

good men could not help smiling as they remembered how, in the maps which they had bought in Paris, the whole of this region had been marked as sandy and level, for they had not travelled many miles inward when they found themselves standing at the foot of a mountain several thousand feet in height. As they journeyed onward, a local chief having been apprised of their approach sent them down from his mountain fastness a present of milk and boiled maize, which they hailed as a token for good. Meanwhile, messengers were sent forward by the indefatigable Krotz, to inform the king of their movements and to bespeak his royal welcome. As they proceeded on their journey, they were struck with the unmistakable signs of recent battles which appeared in many places—in broken walls, and ruined villages, and desolated gardens, and battle-fields strewn with remnants of the dead. Already we may imagine the prayer to have ascended from their full hearts that their mission might be blessed as the messengers of the Prince of Peace.

On reaching the foot of the mountain on which stood the palace of King Moshesh, they scarcely had time to unyoke their wearied oxen and to pitch their tent, when the king's sons appeared scampering on horses at full speed to convey the salutations of their royal father. Early on the following day the missionaries ascended the mountain by a precipitous and winding path to return the monarch's salutations. They were received in a spacious court, enclosed by lofty palisades, into which Moshesh descended from his palace accompanied by his queen and their one little boy, whom they both fondly caressed. We give M. Casali's first impressions of the Basuto king in his own words: "The chief bent upon me a look at once majestic and benevolent. His profile, much more aquiline than that of the generality of his subjects, his well-developed forehead, the fulness and regularity of his features, his eyes a little weary, as it seemed, but full of intelligence and softness, made a deep impression on me. I felt at once that I had to do with a superior man, trained to think, to command others, and, above all, to command himself. After we had looked an instant at each other in silence, he rose and said, '*Lumela, likhor*' (Welcome, white man), and I replied by holding out my hand to him, which he took without hesitation." The king's looks expressed even more kindness than his words.

On the next day the king, attended by some of his chiefs, came down from his mountain to dine with the strangers. It must be acknowledged that the contents of their larder did not supply "a dainty dish to set before a king." But the time was urgent, and nothing could be done or even attempted until they knew more of the ruler's mind. With Krotz as his interpreter, the missionary explained to the king the end of their mission, in promoting the religious as well as the material good of his people, and asked for his protection and help in