

the 9th of November, 1813. Her father, Christian H. Zeller, was at that time Superintendent of the public schools in Zofingen. Her mother was the daughter of a Swiss clergyman. When a very small child she, narrowly escaped being carried off by a huge eagle. Just as it was about to drop on its prey, her father who, true to his nationality, was an expert marksman, snatched up his rifle. The next moment the eagle lay dead at his feet, and the child was saved. In 1819, Zeller moved to Benggen, near Bâle, to found a Home for destitute children, and here Maria grew up in the constant practice of self-denying work for the good of others, and was beloved by all for her cheerful and amiable disposition. In 1833, the well-known Abyssinian Missionary, Rev. Samuel Gobat, became acquainted with the Zellers, and soon discovered that Maria possessed all the requisites of a good missionary's wife. They were married on the 23rd of May, 1834, and immediately set out for Abyssinia. In those days it was a tedious and tiresome journey. On the Red Sea they sailed in Arab dhows and for much of their land conveyance they had the "ship of the desert" the camel, or the mule. Mr. Gobat had already undergone a very hard and fruitless experience of missionary work in Abyssinia, in company with the well-known German missionaries Krapf and Isenberg, whose head-quarters were at Adowa in the centre of the country. It was with great difficulty they reached this place, on account of Mr. Gobat's illness that had overtaken him, and by which he was confined to his bed for two years. This was the first great trial of Mrs. Gobat's faith and devotion. With the birth of her first child, her troubles increased, and she herself was twice prostrated by cholera. The only hope of saving Mr. Gobat's health was a return to Europe. In his weak condition, the remedy seemed worse than the disease, but they braced themselves up for it. It was with great difficulty they reached the Red sea, where they embarked in a small Arab boat, in which they sailed for thirty-eight days, suffering terribly from heat and want of wholesome food. Worst of all, both mother and child were taken seriously ill, and a few hours before arriving at Cairo, little Sophie died, "and the broken hearted mother sat for hours with the dead infant in

her arms." About five weeks after this a second child was born, whom, in remembrance of their past trials, they named *Benoni*. They got home in September 1836, and spent some two years in Germany and Switzerland. They then went to Malta to superintend the translation of the Bible into Arabic, after which they returned to Switzerland and laboured diligently for the Missionary Society until 1845, when Mr. Gobat was appointed Vice-Principal of the Malta Protestant College. The next year he was nominated by the King of Prussia as Bishop of Jerusalem, and was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the 5th of July, 1846. From that day until the time when they ceased from their earthly missionary services, Jerusalem was their "happy home," and there both were laid in the grave "under the shadow of a spreading olive tree." The Bishop died on the 17th of May 1879, and Mrs. Gobat, on the 1st of August following. During these thirty-three years, Mrs. Gobat, notwithstanding her many domestic duties, was indefatigable in her labours of love. She became her husband's help-meet in every thing pertaining to the welfare of the mission, and took special interest in the schools and orphanages that had been established by them in Jerusalem and in the neighboring towns and villages. Commencing with nine scholars, the Bishop, in his last annual statement, reported 1400 children under instruction in thirty-seven schools in Judea, Samaria, and Galilee, with many hundreds of adults professing to receive the word of God as the only rule of faith and life. Mrs. Pitman, from whose beautiful memoir we have been quoting, concludes by saying,—"Truly they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided. As soon as the tidings went forth that Mrs. Gobat had rejoined her husband in the better land, the good of all churches mourned for the lost workers of Jerusalem. The two—husband and wife—had so long filled such conspicuous posts in the mission in Palestine, it seemed as if they could not be spared. But they went from the church militant, to unite with missionaries from every clime, and of every tongue, in the praises of God in the church triumphant. It was but a short step from the Jerusalem of earth to the Jerusalem not made with hands."