

The name in truth is not for this,  
 And he who gave it named amiss :  
 The Rose of Sharon, only He,  
 Can claim that name *eternally*.

In our garden we have the pretty wild olive, the beautiful syringa, and the silverised almond, so like the whitened locks of an old man.—(See Ecclesiastes xii. 5.) We have also dahlias, sweet-williams, minor convolvulus, the starch plant, and others I cannot at this moment specify with botanical names. We have many bulbs of great beauty when in flower; while not a few of the trees and shrubs, and beautiful creepers, are well worth the attention of a botanist. But, besides flowers, we have also splendid fossils in limestone rocks, and of recent formation, as geologists calculate; the golden asbestos, and also the blue, which draw out like thread. It is reported that cloth has been made of this stone, which fire cannot burn.

MY VERY DEAR J——M——,—I got your funny little letter, and I rejoice, though I am no more young, to answer it. I was once a little boy like you, and loved to speak of things of which you write. The Bechuanas have no barrows, but I have one that I made myself; that is perhaps more than you can do, but you may also learn, as I did. Some of the great men have ploughs, but they are of the Dutch Boer sort, and some are from America. The people have seven or eight books; one is the Bible, the best of all, and it is translated into their own expressive language. They have several tracts, and are immediately to have a newspaper. We, the missionaries, are to be editors. Would you like to see your letter in our *Bechuana Monthly*? There are here little animals I consider to be squirrels; also monkeys, springboks, blesboks, gnus, hartebeeste, cameleopards, elephants, tigers, wild cats, dogs, wild buffaloes, zebras, hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, and crocodiles; also, lions, wolves, jackals. Our hares are almost like your rabbits, but they do not burrow. I think many Bechuana children like to hear of Jesus; they sing prettily, and understand too.

MY DEAR LITTLE BABY C——M——,—I think about about sixteen months ago, we parted sorrowfully with our little Robert, about your age. We were then very sorry, and are still very sad when we think of him. He sung, "There is a happy land," "Glory, honour, praise, and power," and "Little child, do you love Jesus?" so feelingly that his