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[EDITORIAL, A. T. P.]

THE LIGHT AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

“If you want most to serve your race,” said Mary Lyon, “go where no one else will go, and do what no one else will do.”

We propose to draw in profile the outline of one of the most wonderful and fascinating stories of modern missions—the narrative of the founding of the Huguenot Seminary at Wellington, Cape Colony.

Wellington, about forty miles from Cape Town, is a gem set in a ring of mountains—the Drakenstein and Paarl ranges. It is now more than two centuries since some three hundred Huguenots, who had fled from France to Holland after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, accepted the invitation of the Dutch East India Company, and settled at the Cape. What the Puritans were to America, these devoted refugees became to the Dark Continent.

By law Dutch was the language of the colony; and so, in a few generations, the French ceased to be their language, and almost the nationality of these refugees was lost. Early in this century the colony passed into the hands of Great Britain, and the Dutch Reformed churches, already established, became largely supplied with Scotch Presbyterian pastors.

One of these was Rev. Andrew Murray, who was settled over the congregation at Graaff Reinet. He married a Germano-Huguenot lady, and five of their sons now preach in the colony, while four of their daughters are wives of ministers. The second son, also called Andrew, is the pastor of the church at Wellington, and the now famous author of the most precious devotional books which perhaps during the past half century have been issued from the English press.

This man of God, Andrew Murray, nearly twenty years ago, buried two young children at his African home; and, as Mrs. Murray expressed it, “their hands seemed emptied and ready for some work with which the Lord was waiting to fill them.” The bereaved husband and wife went in December, 1872, to the seaside to rest, and there they read together the