

this world, toiling under heavy burdens, feeling themselves helpless and friendless, and perishing of thirst, when all the time the best and strongest of friends is at their side, the pure waters of life are flowing around them. Let it not be so with us.

AN AFRICAN SUNDAY.

S.P.G. LEBOMBO LEAFLET

I WONDER who those new people are who have come to that old farm?" thought the little Swazi lad Mubomvu to himself. He was looking after his master's cattle in a valley which runs up close to the Mission Station of Amsterdam Farm, and watching the smoke curling out of the chimney. He knew some of the new comers were white men, for he had watched them unloading their goods from the bullock wagons the night they arrived. "Who can they be and what have they come for?"

While Mubomvu stood considering he began to shiver, for it was a cold morning—you can get frost on those hills—and Mubomvu did not boast of many clothes. "Ugh! how cold it is," he thought to himself, "I wish I had a fire. Happy thought, I'll go and see those strangers; they have a fire, so I can make one stone, trap two birds; I can warm myself and find out something about them." The Swazi having, like the English, and indeed almost every other nation on the face of the globe, a healthy curiosity as to their neighbors' doings, the little herd-boy immediately put his plan into execution. He drove his cattle into a place where they were likely to pasture quietly till his return, and then made his way up the valley to the Mission Station which had just been opened in connection with the Lebombo Diocese. Mubomvu did not notice the lovely prospect of range beyond range of hills that opened behind him, as he passed on his way in search of a fire. That wide outlook which was so familiar to him, filled with gratitude and joy the hearts of the workers, who not so long before had been working in that feverish belt of land on the east coast of Africa near Delagoa Bay. This health resort of Amsterdam Farm, lately lent to the Lebombo Diocese by the Bishop of Zululand, was indeed a God-send to these missionaries who had already known fever and dysentery while working on the plains.

Mubomvu was not disappointed in his hopes—he found a warm fire and also a warm welcome from the missionaries—one Englishman and two Zulus—who had taken possession of the farm. Indeed, so cosy and warm did he find it, that for many nights after that he was

to be found comfortably ensconced by the fire, watching with all his eyes the doings of his new friends.

The Zulus were the people who interested him most. Of course every one knew that white men had a different way of living from that followed by the sons of Africa, but these two were Africans like himself, and yet they were different. In those early days there was much carpentering and gardening to be done while the formerly deserted homestead was being put into repair, but this did not strike the boy so much. He felt he also could hoe a garden or help to thatch a house, and in fact he often did lend a hand. He also could herd the cattle as well as they did, in fact he did not feel the difference between them, over work.

After work hours were over, then was the time to notice it. There was one thing they did, which he not only could not do himself but had never even seen done at his master's kraal.

They could read all sorts of things out of books, while poor Mubomvu did not know one letter from another. "This, then, is the difference between us," he thought. "Well, once I did not know how to keep my cattle from straying away, but I learned in time: this, also, I will learn, and then I shall be as they are." Mubomvu had much to learn before he would know the true secret of a Christian life, but he began the right way, when, like a wise boy, he made up his mind to try to learn something he did not know before. He was the first scholar who came to the little school opened at Amsterdam Farm; the first, but by no means the last. Three or four other lads soon joined, and in return for the teaching given them in the afternoon (when we may be sure A B C was not the only thing learnt) they used to help the missionaries in their manual work of cultivating farm, garden, etc. For missionaries you know have many things to do besides sitting under a tree with a Bible, preaching to the heathen; and just as Christ worked for thirty years with His hands in the carpenter's shop, while only three years were given to preaching, so the larger share of a missionary's life is often taken up with doing ordinary rough manual work in, we trust, a Christ-like way.

There was no priest at this mission station while Mubomvu was at school; two Zulus and one Englishman (all laymen) made up the staff, and I think an account of the Sundays spent by them, as given to me by one of the Zulus, may interest you.

"In the little room fitted up as our temporary chapel, we three had the Communion together at 7.30 a.m. The Bishop as he was leaving us without a priest, had left bread con-