

LETTERS FROM AFRICA.

MY DEAR FRIEND H———H———Through divine mercy we are all in good health at present. We have a very interesting time just now, as many are seeking the Lord, and seriously inquiring what they must do to be saved. I am sure you would like to see them, and teach them too. But you could not do that well unless you yourself are taught of God. I hope that you are so, or, if not, that you will soon know this heavenly teaching. Pray often and with all your heart, "Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." I had 160 scholars in our school when your letter arrived, and that day I was the only teacher, as the native schoolmaster was from home. I have lately baptized 53 boys, 48 girls, and baptized and received into the Church 26 men and women. When I visited Moruane once, I baptized 53 children in one day, and at another time 26. But there is a baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. May they all, and you and I also, be so baptized, and we will be happy in time and in eternity. I am sure you would like to see all the places that I frequently visit in my ox-waggon. It may indeed be called a slow coach, compared with your airy flight of steam coaches. They make me sickish sometimes. Our ordinary speed is not more than perhaps two-and-a-half or three miles an hour. But you know a righteous man is merciful to his beast. Sometimes the oxen run with desperate fury when they feel the scent of a lion; then it is generally a waggon-break or wreck, and frequently a complete tumble-over. In the "Colony," horse waggons are common; eight or ten horses are an ordinary span, and they do go over the ground in style. You would be delighted, as my own children are, with the tame pretty goats and sheep.

MY DEAR LITTLE M———,—We are all able and willing to work, both with our bodies and minds, and that is so desirable. I would like to see your pretty garden, with its earliest flowers. I plucked an "everlasting" for my Maggie on her last birth-day, and about the hour when she was born, and said as I travelled along,—

I plucked an "everlasting" flower,
For Maggie in her birth-day-hour;
The flower's not pretty, but the name
Has charms which ever are the same.