

## DR. DUFF'S BIBLE.

Speaking at a public meeting at the Cape of Good Hope, on his way from India, the Rev. Dr. Duff rose and said: Mr. Chairman, it is now upwards of thirty-four years since I had the privilege of first making your acquaintance in this city, and the acquaintance also of my venerable friend, Dr. Faure, and one or two others—one of whom has been alluded to already (Rev. Dr. Adamson)—a man of unsurpassed powers alike in the field of literature, science, and theology, and whose absence now I for one do very especially regret. You, then, sir, and one or two more, are the sole survivors of that noble band of Christian brethren who opened to my self and wife and fellow-passengers your hearts and homes. On that occasion our lives were preserved almost by a miracle of Providence. For several days we had your barren sands for our couch, the heavens for our curtain, and the eggs of the penguin for our sustenance. There was one incident connected with that event in my life which I must relate, as it had a lasting impression on me. The vessel went to pieces on the rocks, and the shore was strewn with the wreck and portions of the luggage of the passengers. I had then a great collection of books, and partly by my own exertions and by the kind attention of friends had formed a large library of classical and theological works. All went to the bottom. Portions of them were scattered on the shore; but the only volume which came ashore entire and in its integrity was a copy of Bagster's Comprehensive Family Bible, with the Scotch Psalms. It was picked up by a sailor, who, noticing my name on it, brought it to me. It was a Sunday morning—the storm and the tempest had passed away, and there was not a speck to be seen anywhere around except the table cloth on your Table

Mountain. As I took that Bible in my hands, I felt that it spoke to me as with a voice from Heaven—"You have been an idolator of books—I have sent them all to the bottom of the sea—but I leave you The Book—take it in your hands, let its lessons be engraven on your understanding and your heart, and go forth prepared to proclaim its doctrines as the truths which can alone dethrone the powers of heathenism and minister to the highest happiness of immortal man." I learnt a lesson then, which I hope I have never forgotten.

## THREE NARROW ESCAPES AND THEIR VOICE.

In meditations on my bed in the silent night watches, in wanderings in the fields at noon-day, amidst gorgeous vegetation, cheery songs of birds, and gurgling melody of the running streamlets, I am apt to put the question to myself, *Where am I?* It appears to me at first sight to be a simple question, and needs but a simple positive answer. It is however a problem of potent significance and needs profound divine wisdom to its adequate solution. It can however be easily solved in the negative. In the first place I am not yet a handful of dust and ashes immured in an obscure country church-yard! Secondly, I am not yet in Hell! Thirdly, the day of grace is not yet departed from me for ever! And why do I so exultingly triumph at so wonderful a happy state of matters? Have I not seen hundreds of my fellow creatures, my juniors, my friends and acquaintances, cut away from all that was dear and precious to them in life, and what am I that I should have escaped and been preserved in life until now? What account can I render to God, my creator, for his wonderful preservation of me through a life of danger, vicissi-