

UNTO
CHILDREN'S
CHILDREN.



THE OLD CHURCH.

UNTO CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.

Lives and Letters of the parents of the home at
Graaff Reinet, with short sketches of the
life of each of the children,
and a Register.

*"I thank Thee for a holy ancestry
I bless Thee for a godly parentage;
For seeds of truth, and light, and purity,
Sown in this heart from childhood's earliest age."*

—BONAR.

"God of our fathers; be the God of their succeeding race."

By M. N.

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FOREWORD.

The original manuscript of this family history was written some fifteen years ago with a view to publication ; but as articles of the same nature, from other pens appeared in magazines, it was laid aside.

Some five years later it was taken up again, but a fresh interruption took place. This time it was the war. Not one of the families remained unscathed by the fiery blast. Those experiences would have made too painful reading. After another interval of five years it was resumed, and is now given to the family, with the mutual understanding, that our motto must be "Not unto us, not unto us ; that no flesh may glory in His presence."

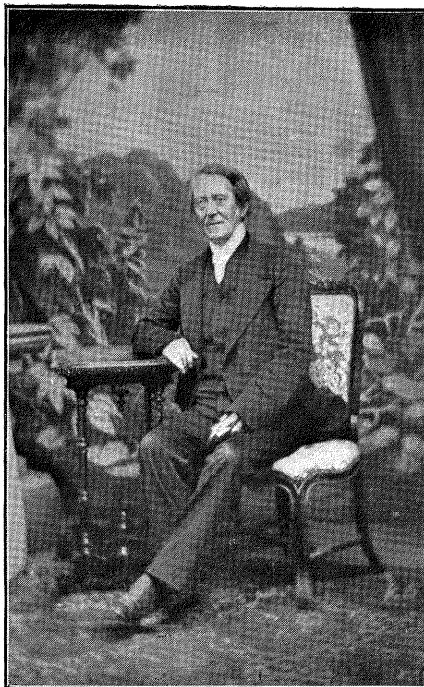
We pray that this record of God's goodness and His faithfulness to the Covenant which He made to our fathers and forefathers, enabling them to keep their side of it, may encourage each one to pray for, and expect the same blessings for generations yet to come !

As we remember that, of the children of the first generation, some have already been called Home, and that those of us who survive cannot remain very long, it seemed desirable that for the benefit of *their* children, a short sketch of each should be given. We desire by means of this book to keep up the bond of union, and that our children's children may remember that they are all covenanted children.

With gratitude we recognise the fact that in the case of each of the children of the first generation, the influence of the sons and daughters who married into the family has been such as to help and perpetuate the blessing. It is all of free grace ; to God be all the glory !

M. N.

STELLENBOSCH,
September, 1909.



OUR PARENTS.

PART I.

THE FATHER.

26th May, 1794—24th June, 1866.

"I will bless thee; and thou shalt be a blessing."—Gen. xii : 2.

"I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which Thou hast shewed unto Thy servant."—Gen. xxxii : 10.

"Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto? And this was yet a small thing in Thy sight, O Lord God; but Thou hast spoken also of Thy servant's house for a great while to come. And is this the manner of man, O Lord God?"—2 Sam. vii : 18, 19.

THE immediate ancestors of our father were farmers in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. Both his father and his grandfather bore the name of Andrew. The grand father occupied the sheep farm of Lofthills, New Deer, Aberdeen, which had been held by his family for several **Ancestors.** generations. Our grandfather, also Andrew Murray, did not keep this farm, but had another called Mill of Clatt, also in Aberdeenshire. He was not in very good circumstances; the general distress at the beginning of the nineteenth century felt throughout Scotland, pressed on him, and it was largely by the aid of a brother that he was enabled to educate his sons, John (afterwards Rev. Dr. John Murray of the Free New North Church, Aberdeen) and Andrew, as also their sister Elizabeth (afterwards Mrs. Robertson, from whom a large family of Canadian connections of our family is sprung.) His wife was Isobel Milne, of whose beauty and loveliness our father often

spoke. Our grandfather died before our father reached manhood, and our grandmother too, died just about the time our father had to leave Scotland for the Cape.

The earlier part of the family appears to have belonged to the so-called *Old Light Presbyterians*, and were, it is evident, a godly race. Of one of them it is told that when old and deaf he used to wander on the sheep hills, unconsciously praying aloud for his relatives and friends, and it was remarked that all those for whom he was heard to pray, became decided Christians.

In the night on which our grandfather died, he prayed aloud for each of his children by name. His son John, then a boy of twelve, overheard through a thin partition his father's prayer; and the impression made on him was so great, that he dedicated himself to the service of Christ, resolving to educate himself for the ministry, and also to assist his brother Andrew.

Mother.

Andrew was his mother's favourite son, and he warmly returned her affection. In after years he cherished very tender recollections of her, and used to describe her beauty to his children. It was love to his mother and regard for her wishes that had kept him at home, at the close of his college course, when he received an offer to go to St. John's, Newfoundland. When he was asked to come to the Cape, the thought that he might at the same time do mission work among the natives, was an additional incentive to accept the call. When he left home his mother was very ill—so ill, that her son's destination was not told her. His brother John accompanied him through the fields to the highway to meet the stage for London. While awaiting the coach the brothers knelt together and prayed, and sang: "O God of Bethel."

"O God of
Bethel."

Dr. Thom.

Our father came to the Cape at the invitation of Dr. Thom, of the London Missionary Society, who had instructions from Lord Charles Somerset, to invite ministers and teachers to

come to the Cape Colony, to assist both the D.R. Church and the Government, in supplying the spiritual wants of a widely-scattered population.

He spent ten months in Holland in order to learn Dutch. He and Dr. Thom were accompanied to South Africa by six young teachers, Messrs. Dawson, Innes, Blair, Rattray, Brown, and Robertson. The last named accompanied him to Graaff Reinet, residing with him in the Parsonage and teaching in the Government School. After two or three years, Mr. Robertson returned to Scotland to finish his course, and on coming back to the Cape was appointed Dutch minister of Swellendam, and was afterwards widely-known and loved as Dr. Robertson.

It was in 1822 that the party embarked in the *Arethusa*, a sailing vessel in which it took them four months to cross the ocean. In the *Government Gazette* of the first week of July in that year, appeared the following notice:—

“It has pleased His Excellency the Governor to appoint the Rev. Abraham Faure” (then at Graaff Reinet) “as third minister of Capetown, and Rev. Andrew Murray as minister of Graaff Reinet.”

When the first Synod met in Cape Town in 1824, our father took an active part in the deliberations, and served on the most important committees, notably the one for making the laws and regulations; also one for founding a Theological Seminary. This project was only carried out thirty years later, when his eldest son was appointed first Professor.

The next year, 1825, saw him again in Cape Town. This time it was not a meeting of Synod that brought him there. He came to claim the treasure which he had discovered on his previous visit—the young lady whose fair face had captivated his heart and whom, after much prayer, he had asked to share his home and future labours. How happy he was in his choice there are many witnesses to testify, besides her own children

who "arise and call her blessed." Mamma was only sixteen when she was married, and has been described to us by a friend, who entertained our parents for a few days on their inland journey: "She looked lovely; dressed, according to the fashion of the time, in a pure white muslin, with embroidered bodice, very short in the waist and low in the neck; the shoulders and bosom covered with the fine book muslin handkerchief worn beneath the dress."

The Home.

A short account of the place and house where our father lived, may be needful as an introduction to the younger branches of the family. The elder ones all have a very vivid recollection of their dear old home.

Graaff Reinet was, and still is, one of the largest and most important towns in the Cape Colony, and is the capital of the Midland Districts.

The church there was founded in 1790. Three years later the Rev. Johannes Heinrich von Manger was appointed as the first minister. After him came the Revs. Schutte, Ballot, Kicherer and Abraham Faure. So the continued pastorates of these five ministers only covered a period of twenty-nine years, while that of our father extended over forty-five years. The church was built in 1822; but some years after, the massive stone and brick pillars supporting the gallery were removed, and were replaced by iron ones.

The Parsonage was built in Mr. Kicherer's time. It stood and stands to-day (though utilised as a boarding establishment for indigent girls who are being trained as teachers) in a quiet street some distance from the church, with a large garden at the back, and a spacious yard and outbuildings at the side.

We refer the reader to the picture showing the house on the day when our brother Charles entered it as his father's successor.

We notice that the second window on the right side has its



THE OLD HOME.

shutters closed, as a mark of reverence to the beloved father and minister. It was in that study that his sermons were written and studied, and there prayed for his beloved family and flock.

Ascending by those stone steps we come to the front door and entering, find ourselves in a spacious lobby or hall called the *klein voorhuis*, because there was a larger one beyond, a spacious dining hall with doors on all sides, leading into a smaller dining room, bedrooms, etc. A part of the big hall was later on partitioned off, to give a more comfortable dining room.

On the left side in front was the drawing room, and on the right the study and another bedroom. The front stoep, also the back stoep, were supported by arches, seen in the picture, and underneath the whole house ran a series of rooms corresponding with those above. Some of these were often used as bedrooms when the house was full. They included the cellar below the big dining room, *hout-kamer*, *kalk-kamer*, *kaf-kamer* and waggon house. But these arches, with passages beyond, seemed made on purpose for playing hide and seek, and often resounded with the voices of the merry, happy children.

From the back stoep by two circular flights of steps, you went down to the garden. First the flower garden, then an avenue of orange trees with tall lilac bushes in between. At the side of the walk was the vineyard, and at the further end of the garden, fruit trees of all kinds, laden in summer time with such fruit as we have never tasted since, and to which the dear children were allowed to help themselves without stint, and regale also their companions who came to play with them. The other half of the garden was sown with oats for the minister's horses, and there was a large plot of lucerne for the cow. On the further side of the lucerne was a row of choice fig trees, and beyond was the boundary wall.

About a year after his marriage, the minister of Graaff

Called to
Tulbagh.

Reinet received the offer of an appointment to Tulbagh. That place being near Cape Town, the paternal home of the young wife, the congregation feared he might accept on her account, and were overjoyed when he intimated his intention to remain among them.

“A Goodly
Heritage.”

He cast in his lot so whole-heartedly with his people that his children cannot remember ever hearing him express the wish to visit his native land. How happy he was among his people only his children, who grew up in the presence of that loving intercourse, can testify. Earnest, affectionate, and sincere in all his relations, he never forfeited the respect and esteem accorded him by all. How often we have heard him say, “the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places, I have a goodly heritage.” In the afternoon of the Monday after Communion, the pious elders would come in one after another, and talk over the services of the three days, and relate their experiences. His love for his people came out touchingly in an incident towards the close of his life. He was suffering from the effects of a cold; and on leaving a certain farm a young man, who had waited on him very tenderly, brought a hot brick and placed it below his feet in the cart, whereupon he turned to his travelling companion and said: “*Ik woon in het midden myns volks.*”

Parishes.

His parish covered some hundreds of square miles. He established many new congregations (Aberdeen, Colesberg, Middleburg, Murraysburg, etc.) Until these townships were supplied with their own minister—and that was not easily done then—he remained their preacher and pastor. He had to take long journeys to these places, sometimes being from home for a fortnight at a time for this purpose. At every farmhouse along the road where the minister stopped for the night, he had scarcely dismounted from the large springless horse-waggon, when the Bible would be produced, and he was asked

to conduct a service. He always insisted on all the servants and shepherds being called in ; and, weary though he was he rejoiced at being able to break the bread of life to hungry souls. After the death of the Rev. John Evans the large district of Cradock was also vacant for several years, and our father had to go there also every quarter to administer the sacrament, holding three day's services—"Preparation" on Saturday; "Communion" on Sunday (six tables to be addressed); and "Thanksgiving" on Monday. Added to this was the work of catechising, holding church meetings, attending to cases of discipline, marrying, baptizing, etc. To some of our older ministers the mode of travelling in those days is still familiar, but many of the younger ones will find it hard to present to their minds correctly the manner in which a minister had to reach a far outlying church place.

"*Buiten Kerk*" had to be appointed and intimated three months before the time. Let us suppose for instance, that a church was appointed in the Hantam (now Richmond, Victoria and Colesberg districts), or Zeekoe River (now Hanover), or further still in the locality of Burghersdorp. The elder living at or near the church place, after having his team of six or eight horses in the stables for a week to be fed up for the journey, would start early on a Monday morning in his large horse waggon, his long whip in hand, his trusty Hottentot coachman holding the reins. Bedding and a three days store of provisions had to be taken along, and by Wednesday evening they would reach Graaff Reinet, putting up at the Parsonage, and take the minister back with them the next day so as to be at the *Kerkplaats* on Saturday. One service on Saturday, three on Sunday, and one on Monday morning, might seem arduous enough, but a very important part of the work still had to be done. This was "*Huis-bezoek*," or family visitation on Sunday afternoon and Monday morning. This

"*Buiten
Kerk.*"

was not, as the name seems to imply, going to the houses ; that was out of the question, as the people lived on farms far apart from each other. The families were admitted in turn to the ministers bedroom, which had to answer the purpose of his study, or vestry, and there they were seriously and affectionately exhorted, advised, encouraged or rebuked as the case demanded.

The home journey occupied the greater part of the next week, and he had to "put on extra steam" as the term now is, to prepare for the pulpit on Sunday. This meant to him hard work.

As a rule the text for the Sabbath had to be found before Thursday evening. The sermon, written out word for word on Friday, was committed to memory on Saturday. The notes for the afternoon sermon had also to be written down. In the evening it was extempore, as also had been the "application" of the morning's sermon. In this application he poured out his whole heart. Who that ever heard him preach, can forget the earnestness, the tone of persuasion, entreating with tears—almost compelling, by the urgency of appeal?

Missionaries. Of the visits of the missionaries how much there is to tell ! English, Scotch, French and German missionaries found it not only convenient, but most refreshing, to rest themselves and their wearied oxen midway on the long journey between Port Elizabeth and the interior (or on their way back on a visit to Europe) at the Graaff Reinet Parsonage. Men and animals found room in the spacious house and yard, the out-rooms affording lodging for a whole host of Bechuana or Basuto drivers and leaders of oxen. The abundance of fruit made it like an oasis in the desert to the missionary children. From the Paris Missionary Society a handsome timepiece was received, in acknowledgement of kindness shown to their missionaries.

How fresh in the minds of some of the children are still to-day the visits of Mr. Moffat and of Dr. Livingstone, since become so famous. One of us remembers seeing Dr. Livingstone come hurriedly into the room, late for breakfast, triumphantly exhibiting a large hatchet, just to his mind, which he had purchased at Heugh and Fleming's store. And some years later the children were called to listen while Papa read aloud letters he had received from the explorer, telling of his early journeys into the far interior, where he found tribes who manufactured gold rings and bracelets. Lively recollections are cherished of the earlier French missionaries—Pellissier, Roland, Casalis, Lemue, Lauga, Arbousset, Daumas—the first ones unmarried, but the later comers accompanied by their sprightly French wives. The children wondered at hearing them talk so fast in an unknown tongue! A friend of missions, Major Malan, said, long afterwards, that it was the kindness shown to missionaries that had brought so large a blessing on the minister's family, adding: "for God pays back in kind."

*A missionary visitor once asked one of the children, what was the secret of their parent's success in the upbringing of their children. No answer suggested itself; it seemed a thing of course, that if the parents were good, the children would be good too. It was perfectly natural. At length the questioner herself suggested that it was their beautiful, consistent example. "Yes," replied the daughter, "and

*When in 1874 the eldest grandson of the Graaff Reinets Parsonage went to Edinburgh, he called upon Dr. Moffat, whose joy at seeing him was unfeigned. "If a stone from South Africa had been brought me," he said, "I should have been glad, but a son! a son whose father and grandfather it was my privilege to know!" And then addressing other visitors in the room, he told them how many missionaries had been received at the Graaff Reinets Parsonage and said: "Do you think those missionaries left, without praying God to bless that house? Do you doubt God heard their prayers?"

perhaps it is because they pray so much for us." How often have not those children, listening at the bedroom door, heard : " Lord ! Thou hast done so much for the elder ones that we believe Thou wilt do it for the little ones also. Lord ! bless the little ones."

And yet in view of the fact that not all godly parents have the joy of seeing all their children, one by one, choosing the Lord for their portion and giving themselves to Him, we may still ask : What was it ? The answer seems to be : " It was all of *free grace*." The parents would never ascribe it to their training ; and if anyone spoke in praise of the children, the father's answer would almost immediately be : " Ah ! to whom much is given, of him much shall be required," or " Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be praise." God had given to these parents grace to enter into covenant with Him ; He gave them grace to fulfil their part of the covenant.

Reverence.

The chief characteristic of the household was reverence. We revered God and God's day and God's Word. The wife revered her husband ; the children revered their parents ; and the servants revered their master and mistress.

The children were trained in the ways of the Lord. They were taught to render obedience in such a way that they never seemed to know it. Their father's word was law ; from his decision there was no appeal ; his wisdom was never questioned. It was almost curious to see the reverence with which the young men, after years of study in Europe, and themselves ministers, would bow to their father's decision in every matter where they had asked his advice.

Our father's conversations with his children were very instructive ; and his sons remember rides with him, when he told them many interesting things connected with Natural History or Geography. The occasions on which he spoke to his children about their souls were few but well chosen, and

his words never failed to make an impression. It was generally on a Sabbath evening, after family worship, when the child came for its good-night kiss. "Well, dearie, have you given your heart to Christ yet?" or "Will you not before you go to bed to-night give yourself to Jesus?" or some similar question that would in due time come to be answered by a full and confident "Yes, Papa!" Or on a birthday he would say: "This is your birthday, are you born again?" One thing that impressed us particularly, was that he expected that the elder children should interest themselves in the soul's welfare of the younger ones. To a married daughter, visiting her old home, he said: "Have you spoken to the little girls about their souls yet? I wish you would do so." The children were encouraged to correspond freely with their elder brothers on the subject. His letters to his children were characteristic. To his sons in Aberdeen he wrote:—

"Graaff Reinet, 21st Feb., 1839.

"My dear Boys,

"You cannot think how anxiously your Mama and I were looking out for letters from you, when last week to our great joy we were put in possession of your letters of the 10th November, 1838, from Aberdeen. It remains yet to be explained why neither Mr. Archbell nor one or other of you had written from London. I had a few lines from Mr. A. from St. Helena, but not a word from that time, and your letters came to hand seven months to a day from the time you left Port Elizabeth. I trust you shall have long ago received a letter I wrote and forwarded to you about the 29th of November. You may depend upon it you are never forgotten by us; we think on you and mention you daily to our Heavenly Father. He is the *Home* of His children, wherever they are. Ps. xxvii: 10, and lxxi: 3. He can protect and guide and comfort all

Letters.

who seek to put their trust in Him. I hope that while you try to prepare your lessons as well as you can, and keep as far up in your class as may be, you will always remember that even in these things it is the blessing of God that can secure success. I recollect well when I was somewhat older than you are, and found Latin difficult, I sometimes wished to pray to God to help me on with it; but through my ignorance, I was at that time afraid I might dishonour Him by troubling Him about such a trifling matter as Latin lessons. I have lately seen something on the very subject in the writings of *Abbot*. Should you wish to know about anything of this kind, you have only to ask your Uncle—who, under the blessing of God, can and will give you all needful directions Old Mrs. Maree, Mrs. Bennie's mother, is now with us. She sends her compliments and prays you may both be brought to the fear and love of God. Your Mama and I wish you the best of all blessings—the blessing of our Heavenly Father. Write frequently and at length, and believe me, with kind love to your Uncle and Aunt, dear boys.

“Your affectionate father,

“A. MURRAY.”

In another letter he writes to them :—

1839.

“You must try beyond all things to serve and please God, through our blessed Redeemer. Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. The promise is: those who seek the Lord early shall find Him, and oh! how blessed are such as find Him.”

In a letter a little later (1841) he writes to them :—

“You cannot well conceive of the pleasure it affords us all to hear from time to time of your welfare and your

progress in the acquisition of useful knowledge. This pleasure we enjoyed in a great degree last week, when we heard from Dr. Innes that you are both looking very healthy and happy, and acquitting yourselves so as to promise to be very good scholars indeed. I need not say that I trust you will both exert yourselves to the utmost of your power to excel at College, where I hope you will be by the time you read this, in the same way you have hitherto done. I rejoice that you enjoy such opportunities. I thank God for them, for when I was Andrew's age I lost much time with an old uncle at Whaliedyke; but when there, and about thirteen years of age, I was first made to feel something of a Saviour's love to my soul, and if you are made through free grace to know the precious love of Christ, this will sanctify all other knowledge, and make you happy in whatever circumstances you may be placed. Pray much that God may be pleased to shed abroad His love in your hearts by the Holy Ghost. Your Uncle, Mr. Stegmann, who received his first impressions in Aberdeen, is now honoured to be more useful than a great many of the Cape clergy. We sustain a great loss in our Presbytery by the removal of Mr. Morgan to Town; but we must rest satisfied, seeing there is much need of a good man there also. Give our kind love to your Uncle, Aunt, and other friends. Compliments to Prof. Bently and to Mr. William Brown. Many good people of Graaff Reinet wish to be remembered to you."

Again he wrote:—

“Graaff Reinet, 20th Jan., 1842.

“My dear Boys,

“I was duly favoured with yours of the 15th September, on the 6th inst., and was rejoiced to learn that you both continue to enjoy good health. Through the kindness of

God we are all well. Little Catherine, now three months, is growing fast. Willie and Charlie attend Mr. Paterson's school; Maria and Jemima that of Mrs. Wentworth. Mr. Buchanan has left for Cape Town to superintend the Normal School. We are about breaking down our church to put on a new roof. I like your desire after information, but I must confess some of your queries could not be answered in a single letter; *e.g.*: 'Describe the Constitution of the D.R. Church in South Africa,' is in a letter no easy task. This church is Presbyterian, has its Sessions, Presbyteries and Synod. New laws are about to be submitted to the first meeting of Synod in November next, in which it is proposed to have a General Assembly as a highest Court of Appeal in Spiritual things. The present Governor, Sir George Napier, has expressed himself inclined to give more latitude in this respect. You must know that when I came here we had no church courts; we have as yet no tithes or other sources of income for our churches, and draw our salaries from the Colonial Treasury, which the Governor could *not*, but a British minister *might* at once withdraw from our whole church. As to the case of intrusion at Somerset, or any other vacant church you suppose, I need hardly say what a Presbytery would be bound to do—for this reason, that a congregation in South Africa would never dream of seriously opposing the man the Governor nominated; such would be thought open rebellion in this Colony. I may, however, mention that the majority of ministers and elders in last Synod carried a proposal of giving congregations a right to call their own clergymen, subject to the approval of the Governor, and every Governor has consulted more or less the feelings of the people. Sir George Grey intended giving Somerset to Dr. Roux or

Mr. Borchers, but on the memorials of church wardens he gave the living to Mr. Pears, and sent Dr. Roux to Albany, where Pears was.

You seem to think it about time that I should express myself as to what profession I should wish you to make a choice of ; I think it will be time enough to do so by and bye. As to what John hints as to his predilections for farming, I must say I once felt something similar. But to study the improved methods of agriculture practised in Scotland and come to South Africa, where in all the inland districts nothing will grow without irrigation, and on an extensive and expensive farm there is often only water for a garden, or for sowing two or three buckets of wheat, would be perfectly ridiculous. The only farming succeeding here at present is sheep farming, where a large capital is invested in fine wooleđ sheep, and the owner is on the spot, and a practical farmer. A wool stapler (see Walker's Dictionary) or wool merchant may soon do a good business. As for ironfounders, I see nothing for them to do here—there would be no demand for their work. In short, I am fully of Aunt's opinion. I should not like, after going from Graaff Reinet to Aberdeen and to College, to learn a business or trade I could have learned as well at the Cape of Good Hope. I should never wish you to think of the law, as our Bench and Bar and notaries are of such principles and morals, that I should tremble for any contact with them. Should you feel inclined to turn your attention to theology or medicine or mercantile pursuits, I have no doubt there will always be openings at the Cape as well as at other places. If I were in your circumstances I should cast an eye toward the Indian Missions ; there is something *there* worthy the ambitions of great minds. But even promoting the moral

and religious improvement of the rising generation under Dr. Innes is something more worthy of having obtained a liberal education, than turning the attention to any common handicraft. The College in Cape Town is not prospering as could have been wished or expected; the pupils are few in number, say forty. It is feared by some that Dr. Adamson acted very unadvisedly in giving up his situation in the Scotch Church.

“From my friend, Mr. Morgan, I have heard nothing since he went to Town. I suppose he is afraid to say very much about his new situation until he come to know it better. Your brother William will answer his part of your letter soon. You may expect to hear from your Mama and your brothers and sisters soon. We long to hear how it went at the competition; if you are only at College we shall not be much concerned how it went. We received one number of the “Banner,” and only one number of “The Witness” as yet. In the “Banner” we saw something of your success in the schools. But, oh! Boys, come and seek to learn in the school of Christ—sit at His feet; pray for His gracious instruction by His Spirit in your young hearts. With kindest love to you both from your parents and brothers and sisters, and with love to your Uncle and Aunt and other aunts.

“I am your affectionate father,

“A. MURRAY.”

In a letter dated Graaff Reinet, 20th October, 1843, he writes acknowledging the receipt of their letters; and says: “The receipt of your letters generally sends us to the Throne of grace to express our gratitude for all the kindness of a Heavenly Father hitherto shewn to you. Through His distinguishing mercy your parents, brothers and sisters are all well. We heard from Maria last week, through Mr. Pears, of Somerset,

who was here at the meeting of Presbytery. He says she is not only healthy and happy, but promises to make great improvement under the instruction of Mrs. Pears. William reads a little Cæsar and makes Mairs Introduction with Mr. Paterson; and Charles is pretty far advanced in the rudiments. Jemima and Isabella go to Mrs. Wentworth; but I cannot say much as to their improvement. They all feel much obliged to you for the books, etc. sent in the box by Mr. Moffat. Mr. M. has not yet made his appearance; but we expect him here to-morrow or the next day, as one of his fellow missionaries, a Mr. English, from Edinburgh, arrived here last night, and tells us he left him on the road not far from this place.

“I have felt deeply interested in the affairs of the Church of Scotland, and bless God that so many have been enabled to bear such unequivocal testimony to the headship of the Lord Jesus Christ. I pray and trust the Lord will preserve and bless them a thousandfold in this world, in showering down His Spirit on them and their people, and granting them, through grace, life everlasting in the world to come. Some of us here have to struggle against Erastianism, and have not yet a people to support us who can see the evil thereof. The 156th of our Dutch hymns is very forcible, “Houdt Christus Zijne Kerk in stand.” From the latest intelligence received from Natal it would appear that all the influential part of the emigrant farmers has submitted to Government. Mr. Faure, my predecessor, is at present there, with the sanction of Government, partly to conciliate and partly to lay plans for a Church establishment.

“What John wrote me, at my repeated request, on that most important subject of personal religion, on the whole pleased me much, as shewing a state of mind—although not yet sufficiently engaged in the pursuit of salvation as the one thing needful, nevertheless, I trust candid, and at times

inquiring. I am well aware, my dear boys, that neither you nor I can ever change the heart ; but let me entreat you *both*, with all the intense affection of a Christian clergyman and a loving father, to pray daily that God may in mercy be pleased to do so by His Holy Spirit. Many distinguished students have been taken away by death in the midst of their literary and scientific pursuits, and although I trust God will spare you long to be useful in the world, yet should He take one or other of you away in youth, the consolation to the bleeding hearts of parents would not be that you had excelled in human acquirements, however important in themselves, but that there was reason to believe that you died in the Lord. I wish you would read ‘Doddridge Sermons to Young People,’ especially on Gal. iv, 19. . . . You will not fail to write frequently as every letter sheds renewed joy to all under this roof ; and many, many in this place inquire about you from time to time, and rejoice to hear of your welfare.”

In a letter dated August 1st, 1844, he wrote again :—

“ My dear Boys,

“ I was duly favoured two weeks ago with Andrew’s letter of the 11th and 17th April. I was much gratified by the news it contained respecting church schools in Scotland. I should, however, have liked that it had contained something more about yourselves, especially regarding your views as to what line of life you think of following after. Young men ought to be decided on that subject before they have nearly finished their course at college. I wrote to you on the 11th April on the subject expressing my desire, should the Lord incline your hearts that way, that you should devote yourselves to His service and glory first, and then devote yourselves to the service of the Sanctuary. As you have not only received said letter before this time, but I trust have also answered it,

I am looking out with intense interest, as you may well conceive, to see what that answer may be. As I am daily entreating God to guide, direct and bless you, I feel a strong confidence that you have not been sent from Africa to Europe to obtain a liberal education, but for some truly worthy purpose. It is very doubtful, should I be spared, that I shall have it in my power to give any of your brothers the advantages you have had. I trust you will see not to disappoint our expectations, and enter on avocations you might equally well have acquired here, without ever having left our shores. It has been lately proposed by our Governor to employ four additional clergymen in connection with our Church; but there are not so many at present unemployed in the Colony, and very few at present in Holland studying for our Church. I shall, however, endeavour to leave the matter in His hands Who has thus far led us on. You will make the subject a matter of prayerful consideration.

“ Your Mama, brothers and sisters are all well. William is reading in Sallust, and Charles in C. Nepos; but, poor fellows! though they have good enough abilities, they are not in the ‘ Grammar School ’ ” (this is evidently a reference to the Grammar School in Aberdeen, Scotland). The letter continues: “ Maria is doing well with Mrs. Pears, at Somerset, but we feel that the charges are by no means trifles to us. But I can tell you my dear boys, the best news about Maria I have ever had to communicate to you. She appears to be seeking Christ and the things above, in good earnest. I may add, I have reason to hope she has found Him. . . . Every parent wishes to see his family getting on, as it is termed, but what unspeakable joy for the heart of a Christian parent to have good ground for believing that his children shall have an eternal inheritance

in Heaven! Oh! when may I through the free grace of God have this soul's joy with respect to you both? Do not think I am needlessly anxious. Every letter I write to you may be the last you may receive from me. One of our nearest neighbours spoke to me in tolerable health on Monday, and died on Tuesday; viz., Mr. Jan Hendrikse, who occupied the 'erf' where Mr. Stretch lived. This is a digression, but with such warnings we ought to live and act, as dying creatures.

* * * * *

“ Give our kind love to your Uncle, Aunt and family. My regards to Prof. Bently, whose favour to me I shall never forget.”

To one of his daughters he wrote :—

“ My dear M——

“ After parting with you on Friday last, I was led to think much about your request that I would pray much for you, and write to you about Jesus Christ. Both these desires are so consonant with our own feelings, that you may depend on it, we shall not fail to attend to them. If I had any regret at parting with you, it was that your feelings had so far got the better of you, that you could not explain to me your state of mind. In as far as you felt sorrow at the thought of the probability of not seeing any of us for a good many months to come, the sensation was quite natural; but you can console yourself with the reflection that we hear from time to time. We meet in prayer, and the separation is solely for your improvement.

“ In as far as you felt, as you expressed it, a strong desire to obtain an interest in Jesus Christ as your Saviour, I rejoice at the desire He has put into your heart. As I hinted to you, Christ is to be found everywhere, and He

has especially promised to be found of them that seek Him early. Prov. viii : 17. You have doubtless sometimes your little joys and griefs, which you would be disposed to tell to your parents rather than to others ; but be assured you can tell them all to Christ, Who can sanctify your joys and assuage your sorrows.

“ I may tell you now that I write so familiarly, that when I was somewhat about your age, I found myself embarrassed with some little difficulties ; and I knew prayer was the way to relief in great matters, but I thought it would be dishonouring to the great God to go and speak to Him about my *little* things. I spoke to my brother on the subject, who assured me I could not honour God more than by taking all my little needs to Him, if in a humble frame of mind, and with a desire to obtain His direction and assistance. This simple assurance from one on whose judgment I depended gave me great relief. I am further happy at the thought of your being with those who will rejoice when they observe you are beginning to seek after Christ and the salvation through Him. On proper occasions you can open your mind to your teacher.

“ You may rest assured your parents will always be delighted to hear from you on such subjects, as they cannot but take a deep interest in the eternal welfare of those dear children God has given them ; so they cannot fail to pray that God may take an effectual dealing with each one of them, that He begin, carry on, and perfect the work of grace in each of their hearts. With kind love from us all,

“ I am, my dear child,

“ Your affectionate father,

“ A. MURRAY,”

II.

“Graaff Reinet,

“9th April, 1844.

“My dear M——

“I was duly favoured with your interesting letter, and was delighted to observe that your mind is still more or less occupied with the one thing needful. I doubt not but the time is near when you will find the blessed Saviour becoming more and more precious to your soul. This confidence rests not on the fond attachment I feel toward you, but on the faithful promise of Him who has said: “They that seek Me early shall find Me.” Not—*may* find Me, but *SHALL* find Me.

“You may rely on an interest in our prayers; and I trust you will not forget your parents, brothers and sisters in yours. Give our love to your teachers and young friends.

“Your affectionate father,

“A. MURRAY.”

III.

“Graaff Reinet,

“3rd December, 1844.

“My dear——

“I have to inform you that, through the mercy of our gracious God, we are all still quite well. I should have taken notice of your letter, which I received upon your return to school, ere this, were it not that I had to be from home on duty both last week and the preceeding one. We were glad to hear that you got into the town on Saturday, before night came on, as we were concerned as to what you would do in the case of your getting there about midnight. I come now to notice the more interesting

part of your letter, especially that where you thus express yourself: 'I now can say I feel an earnest and strong desire for salvation, yet I do not feel that concern and solicitude which should attend the important question: 'What must I do to be saved?''

"My dear child! with regard to the sentiments thus expressed, I have to observe that, though concern and solicitude are requisite in those who come to the Saviour (Matt. ix: 12), yet there is nothing more common than for the enemy of souls to keep people back, at least for a time, from closing with Christ, by the suggestion that their convictions of sin are not deep enough, or of the right stamp. Now you know that the offers of Christ and His salvation are most free, and our duty is, not to distress ourselves with questions about our fitness or preparation for receiving Him, but to pray for light to perceive more of His suitableness for us and for faith to embrace Him on His own offer. When we are enabled through Grace to accept of Him, faith and humility will go hand in hand. We find them both beautifully exemplified in the case of the Centurion, in Matt. viii: 'Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof; but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed.'

"The Christian often says in sincerity: 'I am not worthy that Thou shouldest condescend to come into my heart, with Thy grace and Thy Spirit, but speak only one word, and my soul shall be healed.'

"Although I can thus safely encourage you to give yourself to Christ, even should your concern and conviction not be so deep as you think they necessarily are in cases of real conversion, still I must warn you against speaking peace to yourself when your impressions may become less forcible or your feelings less lively; first because you have

had some impressions and some enjoyment. Those shall know, who follow on to know the Lord. The expressions you quote from 'The Anxious Inquirer' are very important and very true. Convictions soon drive to Christ, or subside into indifference. Hence the necessity of fervent prayer, that the Holy Spirit may carry on an effectual dealing with us. You have read of the case of Miss Lydia Sturtevant, who once had convictions but stifled them, and went back to the world and soon after died in despair.

"My dear child! from what you write, it appears to me that Christ is now working through His Spirit in your heart. Oh! pray much, and pray fervently, that He may enable you to surrender yourself entirely to His gracious dominion, and then the rest of your Christian course will be safer and easier. Write soon and freely to

"Your affectionate father,

"A. MURRAY."

The above letters may be of interest, showing his method of dealing with children who had been given to Christ at their birth, and taught to love Him from earliest childhood. On the one hand, not to let them lose sight of the fact that they were the Lord's, and on the other, not to let them rest satisfied without "knowing" as it is here expressed "that the Holy Spirit had taken an effectual dealing" with them, and without their own intelligent, conscious surrender of themselves to Christ, an actual coming to Him, and an appropriation of His merits and sacrifice. Each one must for himself or herself have the witness of the Spirit. And so it came to pass that all those children gave themselves to God as they grew older, and are serving Him to the end of their days. In some cases only could they tell the day or hour of their new birth. God, our Covenant God, has in His great mercy granted that the same

experience has in many cases been repeated in the families of the second generation.

We have already alluded to Sunday evenings. How they are graven on the memories of the children! The elder ones were allowed to sit up to supper if they could repeat the texts of the day. At evening family worship, first the servants and then the children had to repeat the texts, the divisions, and what they could remember of the sermon. Sundays.

The physical weariness, after having preached three times, did not detract from the liveliness and enthusiasm with which our father spoke of holy things. He often said: "Now I can enjoy myself; now the burden is off the mind." Not that preaching was ever a burden to him; it was his highest joy that he had been permitted to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. Often did his children hear him say: "It is a blessed service and a blessed Master." Even in the later years of his ministry, when his bodily strength began to fail, he would say: "Were it not that my knees are so tired I could go and preach again; it is such a blessed thing to preach Christ."

But it was on a Communion Sabbath evening that his joy was at its highest, and his prospect of heaven and its glories the brightest. If the conversation turned on the enjoyment felt during the day he would say: "Ah, well, we shall soon sit down to a table that shall never be drawn." If the fear were expressed that the daily duties of the week would cause our impressions to fade, he would say: "In heaven there will be no fear of sinning." When one of his children asked him whether the Lord Jesus still had His human body in heaven, he replied with ecstasy, his soul shining in his eyes: "Yes! and we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." He would say, "Mine eyes shall see the King in His beauty—and the land that is far off." These and many other sweet words out of God's Word became engraven in the hearts of his children by

their hearing their father repeat them with such feeling and emphasis. Indeed, he has left them to us as a most precious legacy. The Word of Christ did indeed "dwell in him richly" (Col. iii. 16), and he taught and admonished us in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in his heart unto the Lord. Many a sweet verse has been inprinted on our minds and memories, from hearing him repeat them half aloud to himself, as he walked up and down the large dining room after supper. We have heard him say at such times, his face and manner betraying the deepest emotion :

"And when I'm to die, Lord, take me ! I'll cry
For Jesus has loved me, I *cannot* tell *why*,"

and stopping in his walk he would say, addressing one of us :
"Can you tell *why*?" and then go on with :

"But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

Or sometimes it was :

"The dearest idol I have known,
What e'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from its throne,
And worship only Thee."

Another favourite was the last verse of "Come! Thou Fount," and accompanying the words with a movement of his hand he would say :

"Here's my heart, Lord ! take and seal it ;
Seal it for Thy courts above,"

or :

"Thy countenance often let me see,
And Thou shalt often hear from me."

Many other verses of hymns, English and Dutch, he delighted in, and when he asked the children to sing, it very often was : "There is a happy land."

His own conversion had been associated with the hymn :

“ When I can read my title clear.”

He told his eldest daughter, that as a youth, being in great anxiety about his soul, he took that verse and spent a whole day in the woods, determined not to return home till *his* title was made clear to him.

We have spoken of *Sunday evenings* ; but quite as sacred are the memories of *Friday evenings*, which evenings our father regularly devoted to praying for a Revival. He would shut himself up in the study, and read accounts of former revivals in Scotland and other countries, and sometimes come out of his study with *Gillie's Collection* in his hand, and read us some account like “ The Outpouring of the Spirit on the Kirk of Shotts,” or the “ Revivals in Kilsyth and Cambuslang.” Once he read about a minister who had prayed for a revival for forty years before it came, and then he said : “ Aye, and that is longer than thirty-six ! ”

Prayer for
Revival.

His children will never forget standing outside his study door and listening to the loud crying to God and pleading for an outpouring of His Holy Spirit.

He did not pray in vain ! Many can still remember at the first large Conference of Ministers in Worcester, in 1860, when the wave of blessing which had swept over America, Ireland Scotland and England, had just reached our shores, how, when he spoke of his great longing for a Revival, he quite broke down. Within a year of that date the blessing came to his own congregation. Who shall describe the joy of that husbandman who had so long waited patiently for the precious fruit, when his patience of hope was so richly rewarded !

One of the children, away from home at the time, wrote to a younger sister : “ I can imagine Papa's joy. I think he must be saying with Simeon : “ Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy Salvation.”

When this letter was read to him, the tears came into his eyes, and he said : " It is just that."

Disruption.

He had warm sympathy with every good work, by whoever begun or in whatever part of the world. He watched with great interest the progress of the Disruption of the Church of Scotland, his brother being one of the ministers who came out. How his enthusiasm was roused by looking at a facsimile of the handwriting of the signatures to the " Act of Separation and Deed of Demission."

In every good cause he took the lead. Long before slavery was abolished he had espoused the cause of the slave. Indeed, when upon his marriage, as was the custom at the time, a female slave was given the bride to accompany her to her new home, the bridegroom first gave the girl her liberty before she set out with them.

Prayers.

It is sweet even now to freshen the prints of his footsteps. His expressions used in prayer, for example ; we know how often he prayed the Lord to do a thing "*for Thine own sake,*" or prayed "*Take glory to Thyself.*" In the morning and evening family worship, it was " Wij dauken U voor alles dat aangenaam is in ons lot en toestand." " Maak ons in voorspoed nederig en daukbaar ; in tegenspoed geduldig en tevreden. Beloon onze weldoeners ; vergeef onze vijanden, zoo wy cenige hebben, en leer ons hunvan harte te vergeven."

His pulpit and family prayers were in Dutch. His own private devotions and prayers with his children, or on special occasions, were in English. Never a child, married or unmarried, left home, or there was prayer, and the hymn : " O ! God of Bethel," was sung. When the grown up children left home it was an understood thing that all would pray for each other every Sunday evening. And on Sunday evenings, before going to bed, our father would say : " Let us remember the

absent," and we knelt again at that old dining-room sofa in special prayer for them.

To the end of his life he continued his long preaching tours. In the course of his ministry he had founded no fewer than eight new congregations, selecting the site of the town, inducting elders and deacons, planning for the building of the church, etc., until a minister could be called. Two towns, against his expressed wish, were named in honour of him—Murraysburg, and Aberdeen—after his birthplace. He always had a very strong feeling about remaining too long in the ministry, and, as he expressed it, taking the place of a younger and stronger man. At the age of seventy his increasing ill-health led him to resign his charge, however great a trial it might be; and he had not long to wait before his Master took him Home. On one of his last journeys he got a chill which aggravated his disease, and he did not live many more months. During the last few weeks in which he kept his bed, he suffered much pain, but was always patient and cheerful. When our mother said to him: "It is so hard to see you suffer without being able to do anything to relieve you," he replied: "All things work together for good to them that love God," and she felt how God, through His own Word, was helping His servant when she was powerless. On the last Sabbath of his life, when the elders came in after service to see him, he asked them about the sermon. And then, probably knowing that his end was near, he said, solemnly: "*I kweet in Wien ik geloofd heb, en ik ben verzekerd dat Hij machtig is mijn pand, by Hem weggelegd, te bewaren tot dien dag—tot dien dag.*" As our mother had been up with him all night her friends persuaded her to take a little rest in the next room. He followed her to the door with his eyes and then repeated the verse:—

'All Things
Work
Together.'

"Jezus! Uw vezvened sterven
Blijft het rustpunt van ons hart.

*Als wy alles, alles derven,
Blijft Uw liefd' ons bij in smart.
Och! wanneer mijn oog eens breekt,
Angstig doodzweet van my leekt,
Dat Uw bloed mijn hoop dan wekke
En mijn schuld voor God bedekke."*

When the watchers saw he was soon to leave them, they called our mother; but just as she reached him, he breathed his last.

Very few of the children were present at their father's death-bed. When the tidings reached those living at a distance, their grief was mingled with praise. To one of them Professor Hofmeyr said: "How can you weep? Rather rejoice that you have had a father who lived such a life, and died such a death."

How delightful the thought, that the "exceeding eternal weight of glory" far exceeds the most rapturous visions of his happy Sunday evenings in his earthly home! His beloved Lord Jesus he has now seen—seen "Him as He is." We quote the following extract from *The Graaff Reinets Herald*, of June 30th, 1866:—

"Graaff
Reinet
Herald."

"As the infirmity of increasing years came gradually upon him (Rev. A. Murray) he was often asked to consent to the appointment of an assistant to share the labours of his charge. But this he always resisted, feeling himself unwilling to withdraw from any of the duties which had been the joy and delight of his life, and which had been so abundantly blessed. The conflict of opinion in the church, in which recourse was had to the civil courts, caused him the deepest grief; yet this was rarely expressed, as he believed that these trials were permitted to purify the faith of believers, and Divine wisdom would so over rule the course of events as to bring its true members into closer union with Him Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. Upon all subjects that were grievous to

his natural feelings he preferred to make little of what he suffered, and even when misrepresented or opposed in an unkindly spirit, he rarely permitted himself to give expression to a sense of annoyance. Pride was not in him, and his desire to live at peace with all men, enabled him habitually to suppress in himself any irritation which unfair opposition or want of charity in another might provoke. No one could have intercourse with him without being impressed with his sterling honesty and fervent piety, and to these qualities may be attributed the very powerful influence he acquired amongst the members of his church. The place which the Rev. A. Murray occupied in the affections of his friends and congregation can never be filled by any other. The veneration and love towards him which were so universally felt, were the slow growth of years, the effect of his consistent and holy example, the grateful acknowledgment of priceless services of unselfish devotion to those among whom he was called to minister.

“ He died on the 29th of June, 1866, aged seventy-two. On the day of the funeral all the stores were closed at noon. The principal inhabitants, the English and Congregational ministers of the place, and a number of ministers of the Dutch Church from many quarters, were present. The services of the day were led by his son-in-law, Rev. Mr. Hofmeyr, whose impressive discourse found an echo in the heart of every listener. All gathered to unite in the solemn duty of testifying their esteem for their beloved Pastor, by attending his remains to their last resting place. As a faithful friend, as an exemplary father, as a devoted minister in every duty and relation of life he walked with God.

“ He had borne the heat and burden of the day; his important and comprehensive labours were finished; he longed for rest; he had a strong desire to go home, and often in his last days spoke about laying down his earthly tabernacle that

he might be with Christ. He enjoyed the comforting assurance of his acceptance with God and anticipated the delight of admission to His immediate presence. . . . The Rev. Mr. Muller then offered prayer and the procession left the church. The number of followers was not less than seven hundred, and including those waiting at the burying ground, there could not have been fewer than one thousand present. Many farmers from the country had come to town during the day, to be present at the ceremony. At the grave Rev. Messrs. Muller, van Niekerk, and Gray offered up prayer, which closed the solemnities of the occasion."

**Mr. Grey's
Sermon.**

A few months later, the Rev. Mr. Grey, of Aberdeen, preaching at Graaff Reinet, referring to the death of the late minister said :—

"I never knew a man who had learned more of Christ. His whole demeanour was that of a Christian. His words, when speaking to a penitent sinner, were full of love and tenderness; but when addressing the proud and haughty, his whole bearing was that of one who knew that he was speaking in the name of the Most High.

"Your late Pastor was much too humble to seek worldly honour. No one held the praise of men in less esteem. He wished to be nothing, that Jesus Christ might be all in all.

"A Father, a Prince in Israel has fallen! While he lived on earth his heart was in heaven. It was as if he were waiting for the gate to open that he might enter in. He loved his family, but he had looked into the things of eternity. He had seen new beauty in the Divine Perfection, and, filled with admiration, love to Christ burned in his heart, so that he could find no words to express his thoughts about the love of Christ. In his later days he often exclaimed: 'Oh, the love of Christ! No one can tell what that is.'

"In this strain he spoke to me, eighteen months ago. I

noticed that his countenance changed as if he were moved by some particularly pleasant thought—an inexpressible joy, the peace that passeth all understanding.

“‘I want to go to my Fatherland,’ he said, ‘but not to Scotland. I desire to be unbound! No man,’ he continued, ‘could have stronger ties to bind him to earth, but I want to be in glory. I long to depart.’ He was standing at the gate of the New Jerusalem, longing to be admitted.”

LETTERS.

Before giving Mama’s letters, we make two extracts from letters from Papa, written in 1855:—

“Happy would it be if one could keep up more uninterrupted fellowship with Jesus, Whose smile is life to the soul.”

“Your letter announcing the birth of a son caused us sincere joy and gratitude. . . . May our Heavenly Father be pleased to bless the babe, and, if spared, may he be a comfort to you, and in due time be a plant in the House of our God, of our Heavenly Father’s planting! As to the name (Andrew Murray), we shall be gratified by its being as you propose. May the name be found written in the Lamb’s book of Life.”

Writing from Murraysburg in 1861, Mama says:—

“Precious child,

“You will have heard of the great events here during the past week. Yesterday afternoon was *Voorbereiding*. Upwards of fifty young people were *voorgesteld*. Dear Andrew spoke a few words to them. You cannot think what a delight it was to hear his voice again* though the address was short.”

* He had been suffering from clergyman’s throat.

Again she writes :—

“Truly our cup is running over. Ask your brother John, if he has still any copies of “*Troostwoorden*,” to send me a few. I had a number, but they have all been distributed. Our old and sick people are very fond of them. Very much love to all at Stellenbosch. Every blessing of our beloved Jesus!”

In 1866 :—

“You may easily imagine what occupies my mind this month. It will soon be a year since my beloved husband went to glory.* What did he not suffer last year, and how continually was I with him, trying to do something that I thought might give him some ease, and always hoping that he would get better and be spared to us for a while ! But our Heavenly Father willed it otherwise. His race was run and his work accomplished ; and why should I now grieve, when he is enjoying what he so eagerly longed for ? Oh ! to be able to follow him, as he followed Christ !

“It is a solemn question to ask myself, how much have I advanced during the past year in my spiritual life. Because my privileges and mercies are very many, how have I improved them ? This will reach you on your birthday. Many happy returns, my precious child ! May you enjoy much of the light of the countenance of our Covenant God.”

“Jan. 9th, 1869.

“May the richest blessing of our Covenant God rest on you and all your dear ones. I did not forget J.’s birthday. May he love Jesus and pray to be His child. You may imagine that the end of the past year and the beginning of this one brings many sad and solemn reflections with

* To our great regret, the beautiful and touching letters written to her children after their father’s death have not been preserved.

it. And now our Week of Prayer—with what delight the now sainted father anticipated and enjoyed it! Lately he was often prevented from attending, through pain. Will he not know now in heaven what we are doing here? I think so; at least the thought is to me very sweet. The few days of this week that are past have been very much blessed. The Lord was truly in our midst. On Monday, Charles says he really smiled for joy when he heard a man pray who had not prayed before. We are to have the Communion next Sabbath; what a week of preparation! Though I have to confess with shame my deadness, still, to the glory of my Redeemer, I must say that Christ is often very precious to my soul.”

In a letter dated January 22nd, 1870, she says:—

“The chief interest of your last letter is what you say of my precious father. How often have we prayed that God would give him that faith, and in mercy, that was granted. I cannot tell you what I felt, and thanked the Lord for this great goodness in giving my dear parent such simple faith in Christ.”

Writing about some of her grandchildren, to their mother she says:—

“What a blessing that they are lambs of Christ’s flock! Give them all my love. You will feel how anxiety increases as they increase in years. We can only pray for them and watch over them, but what would our watching be, if we did not know that our Heavenly Father keeps a watchful eye on them! . . . May you enjoy much of the presence of our precious Saviour!”

In the next letter she thanks us for our good wishes for her birthday:—

“May our Heavenly Father hear all the prayers of my loving children, especially that I may be made meet for

that heavenly Home, where so many I love have entered ! My last illness was but slight. . . . I am now quite well. I did not want Helen to say anything about it in her letter, but since she was, at any rate, writing, I thought she might just tell you, as we never know how even a slight illness may end. I took it as a kind warning from my Heavenly Father, and felt so comforted with the thought: 'My times are in Thy hand.' Is it not a beautiful hymn? You can fancy how anxious we were about dear William. I trust he has recovered by this time ; and precious Andrew—what shall I say? I cannot tell what an anxious mother feels. I can only commit them to a Covenant keeping God. May it please Him to restore him and spare him, and make him still a blessing to many !—this is my poor prayer, my precious child ! for you all."

The following letter was written from Murraysburg ; in it she describes her journey home, after visiting her children in the Western Province :—

"26th Dec., 1870.

"You see that we have been brought to the end of our journey in safety. The journey was most prosperous though fearfully hot in the Gouph. When I left Worcester I felt very unwell ; such a faintness came on me, but I soon got over it. Dear William was so anxious about me. He and Ellie took me in their cart to the foot of the mountain. We spent the Sabbath at Wagenmaker's Kraal. We could get no room, but made ourselves very comfortable under the shade of the willows. We spent a very quiet, happy Sabbath. It reminded me of the Sabbaths we used to spend in the olden days. You remember that one under the oak trees at Constable ; and one at Geelbek, when John and Andrew were with us? At Wagenmaker's

Kraal we had delicious figs and apricots. Next day we came to Uitkijk—Annie and her husband, as usual, very kind. While there a fearful thunderstorm came on. We could not but feel the kindness of our Heavenly Father. What would we have done had the storm come on, on the Saturday or Sunday when we were without shelter! We arrived here about two o'clock on Thursday. Charles went on to Voetpad, and was home early next day. I find Mima and her seventh son (born on the 17th) doing very well. A very sweet baby—it is to be called William Servaas.”

In the next letter she writes about Mrs. Kähler, whom she saw at Stellenbosch:—

“Thanks for your last interesting letter. What you write about dear Tante Kähler makes me feel quite jealous. How delightful to be so ready to depart and be with Christ! Give her my warmest love. I trust she will be content to stay till her Saviour says: ‘Come up higher.’ How sweet the rest will be after such a long day of labour! I very often think of her. It does me good. I do not think I can ever forget that heavenly look, when we went the last time to see her, when she said: ‘*Hef verlangen wordt toch zoo groot!*’

“George and Kitty gave us a short visit a month ago. She appears to take a great interest in her husband’s work. It was unexpected to them that they were here at our Communion. You can think how pleasant it was for us to be together at that blessed feast! Give my love to your dear children, and not the least to Mymie. The pretty flower she gave ‘Ouma’ at the station I keep in my Bible, and see it often and think of the darling.”

“June 10th, 1871.

“My precious Child,

“So we have at last had the pleasure of seeing your

dear husband, and enjoying his society. The only pity was that his visit was so short. After he was gone I remembered how much there was that I would have said to him, but the time passed so quickly, and we had a house full at the time. His preaching was so very earnest, and I am sure that many of our good people got a blessing.

“ And so the sainted ‘Tante Kähler’ has gone home! What a delight to the redeemed spirit to be free of her suffering body! Oh! if I could be like her, to be waiting and yet working. You must really feel her loss. I trust, dear child! that you feel much of the love and presence of your Heavenly Friend in the absence of your dear husband. I must quote a remark I read lately, ‘Although his Master’s service gives me less of his society now, I shall enjoy it more when we reach our home.’ I am sure you will agree with this.”

The following letter dated 20th January, 1872, is full of sweet consolation :—

“ My very precious Child,

“ I received your letter with the account of the illness and death of one of your darlings (one of the twins). What can I say more, dear Child! after your dear letter? You have indeed been long spared the trial of having to part with a darling child. Though we know they are for ever with the tender Shepherd and we would not call them back, still the parting is trying. How different it would be had we not the sweet consolation that they are only gone before! Oh! it brings heaven nearer. Have you not sometimes thought what a large family we have in heaven? I do not like to give way to fancies, but it is a very sweet thought often when I think of precious Papa, and darling Kitty, who was so fond of children, having charge of these little lambs. Would not *your* little Robbie

have welcomed your little Nico? But oh, if Christ is '*de Voornaamste boven de tien duizenden*' here, to the believer, what must it be in heaven, where they behold Him face to face! Dear Child, may you experience abundantly that God will fill up the void with Himself! I hope your other darlings are well. Do you not feel that they are now less your own than before one had to be taken home? I have often longed to see you with your twins, but let us have no regrets; a loving Father knows what is best for us."

"2nd Jan., 1875.

"My precious Child,

"I must begin by telling you what delight your suggestion has been to us (a suggestion that in the different families we should read Revelation xxii. in the last hour of the year and remember each other). There were only Charles, Eliza and myself to unite. Amelia was not strong enough to keep up; but it was a very happy half-hour. We sang the first part of the Eighty-fifth hymn (English), read the proposed Chapter, conversed a little; then Charles prayed, during which the clock struck twelve. It was very solemn. I never before heard C. offer such a *family dedication* prayer. It is a comfort to think the Lord will accept us, just as we are. Oh! to keep close to Him. Hendrik and Eliza were particularly prayed for. The dear child was quite overcome. What shall I say about the matter? You can think it is no easy thing for me to give her away to go so far from me! But it is a great comfort to me that our loving Father has provided such a husband for her—I should rather say, the prospect of it. I have every hope for her happiness. I have full confidence in him in every way. I only hope

that he may not be disappointed in his fond expectations, please tell him he must not expect *too* much from her. She has been much petted. I do not fail to give her some wholesome lessons from my own experience. I am sure one great cause of my happiness in my married life was that I was *helped* to give up my will for my dear Papa; and I need not remind you how we were '*als één van ziel en één van zin.*' Surely it is not wrong to apply that idea here? Of course the dear child is full of good resolutions."

In a letter written in the same year, she thanks for letters of congratulations on her birthday—March 5th:—

"I can only thank my Heavenly Father for all His love, and pray that the good wishes and prayers of my precious children for me may be answered. I wish you and your husband joy that two more of your dear children have publicly professed to belong to His Church on earth. But oh! what a great blessing to know that they have given themselves to Christ. They have often been remembered by us in our prayers. The Lord fulfil our desires for them, may they be kept in His fear and walk in His light! May they be faithful witnesses for Jesus, whatever their calling in life may be. Really! what free love that four or five of my grandchildren confess Christ! What a hope for the next! Though the number be ever so great, there is 'more to follow.'"

In May of the next year she tells of her journey home, after having visited the families of her children after the Synod:—

"The Lord was very good to us and made the way very prosperous. When we got home, we said to each other: 'Well! it has just been one continued mercy.' We met with so much kindness on the way, both from friends and strangers. I often thought how *my* dear ones were

praying for us, and our Heavenly Father heard them, and blessed us abundantly.”

And a little later she writes :—

“ 27th Sept., 1879.

“ . . . This last week has been a blessed time for this place. The services have been wonderfully blessed. If I had the pen of a ready writer I would give you a full account of it; but Charles is writing to your husband, and Mima and Eliza have also promised to write. We had, besides Andrew, only Mr. Rousseau of Steynsburg and A. Louw. Their work was also much enjoyed. We expected William also, but the work in his own congregation, after the services there, was so important that, he could not leave. It is a pity that there were not more workers here. There were so many anxious souls to be spoken to, and others that had found peace also wanted a word of counsel. The blessing has been great, and still is continuing. Charles says he cannot overtake nearly all of these cases. Mr. Joubert, our elder, is very active in speaking to people.

“ Andrew says that he was a wonder to himself that he was able to do all the speaking, since his throat was not all right. God’s people were also stirred up. I spent some time yesterday very pleasantly with the Ziervogels. They were so full of zeal, especially Mimie.

“ In our prayer meeting, one woman who had served the world faithfully, but who trusts that she has found peace, came for the first time to the meeting and prayed such a childlike prayer. We trust she will remain steadfast. Our God is able to keep.”

In a letter of 23rd June, 1880, after loving wishes for her daughter’s birthday, she says that Eliza in the Transvaal, and

Ellie travelling in Europe, had the first claim on her letters. And then she announces, with great joy, the birth of Mima's youngest daughter, just as the eldest was about to marry and leave home, and adds: "how they will take this as a special gift!" In the next letter we get a glimpse of her enjoying a meeting with her beloved brother, Rev. G. W. Stegmann:—

"My precious Child,

"Thanks, dearest! for your last letter. And what shall I say to all your loving wishes for my birthday? The Lord fulfil them! I am really loaded with mercies; and oh! the love of my precious children, what a rich blessing. I cannot tell you how I value your Sunday evening letters. I was just thinking it was this time, last year, that we spent the last evening at Stellenbosch together. I have had a very pleasant time with dear Bella. Her children are growing up, and she feels the great responsibility of training them for heaven. We hope dear Sannie has decided for Christ. The others are hopeful. Our God is a hearer of prayer, and He will *will* draw all my thirty dear grandchildren to Himself, in His own good time.

"I also had the treat of going to Adelaide. I have to thank John and Bella for that. Sannie went with us to take care of me, also Charlie H. You can hardly fancy how we old people enjoyed each other! Sometimes we felt quite young, talking of the past, and then again of how near we likely might be to the end of the race, and the prospect of going home to our Father's house. My visit lasted only two days, so we made the most of our time, and had more of each other than perhaps we would have had if I had stayed longer. Travelling just after the rain was most delightful; the grass and trees looked so fresh and green. If you had been with us, you would have enjoyed looking at the green, grassy mountain"

“ Graaff Reinets,

“ 12th January, 1883.

“ I should have answered your sadly interesting letter sooner. It was not that I did not feel able, but words are wanting, what shall I say? I can only say, as I did to Charles, when he told me that my eldest, his dear old brother had entered into rest: ‘I will not open my mouth, for He hath done it.’ *He* has done it; and therefore it must be well. But the flesh shrinks from such a stroke. That it was a most unexpected and severe shock, I need not say. Only three weeks before I had a short letter from that dear son, saying that he had both health and spirits for his work; and then to get the next tidings about him, that his work was done, that the Master had called him to rest with Him for ever! What can I say about him? You all know what he was to us all. That my heart is very sore, you can think; but our God is good and wonderfully supports. I sometimes feel that I am held up by the prayers of my dear children and kind friends. I am quite ashamed of all the sympathy I receive in this affliction; I feel so unworthy. But the loss to his family none can know but themselves. How the dear absent children must feel the loss! I had a very nice letter from Margaret, giving me the particulars. How I value your and her letters, telling me something of the last days and hours of our dear departed one! How it brings back dear Papa’s last moments to my mind! There seemed so much that was similar, as you said; just lying on the side, a gentle sigh, and the spirit had fled! It was all the same. Now these spirits have met before the Throne. Our family in heaven is increasing. The call to myself is: ‘Be ye

also ready.' May I be found worthy to see Jesus as He is, and to meet my dear ones before the Throne!"

"Graaff Reinet,

"May 16th, 1886.

"Thanks for your letter, received yesterday, as well as for a former one. Do not think that you tire me writing about your children. Everything you can tell me about them interests me. What you said about Willie rejoiced my heart. What a blessing to be a member not only of the visible Church, but to belong to Christ! May his resolution to work for Christ be strengthened. May he be spared and honoured to bring many souls to the Saviour! I must confess I have a wish to be among you once more, if the Lord will, but I do not think too much about it. I leave it in my Father's hands; if it be His will I shall have the needed strength, for the journey seems formidable to an old person."

It was in 1886 that she again visited the children at Stellenbosch, Paarl, Wellington and Worcester. Happy days those were for us all. It was at Worcester, on her return journey, that she spent her birthday. The *Geslacht Register*, alluded to in her next letter, was a present from two of her children, with names, dates, and signatures of her children and grandchildren. She writes:—

"Thanks for the telegram and all the good wishes for my birthday. I can truly say I am overwhelmed with love and blessing from my Father in heaven, Who gives me so much to enjoy through my beloved children. I had eleven telegrams, and this morning four letters, which ought to have been here on the fifth. But what shall I say about the **Geslacht Register*! It is too cold to say

* An autograph album with the names of the children and grandchildren.

‘thanks’ for it. May all this loving thoughtfulness to your mother be returned to yourself by your dear children ! God’s richest blessings on yourself and your dear ones. The paper cannot contain all the love I should like to send.”

The foregoing letters were written to her eldest daughter, first to Prince Albert, and later to Stellenbosch.

From letters to her daughter Bella we are able to make some extracts too, showing that *loving and praising* were the prevailing element. As Isabella’s eldest daughter, Sannie, has so lately been taken home, the references to her, in grandmama’s letters possess a peculiar interest. In the earlier letters frequent mention is made of her. In the one before us Mama writes :—

“ My darling Bella,

“ I was so glad when I heard that dear Sannie had become a member of the Church. I trust that she will be a living member of Christ, may work for her Saviour, and be a rich blessing to many, especially to her dear brothers and sisters. Lizzie was also received, and William’s Andrew, and Maria’s Ella all sat down to their first Communion (Easter) two at Worcester, and one at Stellenbosch. What I wish for one, I wish for all my dear grandchildren, that they may be living members, and be useful in the service of the Saviour they confess.”

In one of her letters she speaks of her recovery from an illness :—

“ I am not getting strong very fast, but I *am* getting on. Our Heavenly Father has dealt very bountifully with me. This is dear Sannie’s birthday. I did not forget her. The Lord knows what thanks and wishes I sent up for her !

She has entered upon a very important period of her life. May every grace be given her to walk in that blessed way she has chosen. May she prove a rich blessing to all the dear children, that they may be helped by her word and example, to give their young hearts to the dear Jesus."

In another letter she says :—

"Thanks, dear child! for your interesting letter. I am glad that you also had the ten days' prayer meeting (from Ascension to Pentecost). With us it was a really blessed time. There was very great earnestness. I missed very few of the meetings. When I came home I used to read over the pieces in the "*Christen*," and found it very blessed. Not an evening passed but what I was with you in spirit, wondering if you would be enjoying them as I did. The Holy Spirit is with us, but I like to *feel* that He is abiding."

In another letter she looks back on a visit to Bella, and says :—

"I am still very much with you in all spirit. Oh! the goodness of my Heavenly Father, to have given me that treat again. I can look back on it with so much pleasure! . . . I hope your pets are well; Grandma often thinks of them. Our Heavenly Father's richest blessing, my dear children! I do thank Him for giving me so much love from my precious children."

After Bella had been visiting Graaff Reinets, Mama writes :—

"Was it not worth while to be away a little, to receive such a joyful welcome home? I should have liked to be in a corner, to see all the happy faces and loving embraces. What does not our God give us to enjoy? His loving kindness, oh! how great."

In May, 1885, she writes :—

“Thanks for your letter. I was very glad to get it and have a full account of your dear old Uncle (*Rev. G. W. Stegmann, of Adelaide*). I cannot help hoping, with your husband, that he may yet be restored. But is this wish kindness to him? Does he not rather wish to go home and be at rest? He has borne the heat and burden of the day, and will enjoy being with Christ in glory; but our God knows what is best for the tired servant.”

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER, HELEN.

NOTE.—Some of these are written from the homes of her married children, and will be of special value to the grandchildren in these homes, reviving the memories of their sweet Grandmama.

“Wellington,
“Feb. 4th, 1877.

“My precious Child,

“You will not think that Mama has forgotten her Ellie; but I have had so many interruptions, that post time came before I was ready. I am very thankful that you had such a pleasant time at Murraysburg. I only fear that you tired yourself with house cleaning, and so are tired before you began work. It is such a comfort that you teachers are all so happy among yourselves, and help to bear one another's burdens. I wish sometimes that I could get a peep at you, to see how many of the old girls have left, and whether you have any room for new ones. Shall we not pray that the children may become blessings to the parents? . . . We had quite a party to dinner to-day. Old Mr. Bisseux, Miss Ferguson, Miss

Bliss, etc. Teaching was of course the chief subject of conversation. You and your Seminary were not forgotten. . . . You must not forget to write to dear Eliza. I often fear for them, but of course I am not allowed to say so. But my faith is not so strong as Andrew's. It is wonderful to hear him tell of the answers the Lord has given him in regard to his schools. I wish I could say that his body is as strong as his spirit! Emma says that the only thing that reconciles her to his going to Europe is, that the rest on the voyage may do his health good. He intends turning his afternoon service into a Bible class. Last Sabbath he commenced with the Lord's prayer from the Catechism, asking questions, and expecting answers. I intend going to the Paarl to-morrow to see Mrs. Adrian Louw (D.V.), to return and spend a couple of weeks more here. Then go back to Stellenbosch to spend some time with John and Mimie. Your last letter told me how happy you are; yes! happy indeed, to leave it all with Jesus, to feel that we are led by Him. Pray for your Mother, that she may have much of that quiet trust."

Writing another time from Graaff Reinet she says:—

"Our old place is looking very bright; there is so much fresh green; the roses are beginning to open; the white Banksia is really beautiful, some of the blossoms showing quite up in the tamarisk, in the old flower garden opposite my window. Very much love, my precious Child! May you enjoy much of your Father's love."

From Somerset East she writes:—

"I hope you all will get comfortably through your examination work. I shall hear about it when you come. You will have to make some plan to get here. The best

will be to get a cart ; or, if you all come together, a small waggon. It would not cost too so much if all were to share the expenses. . . . Bella is not going on her intended trip, the expense is too great. The teachers from here leave next week per ox waggon to visit Mrs. Brownlee at King William's Town. The boys here are going to the country. We hope to go to Glen Avon to-morrow. Mrs. Stretch is going to send an ox-waggon for us, to bring as many as Bella can pack into it. Dear Child ! I do not know what to say to you that is sweet and loving, but think it out for yourself. Love to the Teachers.

“ Your ever loving Mother.”

From Murraysburg, Jemima's home, she writes :—

“ I was quite glad to get your letter this morning. Anything about yourself or your work interests me. I need not say that I am very happy here ; but I often wish I could run over for a few minutes, if only to get a kiss, and snatch up some of your needlework. Maria writes : ‘ we are all very much cast down about dear Andrew. I know you all share in our heaviness about him, and pray for his recovery. John saw him at Sea Point, and says he is not better. He must stay there some time with his family ; he must not speak.’ We would say, why must he be laid aside ? but this also is the will of our Heavenly Father, and must be good.”

In a letter to Ellie, who was travelling in Europe, she writes :—

“ How we shall enjoy having you tell us of all your visiting, etc., etc. It was very pleasant to meet those ladies who had seen you in England. Were you aware

before, that you had a cousin an authoress? Do you know that her mother, Elizabeth, was dear Papa's loved sister? He often told me that she first led him to the Saviour. Dearest Child, farewell! may you be kept very calm in your Father's love."

Again :—

" This week I received your second letter from Edinburgh. Thanks for it. Everything you write interests me. I am thankful you give such good accounts of the dear boys. I trust that while they are faithful in their studies they do not forget the one thing needful. I am sure you will have reminded them of the importance and solemnity of first giving themselves to Christ. How strange that you should have met the Mintos! We saw them often at Port Elizabeth, and spent some pleasant evenings with them, some forty-two years ago. We think of you now as in America. Your friends there are certainly very kind. I hope you make use of their kindness for resting. If they do not think it strange, give them my love and thanks, for their kindness to my child far away.

" Amelia left this last week, with the seven youngest children, had a most prosperous journey—a week on the way from this to Somerset West—and spent three days of that time at Worcester. Charles leaves after the Communion which is on October 3rd, and I shall have to leave on the 29th of this month, and meet Jan Hofmeyr at Port Elizabeth. I shall likely be at sea or in Table Bay, just when my dear ones sit down at the Lord's table. What a blessing that the blessed Jesus, the Beloved One, is not bound to time or place!"

From Worcester, on the way to Capetown, she writes :—

“ 10th January, 1881.

“ My precious Child,

“ I have just received your's, from New Haven. I am glad you are enjoying yourself. I thank the Lord for it. What is it but His love that gives us to enjoy so much ; is it not also to give us strength for what may be before us?

“ Somerset East,

“ 8th March, 1883.

“ My precious Child,

“ Thanks for your birthday letter and what it contains. May our Heavenly Father grant those blessed wishes, so lovingly expressed. God is good ; and shall I not fully trust Him for the future, Who so faithfully led and kept me hitherto? You must look in Miss Havergal's 'Royal Bounty,' 28th day : 'The bright side of getting old.' It is very beautiful. Precious Ellie, may you rest in His love !”

In March, 1884, she writes from the Paarl :—

“ . . . How did you pick out those beautiful verses in Deuteronomy? Oh, the security of the Everlasting Arms ! May all the rich promises, expressed there, be experienced by the loved senders. Shall I tell you about my birthday? Telegrams and letters from my dear children ; Andrew and Emma, Jan Neethling, Maria, Hendrik, and Mimie, and Margaret came in the morning. We had a nice, quiet dinner. In the afternoon Miss Ferguson, Miss Bliss, Emmie and Annie came over. Was it not kind? The whole Wellington party left again early in the evening. The Stellenbosch party left next day, by the afternoon train, except dear Sussie, who stayed till yesterday. We

had a happy time together. What have I not to be thankful for? Nothing but mercies."

" Stellenbosch,

" 10th April, 1884.

" . . . The next piece of news is that Hendrik is to be married, to Miss Steyn, from Swellendam. She is said to be good in every way for a minister's wife. The wedding is to come off in May. Hendrik will bring her here on Saturday, to meet her future parents-in-law before they leave; so all is excitement here, while we would have preferred quiet. I hope still that we shall have a blessed and solemn time. May a risen Saviour be very precious to us on the coming Sabbath; may our communion with Him at His table be very sweet, so that the Spirit may take of the things of His own and show to us."

What the old church at Graaff Reinet had been to her, comes out in the following, written to the Transvaal:—

" Graaff Reinet,

" Dec. 4th, 1885.

" My dear Ellie,

" You little thought, when you left, that you would never look at our dear old church again! Last Sabbath was to many a very solemn day. '*De afscheid van ons dierbare oude Kerkgebouw*' had been announced. There was a very large congregation. The services were earnest and solemn. In the afternoon the text was, Genesis xxv. 16-17. In the evening, a prayer meeting. Monday morning before six, the bell tolled fifteen minutes, when the breaking down commenced. Again there was quite a gathering; so Charles gave a short address, prayed and sang. Then old Mr. Theron said a few words, and began taking the hinges off the front door, and then the workmen commenced their work of destruction.

“The market hall is to be used in the meantime. It is fitted up with seats from the old church. Nothing lasts in this world. What a blessing there is no decay in that House in the Heavens, that is not made with hands that will last for ever and ever! There were eight babies baptised, our baby one of the number. He was called George de Coligny. . . . What a dreadful storm that must have been, when the children were so frightened! Dear little girl! how sweet when a child knows that the only safe refuge is prayer. May the dear child know it more and more through life.”

The next year, 1886, we find her again in the Western Province, among her children and grandchildren. She writes from Stellenbosch :

“You will be pleased to know that by the goodness and kind care of our Heavenly Father I am brought safely to the end of my journey. I left Worcester on Monday, in company with William and family, Charles and George. At Wellington Andrew joined us. At Lady Grey we found Mima waiting for us, with some nice tea and cake, with which she entertained us, going with us to the Paarl Station. A., C., and G. went on to town. William and family went on next morning; and here am I, enjoying the rest and quiet.”

Later she describes a Missionary Meeting she attended at Wellington :—

“First, Andrew read part of Solomon’s prayer at the Dedication of the Temple; then spoke; then some prayers. Then Pieter v.d. Merwe spoke on: ‘*Wij zijn schuldenaren.*’ I enjoyed it most, as I could hear it well. Mr. Pauw took up the same subject. Then more prayers. Then Andries spoke on ‘*De ijver Uws Huisen heeft mij verteerd,*’

Andrew closing up with the end of Ps. 106: Amen, Hallelujah! A truly halleluja address, ending with a short prayer. It was really an interesting and happy service. We felt in a halleluja frame of mind. We took tea at the Parsonage and had a delightful drive home in the moonlight. Next day A., M. and Mymie went to Pniel, and spent a happy day there, and next day came on here—where I can have a quiet week and enjoy dear Sussie, Auntie has gone to the Strand with the invalids, Ella, Willie, Jeanie, and Katie. I intend going to the Paarl next week, and then on the 3rd of March to Worcester, and be there quietly on my birthday; but this is all as my Father sees best. Nettie goes with me to Swellendam.”

This was the last time the different homes were gladdened by her presence. The visit came to an end at Swellendam. From there she writes:—

“My precious Ellie,

“You see I am really here. Last Wednesday, William took Nettie and me to Robertson by train. The McGregors were as kind as ever. On Thursday we had a very prosperous and comfortable journey to this place. Here I found all bright and well; George and Kittie, of course, very glad that I came. To begin with your godchild; she is the sweetest, most interesting darling you can fancy. Her papa says I must tell you, she is the flower of the flock. Baby is as fat and healthy as the rest. The children are really very good. I can hardly fancy so large a family—of so many little ones—giving so little trouble. A great blessing that they are all so healthy! Everything looks very fresh and green after the fine rains they have had here. George is quite proud of his fruit. He has very nice grapes, figs, pears and apples, and late plums. The most of these are from grafts he got from Graaff Reinet.

“Yesterday George had a solemn sermon from Heb. xii, 2. The ideas were the two in the text—bearing the cross and despising the shame. Why? Because of the joy set before Him. What was this joy? May this week be to us all, at home and here, a time of quiet preparation for the ensuing Sabbath! We all pray for each other. I know you remember me at the Throne of Grace. I have need of it, though our Great High Priest ever liveth to make intercession for us. Nettie sends love. She only came for my sake, and is most attentive.”

The last letter is from Worcester, on her homeward journey:—

“ . . . George took us to Robertson, and from there it is only two hours to this by train. My visit at Swellendam was very pleasant indeed. I cannot say how glad I am that I have learnt to know dear Kittie better. She has her hands full with her large family, and still she finds time to help her husband in his work.

“And now I am thinking about my journey home. I shall be glad to be quietly at home again. Sometimes I dread the journey, but He Who has so safely led me thus far, will lead me further on. I know my dear children will pray for me, and ask our Father in heaven, for needed strength. Charles wrote me, and told me the reasons why he could not come for me. Kittie (William’s daughter) comes with me. We intend, God willing, to leave this on the 4th of May, and spend Sabbath, 8th, at Cradock. I must take the long trip leisurely. I trust we may have fine weather on the journey, but I will try not to be careful. All things are ordered wonderfully for me. . . .

“God bless and keep you my precious child.

“Your loving mother,

“M. MURRAY.”

PART II.

THE MOTHER AND THE HOME.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed."—Prov. xxxi. 28.

"Behold I and the children which God hath given me."—Heb. ix. 13.

"I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice, and I am persuaded that in thee also."—2 Tim. i. 5.

THE MOTHER.

BIRTH. **OUR** Mother was the daughter of Johann Gotlieb Stegmann, of Capetown, of German, or rather Prussian descent. His wife, Jacomina Sophia Hoppe, was also German on her father's side. Her mother's maiden name was Roux. She was a granddaughter of one of the French Huguenots who were banished from France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

She was born on March 5th, 1809, and was the eldest of three children—Maria Susanna; Catharina Johanna, afterwards Mrs. Gie, and Willem Georg.

ANCESTORS. The ancestor with whom we are most familiar is Grandpapa Hoppe. He had been destined for the ministry, but having no inclination to study, he ran away and enlisted as a soldier in the army, where he rose to the rank of officer.

In course of time he found his way out to the Cape, and leaving the army, he devoted himself to more peaceable pursuits. He was of a very ingenious turn of mind, and full of enterprise. Having in his youth assisted his father in a large weaving manufactory, he had some knowledge of business, and started a hat factory and afterwards a tannery. He was a true Christian, and a great friend of missions. The early Moravian missionaries were all entertained in his hospitable house; and



THE MOTHER AND HER SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

not only his heart, but also his purse, was always open for the use of the mission. He longed to have a son to devote to the service of God. This was denied him in his own case, though his prayers were answered after his death, in his grandchildren, and are being answered in the next generation.

His wife was Magdalena Greeff. She had four children, the youngest of whom was our Grandmother.

Our mother's paternal Grandfather Stegmann came from Saxony, and was a tailor by trade. He married Sara Susanna Roux, of French extraction. They had four children; three sons, Jan, Frederik and Albertus, and one daughter. He was a rigid old German, a strict disciplinarian. His wife was a very pious woman, beloved by all who knew her. The son, Johann Gotlieb, was born in 1784. He was only fifteen when his father died. When he married, in 1807, he succeeded to the business of his father-in-law Hoppe, the old gentleman living with him in his house till the close of his life.

The granddaughter always cherished a most loving recollection of our Grandpapa Hoppe. He had a great aversion to worldly conformity, to anything like vanity or dissipation. His daughter, Mrs. Stegmann, died at the early age of thirty-five, and left three children, whose names we have given.

Her Mother's
Death.

Our mother was only twelve when her mother died, but retained a most lively impression of that death-bed. Going into the room, she saw her father on his knees beside the bed. Oom Jan Bresler came in and repeated: "*Jezus neemt de zondaars aan,*" and she responded: "*My ook heeft Hij aangenomen.*"

After Mama's own marriage, her father married a Miss Van Reenen, who had one son. He was baptised Johan Andrew, the second name after his Scotch brother-in-law. He afterwards became the minister of Ceres. Mama's own brother William was, as a child, sent all the way to Graaff

Uncle
William.

Reinet, to be in the house and under the influence of his brother-in-law and sister. And when, in later years, he was sent to Scotland to study, he was confided to the care of our uncle, Dr. John Murray. Of our Uncle William's life and labours no record has been kept, though he was certainly the most earnest revival preacher South Africa has known. But his record is in heaven; and there he will meet a large number who were brought to God through his labours.

Married Life.

What a new world must have opened on the young wife, when she found herself at the head of the house and of the congregation, with her husband! She had enjoyed but a slight education, especially in English; but in her husband she found her instructor and guide. He always read aloud to her in the evenings; and she went through quite a course of reading by herself, which he prescribed for her, including Rollin's Ancient History and Hume's History of England; and together they read Church History. The rest of her time and attention was devoted to the care of her home and little ones. She was on rather intimate terms with some of the older ladies in the place, and availed herself of their wisdom and experience, for when one of her children in later life said: "Mama, how did you learn housekeeping when you were married so young?" she replied: "By never being too proud to acknowledge when I did not know a thing, and asking others to show me. In that way I found Mrs. Stretch a great help to me."

Teaching her
Children.

But how can a child attempt to describe a mother, and especially such a mother? To us she never seemed at all like anyone else; she was just "Mama." She taught us to read before we were old enough to be sent to school; and the hymns and verses we learned at her knee, have remained in the memory of a lifetime. "*Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,*" "*How doth the little busy bee,*" "*Let dogs delight,*" and so many others—we can still hear her voice prompting us, and

above all Van Alphen's "*Ach ! mijn susje is gestorven.*" And the prayer! After more than sixty years we venture to give it from memory, never having seen it in print. It was this:— **Prayers.**

"O Lord God, Who knowest all things, Thou seest me by night as well as by day. Forgive me, I pray Thee, for Christ's sake, whatsoever I have done amiss this day. Keep me safe through all this night. I desire to lie down under Thy care, and to abide for ever under Thy blessing, for Thou art a God of all power and everlasting mercy. Amen."

How well we remember seeing Mama, who had been too busy herself to undress the little ones, when their prayer time came, take off her thimble and lay down her work, while they prayed! During the time she always insisted on perfect silence on the part of all who were in the room.

She took frequent opportunities of impressing the precepts of the Bible on her children's minds. Once when there was a heavy fall of snow—a very unusual sight—she said to one of the boys: "See, just as white as the snow is, so white our souls are washed in the blood of Christ!"

Another time the children were on the front stoep, and seeing a drunken man stagger along, they began laughing. Then Mama said solemnly: "Children, don't you know the Bible says: '*Fools make a mock of sin?*'" They did not laugh any more.

On Sunday afternoon she taught us the *Shorter Catechism*. **Sunday.** It is sweet to recall those Sundays. Such Sunday keeping has gone out of fashion. Children now would perhaps think it a weariness: yet we cannot remember that we as children ever did. The day was strictly observed. On Saturday afternoon, besides the usual Saturday cleaning and sweeping about the house, which of the children but can recall being sent down to the cellar to take out potatoes, and the raisins for the yellow rice for the Sunday dinner? The meat was either cooked

on Saturday, or else so prepared that it could be easily warmed ; for everyone must go to Church, except the nurse girl and the baby. There was often a cold tart on Sunday. The fruit, that in summer always appeared on table three times a day, had been gathered on Saturday. A walk in the garden was of course allowed, and here or there a fruit might be gathered ; but no tree climbing or great fruit picking, as on other days. There were almost always three services beside the Sunday school ; and the bigger children attended all, taking turns to stay and show the little ones Sunday pictures in the afternoon and evening. Toward evening there was the usual Sunday singing, now happily so common in every Christian home. On looking back upon it all, it does seem almost wonderful that the children did not weary of the long services ; for the morning service lasted two hours, and on Communion Sundays three, and we remained to the end. It is perhaps to be ascribed to habit, or still more to the fact that the parents delighted in the worship of God, so the children learned to delight in it too.

**Teaching the
Boys.**

When our father was from home, Mama took upon herself the task of hearing the boys repeat their lessons before going to school. And one of her sons still remembers, how, when he grumbled at his difficult Latin lesson, Mama learned the lesson with him and made him take the book, while she repeated it, and so encouraged him.

Many hours did the girls spend in sewing beside her at the work table, in the window corner of the dining room. She was most skilful in the use of her needle, and was never happier than when her children joined her. That was before the innovation of sewing machines ! It was no light task to do all the sewing for such a large family. She had often to stitch away from morning to night ; then her husband would come in and say : “ Dearie, come and get ready for a walk,” or if it was too late for that, it would be : “ Let us take a turn in the

garden," and this "turn in the garden" at the close of the day, became with her a life-long habit.

Perhaps once a week, or once a fortnight, she would indulge in a visit to one of her friends. Let us try and describe this visit. The little daughter, before school, takes a message from Mama to Mrs. Elsie Ziervogel or Mrs. Berangé, or one of her other friends: "If it is quite convenient, Mama asks leave (*laat belet vragen*) to visit you in the afternoon." Were the lady engaged for that afternoon she did not hesitate to say so; if not, the answer would be: "I shall be very happy to see your Mama." Our dinner was at twelve, and between two and three Mama would be ready to go, taking her work with her in her reticule. (She had one of red morocco and tortoise-shell.) Arrived at the friend's, she was ushered into the large cool parlour, where the lady of the house sat ready to receive her visitor, her work beside her. On the side table stood a well-filled cake basket, covered with a spotless white serviette, a small tray holding two glass pots of *konfijt*, and a differently shaped glass bowl of clear water, in which stood two small silver forks. At three, tea was sent in, and the preserves served with it; and at five, coffee and cake, after which the garden would be visited—the lady of the house usually having the care of the vegetables as well as the flowers. When the little girls had come home from school at four o'clock, they had found their Sunday frocks and bonnets neatly laid out on the bed in their mother's room; and, dressed in these things, they set forth to join Mama at the house where she was visiting. If there were companions of the same age, the boys went too; and how they did romp together in the large garden!

On a holiday, or other rare occasions, father, mother and children would go for a walk, and spend an afternoon in the *veld*, one of the children carrying the sixpennyworth of cakes tied in a serviette. "Picnics" were a later institution; but

' *Laat Belet Vragen.*'

Picnic.

were ever pleasures more enjoyed than these simple ones? The children never went out in the evenings, evening parties not being then in vogue—at least not with our friends. Sometimes on the birthday of a school fellow we were invited for the afternoon, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves; but if it grew dark before our return, a servant was sent to fetch us home.

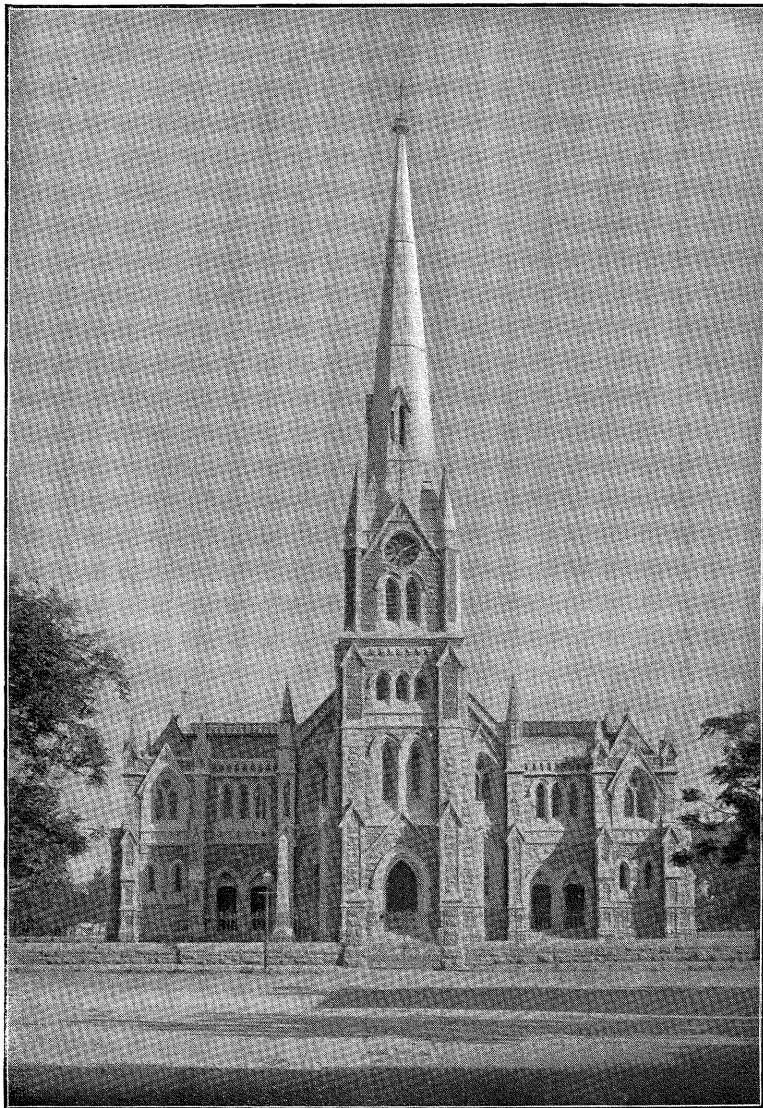
Sneeuw-
bergen.

Sometimes, in the summer, the whole family went out to spend a week or a fortnight in the *Sneeuwbergen* with their kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Barend Burger. The children enjoyed the pleasures of farm life to their heart's content, joining in the delight of harvesting, sheep shearing, fruit gathering, and sometimes spending an hour or two in the schoolroom, where an antiquated schoolmaster reigned supreme, and the town children had an opportunity of showing off their superior learning and accomplishments.

D. R. Church
Synod.

But the grand holiday, *the* event in the lives of the family, was the visit, once in five years, to Cape Town, the Metropolis, where the meeting of Synod was held. Oh, those months of anticipation, those weeks of preparation! There were the ten fine horses, the loan of some kind elders or deacons, kept in the stable to be fed up for the journey; and the horse-waggon, which had been standing long unused in the waggon-house, brought out, and cleaned and painted afresh. And when the team had to be tried and the children got a drive through the streets, their enjoyment had begun! Then came the fitting in to the waggon of the *katel* (a wooden frame filled in with wickerwork of cane, and swung inside at about the height of two feet) which had to serve for seats by day and bed by night. Then the *plat vaatjes* (two flat water kegs) cleaned and filled—the larger with water, the smaller with wine for mixing with the almost stagnant water from pools, or dried-up fountains along the way, through the great karroo. Driver and coachman were hired, whip and harness provided, and—last, but not

Waggon.



THE NEW CHURCH.

least—the tar barrel, which we have almost forgotten. A bad thing for *them*, had they done so, and the wheels caught fire! A source of endless speculation in the minds of the children was the actual danger of such a fatality. Below the waggon was swung the *rem-ketting* (a large iron chain for locking the wheel in going down hill); we were ignorant of *brakes* in those days. Behind was the *trap* (an arrangement for holding pots, kettle and gridiron). All was now ready for the eventful morning of the start, when the finishing touches were given, the trunks skilfully stowed away below the “katel,” the bedding placed on it, with extra blankets and pillows for the overflow members of the party to sleep on, at night, below the waggon. The *kost-mandje* (provision basket)—covered and lined so as to exclude the dust, and, needless to say, well stored with good things, as well as a small supply of crockery, cutlery, and other table requisites—found a place behind. As the basket could not contain food for ten or twelve people for ten days, room had to be found for the bags of boer biscuit, *tassal* (strips of half-dried meat) and sausages. The side pockets were carefully fixed and arranged, stocked with toilette apparatus, candles and matches, the Bible and hymn-book, a little medicine, ointment and bandages in case of casualties on the road.

Oh! the supreme moment of starting, after the horses had **Outspan.** been inspanned, and the travellers each taken their appointed seat. “Crack went the whip, round went the wheels, were never folks so glad.” The first stage of three hours ended all too soon, but then followed the delights of the first “outspan” and encampment in the veld, when each child went to gather an armful of sticks to help light the fire and prepare the meal. These outspans were just a series of picnics, brimful of enjoyment to the happy children. They always wanted to keep a journal, but never did so. Yet on their memories the

impressions are so strong, that they could, even at this distance of time, recall and describe many of those halting places. And the names start up in a strangely familiar way as they now fly past them with the train. The journey from Graaff Reinet to Cape Town, occupied ten days. It was broken by the Sunday rest at some farm or village. Some nights were spent at hospitable farmhouses; but in the Karroo, the whole family lodged in and around the waggon. The morning start was usually made long before daylight, and just after sunrise the halt for breakfast. Family worship, night and morning, was never omitted. The hour of the first and last stage was spent in singing. The elder and his family in their waggon usually accompanied us, and frequently, when the waggons halted for a few minutes, the second waggon would take up the hymn the first was singing. Those were days long before *Sankey*, or *Church Praise*, or even *Bateman* existed; but what a rich store we had, both in Dutch and English! The Dutch Psalms and Hymns, so sacred, so familiar, so tender to us Cape people! We had the Scotch Paraphrases too, and the Cottage Hymns and Olney Hymns; and, best of all, a little stock in our memories of what were called "*Slaven Gezangen*," compiled for the use of native congregations; so simple and so sweet, they were loved most of all. The favourites were "*Liefste Heiland, Uw genade*," "*Mijn Heiland! ik, verloren kind*," "*Hij die den Heiland nog niet heeft*," and "*Ik ben een worm, gansch arm en klein*."

All the sights and sounds of the long expected, far-famed Cape Town and the glories of Grandpapa's house did not, in the eyes of the children, exceed the pleasure of the journey. If the truth must be told, nothing in all Cape Town, nor, if they could have seen it, in London itself, approached in excellence their own old Graaff Reinet. Sweet, happy delusion, which clings to every true born Afrikaner, and comes out

unexpectedly sometimes, in after years ! Even when the judgment is convinced to the contrary, the heart still cries out : “ Let my right hand forget her cunning if I forget thee, oh ! my Jerusalem.”

On the children's return home, school commenced again in School. earnest. The younger ones went to a day school, but the anxious parents were always planning how and where to get, for their elder children, greater advantages than the place afforded. A small legacy coming to our mother was used to send the two eldest boys to Scotland ; and just as our parents were in great difficulty as to further means, the Lord kindly provided help, in a gift from Mr. Williams, a gentleman in India, whom Papa had met in Cape Town, where he was on furlough for his health. Papa had offered him a seat to Graaff Reiniet in his horsewaggon—Mama and the children not having accompanied him that time. Mr. Williams did not forget the hospitality he enjoyed at the Parsonage, and after his return to India sent £75 “ for the education of the boys.” The next two were also provided for, in an unexpected manner. Our good old elder, Mr. Barend Burger, offered to lend them money without interest, until they could repay it. When Charles was leaving, and Papa wished to give Mr. Burger a receipt for the money, he said it was “ unnecessary.” “ But,” replied Papa : “ What if the ship should go down and the money be lost ? ” “ In that case ” said Oom Barend : “ I shall have lost the *money*, but you will have lost a *son*.”

The eldest girls each had a couple of years in a boarding school kept by Mrs. Pears, the wife of the minister at Somerset East. The others were educated at a good school, which was by that time established in Graaff Reiniet.

We have referred to the limited means, and remember how, The Lord Provides. when walking with Papa one day, he said in confidence, after

speaking of his advancing years : “ If I should be taken away now, Mama would be left penniless.” But God remembered His servant ; for, shortly after, he was surprised by the members of his congregation, headed by Mr. Ziervogel, calling on him, and presenting him with a casket, containing £1,200, as a token of the love of his congregation. So Mama and the little girls were provided for by a faithful God, through a loving people.

To return to Mama. What a companion that mother was to her girls, to her grown-up sons, to her married daughters ! The mother’s smile imparted sweetness to everything in that home. The arrivals and departures of children never caused much interruption in the even flow of her calm, happy temper. If asked what was her chief characteristic, we should reply : *Contentment*, habitual, unvarying content. She was happy in her husband and her children, and supremely happy in the love of God, Who had been so good to her. The peace of God kept her heart fixed, and every action, almost every moment, expressed that restfulness. Rest in the midst of work ! A state which we all do covet so earnestly. Communion with God must have been the source of it. She never failed to take time for her private devotions. Children and servants knew that when that chamber door was shut, she must not be disturbed ; and they hesitated to knock, even if it seemed necessary.

**Private
Prayer.**

When complimented on her youthful looks (as once, when leaning on the arm of her eldest son, she was taken for his wife !) she used to reply : “ Oh, but I have always had such good health.” Would that good health oftener brought such results !

Not only her good looks, but her spirits made her young in her old age. On one occasion she lent her cap and shawl to one of the little ones, who wished to dress up as “ old age.” In later life, a good deal of her time was devoted to writing to

her children. One of her children said : " Mama's letters are all love-letters," and another one remarked : " There is hardly a letter of hers in which she does not speak of God's goodness and love."

The children who died were—*Isabella*, aged fourteen months. She took cold on the journey to Port Elizabeth, when our parents took John and Andrew there, before they sailed for Scotland.

*Isabella,
George,
Robert and
Maggie.*

The next was *George*, a fine boy of six. He was taken with croup ; and, as there was no doctor in the place, he was treated by the apothecary, whose endeavour was to let the measles—prevalent at the time—strike out. Next morning, as his mother was giving him his breakfast, he began to choke ; and when she laid him down, he was gone. Our father had doted on *George*, and was in an agony of grief when he died. Some years afterwards, when little *Robert*, a beautiful boy of four, was dying of inflammation of the brain ; Papa prayed and offered him to the Lord ; but his sister could not give him up, and remonstrated. Then Papa said : " I sinned when *George* died, and rebelled against God's will ; now I shall not do so again. *Maggie* died of brain fever, thought to be caused by a sunstroke on the journey home from the Synod. At a stage beyond Beaufort West, she was suffering so greatly, that a messenger was sent back to Beaufort for a doctor. His medicine gave some relief ; and the journey was continued by short stages, till home was reached ; and there she died.

Then there was *Kitty*. She followed upon *Bella*, and was taken from us at the age of eighteen, " loving and much beloved." The following account of her illness and death was written by *Bella* :—

Kitty.

" Her's was a very short illness. On Wednesday she complained of headache, and I went to the evening service alone. On Thursday she was no better, and that night she

said : 'I can say no longer : I have heard of it by the hearing of the ear ; for now I know what illness is.' She had always had such perfect health. Her's was a most lovable disposition.

"Papa was not at home, so Mama had her to sleep with her that night. On Friday morning she was no better, and Dr. Fehrsen was called. At first he did not seem to think it anything serious ; but later in the day she became very much oppressed. And when he came again he looked very grave, and said, if there was no improvement next morning, he would bring Dr. Maasdorp. There was no improvement ; nothing seemed to relieve the terrible oppression. An incision in the throat was tried, but was of no avail. The doctors said it was a most uncommon case, inflammation of the larynx—like a spider's web spun across the windpipe, the same as croup in a little child. One doctor had never had such a case ; the other had seen it in a hospital, in England.

"At mid-day on Saturday their verdict was given—there was nothing to be done. She had scarcely spoken during the day ; but about an hour before she left us, 7 p.m., she seemed free from pain, as if to give her last message and say good-bye. When Mama asked her : 'My child, are you going to leave us?' 'Yes,' she said, "and think of it! to be with Jesus, and never to grieve my Saviour any more." Papa was away at Cradock. When she heard she would not see him again, she said : 'Never mind, I'll thank him in heaven for what he has done for me.' She asked for the servants to be called, and said good-bye to them. Then she said : 'Call *Outa Jakob*.' Mama told her he was away at his house, and it was raining heavily. She replied : 'Well, I know God will forgive me for not being more faithful.' To the doctor, when he felt her pulse, she said : 'Why, Doctor! I thought I would have been in Heaven by this time,'—'as calmly,' he afterwards told our father, 'as I would say : "I'm going to the back street."' "

“To me, who had drawn her pillow over my arm, so that her head lay against my shoulder, when I said : ‘It will be your birthday on Thursday,” she said : ‘Yes, and now I’ll spend my birthday in Heaven!’ Then I said : ‘On Sunday we sat together at the Lord’s table.’ She replied : ‘We little thought then, that next Sunday I would be at the marriage supper of the Lamb.’

“To friends she also left messages : ‘Tell Mr.— I have asked God to lift on him the light of His countenance.’ This was alluding to the last English sermon she had heard Papa preach : ‘Many say, who will show us any good, etc.’ Her very last words were :—

‘Zal eens ‘t graf mijn stof verzaam’len,
Juichend zal in stervens pijn,
‘t Laatste woord dat ik zal staam’len,
‘Vrije gunst, genade zijn.’

“When she had said : ‘*genade*,’ she never spoke again.

“It was very beautiful, but oh! so unexpected. Yet we did recall how, walking in the garden one lovely night, not long before her homegoing, she had said :—

‘It is not that these green fields have grown less fair,
Or these dear friends less dear;
But I am homesick.’

“She both played and sang very beautifully, and the last lines she sang were :—

‘To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.’ ”

After the death of our father, our mother continued to reside in the Parsonage with her two youngest daughters, in the home of her son Charles, who succeeded his father. The arrangement was most happy for all parties. The grand-

In Charles’
Home.

children were the constant delight of their beloved Grandma. The son waited on his mother with the tender love of one who felt that a precious charge had been entrusted to his care. No less did the affectionate daughter-in-law contribute her share. Also her bachelor son, James, was an inmate of the home; and how proud he felt when he had Mama to lean on his arm on the way to and from the House of God! What a kind provision made for her by her Heavenly Father, that she was permitted to remain in that dear old home!

But not only did she enjoy the love of the children and grandchildren around her; the other married children had some share when she visited them, from time to time, at their own homes. Four times during her widowhood she took the long journey to Cape Town, during Synod time, remaining from October to April, and spending some weeks in the homes of William at Worcester, John and Maria at Stellenbosch, Jemima at the Paarl, and Andrew at Wellington. As Stellenbosch was the most central, more than one delightful family gathering was held there in the drawing-room of the Parsonage. Brother Andrew was the Convener, and everyone made an effort to be present. Then in that large circle of brothers and sisters, one after another would testify of the loving-kindness of our Covenant-keeping God. And many heartfelt prayers went up to the "God of our fathers," asking Him to "be the God of their succeeding race." On a former similar occasion, three little grandchildren had been baptised by their grandfather—John's *Margaret*, Maria's *Ella*, and Charles' *Andrew*.*

Family
Gatherings.

That baptismal sermon was preached by our brother Andrew on God's Covenant with Abraham, and a digest of it may be found in his work, "*The Children for Christ*."

* More than twenty-five years later these three met again at the dinner-table of the Parsonage.

On the last occasion that Mama spent her birthday at the Paarl with Mima, when some of us met together there, and when the wish was expressed: "that she might be spared to us, but if it should be His will to take her soon, we might be resigned," Brother Andrew objected. He thought we ought definitely to ask God to spare her to us, as we still needed her prayers. A little while after, when one of her children was praying with her, and listened to the loving petition poured forth for each child in that home, we felt that we could ill spare such prayers.

In all these homes, also at Somerset and Graaff Reinets, it was beautiful to see the love of the grandchildren for her; and as beautiful her loving interest in each of them. One of her granddaughters had visited her at Graaff Reinets, and on the morning she was to leave, found, on the dressing-table in her bedroom, a set of neckties, hemmed by Grandma's own hands, for her husband—the minister grandson-in-law; also, a set of handkerchiefs, a tin of biscuits, and a box of dates—just a sample of Grandma's habitual kindness and thoughtfulness.

OUR MOTHER'S HOME-GOING.

Our precious mother was called home in 1889. We had been hoping she might come to Stellenbosch at the approaching Synod time. But it was not to be. Toward the end of August we received a telegram at Stellenbosch: "Mother very weak," and some hours later: "Mother sweetly fell asleep in Jesus." The letter that followed gave us particulars. Charles had been away the previous week, preaching at Uitenhage. He had left Mama ailing, only complaining of weakness; but on his return home, he was surprised to find her lying on the sofa in her room, and looking very ill. The doctor said it was the breaking up of her constitution; "the bricks of the building

were being taken out." She had frequently asked the children to read to her John xvii, and greatly delighted in it. The next day the doctor said the left lung was congested, and prescribed poulticing. As they were anxious about her, her daughter Ellie, who lived at the Seminary, remained in the house for the night. Maria, her granddaughter, remained with her in the room. Early in the morning she noticed Mama was growing weaker, and she called her Aunt Ellie, who, on coming into the room said: "Mama, the everlasting arms are underneath you." "Yes," she replied, "and all around me."

"How do you feel now?"

"Very comfortable, but very tired; I should like to sleep."

As each of the children in turn came to take leave of her, she kissed them, saying: "Goodnight," thinking she was going to sleep; and so she was—but to wake in Heaven.

In his letter, Charles continues: "There was no pain, no effort; her breathing stopped so gently, that we could hardly realise that she was really gone. If you were here to-night you would see her lie in her coffin in unspeakable beauty; not a trace of suffering, nothing in that precious face that you would not wish to see there. It is a relief and pleasure to sit near her, and give expression to one's tenderest affection.

"During the last days her mind had been in a state of most perfect peacefulness. Even to the close of her present life, she did not seem to realize that she was really going; this must have become clear to her only when she awoke in the likeness of God.

"The memories of the last day and night of her life I shall always cherish. God was more tender to her than a mother: no pain, no anxiety, no unfulfilled desire—you could read all this on her beautiful face to-night. And is not the memory of her whole past life a happy and a hallowed one? So gentle, so Jesus-like in her utter unselfishness, so continually full of

the deep peace of God, and of love to us! She is gone before. I did plead with God to spare her a little longer, for us to have the sunshine of her presence, and the benefit of her prayers yet awhile. But our Father saw that we had enjoyed her long enough, and that it was her time to enter into that rest, the foretaste of which had been so sweet to her on earth.

“The remembrance of the dear Mother is extremely blessed. Oh! how I miss her, especially at meals and at family prayers, as was the case last night, when we sang: ‘*Eens zullen wij met Jezus leven,*’ in which her sweet, tremulous voice was not heard. And how I shall miss that precious face at the Communion, when, with so much joy and blessing, she used to take from my hand the bread and the wine.”

PART III.

THE CHILDREN.

(Written by different members of the family, the following short sketches are given, to hand down to posterity what might otherwise be lost. May they prove a reminder of what the children's children owe, under God, to the prayers of their parents; and of the blessing that may be expected in answer to prayer.)

"Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children."—Ps. xlv: 16.

"The Lord God be with us as He was with our fathers."—1 Kings viii: 47.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—Matt. xxviii: 20.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1894, a photograph was sent by a lady in America to a friend in Wellington, and forwarded to members of our family. It was the picture of a sweet little girl of ten or twelve years. Turning the photograph round, we found written on the back:—*"Margaret Murray Gibb, great grand-daughter of Margaret, sister of the Rev. Andrew Murray, who went to the Cape in 1822. Deut. vii: 9."*

We looked up the reference, and read: "Know, therefore, that the Lord thy God He is God, the faithful God, which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love Him and keep His commandments to a thousand generations."

With feelings of emotion, we looked up and read our own family text, Isaiah lix. 21: "As for Me, this is My covenant with them, saith the Lord; My Spirit that is upon thee, and My words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart

out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever."

Here was more than a coincidence. Was not the fact of its coming to us, in this the centennial year of our father's birth, God reminding us of His faithfulness in keeping His covenant with our ancestor or ancestors? That two branches of the same family, two children of the same father, on widely separated continents, should claim God's promises for their children, and should prove His Word to have come true in their own case? Did not the plain, godly farmer in Aberdeenshire and his wife enter into a covenant with God, to give this blessing on their descendants? We cannot for a moment doubt it. The two families had heard next to nothing of each other in all that time. The prayer of the father in Africa, that his children might "*serve God in their day and generation,*" so often expressed, had been abundantly answered. And here we find the same prayer answered in the case of the children of his sister in Canada.

In the year 1895 our brother Andrew visited Canada, and found these cousins walking in the fear of the Lord, and serving Him in their day and generation.

The same is also true of the children of the brother who remained in Scotland, the late Dr. John Murray.

Does God not show it is His will to save whole families and their descendants, unto the latest generation? He says: "*Unto a thousand generations,*" and: "*Henceforth and for ever.*"

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him! And let the whole earth be filled with His glory!"

May these very simple family records help to bring that glory and hasten that day. Not unto us, not unto us, but to His Name shall be the praise!

JOHN.

The eldest child of the Graaff Reinets Parsonage was John, born September 15th, 1826.

In him the prayers of his father and grandfather began to show their fulfilment. Born an heir to the Covenant of Grace, he early gave evidence of that grace in his own heart. As a child he was thoughtful, loving, and obedient, and his affection to his mother never grew less, as his children well knew, who watched his devotion to her in later years. Up to his twelfth year he breathed the hallowed atmosphere of the home, where his mother's gentle influence, and his father's earnest teaching were laying the foundation of his character.

In 1838 his father decided that it was time for his school and college training to be begun; and he and his brother Andrew, two years younger than himself, were sent to the charge of their uncle, Rev. Dr. John Murray, in Aberdeen, Scotland. What this parting must have meant to both parents and children, in those days of imperfect navigation and no railways, we can only dimly guess. But the sacrifice was not in vain.

After a voyage by sailing vessel, that lasted three months, the boys reached Aberdeen, and were sent to the Grammar School there. And it was found, that the Latin they had learnt from their father at home was quite equal to that of the boys of their own age at the school. They passed through the Grammar School and Marischal College, winning prizes and earning distinction. Of their happy family life in their uncle's home glimpses have come to us, through the letters that were written to their parents at the time, and through the loving terms in which their surviving cousins, long afterwards, always alluded to them.



PROF. JOHN MURRAY AND MRS. MURRAY.

Of the two, it was John who was the friend of his uncle; and young as he was at the time, he could enter deeply into the earnest questions which were then vexing the Church of Scotland, and which in 1843 culminated in the Disruption.

Dr. John Murray was one of the many ministers who gladly forsook all for conscience' sake; and there is no doubt that the events of that time, not only made a deep impression on his nephew, but they must also have greatly helped to strengthen the fibre of his soul.

After seven years in Aberdeen, the two brothers went to Holland, to complete their theological studies and to learn the Dutch language. Many beautiful testimonies are left us concerning their intercourse with their fellow-students in Utrecht. Especially did they leave their mark upon a small band of earnest students, who at that time joined themselves together for the study of God's Word, and who gladly welcomed into their circle the two young men from Scotland. This society was called "Sechor Dabar" (Remember the Word); and of its members John's dearest friend was young Schijvliet, who remained his friend to the end of his life, and in conversation with whom it was, that the joy of full assurance of salvation first broke upon his soul.

At length the long course of training was complete. The brothers returned to the Aberdeen home, to bid farewell to the dear ones there, and then finally set their faces towards their own home in South Africa, to take up their work as Ministers of the Gospel.

In 1849 John was inducted minister of the parish of Burgersdorp where he laboured for eight years; until, in 1857, he was called to be the first Professor of the Theological Seminary at Stellenbosch, with Professor N. J. Hofmeyr as his colleague. There he laboured till the end of his strenuous life.

During the years at Burghersdorp he had been greatly grieved at the ignorant state of the youth of his congregation, and so he set about to prepare two books, the *Kinderbijbel* and the *Catechizatie Boek*, which should be an aid to the study of the Bible, and the doctrines of the Dutch Reformed Church. These books, as Professor Hofmeyr rightly says, brought about a blessed revolution in the religious teaching of the youth of South Africa. Later on he published various other devotional books, the *Huis Altaar*, *Volksprediker*, etc., all of them written with the object of providing simple, yet helpful, literature for those whose privileges were few, and whose supply of reading was scanty in the extreme.

Professor John Murray had now entered upon his life work of preparing young men for the ministry of the Church which he loved, yet he found time for various other forms of service. He was unwearied in helping on the cause of education in South Africa, and when the University of the Cape of Good Hope was founded, he was appointed one of the Members of Council, a position he filled until his death. A great feature of his work at Stellenbosch was the Sunday afternoon service in English, which will be a blessed memory to many while they live, and which, we do not doubt, is still lovingly remembered by many who are now in Heaven.

In 1850, the year after his induction at Burghersdorp, Professor Murray had been married to Maria Anna, eldest daughter of Mr. J. F. Ziervogel, formerly C.C. and R.M. of Somerset East, and later for many years Member of Parliament for Graaff Reinet. Of their children, four died in infancy; but seven daughters and three sons grew up to enjoy the privilege of watching the daily walk and conversation of a father, who, in his gentle, yet earnest, saintliness, seemed to them, and still seems, to stand apart and alone. Cast in an iron mould, there was something stern, and at times almost

forbidding, in his exterior, but how well his children knew the tenderly affectionate heart that beat within! What an inspiration to us was his unflinching sense of duty, perhaps the most predominant feature in his character! What a tower of strength in his wise, just counsels! What a rebuke to our selfishness in the calm, heavenly light that often seemed to surround his face!

Of all the impressions made upon his children, perhaps none will be more lasting than that of his deep interest in the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom in heathen lands. This was shown in many practical ways,—in his unfailing kindness to the missionaries with whom he came into contact, in the way he valued their friendship, and never failed, when opportunity offered, to befriend them or their children. No guest was more welcomed or honoured at his table than a missionary. His sympathy extended to all denominations—French, Rhenish, L.M.S., Wesleyan, Free Church, as well as Dutch Reformed. He warmly supported the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

He had a deep sense of the holiness of God, and of the sinfulness of sin; and at times we still seem to feel the solemn hush that came over us when he read the hymn, of which he never wearied,

“Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty”;

or in Dutch,

“Geloofd zij God met diepst ontzag”;

or,

“Uw goedheid, Heer! is hemelhoog.”

His sermons were always emphatically short and clear, and deeply searching.

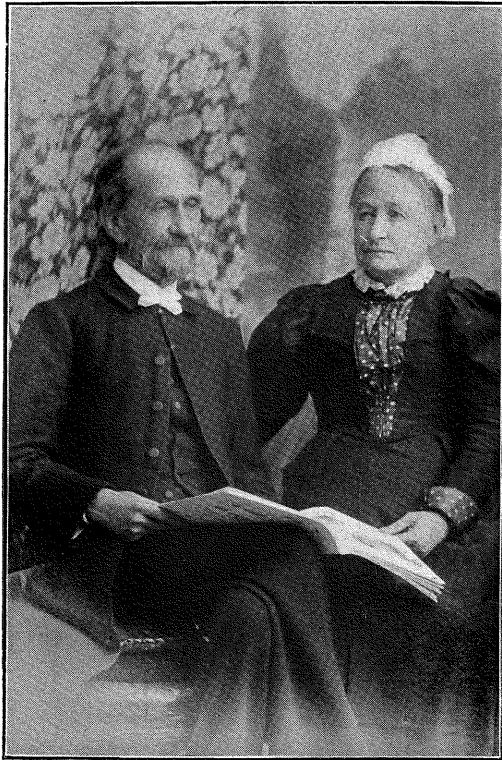
In the year 1881, his untiring energies were at length showing signs of yielding, and it became necessary for him to take a prolonged rest. Part of the time was spent in a visit to

Europe, where, for the first time after so many years, he revisited the scenes of his student days. He returned home full of plans for future work. But it was not to be. When the Christmas vacation of 1882 began, he went to the Strand. Our mother and the five youngest children were with him there. On Christmas evening, he spoke at a Christmas-tree in the church on: "A little child shall lead them." He went home, feeling tired and ill, and next morning did not rise, but lay quietly at rest. It was the beginning of the Eternal Rest ! With hardly a farewell he passed away, on the afternoon of December 27th, 1882, to be "made exceeding glad" with God's countenance.

ANDREW

was very near to John in age. They were each other's constant companions up to the time they entered on their different spheres of labour. Of his boyhood, the chief memories are of his exuberant spirits and good temper. He resembled his mother in features and in character.

The two brothers, so dissimilar in temperament, were each just what was requisite to the other for the moulding of character. John was contemplative, studious, hard-working ; Andrew, eager and bright, acquiring learning with very little exertion, looked up to his elder brother, who admired him in return. John, with his logical and enquiring mind, was always examining himself for proof of his acceptance with God, and mourned over it that he had not a definite experience of it. With Andrew it was different. He came under deep religious impressions at the time when he was much with William Burns, who was holding revival services in Aberdeen, often carrying his books for him ; but he dated his conversion two years later, at Utrecht, in Holland. One day a letter



DR. ANDREW AND MRS. MURRAY.

came to the Graaff Reinets Parsonage, which began thus:—
“We were very glad to hear of the birth of another son; but I can send you far gladder tidings, tidings over which angels have rejoiced! Your son Andrew has been born again!”

In Holland, he was a great favourite with the little company of godly students, and kept up so well with his elder brother in study, that the two were ordained on the same day—Andrew’s twentieth birthday—in the Hague.

There was great rejoicing in the old home when “the boys,” as they were still called, arrived from Europe. They had been away nearly eleven years, and had to be introduced to the younger brothers and sisters who had been born during their absence, and of whom they only knew the names.

Those were five happy months, when Father, Mother, and twelve children “went to the house of God in company.” The two sons took their turn in their father’s pulpit. Andrew was so boyish, so merry, and so full of fun, that one of the children asked, if he were really to go up into the pulpit to preach? The two sons seemed to have brought a heavenly influence with them, so that when this happy time was drawing to a close, and our hearts were heavy at the thought of our brothers leaving us, Andrew said: “What! Would you have us make a little heaven here for ourselves, and never want to leave it for another?”

As the laws of our Church had fixed the age for taking charge of a congregation at twenty-two, Andrew was disqualified on account of his youth. It was, therefore, decided that he should spend two years evangelising the country beyond the Orange River. In all that vast region there was not a single minister. His parish extended from the Orange River to the Limpopo, and, as someone then said: “Since he might not be a minister, they made him a bishop.”

His headquarters were at Bloemfontein. From there he went, once in three months, to the towns of what is now the Orange River Colony, where Churches had been established, also taking tours into what is now the Transvaal, where, on one occasion, he preached to more than two thousand people in the open air. The Communion Services extended over three days, and as many as eight or nine sermons had to be preached. He had to preside over Church meetings for the election of elders and deacons; there were also "*aanneming*," baptisms, marryings, cases of Church discipline, and private exhortations at each Communion season.

So the boy of twenty overtaxed his strength. Indeed, his mother always maintained, that it was because he was not yet full grown at this time, that later he suffered so much from pain in his back. The extreme youth of this beardless boy made one old farmer exclaim: "Why, he is just a little girl!" (*een meisje*).

The overwhelming earnestness of the young preacher produced an immense impression. Had there been "after meetings" in those days, converts would have been registered by hundreds. But God keeps the real register, and it is known in Heaven who were brought in during that ministry.

In the Transvaal he was greatly beloved by his people, and they earnestly entreated him to cast in his lot with them. But it was chiefly in deference to his father's wishes that he declined, and confined his work to the then British Sovereignty (now Orange Free State). It seemed a strange providence of God, that the whole of that large country (Transvaal), with its Bible-loving and minister-loving people, should have been left a prey to Rationalistic ministers from Holland.

He made three visits to England, one in the cause of the British Sovereignty, again for his health, and once more to

plead the case of the Church of the Cape Colony before the House of Lords. Of his later visits we need not speak here.

While minister of Bloemfontein he visited Capetown, and sought the hand of a young lady whom he had met when they were both visiting England, Miss Emma Rutherford. They were married soon after, and she was his devoted and faithful helper in each successive sphere of his ministerial work, first at Bloemfontein, then at Worcester, in Capetown, and at Wellington.

As minister of Worcester he lived through a time of revival, almost equalling in intensity the revival in Ireland of the year before. This was perhaps the happiest and most fruitful time of his labours; the next field, Capetown, being a city congregation, was harder work, and yielded less encouragement. But God gave him many souls there, too. After some years, he accepted a call to Wellington; and it has been here that it has pleased God to honour him in granting him to become the founder of the various Institutions. Here his books have been written; here he has directed Missions; has held his Conferences; has exercised an influence too well known to be described or commented upon.

In the old days his addresses were heart-searching. They are now soul-inspiring. What he was then to his brothers and sisters and their families he still is to them, in addition to his own.

What one said of him some time ago, on occasion of his birthday, may be quoted here: "I thank God for making him such a fountain of joy and blessing to all around him."

We must leave it to his biographer to try and describe what he has been to us all. The keynote will always be: "We thank God for him." As our dear Father used to say: "There is only One Whom we need not fear of praising too much."—"He only is meet to be praised."

On January 2nd, 1905, EMMA, our beloved sister, the wife of our brother Andrew, was taken home. She had long been suffering from rheumatism; and when it became unusually severe, and she kept her bed for a week, nothing serious was apprehended. In the evening of the last day she became suddenly weaker, and on her husband being called, her spirit quietly took its flight while he was praying and her daughters kneeling around her bed. To the congregation of Wellington her death has been an irreparable loss. She was associated with her husband in all his work. Her prayer meetings, Bible classes, poor schools, especially the Mission Training Institution for Young Women, which was named after her, are also much the poorer for the loss of her unwearied efforts, her fervent piety, her wise counsels, her sweet presence, her devotion to Christ.

WILLIAM

was essentially the mother's boy. Being the eldest child at home after John and Andrew had left for Scotland, and his sister Maria being away at school, it fell to him to help Mama in the house. He and Charles went to school together, till it became time for him to choose a profession. His father and brothers had a dread of his choosing the ministry just because they had done so; nor were the means forthcoming for study abroad. So it was decided that he should go to Capetown, and find employment in a merchant's warehouse, so as to fit him for business. In Capetown he came under the influence of his uncle, the Rev. G. W. Stegmann, and shared in the blessing of a wonderful Revival, which took place in connection with St. Stephen's Church. A theatre had been bought by our uncle William, which he turned into a Mission chapel. Here he got together a number of earnest workers,



REV. AND MRS. W. MURRAY.

amongst them our brother William. Full of missionary zeal born out of a revival, Mr. Stegmann, with a few coadjutors, formed what they called "The Apostolic Union," and established several Mission stations, placing on them earnest young men, who had, however, had very little preparatory study. William was most eager to join them, but on writing to his father, he received the answer, that he must not think of entering upon the work of a missionary without a full course of theological study; *then* his father would rejoice to see him become a missionary.

It was through the influence of Uncle William Stegmann that the young men, N. Hofmeyr, J. H. Neethling, H. Faure, and later S. Hofmeyr and A. A. Louw, were led to devote themselves to the ministry. How much this has meant to the Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa, cannot be told. It was from his glowing zeal and love for souls that they got their inspiration.

William studied at the University of Utrecht, and on his return home was called to the congregation of Middelburg, newly established by his father. Rhenosterberg, the cradle of the Dopper community, was situated within his parish, and he had to win his way into the hearts of the people, which he did. When, some years later, he was called to take Andrew's place at Worcester, it was a hard parting from his people.

About a year after his induction at Middelburg he had married his cousin, Ellie Gie.

They had sixteen children, nine of whom are living. Two sons are in the ministry, a third is a missionary. One daughter is married to a minister. Of the four daughters at home with their widowed mother, two are engaged in teaching (one in the Blind Department of the Deaf and Blind Institute), and the two youngest have the care of their missionary brother's children and do their share of Christian work in Worcester.

William's characteristic virtue was his humility. He was indeed, the disciple of the Master, Who said: "I am among you as one that serveth."

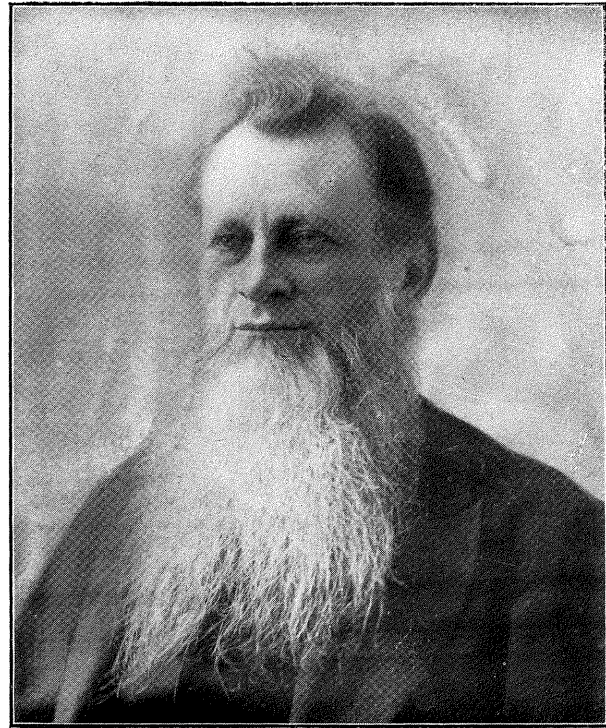
His congregation at Worcester were devoted to him, and were his willing helpers in many works of charity, the chief of which are the Institutes for the Deaf and Dumb, and Blind, He imparted to them some of his missionary zeal; and they support his missionary son in Nyasaland.

Several times he undertook the long journey to Namaqualand—old horse-wagon style—where the scattered population is most difficult to reach, It was ever a joy to him to break the Bread of Life to those hungry souls.

How great is his reward for the many, many cups of cold water given in the name of Christ!

During the last two years of his ministry he had the joy of having a son as his assistant. They worked in perfect concord and with much blessing, daily praying together for their work. God took him when he was at his best. He left no unfinished undertaking behind. The one event he had looked forward to, was the visit home of his missionary son, after five years in Nyasaland. On Sunday, July 2nd, 1899, he had the joy of dispensing the Communion to his congregation, with a minister son at either hand helping him! During the week that followed he was poorly, but only took to bed the next Sunday.

During his illness he was perfectly calm, having thought and care only for the spiritual interests of the people he so dearly loved. When later on he grew delirious, his words were of school meetings and prayer meetings. Once he said: "Help that blind boy." Another time: "Be kind to that deaf child." Then: "Tell the Matron at the Seminary, I shall be over to see her soon." "There is £400 in the bank for the poor. Ask Mr. Beck for it."



REV. AND MRS. J. H. NEETHLING.

When his brother Andrew and his sister Jemima came, he was so happy to see them. Andrew said: "I have come to preach for you, as you are ill. What shall I say?" He replied: "Give a powerful testimony."

On Sunday morning the end drew near; and as the second church bell rang, the family was summoned to the room. He folded his hands on his chest in the very way he used to do in Sunday school, and offered a prayer for his people, in so clear a voice that the bystanders could understand almost all of it. Then he rallied again, and it was not until a few minutes after eleven o'clock, the time he always said "*Amen!*" to his sermons, that his life said its great AMEN.

Amongst the many telegrams received during the following days was one from Rev. Mr. Steytler: "Onze Paulusen en Petrusen zijn er nog, maar onze Johannes is heengegaan."

As a testimony to the love his people bore him, they erected a costly monument over his grave, and built his widow and daughters a house in the grounds of the Parsonage, on a spot selected by himself, some time before his home-going.

MARIA.

Maria, the eldest daughter, came between William and Charles. Her first lessons were learned at her mother's knee, till she was sent to Mrs. Wentworth's school. When she was twelve, her parents decided to take her to Somerset East, where Mrs. Pears, the wife of the D. R. Minister, had a private boarding school. It was while there that she became anxious about her soul, and poured out her heart in letters to her father, the answers to which appear in his memorial.

She had loved the Saviour since she had been a little child, but she wanted the assurance of her acceptance with God, This was given her shortly after her return home. After

being two years at school, she was required at home to assist her mother in the care of her little brothers and sisters. She taught them in the morning, and helped Mama with making their clothes in the afternoon. A few years later she had the privilege of intercourse with her brothers, on their return from Europe.

She delighted in biography and poetry, and had a great veneration for the saintly men and women—Brainerd, Henry Martyn, Isabella Graham, Harriet Newell, Mrs. Judson, etc.; and most of all, M'Cheyne.

Of the poets, Milton and Cowper were her favourites; but the handsome volume of Shakespeare, which lay hidden behind other books, on the lowest shelf in her father's study, she was forbidden to touch, and when once she did surreptitiously open it, her little Puritan soul was so shocked by the oaths and curses, that she quickly put it back again. A brightly-bound copy of Don Juan was committed to the flames of the big brick oven by her mother—a wholesome lesson to the children.

Her love and admiration for her two eldest brothers were unbounded. For three months she was with her brother Andrew, at Bloemfontein; but her promise to remain with him always was broken, when she accepted the offer of marriage made by her brother's friend, the Rev. J. H. Neethling! The many happy years of married life that followed, showed that God had chosen for her.

Seven years were spent in the little Parsonage at Prince Albert, among a simple, loving people. The parents of the minister lived in the parish; and one sister, Hennie, lived with her brother and sister. She was, and still is, the beloved "Auntie" of a host of nephews and nieces, and many besides.

The Theological Seminary had just been founded at Stellenbosch, and the beloved fellow-students of Mr. Neethling—John Murray and Nicolaas Hofmeyr—appointed Professors, when the call came to him to take the place of the Minister, Rev. Heroldt, who had died. It seemed an intimation that the Lord wanted him to join them there. He accepted the call; and the three friends worked together till the Lord took home His servant, Prof. Murray, in 1882, and Rev. Neethling in 1904, in the fifty-fifth year of his ministry.

When he first came to Stellenbosch, there was hardly a school in the place, and his first care was to establish one for boys, which grew into the Gymnasium; and later came the Victoria College. Of the other institutions—Bloemhof, a boarding school for girls; Eikenhof, and Harmonie, also for girls; and Wilgenhof, for young men—names chosen by himself, he was the patron and founder.

But the Mission had with him, all through, the first place. He was for many years Convener and Secretary, and more than once visited the far-off Mission stations.

How his people loved him! Not only to his own nephews and nieces, but to members of children in the congregation, he was the beloved "Oom Neethling." His kind face, his gentlemanly bearing, his genial disposition endeared him to all who knew him.

To his kindness as a host, many friends, missionaries, teachers and others can testify. Mr. and Mrs. Neethling celebrated their golden wedding on December 4th, 1901, and three years later the Lord called His devoted servant home, and thither his works do follow him.

His health had for some time been failing, but no danger was apprehended, and his illness lasted only a fortnight. Some days before the end he said to his dear one: "I feel that I am going to die." "No," was the response, "unless it be that the

Lord Jesus has said : ' Father, I will that they also which Thou has given Me be with Me where I am.' " " Yes," he replied, " that is it."

On account of extreme weakness he spoke very little. His two physician sons nursed him with the greatest tenderness. When his beloved brethren, the Professors, were with him, Prof. Hofmeyr solemnly pronounced the benediction on the soul just entering Heaven, he slightly whispered : Amen !

For three hours the members of the family sat round the room, in deep silence. It was indeed the gate of Heaven. In the hushed solemnity of that hour, without a sigh or even a flutter of the heart, he entered into the joy of his Lord.

The Neethling family numbered twelve children. The eldest son, Hendrik Johannes, has been, for twenty-five years, minister of Lydenburg, in the Transvaal. The tragic death of his beloved wife, Cecilia Steyn, in a concentration camp, cast a deep gloom over all the families. The second son, Andrew Murray, studied medicine in Edinburgh. He married Miss Annie Paterson. They also lived in Lydenburg, and both brothers were with the Boer forces during the war—one as minister, the other as doctor. Mimie, the eldest daughter, was with her brother Willie when he died at Mochudi. Afterwards she married the Rev. H. Gonin, a devoted missionary. Johannes Henoeh married Miss Jeannie Murray, a lady from Ayr, and settled in Stellenbosch, where he is the District surgeon. Charlie came next. Though his intellect was clouded, he knew and loved the Saviour, and went to be with Him. Ella, the second daughter, has always been delicate, but has strength given her to live and work for God. Nettie is the wife of the Rev. P. J. Pienaar, of Somerset West. Next comes Willie, the missionary son, who was permitted to spend only eleven months in his beloved work. A little Memoir of him entitled : " Made Exceeding Glad "—an extract from which is given

below—was published at the time. Jemima married Mr. Albert Kennedy. Christie, whose twin brother, Nico, lived only eight months, is the minister of Neuwoudtville. He married Miss Hannie Rabie. Katie, the youngest daughter, is with her mother, "Auntie," and her sister Ella, in their home, "Vredelust."

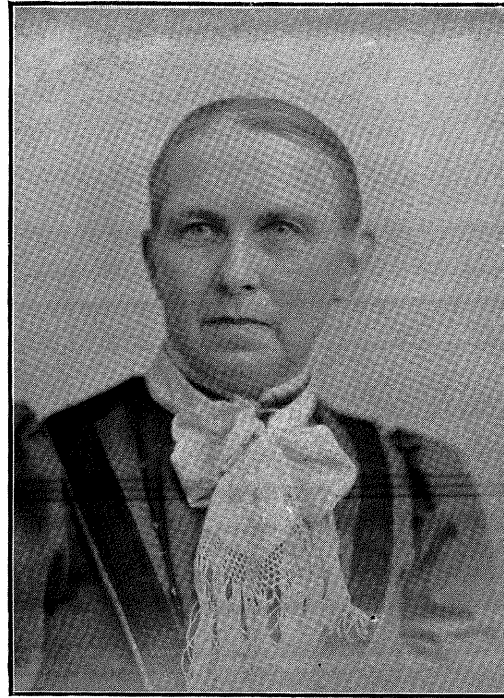
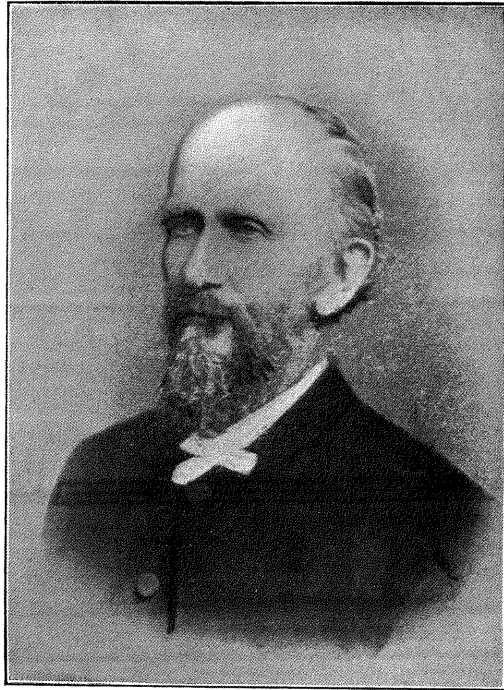
DEATH OF WILLIE NEETHLING.

His sister wrote :—

"Oh, that I had the pen of an angel, to write you of all God's mercy and goodness! For myself I can only say: 'I was dumb, and opened not my mouth, for Thou did'st it.' Where shall I begin to tell of his love as a brother, his kindness as a friend, his success as a missionary? We often said to each other: 'We four are so happy together, it cannot last.' 'Yes,' he said once: 'God is going to prepare us for some great sorrow; I think He is strengthening us for it.'

"On Wednesday he said: 'The wreck of the Church is more serious than I thought. I want that gable to come down. I am so afraid it will be falling and killing somebody.' Little did we think——! That afternoon Segale made Willie very happy, by assuring him that they would do all in their power, not only to repair, but also to enlarge the Church. We all happened to be in his study. He let Segale shut the door, and we prayed the Lord to prosper the undertaking. Next day Ramona came; he fell in heartily with the enlargement plan. Willie was radiant, and laughed and talked and sang. In the afternoon we had coffee together. He had been reading the last part of 'McKay of Uganda,' and we spoke about it. Then he changed his clothes. On the step he turned and spoke to me—for the last time. He and Ramona went to the Church and took measurements of the beams, etc. They noticed a storm coming on. He said to Ramona: 'You go

home, I'll wait here.' Some say he went into the pulpit; others say he sat by the table before the pulpit. They think he saw the gable coming down, and wanted to run out. Anyway, a woman heard him call, and ran for help. They cleared off the *débris*, and a lot of men carried him home tenderly. On the way he said to Ramona: 'God *is* love. Never doubt His love. God never makes a mistake!' The first I knew of it, he was sitting on the floor of his bedroom, giving directions. There had been one gust of wind, and a little rain. It was just the fiery chariot, sent for the ready passenger. When I came to him, he said: 'Don't faint, dear; give me a kiss.' I wiped his face and his hair, and kissed him again and again, and held his back, which he said was so sore. The foot was terribly injured. He said: 'My leg is broken; send for a doctor.' We got him on a soft mattress. I asked: 'Are you comfortable?' 'Yes, dear, God is good. God is *so* good! He never makes a mistake!' D. Joubert went to see about getting a doctor from the railway station. While sitting beside him I said: 'Oh, God! Thou art so good! Little did we know this morning what was before us. We *have* tasted and seen that Thou art good, and that he that trusteth in Thee is happy and safe. Bless Willie. Help him to bear the pain. Bring the doctor soon.' He kept saying: 'Amen! Thank God! Yes!' Now and again he pressed my hand. Then Mr. Weare came, and told me he was going to remain. He talked kindly and soothingly to Willie; but he had become delirious, and kept repeating my name, as if he wanted me to ward off the pains and numbness coming on. I held his head, and Miss Retief his hands, while Mr. Weare so kindly and deftly bandaged the broken leg. I talked to him and soothed him. He was conscious then, and glad of my presence. He certainly was conscious of his beloved Saviour's presence. The other people were not in the room; they were in the dining room, study, all



REV. AND MRS. CHARLES MURRAY.

over the house, praying for their 'Moruti.' How we fought death inch by inch! I called, but he did not hear; nor could I dream that he had slipped away from under my hands. Ramona came in. I made him call the dear one, already so far away. Mr. Weare says, he had his hand on his heart; there was only one flutter, and he was gone. He was terribly injured. Not only were his leg and foot broken, but his spine also, and there was a large wound in the back of his head. D. Joubert came in, and said the doctor would be there in the morning. Then there was a great stillness in the house. That was after midnight.

"We laid him in the place he had chosen for a new churchyard, under the tree where he stood, six weeks ago, when he consecrated the God's Acre."

CHARLES.

Charles comes next in age. He was born in the old home, on the twenty-sixth of February, 1833. To him was given the privilege of becoming his father's successor at Graaff Reiniet, and of having in his home the gentle, holy influence of his sweet mother till her death, in 1889. When Charles was a little boy of four, his life was nearly cut off prematurely. One day his nurse, looking for him, saw his little petticoats floating on the water of the dam, in the back yard. When rescued, life seemed extinct, but under the blessing of God, the doctor succeeded in restoring the flickering flame; and he was spared to become the minister of Graaff Reiniet.

His first schooling he received in the Government school at Graaff Reiniet. On the return of his brother John from Europe, and his entering upon his first pastorate at Burghersdorp, Charles accompanied him there, and received private instruction from him. Later he was sent to the S. A. College,

where he studied under Dr. Adamson and Dr.—afterwards Sir—Langham Dale. In 1854 he entered upon his Theological course in Utrecht, Holland; and in 1858 he accepted a call to Clanwilliam.

In 1861 he married Miss Amelia Bailie, daughter of a Wesleyan missionary in Namaqualand, who soon threw herself into the work, and learned to identify herself with her husband in all his interests and duties.

The work at Clanwilliam was by no means easy. It necessitated long and difficult journeys on horseback, to visit the scattered farms in Namaqualand, that dry and thirsty land, of which he was *Consulent*. Many were the quaint stories which he could tell of his experiences, on the confines of civilization, of the days when the *Predikant* was held in far greater awe than now.

In 1864 he was appointed, by the Mission Committee, Inspector of the Missions of the Church, in which capacity he made an extended tour through the Orange Free State and Transvaal Republic, as far as the Zoutpansbergen. On this tour he had many adventures.

After visiting the Mission stations, he returned to Cape Colony. He found that his beloved father had resigned his charge at Graaff Reinet, and that he had been called as his successor. He accepted the call; but before he could be inducted, his father passed away. At his reception at Graaff Reinet, he expressed his sorrow that he was thus unexpectedly deprived of the experience and counsel of his father, on which he had reckoned when he accepted the call.

So the old home has seen a second generation of Murray children grow up under its roof. And, blessed be the God of our fathers! He *has* been the God of their succeeding race. For He has graciously deigned, for the second time, to take from that home more than one son to serve Him in the ministry

and mission field. Three sons have been ordained ministers, two of whom are missionaries. Another son is being trained for the ministry. Of the five daughters, three are engaged in teaching.

Charles' ministry was much blest. As a preacher he had a winning voice and manner, and a fresh and striking way of presenting the truth. Great conscientiousness characterised his work. Intense earnestness and denunciation of sin marked his preaching. One of his chief characteristics was his love for the young. He was extremely fond of children, and had a peculiar gift of holding their attention. This interest in the young led to him to compile the "Kinderharp," a hymn book for children, which for many years held the first place in the Sunday schools of the land, until its place was taken by the still more complete and excellent hymnary compiled by him the year before his death and entitled "Halleluja." Perhaps the department of his ministerial work in which he found his greatest joy was the large Sunday school of more than six hundred scholars, with an earnest band of teachers. Through his efforts this Sunday school supports its own missionary in Central Africa.

In the course of his ministry at Graaff Reinet he had a new church built—one of the most beautiful in South Africa, the plan of which was largely thought out by himself. It stands upon the same spot as the old one; and its foundation stone was laid by his beloved mother.

In his ministry he had a deep sense of the need of much prayer. In his study, through the closed door, day by day, could be heard his voice, pleading with God for his children, his congregation, and for missions. It was through overhearing his father's heart-moving prayer, that one of the sons gave his heart to God.

For more than a year before his death, his health began to fail. Gradually an internal tumour developed. A trip to Europe failed to restore him; and, after slowly growing weaker he peacefully passed away, surrounded by his loved ones, assuring them at the last that all was "light." His last message to his congregation, on the Sunday morning before his death, was this: "Tell the congregation, I feel so weak that I think I am going, to-day, to the land to which I have been inviting them to go all these years. Tell them I expect to-day to see the King in His beauty and in His glory, and to be for ever with the Lord."

He passed away on September 23rd, 1904. The funeral was most impressive, and very largely attended. He was buried in the old Cemetery, close to his beloved father and mother, and his sister Kitty.

JEMIMA

was the blithe and bonny second daughter, the loving, helpful sister. With her skilful hands and loving heart, she met the requirements of the assistant of her mother in the large household. If there were a baking of biscuits to be made, or a tart for the Sunday dinner, Mima generally went and finished it, before we knew what she was about. If there were a picnic, everyone looked to Mima to pour the tea and produce the cake she had made.

She too was sent to Somerset for her education; and, shortly after her return home, Maria was married; so the sisters did not long enjoy each other's company undisturbed.

Jemima became the wife of the Rev. Andries Louw, minister of Fauresmith, in the O. F. S. Mr. Louw had been a fellow-student, in Holland, of her brother William. After twelve years, Mr. Louw was called to Murraysburg; and after fifteen years of service there, he accepted a call to the Paarl. In all



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three congregations, he ministered with great faithfulness and much acceptance ; and his work was richly blessed.

Of the children, Mimie, the eldest, grew up to be the model daughter and model sister in her home, the model cousin of the other families. She married the Rev. P. Hugo, of Pearston. He died of consumption, just after their only little son had been taken home. His widow, in 1885, married Rev. J. Reyneke, of Cradock, where she lived, and was loved, for sixteen years.

Of Jemima's nine sons, seven grew up. The eldest is a missionary. The next is a farmer, now member of Parliament. The third and fourth are ministers. Next came WILLIE, of whose death we subjoin an account. The two youngest are, one an architect and the other a law agent.

* * * *

“Until 1899 our family had known only the sweets of love and joy. But then the terrible war came, which was to give us our first great sorrow ; for it rent from us our dear Willie, who laid down his life for his friends. The cup was a bitter one for his aged parents, and his eldest sister, who was at Colesberg, when he was there shot as a rebel. Eight months later she joined him, followed a year and a half later by our sainted mother. Their memory will remain fragrant throughout our lives, an inspiration to follow in their steps.”

Of Willie's death his sister Mimie wrote :—

“Colesberg, Nov. 24th, 1901,

“Sunday morning.

“Dearest Mama and Papa,

“You will be longing to hear something about your dear boy's last hours on earth.

“I went to see him yesterday morning at about 10.30, and spent about half-an-hour with him in his cell.

Andries and Mimie were with me, and he had her on his knee all the while. He seemed so glad to see us all. It was a very happy half-hour. He was so bright and cheerful, and spoke of God's great goodness in having provided him with so many good things—'Your being here, these flowers, precious letters, the Bible, and above all His own presence.' And he went on and told of the wonderful peace, and how he felt deep down in his heart a calm that nothing could disturb; and when he stopped, I said: 'Yes'—for '*Als Hij stilt, wie kan dan beroeren?*' When we were told, 'Time is up,' he sprang up so blithely, but said with emotion: '*Wel, Sussie! dan moet ik jou groet.*' I did not like the word, nor the inward struggle it was evident he was in, and I said: 'No, not *groet* only *tot weerziens*, for on Monday or Tuesday I will come again.' But he bid the children a long, loving good-bye, and said he was so sorry Johan was not there, and then gave his drinking cup for Johan.

"When we got home, we heard that a sentence was to be promulgated on the Market Square at 11.30. All were eager to know *who* the prisoner was; and we watched the procession pass. Bravely and like a man he walked, with a firm and steady step, his face ruddy and beautiful. It took a very few minutes to read the sentence, and when he walked back the colour had not left his face, nor the vigour his form—he was unchanged. We at home, waiting breathlessly for my husband's return, read the worst in his face; words were hardly needed. . . .

"At about two we went to the gaol, and found him quietly putting away the few little things he had used. . . . I put my arms around the strong neck which bent over me, and with his head on my shoulder I said: '*Al ging ik door een dal der schaduwe des doods, ik*

zal niet vreezen, want Gij zijt met mij; Uw stok en Uw staf, die vertroosten mij.' We then sat down, my husband at the right side and I at the left. All that was spoken by him bore unspeakably precious, sure evidence of his trust in the merits of Jesus, of his preparedness to meet his God, of his hope of glory.

"He told us how thankful he was that he had had twenty-nine days to prepare for 'this'; how he had not been alone, how precious the Saviour had become to him, that he was only sorry that he had not loved Him more fervently in years gone by. What a *reality* God's presence had been to him; how he had been strengthened, wonderfully strengthened. But he was so sorry for you dear Father and Mother! and for George, and then for us all; but we were to try and be brave and bear 'this'—he had prayed to God to strengthen us, and 'poor Cousin Hannie' too.

"Then there was a little prayer, and I said: 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' the first verse.

"'You are 'hiding,' dearest Willie, are you not?' I said. 'Oh yes,' he said, 'perfectly safe; and it won't be for long I'll need to hide. Only a few steps, and I will be in glory.'

"We spoke about the crossing of the Jordan, and my husband repeated: '*Als ik de doods-vallei betreen,*' etc., but the calmness and strength with which he listened, and even joined in sometimes, were wonderful and beautiful. I then took the Bible he had been using, and turned to Revelation xxi, and read from verse 1 to 5, and verse 7.

"Dana had sent him a cup of coffee after his dinner, and among other parting instructions, he said: '*Zeg toch dankie; ik heb niet lust voor koffie—ik heb iets beters!*'

"I said : ' You mean, you are tasting of the Water of Life out of the River of God ? '

" ' Yes, yes ; I am. '

" There were many more such precious words.

" I wish I could give you the love he sent. Take it, please, if you can, and thank God for it ! He wished us specially to send dear Papa a message from him : Isaiah xli, verse 10. To Mama he left his Bible with a message that she had written : he must make it his companion in loneliness. And he had done so ; and found it very good company. He had never tired of reading it.

" He sent his love to all, mentioning their names ; and saying he was so sorry that they would all be so sad, but we were to think of this as an *overplanting*—only a step. Before parting, we knelt down and prayed together. He began, then I followed, and my husband ended. And so, dear Papa and Mama, we ' saw him off ' to his long home.

" Whilst standing in readiness to go, he said : ' Don't forget : ' In the Secret of His Presence. ' (Look it up in Sankey, 565.) He had previously spoken of it as expressing his experience.

* * * *

" Good-bye ! my precious Father and Mother, with tender love and sympathy from us all.—Yours in the bonds of sorrow and joy (if such a thing be possible),—
M."

In 1903 the now diminished household (father, mother and Mymie) moved to Colesberg district. While there, the dear mother took enteric fever, and after a couple of weeks' illness, her friends in the West Province received the telegram : ' Sinking fast. ' It seemed impossible ! Later came the particulars. She had grown suddenly weaker, and herself realised



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that she was going home. On the Sabbath there was to have been Communion. She had evidently been looking forward to it. Her mind was slightly wandering, from weakness; and she asked for the bread and wine to be brought. Her wish was gratified, and before partaking of it, she repeated the words "My broken body thus I give for you, for all; take, eat, and live"—the words she had in her youth heard her dear father say or sing on the evening of a Communion Sabbath. She also repeated the verses:—

"So near, so very near to God, more near I cannot be;
For in the person of His Son, I am as near as He.

"So dear, so very dear to God, dearer I cannot be;
The love wherewith He loves the Son, such is His love
to me."

Soon after, she closed her eyes, and experienced such nearness as we cannot conceive: "With Him, like Him, seeing Him as He is."

ISABELLA.

In the year 1861, Isabella, the fourth daughter, left her home at Graaff Reinet for Murraysburg. There she lived, for seven happy years, as wife of the Dutch Reformed minister of that place.

Her husband was the Rev. J. H. Hofmeyr, a great friend of her brother Charles. The two men had spent some years together as students; and between them existed a friendship which lasted till death came, and took one away.

Murraysburg was a small village, with a large district, containing fine farms, and finer farmers. Many very dear friendships were formed there, the memories of these still

being among the most treasured recollections of Mr. and Mrs. Hofmeyr.

Mr. Hofmeyr did not, by any means, confine his energies to his own Church and its work. Ever a leader among men, he soon found those who were willing to help him; and together they worked for the education of the sons and daughters of Murraysburg. The efforts made in this direction were very successful; and soon the school, under the headmastership of Mr. Kidd, drew pupils from all parts of the country.

Isabella went to Murraysburg as a bride; and left it the mother of a daughter and two sons. Her husband was called to Somerset East. And in 1867 he left Murraysburg to take up his new charge.

All who know Somerset East will understand the charm of the place. One does not wonder in what that charm lies; one rather wonders why Nature was so lavish in the distribution of her favours, giving Somerset so much. The Boschberg is very beautiful; so are the hills on the south side. The ground is extremely fertile, making gardens and lovely flowers possible for all.

The Parsonage nestles very close to the mountain. Its grounds are extensive; the house is roomy and comfortable. The view from the windows is exquisite; and has proved, not only an education, but a benediction.

Mr. Hofmeyr took the garden under his personal care, and soon had it planted with all manner of choice trees and flowers. It is just the dearest garden in all the world, and has been a joy and pleasure to many besides the inmates of the Parsonage.

At Somerset the other children were born—four daughters and five sons. And there they lived, in almost unbounded happiness.

They were often spoken of as the "Happy Hofmeyrs." Sickness and sorrow passed them by, and nothing but goodness and gladness came into their lives. It was sunshine and song all the way, so that often they just had to stand still and ask: "What causeth us to differ?"

Here, too, Mr. Hofmeyr soon moved in matters educational. From the time of his arrival he served on the Gill College board; and to his efforts chiefly is due the founding of the Bellevue Seminary.

Professors and Teachers alike always found very warm supporters in Mr. Hofmeyr and his wife.

Mrs. Hofmeyr had abundant scope for her boundless energy and enterprise. Missions, Poor Schools, and the Hospital, each in turn received her attention, and all greatly benefitted by her help.

Of the seven sons, four have entered the ministry—two of these doing active mission work in Nyasa and Zululand, respectively. The other two have charges in the Colony—one assisting his father at Somerset, the other superintending the work of the Labour Colony of the Church, at Kakamas, where his work is being wonderfully blessed.

The eldest son is a farmer. The youngest is completing his studies at the Theological Seminary; while the fourth is headmaster of the Boys' School at Stellenbosch, one of the largest in the Colony. Of the daughters, three are very happily married, and have in turn become the mothers of fine sons and daughters, all adding greatly to the happiness at the old home.

It was not till September, 1906, that death first entered the Parsonage. And then it surely took the one best fitted, most ready to go. The eldest daughter, the ministering angel of all the village, was called, and told to rest from her labours.

Her homegoing has meant much to that family. It has taught them to take a personal interest in the "many mansions," and made them understand about the comfort "as of a mother," that they too may be able "to comfort others with the comfort wherewith they themselves have been comforted."

The old home is very empty now, but it is just the "Home, Sweet" Home of all the children and grandchildren. Mr. and Mrs. Hofmeyr still reign there, aged but active—a wonder to many, a blessing to more.

JAMES

was the youngest son but one of the family. He was named after our dear old friend, Barend *Jacobus* Burger, who stood beside Mama, as sponsor to the babe, when James was baptised.

In every family there is, probably, a child supposed to be the favourite of either father or mother; but the fact of the matter is, that each child develops some characteristic which gives him a special place in the heart of the parent. If John had the first place because he was the eldest, and George because he was the youngest, James had it because he was the delicate one! Not that he was sickly from his birth; but when he was about seven years old he had rheumatic fever, which affected his heart. And so he remained under his mother's watchful care, when the other children were going to school. As he grew up he became stronger, and he developed a great taste for farming. So he went to "Rooi Poort," and remained some years under the care of Willem Burger.

When, later on, he removed to a farm nearer Graaff Reinet, it was a great pleasure to his mother that she could so often see him. She writes in her letters, how, when his brothers and



MR. JAMES MURRAY.

sisters visited him on his farm, they were charmed with the neat and tidy housekeeping of their bachelor brother. She wished for him a good wife to take care of him, but this wish was not realised.

The oft-repeated prayer of our parents, that all their children might serve God in their day and generation, has been abundantly answered also, in the case of James.

He lived for some years in the Transvaal; and when he was on commando, in the war with Mapoch, it was a comfort to his mother to hear of his acting as chaplain to the burghers, in the absence of their minister. He also fought at Majuba, in 1881.

The very large garden of the Parsonage, at Graaff Reinet, required more care than the minister could afford time to bestow on it; so James was persuaded to come and live there, and take charge of the garden. It was a great joy to his mother, that he was again an inmate of the old home. And proud was this dear son to have her lean on his arm, when going to the House of God.

Soon after Charles' death, in 1904, when the old family home was broken up, James again removed to Utrecht. In Sunday School and "Strevers" he at once became, as formerly in Graaff Reinet, a faithful though unassuming worker; and, by his quiet influence, a power for good. Gardening, ploughing, sowing and reaping, formed his daily occupation, his skill and experience proving a great boon to the Neethling's Hof establishment.

In March, 1906, as a result of an accident while working with wire fencing he lost his right eye; but we never hear him complain! Gratitude for every mercy and absolute unselfishness are his prominent virtues. If God wills, James and Eliza hope to spend the rest of their lives together, and take loving care of each other.

GEORGE.

George was the youngest son of the family. While James was often in delicate health, George was robust, lively, and full of fun. We know him best from his mother's letters written during his childhood. She writes how, after two daughters had been married and left home: "these two dear boys try in every thing to take their place. George, if I am not mistaken, is in *earnest*, yet he is the same lively boy as ever." Then, in 1860, she says of him: "Mr. Brown, the teacher is, leaving for Bloemfontein; and then what are we to do with George? Papa has not yet made up his mind what is to be done. Mr. Brown says, George is applying himself very well just now. He seems to be set on studying. Poor fellow! he will have to be sent off somewhere. I feel quite sad at the idea of my youngest son leaving home.

In the next letter she says: "You can easily fancy that I feel parting with my youngest son. He is really the life of the house; though Papa has sometimes to check him, when his temper becomes too lively. I trust he will be preserved from temptation. I believe he is the Lord's."

George was then sent to Stellenbosch to study at the Theological Seminary. And he had his home in the Parsonage, with his sister and brother-in-law, the Rev. J. H. Neethling. After his call to Willowmore, in 1869, his mother writes:—

"I hear seldom from Stellenbosch, since George left. Dear George! I hope and pray that his Master will give him strength and wisdom and zeal to work for Him in the place where He has sent him. Jan Hofmeyr, A. Louw, and Charles went with him to his Induction. A. Louw had the 'Bevestigings preek' on Saturday afternoon, and George his *Intreepreek* in the evening—from Neh. ii : 20. Poor fellow! he must have



REV. GEORGE MURRAY AND FAMILY.

felt very sad when they left him alone in that place. By all accounts there seems to be really no attraction about that village, but plenty of work in the congregation."

He remained at Willowmore for ten years ; and, with the love a first charge always brings with it, he laboured among that hitherto untended and neglected flock. In 1870 he married Miss Kittie Louw, daughter of Mr. Adrian Louw, of the Paarl. Her mother was a daughter of the Rev. T. J. Herold, a former minister of Stellenbosch. Mr. and Mrs. Louw had the privilege of having all their six daughters take their places as the honoured and useful wives of ministers of the D. R. Church.

When Dr. Robertson went to Cape Town, Rev. George Murray was called to Swellendam. Twice he refused the call ; but when a third came, in 1879, he considered it his duty to accept. Yet it was hard to part from his beloved flock at Willowmore.

He laboured at Swellendam for thirteen years, when a call came to Oudtshoorn. It was a far more extensive and needy field, which he felt bound to accept. There he has found the work not less arduous than at either of the other places ; but the blessing of God has not been withheld.

In 1900, he had the privilege of being permitted to go as a Chaplain to the Prisoners of war in Ceylon, where he spent between four and five months with some four thousand Boers. Here he had some interesting experiences ; and has reason to believe that his work has been blessed.

In later letters of Mama's than those quoted above, we learn how she grew to love Kittie, George's wife. And frequent mention is made of the delight afforded by their visits to Graaff Reinet, and her visit to them at Swellendam. George's family has the crowning distinction of being the largest, and perhaps happiest, group of brothers and sisters in any Parsonage

in the land. A visitor, in speaking of them, described them as : "mentally, morally, and physically healthy." Blessed with uncommonly robust health, not a single death has as yet occurred in that family of sixteen children !

Andrew, the eldest son, and Louis, the fourth, are missionaries in Nyasaland. George, the third, is a missionary in Mashonaland. Henry, the sixth, is preparing for the ministry and hopes to become a missionary. Adrian and Herold, numbers two and five, are lawyers ; and Willie, number seven, is a small boy yet.

The eldest daughter, Lottie, is married to Rev. Mr. Daneel, and Frances is married to Mr. Andrew Stegman. The younger children are following in the footsteps of the older ones. And all these children—we say it with reverence and deep thanksgiving—love and fear the God of their fathers.

HELEN.

Helen was born on September 22nd, 1849 (the year of the Anti-convict Agitation. She was less robust than her brothers and sisters, and of a timid disposition, and was not as fond of tree-climbing as her brothers and sisters of her own age.

At the age of fourteen she was sent to Cape Town for her education. She lived in her brother Andrew's house, took private lessons with a Mrs. Wise, and attended the College classes for ladies ; a course of lectures on English literature and astronomy, by Professors Cameron and Noble. It was while she was living in Cape Town that our father died. After that, she returned to Graaff Reinet, and lived with Mama and Eliza in Charles' home. There she gave instruction to her little neices and nephews, and had a class in the Sunday School. At this time she was much interested in the teaching

of Dr. Boardman, Pearsall Smith, Professor Upham, and others on the higher Christian life.

It was in 1873, at the Synod time in Cape Town, where she went with the rest of the family, that she met Miss Ferguson, who had just arrived to start the Huguenot Seminary. This meeting resulted in a life-long friendship. Helen was one of the first pupils of the Huguenot Seminary. During the time she spent at Wellington she was much influenced by her brother Andrew, and decided then to become a teacher. In 1875 the Midland Seminary was opened at Graaff Reinet, with the avowed object to win souls for Christ. There has been a large measure of success and blessing granted to her school, which for many years has been her lifework and passion.

The school opened with between fifty and sixty girls, and of this number about the half were boarders. During the very first term the Lord set His seal upon the work. There was a deep work of grace among the boarders; and before the first term closed almost all of them professed to have found Christ as their Saviour. This resulted in a fifteen-minute prayer meeting held each night, after the usual study hour. This was kept up for years, and exercised a marked influence on the life and character of the school. These were very busy days in the life of Helen. In addition to the the full twenty-five hours' teaching every week, the whole care of the school and home rested on her as Principal, during the first six months; and in addition to that, all the supervision of boarders out of school hours, as the only assistant in the school was non-resident. A message sent by Brother Andrew at the time was as necessary as it was helpful, both at the time and on many an over busy day since—"Tell Ellie to ask the Lord to show her what *not* to do." They were happy days, though full; and much was added to the sweetness of those early months by the presence of the beloved mother in the school home. She was

there for the whole of the first term, and superintended the household arrangements, and this close contact with the work at the beginning made it very near and dear to her always.

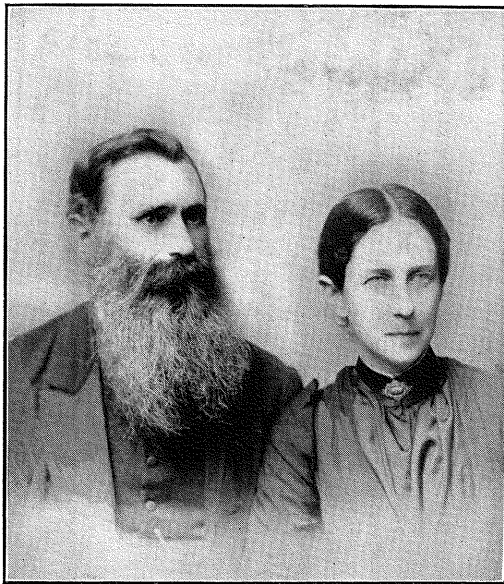
Six months after the opening, the Principal, and the Vice-Principal arrived from America. Some years of progress and prosperity followed. Then came a time of terrible depression throughout South Africa, and the school, with others, suffered.

In 1880 the American teachers left, and Helen returned from a year in Europe and America, to take the place of Principal, which she still holds. The history of the school is so closely interwoven with the story of her own life, that it is difficult to write of the one apart from the other. The tone of the school, and especially its spiritual influence, told on its pupils, and to-day many a mother, and many a teacher, thank God for what they gained there.

Throughout the whole period of its history, many of the girls, as they left school, became teachers. In 1905 a special effort was made to provide cheap board for girls from farms, who wished to be trained as teachers, and whose parents could not afford the usual boarding-school fees. Helen, to her great joy, was able to secure the old Parsonage, the beloved home of our family for over eighty years, for this purpose. And in the dear old house and beautiful garden, so full of associations to us all, forty pupil-teachers live and learn, while they are being prepared for the glorious work of teaching, so dear to her own heart.

ELIZA.

Eliza was the youngest of the large family. She was born after some of her brothers and sisters were already settled in homes of their own.



REV. AND MRS. H. L. NEETHLING.

Kitty's death and Bella's marriage are amongst her earliest recollection. Even James and George left home when she was but a little girl. Then Ellie went to school in Cape Town and Eliza was, for the last year of her father's life, the only child left at home. She knew little of punishment or reproof, but grew up in a perfect ocean of love. When she was only ten years, her father died. Her recollections of him are few, and she was not privileged to know him as the older children did.

When Charles came to Graaff Reinet he took her father's place, and what a father he was to her! For all his goodness and love to her, as well as for Amelia's, she can never be thankful enough.

She was sent to school with dear old Miss Grubb. Her dearest companion, nay her little sister for those years, was the now sainted Mimie Louw. When fifteen years old she was sent to Somerset, to Miss Steytler's school, where she had lessons, also from Prof. Brebner and Prof. Kidd. The two years spent in the Somerset Parsonage were very happy ones.

After a long, delightful visit to the "Bovenland" came a quiet year in the old home, made inexpressibly precious by the constant, close companionship with the dearly loved and loving mother.

Ellie was then at Wellington, so Eliza shared Mama's room; and those treasured hours spent together are amongst her most cherished memories. It was the usual thing to retire to the bedroom at 9 p.m. and then Mama sitting on her low chair and Eliza on a "stoofje" at her feet, read aloud for about forty minutes. Whether it were travel, biography, history, fiction or poetry, the mother's musical voice, soft and sweet, made everything charming.

In 1874, she became engaged to Hendrik Neethling. That last year at home was the best of all. She and Mama spent

many hours together sewing, making every article in her trousseau, Mama folding the numberless tucks, while she stitched.

Her married life—seventeen years of unclouded confidence and love, enjoying the tenderest care a devoted husband could give, was yet a chequered one!

Only six months after her arrival at Utrecht, the big stone “lager” was built, and every winter we were in constant danger from the Zulus. During the Zulu war Eliza and her girlies were forced to leave home. They spent six months at Standerton and six at Graaff Reinet. The anxiety she suffered when more than once the report reached her that her husband, as well as everyone else in Utrecht, had been massacred, can be better imagined than described.

During the war of 1881, they had again to leave their home. Almost all the Utrecht congregation had trekked to the High Veld, and were living in tents. Hendrik, however, succeeded in getting a house on the farm of Mr. Karl Rood, who with his wife were exceedingly kind. While there, little Helen was born—a lovely treasure, spared to gladden her parents for only nine months. In spite of all her husband's shielding love and care, the unavoidable anxieties and deprivations proved too much, and during the next eight years her health failed.

In 1890 her husband took her to Europe for medical treatment, and after seven months they returned home, with hearts full of thankfulness for perfect recovery. Their children, Minnie and Ella, had been left in Aunt Ellie's care, and remained at the Midland Seminary for several years.

But God's ways are wonderful. No sooner had she regained her health, than her dear husband began to suffer from severe indigestion, which gradually grew worse. At that time (1892) his Church work was very responsible, he being the leader in the *Ned. Ger. Kerk* in the Transvaal, until the time of its union

with the *Ned. Herv. Kerk*. Just after the "inwijding" of the new church at Utrecht, he was prevailed upon to go to Durban for three months' rest. There he rapidly grew worse, until, in August, 1893, he passed away.

Shortly after her husband's death, Eliza removed to Graaff Reinet, for the education of her children, and two years later took them to Germany for a year. But her heart was at Utrecht, and in 1897, "Neethlings Hof" was built—a boarding school for girls. During the war, Neethlings Hof served as a hospital for sick and wounded burghers. In her book "Should we Forget," her experiences during the war are recounted. Shortly after peace was declared, she and her daughters were asked to go to Europe in the interest of their people. This they did, and the best bit of that visit was the three happy weeks at Wengrn with dear Brother Andrew and Emma, at Pension Stern. In February, 1903, they returned to Utrecht, and at once began the day and boarding school, which has been of absorbing interest, and which is still flourishing.

REGISTER OF THE CHILDREN OF THE SECOND,
THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATIONS.

- JOHN MURRAY, born 15th September, 1826
in 1850 married MARIA ANNA ZIERVOGEL, born September, 1830.
Their children and grandchildren:
Andrew, 21st February, 1852—
Married Margaretha Alberta Lombaard, November 4th, 1863.
Elsabie, 23rd April, 1881—13th August, 1894.
John Murray, 6th September, 1882—11th January, 1883.
Christoffel Cornelius, 5th Jan. 1884.
Joan Marie, 6th August, 1885—7th November, 1887.
Margaret Alberta, 28th May, 1887—6th August, 1889.
Kathleen Theodora, 11th May, 1889.
Andrew Murray, 9th September, 1890.
Albert Frederick, 2nd November, 1891.
Charlotte, 28th February, 1893.
Elmslie, 13th August, 1894—1894.
Colin Frazer, 11th December, 1895.
Henry Drummond, 11th March, 1897.
Stefanus, 1901—1901.
Anna, 25th May 1853—November 14th, 1853.
Maria, 6th September, 1854—
Married Rev. A. P. Meiring, born 4th August, 1833—May, 1902.
Maria Anna, 26th December, 1886.
John Murray, 1st October, 1888.
Margaret, 20th March, 1891.
Frederick, 19th February, 1856.
Married Annie Bam, born 29th June, 1865.
Marie, 28th December, 1889—2nd June, 1890.
Aimée, 27th January, 1894.
Marischa, 28th September, 1898.
Anna, 21st May, 1858—
Married Rev. P. du Toit, born 26th February, 1843,
John Murray, 21st March, 1906.
Charles, 29th March, 1860—
Married Marion Dale, born 26th October, 1860.
Frances Caroline, 11th May, 1886—10th December, 1907.
John Murray, 9th March, 1888.

- James Dale, 18th October, 1889.
 Menzies, 19th December, 1890.
 Langham Dale, 4th November, 1892.
 Marjorie, 16th July, 1894.
 Joyce, 28th January, 1897.
 Frederick Andrew, 1st March, 1899.
 Thomas Abbot, 7th August, 1901.
 Margaret, 4th September, 1861—6th October, 1861.
 Margaret, 15th September, 1861—
Married Rev. J. J. T. Marquard, 1859—1904.
 Maria, 18th February, 1886.
 Dorothea, 14th August, 1888—1888.
 David, 17th August—19th August, 1889.
 John, 21st May, 1891.
 Andrew, 24th September, 1893.
 Louise, 12th July, 1895.
 Leopold, 15th June, 1897.
 David, 8th April, 1903.
 Catherine Christina, 7th May, 1864—
Married Albrecht Fischer, 1st April, 1856—4th May, 1904.
 Maria Anna Murray, 6th November, 1887.
 Christian Ludwig, 19th July, 1889.
 John Erling, 7th September, 1890.
 Donald Albrecht, 9th June, 1892.
 George Joseph, 6th May—31st October, 1894.
 Charlotte, 18th November, 1865.
 Jane Georgina, 6th May, 1867—
Married Rev. P. v.d. Merwe, born 12th October, 1860.
 Carel Colin, 2nd April, 1899—17th October, 1894.
 John Marquard, 18th May, 1890—1st January, 1891.
 Mary, 11th August, 1891—19th October, 1894.
 Petrus, 28th November, 1893—17th March, 1894.
 Frederick Ziervogel, 10th December, 1894.
 Nellie Joan, 8th January, 1897.
 George Murray, 9th August, 1898.
 Charlotte Murray, 11th September, 1900—2nd June, 1901.
 William Colin, 11th November, 1869—12th August, 1871.
 Jessie Helen, 6th August, 1873.

ANDREW MURRAY, born 9th May, 1828
 in 1856 *married* EMMA RUTHERFOORD, 10th July, 1835—2nd
 January, 1905.
Their Children and Grandchildren :
 Emma Maria, 20th April, 1857.
 Mary Ellen, 14th December, 1858.

Catherine Margaret, 12th August, 1860.
 Howson Rutherford, 14th March, 1862—1st March, 1885.
 Annie Jemima, 25th October, 1863.
 Isabella, 31st May, 1865—28th January, 1866.
 Andrew Haldane, 10th November, 1866—
Married Minnie Parkes, 10th April, 1897.
 Andrée, 9th March, 1898.
 Kathleen Emma, 18th June, 1902.
 Robert, 7th February, 1904.
 John Neethling, 7th November, 1868—
Married Salomina Hansmeyer, 1895.
 Andrew Rutherford, 7th October, 1896.
 Paul Milne, 20th April, 1898.
 Louis Botha, 22nd January, 1900.
 Susan Elizabeth, 17th February, 1904.
 Frances Helen, 30th March, 1870—1873.
 William Stegman, 23rd August, 1871—January 22nd, 1872.
 Charles Hugo, 16th November, 1873—
Married Christina de Vos, 26th January, 1904.
 Andrew Howson, 21st April, 1905.

WILLIAM MURRAY, born 21st October, 1829, died 16th July, 1899
 in 1855 *married* ELSABE ANTOINETTE GIE, born 14th February, 1836.
Their Children and Grandchildren :

Catherina Johanna, 27th August, 1856.
 Maria Magdalena, 28th March, 1858—3rd April, 1877.
 Elsabe Antoinette, 16th September, 1859—4th January, 1860.
 Jemima Catherina, 6th October, 1860—May, 1863.
 Andrew Milne, 4th July, 1862—
Married Martha Conradie, 21st April, 1863—28th March, 1896.
 Mary Magdalene, 14th January, 1889,
 Elsabe Antoinette, 20th July, 1892.
 Catherina Susanna, 20th March, 1894.
 Martha, 27th February, 1896—14th April, 1896.
Married Elsie Elisabeth Nel.
 Francois Gideon, 5th April, 1899.
 William Milne, 14th June, 1901.
 Martha Vida, 30th November, 1903.
 Ian Milne, September, 1906.
 Elsabe Antoinette, 18th January, 1864—
Married Rev. I. F. A. de Villiers, 2nd April, 1860.
 Carel Christian Alexander, 24th June, 1886,
 William Murray, 15th May, 1888.
 Isaac Frederik Albertus, 25th November, 1889.
 Elsabe Antoinette, 26th February, 1891.
 Theodore Cuyler, 26th October, 1893.

Madeleine Marie, 28th June, 1895.

Elizabeth, 13th January, 1899.

Jean Henri, 23rd July, 1901.

Robert Murray, 23rd August, 1902.

Francois Coillard, 17th May, 1906.

Coenraad Gie, 14th January, 1865—

Married Cornelia Johanna Stegman, 29th June, 1872.

Edwina Susanna, 29th December, 1895.

William Nyasa, 21st June, 1897.

Albert Andrew, 23rd August, 1898.

Lilian Elsabe, 3rd February, 1900.

Cornelia Johanna Isabella, 26th June, 1901.

Grace, 21st May, 1903.

Coenraad, 18th January, 1905.

Vera, 28th March, 1908.

William Hoppe, 2nd July, 1866—

Married Elizabeth Duckitt, 9th July, 1867.

Paulina Versfeld, 16th September, 1901.

William Murray, 18th May, 1903.

John, 15th November, 1869—

Married Susanna Margaretha Kriel.

Marguerite Isobel, 3rd January, 1899.

Elsabé, 20th August, 1900—1903.

William Robert } 6th June, 1903.

Dorothea Elsabé } 6th June, 1903.

John Kriel, 18th December, 1904.

Susanna Hofmeyr, 7th April, 1907.

Robert Henry, 13th April, 1869 died 2nd May, 1902,

Isabella Anna, 30th August, 1870.

Michael Coenraad, 7th December, 1871—19th August, 1872.

Emma, 19th June, 1875.

Charlie, 1st October, 1876—24th June, 1893.

Helen, 7th February, 1880.

JOHANNES HENOCK NEETHLING, born 4th December, 1826,

in 1852 *married* MARIA MURRAY, born 19th June, 1831.

Their children and grandchildren :

Hendrik J. Neethling, 13th August, 1853.

In 1884 *married* Cecilia L. Steyn, 24th April, 1863—26th February, 1902.

Cecilia Smalberger, 8th June, 1885.

Johannes Henoch, 28th May, 1887.

Maria Murray, 6th April, 1889—19th March, 1890.

Wilhelmina, 28th December, 1890.

Gysbert, 8th August, 1892.

Hendrik, 14th September, 1894.

- Andrew Murray, 29th July, 1896.
 Engela, 16th March, 1898.
 Helena, 19th March, 1900.
- Andrew Murray, 1st April, 1855,
 22nd June, 1888, *married* Annie F. Paterson.
 Annia Stephen, 6th February, 1889.
 Johannes Henoch, 19th April, 1891.
 Maria Murray, 4th December, 1894.
 Duncan, 21st January, 1898.
- Maria Susanna, 5th January, 1857—
Married Rev. Henri Gonin, April 18th, 1899.
 Johannes Henoch, 1st January, 1859,
Married Jane Isabella Murray, 29th June, 1886.
 Jane Keninmonth, 23rd February, 1888.
 Johannes Henoch, 29th July, 1891.
 Maria Henrietta, 25th September, 1896.
- Karel, 4th November, 1860—16th February, 1903.
 Engela Johannah, 7th October, 1862.
 Henrietta Christiana, 3rd August, 1864,
Married Rev. P. J. Pienaar, 21st February, 1888.
 Barend Theodorics, 23rd November, 1888.
 Johannes Henoch, 28th August, 1890.
 Pieter, 12th November, 1891.
 William James, 25th May, 1893.
 Maria Murray, 26th November, 1895.
 Henriette Cecile, 2nd November, 1897.
 Christoffel Albertijn, 7th March, 1899.
 Irene Agatha, 19th June, 1901.
 George Ludolph, 14th November, 1903.
 Hélène, 24th June, 1904.
 Andrew Murray, 29th March, 1906.
 Leon, 26th August, 1908.
- William James, 29th May, 1866—18th February, 1897.
 Jemima Helen, 21st June, 1868,
 In 1901 *married* Albert Edward Kennedy.
 Albert Edward, 19th July, 1902.
 Johannes Henoch Neethling, 12th June, 1904.
 Maria Murray, 5th May, 1907.
- Nicolaas Hofmeyr, 3rd April—December, 1871.
 Christoffel Albertijn, 3rd April, 1871,
 In June, 1900, *married* Johanna Rabie.
 Rachel Elizabeth, 21st September, 1903.
 Maria Murray, 6th February, 1904.
 Anna Cathrina, 19th February, 1873.

- CHARLES MURRAY, 26th February, 1833,
Married in 1861 AMELIA JANE BAILIE, 31st May, 1844
Their children and grandchildren :
 Andrew Murray, 30th October, 1862—
Married Lydia A. Lautré.
 Leonard Charles Lautré, 1894.
 Gordon Lautré, 1897.
 Jeannette Fanny Lautré, 1900.
 Andrew Gerard Lautré, 1905.
 Elizabeth Helen, 26th March, 1864—
Married Pieter Booyesen.
 Johan Hendrik, 1889.
 Amelia Elizabeth, 1891.
 Marguerite d'Savoie, 1892.
 Charles Murray, 1894.
 Christo Peter, 1895—1896.
 Norman, 1897—1897.
 Louise Isabel, 1898.
 Fredrick Peter, 1900.
 John Henry, 1865—1865.
 Maria Susan, 2nd October, 1866—
Married William Laurie.
 Inez McLaren, 1898.
 Isabel Bailie, 1900
 Jessie Campbell, 1906.
 Amelia Jane, 19th May, 1869.
 Charles Daniel, 6th September, 1870—
Married Elizabeth W. Barry.
 Elizabeth Wilhelmina, 1902.
 Charles Athole, 1905.
 Amelia, 1908.
 Catherine Margaret, 26th September, 1872—
Married Peter B. de Ville.
 Amelia Jane, 1899.
 William Annesley, 20th December, 1874—
Married Ellen Meiring.
 Charles Arnold Mauritz. 1906.
 Margaret Jemima, 8th February, 1877—
Married Adr. Joh. van Wijk.
 Amelia Helen, 1901.
 Maria Louise, 1903.
 Marguerite, 1905—1908.
 Johannes Hendrik, 1906.
 James Stegmann, 27th March, 1879.
 Robert Hugo. 14th August, 1881—
Married Christina J. Vorster.

Isabel Bailie, 29th June, 1883.
 George de Coligny, 18th October, 1885.
 Ion Bailie, 29th September, 1889.

JEMIMA MURRAY, b. 26th April, 1836—d. 3rd January, 1904,
 19th September, 1855, *married* ANDRIES ADRIAAN LOUW, b. 30th
 May, 1827, d. 24th June, 1908.

Their children and grandchildren :

María Johanna, died 21st July, 1902—
Married Rev. P. Hugo.

Pieter François, 23rd August, 1881—14th May, 1883—

Married Rev. J. C. Reyneke.

Johannes, 4th July, 1886.

Andries Adriaan Louw, 13th November, 1889.

Jemima Murray, 19th January, 1892.

Andrew Murray, died 1861.

Johannes Rudolph, died 1859.

Andries Adriaan, 26th February, 1894—

Married Francina Susanna Malan.

Andries Adriaan, 6th July, 1895.

Anna Magdalena, 9th May, 1897.

William Hofmeyr, 30th May, 1902—03.

Jemima Murray, 5th June, 1904.

Esther Malan, 13th December, 1905.

George Albertyn—

Married Kate Kolbe, 28th October, 1896.

Elizabeth Johanna, 18th January, 1898.

Jemima Murray, 5th October, 1900.

Angeline Kolbe, 19th April, 1904.

George William Joubert, 13th January, 1906.

Abraham Faure—

Married Johanna Margeretha Kriel, 28th July, 1903.

Margeretha Hofmeyr, 24th March, 1905.

James Murray—

Married Gertruida Johanna Joubert, 29th September, 1897.

Rijkie Hofmeyr, 14th September, 1898.

Andries Afrikans, 15th September, 1899.

Jemima Murray, 3rd June, 1904

Gertruida Joubert, 24th December, 1907.

William Hofmeyr, died 23rd November, 1901.

Johannes Rudolph—

Married Hester Deborah Marais, 22nd March, 1900.

Elizabeth Marais, 17th April, 1901

William Hofmeyr, 28th June, 1902.

Johannes Stephanus Marais, 16th February, 1904.

Andries Adriaan, 31st July, 1905.

Jemima Murray, 27th October, 1907.

Charles Robert—

Married Marie Stolp, 16th March, 1904.

Andries Adriaan, 25th February, 1905.

Charles Robert Murray, 4th February, 1907.

Jemima Theodora.

JAN HENDRIK HOFMEYR, born 3rd February, 1835, died 25th August, 1908, on 7th February, 1861, *married* ISABELLA MURRAY, born December 24, 1839.

Their children and grandchildren:

Susanna Maria, b. 21st August, 1862, d. 21st September, 1906.

Arend Hermanus, b. 16th October, 1864, on 27th October, 1887,

Married Sukie Hermina Human, b. 5th July, 1886, d. 3rd August, 1893.

Jan Hendrik, 16th September, 1888.

Elzabe, 5th March, 1890.

Arend Hermanns, 3rd August, 1893, on 22nd March, 1898

Married Maria Wilhelmina Krige, b. 13th October, 1872.

William Adolph Krige, b. 9th March, 1899.

Louis, 30th April, 1901.

Andrew Murray, b. 15th June, 1866, on 15th March, 1894

Married Phoebe Home Stroebel, b. 15th March, 1866.

John Murray, b. 5th February, 1895.

Henry Murray, b. 17th June, 1898.

Louis Murray, b. 27th May, 1901.

Andrew Murray, b. 3rd February, 1906.

Maria Isabella, b. 23rd February, 1868, on 29th September, 1890

Married Jan Stephanus de Villiers, b. 29th September, 1863.

Isaac Pierre, 20th August, 1891.

Jean Etienne, 28th June, 1894.

Hofmayr, 23rd October, 1896.

Margaret Catherine, 4th September, 1869, on 27th June, 1900

Married Alan Gordon Cumming, 9th December, 1870.

John Forbes, 4th May, 1901.

Helen Forbes, 13th August, 1903, d. 6th October, 1904.

Alan Gordon, 6th November, 1905.

Isabella Murray, 17th August, 1907.

John Murray, 6th April, 1871, on 29th July, 1908

Married Catherina Louw Pienaar, 28th June, 1882.

Isabella Cornelia, 28th January, 1873, on 21st June, 1894

Married James Craib, 5th October, 1866.

William Hofmeyr, 17th May, 1895.

Isabella Mary, 7th October, 1896.

Dorothy Joan, 27th January, 1899.

Andrew Murray, 3rd July, 1900.

Jan James, 8th September, 1902.

William Hendrik, 4th November, 1874, on 25th June, 1904,
Married Margarete Hannah Bremer, 8th August, 1881.
 Jan Hendrik, 12th April, 1905.
 Elizabeth Marie, 30th April, 1908.
 Charles Murray, 28th June, 1876, on 2nd August, 1905,
Married Elsje Johanna Lombard, 27th August, 1879.
 Jan Antonie, 15th May, 1906.
 Johannes Wijnand Louw, 19th July, 1878, on 3rd April, 1906,
Married Minnie Strasheim, 26th May, 1883.
 Helen Elizabeth, 24th May, 1880
 George William Stegmann, 11th November, 1882.

GEORGE MURRAY, Aug. 7, 1845, and CATHERINE JOHANNA LOUW.
 Jan. 23, 1852.

Their children and grandchildren ;

Andrew, 6th February, 1872,
Married Mathilde Theron, 3rd April, 1876.
 George, 16th March, 1905.
 Anna Helena, 30th December, 1907.
 Adrian Jacobus, 14th April, 1873,
Married Charlotte Louise Herold.
 Charlotte Louise, 16th June, 1874,
Married Marthinus Smuts Daneel, 1869.
 Charlotte Louise, 1901.
 Alexander Bertin, 1902.
 George Murray, 1904.
 Margaretha Johanna, 1906.
 Katrina Johanna, 1908.
 George Stegman, 18th February, 1876,
Married C. Margaret Lombard, 1878.
 George Neethling, 1906.
 Catherine Elizabeth, 1908.
 Louis John, 11th September, 1877,
Married Noeline Barry, 25th December, 1882.
 Maria Frances, 4th May, 1880,
Married Andrew Stegmann, 13th June, 1877.
 Catherine Helen, 22nd March, 1906.
 Engela Gertruda, 12th October, 1907.
 Herold Reitz, 6th December, 1881.
 Henry William, 24th April, 1883.
 Helen Murray, 5th January, 1885.
 Margaret, 25th January, 1887.
 Henriette, 28th October, 1888.
 Elizabeth, 2nd July, 1890.
 Cecilia, 31st October, 1892.

William Stegmann, 28th December, 1893.
Catharine, 24th July, 1895.
Louise, 31st March, 1900.

HENDRIK LUDOLPH NEETHLING, born 23rd February, 1845, in 1875
married ELIZABETH MURRAY, 20th November, 1855.

Their children:

Maria, 12th August, 1876.
Engela Johanna, 22nd March, 1878,
Helen Murray, 4th April, 1981—5th January, 1882.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR FATHER'S DIARY.

A most interesting and valuable family relic has quite lately been discovered after it had lain for eighty years unnoticed among some papers in the old Graaff Reinet Parsonage! It is very remarkable that this should have come to light just at this time.

Our first impulse was to print the Diary in full; but as it is very long, covering some seventy pages of foolscap, we decided to insert only some extracts from it in this volume.

The Diary covers the period of the voyage from London Docks to Table Bay, lasting from the 27th February to 1st July, 1822. It commences with some account of the circumstances which brought together several of the passengers. We give the first few pages in full:—

“Early in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-one His Majesty's Government were pleased to appoint the Rev. Dr. Thom to provide some preachers and teachers in connection with the Church of Scotland to go out to the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

“After considerable trouble Dr. Thom succeeded in engaging the Rev. Andrew Murray, Preacher, Aberdeen, as a Clergyman for the Colony, and Messrs. Brown, Innes, Robertson, and Dawson from Aberdeen, Mr. Rattray from Dundee, and Mr. Blair from Glasgow as Schoolmasters.

“In the beginning of February, 1822, Dr. Thom engaged a passage on board the Brig *Arethusa* for the above-mentioned persons and those connected with them.

“The *Arethusa*, a fine vessel of 180 tons burden (commanded by Captain Anderson), sailed from the London Docks on Wednesday, 27th February, 1822, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson on board. Mrs. Dawson, who had come on board a week previous to the vessel sailing, was safely delivered of a son on Saturday, the 23rd. For the benefit of Mrs. Dawson and the other passengers, Dr. Thom had agreed with a young medical man to accompany and attend the passengers and crew to the Cape. This young man, having neglected to fulfil part of the agreement and showing other improprieties of conduct, the Captain and passengers deemed it better to allow him some money which had been advanced him and leave him behind.

“In the conduct of this young man was exhibited a clear proof of the inefficiency of education, or any external advantages, to form what may be termed either a useful or honourable character.

“On Monday, the 4th March, it behoved the passengers, who were to embark for Africa, to bid a farewell to their dear friends in the Metropolis. How noble soever the principles may be which may actuate the preachers and teachers of Christianity in leaving their native shores, still, when they are called to take leave of their dear friends and bid adieu to all those interesting scenes which had cheered their youthful years, they must feel much concerned.

“On the morning of Monday the following individuals, after a pleasant passage on the Steam Boat, went on Board the *Arethusa*—viz., Dr. and Mrs. Thom, their two children, Mrs. Dixie and two daughters, Miss Rose, Messrs. Murray, Brown, Innes, Dawson, Rattray, Robertson, and Blair; Mrs. Rattray and two children, Mrs. Dawson and child, Mrs. Milne, the wife of a soldier, and a Mr. Bennet, bound for St. Helena—in all, twenty individuals.

“On the same afternoon the *Arethusa* sailed down the

River for five or six miles, and there remained for the night, the Captain, Dr. Thom, and Mr. Murray being absent, the former being employed in settling some business, and the others taking leave of their dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet, whose hearts and house have ever been open to all such as wished to devote themselves to the service of their Redeemer in Heathen lands.

“ On the morning of Tuesday weighed anchor at six o'clock ; during the day enjoyed a favourable gale, and reached the Downs on the evening of the same day.

“ While riding in the Downs on the night between the 5th and 6th the *Arethusa*, in common with other vessels, was overtaken by a heavy gale, which lasted till twelve o'clock on Tuesday. Four vessels were torn from their anchors, one of which soon after foundered, but happily the *Arethusa* remained fast at her moorings. The vessel lost was a Brig from St. Thomas. The crew fortunately were all saved, although their safety was effected at the expense of the life of one of the boatmen who came to afford assistance. ‘ Good God, on what a brittle thread hang everlasting things ! ’

“ On the 7th remained in the Downs. A strong gale continuing to blow from the west, arrangements were made among the passengers for occupying their time to the best advantage. Every gentleman appeared anxious to adopt such measures as might be thought advantageous from promoting each other's improvement in those various branches of useful knowledge which might be calculated, by the Divine blessing, to promote their future usefulness.”

The progress of the “ fine vessel,” the *Arethusa*, was at first very slow. A full month after starting from London Docks elapsed before the passengers saw the last of England. This was about one-fourth of the length of the whole voyage, and occupies a proportionate part of the Diary.

The passage through the Bay of Biscay was stormy, but passed without serious misadventure. But the whole of the voyage was not equally prosperous, apart from the usual delays owing to contrary winds and calms. At a later period, when in the tropics, the *Arethusa* narrowly escaped shipwreck on the Cape Verde Islands. The following passage gives an account of this:—

“ Thursday, 25th, came in sight of Cape Verde Islands. The former night drew up in order to avoid all danger of running foul of them, but Captain Anderson thought that on this night he might safely continue his course during the night. The afternoon had been spent in contriving what should be bought in St. Jago. Mr. Brown and Mr. Murray laboured for some time to learn some Japanese words which they expected to need on the following day. In the evening Dr. Thom favoured the party with a history of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope. Worship was conducted as usual, and about half-past nine o'clock Mr. Innes observed that it was time to go to bed. Dr. Thom said he would not in our situation go to bed without going on Deck. Accordingly he went, when a few minutes after all the passengers were surprised to feel the vessel give a sudden forcible jolt against a Rock. Mr. Murray observed that that stroke was certainly given upon a rock or fixed land. All the passengers going on Deck heard the Mate (whose attention to our perilous situation had been excited by Dr. Thom) cry out, ‘ Captain Anderson, come! We are on land; the breakers are close to our lee bow.’ An indescribable scene of confusion immediately took place, one crying that the breakers were on the Bow, another roaring from the rigging that there was land or rock close upon our Lee. The common sailors commenced crying, one saying, all was over; another, we were fast and could not stand out but a very few minutes; while the Mate cried:

‘ Make no uproar, keep cool ; let us prepare for meeting Death like Scotchmen ! ’ Mr. Brown and Mr. Murray were able to go and assist the seamen to draw up, or shorten sail ; the rest of the gentlemen kept on the quarter-deck, Dr. Thom giving orders for getting the boats in readiness. Dr. Thom wished Mr. Murray to go below and see what state the ladies were in. On going below he found them in as composed a state as could in similar circumstances be expected ; nevertheless, a state more easily conceived than described. After engaging a few minutes in prayer, to plead the promise of God : ‘ Call on Me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee,’ he read part of the 91st Psalm. The Captain and Mate came into the cabin. The former appeared to be, as it were, in a state of intoxication (perhaps through surprise), being unable to say where we were, what was the matter, or whither we could turn for safety. At length the vessel was gotten turned off the rocks, which were afterwards found to be on a long point of the Island of Mays, where several large East Indiamen had been lost. After some consultation it was agreed that Dr. Thom, Messrs. Innes, Robertson and Brown, should remain some hours on Deck, as they could not expect to sleep in such circumstances. Mr. Murray went to bed at 1 o’clock and slept soundly till 4, when he was aroused to go on Deck, the other gentlemen being about to go to rest. After many a long and anxious look, day appeared. Is there anyone in the least conversant with maritime affairs, who can consider the situation of the *Arethusa* on the evening of the 25th, and not be convinced that nothing less than the special interposition of that God, Who never slumbers or sleeps, could have preserved either lives or property ? Driving with full sail against a brisk wind, and driven thus with great velocity against a range of fixed rocks, while neither Captain or Mate kept outlook—None but that God we had just before been

worshipping in a social capacity could have delivered us; and He was graciously pleased to interpose in such a manner, as to convince the most unthinking mind that He, and He alone, brought us deliverance."

The following account of a practical joke is interesting:—

"In the evening the most of the passengers bathed in a cask given by the Captain for that purpose. Two of their number, namely Messrs. Innes and Robertson, deferring till an after period, went on Deck, followed by Mr. Murray, who gave Mr. Burchell the hint that a little tar might clear their water. Mr. Burchell immediately proceeded to assist Mr. Innes in washing, now and then supplying a little tar instead of soap; Mr. Murray giving Mr. Robertson a little tar on the leg, found him so offended that he retaliated, which he had a right to do, but also appeared to retain for some time a kind of secret grudge. Mr. Robertson had the good sense to soon forgive and Mr. Murray resolved not to engage again in anything which should so much offend any of his fellow-passengers."

Even on a small vessel in mid ocean there were occasional interruptions to the regularity of Divine Service.

"Sabbath about half-past ten o'clock a.m., before Dr. Thom had commenced Divine Service, Mr. Innes observed a large fish (at a line which had been suspended from the stern). when drawn in was found to be a Barracoota. This prize from the dominion of Neptune proved a very excellent addition to the dinner. No sooner was public worship commenced than John Anderson observed a large Albicore at the line. This circumstance excited no little stir amongst the passengers and crew. The animal was too large to be brought by the line while alive. After several strokes from a harpoon, the seamen succeeded in dragging the huge animal on board. When opened, a complete flying fish was found in its stomach. When the Albicore was cut up the religious service was put

off a little longer, while the Captain should speak to the Captain of a French vessel, which was close by. This turned out to be the *Theresa Virginia* from Madras, bound to Madeira. Their long. was 20 deg. W. The minds of all being composed, the service was resumed, when Dr. Thom preached from Ps. 97, vs. 1."

Some further extracts need no explanation:—

"Tuesday were about 12 deg. 26 in. S. Lat. and 33 deg 26 min. W. Long. Some doubting we might be further West in reality than that the Captain had found us to be, it was thought advisable that someone should remain on deck during the greater part of the night, for fear of coming on the American coast.

"Mr. Murray stopped up till about three o'clock. In the course of the night he had an opportunity to speak to most of the seamen, one by one, on spiritual and eternal subjects. He was happy to find they generally paid more attention to these subjects than could well have been expected.

"Wednesday were glad to find that the wind had become so much more favourable that we could not only steer South, and thereby keep from increasing our Western Long., but could even get a little to the East, and thereby lessen it. At 12 o'clock found the Lat. to be 15 deg. 26 min. South, and Long. about 31 deg. West. Most of the passengers began to wish much for a good breeze to hasten our pace and shorten the voyage.

"Thursday the wind continued favourable, so that we were able to make a considerable distance of easting. In the evening had some amusement respecting the manners and customs of the Cape farmers. All seemed to enjoy the description Dr. Thom gave of the simplicity of their manners. This description reminded us of those ages when tyrant custom had not shackled man."

“ Saturday, 25th, found ourselves in a complete calm ; could make no way. Such delays were calculated to try the patience of those who have been already long detained on a voyage. This day the health of Messrs. Murray and Dawson was drunk in a glass of wine, it being the day before their birthday. Certainly it is most pleasant to see so many harmoniously uniting in good wishes for each other. It is hoped that the above-mentioned individuals were not unconcerned about the misimprovement of their past years and about the better improvement of those which may come.”

“ Friday, 7th, had to contend with contrary winds, tacking sometimes E., sometimes W., and so made no progress, The Captain now began to grudge expenses very much, and to speak of shortening our allowance of water.

“ Friday, 14th. The day was somewhat cloudy, the wind very strong ; went most of the day at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. Our Lat. at noon was found to be 31 deg. 16 min. S., and Long. 19 deg. 52 min. W. Towards the afternoon the wind blew very strong indeed, so that the Captain was obliged to shorten sail considerably and to put in the best state for the approaching storm. About twelve at night such an immense sea broke over the vessel as made some to think that she could scarcely recover her upright position. At four in the morning such a strong and sudden gust of wind sprung up that made us drift before it, although we had up little or no sail. An apprehension was entertained for a short time that the wind would carry away our masts. On the morning of Saturday were happy to find that no injury had been done. That God who preserves all who confide in Him graciously kept us from all evil, and gave us cause to exclaim: ‘ Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness ! ’ ”

The following passage concludes the Diary :—

“ Sabbath. A fine day, a good breeze, and great progress ; Long. 14 deg. E. In consequence of coming so near land, it was thought advisable that the gentlemen should take their turn in looking out for land ; consequently Dr. Thom and Mr. Blair sat up till two o'clock on Sabbath morning, when Mr. Murray and Mr. Robertson succeeded till daylight.

“ The weather being good, public worship was conducted on deck by Mr. Murray, who preached from ii. Cor. 5, vs. 21— ‘ For He hath made Him to be sin for us Who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.’ Immediately after dinner the meeting commenced, when the 116th Psalm was spoken upon by most of the gentlemen, who, it is trusted, experienced feelings similar to the Psalmist when he reflected on the many mercies of God.

“ Monday, 1st July, 1822. Messrs. Innes and Dawson had stopped on deck till two o'clock, when Messrs. Brown and Rattray succeeded till day. These informed us that we had gone at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour during the night. Our Long. about 17 deg. East, began to look anxiously for land, it being seventeen weeks to-day since coming on board at Gravesend.

“ Enjoyed a fine fair wind but a very heavy sea.

“ In the evening a prayer meeting for the spread of the Gospel.

“ Between twelve and one o'clock, while Dr. Thom and Mr. Murray were on deck, Mr. Burchel cried out, ‘ Land ! Land ! ’ How overjoyed were we to see for certain that we were but a few miles from Table Mountain ! Next morning set sail after stopping for a few hours, and reached Table Bay.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

We have to record the deaths of two of our number, which occurred after "THE CHILDREN" had been written and the REGISTER compiled.

Within three months of each other, our brothers, Rev. A. A. Louw of Paarl and Rev. J. H. Hofmeyr of Somerset East, were called home.

On May 30, 1908, we joined the members of the Louw family, met at "Avondrust," to celebrate their father's 81st birthday, and we noticed that his health (for years he had been suffering from heart disease) appeared unusually good. His family prayers, always bright and characteristic, minutely detailing every need as a child might to its father, seemed brighter and sweeter.

Three weeks later, on June 24, came the news of his death.

His youngest daughter, who had nursed him with the greatest tenderness, was with him at the last, when he entered into the joy of his Lord on June 24, 1908.

* * * *

For many months our brother at Somerset East had been in ill-health, doing his work though in great physical pain. His medical advisers having counselled him to undergo a surgical operation, in which, they said, lay his only hope for restored health, he came to Cape Town for that purpose. The serious operation was successfully performed, but complications followed. And four days later, on August 25, 1908, he passed away, to receive his reward from Him he so faithfully and lovingly served here; and he is now serving Him where "His servants see His face and His name is in their foreheads."



UNTO
CHILDREN'S
CHILDREN.