

at least, high in the Church's ranks, we have received these words, "We are Englishmen—not to say Christians—and must not give up." Oh, Sir, speak these words forth. They may be the rallying cry of a thousand sorrowing hearts. In great haste,

I am, yours most truly,

WALTER H. STIRLING,

Secretary.

THE INHABITED TREE.

In the end of the year 1829, two traders journeyed into the interior of Africa, for the purpose of shooting elephants, and also to trade with the natives. They were received in a friendly manner by Moselekatse, the king of the Abaka Zoolus, or Matabele. When the traders returned home, Moselekatse sent with them two of his chief men, with a commission to see the teachers of the white men—to find out their manners and customs, and what they taught. They were brought to the missionary settlement, formed by Mr. Moffat, a missionary sent out by the London Missionary Society. The poor Africans were filled with wonder at all they saw—houses, gardens, and, above all, a smith's forge. "You are men, we are but children," said one of them to Mr. Moffat. "Moselekatse must be taught all these things." When Mrs. Moffat showed them a looking-glass, one of them looked attentively at it, and supposing that one of his attendants was on the other side, he put his hand behind it, telling him to be gone, but looking again at the same face, he cautiously turned it, and seeing nothing, he returned the glass with great gravity to Mrs. Moffat, saying, "That he could not trust it."

They were much surprised when they were present at the public worship of God. The order and silence seemed to strike them. They were surprised to find that the hymns sung were not war songs, which were the only music they knew. Mr. and Mrs. Moffat tried to teach them the good tidings of the gospel of peace.

When they wished to return home, this was found to be rather a difficult matter. Moselekatse, their king, was such a cruel tyrant, and had done so much evil to the tribes through whose country they had to pass, that it seemed likely that his messengers would be murdered on the way. After much consultation and prayer, Mr. Moffat kindly offered to go with them, at least a part of their journey, till they could reach their own home in safety. The strangers most gratefully accepted this proposal, their eyes glistening with delight. A waggon was hired for them, in addition to Mr. Moffat's, and the party set off.

Five days after their departure, after travelling one hundred miles, they halted beside a fine rivulet. Here Mr. Moffat's attention was arrested by a beautiful and gigantic tree, standing in a narrow pass, leading into an extensive and woody ravine, between a high range of mountains. He saw several people busy under its shade, and on looking up he saw points which looked like houses in miniature peeping out from amongst its leafy branches. The trunk of the tree was notched, so as