

Our Mission.

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text, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul." What an odd subject, thought I, for a missionary sermon; but he soon convinced me that a better could not have been found in the whole Bible. The image of the venerable man is still in my mind's eye. He was full of pathos, and as solemn as eternity; he seemed to me on the borders of the heavenly world, while describing the comforts and consolations, the blooming hopes of immortality possessed by every real Christian. But the effect produced was by the contrast he then drew—and such a contrast! How he set before us the condition of the heathen world, which knew not God, sunk in the filth of vice and gross superstition, without hope and without God in the world. My mind was powerfully affected. I was very young, and had not the slightest prospect of joining the missionary band, but felt that the cause was worth a thousand lives."

Mary Smith's father had a nursery garden at Dunkinfield, near Manchester, and hither came the youthful Robert Moffat shortly after his conversion, and with a strong flame of missionary zeal already kindled in his heart. Being kindred spirits they became deeply attached to each other; but her desire to accompany the young and ardent missionary to South Africa as his help-meet and fellow-laborer did not at first meet with the approval of her parents, devoted Christians though they were. By-and-by she was able to remove their scruples, and could write to Moffat's parents that "after two years and a half of the most painful anxiety, I have, through the tender mercy of God, obtained permission of my dear parents to join your dear son in his arduous work."

Miss Smith left England in 1819, and Mr. Moffat met her at Cape Town, and they were married, leaving there in January, 1820, and from that time began their united labours to win souls for Christ from that great field of heathendom and superstition.

When we read the accounts given by her in her letters, of the hardships and dangers which surrounded the missionaries, we are lost in wonder at the marvellous grace which sustained them, and not only so, but enabled them even to rejoice in the midst of it all. Truly they had partaken deeply of the Master's spirit, and were thereby enabled to say, with Paul, "None of these things move me."

During Mr. Moffat's frequent absence, Mrs. Moffat was left in charge of the station, and attended to the affairs of the mission. At all times she regularly

visited and ministered to the sick and aged among the people. At these visits she would read the Scriptures, and explain them, in many little addresses and exhortations, which found their way to the hearts of the people. Years afterwards these addresses were remembered, and referred to by many a grateful hearer to whom they had been blessed.

Instant in season and out of season, Mrs. Moffat continued for about fifty years to labour for Christ and souls among the Bechuanas. During the latter years of this term of service, her strength oftentimes failed, and again and again her husband had to remonstrate with her on the impropriety of exceeding the limits of her strength. But she could not forbear; and when, in the course of years, it became desirable to return home—to relinquish active service—the separation between the teacher and the taught was most touching. For many miles a large number of converts followed the waggon, with tears, sobs, sighs, and every expression of sorrowing affection.

Shortly after her return to England, in 1870, a friend said to her, "God has honoured you to be a great helper to your husband." "Yes," she replied; "I always studied my husband's comfort, never hindered him in his work, but always did what I could to keep him up to it." This reply gives the key to her character as a missionary's wife. Self-denial, self-forgetfulness, and self-sacrifice, seem to have been her prominent traits.

Barely six months passed by from the time of her landing on English soil, ere she passed away to the eternal shore. Her long African life had enfeebled her, and the cold of an English winter proved too much for her. On January 10, 1871, after a few days suffering from bronchitis, Mrs. Moffat went "up higher." She went from her work to her reward.

[For OUR MISSION.]

With Him.

BY KATIE.

"Thou art ever with me and all that I have is Thine."
Luke 15: 31.

"THOU"—whoever you are, if you have been "brought nigh by the blood of Christ"—if you are one of those whom God has "called out of darkness into His marvelous light" then to you, His own, He speaks.

"ART ever with me." *Art*, not *will be*, in Heaven when earthly warfare is over, but *now* at this very time, we are with Christ, "risen with Him"—"our hope is in Heaven," our "conversation" there—our "treasure" there. Hear the Saviour's words, "I am with you alway"—"I will never leave thee"—"Abide in Me and I in you." The Master may "dwell in our hearts by faith"—and be in this life, not alone the Saviour and expected King, but the Friend—the best and dearest Friend, "that sticketh