

The Moravian Mission Station, Grenadendal, or Grace-Vale.

This is the oldest missionary station in South Africa. It lies at the end of a valley, formerly known as Baboon Glen, entirely surrounded, except in one direction, by high mountains. The settlement is about a mile in length, and a quarter of this in breadth; the gardens being so numerous that it looks, at a little distance, like a city in the woods. 'A more pleasant spot,' says Mr. Campbell, 'can hardly be imagined. The houses of the Hottentots are found neat and clean. Some of them had four apartments, others of them were mean; but all had a good garden stocked with fruit-trees, both ornamental and useful. At the common dinner-table in the mission house, the Hottentots who served did everything with as much propriety and expedition as our best English servants could have done.' The missionary history of the settlement will be found in *Moffat's Missionary Labours and Scenes*. The substance of it is this:—In July 1736, George Schmidt, with something of that zeal which fired the bosom of Hans Egede, left his native country for that of the Hottentots. He came as a man commissioned by the King of kings to direct these degraded, oppressed, ignorant, despised people to the Lamb of God. It is impossible to traverse that glen, or sit under the great tree which the devoted man planted with his own hands, without feeling something like a holy envy of so distinguished a person in the missionary band. The Hottentots who remembered Mr. Schmidt, or had heard of his labour of love, now rallied around the fresh-erected standard, and though severe were the trials of the missionaries, often threatened as they were with destruction and murder, yet their labours were blessed, and from the colony the mission has spread to the Tambookies beyond it, where they have now a flourishing station. Who can now doubt the divine assurance, 'My word shall not return to me void?'

'Genadendal,' says a missionary, 'is a lovely spot. I almost feel inclined to call it a paradise.' 'And truly,' says another missionary, 'it may be justly termed a garden of the Lord.'

The Moravian mission premises and chapel are shaded by large and stately oaks. The congregation numbers about 3000 souls, and the services are always well attended. The simple, earnest Christianity of the converts is very manifest. 'It is my greatest joy,' said an aged Hottentot widow, 'to wait upon the sick at night, especially when the patient is in destitute circumstances. When unable to sleep, I feel the happier in conversing with my Saviour.'

Another widow said, 'I am comforted by His sufferings for my sins. Oh, may I ever be found thankfully adoring at His through-pierced feet!'

Grasping the missionary's hand, a dying one said, 'Just as fast as I hold now the hand of Mynheer, have I taken hold of my Saviour. My sins are all forgiven!'

'The Saviour has so much compassion on me,' remarked a communicant, 'and yet I find sin abounding. One is so shut up in sin from top to toe, so oppressed under the burden of sin, and so polluted, that, were it not for the blood of Jesus, all the water of the ocean could not cleanse us. But His blood is able to do so.'

An old Hottentot, when asked if he did not find it difficult to obtain a living, replied, 'Oh! no; weak as I am, I have planted pumpkins. I have got as many as sixty, so that I have been able to assist others. A sack of corn lasts me longer than it would others. That is through the blessing of our Saviour. I am old and feeble. It is not I, but our Saviour that helps me. I see more and more clearly how great His love and patience are.'

When the only mission station in South Africa was Genadendal, a slave among the Boors, who wore the kaross, or Hottentot cloak of sheepskins, sometimes heard the Boors say that such an one was converted, and then they laughed at him. The slave wished to know what this meant, but his companions could not tell him. When about fifteen years of age, he saw an old Hottentot woman, whose husband had been killed by the Bushmen, and observed something peculiar about her. He asked her what this being converted meant. She replied, 'If you wish to be converted, pray to God to forgive your sins, and to make you His child, and do not leave off till you get sweet.' She meant, 'till you find peace.' The slave took her advice for a week, and found rest in Christ. Then she told him more about the Lord, and he learned to commune with Him, and gained experience. He afterwards went to Genadendal, joined the mission church there, and became a shepherd on the neighbouring plains and kloofs.—*The Missionary News*.

News of the Church.

Presbytery of Pictou.

The Presbytery of Pictou met in John Knox's Church, New Glasgow, on the 4th inst., and was constituted by the Rev. James Thompson, Moderator; with whom were present the Revs. David Roy, John Stewart, George Walker, James Bayne, D.D., D. B. Blair, Alex. Sutherland, George Patterson,