

of the Scriptures as agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, laying the foundation of a Bechwana literature; nor his visit to England in 1838, and the wonderful interest he awakened in his native land; nor of his return to Africa and subsequent career there, till in a ripe old age, he returned to his native shores in 1870, and until the day of his death, worked on unceasingly in behalf of the cause to which his life had been devoted.

A single parting glimpse we give the reader.

"On Sunday, the twentieth of March, 1870, Robert Moffat preached for the last time in the Kuruman church. In all that great congregation there were few of his own contemporaries. The older people were for the most part children at the time when they had first seen the missionaries. With a pathetic grace peculiarly his own, he pleaded with those who still remained unbelieving amid the gospel privileges they had now enjoyed so many years. With a fatherly benediction he commended to the grace of God those who had been to him a joy and crown. It was an impressive close to an impressive career. Many years must pass before that service can be forgotten in Bechwanaland."

We note a single trait of Moffat's character. *He was not a man of one idea*; was not wedded to a system or preconceived methods, but studied to adapt himself to the existing condition of things. While he insisted that no civilizing processes were of any effect without conversion, he despised no means of gaining influence in order to lead the heathen to better modes of living, to improved methods of agriculture, and to thrift and settled habits.

"He was first a missionary; but he was also a great 'captain of industry,' a man who, if he had devoted himself to any form of worldly enterprise, would probably have made a colossal fortune. He could govern men. He knew how to attach them to him, and could gauge their capacity with the eye of a master. He could direct each to the exact task suited to him, and, what is more, keep him heartily at it. Impulse and will went together, and he seldom missed his aim. A mere stripling of twenty-one, he tamed the redoubtable Afrikaner, and made him a humble follower and helper; he subdued Moselikatze, the warlike Matebele, and made him feel that the missionary was essential to him. His simple manhood and fearlessness, with great natural tact and independence, enabled him always to appeal to that side of their nature which was most open to him. And he could wait. It has been well said that the courage necessary to face indefinite perils, such as those to which Moffat was constantly exposed—especially in the first portion of his career—is greater than that which supports the soldier in the midst of excitement of battle. What a probation was that of the long years in the dry and waterless Kuruman, without the token of a single impression being made on any human creature! Shamelessly the people stole; neither grain could grow to ripeness, nor cattle or sheep be left in the fold, or a tool allowed to lie where a bit of work was being done, or a canal made, without the risk of the water being diverted before it reached the mission station. Many a time on returning from their out-door labors, or from a service, they found a stone in the pot instead of the meat they had left to cook. But all undismayed, Robert Moffat and his heroic wife toiled on, assured that their reward would come."*

*British Quarterly Review.