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. Fully after twelve o'clock we reached Love Dale. Not having got a bite that day I felt rather hungry.

Dr. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart gave me a hearty welcome. The same evening I was invited to a party in the house of Mr. Brawshaw. The most of the teachers were present. It was a very good opportunity of getting acquainted with the staff which I took 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 him on Sabbath 28th Dec. 1854. His text was "thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift." Some notes of the stimulating discourse book I here give.

1. The gift.
2. Thanksgiving for the gift.
I can urge you to praise unless you know the gift. We only stammer over puffed words. A gift may be precious for its intrinsic value; for the benefit it confers.

God's gift (it is pardon for all sins, the righteousness of God, the Spirit, heaven, the vision of the unseen one) but more than these Jesus! Himself, Jesus will become yours if all the love the bore to the Father He to Him. God wants to be yours in Christ.

(1) Benefits it brings. Think what you have if Christ, Blood, Pardon. Don't you feel you need these when you think of death, Judgment? Don't you think you are wrong if not fit to meet the Judge? A man wants more than Pardon. Pardon is but the entrance into God's life. Hold on to this gift, Jesus. That passion, that vile sinful heart will be changed. Jesus will you with you change the whole aspect of your life.

Accept in its fulness this wonderful gift. Many think Jesus is all that He brings too high for them. I have been longing to get nearer, but rain comes in V Days upset.
The vilest can have the gift the Bible says. Many can't believe that Jesus is for them as they are. Don't try to conquer sin promise to do it. Confess sin till God of your corrupt heart. Come vile viles; unclean! He will receive you. God knows your impotence. He can impart Jesus into thy very heart. God's work goes along with his word. Show that promised one Jesus. Reveal Him for I believe. Show that said Jesus would be revealed in believing. So any one longing to have Jesus. Allow Him to do it.

Thanksgiving for the gift.

Take the gift first thanks will follow. Some try to thank without taking it. I thus not some opening restless heart here, saying—saw art religious enough. Accept Jesus the will make you religious. Is it nothing that God loves you as! Nothing that salvation & blood are bought so near? Writate not come with your self I am I accept, say thence & thanks God! Say thus: Thanks be to God. Jesus is for one. If I accept the gift I must use it. Some
gifts kept but not used. Jesus to come is a Saviour to keep them out of hell, but not to be confused. Use them every day. Some titles are elegant hand I have aside unread. Teach one to deal well with. 

My money, time, friends, servants, prosperity. We do not use the gift enough for God’s praise and glory. Show Jesus as spontaneously as a child shows a gift. Don’t hide away Jesus. If you have come honestly by Jesus tell of him to others. Let the heart be full of this song. It will urge you to tell the health

Tell your children, your friends. I want you to take the words of the text living them through life. Are there not more than one upon needing this song? In all your troubles say, “Thanks be to God Jesus rules the world. Sing this song in all circumstances. There is in it a foretaste of heaven to God. They raise us higher song in heaven. Be a temple now singing.

At the end of my tour among the Missions invited downdale again.
will in its proper place give a fuller account.

Burroughill

On the 31st of Dec. 1884. I left Lovedale in Dr. Stuart's spider kind car and driven by Mr. Peter Stuart. The road, rough Philly, lies to the south west of the Anamola Mountains. The driver was not intimate with the way and one out very frequently asking if we were on the right road! Nothing but Nafies could be had to direct us. I could not speak a word of Nafies, nor they English. Some laughed at me, others asked tobacco. Half way to Burnhill a bad drift came in the way which my nervous driver would not cross, thinking to superfluous. Then he went fororage. I thought Mr. Stuart who took the spider across by another road. Though unlooked for was very warmly welcomed by Mr. Stuart. The evening was one of the loveliest to be witnessed. As the sun set, gilding the clouds with red; the