

and one bright autumn day a special train carried the clergyman and some hundreds of his parishioners to Harburg, where they found that the shipping was dressed with flags in honour of the new vessel; and having held a simple service on board, they dedicated the *Candace* to its work of carrying the Gospel to the Ethiopians. At Hermannsburg there was a ceaseless industry. Smiths, tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, coopers, were preparing for their ship. The women and girls knitted with a rapidity that was marvellous to look upon. The farmers came in with loads of buck-wheat and rye. The orchards were stripped. Pigs and hens accumulated to the proportions of an agricultural show. Nor did a Christmas tree fail, but one was carefully planted in a huge tub to be in readiness against crossing the line.

Then the mission pupils had to pass their examination before being ordained by the Consistory. The colonists had to be got ready. They all knew something of agriculture, but by more definite profession they were: two smiths, a tailor, a butcher, a dyer, and three labourers. The captain was chosen and the crew; the cargo was on board; and at last the leaving-time came. The younger Harms preached a farewell sermon, and then the sixteen stood up together and sang as their parting hymn, *Ein feste ist unser Gott*. There is no music so rousing and sublime as that masterpiece of Luther; it is a very hero-psalm; and there is something noble in those humble men setting their faces towards the savages in Africa and flinging back their lofty music out of brave, composed hearts. The next day they went to Hamburg, and, on the 28th October, 1853, the anchor was lifted, and the *Candace* floated down to Cuxhaven.

At Hamburg there is the service on board. The deck is crowded, the rigging and bulwarks of the neighbouring vessels are well filled; the quay porters and other loungers look on in wonder; the captain and sailors are gathered round a table on the quarter-deck, and a regular open-air service is held. Through the voyage regular services are maintained, and every morning and evening they meet together for a simple worship as the members of one household. The children are taught, and the school is opened before they have left the river; study is diligently continued; the tradesmen ply their crafts; and the inner life of that trim brig, the *Candace*, is pleasant to look upon. After eighty days they reached Cape Town, and presently sailed round to Natal, and went in search of their long-looked-for Gallar.

When the hurry of departure was over, and the parish life returned into its old channel, it felt somewhat dull. The first brood had gone, and the nests were empty, as Harms says. This did not last long. Three weeks were spent in putting things to rights, and by that time twelve new candidates were waiting to enter the house. There were two tailors, four carpenters, and six yemen or peasants.

About this time the Hermannsburg Mission Magazine was begun, as a means of communicating missionary intelligence from the African colonists to the people, to the surrounding districts, and to some more distant friends of the undertaking. Its circulation soon reached 14,000, equal to that of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, the *Times* of North Germany. It suggested the necessity of a Hermannsburg printing-press. It was desirable that the missionaries should learn type-setting, and other mysteries of the printing art, so that they