

VANDERKEMP THE MISSIONARY.

THE Rev. Mr. Moffatt, in his missionary labors in South Africa, draws the following striking portrait of the missionary Vanderkemp:—

"Some time elapsed before the crafty monarch Caika would give his consent that they should remain in his dominions; and when this was at length granted, and a suitable spot selected, he adds, in true Gospel simplicity, 'Br. Edmons and I cut down long grass and rushes for thatching, and felled trees in the wood.' I knelt down on the grass, thanking the Lord Jesus that he had provided me a resting place before the face of our enemies and Satan, praying that from under this roof the seed of the Gospel might spread northwards through all Africa."

"After Mr. E.'s departure, the doctor in his cheerless abode was instant in season and out of season, eagerly embracing every opportunity of recommending the Gospel, and catching each little ray of light that beamed on his devious path. He was a man of exalted genius and learning. He had mingled with courtiers. He had been an inmate of the Universities of Leyden and Edinburgh. He had obtained plaudits for his remarkable progress in literature, in philosophy, divinity, physic, and the military art. He was not only a profound student in ancient languages, but in all the modern European tongues, even to that of the Highlanders of Scotland, and had distinguished himself in the armies of his earthly sovereign, in connexion with which he rose to be Captain of Horse and Lieutenant of the Dragoon Guards. Yet this man, constrained by the 'love of Christ,' could cheerfully lay aside all his honors, mingle with savages, bear their sneers and contumely, condescend to serve the meanest of his troublesome guests—take the axe, the sickle, the spade, and the mattock—lie down on the place where dogs repose, and spend nights on his couch drenched with rain, the cold wind bringing his fragile house about his ears. Though annoyed by the nightly visits of hungry hyenas, sometimes destroying his sheep and travelling apparitions, and even seizing the leg of beef at the tent-door, though compelled to wander about in quest of lost cattle, and exposed to the perplexing and humbling caprice of those whose characters were stains on human nature—whisperings occasionally reaching his ears that murderous plans were in progress for his destruction—he calmly proceeded with his benevolent efforts and, to secure his object, would stoop with 'the meekness of wisdom' to please and propitiate the rude and wayward children of the desert whom he sought to bless."

THE TRAVELLER.

From the N. Y. Observer.

MOUNT ZION OF OLD:

"Zion—thrice-happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace;
And walls of strength embrace the round."

This was the largest of the four hills upon which Jerusalem was built. It was situated in the south part of the city, and was included within the walls. A large portion of it is now outside. It was upon this mountain that the strong castle stood which David took from the Jebusites. Here too, he built his palace, and made great fortifications. It was defended by bulwarks and towers on every side. "Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark well her bulwarks, and consider her palaces." These were "the strong-holds of Zion;" and so strong were they that it was thought the lame and blind could defend them. When Zion was thus fortified and covered with palaces and towers, the word of the Lord went forth against it by the prophet, and he declared that "Zion should be ploughed as a field." Her fortifications were so many, and her bulwarks so strong, that the assertion of the prophet seemed impossible, and no doubt the men who feared not God laughed him to scorn as he delivered the fearful message. But the word of the Lord has been fulfilled. Jerusalem has been made heaps, and Zion is now ploughed as a field.

The poor Arabs sow their grain from year to year, little thinking as they urge their oxen over the soil, that they are fulfilling the word of the Lord uttered thousands of years ago. The palaces of David, the castles and towers which defended it, with all the strong-holds which defied

the enemy, are now no more. "The daughter of Zion is made desolate, and all her ways do mourn because none come to her solemn feasts." As you walk over this ground where David and Solomon reigned, and where the long list of kings were buried, and mark the sad change which has passed upon the place, you must feel the force of the truth that the word of the Lord is sure. The awful threatenings which he declares, he will execute. Zion was dear to him. He put honour upon it and defended it for his servant David's sake. But he warned his people that their sins would find them out, and they would be driven from their strong-holds and scattered through the world. That word has been accomplished. They are gone, but Zion remains; while they have been driven like chaff before the wind, to the uttermost parts of the earth, this hill still stands as evidence of the unfailing word of God. They who disobey and despise God like Israel, shall be scattered and punished like Israel; while they who trust in the Lord and obey his word, "shall be like Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever."

Zion is frequently spoken of in the Bible. It sometimes refers to Mount Zion, but more generally to the spiritual church of God. It is said that "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs, with everlasting joy upon their heads." This does not mean that all Christians shall be gathered together upon Mount Zion at Jerusalem, for that would be impossible, but that all the redeemed of the Lord shall be united together in the spiritual Zion on earth and in heaven. Let us then turn from the earthly Zion which now lies in ruins, to the spiritual Zion, the living church of God. There let us record our names and take up our abode, for blessed is the man whose name shall be written with Israel and who has an inheritance with the sons of Zion. There is salvation, and we are invited to come and take it. Let us go, for we have not to meet the awful curse of the law, which condemns us to hell, but the precious blood of Jesus; we have not to come to Mount Sinai, but Mount Zion—the city of the living God—the heavenly Jerusalem—and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to Jesus the gracious Mediator."

In Zion let me dwell,
The Saviour let me tell,
Who saved my soul from hell—
Jesus the Lamb.

There may I find a place,
Through rich abounding grace,
And look upon his face,—
Jesus the Lamb.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

HINTS TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THE great principle of all is, simplicity of motive and the humble use of whatever talents God may have been pleased to bestow. When the great Andrew Fuller was dying, he said, in his own peculiar manner, "I wish I had prayed more?" That has been the feeling of my own mind since I have been sitting here. I wish that you may all pray much, and study much, and prepare much, in order to teach the interesting charge that is committed to you on the Lord's day. You will find that of more value practically than if you could draw on the treasures of Greek, or the powers of eloquence. In connexion with this, let me seek to imprint upon you another consideration, namely, that while you are going to teach others, you should acquire a clear knowledge of your acceptance with God through Jesus Christ our Lord. If while you labour for the children you are in any great doubt of darkness, as to the pardon of your own sins, as to whether Jesus flows upon you or is pleased with you, as to whether he says, "What hast thou to do to take my word in thy mouth?" or whether he looks down with approbation on your efforts, it will unnerve your arm, it will blur your right eye, it will diminish the saving benefit of your work of faith and labor of love. Whereas, if you have a clear knowledge of the love of God towards you, if you feel that your own soul is safe, that you may now work for other men with comfort and joy since God has given you satisfaction about your own salvation, that it is no doubtful problem whether you shall shine in joy, or lie in

darkness and despair, what an unction it will impart to your mind, what ardor and vitality to your words, what lips of persuasion you will then possess, what thoughts that breathe and words that burn!—And suppose that, in this state, you should fail in seeing all the success you can desire, yet you will always have the satisfaction of your own mind that in simplicity, and in godly sincerity, and not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, you have had your conversation in the world, and more abundantly in the Sunday school.

I would add another consideration:—Never come to teach in a hurry, or unprepared for it by pious meditation and holy reflection—never make your labours in the school a substitute for domestic religion. Do not merge your personal piety and your family devotion in your public labours. If you do, there will come an eclipse over your mind, and you will be doubtful whether God will smile upon you. I would have you avail yourselves of what has been announced this evening—a marginal Bible. There is scarcely any man who can describe its value. You may thus compare Scripture with Scripture, and you will see how it explains itself. There is congregated here not a mass of matter merely, but of intellectual capacity, of latent power and latent energy that God only who has created it can comprehend. He has given power to man, which he has not given to angels. When one thinks that the current of their thoughts, the tenderness of their sentiments, that their apprehensions of divine things, their reception of the gospel, and their being made partakers of eternal life may depend upon the way in which we may guide their minds, one is constrained to say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Let me say, that the Lord Jesus is mighty to save—that he died for our sins, and rose again for our justification—that he carried his own blood to heaven, and offered it as a sacrifice for sin. If there be any one present who has not come to Christ, let him do it now.—Rev. T. Smith, of Sheffield, at a late anniversary.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

IN the May number of the *Knickerbocker*, the following specimen of pulpit eloquence is given from a sermon, delivered not many years since, by the Rev. N. Maffit:

He commenced with the text—"I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." In his pictures of youth and age, and of the sole consolation—"the one thing needful"—which could sustain both, he broke forth in the following sublime emblem:

"My friends, as I look down from this advantageous eminence upon the different mortal ages that appear before me—upon cheeks painted with the rosy blossoms of childhood, and lips redent with the fragrance of spring—when I contrast them with the corrugated lineaments and snow-sprinkled temples of age, my mind labors with a fearful comparison. I contrast the full veins and fair-bosomed features of childhood with the thin and shrivelled aspects of declining years, and liken them to the scenes we meet with on the broad ocean of existence. In our better days, we leave the land of pleasant youth in a fairy bark; the sunshine laughs on the pennon, and trembles on the sail; the sweet wind refreshes our nostrils from the flowery shore, the blue vistas delight our eyes, the waves dance in brightness beneath our keel; the skies smile above us, the sea around us, and land behind us as it recedes: and before, a track of golden brightness seems to herald our way. Time wears on—and the shore fades to the view. The bark and its inmates are alone upon the ocean. The sky becomes clouded—the inmates are alone upon the ocean. The sky becomes clouded—the invisible winds sweep with a hollow murmur along the deep—the sun sinks like a mass of blood over the waters, which rise and tremble in mad confusion through the wide radius of storm—the clouds, like gloomy curtains, are lifting from afar. The sails are rent: broken cordage streams and whistles to the tempest: the waves like molten mountains break upon the half-merged and shuddering deck: masts are rent to splinter, the seaman is washed from the wheel.