof is supported by 5 uprights resting on a floor made of anthills cleaned with cow dung. A small hollow in the centre of the floor serves for the fireplace. The articles of furniture were a few mats of straw, two stools, two chests, some blankets, etc. pillows. At one side sat an old Suteh within a jembe, but thands of a lady. It was easy to see that they had never been coiled with work.

By her side sat the second wife who is supposed to be her servant. On the other side two daughters. She said she grieved heavily those who sent the missionaries I said her wish was to remain where the word of God is.

To Mr. Carter she said, "I never think of my losses I think of my gains."
From her hut we went next to No-actua, the mother of Tijo Saga, who I found nearly blind. Her hut was made the same as the other, if anything more comfort, she found a table some dishes, the hut with a window about 8 in square. A dozen children and grandchildren were clustered round her, one having the same name David Livingstone. Her husband never became a Christian, she had to leave him very early in her married life. For information, I must tell you also Saga's life. Miss Ogilvie, she wished to be greeted heartily.

Before leaving Mrs. C. showed me a Bible he got from the Glasgow Missionary Society when he left for Africa. In the English Channel he was wrecked and all he saved was his Bible in a portmanteau. He very kindly gave me a Kafir Testament as a keepsake.