

TO LABOR FOR THE CONVERSION OF THE ZULUS,

a warlike and powerful Caffir tribe, but of a frivolous and fault-finding disposition, little apt to receive the teachings of the Gospel. Our Fathers came then to be stationed amongst the Basutos on the invitation of King Moshesh, who granted to them the valley in which our principal Caffir mission is at the present day, and who himself gave to the new establishment the name of *Watsi wa ma Jesu* (village of the Mother of Jesus.) My venerable predecessor, Mgr. Allard, established himself in the mission, and under his direction our missionary and the Sisters of the Holy Family have labored in it successfully for the conversion of the natives. We are four miles and a quarter from the mission. The arrival of the Bishop is not unforeseen, for here are the Fathers and the Brothers and a numerous escort of the Basutos, mounted on their best horses, who are coming to meet us. After some moments of sweet emotion, I get on horseback ; a discharge of musketry announces the departure of the cavalcade : some startled horses run away and upset their riders. This incident makes us all laugh. We gallop joyously to the little rustic arch of triumph where the Sisters with the children of the schools expect us. After a little complimentary speech in English, in French and in Sisoutou, we slowly proceed to the church, while the children sing with all their strength a Sisoutou hymn. Let us rest a while from the fatigues of our journey and take advantage of our leisure, to cast a glance on the things around us. Here, in the centre of the village, is the thatched church, whose humble walls contain within them the Holy Tabernacle, the sacred source from which the missionary derives his strength and his consolation. At some distance we find the convent, with its garden and its girls' school, the dormitory of which occupies the upper story. This story is looked on as a miracle in the country. The Caffirs, who have never seen anything like it, at first ascend to it with hesitation ; they seem to fear that the edifice will crumble under their feet, and never go up without feeling their way like an elephant crossing a river on a wooden bridge. Let us go down to the school where the pupils expect us. They are all neatly dressed,