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EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

ROBERT MOFFAT has passed through the shadow and entered into life. The days of the years of his pilgrimage number past the fourscore. He was born December 21st, 1795, in East Lothian, Scotland. His earliest school-book was the old Shorter Catechism, and its inspiration the law. On account of some severe treatment at home, he ran away on a coasting vessel, and made several voyages; reconciled, he returned home and to school, which he left at the age of fourteen, to be apprenticed to a gardener. At length he removed to Manchester, and attended the ministry of the late William Roby, of Grosvenor Street Congregational Chapel. The editor may be pardoned a personal reminiscence. During the jubilee meetings in Manchester, October, 1881, it was his privilege to preach from the pulpit of the Roby Street Chapel,* and during the singing of a hymn the pastor, Mr. Thomas Willis, pointed to a seat in the front part of the old gallery and whispered, "There sat Robert Moffat when the call came to his conscience under words from this pulpit to devote his services to God." This is Mr. Moffat's testimony:—

"The Providence which brought me under the care of the late Rev. William Roby, of Manchester, was the most momentous in my life, and gave the turn to all my subsequent course." Mr. Moffat's father was a Presbyterian, but his mother had attended the Congregational ministry at Falkirk, Robert usually

* The old Roby chapel is a model of what old chapels used to be, out of sight, dingy brick, high-backed pews with doors, and box pulpit up-stairs—square paned glass and plain walls; but, had no other work been done in that building than the calling of Robert Moffat to Africa, it might possess a pardonable pride in its history, and the missionary spirit still lingers around the church, though in the changing current of Manchester life the population has largely removed from the neighbourhood, and other chapels drain its stream of youth, though many of the old folks still retain connection with their old spiritual home.

accompanying her. A yearning for work in the foreign mission field having taken possession of him, he was accepted by the directors of the London Missionary Society, and ordained to mission work, in company with eight others, five being destined for Africa, and four (including John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga) for the South Seas. On arriving at Cape Town, he ascertained—what he appears previously not to have troubled to inquire—the amount which was apportioned to him in the shape of salary and allowance. The scale, which he rightly describes as "very scanty," appears to have been fixed by the late Dr. Vanderkemp and some of his compatriots. It was:—"For a single missionary, £18 7s.; for a wife, £5 5s.; for building a house, £6 8s.; and, when we started, one year's salary in advance." In London there had been dealt out to him a mattress and campstool, tool-chest, £10 to buy books, and £5 to buy shoes and other odds and ends. Those who have thought that mission work was undertaken with a view to providing, on easy terms, a comfortable maintenance, may well review their judgment on the subject in the face of these facts. Assigned to the mission in Namaqualand, where the chief Africaner had become an object of terror by his deeds of violence, Mr. Moffat was detained about eight months at Capetown, before permission was given him to proceed to his destination, the reported change in Africaner's disposition, after his profession of conversion to Christianity, being generally discredited. The young missionary was warned that Africaner would set him up as a mark for his boys to shoot at; would strip off his skin and make a drum of it to dance to, and make a drinking-cup of his skull. One motherly lady bade him farewell with this foreboding: "Had you been an old man, it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are young, and going to become a prayto that monster."

His African career belongs to the history of missions. His fearless faith the following incident will avouch:—

Shortly after his arrival in Africa, the young missionary was about to conduct a religious service in the family of a Dutch farmer, when he noticed the absence of the black servants, and remarked to the master of the house, "May none of your servants come in?" "What! Hottentots! Are you come to preach to Hottentots? Go to the mountains and preach to the baboons; or, if you like, I'll fetch my dogs, and you may preach to them!" The quick-witted missionary at once read as his text, "Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table!" Quietly he repeated the