

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 Godly
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 godly 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?

Of the visits of the missionaries how much there is to tell!

Missionaries. 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 Reinet 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 Reinet 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 woolled 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 Reinets,

“ 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 Reinets,

“ 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 dankbaar ; 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:—

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

**"All Things
Work
Together."**

*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 Reinet 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."

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

**Mr. Grey's
Sermon.**

"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 Reinet,

“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