

reached the Orange river, which at the place of crossing was a thousand feet broad and at least five feet deep. It was with almost incredible difficulty, and only after doubling the number of their teams of oxen, that they succeeded in crossing the great river. Here was another landmark which they had reached, for they were now outside the boundaries of civilized government, and had entered upon the region of heathenism, whose thick darkness was scarcely mitigated by one ray of Christian light.

A few hours' travel from the river's brink brought the missionaries and their company to Philippolis, a little embryo town which was to be prominent in their recollection ever afterwards, because it was the place where Providence would begin to unveil to them their future, and, as it were, lead them visibly by the hand to the scene of their life-ministry which he had chosen for them. The sealed letters were now to be opened. It happened in this wise. They had not been many hours in Philippolis when they were accosted by a mulatto farmer, Adam Krotz, who eked out his regular income, and at the same time gratified his passion for adventure, by the hunting of antelopes, taking long detours over hundreds of miles. On learning who these strangers were, and what was their errand, his countenance brightened with a new interest. He told them of Basuto Land, of its king, whom he had met with not long before in one of his hunting excursions, who had a strong desire to have missionaries sent into his country, and had even drawn from Krotz a promise that if ever such men came in his way he would use all his influence and persuasion to induce them to choose his country as the scene of their sacred toils. Krotz added that he was truly glad to fulfil his engagement to the great Basuto chief, and promised that, on condition of their accompanying him on the hunting expedition on which he was about to enter, he would both be their guide and protector on the journey, and prepare their way by sending friendly messengers before them. The astonished missionaries distinctly read in all this the finger of God, and were ready to say with Eliezer of Damascus, "I being in the way, the Lord led me," and though the time of their journeyings was likely to be lengthened by such an arrangement, they yielded to this inconvenience for the sake of the greater benefit they would derive from this man's knowledge, friendship and guidance.

Certainly, if the patience of these devoted missionaries was sorely tried before their guide and counsellor had secured his complement of meat, dried skins and horns, they had abundant opportunity of improving their knowledge of natural history; for, in addition to the gentle antelope, the whole hunting ground which they were traversing abounded with baboons and panthers and lions and other beasts of prey. At length deliverance came, and at the end of four weeks of waiting they had crossed the boundaries of Basuto Land. The