

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

94

I cant urge you to praise unless you know the gift. We only stammer over feeble words. A gift may be precious for its intrinsic value; for the benefits it confers.

God's gift (apt) is pardon for all sins, the righteousness of God, the Spirit, heaven, the vision of the unseen one: but more than these Jesus X^c. Himself. Jesus will become yours & all the love the love to the Father & the F to Him. God wants to be yours in Christ.

(b) Benefits it brings. Think what you have if Christ's. Blood. pardon. Dont you feel you need these when you think of death & judgment? Dont you think you are wrong & 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 go with you & change the whole aspect of your life.

Accept in its fulness this wonderful gift.

Many think Jesus & all that He brings too high for them. I have been longing to get nearer; but sin comes in & I am upset.

95

46

The vilest can have the gift the Bible says. Many cant believe that Jesus is for them as they are, Dont try to conquer sin or promise to do it. Confess sin & tell God of your corrupt heart. Come vile wretched unclean & He will receive you. God knows your impotence. He can impart Jesus into thy very heart. Gods work goes along with his word. Thou hast promised one Jesus. Reveal Him for I believe. Thou hast said - Jesus would be revealed in believing Is any one longing to have Jesus. Allow Him to do it.

Thanks-giving for the gift.

Take the gift first & thanks will follow. Some try to thank without taking it. Is there not some yearning restless heart here, saying - I am not religious enough. Accept Jesus & He will make you religious. Is it nothing that God loves you so? Nothing that salvation & blood are brought so near? Hesitate not come with your self & sin I accept, say oh sinner & thank God, say this - Thanks be to God - Jesus is for me.

If I accept the gift I must use it. Some

78

79

gifts kept but not used. Jesus to some is
a Saviour to keep them out of hell, but
not to be confessed. Use them every day.
Some bibles are elegantly bound & laid aside
unread. Teach me to deal well with
my money, time, friends, servants, prosperity
& adversity. We do not use the gift en-
ough for God's praise & 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 heathen
your children, your friends. I want you
to take the words of the text & sing them
through life. Are there not more than
one of you needing this song? In all
your troubles, say "Thanks be to God -
Jesus rules the world. Sing the song
in all circumstances. There is in it a
foretaste of heaven & of God. They have no
higher song in heaven. Be a temple now
& sing.

At the end of my tour among the
missions I visited Lovedale again &

will in its proper place give a fuller account.

Burns Hill

On the 31st of Dec^r. 1884. I left Lovedale in Dr. Stewart's spider kind's sent and driven by Mr. Peter Stewart. The road rough & hilly lies to the south west of the Amatola Mountains. The driver was not intimate with the way & had me out very frequently asking if we were on the right road. Nothing but Kafirs could be had to direct us. I could not speak a word of Kafir, nor they English. Some laughed at me, others asked tobacco. When within a mile of Burns Hill a bad drift came in the way which my nervous driver would not cross. Thinking to outspan there he went for forage & brought Mr. Stuart who took the spider across by another road. Though unlooked for I 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