

Our Mission.

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life. The meeting had already been held, but he could not rest till he resolved to go to Manchester, seek out Mr. Roby, and tell him all that was on his heart. He did so, was kindly received, and, suffice it to say, after preliminary examination, &c., he was accepted by the Directors of the London Missionary Society for service in Africa. In October, 1846, he was publicly set apart to the work, and on the last day of that month sailed for Cape of Good Hope. At once the ardent missionary commenced that which was for him a life work. Fifty-two years did he labour incessantly for the Master, amid difficulties and dangers which would have daunted other men. He made it his one great business to benefit the poor Africans, both for the present life and that which is to come. His motto was that of the Apostle Paul: "This one thing I do." Of course it is impossible in the brief space at our disposal, to even touch upon the salient points in his career.* During his fifty-two years missionary career, he paid but one visit to England, and that for the purpose of superintending the publication of the New Testament in the Sechuana tongue.

On his return to Africa he was accompanied by several new workers, among them his future son-in-law, the renowned missionary traveller, David Livingstone. Not the least among the honors which cluster round the name of Moffat, is that of having given the Bible to South and Central Africa. He did for the interest of those vast regions what Morrison had done for the natives of China, Carey and Marshman for the races of India, and other missionaries for the people of other lands,—placed in their hands the word of God in their native tongue. To him was given the rare and unspeakable pleasure of living to translate the whole Bible into the barbarian dialect of South Africa. Prior to his first entrance into the mission field, he made the acquaintance of and became engaged to Miss Smith, who subsequently sailed for Africa and they were married at Cape Town. She was his faithful and loving companion for upwards of 50 years of his life in Africa, and returned with him at the close of his missionary work, and after a short illness, died January 10th, 1871.† In the beginning of 1870, Moffat at the age of 65 years closed his life's labor, on the African continent. He reached England, July

25th, of that year, and in August 1st was welcomed by the Board of Directors at the London Mission House. In his address he said, "When I went out to Africa I went out for life; when I gave myself to the missionary enterprise it was to live and die in the service. I always anticipated I should leave my dust to mingle with those whom I have been instrumental in gathering from among the heathen, and who are now participating in the glories of the heavenly world, but it has been ordered otherwise, and now I shall do all that in me lies for the advancement of the missionary cause. I shall not fail, wherever I am, to use all the means within my power, by presence or word, to advance that grand cause to which I devoted my life." Faithfully did he perform that promise, and his ringing, soul inspiring words have been owned of God, to the arousing of a missionary spirit in many who have since gone forth with the Word of Truth to heathendom. But the end was now drawing nigh, and at half past seven on the evening of Thursday the 10th of August, 1883, he passed away, leaving a name which will never be forgotten, and an example which can never (among men) be excelled.

He Knoweth.

HE knoweth what I need, my father knows !
 Oh, sweet and blessed is the confidence
 His children have in Him, the Lord of all,
 The Maker and Preserver of the worlds,
 The Mighty yet the loving One, my God.
 My poor and trembling heart finds refuge sweet
 Beneath the shadow of His father-hand,
 And yields up every wish and thought beside,
 Still longing to abide shut up in Him,
 Watching His eye and listening to His voice.
 Not always have I thus been free, at rest,
 Serving by only listening to obey ;
 But busy seeking here to work, and there
 Looking to gather fruit; and fretting sore
 Because my path of usefulness seemed closed.
 My path was closed, but His path was opened up,
 And His voice sweetly bade me walk therein;
 Then I arose to go, not readily.
 Desiring that the purpose might be changed
 And I might follow in the way I chose.
 My love went out to earthly treasure fair,
 "And surely," said I of my wayward heart,
 "Her truest rest shall be in gathering that,
 Then ever working on with added joy,
 And zeal for God drawn from this pleasant spring."
 With earnest prayer and would-be powerful faith
 The thing I wished I wearied to obtain,
 But found it not, till God, in pitying love,
 Showed He, who knew the best my deepest need,
 Would, when I waited, grant a full supply,
 My springs are all in Him, no creature good
 Has power to come between my Lord and me,
 No anxious thought but blissful helplessness,
 And hope and gratitude filled up my breast,
 For He, my heavenly Father, is my all.

* We recommend our readers to secure a copy of the "Life of Robert and Mary Moffat," a work replete with interest and which cannot fail to fire the Christian heart. For sale at the Toronto Willard Tract Depository.

† In another issue we shall give a portrait of Mary Moffat and a brief sketch of her career.