

pects of enjoying a gospel feast as of yore in her Fatherland. Many of our Catechists and Probationers who have visited the Shore will remember her frankness, familiar conversation, and unabated kindness. She felt a deep interest in them all, gave them a warm welcome, and always pointed out the room set apart for the Preacher, which he alone was to occupy.

On the 8th May, 1863, God in his Providence removed the desire of her eyes. This bereavement was a severe stroke, which she ever remembered and often spoke of. When alone and in a meditative mood she would frequently repair to his grave, quite near the house, and gaze at it with tearful eyes, her thoughts tending upward to that home to which he had doubtless gone.

Unlike many of us, Mrs. Kirker kept prominently before her her latter end, and often spoke and talked of it. Frequently she would follow her Pastor to the door of her house, and in parting would say, you will soon come and not find me here. Her last illness was of short duration; she had no desire to recover, and finally passed away without a sigh or a groan. Being highly esteemed in the community, her mortal remains were conveyed to their last resting place, amid a large concourse of people, among whom were many Roman Catholics. She has left behind but one child, a Ruling Elder, and a very active member in the Sheet Harbor Congregation. May we all strive to become imitators of those who through faith and patience now inherit the promises.

Other Missions.

A Good African.

A recent number of one of the Moravian missionary periodicals contains a sketch of the life of a native assistant at Shiloh, named Carl Stompjes. The kraal in which his parents lived was on the bank of the River Zonderund. His father, who seems to have been converted by George Schmidt, often spoke to him of his missionary, "exhorting him to walk in the ways of the Lord; Satan would try to hinder him, but he must resist him." Schmidt was the first missionary to the Hottentots; he had suffered previously for six years imprisonment in Bohemia, and at last died at Nisky in 1785. He had told the natives that other missionaries would follow him; and Carl's father recommended to him to pray constantly that God would soon send his servants to them. They heard shortly afterwards of three missionaries from Ger-

many arrived at the Cape to instruct the Hottentots, when they set out on the journey to Bavian's Kloof (now Genadendal), to meet them with great joy, and were courteously received. Carl attended the church, and heard with interest of the Saviour of sinners. This mission was opposed and persecuted by the colonists, though they could not hinder its blessed results. The desire of the Hottentots for the Gospel was so great that they built eight huts in a very short time; and, far and wide, the news spread over the country that God had sent men to tell them how they should be saved, and forty attentive hearers assembled, tears running down their cheeks. When the English took Capetown they ordered one hundred men for service from Genadendal, Carl amongst others. Becoming suddenly ill, he vowed earnestly that if he recovered he would follow the Lord more fully. Soon afterwards he was baptized with eight other candidates. He said "that was a blessed day for me, and I felt the peace of God in my heart." He suffered much hardship in service with the Boors without complaining; afterwards he became assistant to the Moravian Church, and his wife interpreter for the Kaffirs. The war of 1851 tried them both, when they followed the missionaries in their flight to Colesberg. When the English Government made peace with the Kaffirs they returned to their house. Characteristic were Carl's answers to the Governor, Sir Geo. Grey, as he met him in the missionary's garden. "I am glad to see you so diligent; you remind me of home, as you are a good specimen of the natives of Africa. How long have you been with the missionaries?" "I do not know; it is many years." "Are you happy with them?" "Yes, Sir, for from them I have heard the Word of God." "You seem very old, but still active, and as erect in your bearing as a soldier. Will you serve now with me?" "Sir, I once served under the Dutch when they had the Cape; now I am a soldier of the Lord above!" and he raised his hand towards heaven. The Governor replied with evident feeling, "Right, my old friend, thou hast chosen the best service!" And at parting he pressed his hand and gave him a piece of gold. Carl's end was perfect peace, the Lord's presence being very manifest; he fell asleep at the age of eighty-seven. A goodly number followed him to the grave, attesting that a valued member of the church was laid in his last resting-place.

Meeting of the Synod at Shanghai.

Ministers and elders connected with the Ningpo and Shangtung Missions met and organized as a Synod in October, and trans-