

object of his mission. As the critical moment drew near, he ordered his servant to produce a bottle of champagne, which had travelled with him from St. Petersburg; and at the precise moment when his timepiece told twelve, he quaffed a bumper, looking at the luminary, and was off as quickly as he had come. Of another it is related, that he made the long journey twice, and contrived each time to be too late. Nothing daunted, he paid a third visit, and had now a few hours to spare; but, being thoroughly knocked up, he went to bed at the village, after refreshing the outward man, ordering his servant to call him in proper time. The slumberer was accordingly aroused, though with difficulty, and awoke in an oblivious state. "What? Eh!" said he, "the sun, is it? Oh! ay! yes, I remember; the sun, I'll see him to-morrow."

A most delightful trip we had. The road winds through beautiful meadows along the margin of the still clear river. Here and there were patches of birch-wood, small peasant farms, and churches upon promontories by the stream. There was a succession of striking pastorals to the little village of Mattarenghy, seated upon a flat by the water-side, with a Finnish chapel on a height above, while wooded hills formed the horizon. An inconsiderable distance beyond, at the cataracts of Kattila, the latitude of 66° 30' marks the limit of the north temperate zone, and the line of the arctic circle. Soon after nine o'clock, we started from the village to the mountain, and reached its foot in about an hour, boating the distance. It rises up, a shapeless mass of granite blocks, to the height of some 600 feet, where there is a flat, crowned with birches, pines, and rich masses of heath between them. A hundred persons at least were assembled in little groups, and many languages were spoken. The eye took in a vast landscape from the station, upon which the sun shone, without absolutely lighting it up. There was the subdued illumination of sunset, without the setting. Bright but beamless was the orb, gleaming with a softened light, and casting a purple glow, till a white cloud spread its intercepting veil.

The night was calm, very warm, and fires were lighted by the peasantry to keep away the gnats. *Everything* seemed to invite the quiet enjoyment of a great festival of nature. The cloud left the sun. Now it was twelve o'clock. Many drank healths, and made noisy demonstrations. Lads ran about from one party to another, offering water from wooden vessels, and pleading hard to cut the names of the travellers upon the mountain. "Nothing remarkable," said one. "Like a great cheese," responded another. "A pewter plate," rejoined a third. For my part, at such an hour, the sun in mild splendour, pure and quiet, suggested the watchful eye of God beaming with love upon the world.

DR. VAN DER KEMP.

JOHN THEODORE VAN DER KEMP was, for sixteen years, a dashing officer of dragoons. He was a profane infidel, and the slave of vice and ungodliness. On marrying, his character improved out-

wardly; but his infidelity was only confirmed by his intercourse with the deists of Edinburgh, while studying medicine in that city. After a few years of medical practice in Holland, he retired from active occupation, intending to devote the residue of his days to literary pursuits. But the God whom he knew not had other work for him to do. After much restless thinking on the subject of religion, he concluded that it was beyond the reach of his reason to discover the true road to virtue and happiness. This, he says, he confessed to God, and owned that he was like a blind man who had lost his way, and who waited in the hope that some benevolent person would pass by and show him the right path.

His hope was realized, not, however, in the first place, by the still small voice, but by the fire and tempest. By a sudden storm he was bereft of his wife and only child, while his own life was rescued as by miracle. The sabbath after, he was found in the sanctuary, a broken-hearted mourner. The world was no longer to him what it had been: his home was dark and desolate; and there was something in the character of Jesus Christ that drew him to the gospel for comfort. The sophistries by which his intellect had been warped were gradually destroyed, and within a few short months the gospel was understood, believed, and loved.

Dr. Van der Kemp, now a Christian, could no longer live to himself. He became a missionary to the heathen at fifty years of age, shrinking from no danger and from no toil. During his sojourn in London on his way to Africa, he passed a brick-field; and it struck him that a great boon might be conferred on the Hottentots by teaching them to build better houses; in order to which it would first be needful to teach them the art of brick-making. Accordingly he sought leave to join the labourers, and for some weeks the venerable apprentice sweltered among the brick-kilns, lightening his labour by the thought of Africa. And when he arrived among the people of his choice, he consecrated himself to their service with the ardour of a lover and the zeal of an apostle. Undismayed by their offensive habits, he took up his abode in the midst of them, and often without any European comfort—sometimes without hat, or shoes or stockings—he not only taught their children, and preached to them the gospel, but, "labouring with his own hands," he showed them how, by their own industry, they might support themselves.

"Dr. Van der Kemp was a man of exalted genius and learning," says Mr. Moffat. "He had mingled with courtiers. He had been an alumnus of the Universities of Leyden and Edinburgh. He had obtained plaudits for his remarkable progress in literature, in philosophy, divinity, physic, and the military art. He was not only a profound student in the ancient languages, but in many of the modern European tongues, even to that of the Highlanders of Scotland, and had distinguished himself in the armies of his earthly sovereign. Yet this man, constrained by the love of Christ, could cheerfully lay aside all his honours, mingle with savages, bear their sneers, and continually

condescend to serve the meanest of his troublesome guests, take the axe, the sickle, the spade, and the mattock, lie down on the place where dogs repose, and spend nights with his couch drenched with rain, the cold wind bringing his fragile house about his ears. Though annoyed by the nightly visits of hungry hyenas, though compelled to wander about in quest of lost cattle, and exposed to the caprice of those whose characters were stains on human nature, whisperings occasionally reaching his ears that murderous plans were in progress for his destruction, he calmly proceeded with his benevolent efforts, and, to secure his object, would stoop, with the meekness of wisdom, to please and propitiate those rude and wayward children of the desert whom he sought to bless."

In 1806, the colony passed from the Dutch into the hands of the English; and, under the protection of Sir David Baird, the mission of Dr. Van der Kemp so prospered that, in 1810, the settlement at Bethelsdorp contained nearly a thousand inhabitants, all receiving Christian instruction. Mats and baskets were made in considerable quantities, and sold in the surrounding country. Salt was also manufactured, and bartered for wheat; and, by sawing, soap-boiling, and wood-cutting, the people exerted themselves for an independent maintenance. Dr. Van der Kemp, who supported himself as a missionary with scarcely any charge to the Society, spent nearly a thousand pounds of his patrimony in the ransom of slaves; and his representations to Lord Caledon were the first in a series of movements on behalf of the oppressed aborigines, which, in 1828, ended in their obtaining rights and privileges in all respects equal to those of the Dutch and English settlers.*

ANOTHER TRUE INCIDENT OF 1745.†

On a stormy night of February, 1745, a young lady, whom we shall call Miss Scott, sat by her dressing-room fire, in an old castle in Perthshire. She had been occupied all day tending her cousin, Miss Hay, who was ill of fever; and now, ere retiring to rest, she thought of the contest in which many of her relatives were engaged. The army of Prince Charles having retreated to the Highlands, several detachments of the king's troops were on the march for that campaign which ended in the battle of Culloden.

Amidst the roar of the storm Miss Scott fancied she heard the bell of the castle ring; and presently a servant appeared, saying that an officer requested to see her alone. On descending to the dining-room, she found her cousin, Captain Hay, who eagerly asked for his sister. When he found that she was too ill to be disturbed, he said that in a vault below the castle, unknown except to his parents and himself, were concealed the family plate, and some papers which it was of the utmost consequence he should now possess. As he had only obtained from his commanding officer leave to gallop before his troop, he had not time to select

the papers, but he would open the trap-door, and Miss Scott must go alone next night to take them out, and he would send a trusty messenger to receive them. He took a shovel from the hearth, and a small dark lantern.

Miss Scott followed him to the lowest story of the castle, through chambers and long dark passages. At length they reached a small vaulted apartment, the only furniture of which was a strong wooden press, fixed to the wall in one corner of the room. In front of this Captain Hay scraped away the sand, and Miss Scott saw the ring of an iron trap-door. By united strength they raised it, and, descending a stair, they reached the lowest vault, where the chest stood. Captain Hay gave his cousin a list of the required papers, and the key of the chest; then he left the trap-door so as she could raise it without assistance.

Next night, when all had retired to rest, Miss Scott took a small lamp, and, easily raising the trap-door, descended to the chest and took out the papers: but, oh, horrible! the heavy iron-bound lid of the chest slipped from her trembling hands. The violent concussion closed the trap-door, and burst open the door of the strong wooden press above, so that it remained immovable across the trap-door. She became aware that she must die of starvation in that dreadful vault! In fainting, she must have extinguished her lamp, for she revived in the awful darkness. After praying, as Jonah might have done, she became again insensible. On reviving, she lay in bitter agony; at length she heard a sound. Had a most merciful God heard her cry? Surely some one was in the upper vault! The trap-door was slowly raised, and Captain Hay looked down in terror and amazement.

When she became composed, he explained to her that, having omitted to mark in his list a document of the greatest importance, he had explained the circumstances to his commanding officer, and got permission to return to the Castle. It is supposed Captain Hay perished at Culloden, for he was never heard of more.

Years passed away. Miss Scott was married to a pious and benevolent medical man, to whom she had been long attached, but he died of fever three weeks after the union. In the depths of despair the widow exclaimed, "I prayed, long I prayed, that I might be united to him; I will never pray again, nor see the light of the sun." For more than a year she refused to see her friends, and sat in a darkened room.

The Rev. Hugh Blair, (author of the well-known Sermons, and afterwards Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh,) then a young man, became interested in her history, wrote her a very sympathizing letter, and asked leave to pay her one visit. He found her sitting alone on a sofa, by the light of a taper. What passed is not known, further than that he spoke of the wonderful deliverance God had vouchsafed to her that awful night in the vault. She wept much. "And now, madam, kneel and join with me in prayer." She did so; and when they rose from their knees, he said, "Now, madam, I will show you the light of the sun;" and he opened the shutters.

* From "Work and Conflict," by Rev. J. Kennedy, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

† See "Leisure Hour," No. 443, page 394.