

This is Orion
 The cross not being so good.

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

On Friday evening 19th Decr. I left Stellenbosch by the ordinary train & went as far as Paarl where I got the mail train for Grahamstown. Being the beginning of 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 & by practice would make a good colonial member. He discussed first of all the temperance question & then launched out into a speech on an uninhabited land tax 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 & 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
 yawning 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 ranges
 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 Kaffirs
 & Fingoes began to appear. The

One of the most beautiful churches
in the colony is Cradoek, 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 & roof by corrugated
iron. This in some places is
the universal roofing. At Cradoek
I think the most beautiful Dutch
Church in the Colony can be seen.

From Cradoek to Alicedale
junction the scenery rapidly improves.
Through numberless gullies the
train winds & descends at fearful
speed raising clouds of dust
& producing sickness with the
shaking & jostling of the carriages.
On the sides of the gullies the
euphorbia, mimosa, aloe & other
semi tropical trees abound. The
beautiful yellow blossom of the
mimosa is a most attractive
sight. At Alicedale I changed
carriages & got the train for Graubarn
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 Grahamstown 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 & select & mostly taken from the district.

With Mr. William Azliff I stayed from Sabbath 21st Dec^r until the following Tuesday. He is the member for Fort Beaufort District & is a hearty supporter of the Wesleyan

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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. In 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 & was listened to
attentively. After preaching I took
supper at the manse & met
Miss Murray sister of the Rev A.
Murray author of "Abide in Christ".

Next day I went to the Kafir
location near the town. The
huts are laid out in streets, but
I cannot praise the cleanness
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 & begged
a "tiki" = threepence to buy coffee.

Some came for tobacco & tchis & I had soon to beat a retreat.

On Monday evening 22nd Decr. I was present at a Juvenile Missionary Meeting in the Wesleyan Church. Mr. Bowie an Aborigine 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 & thin. They reminded me 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 & some luggage. About a mile ^{out} of 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 & 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 brutes could never have taken us the first half of the journey.

The day was boiling hot & we 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 & 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 in ruins the horses stuck. There was

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no hope but outspan & send the driver 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 & tired.

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Mr. Peter Stewart sent me there with a spider 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 six o'clock but like South African punctuality did not get away until nearly 8 a.m. On the way we saw the stork very frequently feeding in the fields.

When nearing Lovedale the Zumbie & Amatole ranges of mountains come into sight.

Zumbie peak rising behind Lovedale has a bold and striking

23rd Dec.

front. When near the Dutch Church of Alice we discovered that a half Cushion was lost. Back Stewart drove almost four miles & did not find it. Fully after twelve o'clock we reached Lovedale. Not having got a bite that day I felt rather hungry.

Mr. Stewart & Mrs. Stewart gave me a hearty 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 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. 1884. His text was "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift." Some notes of the stimulating discourse I took & here give.

1 The gift. 2 Thanks giving for the gift