

father, still living, is the patriarch of Caffrarian missions. To the piety of the father, the son superadds an official ability, which, with his thorough mastery of the native language, native manners, habits, and customs, ought long ere now, its intrinsic merit carried the prize, to have raised him to the lieutenant-governorship of British Caffraria.

But to pass on. If the members of the United Presbyterian Church at home could only witness with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears, what I was privileged to witness and hear on that day, I am confident they would feel that, had they spent ten times the amount of pecuniary means on that mission which they have done, they would have been more than amply recompensed. I am bound to add that throughout the whole of South Africa, I found no mission station conducted in a more orderly, vigorous, systematic way, than that of my admirable friend and brother, the Rev. Tiyo Soga, the native Kaffir ordained minister of the Umgwali.

Until within a recent period, with him was associated another missionary—whom I learnt also to admire, respect, and love—the excellent Mr. Chalmers. In order to extend the mission, he left the Umgwali, and fixed on another station about a day's journey to the north, in a region hitherto of unbroken heathenism. Severely afflicted by the loss of his partner in life, he proved his devotedness by proceeding to this outlandish place alone, and actually taking up his abode in a wretched Kaffir hut. It is a grand field on which he has thus heroically planted the standard of the Cross, though one encompassed with prodigious difficulties. Surely he will not be allowed to labour on there alone. At all events, he will not surely be long allowed to peril his precious life by the discomforts of a Kaffir hut for his dwelling, and the imperfect shade of a thorny tree for his church. He is truly a noble labourer—pious, earnest, devoted, self-denying, and indefatigable; and thoroughly acquainted with the native language, manners habits, and usages, such a labourer is beyond all price. All the “golden sands” down which “roll Afric's sunny fountains” could not produce his like. Surely, then, the instant his case comes to be realized, the members of the United Presbyterian Church at home will rush forth, contending for the honour of providing such a labourer with a manse and church.

Excuse me for writing thus warmly. I write simply because I feel, and as I feel. A nobler pair of missionaries than Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Tiyo Soga it would be difficult any where to meet with. I scarcely know which of them to admire most. But have learned so greatly to admire both, I pray God that their valuable lives may be long spared, and that the United Presbyterian Church, with its wonted liberality, may strengthen their hands with all needful support. Yours very sincerely,

‘ALEXANDER DUFF.’

MISSIONARY ITINERACY IN INDIA.

The Rev. J. Robson, missionary of the United Presbyterian Church in India, gives very graphic and interesting accounts of his journeys and labours. We subjoin some extracts.

PREACHING TO THE NATIVE SOLDIERS OF DEOLI.—I went in the British territory as far as Deoli, which you will see marked on the extreme south-east of the map of Ajmere. The cantonment, which has been established since the map was made, is about a mile to the south of it. There is an infantry force of about six hundred and a squadron of Sikh cavalry permanently stationed there, constituting the Deoli irregular force; and the 16th Bengal cavalry have lately been stationed there also. These and the bazaars dependent on them constitute the whole cantonment. The country about is very wild, and situation airy and healthy. There are several very large villages in the immediate neighbourhood. I was very hospitably received by Major McDonald, commanding the irregular force, who introduced me to some of his native officers, telling them that they had often talked together about the Hindu and Christian religions; and now I