

was easy to see that his end was approaching. Death had no terrors for him; for he had put all his confidence in the merits of the Saviour, and the Saviour is faithful to fulfil his promises. But Neff seemed sometimes to desire life, not for himself, but because he wished to devote more years to the service of his Divine Master. He was but 31 years old. What a vast and benevolent career was still before him in the ordinary course of human events! What appeals he could address to sinners! how many souls he could lead to Christ! But the ways of God are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts. Neff approached rapidly the gates of the grave. I will not describe his last moments; the narrative is contained in all the biographies of this illustrious disciple of the Lord. I will add only some brief reflections upon his character and labors.

He united in a high degree two qualities which are rarely found together; he was very active, and at the same time very humble. Ordinarily men who labor much are ambitious, and aspire to govern others. Calvin himself, with all his eminent moral qualities, could not always resist this temptation. Felix Neff did not yield to it. He could say, with Paul: "I have labored more than them all," and yet he never assumed to lord it over his brethren. He loved to sit in the lowest place. I had occasion myself to remark this, when I saw him at Lausanne in 1827. He spoke little, and avoided attracting attention. His countenance, his looks, his conversation, his motions, all indicated in him the utmost humility.

Felix Neff was not a great orator nor a great writer. Several of our contemporary theologians surpassed him in both these respects. How then did he accomplish so much more good, and do a work which is blazoned to the ends of the earth? It is because he had more than others the life of Christ; that he prayed more, and that, instead of trusting in his own strength, he trusted wholly in the strength of the Lord. Doubtless he had also his weaknesses, his languid moments, his falls: who is completely free from them? But he soon recovered, leaning upon the arm of Jehovah, and resumed his course with new ardor.

The spirit of dogmatism was never the fault of Felix Neff. He did stray into obscure theological subtleties; the gospel was with him a life rather than a science. He esteemed communion with God above all the acquisitions of human wisdom; and hence he was so powerful an instrument for the conversion of souls.

Years have shown that he built upon the true foundation, upon Christ crucified; for the fruits of his labor still remain. The traveller who traverses the Upper Alps, the department of Isere, the cantons of French Switzerland, meets at every step Christians who tell him: "I was led to the cross of the Saviour by the preaching of Felix Neff." Oh! may the Lord give us yet, in his great mercy, missionaries, pastors like him! We have need of them to conquer in the great struggle of the faith against infidelity, and of life against death.

I am, &amp;c.

G. DE F.

## THE TRAVELLER.

### JOURNEY THROUGH AN AFRICAN DESERT. MISSIONARY TRIALS.

VANDERBYLE and myself were somewhat in advance of the rest, when we observed our three companions remaining behind; but, supposing they staid to strike a light and kindle their pipes, we rode forward. Having proceeded some distance, we halted and halloed, but received no reply. We fired a shot, but no one answered. We then pursued our journey in the direction of the high ground near the Long Mountains, through which our path lay. On reaching a bushless plain, we alighted, and made a fire: another shot was fired, and we listened with intense earnestness; but gloomy, desert silence reigned around. We conversed, as well as our parched lips would allow, on what must be done. To wait till morning would only increase the length of our suffering; to retrace our steps was impossible; probably they had wandered from the path, and might never overtake us. At the same time we felt most reluctant to proceed. We had just determined to remain when we thought we would fire one more shot. It was answered—by a lion, apparently close to the place where we stood. My companion took his steel and flint, to try by striking them if he could not discover traces of the lion's paws on the path, expecting

every moment that he would bound on one of us. The terror of the horses soon told us that the object of our dread was close to us, but on the right side, namely, in our rear. We instantly remounted, and continued to pursue the track, which we had sometimes great difficulty in tracing along its zig-zag windings among the bushes, stones, and sand. The dark towering cliffs around us, the deep silence of which was disturbed by the grunt of a solitary baboon, or the squalling of some of its young ones, added to the colouring of the night picture.

We continued our slow and silent march for hours. The tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth from thirst, made conversation extremely difficult. At last we reached the long-wished for 'water-fall,' so named, because when it rains, water sometimes falls, though in small quantities, but it was too late to ascend the hill. We bowed the knee to Him who had mercifully preserved us, and laid our heads on our saddles. The last sound we heard to soothe us was the distant roar of the lion, but we were too much exhausted to feel anything like fear. Sleep came to our relief, and it seemed made up of scenes the most lovely, forming a glowing contrast to our real situation. These elysian pleasures continued till morning's dawn, when we awoke, speechless with thirst, our eyes inflamed, and our whole frames burning like a coal. I then ascended the rugged height to the spot where water once was, but found it as dry as the sandy plain beneath. I stood a few minutes, stretching my languid eye to see if there was any appearance of the horses, but saw nothing; turning to descend, I happened to cough, and was instantly surrounded by almost a hundred baboons, some of gigantic size. They grunted, grinned, and sprang from stone to stone, protruding their mouths, and drawing back the skin of their foreheads, threatening an instant attack. I kept parrying them with my gun, which was loaded; but I knew their character and disposition too well to fire, for if I had wounded one of them I should have been skinned in five minutes. The ascent had been very laborious, but I would have given anything to be at the bottom of the hill again. Some came so near as even to touch my hat while passing some projecting rocks. It was some time before I reached the plain, when they appeared to hold a noisy council, either about what they had done or what they intended doing.

We now directed our course towards Witte-water, where we could scarcely expect to arrive before the afternoon, even if we reached it at all, for we were soon obliged to dismount, and drive our horses slowly and silently over the glowing plain. Many a time did we seek old ant hills, excavated by the ant eater, into which we thrust our heads, in order to have something solid between our fevered brains and the piercing rays of the sun. There was no shadow of a great rock, the shrubs shapeless, barren, and blighted, as if by some blast of fire. Nothing animate was to be seen or heard, except the shrill chirping of a beetle resembling the cricket, the noise of which seemed to increase with the intensity of the heat. Not a cloud had been seen since we left our homes. My difficulties and anxieties were now becoming painful in the extreme, not knowing anything of the road, which was in some places hardly discernible, and in my faithful guide hope had died away. The horses moved at the slowest pace, and that only when driven, which effort was laborious in the extreme. Speech was gone, and everything expressed by signs, except when we had recourse to a pipe, and for which we now began to lose our relish. After sitting a long while under a bush, oh! what a relief I felt when my guide pointed to a distant hill near to which water lay. Courage revived, but it was with pain and labour that we reached it late in the afternoon. Having still sufficient judgment not to go at once to drink, it was with great difficulty I prevented my companion doing that which would almost instantly have proved fatal to him. Our horses went to the pool and consumed nearly all the water, for it appeared that some wild horses had shortly before slacked their thirst at this spot, leaving for us but little, and that little polluted.

Becoming cooler after a little rest, we drank, and though moving with animalcule, muddy, and nauseous with filth, it was to us a reviving draught. We rested and drank, till the sun sinking in the west, compelled us to go forward, in order to reach Griqua Town that night. Though

we had filled our stomachs with water, if such it might be called, for it was grossly impure, thirst soon returned with increased agony; and painful was the ride and walk, for they were alternate, until we reached, at a late hour, the house of Mr. Anderson.

We remained here a few days, in the course of which our lost companions arrived, having, as we rightly supposed, wandered towards the river, and escaped the thirst which had nearly terminated our career in the desert."—*Moffat's Missionary Labors in Africa*, pp. 159-166.

## RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

THE enclosed Address was issued a short time ago, by a Society in Glasgow, composed of the members of various evangelical denominations, and formed for the purpose of bringing about a concert of prayer in a new form, among all evangelical Christians. Though the time proposed to be set apart for united prayer, from the 18th to the 27th of October, has passed, I cannot doubt that the perusal of the address will be edifying to many of your readers.

### ADDRESS.

*To the Children of God, scattered abroad throughout the world, this Second Memorial is humbly submitted, with renewed desires that grace and peace may be abundantly multiplied to them all, through the knowledge of God our Saviour.*

The Lord having been graciously pleased to bless the concert of prayer last year, as a means of refreshment to the souls of many of his people, and various applications having been made for its renewal this present year, the Society with whom the former proposal originated, feel themselves called upon, in the providence of God, to meet these requests.

There is something truly delightful in the thought of that community of principle, of feeling, and of interest, which subsists among real Christians. Amidst all external diversities, and considerable diversities, of opinion, the people of God are, after all, truly one. There is one body, and one spirit; one hope, one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all. It surely then must be our bounden duty, and ought to be a congenial exercise, to keep the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace. And nothing, perhaps, contributes more to this end, than habitual and stated union in prayer.

I. In the form of address, a number of topics were suggested as forming suitable subjects for united prayer. The whole of these may be summed up in three particulars—the glory of God—the salvation of his people—and the overthrow of his enemies; the two latter again resolving themselves into the former. Christ, again, and his people being one—the Church being his body—the fulness of Him who filleth all in all, it is manifest that till every child of God has been called to the fellowship of his Son, something must be wanting, both to the full manifestation of the glory of the Divine Head, and to the complete blessedness of the mystical body. To this consummation all things tend. For this end the whole framework of Providence has been arranged, and the means of grace appointed. When all the living stones composing the holy temple destined to be an habitation of God, through the Spirit, have been built upon the precious corner-stone laid in Zion, the temporary scaffolding shall be taken down, and the head-stone brought forth, with shoutings of Grace, grace unto us. Surely, then, it becomes us to have continually in our eye this day of the Lord, when Christ shall come in his own glory, and in the glory of his Father, attended by the holy angels—the day of the manifestation of the sons of God, when the Lord Jesus shall come, to be glorified in his saints—when, seeing him as he is, they shall be like him—the entire Church, thoroughly sanctified and cleansed, and every individual member made perfect, both in soul and body, completely blessed, in serving and enjoying God forever. Is it not to be feared that many Christians in the present day are too little in the habit of looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God? And does not this ar-