

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

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\* 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 schuldaren.*’ 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.

**B**IRTH. **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.

**A**NCESTORS. 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.

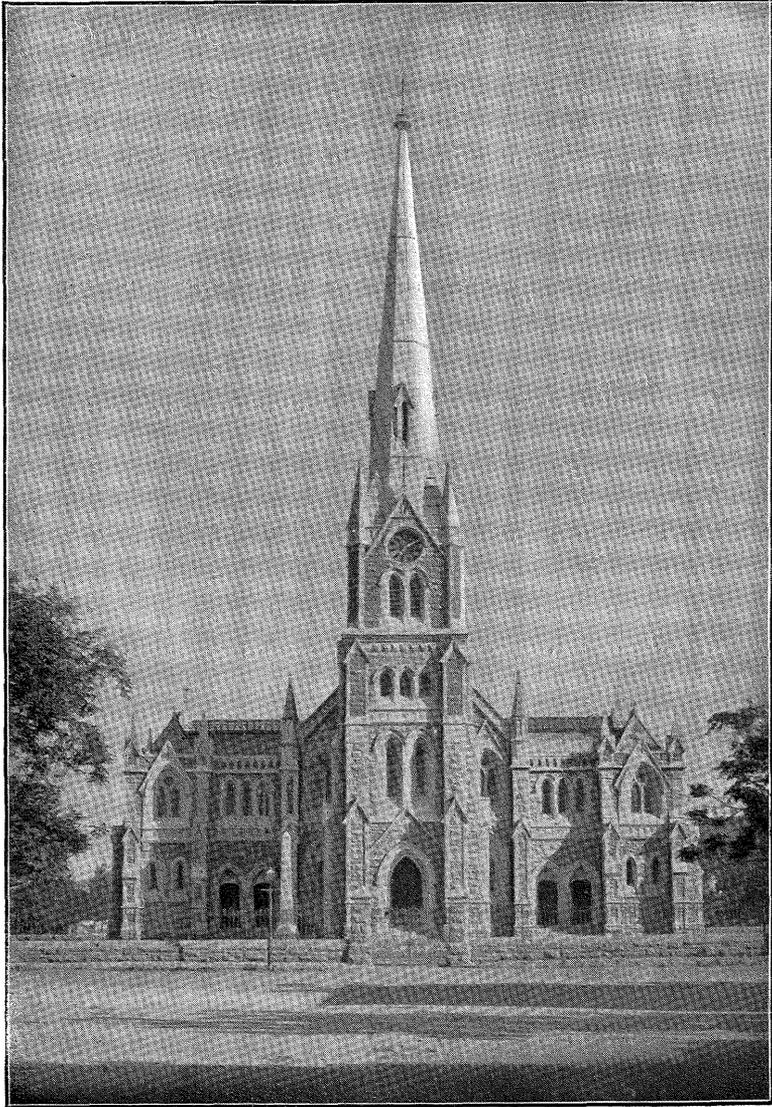
Sneeuw-  
bergen.

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 Afrikander, 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 Reinets 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 Reinets.

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*."

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\* 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 Reinet, 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 Reinet, 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.

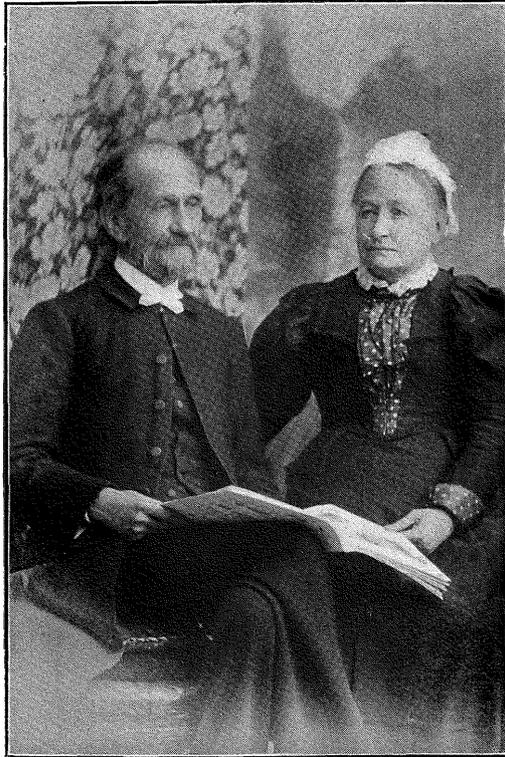
In the year 1881, his untiring energies were at length showing signs of yielding, and it became necessary for him to take a prolonged rest. Part of the time was spent in a visit to

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.

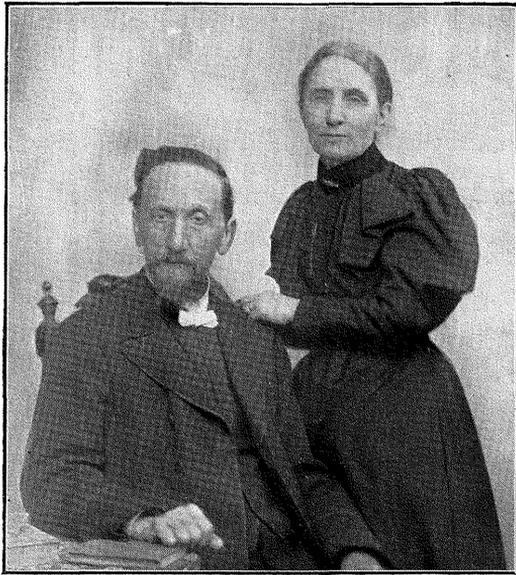
What one said of him some time ago, on occasion of his birthday, may be quoted here: "I thank God for making him such a fountain of joy and blessing to all around him."

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."

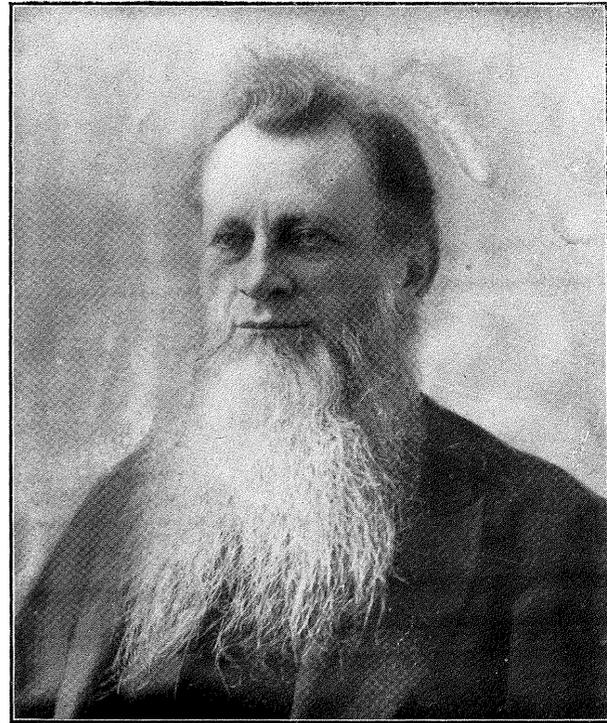
His congregation at Worcester were devoted to him, and were his willing helpers in many works of charity, the chief of which are the Institutes for the Deaf and Dumb, and Blind, He imparted to them some of his missionary zeal; and they support his missionary son in Nyasaland.

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."

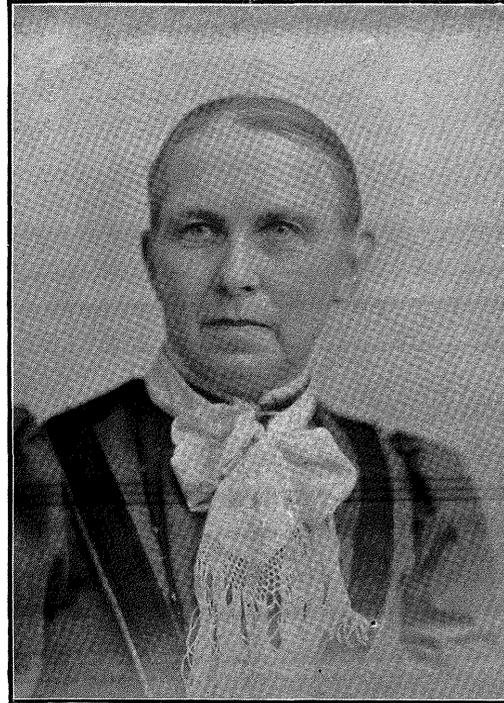
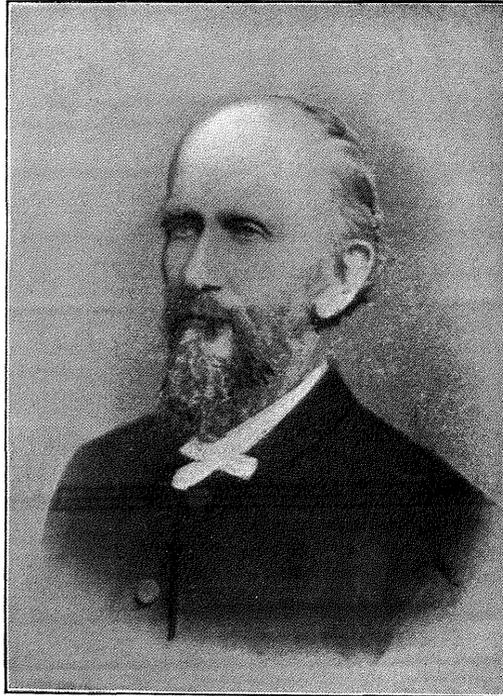
#### DEATH OF WILLIE NEETHLING.

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 Relief 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 Reinets, 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 Reinets.

His first schooling he received in the Government school at Graaff Reinets. 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,