

words a second and third time, till the Boer was compelled to say, "No more of that! I'll bring you all the Hottentots in the place!" After the service the Boer, still surprised by the way in which he had been answered, remarked to the missionary, "Who hardened your hammer to deal my head such a blow? I will never object to the preaching of the gospel to Hottentots again."

The firmness of his resolve appears in the following lines written in 1842 in a lady friend's album:—

My album is the savage breast,
Where darkness broods and tempests rest
Without one ray of light:
To write the name of Jesus there,
Then point to world's both bright and fair
And see the savage bend in prayer,
Is my supreme delight.

We copy from the English *Nonconformist* our closing words:—

"In 1870, the state of his health, and that of Mrs. Moffat, rendering a change desirable, they returned to England; but in a few months, to his great grief, he had to consign to the grave the remains of the devoted wife who had been his cheerful helpmeet during half a century of mission labour. In 1872, the University of Edinburgh did itself the honour of conferring upon Mr. Moffat the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In 1873 the Christian public of England manifested their appreciation of his most valuable labours by presenting to Dr. Moffat an address, accompanied by a sum of £5,800, judiciously invested as a provision for the closing years of his life. Bishop Crowther, several members of Parliament, and other representative speakers, took part in this gratifying demonstration towards one of whom the Rev. Dr. Allon aptly remarked, 'God has gifted our friend with the imagination of a poet, and the countenance of a saint.' One can scarcely look upon him without feeling better, seeing there a simplicity that is inimitable, and a piety that is very transcendent.' During his stay in this country he has, by his addresses, awakened increased interest in missionary effort. Through the munificent aid afforded by the British and Foreign Bible Society, he has been enabled to send out to Africa thousands of copies of the New Testament and the Psalms in the Sechuana language. An institution for training native pastors among the Bechuanas has been founded at Shoshung, and bears the title of 'The Moffat Institute.' On St. Andrew's day, 1875, at the solicitation of the late Dean Stanley, Dr. Moffat lectured in the nave of Westminster Abbey on African Missions. In 1877 he was publicly presented with the freedom and livery of the Turner's Company, and on May 7, 1881, was the honoured guest at a banquet given at the Mansion house by Lord Mayor McArthur, at which the late Archbishop Tait and a large number of bishops were present. On attaining his eightieth year, he received a deputation from the Congregational ministers of London, congratulating him on having been spared to reach that advanced age; he then declared that had he a thousand lives he would willingly live them all again in mission work among the heathen. Of late years he has re-

sided at Leigh, where, on Wednesday, in last week, he ruptured a blood-vessel, causing much fear to his friends, including his three daughters, Miss Moffat, Mrs. Price, and Mrs. Vavasour. His death took place at half-past seven o'clock on the evening of Thursday last. The state of mind with which he met the change awaiting him is illustrated by a note communicated to us by the Rev. Wm. Guest, who writes: 'Three weeks ago it seemed to me due to go over to Leigh to pay a mark of respect to the veteran missionary. His natural gracefulness seemed rather heightened than diminished under very obvious physical weakness. On quoting to him the thought of the aged Whittier, on the Quaker poet's birthday—

Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well!

he replied that his thoughts recently had been much occupied with the three words, "That blessed hope." With those old tones of musical cadence and pathos, he repeated and emphasized the epithet "blessed" as applied to the vision of the Saviour; and he seemed anxious to assure me that it was not only to "the glorious appearing" of the Lord Jesus that his prevailing thoughts adverted, but to his own approaching introduction to Him. It was a beautiful attitude for the spent servant—the long life-work finished—to think chiefly of seeing the dear Master who had graciously appointed and sustained in the service.' The funeral is fixed to take place this afternoon, at Norwood Cemetery, where Mrs. Moffat was buried a few years ago. The procession will leave the residence of Mr. Evan Spicer, Upper Lawn, 109 Tulse-hill, at two o'clock, and a funeral service will be conducted in the Wesleyan chapel at half-past two, when, we believe, the Revs. Joshua C. Harrison and Dr. McEwan will officiate. The service in the cemetery will be taken by the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, B.A., and it is believed that the Rev. Carr Glyn, Vicar of Kensington, will also take part in the service."

ONE of our younger and energetic pastors stepped into our sanctum a few days since. The churches came under review in their general aspect. Circumstances like the following were conned over: A church with handsome buildings; a debt that could at any moment be wiped out; an intelligent, able people; a minister under whose eye the church had grown through many years, and under whom the present building had been erected. Grey hairs come upon him, difficulties arise, the pastoral tie is severed, and an earnest man, who, in the work of his denomination had borne the heat and burden of the day, is virtually adrift among churches that always look out for "young men," with his habits formed, penniless, to live—where? "A poor look out" said our young and thoughtful brother; and such a prospect does darken the horizon westward for any eye that rests thereon. Remember we have penned no fancy