

logical preparation. And although a B. A. degree of the Cape University is not insisted on, it is most earnestly recommended that it should be attained. And we Professors heartily agree with the recommendation.

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Yet, I cannot conceal the fact that a deep shadow covers our whole system of education. The examination fever has seized us. Qualification, not development is the watchword with many. The youthful literary aspirant is on a treadmill; step by step in a continual ever recurring, never ending monotony. Like a horse blindfolded, that walks in a circle, and thereby keeps the wheels of the machine ever moving, so many are driven on blindfolded. When the blind is removed, then the outside world, the world of mankind with its effective dramas, with its rich beauties, for a long time yet remains *a terra incognita*. Or metaphor aside, the danger exists of reading without assimilation, and gathering facts with an eye only to the threatening examination paper. There is scarcely any time to ponder over acquired knowledge, and to improve or benefit thereby. The result is, that after some years, it cannot be called to mind what has been acquired in allopathic doses, and with so much trouble, and expenditure of mental power.

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You know the Latin proverb that says: "Truly the bees make honey, but others remove it."

'Sic vos non vobis metti ficates apes'. Or, to quote

an old Dutch paraphrase of the Latin Proverb: "Bees are active little workers, always busy, and in active industry surpass all little insects, and they make a great deal of honey; a pity, however, that others eat it, and that they are driven from the hive by the smoke of turf." We must guard earnestly against superficial preparation for examination.

Yet, let no one think that the labour spent upon such an examination is lost. I call to mind the words of a Head Master of a school in England: "At twenty two years of age I had learned nothing beyond allowing my mind to do what I had intended to do, in the best possible manner." Strict discipline is of value, even though the results are not what is desired. Real education does not consist in gathering knowledge, but in the expansion of the mind. To be educated means development on all sides; an acquisition of brain power, that can be applied at any time to any subject.

Professor Drummond has expressed this beautifully: "The proof lies not so much in positive gains and receipts; not so much in an addition to the sum of your acquirements, but in the discipline of your spirit, in the formation of your judgment, in a clear view, in the power of concentration that you have in the arrangement of your work. Not that I despise the acquiring of knowledge. "It is always good to know something—says Goethe. And the more is known the better. But the man is greater than his memory." Man greater than his memory... From this point of view, the strict discipline to which the approaching examination

compels you, is of importance for your whole life, whether you attain your object or not.

* * *

And this discipline is apparent in the replies to a series of classical questions, or in the solution of a number of mathematical problems, or even a number of logical or philosophical subjects, that apparently are in no connection with practical life, and yet may claim your attention. Do not forget that education is a life process, and the several factors must cooperate to bring about the same result.

A many-sided development is demanded from the minister of the Gospel, because he occupies a peculiar position in the community. Hundreds look up to him. He is called to bring to the attention of his fellowmen the most profound and holy truths. Does not here the great lesson apply: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might?" He who is sent to do the Lord's work, must lay the best of what he has on the altar. Our Lord Jesus needed a thirty years training for his three years ministry. Moses had attained to a high age before he became the leader of Israel. The Gospel preacher must enter upon his career with talents fully developed.

* * *

This leads me to answer the question, what is sermonising? Preaching is not only speaking. A sermon is not an address on holy matters, or a pleasant expression of all kinds of personal experiences. Preaching is preaching. There is nothing in the whole universe to be compared to it. Preaching

is a Bible term of the New Testament, a characteristic description by which Christianity is known.

The sermon is a testimony; the preacher is a messenger, who brings a message in the name of his King. The sermon is an expression by an individual, and consequently should be original. No two preachers preach in the same way. He who imitates others is a mere hireling. He loses his character, because he loses his individuality. And he who would not lose his individuality in his preaching, must on his knees receive his personal testimony, the message which *he*, and no one else must deliver, in the same manner, and in the same place and at the same time, as shall be shown to him.

* * *

The preacher is no stage player who now imitates a king, and then again a beggar. His sermon must have a colour of its own, bear its own stamp. It is so easy to imitate others. But you do it at the cost of your own inner life. You lower yourself, dishonour your God, and do not edify your fellow-man. And the result will be that you will degenerate, and lose ground. If your sermon is not conceived in your heart, in the lowest depth of your own personal experience, then it becomes nothing more than a hollow sound, "a tinkling cymbal," it will be composed of vague phrases, and unhallowed expressions of reason. There will be in your discourses a borrowed pathos, which will deceive no one, for it will be as apparent as painted fire.

Then you will by shouting from the pulpit, as well as by wild gesticulations, endeavour to

cover the hollowness of your discourse. Do not forget, dear young friends, that still waters some times run deepest, the rippling brook, or the rushing torrent is soon dry. The Priests of Baal on mount Carmel made a great noise, and called with a loud voice, whilst the prophet of God spoke little but prepared the altar with the calmness of a profound earnestness, and called in the help of Jehova in calm dignity.

* * *

Oh, I cannot repeat it often enough: your sermon is a testimony, conceived by experience, of the truth preached by you; and the preacher is a messenger, who does not bring his own message, but that of his King who has sent him.

On the other hand, this lesson must likewise be taken to heart: Let your preaching be based on the experience of the *truth of God's word*, and never preach *your own* experience. Never place yourself on the foreground. The best preaching is not what you *say* of yourself *in* the pulpit, but what you *are out* of the pulpit. *Show* that you are converted to God; do not *speak*, or at least very seldom, about the history of your own conversion. Your daily life is the best commentary on your teaching. A legend of the Middle Ages may serve as an illustration. Saint Martin was once praying in his cell, when Satan appeared to him, clad in a costly garment, and with a bright light on his head. He represented himself as being the Saviour and the Saint was actually deceived by him. But fortunately being

aware that the Evil One sometimes appears as an Angel of Light, he called out to him: "Show me the prints of the nails in your hands and feet, and I will believe." Hereupon Satan vanished.

This test he could not stand. You also will have to stand the test, not by your pathetic preaching *in* the pulpit, but *out of* the pulpit, in the midst of your church and congregation.

* * *

There is nothing so revolting as the unnatural tone adopted by some preachers. Without noticing it, they fall into cant. And what is cant? I will reply in the words of Professor Drummond, when asked by Moody at Norfolk to give a definition of the term: "There is something like the religion of a young man; and there is something like the religion of an old lady. As soon as a young man speaks as if he is an old lady, he falls into cant." There is nothing more that I could wish to impress upon you more earnestly than this: Watch against assuming as your own what you do not possess. Never try to seem more pious than you are; be yourself in everything; imitation piety in the pulpit is a curse.

Do not forget, moreover, that your sermon must be the product of much prayer and earnest study. Many a preacher of whom we expected much when he was a student, has later on disappointed us. He leaves Seminary or Academy, with a defective knowledge of Scripture, and never supplements it afterwards. "Launch out in the deep" are strange

words to him. He fishes but in the shallow streams. A few truths ever recurring in his discourses; other truths of equal importance are never brought forward. In such preaching there is no variety whatever. The same dogmas are found again and again with a regularity that is really surprising.

Well has Napoleon Roussel characterised such preaching as consisting of three truths, that ever recur, and of which the monotony can only be varied by changing a. b. c., to a. c. b., or to c. b. a. Only he who is mighty in the Scriptures can bring forth "things new and old." In the Scriptures are abundant riches—a mine of inexhaustible treasures. He who remains on the surface, brings forth only commonplace things; he who digs as one seeking treasure, will assuredly find his reward, and will never lack freshness and liveliness in the exposition of God's truth. Exposition of Scripture is as yet unknown in our church. Hence the repetition of favourite subjects we find with some preachers. And Scripture exposition is learnt on the knees. The best Scripture expositor that ever lived, Calvin, was a man of much prayer.

* * *

And may I point to another danger with which you are threatened, and into which you will fall if you are not watchful, and that is *onesidedness*. Professor Cramer, in Holland, has not so long ago, beautifully expressed it with reference to this danger. "Many, very many," he says, "especially among the civilised and enlightened, but also among

the simple-minded, are heartily tired of the dramatical preaching of the olden times, and would like to be reminded of what their Christian duties demand of them in their daily lives. It has so long been preached that man cannot enter heaven through his own goodness, but only by grace through Christ, that it would be well if it were now earnestly announced that he who is saved must also be a good man."

You understand me. I do not plead for lectures on morality. We preach Christ, as ambassadors of Christ. And this fact must never be lost sight of. But the other side of "Come to Jesus" is "Abide in Jesus." Righteousness must not be the only object of the Christian life, but only the way to holiness. And in our day pressure is brought to bear upon this point by the church, for more light. Unbelievers are incessantly bringing complaints against the preaching, and these complaints reach the Evangelical circles. "Selfish are ye" they say, "for you continually admonish sinners to care for their own souls. This individuality in your theology is to be cast away as dangerous." Bitter is the sarcasm of John Morley, when he says, amongst other things: "Religious theories favor self-trust, and nourish a feeling of self-pleasing in every individual upon earth, as if everything is centred in the fact that his own soul must be saved." I need not tell you that this is a caricature of preaching. But a caricature has always points of the living novel, ludicrously represented. And there is danger that by our onesided preaching

on righteousness, we leave the impression that with the saving of the soul everything is attained. Hence it is that the school Schleiermacher in Germany, taking note of this danger, dilutes if not altogether rejects the doctrine of Reconciliation. God became man—so they argue, not by taking a human body, and a soul, but humanity on the whole. Consequently the result of the Incarnation, was a unity of humanity and Deity in one life. That life descended to the church in the same way, that the life of Abraham descended to his generation by natural development. By participation in this life a man becomes a Christian etc. etc. ad nauseam.

You will observe that in such a theology no room is left for Reconciliation or Justification. Humanity is already saved, regenerated, glorified, hallowed, consequently, the individual members as well. Direct, personal communion between God and the soul is entirely excluded. Considered from this point of view, to speak of the saving of the soul, would be quite selfish. And to avoid this selfishness, the work of the Son of God is lightly esteemed. Hereby is often, is nearly always a reaction of onesided representation of the truth.

* * *

I mention this that you may understand that the *Sanctification* of believers must occupy a proper place in the preaching. And God be praised! that latterly more than ever, this point is brought under discussion. Dr. Parker says somewhere: "Our idea of preaching must undergo a general cleansing.

When one calls out: "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come now," for a space of half an hour it is thought that man has been preaching the 'Simple' Gospel. As to myself, it is not the Gospel. I am now once and for all so constituted that I at once demand a definition of his terms. "Come." What does that signify? What seems so simple, small as a mostard seed, when I plant or sow it, becomes a great tree, whose branches extend far and wide, and shakes off questions and difficulties from every twig." In the preaching of the Saviour and this followers we find great variety. It was not the monotonous call to repentance only. "God's chariots are twice ten thousand and thousands." Our Saviour did not only cry: "Come to me," but also: "Abide in me."

He knew how to touch every chord of the heart. Sometimes He taught in a calm dignified tone; then again He held a conversation with His disciples. He opened the Scriptures beginning from Moses and the prophets. He expounded clearly and questioned. Words misunderstood and wrongly applied, were placed in the clearest light. Sins of the country, sins of the people, sins of the professions were rebuked by Him. He used every means. Parable and proverb, argument and illustration, a heart thrust; every thing. He pressed into service to obtain His great object. He taught as a sage, called with a loud voice as an Evangelist, beseeched, warned, convinced. No calmer preacher than He; but no more impressive preacher than He. Fears sometimes coursed down His cheeks when He

preached, and the quivering voice gave proof of the intensity of His deep feeling. And nothing He allowed to pass unnoticed. He pressed Nature into His sermons; the host of heaven, the flowers of the field, the birds in their nests, every thing afforded Him opportunity for illustration of the truth put forward by Him.

XXXVI.

**The following birth notice from the
Transvaal (Lydenburg) is unique.**

(Notice).

Divine Providence has this day blessed me with a son, under the administration Fidei Commissuum, of the Colonial Orphan Chamber and Trust Company.

My daughter Alida de Febre du Brazon Gordon Sutherland, take note of this, and your youngest stepbrother is called Frederich Nicolaas Johannes Alexander, by me, your entailed father Johannes Nicolaas Russouw, only son of the late Manager, and Treasurer Johannes Nicolaas Russouw, Secretary of said company, established 31st March 1859.

Lydenburg Transvaal,
13th April 1888.

XXXVII.

A n e c d o t e s.

An old resident in one of the back districts of the Cape Colony, tells the following story.

“My father had a large agricultural farm, and the crops looked well. When we had finished reaping, the grain had to be threshed, but having no oxen, we experienced some difficulty in getting the sheaves to the threshing floor. My father possessed eighteen bull dogs. It occurred to my brother that it would not be a bad plan to yoke these to a waggon, and thus convey the wheat. The experiment was tried and for some distance all was well. We had to travel round a little hill. Unfortunately, suddenly a hare emerged from the back of a stone, close to the leader of the team. Immediately all the dogs made a rush after bunny, and no one could stop them. Away they went, helter, skelter, waggon and all. The sheaves all tumbled off, and eventually one wheel got lost. Ultimately the dogs were brought to a stand, but the fugitive wheel

came rolling on by itself to the homestead three days after!"

Can this story be true?

* * *

A cautious Dutch farmer advertised for a wife as follows:

"I Jan Wielskerwats, of Zwart Ruggens district of Aberdeen, South Africa, desire to have a wife. My family consists of a boy of thirteen, another boy of eight, and a girl of six years. My house is my own, and I have no rent to pay. I have one or two acres of potatoes, the half of which consists of Blue, the other half Early Rose. My wife has lately died of jaundice. I think it will be better if a wife looks after my house. I long to have a wife between 30 and 40 years of age. I require a wife to look after the pigs while I am at work, which is oftener the case than not."

* * *

A minister was preaching in South Africa to a native congregation through an interpreter. He made use of these words: "Our life is but a span." The interpreter gave the translation as: "Our life is but like eight oxen."

* * *

In one of the back districts of the Transvaal lived an old Dutch farmer. He was extremely simple-minded, and would believe almost anything. A young man travelling in those parts, heard of this, and said to a friend: "Come with me this afternoon to the old man's farm, and I will make him believe a yarn that I have concocted, and which

will astonish you." They went, and the following conversation took place.

Young man: "Just fancy, my old friend, I was travelling a few days ago on horseback with a bag of bran on my back." Old man: "Ja, myn Neef." (Yes, Cousin. Cousin is a term of respect). Y. M. "I had not travelled far before a whirlwind took me up in the air, and I laid hold of a cloud." O. M. "Yes, Cousin." Y. M. "As I hung on to the cloud, I bethought myself of the bag of bran on my back." O. M. "Yes, Cousin." Y. M. "The horse had of course fallen from under me to the ground." O. M. "Yes, Cousin." Y. M. "So I took the bran, made a rope of it and let myself down. When I was half way, the rope unfortunately broke, and I fell six feet in the earth. The worst of it all was that I had to fetch a spade to dig myself out!" O. M. "Maar nou lieg jy, myn neef!" (But now you lie, cousin!).

XXXVIII.

A loyal South African.

Her Majesty's Jubilee, in 1887, was celebrated with great enthusiasm all through South Africa. At Queen's Town, amongst other things, there was a procession of Dutch Burghers, all mounted, 700 in number, and under the command of their old, wellknown Commander, the elder Mr. W. C. Bouver.

Several speeches were made on the occasion, in which the Dutch Burghers were warmly thanked for the interest they evinced in Her Majesty's Jubilee. Amongst the speakers was the Rev. S. P. Naudé, the local Dutch minister, and in his speech he lauded the Burghers for their loyalty. The Rev. gentleman was followed by Mr. Bouver afore-said, who spoke in Dutch as follows: "We are assembled here to-day to do honour to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, whom we love as a mother. Most heartily on this her day of jubilee, do we join in the expressions of gratitude that she has been allowed to sit on her throne for fifty years, the mighty British throne. It is our earnest prayer that

she may yet be spared many years to reign over us in good health, and in the enjoyment of all her faculties; that her benign reign may be extended over the world to the benefit of other nations; that all nationalities under her flag may honour and love her, and live in peace and unity. We rejoice to-day that we are under her wings, and united with the Britons. God grant that when she lays down her earthly crown, she may possess the heavenly, and incorruptible Crown above! May her voice be heard in the heavenly choir, singing eternally the praises of the King of Kings! We hope and pray that we, inhabitants of South Africa, may always remain true subjects of our beloved Queen Mother Victoria."

A large Gathering of Transvalers.

In the year 1887 a large gathering of Dutch farmers took place at Paarde Kraal, in the Transvaal. The meeting was held in commemoration of three important events in the history of the said territory.

1st. The victory over Moselekatse on the 16th December 1837.

2nd. The victory over Dingaan in 1838.

3rd. The victory in the War of Independence on the 16th December 1880.

At this meeting about two thousand vehicles of various descriptions were to be seen, and about eight thousand people attended!

After a salute of twenty one guns to President Kruger, Divine Service was held round the monument, which had been erected in 1881.

The Service was conducted by the President. He spoke feelingly from Psalm 116 vs 14: "I wil pay my vows unto the Lord, now in the presence of all His people." He referred at length to the three events already enumerated, and urged upon his hearers to

keep their vows made to the Lord in those days of peril sacred, and he hoped that the rising generation would also be instructed to do the same. The service terminated by singing the 4th verse of the 100th Psalm.

* * *

General Joubert then spoke a word of welcome. He was followed by Mr. Lombaard, Chairman of the Volksraad, who called to mind the reasons for raising the monument, and pointed out how much gratitude to God was due in connection therewith.

Justice Kotze hereupon gave a very appropriate address, in which he spoke of the great necessity of a deep national feeling for the independence of the State. He vividly depicted, what political circumstances may arise through the discovery of the rich Gold Fields, and urged upon the parents present to educate their children thoroughly, and thus equip them as the future rulers of the State.

On the following day it rained heavily, and consequently there were no festivities. The next morning, however, was fine, and again Divine Service was held, after which the Rev. S. J. du Toit, then Superintendent General of Education, gave a thrilling address to the children. He pointed out that the monument is a sign of the covenant between God and their fathers, a covenant which he hoped they would also remember. The rest of the day was devoted to sports and amusements. These consisted of target shooting with canon a rifles, a military review, horse-racing, and several other sports.

There was also a "tug of war" between eight

young Free Staters, and the same number of Transvalers in which the latter were victorious. Amongst the Free Staters was a son of the late lamented President Brand. In a second "tug" between an equal number of Colonists, the latter won the day. In the evening about a thousand young men enjoyed themselves with fireworks, and on the following morning the meeting dispersed. The Artillery Band added zest to the proceedings.

XL.

A Strange History.

Mr. Hans Muller lived on his farm in Mapoch's country, a territory beyond the Transvaal. He experienced great annoyance from two eagles, who carried off his young lambs. Notwithstanding guns and traps, the birds always got free and so Muller resolved to follow the thieves up to their nests. Although assisted by his neighbours, this plan likewise proved a failure. The birds constantly vanished behind an overhanging crag, and the inference consequently was that the nest must be in that locality.

At last it was discovered by Muller in a marvellous manner. He was a poor man, and often explored the large grottoes with which Mapoch's country abounds, in the hope of finding some native ornaments stowed away, which he could sell to advantage. One day a grotto was discovered much larger than any other hitherto found by him. The entrance had apparently systematically been made narrow for defensive purposes, but the interior was very roomy.

When Muller had walked in some distance he came upon what seemed to be a cemetery, for human bones and skulls were lying about in all directions. Further on, some Native weapons and utensils were found. In looking round, his candle went out, and he was left in darkness. He now endeavoured to find his way out, but stumbled over skeletons, and bruised his head against the rocky side of the grotto. He struggled on however, and was eventually rewarded by seeing daylight peeping through a crevice. Arrived at the opening a stone was loosened by the aid of his pocket-knife, which afforded a hole large enough to creep through. He accordingly made his way through brushwood and densely grown trees, till eventually a valley was reached, lying between mountains, and surrounded on all sides by high rocks. It was now seen that he had emerged at the back of the grotto. The mystery of the eagle's nest was also at the same time explained.

One of these birds appeared on an adjoining rock, and simultaneously the screams of a young eagle, that seemed to come from a nest overhead was heard. After earnest deliberation, Muller resolved to scale the rocks, in the hope of finding his way down the steep declivity on the other side.

Maybe, he thought, I may espy a prospector, or some hunter, who could give a helping hand. The brave adventurer hoped not only to find the nest, but also to gain possession of the young eagle, whose cries he had heard. He began the ascent, and after a time came on to a ledge, from where

he was compelled to creep on hands and feet. The ledge was scarcely two feet wide, and a depth of fifty feet lay below. Suddenly he came upon an opening about five feet wide. What was now to be done? Above his head hung the roots of a tree. He laid hold of these, and by their aid, ventured to try and jump across the chasm. The daring man was just preparing, roots in hand, to make the attempt, when an eagle flew up against him with such force, that, were it not for the roots, it would most certainly have been his lot to be precipitated below.

The bird renewed the attack, and Muller drew his knife. The fight lasted about half an hour, during which time the poor man was severely wounded in the face and arms, but the eagle likewise received several severe stabs. But the danger was not yet past. During this encounter the knife had reached the breastbone of the bird, and lodged there. The eagle made frantic efforts to get free, and in its struggles wounded Muller still more severely, by striking its talons deeply into his body. Its shrill cries also brought the female bird to the rescue. The unfortunate man now had two enemies against which to contend. Fortunately the position of the male bird was such that the new assailant could not reach his face very well, being partly shielded behind the first foe. Still some nasty wounds were inflicted on his face, and head. Eventually the male eagle got free from the knife, and dropped down the declivity, at the same time tearing a large piece of flesh out of Muller's arm, with

one of its talons. But now the female attacked him with renewed fury. He was, however, equal to the occasion, and by a well directed thrust sent the knife into its heart, and this second brave enemy followed the first into the depths. It was high time that the encounter should cease, for Muller was already nearly exhausted with loss of blood, and strain of nerve. Being delivered from his enemies, he went to a place of safety.

After a good rest, the wounded man summoned courage once more to go on his way. By the aid of the roots, he succeeded in getting across the opening, and proceeded till where the ledge became wider, and where he could climb over the rock. Once over, he found the nest of the eagles, but what was his astonishment to behold a young eagle, half of which had a human body! Although this creature was to all intents and purposes a human being, still its features were so distorted that it had the appearance of an eagle. It sat on its feet, after the manner of birds, and the arms hung motionless by its side. The feet were armed with long talons, like those of a bird of prey. The fingers were pliable, and the nails white and soft, whilst the covering of the legs was black and hard. The skin of the arms was soft, and covered with down, whilst the collar-bone projected like that of a bird. The eyes were deep sunken, the forehead prominent, the nose hooked, the mouth small, whilst the bullet shaped head was likewise covered with down.

Notwithstanding the struggles of this strange

creature, Muller succeeded in its capture, climbed to the top of the hill, and looked round for help. Fortunately he espied his son coming. The young man had been sent by his mother to find out what had become of his father, as he had left home early in the morning, and it was now nearly sunset.

The captive, apparently was a little Zulu or some other Native, about four years old, but very dwarfish. It refuses to eat anything else but raw meat, which it tears to pieces with its talons. When approached it lies back, and kicks vigorously with its feet like a bird that is attacked.

It is thought that the eagles, bereft of their young, must have followed their natural instincts, and carried off a Native boy, when he was a baby.

The late Dr. Hofmeyr.

The late Dr. Servaas Hofmeyr was for many years the respected and beloved minister of the Dutch Reformed Church and congregation of Montagu, in the Western Province of South Africa. The revered gentleman died very suddenly at his residence, on the 5th December 1888, and the tidings of his demise was received with sorrow throughout the land. Although he was already advanced in life, and had served the church faithfully for thirty years, his activity was so apparent to the last, that even his most intimate friends did not think that his end was so near.

He was a very learned man, and his advice in literary, theological and social matters was frequently obtained with profit. He took a great interest in the welfare of the rising generation.

In Church meetings, as Assessor of the Synod, Chairman of the Presbytery, or as a member of important Committees, his services were highly valued. Till the time of his death, he occupied the

position as one of the Curators of the Theological Seminary at Stellenbosch. His correspondence with reference to Church matters was immense, and in this particular also his time was severely taxed.

He was likewise a diligent public writer throughout his whole life. Through his exertions a very useful Dutch periodical called the *Elpis* was published, and for a time edited by him under great taxation of time and strength. Some Dutch newspapers likewise received valuable assistance from him. He was a most genial, kindhearted, and obliging man, and for a great many years his absence will be much felt.

With reference to his death, a friend writes as follows:

“Montagu, 8th December 1888.”

“The tidings of the death of our beloved, and never to be forgotten minister Mr. Hofmeyr must have reached you very unexpectedly, as unexpectedly as it reached us.

On Sunday morning last, he complained of pain in the chest, but preached notwithstanding a very faithful sermon on dancing from Romans 12 vs. 2. “And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.” The main points of the discourse were: Dancing considered 1st by the light of history; 2nd by the light of experience; 3rd by the light of Christianity. The sermon was full of pathos, and the attention of the hearers great.

In the afternoon the Rev. Mr. Malherbe of

Bloemhof, Transvaal, preached, but Mr. Hofmeyr felt too unwell to attend the service. In the evening however, at our usual monthly prayer meeting, he was present, and took part in it. On Monday morning the Rev. gentleman catechised the young people who are preparing for confirmation, after which he visited the school.

He said he felt well again. In the evening of the same day he gave a lecture on "The days of my youth." It was a very interesting lecture, and was listened to with attention and profit. The second portion was to have been given shortly after.

On Tuesday as usual, he visited the sick, and others. During the night he complained of pain in the chest, and could find little rest.

On Wednesday morning he was very weak. He spoke little, and about ten o'clock in the morning he expired without a struggle, sitting in a chair. The tidings of his death fell like a thunderbolt on the community, for no one even knew he was ill, except those immediately around him.

* * *

The funeral took place on Friday afternoon. The corpse was taken into the church, and the spacious building was so full, that all could not find seats. It is estimated that the number present was about a thousand. Sympathy was very great. There were several ministers present, and telegrams of hearty sympathy were received from Revs. A Murray, A. Mc. Gregor, Albertyn, (Riversdale) and Morgan (Bloemfontein, Orange Free State).

Several addresses were given in the church,

after which the procession moved on to the grave. Here appropriate hymns were sung by members of the Mission and English Churches.

In the evening a prayer meeting was held in the church, in which the Revs. J. H. Neethling (Stellenbosch), G. Murray (Swellendam) and Professor Hofmeyr took part.

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Rev. Mr. Groenewald, of Humansdorp, had engaged to take the services on the following Sabbath, but was unable to fulfil his engagement, owing to his wife's illness. This intelligence was received at the last moment. Professor Hofmeyr then kindly agreed to stay, although he was just on the point of starting for home. His earnest preaching was a blessing to many. In the afternoon the professor held a service for the children, and in the evening a united service of two congregations.

It is scarcely necessary to say how deeply the church and congregation sympathise with the widow and children."

* * *

Another correspondent gives further particulars.

"The funeral of the late Dr. S. Hofmeyr so widely known, took place on Friday 7th December at half past three in the afternoon.

The following ministers were present: Professor Hofmeyr, and Revs. Neethling, Souw, W. Murray, Groenewald, Burger and Rev. Mr. Edwards, Wesleyan minister of Robertson. The magistrate of Robertson had likewise come to attend the funeral.

The Rev. Mr. Murray, Moderator of the Synod,

was unable to be present, owing to indisposition. The Rev. Mr. Mc Gregor, of Robertson, was also prevented, owing to injuries received by a fall from a cart.

A very large number followed the dear remains to the grave. The corpse was taken in a hearse from the parsonage to the church and left at the door, as there was no room in the building.

The Rev. Mr. Neethling commenced the solemn service by giving out an appropriate psalm, reading a portion of Scripture, and offering up prayer. Addresses were then given by Revs. W. Murray, and Groenewald the latter closing with prayer. The scholars of the Sunday School, and members of the Young Men's Christian Association sang appropriate hymns, the singing being led by Mr. Euvrard. The procession now moved to the cemetery, where the beautiful hymn, 'The will be done', was sung by some friends of the Church of England. Here the Rev. G. Murray likewise spoke about the ability shown by the deceased brother as Chairman of the Presbytery; Rev. J. H. Neethling read the formulary, and Rev. Mr. Burger closed with prayer. All present felt very deep sympathy with the sorrowing widow who had followed the remains to the grave. It is estimated that there were a thousand present, including the coloured population. In the evening the ministers addressed a large gathering in the church."

* * *

A third correspondent mentions some particulars not specified by the two former.

“Several beautiful wreaths were laid on the coffin by loving friends; some by the girls of the Bloemhof Boarding School, some by the inmates of the parsonage at Stellenbosch, by the Young Men’s and Young Women’s Christian Associations, by the Church of England friends of Montagu, by the pupils of the institute at Wellington, and by several others.

On Sunday morning professor Hofmeyr preached most earnestly; in the afternoon a children’s service was held, and in the evening he preached again in the church, and urged his hearers to renewed consecration. On Monday morning a considerable number assembled at the grave, where the professor once more spoke most pathetically. This service took place at six o’clock, a. m. It was a most impressive meeting.

One must live here to be able to understand the great loss sustained by the demise of the late Dr. Hofmeyr. The church of which he was the pastor feels his departure keenly. And no wonder. It is difficult to explain what he has passed through with the church at Montagu, and how highly his services were appreciated. Twenty eight years ago he was installed as minister of the parish. It was just at the time of a great revival, the fruits of which are to be seen still. Fourteen years later there was a still greater revival. He himself became deeply affected. The fire then caught, continued to burn till the day of his death.

He was a faithful shepherd, and visited his people very often, especially the sick. The poor

will miss him exceedingly. He took a great interest in schools. He was a warm friend of the children. Only two days before his death, he visited both the European, and Native Schools. His Churchwardens were most heartily attached to him. There was a strong attachment between him and our teacher. The Natives also loved him very much. It is remarkable that a man who laboured so much in the public welfare, still attended so faithfully to the flock under his charge. He died, not thinking of himself, but of the poor and the sick. He was during the whole of his life always cheerful, nay almost merry. On Monday morning at the grave, an earnest Christian remarked: "One thing I have learned of Dr. Hofmeyr, and that is to be cheerful even in adversity." It is remarkable that during his last night, midst of pain, he began to sing a cheerful hymn, and when one of the bystanders expressed surprise, he said: "You know I have a merry heart." His beaming face, and cheerful voice, have cheered many. During his last hours, he could not speak much, but once he called out: "Oh, joy, joy!"

XLII.

L o v e.

By a South African.

What is Love? Love is one of the mainsprings in the soul. It is an all inclusive germ, which involves in it every other grace. It is a pervasive spirit. It is the best incentive to action. It adorns the labours which it animates, and strengthens the friendships which it sanctifies. It is the precious perfume of a good man's character — the fragrant mystery which only lingers round those souls used to a pure clime.

Its operation is most marvellous; it makes the timid bold, the slothful diligent.

It puts eloquence into the stammering tongue, energy into the withered arm, and ingenuity into the dull, lethargic brain. It takes possession of the soul, a joyous lustre beams in languid eyes, and wings of new obedience sprout from lazy leaden feet.

It is the soul's heroism which courts gigantic feats, which selects the heaviest loads, and the

hardest toils, which glories in troubles, and hugs reproaches, and smiles at death.

It is the aliment which feeds assurance, the opiate which lulls suspicions, the oblivious draught which scatters misery, and remembers poverty no more. It is the elasticity of the willing steps, the brightness of the glowing countenance.

It incites to patriotism. It incites to philanthropy. All other spells may lose their magic, but love holds its own to the end.

Amidst waning years, it renews its youth; and amidst outward misery, and inward desolation, it preserves its immortal root.

XLIII.

Was it his ghost?

(A true Story).

Many years ago a missionary was labouring among the heathen in South-Africa. About thirty miles from there was another station, occupied by the Rev. Mr. Jones. This rev. gentleman was a very genial man, and full of fun. An anniversary was to be held, and Mr. Jones had accepted an invitation to be present. On the appointed day, the family of the resident missionary was anxiously looking out for their guest, but in vain. Afterwards it was time for the evening meal, but Mr. Jones had not arrived. As the missionary who had invited him, sat down to supper with his family, the expected visitor's well-known knock was heard. "Ah, there he is at last," said the host. Another knock sharper than the first. "Come in," the missionary called out, but no one entered. "Up to his pranks again," remarked the lady of the house. The family was accustomed to it that Mr. Jones

should walk in immediately after knocking, being such an intimate friend.

As no one, however, entered, the missionary went to the door, but found no friend. It was a clear moonlight night. He now supposed that Mr. Jones was hiding among the shrubs, growing in front of the door. So he called out: "Jones, where are you? None of your pranks; come in to supper, you have very little time, the people are already assembling in the chapel." But there was no reply. He then took a stick, and poked about in hopes of coming upon the absentee, but in vain. The missionary hereupon returned to the house for the purpose of finishing his supper, and scarcely was he seated when hark! there was the same knock as before. "Oh," shouted the host, "you can knock now till you are tired, if you do not choose to come in, stay where you are, I am too far advanced in years to be playing hide and seek."

After supper, preparations were made to go to the meeting. "I suppose," said the daughter, "for some unaccountable reason, Mr. Jones does not care for any refreshment. I will give him some, however, after the meeting." "Yes," replied the father, "I think he will be there already." On the way to the chapel, they saw Mr. Jones's tall form in the clear moonlight a considerable distance in advance. "There he goes," said the missionary, "but I wonder what he has done with his horse." The tall form then entered the place of worship in sight of the missionary, and his family. On reaching the building Mr. Jones was not there, no one had seen

him! The next day tidings came that he had died suddenly at his house the day before, just an hour or two previous to the time he had intended to start for the station of the missionary by whom he had been invited.

XLIV.

The Law and the Lady.

The march of civilization goes on apace in the Transvaal. In 1888 Miss H. a governess, and a minor, assisted by her father, sued Mr. J. for £6000 damages for breach of promise of marriage. The defendant had loved her, and presented his betrothed with a locket, a pair of earrings, a pair of bracelets, and a ring, as well as £50 in cash. After all, his ardour abated. The defendant, offered £10 in court for his liberty, but as in the opinion of the judge, he had not behaved well towards the young lady, an order was made for £200 and costs.

The following is the letter which represents the closing chapter in their life of love, and the beginning of the intercession of the law:—

“My Darling,—When I saw the opposition of my family became worse instead of diminishing, I resolved to yield, and give up all my obstinacy, cost what it may, even should I have to pay for it with my life. It is therefore better for both of us that we part, and do not meet again as engaged,

but only as friends. I do not know what you will think of me on reading this, but if you knew what I have suffered up to this time for your sake, and what insults and vexation I must still daily endure, you would forgive all, yes all. When I think of our shortlived engagement, the words of a verse of Moore occur to me involuntarily: —

“’Twas bright, ’twas heavenly, but ’tis past.
Oh, ever thus from childhood’s hour
I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay;
We part — for ever part.”

It will be noticed “that the departure from the usual course of love with obstacles” is represented by the young man’s desire, “rather to die than marry,” whereas the good oldfashioned way used to be rather to die, than desert the darling!

XLV.

Some specimen of letters written by South African Natives.

CHAPTER I.

"Mr.... Will you please Dear Sir be so kindly enough let me know about the Garden what I ask you, as you never received the answer from old Baas. I have no time to come over to see you has very respectable Sir, Yours Obediently Servant."

CHAPTER II.

An Editor of one of the midland towns in South Africa gives the following statement: — "Some time ago, a native of grandiloquent parts, presented himself at our office, and honoured us with a request for employment. He tried to make us believe that he was a catechist, having studied at Canterbury, whither he had been taken by Bishop Jones, or some other Bishop. This and much more information did our "coloured brother" volunteer. In order to stay his flow of eloquence we made a proposal, and have since received the following reply:

“Sir—Please to take notice very well I am afraid. Therefore I say this thing to be bound for two years, and to make an agreement to be bound (as an apprentice) or to put out to a Master as apprentice, or one bound to a trade, only it is right. If you will give £ 2 10 s. a half year and clothes, and with food yes. But to be a groom, and to be a common servant, I cant to make an agreement for that affair. I have thought so. Therefore I cannot acknowledge this thing I must do—”

CHAPTER III.

The following unique epistle was sent by a Native requiring sympathy and a “Christmasox.”

“Sir, I beg you pardon and be kind enough to me and your sick servant, he is sick yet but if the Creator he is willing as soon as he get better he shall not delay here. I can come home to his work, his compositive work. Bayete Nkosi. Sir, do not be cross to me your poor servant. I am the father of your too servants namely E. & A.... I am asking your kindness to me I am asking Christmas gift good night.

I am your truly Servant.”

CHAPTER IV.

“You know, Sir, that I am your great friend, even today, yet we don't see one another. I am still well in health, and in etc., I am in great sorrowful condition for I have no saddle. Then you are

my only known friend from whom I am asking to help with an old saddle. I cannot proceed my work because of that; my horse is useless to me because of the saddle. I shall have to carry a great work of asking people every day to help me with it when I am going to ride. Then, Sir, the hope shall never vanguish yours truly obedient servant—"

CHAPTER V.

"I presume, Sir, my silence has greatly embarrassed. It is because I would respond you smartly without any particular proceeding. I rejoice to state that I perused yours with greatest boon and enthusiasm. Marels is a fool; he wants to marry, and yet he has'nt got even a farthing in the Bank."

The writer goes on to speak of another Native as a fool, and a "double one too" and he refers to some case before the magistrate, remarking that he did not take any pains in it, because he knew one of the parties in it was telling "a double lie."

XLVI.

Divine Service in the Dutch Church, Adderley Street, Cape Town, in commemoration of the pulpit being a century old.

On Friday, 29th November 1888, Divine Service was held in the Dutch Church, Cape Town, in commemoration of the above event. The number present to take part in the festival was very large. Amongst others, several cabinet Ministers were noticed; also Sir David Tennant, Justice Buchanan, and various ministers of the Gospel. The choir rendered valuable and efficient service on the occasion.

Dr. Kotze, first minister of Cape Town, preached from Nehemiah 8 vs. 4. "And Ezra the scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood, which he had made for the purpose."

In his introductory remarks the preacher referred to the history of the pulpit. According to the minutes of the consistory the Churchwardens decided in 1788 that a new pulpit should be constructed, and paid for out of the Church funds. This work was undertaken under the superintendence of the elder Mr. J. C. Gie, and those engaged in its construction

were Miss Anthonie Anreith, a German, and Jan Jakob Graaf. The former was a sculptor, the latter a cabinet-maker. The amount paid for the pulpit was £ 400. The work was completed in 1789, and, as may be read on the church door, the first sermon from the new pulpet was preached by the oldest minister of the church, the Rev. Jan Petrus Serrurier, on the 29th November anno 1789.

After these remarks the preacher proceeded to show :

I. That this pulpit is the witness of a century of the regular and faithful preaching of the Gospel.

II. That this pulpit is a witness of the perpetuation of Divine Service by our forefathers.

III. That this pulpit is a witness of the unity of the Dutch Church in this city.

IV. That this pulpit is a witness of the faithful care and the infinite grace of our Heavenly Father.

The first point led the preacher on to speak about the establishment of the church, thirteen years after van Riebeek came to the Colony, namely in the year 1665. Only in 1778 the present church, being the first, was built. Before that time the congregation met for Divine Service in the hall of justice at the Castle. Seven years after, in 1789, this pulpit was made. In 1841, when the Church was enlarged it was raised a few feet. During the century that this pulpit has stood in this place, eleven ministers have laboured in the parish. All of these are no more, but they have left behind them arrangements for a regular preaching of the Gospel.

II. The French Revolution broke out in 1789. This disturbed Divine Services in Holland, and also hampered the operations of the Company. In this country, however, the shock was not felt. And when in 1795 this colony came under British rule and the Dutch Church was consequently separated from Holland, its right to continue the services was accorded. So this pulpit is likewise a witness of the continuation of Divine Service in this building by our forefathers.

III. The churches of Swellendam and Graaff Reinet were the two first offshoots of the mother church in Cape Town. Since the erection of this pulpit ninety-six parishes have been established. During all that time there was unity in the parent Church and therefore much could be done. This fact should be borne in mind in these days of separation, and division of strength, if the Church desires to exercise power in the future.

IV. At this last point the preacher referred to the emblems on the pulpit, namely, the lions, the roll, and the anchor. These point to the care and the faithfulness of our Heavenly Father, and to the hope with which both church and congregation must be inspired with reference to the future.

These emblems direct us to God's grace through Christ, that grace which is sufficient during every change, or trial, or against any enemy that may lurk in the dim and uncertain future.

XLVII.

A n e c d o t e s.

A pious old Dutch farmer, says a newspaper in one of the Midland districts of South Africa, was in the habit of giving his reapers only pumpkin to eat. He, however, proceeded regularly to the corn field, and reverently said grace at meals for his labourers. One day when the old man, as usual, stood, hat in hand, preparatory to asking a blessing, one of the reapers, a Kafir, said: "Master, will you allow me to say grace today?" The farmer expressed pleasure at such a request, and said he would gladly grant it. So all the reapers removed their hats, and reverently bowed their heads. The Kafir then spoke as follows: "Today pumpkin, tomorrow pumpkin, every day pumpkin, Amen."

The master gave him a severe rebuke for his levity in spiritual matters, but from that day the labourers were served with meat as well, for dinner at least!

* * *

A young man with enormously large feet, and a very heavy look, residing at the time in one of the

Western province towns in South Africa, took it into his head that he was called by God to be a missionary.

Again and again, he applied to a Board of Missions to be accepted, but was continually rejected. He was, however, so persistent in his repeated applications, that the Chairman began to think something must be done to get rid of the youthful aspirant. So, being a very humorous man, he said to the youth: "Look here, young man, you have applied so often to the Board to be accepted as a missionary, and as often you have been rejected as unsuitable; now, if I convince you from Scripture that you are not called for the work, will you desist from further application?" The youth replied in the affirmative. "Well then," said the vivacious Chairman, with a twinkle in his eye; "In Isaiah we read, how *beautiful* upon the mountains are the feet of those who publish glad tidings." Now look at your feet, can you call them beautiful? They put one in mind of small coffins.'

* * *

In a village in the Free State, says another paper one sultry Sabbath afternoon, an aged Dutch minister was preaching a very dry sermon. A young man in the audience, wellknown to the preacher, overcome with the heat, fell asleep. Presently the preacher stopped, and, addressing the young man by name, said: "John, you must not go to sleep." John woke up, rubbed his eyes, and replied: "I did not sleep, Sir." "Well," said the minister, "if you were not

asleep, what were the last words that I uttered?" The young man was in perplexity, and thought for a moment. Before, however, the silence became painful, he said: "Your last words, sir, were "John, you must not go to sleep." The discourse proceeded amidst the smiles of the audience.

XLVIII.

The birthday of President Kruger.

On the 10th October 1890 it was the 65th birthday of President Kruger. A Dutch paper, published at Graaff Reinet, wrote as follows on that day:

“To-day it is the 65th birthday of one of the most remarkable men, at present living in South Africa. We allude to President Kruger. His birthday was enthusiastically celebrated throughout the whole of the South African Republic. Nor was there less enthusiasm at Johannesburg, where the English element is so predominant, that it is said the Transvaler is a stranger in his own country. The idea that the President is only an uneducated farmer begins to give place to the conviction that he is the right man to be at the head of affairs in Transvaal. His sound sense, foresight, tact to accommodate himself to the changed circumstances, but above all his high moral and religious character, cause him to be respected by all classes. South Africa may well be proud of one of her sons, who eclipses his country men, not by birth, or riches,

or learning, but by sound common sense, good morals, and soundness of character, by which he compels respect of the numerous foreigners who have established themselves in the Transvaal.

A popularity resting upon such a basis, must of necessity be permanent."

The *Star*, an English paper at Johannesburg, said :

"The President of the South African Republic is no easy-chair statesman. A statesman of that description could not have done, or could not have suffered what Paul Kruger has done and suffered for his country, and his people. He is a man whose life consists in deeds, and not in words. Men of his character are fast disappearing, but English people have always had the greatest respect for such characters.

Long live President Kruger."
