

a little while, he saw her peep over the fourth leaf, and seeing no end of a chapter, she put her arms over her head, and said, "Am I obliged to read all this at one sitting?"—"No, Mary," he said, "you may go to play," and she ran off like a prisoner set free.

While Mary was at play, Mr. Campbell thought he would try to write something which she would like better. He wrote the first chapter of "Worlds displayed." After dinner next day, he gave her this to read, and sat down to his desk. Mary did not look over the leaves to see for the end this time. She read to the end without once looking off the paper, and when she had done, she asked for some more. "No," said he, "that is enough for one day, but if you behave well, you shall have just such another to-morrow after dinner." She did not forget to ask him for it next day. He wrote more every day, and he was tired first, and obliged to tell Mary that she must begin and read them over again. After that, he had them printed in an eightpenny book, and found that other children liked them as well as Mary did. He afterwards wrote many other nice little books for children. He also helped to begin the Youth's Magazine.

After Mr. Campbell had been employed for some years in preaching, and teaching, and printing tracts, and writing little books, he wished to be a minister quite, and he went to Glasgow to learn to be one. About this time, the missionary societies were begun. In 1802, he went to London to attend the meetings. You cannot think how delighted he was with the missionary services, and with meeting so many good people. He was asked to give out a hymn after one of the missionary sermons. This was the greatest treat of all. He thought it such an honor to have any thing to do at such a time. Afterwards he came to London again, and became a Minister at Kingsland.

In 1812, Mr. Campbell was asked by the Missionary Society to go to Africa, and visit the missionary stations. He set sail on the 24th of June. When he reached the Cape of Good Hope, who do you think was the first to welcome him there? One of the orphan boys whom he had taken care of in Edinburgh. He had turned out well, and grown a rich man. He was surprised and delighted indeed to see his kind friend, Mr. Campbell, and took him to his own home, and made him stay there while he was at the Cape.

When every thing there was ready, Mr.

Campbell started on his journey. Do you know how people travel in South Africa? Not in post-chaises, or in four-horse coaches, or steam-carriages, or smooth turnpike-roads, or smother railroads. No; but in waggons without springs, drawn by twelve, fourteen, or sixteen oxen. They go at the rate of about two miles an hour, not so fast as a little boy can walk. Mr. Campbell took some of the converted Hottentots to lead and drive the oxen, and two women, Elizabeth and Sarah, to wash and cook. He had two waggons at the beginning. When he came to the wild and savage parts, he was obliged to have three. This was the order in which they went then:—

1. Eight bushmen riding on oxen.
2. Baggage waggon and twelve oxen.
3. A bushman on ox-back, and a guide on horse-back.
4. Mr. Campbell's waggon and ten oxen.
5. A flock of sheep and goats.
6. The third waggon and ten oxen.
7. A chief and his son on ox-back.
8. The spare oxen.
9. The armed Hottentots, walking scattered.

"The whole," says Mr. Campbell, "formed a curious caravan."

In the east there is not, and we have no information or probability that there ever were, such places of entertainment as we understand when he speaks of inns. A person who comes to a town, where he has no friends to receive him into their houses, seeks accommodation at the *caravanserai* or *khan*, where he may stay as long as he pleases, generally without payment; but is only provided with lodging for himself and beast, if he has any, and with water from a well on the premises. The room or cell which he obtains is perfectly bare. He may procure a mat perhaps, but nothing more; and hence every one who travels, provided he has a beast, takes with him a rug, a piece of carpet, or even a mattress, (that is, a thick quilt, padded with wool or cotton,) or something of the sort, to form his bed wherever he rests, whether in a town or country *caravanserai*; but one who travels on foot cannot thus encumber himself, and is well content to make the cloak he had worn by day serve for bed and bedding at night. It is the same with respect to food: he purchases what he needs for the town or village in or near which the *khan* may be situated; and if he requires a cooked meal, he dresses it himself, for which purpose a traveller's baggage also contains one or more pots and