

dishes, with a vessel for water. A foot traveller dispenses with warm meals, unless he may sometimes be enabled to procure something ready dressed, in the markets of the more considerable towns to which he comes. In those parts where towns are widely asunder, khans are more or less dispersed over the open country; and in these, or wherever they are not, the traveller lives upon the victuals which he has brought with him from the last inhabited town, in the knowledge that these remote khans offer nothing but shelter, and that no provisions can be obtained in their neighbourhood. These facts may be found usefully to illustrate those passages of Scripture which allude to travelling, and to the accommodation of travellers.

There was no proper road. Sometimes the way was through the plains of deep sand: sometimes over rough stones,—so rough that Mr. Campbell was glad to walk, instead of being almost shaken to pieces in the waggon, and what he calls "the stop-a-while bushes," would sometimes tear great pieces off his clothes. Often the way was dreadfully steep. When they came to rivers, there were no bridges: they had to look for a ford, and get over as well as they could. Once they stuck in the mud of the river for an hour. There were no inns or neat cottages in that wilderness, so at night they made great fires to keep off the lions, and slept in the waggons. For three months, Mr. Campbell was only once in a bed. The sun was so hot, that the butter turned to oil; the ink got thick in a few minutes, the thirsty flies drank it from the pen as he wrote; and the dogs lay panting, with their tongues hanging out, in the shade. Water was often dreadfully scarce. When they reached the banks of the Great Orange River, the oxen plunged through the thickets, and down the steep sides, till they reached the water. They held up their tails for delight, and the travellers were as glad as they.

As for Mr. Campbell's dangers from wild bushmen, and lions, and serpents, and pit-falls, you must read them for yourselves in his Travels. He visited many tribes of Bushmen, Caffres and Bechuanas, and went along the borders of the Great Orange River, westward, till he came to Great Namaqua Land, not far short of Africamer's kraal. Thus he who sometime before went about Scotland persuading people to set up Sunday-schools, now went about among the wild people of South Africa, persuading them to have missionaries. He

travelled altogether about three thousand miles.

The most remarkable place that Mr. Campbell visited was Lattakoo (or Lithako), in the Bechuana country. When he came home, he had so many stories to tell of what he had seen and heard there, that he was afterwards called Mr. Campbell of Lattakoo. The poor people there were in a sad, sad state when Mr. Campbell found them, but Mr. Moffatt has since told us so much about them that we need not begin upon that. They made many objections to having missionaries. One man said, that while they were praying, they should not see an enemy coming. Mr. Campbell said, "You can set one to watch, and two eyes will do as well as twenty." At last he persuaded the king to let the missionaries come, and Muthibi said, "Send missionaries. I will be a father to them."

After two years, Mr. Campbell returned to England, and reached London four days before the missionary meetings. O how delighted were all the good people to see him, and to hear his interesting accounts! For years after, they were never tired of hearing, nor he of telling. In 1820, he went to Africa again. He found that there had been some pleasant changes since his first visit. Africamer, then a robber and an outlaw, was now a Christian. Mr. Moffatt and Mr. Hamilton were busy in missionary work at Lithako, and there was a comfortable chapel, and a long row of missionary houses, with nice gardens behind. On this journey, Mr. Campbell went higher up the country, to Kurrechane, the chief town of the Baharutsi, and to places where white men had never been seen before. He lived nearly twenty years after his return to England, employing himself in helping different societies, and speaking at missionary meetings, besides preaching to, and visiting his own people. He was happy and kind, trying to do good to every body, and beloved by all good people to the last. He was taken ill in March, 1840, and this illness ended in death. At first he felt troubled, because he thought he had not done half enough for his Saviour, but his trouble soon passed away, and all was peace. When his mind wandered, he talked of Africa, and missionary meetings, and missionary friends. On the day of his death, he said to his wife, "Do not grieve. There is nothing melancholy in dying and going to glory." As the last gleam of the setting sun fell on his dying bed, he smiled, and sighed, and gently breathed his last. He spent a