

Like Job of still more ancient history, he retrieves all, and returns to his native place, if not a sadder, at least a very much richer man. We are struck with the simple piety displayed, the intense faith in omens, magic, fortune-telling, and we wonder that any could believe for an instant in the medical treatment to which poor Rukmini is subjected. The social questions of the day, such as child-marrings, widows, education of children, the sufferings of the rich from ignorance, are all brought most vividly before us.

Of course, the reader who takes up this tale expecting to learn of missionary work will feel disappointed, yet we venture to say that no thoughtful Christian will rise from a perusal of its pages without an intense feeling of gratitude for the blessings of civilized life and an earnest desire to send the glad tidings to those who are dwelling in such superstition and dense darkness.

The book has copious foot-notes which render it a little awkward at first, for some at least, but it is utterly impossible to proceed without them owing to the many foreign words. A perusal of this work will, we are sure, result in good. Mr. Hutchinson makes a reduction in favor of W. M. A. societies, ministers and Sunday-schools and the book may be ordered from him (at Wolfville, N.S.) for \$1.18, reduced rate.

We cannot help feeling that the book would have had a wider circulation had its price been even less, but we bespeak for it a careful reading and promise satisfaction.

A. E. J.

## TO-DAY

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray ;  
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin, just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work, and duly pray ;  
Let me be kind in word and deed, just for to-day

Let me be slow to do my will, prompt to obey .  
Help me to mortify my flesh, just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word, unthinking say .  
Set Thou a seal upon my lips, just for to-day

Let me in season, Lord, be grave, in season gay .  
Let me be faithful to Thy grace, just for to-day

So for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray ;  
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, just for to-day.

## Sketches of the Modern Missionary Movement—No. X.

BY MRS. J. O. YULE.

In the course of these sketches we have touched upon the work of Missions in Western Africa—not indeed upon its beginning, but as exhibiting in the spirit and life of one consecrated worker the scope and aim of the great mission-movement of the period ; and showing that, while hearts were beginning to yearn over India, China, and others of the old lands of the East, as well as over regions of the nearer West, Africa had her share, not only in the solicitude, but in the sacrifice and the service. The life and work of this particular individual, while indeed it has points of special and peculiar interest, is largely illustrative of others not only given to, but sacrificed for the poor degraded-negroes of the Western Coast.

Southern Africa presents to us another rich field of

Missionary enterprise ; but from the many worthy names of those who labored there, we shall select only two—Vanderkemp and Moffatt—as illustrative of the singleness of purpose and patient endurance of hardship which characterized the whole.

John Theodore Vanderkemp was born at Rotterdam, a little before the middle of the eighteenth century. Educated in the University of Leyden, for eighteen years an officer in the army, afterwards graduated as Doctor of Medicine from the University of Edinburgh. Dr. Vanderkemp stood high in every department of life, both as a finished scholar and a polished gentleman. Of him, Dr. Moffatt says :—" He came from a University to stoop to teach the alphabet to the poor naked Hottentot and Kaffro ; from the society of nobles to associate with beings of the lowest grade in the scale of humanity ; from stately mansions to the filthy hovel of the African ; from the army, to instruct the fierce savage in the tactics of a heavenly warfare under the banner of the Prince of Peace ; from the study of physic, to become a guide to the balm of Gilead and the Physician there ; and, finally, from a life of earthly honor and ease, to be exposed to perils of waters, of robbers, of his own countrymen, and of the heathen."

And yet, with all these worldly honors upon him, Dr. Vanderkemp, up almost to the age of fifty, was without hope and without God in the world, careless about religion, and even scoffing at its claims. But God has His own mysterious agencies for calling his chosen ones out from their death-sleep of sin, and shaping them for the great ends He intends them to subserv. One bright June day, while out with his wife and daughter, for a sail on the river Meuse, near Dort, his boat was caught in a sudden storm, upset, and his loved ones perished before his eyes ; but he himself after being carried by the current a mile below the city, was rescued from death by a passing ship ; for a strange, new work of which, in its relation to himself, he had previously never dreamed.

It is no wonder that from this hour Dr. Vanderkemp became a deeply thoughtful man. Deep conviction of his sinfulness fastened upon his mind, and the mercy of God in sparing a life from which He had so long been shut out, filled him with amazement. At length he was enabled to cast himself wholly upon that mercy in Jesus Christ, and with that new life was begotten in his heart a new desire, intense and all-absorbing, to live and labor for his Lord.

He offered himself to the London Missionary Society as a laborer, was appointed to Southern Africa, and in company with two other missionaries landed at Cape Town on the last day of March, 1799, being at that time already fifty-two years of age.

Instead of stopping among the Hottentots of the colony, he chose to push on and labor among the more distant tribes where he felt he was more needed ; and accordingly with one missionary companion, passed beyond the limits of the farthest colonial town, into the heart of the Kaffro country, where continual wars were being waged between the natives and the colonies, and even among the inhabitants themselves.

We cannot here enter into the details of the hardship, loneliness, and toil of this devoted man. His fellow-missionary only remained with him a short time, and then he was left alone to face the suspicion, ignorance, and hostility of the natives. "So completely," says his biographer, "was he mastered by the sameness of all around him—the same labor, the same absence of results, that he became bewildered at one time ; and for a while kept his Sabbath on Saturday without knowing it."