

with wood carving; huge market place, crowded with waggons, drawn by 16, 18 or 20 oxen, and the English Church in the centre, an imposing edifice of red brick. I preached there last Sunday to a congregation of 600, almost all of them men. Yesterday I witnessed an extraordinary sight—a service in a Kafir 'compound' I must explain: A 'compound' is an enclosure where some 500 or 600 Kafir men are living under certain restrictions during the time they work in the mine. It contains a shop, where the necessaries of life may be had, at which the men buy all they want. They are not allowed outside the compound during the time of employment. It has an entrance passage leading down into the open mine. The men have to pass through a searching house, stripped, to prevent stealing or illicit diamond buying. I rode to the compound with Mr. Crosswaite, the missionary. He began by taking a large hand-bell and going round the various quarters (all of which open into a courtyard.) We passed through groups of most extraordinary looking beings, some wrapped in gaudy blankets, others fairly clothed, and many—unclothed—sleeping, cooking, Kafir-beer making, gambling, letter-writing, yarning, mending or reading; one was having his leg bled, another playing a native violin.

It ended in some 60 (all clothed in blankets) crowding on their haunches to listen and worship. It was a wonderful service, in two languages, Sesuto, and Seshana, that is the languages of Basutoland and Bechuanaland. Each short sentence of the sermon was translated into the two languages, the first interpreter clothed in a flannel shirt and trousers, the

second in a blanket. After service they crowded round to buy books.

Last week I went out to Vual River . . . 42 miles away, to stay two days on a farm. Such a lonely rough life! . . . The farmer has 300 horses and about 1000 cattle, and as many sheep. I had a narrow shave of my life. I went on a solitary walk in the prairie grass and bushes. S. likewise walked out alone with his rifle in search of a buck, of which there are plenty all round. I lay reading under the shade of a bush, when suddenly I spied him, far off, peering over another bush. He mistook me for a porcupine and fired right at me. The bullet passed close over my head, and ploughed into the ground. I turned icy cold, realising instantly what had happened. It was a merciful escape, and I felt it so. FROM REV. G. F. GRESLEY.

#### SUGGESTED SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

For the Missionaries recently gone forth to India, and China, and for those returning to their work there.

For the Indian Missions in Canada and the United States.

For South Africa, and especially that the Church may be helped and blessed in her work among the Europeans and the natives attracted by the mines.

For Madagascar, and the strengthening and extension of the Church's work in that land.

**NOTICE**—to Localizers and others.—All correspondence for CHURCH WORK must from this date, be addressed to REV. JOHN AMBROSE, Digby, Nova Scotia, as this magazine will be printed in that town, commencing with the April No., for which copy must be in the printer's hands not later than the 12th March.

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