

the fact, that a woman was actually devoured in her garden during my visit, and *that* very near the town from which I had frequently walked so far, fully convinced me that there were good grounds for their fears and precautions. It was most affecting to hear the cries of the orphan children of this woman. During the whole day after her death, the surrounding rocks and valleys rung and re-echoed with their bitter cries. I frequently thought as I listened to the loud sobs, painfully indicative of the sorrows of those who have no hope, that if some of our churches could have heard their sad wailings, it would have awakened the firm resolution to do more for the heathen than they have done.

In some countries the light which the Gospel once shed has gone out, and darkness has succeeded. But though eighteen centuries have elapsed since life and immortality were brought to light, there is no certainty that these dark regions were ever before visited for the purpose of making known the light, and liberty, and peace of the glorious Gospel. It would seem that the myriads who have peopled these regions have always passed away into darkness, and no ray from heaven ever beamed on their path. And with whom does the guilt rest, if not with us who compose the church militant on earth? My mind is filled with sadness, when I contemplate the prospects of these large masses of immortal beings. I see no hope for them except in native agents. The more I see of the country, its large extent of surface, with its scattered population, and each tribe separated by a formidable distance from almost every other, the more convinced I feel, that it will be impossible, if not impolitic, for the church to supply them all with Europeans, Native Christians can make known the way of life: there are some in connexion with both this and the church at Griqua Town, who have done it effectually. Others, too, are rising up, who will soon be capable of teaching; and if their energies are not brought into operation by taking up the field now open before us, I do not see where the benevolent spirit springing up among the converts of the two missions is to find an outlet.

I may, perhaps, be permitted to relate an incident which seems to indicate that even the darkest minds feel the need of a something to speak peace to their troubled thoughts. On one occasion, Sekomi having sat by me in the hut for some time, in deep thought, at length addressed me by a pompous title, and said, "I wish you would change my heart! Give me medicine to change it, for it is proud, proud and angry, angry, always." I lifted up the Testament, and was about to tell him of the only way in which the heart can be changed, but he interrupted me by saying, "Nay, I wish to have it changed by medicine to drink, and have it changed at once, for it is always very proud, and very

uncasy, and continually angry with some one." He then rose and went away. This seemed to me the more remarkable, as we had not then spoken to either him or his people on the necessity of a change of heart.

Another incident, which also happened amongst the Banangwato, gave me some encouragement to hope that even itinerating by native Christians may, by the divine blessing, be productive of good. Late one evening, as I was sitting on one side of the hut, a young man, having a most intelligent expression of countenance, came in with a present of food, and said, "I once carried the gun of Sepamore (a member of the church here) when he was in this country hunting; and I asked him what he thought about God." (Here he gave me a surprisingly correct account of the Supreme Being.) "But," added he, "What do you say?" Most gladly I confirmed what he had heard, and added a little more to his stock, by telling him of "Jesus and the resurrection." This may have been all curiosity. But it may please the Holy Spirit to operate by even these small portions of truth, and lead some, though unknown to us, into the regions of everlasting glory. And if so, our itineracies will not be in vain.

I was much gratified by the hospitality shown by the Banangwato to myself, and the two natives who accompanied me. We came among them without any thing to insure us a good reception; and, after living for a fortnight, entirely on the bounty of the Chief, when we left he sent thirty of his people to guard us, and carry the presents he had given both to myself and people, safely to the wagon. Four of his men he instructed to proceed with me to Kuruman, and bring him back a faithful report of all the wonderful things I had told him. They are, an under Chief of his, and three servants. I wish and pray that I may be useful to them, so that when they return they may tell not only of the strange customs of the "Makuas," but also of the "wonderful works of God."

FOR I AM NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

There is something searching, something to awaken thought, reflection, serious self-inquiry, in the following remarks of Chalmers, occasioned by this declaration of the Apostle:

"But let us not pass over the intrepidity of Paul, in the open and public avowal of his Christianity. We call it intrepidity, though he speaks not here of having to encounter violence, but only of having to encounter shame. For, in truth, it is often a higher effort and evidence of intrepidity, to front disgrace, than it is to front danger. There is many a man who would march up to the cannon's mouth for the honour of his country—yet would not face the laugh of his companions for the honour of his Saviour.—We