

through which they had to pass before they reached the place where they were going. Wolves, jackals, and hyenas, howled about their tents at night; and sometimes they heard the roaring of the lions, or saw in the morning the mark of their feet where they had been prowling about their tents. At last they arrived in Caffreland, and at once inquired for the king, whose name was Gika. Soon they saw him coming. He was very tall, and walked slowly. He wore a cloak made of panthers' skins; and his cheeks and lips were painted red. He did not speak, nor even move his eyelids, but stood like a statue for a little time. The Missionaries could not speak to him in his language; but there was a Dutchman, who acted as interpreter. The king made many objections to the Missionaries staying; but at last Dr. Vanderkemp got leave to unyoke his oxen and pitch his tent. Many days passed before the king would give his consent to Dr. Vanderkemp's remaining; but at last he allowed him to do so, and named a place where he might go to live. There he labored very hard, working in the fields like a husbandman, and then, when evening came, teaching the Caffres as they would allow him. In this way he tried to do them good, but with very little success, till at last he resolved to leave the Caffres and go elsewhere. He removed to a place he called Bethelsdorf, where he preached among the Hottentots, was made a blessing to many of them, and died at Cape Town in 1813.

"Other Missionaries have followed since then; and now there are Moravians, Wesleyans, Church of Scotland, Church of England, French, Dutch, and several others, besides those of the London Missionary Society, working well amongst those dark lands. Of these we must tell you another time."

### "What o'Clock is it?"

When I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute-finger and the hour-hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions in a game of marbles.

"Stop, William!" said he: "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn; for I thought I knew all about the clock as well as my father did.

"William," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of the day; I must teach you how to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me; so I waited impatiently to hear how my father would explain it; for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, describes the years of a man to be three-score and ten, or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you arrive at fourteen years old, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock; at thirty-five it will be five o'clock; at forty-two it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine it will be seven o'clock, should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life; and looking at the clock may remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, William, is only known to Him to whom all things are known.

Never, since then, have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?"—and do I think I ever looked at the face of a clock,—without being reminded of the words of my father.—*Day Star.*

### Labor and Prayer.

Adam had tilled the ground, and made unto himself a garden full of trees and plants. The ears of his ripened field waved in the light of the sun, and his trees were covered with