

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

### A PARTY OF EMIGRANTS TRAVELING IN AFRICA.

We were placed on our location, near the source of the Baviaan's River on the 29th June; next day we were visited by Captain Harding, the magistrate of the district, and formally installed in our new possessions. By the advice of this officer, we resolved to place a nightly watch, to guard our camp from any sudden attack that might be attempted by Caffer or Bushman marauders; and as Captain Harding considered our position to be a very exposed one, we agreed to continue, at least for the first season in one body, and to erect our huts and cultivate our crops in one spot, for the sake of common security and mutual hope.

The day following we made a complete tour of our united domain, to which we gave the Scottish name of Glen-Lynden, an appellation afterwards extended to the whole valley of "Baviaan's River." We erected temporary land-marks to divide the allotments of the different families; and in our progress started a good deal of wild game, quaggu, hartbeestes, rietboks, oribis, and two wild boars, one of which we killed: but we saw no beast of prey, except a solitary jackal.

The next day, July 2d, was our first Sunday on our own ground. Feeling the high importance of strictly maintaining the suitable observance of this day of sacred rest, it was unanimously resolved that we should abstain from all secular employment not sanctioned by absolute necessity; and at the same time commence such a system of religious services as might be with propriety maintained in the absence of a clergyman or minister. The whole party were accordingly assembled after breakfast, under a venerable acacia tree, on the margin of the little stream which murmured pleasantly beneath. The river appeared shaded here and there by the graceful willow of Babylon, which grows abundantly along the banks of the African streams, and which with the other peculiar features of the scenery, vividly reminded us of the beautiful lament of the Hebrew exiles;—"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof,"

"It was indeed an affecting sight to look round on our little band of Scottish exiles, thus congregated for the first time to worship God in the wild glen allotted for their future home and the heritage of their offspring. There sat old —, with his silvery locks, the patriarch of the party, with his Bible on his knee,—a picture of the grave, high-principled Scottish husbandman: his respectable family seated round him. There was the widow —, with her meek, kind, and quiet look—like one who had seen better days, but who in adversity had found pious resignation, with her three stalwart sons and her young maiden daughter placed beside her on the grass. There was Mr. —, with his two servant lads, the younger brother of a Scottish laird, rich in blood, but poor in fortune, who, with an estimable pride, had preferred a farm in South Africa, to a humiliating dependence on aristocratic connexions at home. There, too, were others still more nearly related to the writer of this little sketch—the nominal head of the party. Looking round on these collected groups, on this solemn day of assemblage, such reflections as the following irresistibly crowded on his mind: "Have I collected from their native homes, and led forth to this remote corner of the globe all those my friends and contrymen, for good or for evil?—to perish miserably in the wilderness, or to become the honoured founders of a prosperous settlement, destined to extend the benefits of civilization and the blessed light of the Gospel through this dark and desolate nook of benighted Africa? The issue of our enterprise is known only to Him who ordereth all things well: 'Man proposes, but God disposes.' But though the result of our scheme is in the womb of futurity, and although it seems probable that greater perils and privations await us than we had once calculated upon, there yet appears no cause to repent of the course we have taken, or to augur unfavorably of the ultimate issue. Thus far Providence has prospered and protected us. We left not our native land (deeply and dearly loved by us) from wanton restlessness or mere love of change, or without very sufficient and reasonable motives. Let us, therefore, go on calmly and courageously, duly invoking the blessing of God on all our proceedings; and thus, be the result what it may, we shall feel ourselves in the path of active duty."—With