Among the multitude of stars to be seen over the heavens the southern cross has a striking distinctness and symmetry. Sirius near Orion is a beautiful star & Jupiter a planet one never ceases to admire.

On Friday evening 19th Dec. left Stellenbosch by the ordinary train for St. Paul where I got the mail train for Grahamstown. During the beginning of the Christmas holidays a great crowd of people were travelling. I got into a carriage with four young men. One of them soon showed himself to be of considerable debating power. His practice would make a good admiral member. He discussed first of all the temperance question & then launched out into a speech on an uninhabited land case that he thought should be imposed on Dutch farmers who have large tracts of country lying waste. During the early part of the first night we passed over
the Hex River Mountains a triumph of railway engineering skill. From the heights here we descended to the Karoo. For 400 miles the railway lay through this desolate region. For miles few trees could be seen, only a low bush covered the ground said to be good for feeding goats and sheep. Grass there was none; in some places bare clay covered with stones. River tracts were frequent but in every case almost perfectly dry. The gawning beds seemed to pant for rain. Along the side of the line the bones of oxen lay dry, baked by the sun. On a flesh carcase we saw the vultures at work. In the distance range of mountains were frequently seen. A striking feature of their contour is the flat table tops like Table Mountain at Cape Town. At Beaufort West the Kappies and Frigos began to appear. The
One of the most beautiful churches in the colony is Bradock. Costing coloured people to the west being mostly of mixed blood. Rising towns lie all along the line the growth of a few years. Some of the houses are made of a wooden framework covered on the sides by corrugated iron. This in some places is the universal roofing. At Bradock I think the most beautiful Dutch Church in the colony can be seen.

From Bradock to Aliceadale junction the scenery rapidly improves. Through countless gorges the train winds and descends at yeastful speed raising clouds of dust producing sickness with the shaking and jostling of the carriages. On the sides of the gorges the euphorbia, mimosa, aloe, and semi-tropical trees abound. The beautiful yellow blossom of the mimosa is a most attractive sight. At Aliceadale I changed carriages. I got the train for Graham town.
The scenery for many miles is quite highland. Wooded glens & mountains cover the country until the railway reaches the uplands. There the country becomes more mountainous but mostly destitute of trees. When within a mile of Brahamstown it bursts into view & round it the railway winds giving many peeps of the most beautiful of colonial towns. The Railway Station is neat but not very large. Some good hotels can be found. The Churches are many & generally elegant. There is in the centre of the town a large hall, library & museum. The collection in the latter is rare & selected mostly taken from the district.

Witt M. William M'Gliff & stay from Sabbath 21st Dec. until the following Tuesday. He is the member for Port Beaufort District. His a hearty supporter of the Wesleyan
cause in the district. About 6.30 p.m. I went with him to call on Mr. Chalmers, the Presbyterian Minister. He at once said I must preach as he was ill with ague. I half an hour I had to be in the pulpit. Had I known that I was to address one of the most intellectual congregations in the Colony I might have hesitated. I spoke to them on Amos 4:12 I was listened to attentively. After preaching I took supper at the Manse. I met Miss Murray, sister of the Rev. Mr. Murray, author of "Abide in Christ." Next day I went to the Kapi location near the town. The huts are laid out in streets, but I cannot praise the neatness or order of the surroundings. I entered a few of them; one woman was painting the inside of the hut white with blue spots. She said it was for Christmas and a "ticki" threepence to buy coffee.
Some came for tobacco sticks to bid me a retreat. I had done to beat a retreat.

On Monday evening, 22nd December, I was present at a Juvenile Missionary Meeting in the Wesleyan Church. Mr. Cowie an Aberdeenian of 50 years' colonial life occupied the Chair. Addresses were given by various ministers. Then I was asked to say a few words as a friend from Scotland.

Next morning I started from Grahamstown for Fort Beaufort in the post cart about 7 a.m. The horses did look poor thing. They reminded one of the definition of a horse—a square kind of animal with a leg at each corner. The two nags started fairly with three passengers, the driver a dog and some luggage. About a mile off town a horse was brought that was to be taken to Beaufort. Evidently he had not been accustomed to leading alongside for when we
went north he aimed east or west. The plunges he made shook us considerably I made it too much for nerves to bear. Shortly after I suggested some work for him. He was yoked. Glad we were of his company for the two brute could never have taken us the first half of the journey. The day was broiling hot, but took badly with climbing almost every hill. Sometimes pushing the cart. The road lies along a country of most picturesque scenery. The hillsides are thickly wooded and the habitat of numerous baboons. Some I saw running up the mountain paths. On the same road the first attack was made during one of the Kafir wars. By much effort we reached Fort Brown rested the horses for a time. About two miles above this place now considerably ruined the horses stuck. There was
We hope but outspan to send the
drivers for fresh horses to Koonap
9 miles distant. For nearly four
hours we lay by the roadside
waiting his return. With decent
speed the rest of the journey was
accomplished. We reached Fort
Beaufort a little after 7 p.m.
Hungry and tired.

Mr. Peter Stewart met me there
with a supply from Lovedale, but
darkness having set in by the time
supper was over we thought it
better to rest there for the night.
Next morning we were to start
about 8 or 9 o'clock but like South
African punctuality did not get
away until nearly 8 a.m. On the
way we saw the cattle very
frequently feeding in the fields.
When nearing Lovedale the
Umnie and Soutmille ranges of
mountains come into sight.
Umnie peak rising behind town
Dale has a bold and striking
front. When near the Dutch
Church of Alice we discovered
that a half cushion was lost.
Back Stewart drove almost four
miles I did not find it. Full after
twelve o'clock we reached Love
dale. Not having got a bite that
day I felt rather hungry.

23rd Dec.

Mr. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart gave me a
plenty welcome. The same evening I
was invited to a party in the house of
Mr. Crawshaw. The most of the teachers
were present. It was a very good
opportunity of getting acquainted with
the staff which made advantage of.

During my stay I met the Rev.
Andrew Murray, author of 'Abide in Christ,'
at Alice where he conducted for a
week a series of Evangelistic Meetings.

In Alice Presbyterian Church I heard
preaching on Sabbath 28th Dec. 1854. His text
was 'thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.' Some notes of the stimulating
discourse Iook I have given.

1. The gift.
2. Thanksgiving for the gift.