

apparently the *elegantissima*, a tall straggling plant with a bunch of bright scarlet trumpet-shaped flowers near the termination of its long slender branches, was strikingly conspicuous above the rest.

As we approached to Paarl, the road was bordered with verdant fir-trees and oak, and much of the neighbouring land appeared to be under cultivation. Paarl is in the midst of a wine country, and the white-walled houses of the farmers presented a novel and agreeable spectacle, being generally situated in the midst of their vineyards, which are fenced with walls of turf frequently planted with a broad-leaved briar bearing a large single white flower. The town appeared to me almost Dutch. A sort of raised terrace, called a "stoup," extends along the whole front of the houses. Here parties of ladies were sitting, some reading, others working or chatting with their companions, and all apparently enjoying the cool of the evening. Proceeding to the dwelling of Mr. Barker, I found him a blind and aged man, sitting outside his door talking with some of the people. In very early life we had been acquainted in England, but he had now been more than forty years in Africa, and we had only met once for a few hours on my previous visit to the Cape. We had passed through widely different scenes during the long interval of separation, and our unexpected meeting here led to retrospects of the past mutually interesting, and deeply affecting to us both.

While sitting in Mr. Barker's house in the evening, I heard the sound of singing in the adjacent school-room, and went over to listen to the exercises of a singing-class taught by one of Mr. Barker's daughters. The pupils were all Africans, and I was much pleased with the excellent voices of many of the young people. Here I also met with Mr. James Read, whom I had known in England, and who had been discharging the duties of the pastor in the absence of Mr. Barker, his wife's