

and congratulations, we go into the church to thank God for having granted us a fortunate journey.

THE MISSIONER HAD THEN NO DWELLING BUT HIS TRAVEL-  
LING WAGON ;

he had just built his iron church, and for a school had only a miserable hut. Since then they have built two fine halls for schools, and a suitable residence for the Missioner. The inhabitants of Kimberley are proud of their diamond mines, which are one of the wonders of the world. You have hardly arrived when they ask you :—  
“ What do you think of the “ Diamond Fields ? ” Have you ever seen anything like our diamond mine ? ” I must acknowledge, that although I had seen many mines in Europe, in America, and in Africa, I never saw anything like the mines of Kimberley. The town is built round a hill, which conceals the precious stone. The hill is divided into a great number of lots called *claims*, which the proprietors work by perpendicular excavations. Should any one deviate, by an inch, from the true perpendicular, it will be unfortunate for him ; the proprietors of the adjoining claim, on which he has trespassed, will be certain to take an action against him. The earth dug in the claim, is placed in a bucket, which is rapidly drawn up by a wire rope, to the orifice of the large basin, whence a cart brings it to the proprietor's enclosure. Here it is exposed to the sun and the air ; it is washed in running water, which takes off the lighter matters, leaving only the gravel behind, in which the precious stone is easily discerned. They have thus hollowed out the depths of the hill, which at present has the appearance of immense arenas, in comparison with which even the Coliseum would only be a common circus. If you stand on the orifice of this vast crater, and look down, you will see thousands of Caffirs at work, like black insects, in that human anthep. You see the buckets coming and going every where, suspended in the air as if by spiderthreads, and the powerful pump which draws off the invading waters. You hear people shouting in every tongue, and their voices rising above the dull sound of the pick axe and the spade. What a spectacle ! grand and mean at the