

students in 1886 was sixty-three. The salaries of the professors are small and the college buildings very inadequate, but it is, nevertheless, doing a grand work.

CONCLUSION.—I have dwelt thus long on the history of the Church of Geneva, not only because it had for myself an irresistible fascination, but because I believe it has some interest also for the members of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. We belong to the same family. We have not a few ministers in Canada who claim Geneva as their *alma mater*. In common with the other branches of the Reformed Church, we owe much to Geneva. Would that Geneva and Switzerland might be induced to follow the lead of Canada in one thing: that they could see eye to eye, and for the love they bear to our common Master that they might become one strong, influential organization! The difficulties in the way may be formidable—differences of race and language, political and legal difficulties, and historical associations, but these are not greater than have been met and overcome elsewhere. Geographical proximity and easy means for intercommunication are specially favourable for such an experiment, the compensating advantages of which would far outweigh the sacrifices which it would involve. A united Protestant Church in Switzerland would be the grandest moral spectacle which this lovely country could exhibit to the people of all lands, who come by tens of thousands every year to be charmed by its natural scenery. In some quarters, at least, we know that a proposal of this kind would be entertained. Much of the *odium theologicum* has already disappeared. The National Churches and the Free Churches are on speaking terms. They exchange pulpits. They co-operate to some extent in evangelistic work. It might almost be said that there is absolutely nothing but the figment of "State connection" that presents a formidable barrier to a corporate union of the National Reformed and the Free Churches. It is not Calvin's fault that there are in Switzerland twenty Reformed Churches, each independent of the other. In his eagerness to unite the various Churches of the Reformation, he is said to have remarked to Archbishop Cranmer that, "to promote such an object, he would willingly cross ten seas."

C.

## Missionary Cabinet.

MRS. MARY MOFFAT.

MARY SMITH, the wife of Dr. Robert Moffat, was born near Manchester, England, on the 24th of May, 1795. Her father was from Perthshire. Mary was the eldest child and only daughter. She had three brothers, one of whom died in youth. John went to Madras as a missionary, and after nine years of earnest work was drowned at sea. James died recently in the United States. Mary's parents were both pious. She was sent to the Moravian School at Fairfield, near Manchester, and there she first felt the impulse of the missionary spirit, which soon took full possession of her soul. Young Robert Moffat, at this time head gardener in Mr. Smith's nursery, had come under the spell of the Methodist preachers in that neighborhood, and the result was an earnest desire to consecrate his life to the cause of missions. In due course his application to the London Missionary Society was accepted, and he was ordained on the same day with John Williams and seven others and appointed to go to South Africa. Before this there had sprung up an attachment between him and Mary Smith, but owing to the opposition of her parents, Moffat left England a bachelor. He had not been long, however, in the mission field before the hearts of the parents relented. Mary obtained their consent to follow her lover, and in September, 1819, she sailed for Cape Town, where she was met by Mr. Moffat, and on the 27th of December they were married. In her first letter from the Cape she said:—"Before I bid adieu to home, with all its delights, I calculated upon a life of hardships, toil, shame and reproach, and now my soul can bid it welcome for the sake of Christ." She had not over-estimated the trials that awaited her in the wilds of Africa. In April, 1820, after a tedious journey of some 750 miles in an ox-cart, the young couple arrived at Latakoo, afterwards called *Kuruman*, and commenced their life's work. The desire of Mrs. Moffat's heart had long been "that she might spend her days at Latakoo," and so here she is. "I could not but exclaim, she writes, "Is not this the finger of God? I feel an honour conferred on me which the highest of the kings