

there was no objection to my remaining. She, in a little, asked me where I was going, and for what purpose. On being told that I was going to Orange river to teach the tribes the way of salvation, she could not repress her absolute amazement. "To Namagua Land!" she said, "will the people there, think you, listen to the gospel or understand it?" At length, seeing what I was, she asked if I would preach the gospel that night to them. Oh yes, I replied; nothing will give me greater delight. I got a loaf of bread, sat down with my people to eat in a corner by ourselves, waiting till the congregation should assemble. I was alone, I mean in the Scripture sense, in which it is not good for a man to be alone. The farmers there think a great deal of themselves. This man had a hundred Hottentots with him. After finishing my simple repast, I got a large Dutch Bible, and chose as my text these words, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation." When I had found my text, seeing only few persons of the household present, I thought with myself, can this be all my congregation? I looked down the long dark house, and could discern only three boys and two girls, along with the farmer and his wife, as my auditory. I was afraid to ask the farmer about the other people of the house, but I at last ventured to say, "Are there none of your servants about the place who may come in?" "Eh!" he replied, with a roar of mingled amazement and contempt, "Hottentots! are you come to preach to Hottentots? Go to the mountains and preach to the baboons, or I will bring my dogs if you like, that you may preach to them." Well, I thought, what shall I do? I considered my text not just suitable for such a man, so I turned up the gospel by Luke till I found the place I wanted, and trying then, if ever I did, to throw into my voice the softness of the woman of Canaan herself, I read as my text, "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat the crumbs that fall from the master's table." This I repeated twice. The great man was as if panic struck, he arose and clapped me on the shoulder, saying, "No more of that, I will bring all the Hottentots in the place," and I soon had a congregation. They listened to me throughout with a death-like silence, and after they were away, the farmer said to me, "Who hardened your sledge hammer to give my head such a blow; you have broken me, I will never object to the preaching of the gospel to the Hottentots again."

The Rev. Dr. Brown gave the valedictory address, from which we select the following fine passages:

"Honoured and beloved brother—I have now, in the name of this assembly of friends to address to you a few words of cordial valediction. The leading topic of my address will necessarily be, the sentiment which has pervaded all the exercises of this evening—honour to whom honour is due. . . . I am sure I speak the sentiments of this meeting—I believe I speak the sentiments of the religious public of Scotland, of Britain, of the Christian world—when I say we honour you in our hearts. We honour you for your apostolic spirit, for your apostolic labours, and for your apostolic success; and in cherishing and expressing this sentiment of cordial affectionate respect and esteem, we are persuaded we are honouring Him who has so honoured you. . . . We are now about to part, it must be to many of us—it may be to all of us, in reference to you—a final parting. I mean not that we are never to meet again; but that our next meeting is likely to be the meeting which has no parting—the meeting at 'the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and at our gathering together in him.' If we should never more meet here, we hope to meet there with you and our brethren and sisters who go with you, and multitudes of the Bechuanas and other African tribes brought to God through your instrumentality, and to hear from your lips and theirs the history of Africa's