

then I am forced to rise to pray and praise; and at this time I have a great deal of peace and joy in my heart." Her experience as well as her conduct constrained me to thank God on her behalf. I told her, as her knowledge of Christianity, her Christian experience, and her Christian conduct were quite satisfactory to me, I now intended complying with her wish of being baptized; and that, as she was unable to walk, and the people of the town thought the disorder infectious, and as it was not therefore practicable to baptize her in the chapel, I would baptize her here. After this conversation the little company assembled on the outside of the house; when, according to custom, we sang part of a hymn, and prayed; and I told them, that, as Antju's good conduct proved what she had said about her conversion to be true, I intended baptizing her then. I asked them one by one, if they had seen any thing wrong in the conduct of Antju since she had told us she had got a new heart? They all said, No. After an exhortation suited to the occasion, I requested Antju to state to us all her religious experience, when she replied, "I cannot tell all that I feel; but the first that I felt of this change was about two months ago, when I began to be in the greatest trouble. I felt in my mind a great fear, just as if I had done something very bad, and thought, I should be found out and punished for it; and at the same time it was as if there were two things in my heart, striving two different ways. Such was my trouble that I felt no inclination to talk to any person, but kept as much by myself as I could, calling upon Jesus Christ to help

and save me; and two days after this trouble began, while I was sitting there, (pointing to a place near where we were sitting,) I felt a great light come into my heart. My trouble all left me, and I was quite happy; so that I could praise God for what he had done for my soul. Since then I have had the light and love of Jesus in my heart, and a constant fear of sinning against God." Having proposed several questions to her, the substance of which is contained in the Book of Common Prayer, in the form for the baptism of adults, and her answers being satisfactory, one of the company brought some water from the river, and I baptized her in the name of the ever blessed Trinity. I do assure you, dear Sir, it was a most solemn season to my mind. Several things conspired to render the season solemn and interesting:—The ordinance itself, the subject baptized, a poor leprous Hottentot woman, rejoicing in a knowledge of sins forgiven; the audience, a company of lepers; but I felt as if angels (among whom there is joy when one sinner repenteth) were present to witness the solemn scene, as also to become ministering spirits to this converted leper, who had now become an heir of salvation; the place, by the river side, under the canopy of heaven. But the place was none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven; for God was there. In prayer, I commended her to God, as well as the whole company, and then walked home with a glad heart, that God had granted her repentance unto life, and thus added another soul to the number of his people.

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CAFFRELAND.—*Extract of a Letter from Mr. Shepstone, dated April 4th, 1830.*

FROM the District Report of this station, you will have learned the degree of success with which God has blessed our efforts in the re-establishment of this Mission, and the spread of the Gospel of Christ. But as that report is necessarily concise, I am anxious to transmit to you a more particular account.

With regard to this people generally, it would seem that God has for the last three years been preparing them for the Gospel by the scourge of famine and war. Their sufferings have been many and very severe: death has assailed them in various forms; the mother has rambled from

home in search of roots, weakness has seized her joints, she has sunk beneath the weight of her little charge, and risen no more; the little innocent has been seen still hanging to his mother's breast, weeping and sobbing; but alas! the arms could no more protect, the eye which had so long looked with anxious pity on her tender offspring had ceased to roll, the breast no more heaved with anguish, the immortal soul had fled, and left the little babe an inhabitant of a world of misery, but to misery peculiar to the country where the precepts of the Gospel have not taught to pity. Nor is this