

aimed at being more than a preacher. I was urged, however, to persevere in acquiring the language, and to undertake the translation of the Scriptures; but I thought it altogether beyond my powers. I wrote to the directors that I could not do it, and begged them to send some one out who could. I felt that I had not sat long enough at the feet of any Gamaliel to qualify me. I then heard that my brother-in-law had been ordained to the ministry, and was to join me, and as he had received a liberal education, I prepared materials for him to begin with immediately after his arrival, but his destination was altered; he was sent to the East Indies. I wrote again to the directors, telling them that if they did not send some one to translate the Scriptures I should return home. By-and-by Mr. Robson came out, as I thought, for the work, but he remained in the colony. After this I also visited the colony, and met brother Elliott, now gone to heaven. He, I hoped, might be allowed us, but that was inconvenient. At last I brought myself to the resolution that if no one else would I would undertake it myself. I entered heartily upon the work. For many years I had no leisure, every spare moment being devoted to translating, and I became a stranger even in my own family. There was labor every day for hands, for hands, for head. This was especially the case during the time Mr. Edwards was there; our condition was almost one of slavery. Still the work advanced, and at length I had the satisfaction of completing the New Testament. Of this six thousand copies were printed by the home society. The whole were soon distributed and found insufficient. When Dr. Livingstone came he urged me to begin at once with the Old Testament. That was a most stupendous work. Before taking it in hand I passed many sleepless nights. Since, however, it was the wish of all that I should undertake it, I did so, and went on from time to time as I had leisure, daily and nightly. I stuck to it as far as to the end of Kings, when I became completely done up. The directors were themselves afraid that I was killing myself. I was advised to go home, to leave the work, but I decided otherwise. I determined, on the contrary, to look up Moselekatse, and went off in company with a son of brother Edwards. By the time I had found the chief I was all right again. Coming back, I resumed my work, and have continued it to completion; and now I can look forward to the Word of God being read by thousands of Bechuanas in their own mother tongue.

Concerning the results he was permitted to see accomplished during his long life—and others can attribute no small part of those results under God to his labors—he speaks thus:

When first I went to the Kuruman, scarcely an individual could go beyond. Now they travel in safety as far as the Zambesi. Then we were strangers, and they could not understand us. We were treated with indignity, as the outcasts of society, who, driven from our own race, took refuge with them. But bearing in remembrance what our Saviour underwent, we persevered, and much success has rewarded our efforts. Now it is safe to traverse any part of the country, and traders travel far beyond Kuruman without fear of molestation. Formerly men of one native tribe could not travel through another's territory, and wars were frequent. Where one station was scarcely tolerated there are several. The Moravians have their missionaries, the Berlin Society theirs. Others, too, are occupied in the good work, besides many native gospel teachers. For many years we saw not the conversion of a single individual; for years again we had only one; but by the blessing of God on great exertion almost wherever we go we now meet with companies of natives who profess to be members of the church of Christ. Not very long since it was considered dangerous to travel into the interior, in fact half a dozen miles from the station. Now, I am happy to say, the natives can be depended upon, and it is quite common for traders to travel through their midst without the least fear of plunder or interruption. In former times traders were often basely murdered, or at best, not permitted to return. Now all fears have been dispelled. Once the natives would not buy anything, not even a pocket-handkerchief. They might now and then be induced to buy a few trinkets or some beads, but nothing of a substantial or useful character.

It is not so now. No less than sixty thousand pounds' worth of British manufactures pass yearly into the hands of the native tribes round about Kuruman. During my early mission life I often heard of men of one tribe going to trade with another and being murdered. I was at a native place when a thing of that sort once occurred. A party of men had come two hundred miles to dispose of some articles. The resident natives, taking a dislike to them, set upon and killed two of the number. I asked them why they had done this, and tried to show them that it was wrong. They seemed to know that, and from that time I have never heard of anything of the sort. They are now always ready to meet any traders or other persons. Companies of natives can be passed through without fear, and they show special respect to the missionaries. Many natives at the Kuruman are well able to discuss and argue upon the doctrines of Christ. I do not mean that they can enter into any lengthy or out-of-the-way points, but this I will say, that they can argue with sense upon any general question. They may not always stick to a text, but they will rarely go out-side of the Bible. And these are a people who forty years ago were nothing better than savages, but who, by the blessing of God upon the labors of those who have devoted their lives to their work, have been brought to be intelligent disciples of the gospel of Christ.

At the age of seventy-five, having with his devoted wife, performed upward of half a century of missionary labor, Dr. Moffat returned to his native land, where he has spent the remnant of his days, rendering at home important services to the cause of which he had given the strength of his life. His friends presented him in 1873 with a sum of money so invested as to give him a comfortable support. He has been honored in his ripe old age by Christians of every name in Great Britain, and his presence, even when he was unable to utter a word, has been an inspiration in many a meeting held to advance the missionary cause.

What noble and forever abiding results a consecrated life can accomplish!—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE OPIUM HABIT.

Opium demands emphatic recognition. It is made, as you know, from the white poppy. It is not a new discovery. We read of it three hundred years before Christ but it was not until the seventeenth century that it began its death march, passing out from the medicinal and the curative, and by smoking and mastication becoming the scourge of nations. In the year 1861 there were imported into this country 107,000 pounds of opium, but last year 533,000 pounds of opium. It is estimated that in the year 1876 there were in this country 225,000 opium-consumers; but I saw statistics yesterday that said there are probably now in the United States at least 500,000 opium-consumers. The fact is appalling.

Do not think that they are merely barbaric Asiatics who go down in that stroke. Read the great De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater." He says for the first ten years it gave him the keys of paradise; but it takes his own powerful pen to describe the horrors consequent. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, after conquering the world with his pen, was conquered by opium. The most magnetic and brilliant lawyer of this century fell a victim to its stroke, and there are thousands of men and women—but more women than men—who are being bound, body, mind, and soul, to this terrific habit.

There is a great mystery about some families. You do not know why they do not get on. The opium habit is so stealthy, so deceitful, and so deathful. You can cure a hundred drunkards easier than you can cure an opium-eater. I have heard of cases of reformation, but I never saw any. I hope there are cases of genuine reformation. I have seen men who for forty years have been the victims of strong drink thoroughly reformed; but the opium-eaters that I have seen go on and go down. Their cry in the last hour of life is not of God, nor for prayer, nor for the Bible, but for opium. Perhaps there are only two persons outside the household who know what is the matter—the physician and the pastor; the physician called in for physical relief, the pastor called in for spiritual relief: but they both fail.

Oh, man! oh, woman! are you tampering with this habit? have you just begun? are you, for the assuagement of physical distresses or mental trouble, making this a regular resource? I beg you to stop. The ecstasies at the start will not pay for the horrors at the last. The paradise is followed too soon by the pandemonium. Morphia is a blessing from God for the relief of sudden pang or acute dementia, but was never intended for prolonged use. And what is the peculiar sadness of it is, it comes to people in their weak moments. De Quincey says, "I took it for rheumatism." Coleridge says, "I took it for insomnia or sleeplessness." What do you take it for? For God's sake, do not take it too long.

What is remarkable, they are going down from the highest and the wealthiest classes, and from the most fashionable circles of New York and Brooklyn—going down by hundreds and by thousands. Over 20,000 opium-eaters in Chicago. Over 20,000 opium-eaters in St. Louis. In the same proportion, that would make over 70,000 in New York and Brooklyn. The clerk of the drug store, says, I can tell them when they come in. There is something peculiar about their complexion, something peculiar about their nervousness, something peculiar about the look of their eyes that immediately reveals them." In some families chloral is taking the place of opium. Physicians first prescribe it for sleeplessness. Then the patient keeps on because he likes the effect. Whole tons of chloral are manufactured in Germany. Baron Liebig says that he knows one chemist in Germany who manufactures a half-ton of chloral every week. There are multitudes being taken down by this habit. Look out for hydrate of chloral. But I am under this head writing chiefly of opium. It seems to me there ought to be ten thousand pulpits turned into quaking, flaming, thundering Sinais of warning against this plague narcotic. The devil of morphia in this country will be mightier than the devil of alcohol. But nepenthe and hasheesh and opium and chloral shall not have all the field to themselves.—*Sunday Magazine.*

LITTLE JOHNNIE'S WORK.

Johnnie is a great sufferer and has to use a crutch. A few days after Mr. T. E. Murphy came to Belfast, last April, Johnnie went into a shop in High Street and signed the pledge and put on the bit of blue. As soon as he had donned the blue he asked for five pledge papers to take home with him to get filled up. After about an hour's absence he took them back signed, and requested twelve more. During the afternoon of the same day the little brother and sister of Johnnie went to the shop, he was too tired to go himself, and excitedly said—"Johnnie has got a woman who drinks to sign one of these papers. Please will you send him some more as these are all used. Every day for nearly five weeks he either went himself or sent his little brother and sister to get cards filled and the "bit of blue," until he got two hundred and thirty-one pledges. As soon as it was known in the district where he lives that Johnnie had pledge papers, a great many people went to his house to sign the pledge. The work he did soon told upon him. He was so prostrated by it that he had to keep in bed for a week. Some of the cases he visited are very interesting. He went into a house and asked a man to sign the pledge and take the bit of blue. The man was not willing to do so and offered him a chain if he would go away. Johnnie would not take the chain. What he wanted was to get the man to become a teetotaler. After persevering for some little time, the man consented to enrol his name, and up to the present has remained faithful to his promise. Johnnie went to a house near his own, and asked a man, if he would please join the Blue Ribbon Mission, urging as a reason that he would be far happier if he did so. The man was not at all inclined to give up his little drop for any one. Not at all discouraged at this, Johnnie talked and reasoned with him, until he said that he would, and at once commenced to write his name, but to Johnnie's dismay the pen broke in two (we must suppose it was an accident.) The man for the moment seemed quite relieved, doubtless thinking that he was delivered from the boy's talk for a little while at any rate. But not so: Johnnie went home as fast as he could, and got his own pen, and lest the man should break

that also, he put another one into his pocket, saying to himself, "I fancy I shall get him to sign this time." Johnnie knew how to obviate a difficulty. He got the man's name, who, thank God, has been faithful to his colors from that time until now. A man gave his little boy some money and sent him to buy a bottle of porter. On his way to the public-house the child remembered that he had a few days before taken the pledge from Johnnie, and that he ought not to buy the porter. He stood a moment on the street thinking about the matter, when off he went to a sweetie shop and bought a bottle of lemonade, which he brought home and gave it and the change to his father, saying, "this will do you far more good than the beer, and besides I can not buy beer now father, because I took the pledge last week with Johnnie. The lad put it in such a nice way that instead of his father being angry he sent for two pledge papers which he and his wife signed, and are truly thankful for Johnnie's influence over their little boy. In this way has dear Johnnie been working with great success. During his visits among the people if he came across anyone who did not attend church or Sunday-school, he earnestly entreated them to do so. The great secret of Johnnie's success is prayer. He is a devoted lad. Both his parents sympathize heartily in the work in which their invalid boy takes such delight. He prays frequently that God may enable the pledge-takers to keep their vow, and that God would give them grace and strength to resist every temptation to take strong drink.—*Irish League Journal.*

FAITHFUL TOM.

The Rev. Charles Garrett the president of the Wesleyan Conference says: "I once went into a house—the house of one of my foremost friends—and there was a bright eyed boy to whom my heart was especially drawn. I said to him, "Tom, I wish you would be a teetotaler." His father spoke up at once, and said, "Mr. Garrett, the only thing I don't like about you is your teetotalism." I replied, "I believe you, sir, are incorrigible, but Tom is not. Let me have him!" The father replied, "Well I will do anything you want." "Then," I replied, "just let me have the chance of making him a teetotaler. Will you be a teetotaler?" The boy looked to his father for approval, who said, "You may, Tom, if you like; but mind, Mr. Garrett, he shall be the only one in the family." "But here is William; let me have him too." "Oh! no," was the reply; "it is all very well for children, but William is in business, and he must be a man." They went their way. Tom was firm and faithful. I knelt with Willie when he found mercy. I went home with him from the sanctuary when his eyes were red with weeping. His father poured out a glass of wine, and the lad took it into his hand, and said, "Mr. Garrett, this is a good creature of God. My father always told me so. I wish you would have a glass. You are killing yourself with work: but if I can't do anything else, I will drink to your health." What was the result? The last time I met that father he was in London, and then I heard that that beautiful home where that event had taken place, had been broken up by the drunkenness of that very William. That lad had been in prison, and he was now transported, and Tom, the little bonny boy who was allowed to be a teetotaler, was keeping the family. Let fathers, then, set an example their children might safely follow. Fathers often declare that they would die for their children. There is no need to die—let them live for their children.

NOT ONLY is temperance hygiene to form part of the studies in all the Vermont schools, but all the teachers of the State are to pass an examination by November 1, 1883, in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic stimulants upon the human system.

WE SAW a specimen of modern politeness, the other day. Two gentlemen were going up in an elevator. A lady came aboard, and both men took off their hats, but continued to puff the smoke of their cigars in her face.

A LITTLE GIRL in the city of Washington, thirteen years old, is so ensnared by her appetite for beer that they cannot trust her out on the street alone.