

among the Bechwanas, that he should obtain the applause of men. His one care was for those among whom he had cast his lot. He was an enthusiast, of course—a man would be worth little for missionary enterprise if he were not this at all events. But he was an enthusiast with a clear sense of the right means to employ for the accomplishment of his unselfish task. He had a message to deliver of love and of peace, and he must prepare men to receive it by instructing them in the arts of peace. The progress of South Africa has been mainly due to men of Moffat's stamp. In him, as in David Livingstone, it is hard to say which character has predominated, that of the missionary proper, or that of the teacher and guide. Certain it is that apart from the special stimulus they felt as proclaimers of the gospel message, they would never have thrown themselves as they did into the work to which their lives were consecrated. It was by no zeal for the spread of civilization on its own account that they passed weary years laboring and teaching among savage tribes, amid dangers of every kind, amid privations of which they themselves made light, but which only a sense of their high spiritual mission could have prompted them to face and undergo. One part of Moffat's work has been to prepare the way for others. He has given, so far, what promises to be a lasting stimulus. It is another question whether his own work will endure. . . . It is the missionary alone who seeks nothing for himself. He has chosen an unselfish life. If honor comes to him, it is by no choice of his own, but as the unsought tribute which others, as it were, force upon him. Robert Moffat has died in the fullness both of years and of honors. His work has been to lay the foundation of the Church in the central regions of South Africa. As far as his influence and that of his coadjutors and successors has extended, it has brought with it unmixed good. His name will be remembered while the South African Church endures, and his example will remain with us as a stimulus to others and as an abiding proof of what a Christian missionary can be and can do."

How this life work was performed; what a world of difficulty and opposition he encountered; with what tireless and persistent energy he wrought for more than half a century; amid what perils, hardships, discouragements and heroic endurances he stood at his post, this intensely interesting volume sets forth, modestly and lovingly, in fuller detail. Mrs. Moffat shared in her husband's work, and spirit, and missionary career. "Both," says Dr. Taylor, "were of such stuff as heroes are made of, and their names are worthy of a place in the peerage of faith, beside those which the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews has ennobled by his praise."

Robert Moffat was the child of poor, hard-working, and pious parents in Scotland, to whom he owed much of his shrewd sense, industry, frugality and ability to turn his hands to anything. He learned to be a gardener, but at 16 left home for a situation in Cheshire, where he speedily attracted the notice and sympathy of his employers. He was soon after converted and joined the Wesleyan Methodists, and quickly thereafter resolved to be a missionary. But parents, employers, and others, tried to dissuade him from his purpose. But he persevered at the cost of his place, but soon found employment with a Mr. Smith, a Scotchman of Covenanting descent, who entered heartily