

a kraal where we found the captain. The natives again brought water for the horses and assisted us generally.

At this point of our journey we found that all our provisions, with the exception of the mealie-meal, were done, but thinking we should soon be at our journey's end, we lay down and slept grandly. On awaking next morning we found that Jane, the mule, had reached the end of her life's journey and was lying stiff and dead.

We were now only three miles from our destination, and had on the previous evening seen the camp fires. We soon entered the village and outspanned our horses, thankful that we had got thus far on our journey, but our troubles were evidently not at an end, for a large swarm of insects, usually known as 'ticks,' came upon us—the Staff-Captain said—in thousands. Anyway, they gave me a deal of trouble to rid myself of them, and I think about five dozen must have settled on me.

We had the pleasure of an interview with

ship is laid out, we went and had a look at the Residency, a splendid building commanding a most extensive view. Out of the front-room windows, we could see a most charming and wide expanse of Zululand stretching away to the Indian ocean, until the water met the sky, while from another window, the picturesque mouth of the Tugela river—the boundary of Natal and Zululand—is spread out before the beholder's gaze.

At one o'clock we left Eshowe, homeward-bound. We passed the remains of the unfortunate Jane (deceased mule), and ultimately arrived at our last outspan for the night, when your humble servant started to seek fuel for the fire, in order to prepare our supper, and while groping about amidst the grass for sticks, etc., espied what appeared to me to be a thick, dry stick. I stooped to pick it up, when—oh horrors! I found it was a—dreaded mamba!

'A mamba, captain! A mamba! Come here quick! Where are your sticks? Take some of the sugar canes; bring some stones,

such dismay in the camp, and over which we had got such a victory (?) had a piece of string tied round its neck, indicative of the fact that someone had killed it before. After a hearty laugh, and a few remarks at the fright caused by a dead snake, we had our coffee and sought our slumbers.

A sharp frost had taken place during the night, which rendered a cup of coffee very acceptable in the early morning, after which we inspanned our cattle and started again for home. We crossed the Tugela and re-actualled at Stanger, a little village which lay in our track, and able to supply us with food for man and beast.

We learnt a lot of useful things on this journey; we got a smattering of horse-ology, drive-ology, and had some practical lessons in whip-ology, Staff-Captain Morgan, of course, being our teacher, for by this time he has blossomed into quite a driver.

At Stanger we met two well-dressed and educated Zulus, who requested us to stay for the Sunday at Grantville, on the banks of Umvoti, as their missionary had left on a visit to Durban. We promised them that we would see when we got to the place whether we could stay or not. On arriving, we met several people belonging to the mission station, and two of the elders, named Phillip and George N'Xaba, most politely and earnestly requesting us to stay and preach Christ to them, we eventually decided to do so. So we brought our cart up near to the church, and as the minister was away and the parsonage locked up, we accepted their invitation to sleep in the school-room, and were very glad of the opportunity of doing so, as our bodies began to feel the effects of continually sleeping in the open air. We had just finished making our beds upon a small platform, when we heard a scrambling, clambering noise, and thinking it was the village natives climbing up to the windows to have a look at us, shouted out to them and asked them what they wanted. Not having a reply and looking out and seeing no one, we laid ourselves down to sleep. Presently the noise was repeated, and to our dismay, we found a small army of terribly big rats had taken possession of the school-room as well as us! Awful discovery! What ever was to be done? Terrible tales of rats eating people's toes and noses off came crowding into my mind, and I wished I were underneath the cart, rather than spending a night of terror in the schoolroom. Morning dawned, I had spent a sleepless night. Staff-Captain Morgan remarked that he had slept remarkably well. No doubt he did sleep well, when I lay on one side of him and Captain Clark on the other. I think I should have done so too under similar circumstances!

At half-past six a.m. we started knee-drill with fifteen and had a very good time. At eleven o'clock, the congregation met together, and I was deputed to be the parson. I preached from Isaiah i., 18: 'Come now, let us reason together.' We spoke through interpreters—two bright young fellows—and we have no doubt but the Spirit of God made a great impression upon the people.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we had a real free-and-easy. 'Will you go?' 'Hold the fort,' 'He pardoned a rebel like me,' etc., were sung in the Zulu language most heartily, and the truth of God was dealt out faithfully, and when we drew the net, we found that we had twelve splendid cases for the Saviour. We dealt with the people again through interpreters, and they each told us that they had accepted Christ as their Saviour, and were going to live for him. We announced that we should hold another short meeting in the evening at seven, so that we might bid them good-bye. The church was very lively on this occasion, for an evening meeting is very rarely held here. We had a very profitable time, and parted with the good wishes of these dear people whom we learned to love for Christ's sake.

Two days after, we reached Mr. Maritz's farm, where we stayed from Tuesday afternoon till Wednesday morning. We had a great deal of spiritual conversation with these dear friends, which was enjoyed by all parties.

At five on Wednesday afternoon, we drove into Pietermaritzburg, deeply thankful to God for his care and protection, very glad to be home again, and rejoicing in the fact that our journey had secured for us greater opportunities, greater facilities and brighter prospects for winning the great Zulu nation for our king.



AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

Colonel Carlew, the present Commissioner of Zululand, who, with Christian courtesy and great interest, listened to our proposals and plans for dealing with the Zulu natives, and gave us much valuable information about the country and its people. He also gave us a great deal of encouragement, by promising to facilitate our efforts, and to help us in our endeavors to win this part of Africa for Jesus in every way he could; and we went out from his presence with the conviction that we had talked with a great man, a man possessing true Christian compassion for all nations and races of men, and, as we learned, a man loved by everyone living at Eshowe, being highly respected as a man of God, a loyal servant of the Queen, and a good governor of the nation.

After we had viewed the land, seen the natives drilled, and seen how the new town-

they'll do,' I shouted, but my directions fell upon unwilling ears, and, alas! alas! not one had pluck enough to come near the reptile. The natives who had drawn near because of my shouting, turned and fled when they saw the cause of the alarm, and increased our consternation still further by telling us that it would jump and spit into our eyes. At last we screwed up our courage and armed with big stones ventured to the attack, for the staff-captain had declared he would not stop at this place if the snake was not killed or removed. Drawing near, we hurled the huge stones with which we had provided ourselves, upon the mamba with all our force, and as it lay motionless we concluded it was dead, so getting a long stick one of us brought the dead snake to the cart, when to our astonishment and chagrin, we found that the snake that had caused