

In closing this hasty note, let me ask you to unite with us in ascribing praise to him whose watchful providence preserved us from the dangers of the deep. "The Lord hath been mindful of us." Our missionary work may now be said to have commenced. I rejoice in the thought that that work, and those associated with it, are very earnestly remembered by you and by the Church, whose messengers we are.

We are all well. Brother Johnston told me, not long ago, that he never felt himself so vigorous in health for two years past, as he now does. During the voyage, he flung his whole soul into the acquisition of the Caffre, and has been very successful.

The Rev. J. F. Cumming who met Messrs Johnston and Soga a few miles out of Grahamstown, on the 24th July, thus writes on the 27th:—

With respect to their reception, we can only exclaim—What hath God wrought? Mr. Soga mentioned to me that, he had intended to pass quietly through the colony to his destination. But he was like a light which could not be hid. He and his companion had long been expected, with deep interest. Their reception at the Bay and at Uitenhage was wonderful. They preached in both places to overflowing audiences, in the Independent, Wesleyan, and Dutch Reformed Churches, with great acceptance. When I reached this place, a week prior to their arrival, an impression had gone abroad that they had stealthily passed through in covered waggons—to the great disappointment of its inhabitants, whose engrossing subject was the coming men—from the favourable appearance they had made on their arrival in the colony. By comparing notes, however, I was able to remove this impression, by stating that they must be detained in the way by the prevailing rains. In due time this was found to be correct. I knew that no disrespect would be shown to Mr. Soga, though connected with those who have long been a theme of vituperation. I have been astonished at the kindly and respectful manner in which all have treated the strangers. We were all engaged in preaching in the several churches in Grahamstown on Sunday (yesterday). Mr. Soga and Mr. Johnston confirmed the favourable impression previously made at the Bay. The former, of course, is the lion; such audiences as listened to him in the Wesleyan, native, and Independent churches, were never greater, and it may be, never so great on any former occasion. A great many of the principal persons, together with others, of every class, were present. Many went away unable to gain admittance. In the evening, at the Independent Chapel, the Lieutenant-Governor, and a number of the chief officers under him, were present. My own duties were over in sufficient time to permit me to hear the termination of Soga's discourse—Paul preaching before Felix. I stood in the vestry, and had a view of the audience, directing their attention with eager, pleasing, and brightened countenances, as the preacher, with his Glasgow tone, gave utterance to pungent and well expressed truth. It was remarkable to see some there, who were scarcely known as friends to the Caffres, listening as intently as if their fate hung upon his lips. Such an ovation of kindly feeling has never been witnessed here towards any preacher. The tide has evidently turned. Every one is surprised, and gratified. A fine generous feeling is now directed towards our much persecuted mission. Many are making inquires as to what Society the strangers belong to. We trust that all this may be taken as a token for good. Our mission, I trust, will now be resumed with increased hope of better times being near.

It is melancholy to think, however, that while so much pleasing interest is being manifested toward this subject, that Caffreland itself should be in so destitute a condition. I have just received a letter from Mr. Brownlee, the Gaika commissioner, dated the 29th, in which he says—"The country is now almost entirely depopulated, and, before the moon is over, I do not think there will in the whole of Sandilli's location, be 200 people left of those who have destroyed their cattle." If any time would permit, I could enter into many details respecting the dreadful effects resulting from the false prophet's delusion. Last week a heavy fall of snow fell in the hilly parts of the country, and to-day accounts have just reached that great numbers of the poor destitute Caffres have perished by the cold. One fact will perhaps illustrate their condition more than any long description. Festering sores, that a ministerial friend of mine was lately in Caffreland, and in passing by Sandilli's part of the country, he came upon two persons by the roadside engaged in making a meal of the remains of a *child*!!