

World of Missions.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

Part II. Protestant Missions in Africa.

MOFFAT, MURRAY AND RHODES.

As a result of missionary enterprise, a large portion of South Africa is well supplied with Christian churches and pastors. Some of the congregations, indeed, are surprisingly large. The church at Graaf-Reiten in Cape Colony, under the pastoral charge of Rev. James Murray, is a beautiful structure erected at a cost of \$85,000. It is seated for 1410 persons and in connection with it there are said to be 1500 communicants. The church edifice at Oudtshoorn, in the same Colony, is still larger with a seating capacity of 2000 and connected with it 3000 communicants and a congregation of 5,000 adherents. A large proportion of the white inhabitants belong to the Dutch Reformed Church which has a well equipped Theological Institute at Stellenbosch of which the elder brother of the well-known Rev. Andrew Murray is principal. Stellenbosch, next to Capetown, the oldest European settlement in South Africa, was founded by Governor Stel in 1681 and named after himself and his wife, whose name was Bosch. It is a pretty little town of 5,900 inhabitants having a number of churches and its streets lined with old spreading oaks. But of far more importance than the fine churches and spreading oaks are the facts that there are so many native ministers in Africa, and so large a number of people reclaimed from heathenism.

Besides the societies already named, the American Board (A.B.C.F.M.) has planted missions in W. Central and E. Central Africa; its principle mission, however, is in Zululand, with a staff of nine ordained missionaries, 15 native preachers, 225 "helpers," and 2,899 native communicants. The more important Presbyterian mission stations centre around Lovedale, Livingstonia and Blantyre. Before attempting to describe these, however, brief reference must be made to some outstanding missionaries of other folds.

Robert and Mary Moffat, left lasting footprints on the sands of South Africa. They planted missions of the highest order. Dr. Moffat was equally in his element when working at the smith's forge, the carpenter's bench, and the printing press. He excelled as preacher, pastor and intemperate evangelist; as a linguist, translator, and commentator. Mrs. Moffat was supreme in her department. The mother of nine children, she was more than a mother to hundreds of Bechwana girls. She literally clothed the naked and fed the hungry, instructing the natives in the amenities of civilized life, and implanting in their hearts and minds the seeds of divine truth.

Moffat was born at Ormiston, East Lothian, in 1795, of poor but pious parents, brought up on oatmeal and the Shorter Catechism, and well founded in the "fundamentals" by his somewhat austere but orthodox mother. He early broke with exacting home restraint by running off to sea. At fourteen he was apprenticed to a market-gardener, and he learned to play the fiddle. While under-gardener to a gentleman in Cheshire, he attended a Methodist missionary meeting and was so much interested that there and then he resolved to become a missionary to the heathen. In the meantime he got a situation near Manchester, with a nursery gardener, Mr. Smith, by name, whose only daughter, Mary, had been educated at Moravian Missionary Institute. A mutual attachment followed as a matter of course, and an "engagement;" but Mary's parents would not consent to their marriage at that time, and so poor Moffat made his debut in South Africa in 1816 as a bachelor, and under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. But the stars keep their courses. In due time Mary followed her lover. They were married at Capetown in December, 1819, and set out immediately in a bullock-cart for Kuruman, 750 miles inland—a weary journey of seven weeks now easily accomplished in two days. A mission had already been established at this place by the Rev.

Robert Hamilton who continued to be a faithful friend and fellow-worker for thirty years. The Moffats remained fifty years at Kuruman enduring many hardships—having on more occasions than one to flee for their lives, from the raids of hostile tribes. They waited long and patiently for the first-fruits of their labours, which came at length in the form of a spiritual awakening that spread over all the region, and transformed the whole aspect of the country. The Bible was translated in the language of the people, and churches and schools were planted in the neighboring districts. Moffat and his wife were almost idolized by the natives, and their affection was reciprocated in full; but, the old missionary was often heard to say that the saddest day of his life was when news came that Britain had re-instated the Boers in the Transvaal. They retired from the mission in 1870. Mrs. Moffat died in England the following year, and her husband in 1883, in the 88th year of his age.

Another, still in the body, has had much to do with the uplifting of the African peoples. I refer to the Rev. Andrew Murray, D.D. of Wellington, who by his writings and visits is almost as well known in Britain and America as in his own country. He is the second son of that Andrew Murray who went from Scotland 75 years ago and became minister of the Dutch Reformed Church at Graaf-Reinet. This man was born there in 1828, a graduate of Marischal College, Aberdeen, he completed his studies at Utrecht and commenced his career as minister of what is now the Orange Free State—a vast parish indeed! He was only 20 years of age when ordained to work in that wide and wild territory, but he labored incessantly and successfully having his headquarters at Bloemfontein. The people rallied round him in large number, amazed at the amount of riding, preaching, catechising and visitation done by the young minister. In 1860 Mr. Murray accepted a call to Worcester, an important inland town and subsequently was appointed principal of the Huguenot College at Wellington.

That was a grand legacy the elder Murray left to Africa—five sons who became devoted ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church, four daughters who became minister's wives, and a fifth, who is principal of the large college for young women at Stellenbosch. Dr. Murray has written many books, has witnessed many interesting revivals of religion, has done much missionary work and is one of the most respected men in Africa to-day.

What about the Hon. Cecil Rhodes? Well, he is so much a politician I hesitate to speak of him in connection with the subject in hand. He is certainly a remarkable man. The son of an English minister, he was sent out to S. Africa, for his health twenty years ago. On leaving home, it is said that the family physician gave him just six months to live; but he soon showed symptoms of uncommon vitality, mentally and bodily. He tried his hand at diamond-digging and proved himself to be an expert—advancing from one stage to another until he came to control nearly the whole business and amassed a large fortune. Years ago he came nearly sharing the fate of General Gordon at Khartum, but just then he was elected to the Senate in Capetown and entered upon his marvellous political career. He has built railway and telegraph lines, towns and villages. He has given large sums of money for schools, libraries, and churches, his latest philanthropic venture being a magnificent sanatorium at Kimberley. Consciously or unconsciously, he has exerted a powerful influence in behalf of Protestant missions and the dream of his life is to see the whole of the map of South Africa painted British Red!

There is said to be as yet only one Presbyterian congregation for the English speaking people in all Rhodesia, that at Bulawayo, 1361 miles by railway from Capetown, where a bazaar was recently held that realized \$3,500 towards a church-building fund. But church building and missionary work of all kinds have been paralyzed by the terrible scourge of war. Many ministers and missionaries have been obliged to abandon their homes and their stations, and valuable personal property, with no prospect of restitution; nothing being left them but to rest on their labors meanwhile—until these calamities are overpast; and then to commence again de novo.

(To be continued)

Honesty.

"One of the leading men of the age we live in tells us, in his biography, that nothing had a greater influence upon him and his moral career than a few lines written by his minister in a prayer book of his which was presented to him on the day of his confirmation. I greatly wish to give you all such a sentence for you to keep and remember for days to come. But of all those sentences, I know there is none of greater importance and of more vital significance than this one: We are honest people. Make of honesty—of real and true-hearted honesty—a kind of worship and adoration, and I am sure you will not fail to make your name and character esteemed and beloved by God and man."—American Hebrew.

Saved Their Child.

MR. T. W. DOXTATOR EXPRESSES A FATHER'S GRATITUDE

His Little Girl was Attacked with Heart Trouble and Doctors Said She Could Not Recover—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Made Her Sound and Lively as a Cricket, From The Sun, Belleville, Ont.

In a comfortable farm home in Sydney, near Belleville, lives Mr. T. W. Doxtator, a prosperous farmer and most respected citizen. In this pleasant home the heart of a father and mother beats with gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they firmly believe they saved the life of their little daughter. A reporter of The Sun having heard of the case drove out to Mr. Doxtator's for the purpose of getting at the facts and found both father and mother of the little girl very enthusiastic in their praise of the medicine that was unquestionably done so much to relieve suffering in this country. Said Mr. Doxtator: "Yes, we have good reason for praising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I think they are worth ten times their weight in gold. When our little daughter Clara was about eight years old she was stricken with what the doctors said was heart trouble. Up to that time she had been a strong healthy child. The first symptoms shown were fainting spells and these would attack her without a moment's warning. We consulted a doctor, under whose care she was for a time, but the treatment did her no good—in fact she was growing worse. Then we called in another doctor and he frankly told us that he could hold out but little hope for her recovery. By this time she was confined to bed and for three months was as helpless as an infant. In some of the fainting spells she was attacked with convulsions. Her appetite seemed entirely gone and she was reduced to a living skeleton. At this time I read the particulars of a cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which gave me hope and I determined that our little girl should try them. I first got one box and when they were used she seemed brighter. Then I got five more boxes and by the time she had finished them she was as sound a child as you could find in the neighborhood, bright and lively as a cricket. She has been going to school for the past eighteen months, and has absolutely no symptoms of the old trouble. I attribute her cure entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and if anyone doubts the truth of this statement you can refer them either to myself or my wife." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just as valuable in the case of children as with adults, and puny little ones would soon thrive and grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal for building up the blood and giving renewed strength to brain, body and nerves. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."