

number of ivory tusks to the coast. A part of our journey was through a very tropical stretch of country. In places the grass was taller than my stalwart carriers, and in others vines and creepers over-arched the path in a beautiful manner. The season was said to be a very poor one for flowers, but I was charmed with the number to be seen, with their rich and varied colours. The mountains in the distance, in some cases, looked very grand.

At the end of our twenty miles' walk we were ready for a rest, but the sick at once began to come; one had two cuts caused by a tree springing back, and striking him on the forehead. Another had neuralgia in his face; a third had strained himself, and was spitting blood; while a fourth had a severe attack of dysentery, and others, a goodly number, had various complaints. Before the night passed away, my wife, who had all along felt rather weak, was on the sick list.

July 20.—The morning was chilly, and the air damp, the dew heavy, and my wife not very well. Our way led through a tract of bush-land, where most of the trees had been cut down and the grass recently burned, so that travelling was dirty and rough. We camped in Ngala at the base of a bleak and barren-looking mountain.

July 21.—The night had been so cold that three thick woollen blankets were not enough to keep us warm in our tents. In the morning we were ready to start, and most of the carriers had actually begun the journey; but our tepora men did not appear. We called to them, "Nana wanda," bring the teporas; but echo only answered. Mrs. Sanders went to bring them out, but they said it was cold, and she could not get them to move from their camp-fire. All this time my wife, in ill-health, had to stand about in the cold. I went into their enclosure, seized a tepora, carried it off, and asked Mrs. Sanders to tell them that a yard would be taken from the pay of every one of them. This had the desired effect, and before the tepora was half ready, the other two were in place, and the men at their posts. Soon after we started, one of my men struck a load carrier who would not get out of his way, with a stick. The young man, Conjoli by name (son of a leading chief, and descendant of a former king of Bailundu), threw down his load, and, raising his flint-lock musket, brought it down in anything but a gentle manner upon my man's shoulders. In a moment a large part of our caravan was in an uproar; sticks, clubs and musket-barrels were swinging through the air. I jumped from my tepora, or rather rolled out of it as best as I could, for one end was already on the ground, leaving me head downward, and, rushing into the midst of the crowd, I pushed several men back, and stretched my arms out before others, scolded them in a tongue to them unknown, and told them to go back and stop their

fighting. But in the midst of it all, I could scarcely help smiling to see my little boy, Kaliawali, about thirteen years old, brandishing a long stick, eyes wide open, and tongue going with the noisest of them. At length a pause came in the excitement; I seized the opportunity, told my men to take their teporas; jumped in and ordered them to go on, which they did, and soon all was quiet again.

We camped about mid-day near the village of the "Epilange of Chivula." As in the case of several other villages in the neighbourhood, it was built on a very rocky hill. A number of women were out preparing corn by beating it with wooden mallets on flat rocks, while chickens and pigs kept them company in their labours, and cleared the rocks when the women had finished, of all stray corn. Some of the females came to our camp; they were small in stature, and wore their hair in long twisted braids, besmeared with a mixture of palm-oil and some kind of red earth, until it ran down their cheeks and over their shoulders. Some of them wore on their ankles about a dozen twisted wooden rings.

July 22.—This morning the men had to wait for us, and did not like it, but they took it good-naturedly and said: "We told you yesterday you would have to wait." On the road we passed a good many ant-hills, which in form looked like the huge icicles that hang from eave-troughs in America. At intervals on the road women were out to sell *achimbombi* (native beer), which is made of corn, and resembles both in appearance and odour, the swill from a Canadian distillery. Our camp was pitched in the most picturesque place of any on our journey, but the mountains were so enveloped in smoke from the burning grass that no good photo could be taken.

Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR,—Allow me through your pages in the name of the church in Sarnia, and in my own name, to thank the many kind friends in Toronto, Montreal, Sherbrooke, Danville and elsewhere for the liberal aid given in my late collecting tour for the debt on the church in this place. The amount then contributed was \$300, a sum which though small as compared with our great indebtedness, was still sufficient to relieve the church in a very pressing present emergency, and to stimulate them to take hold and place the consolidated debt upon a more satisfactory basis, and cause it to be less of a burden in the future. Though I regret to find since my return that the debt is somewhat greater than I thought it was, yet again I am encouraged by the promises of various brethren whom I met at the executive committee at Ottawa to be allowed to present the claims of Sarnia before their churches at a future time, the present being not quite opportune.