

immediately it lost all its attractions. All at once it dwindled into nothingness and vanished out of sight.

"So thoroughly had the missionary spirit possessed him that it ruled his thoughts, feeling, speech and action. Friends who had both the power and will to serve him

when they heard him talk about renouncing every prospect in this country and going to spend his life among savage tribes, said 'his brains were turned,' and so they were," he said, "but the right way."

Ah, how little did he who prepared or he that printed that bill think of what would grow out of a boy's first glance at its showy lettering, meant only to inform some passer-by of a meeting of no special importance beyond a very narrow circle! How little did that mother, telling the story of the sacrifices and privations of the Greenland missionaries to her bright-eyed, eager, little listener, dream that in after years a single glance at a printed placard by the roadside would cause her simple lessons to blossom out into the rich promise of a most fruitful life. And how much less might those humble toilers among the snow huts of Greenland have suspected that their patient, unpretending labors and sufferings for Christ would sometime fire the soul of one yet unborn to lifelong service among the degraded sons of Africa! But so it is. No man either lives or dies to himself, and both mother and missionary as they sow the precious seeds of truth in the susceptible mind of child or inquirer, have a right to believe they are doing work that, under God, shall live through all time as a spiritual force in the world's evangelization, and, more than that, bring forth fruit for God to all eternity.

Moffat's new resolutions were speedily acted upon. He went to Manchester, sought and obtained an interview with Mr. Roby, and acting under his advice made application to the London Missionary Society. In due time he was accepted as their missionary, and in October, 1816, when only twenty-one years of age, was publicly designated to the work of his choice. On the same day Williams, then about twenty years of age, was accepted by the same Society and designated as their missionary to the South-Sea Islands.

These two young men received their "marching orders" in the grand army of Christian missionaries the same day, but each to a very different fate. Moffat went forth to more than half a century of faithful and most self-denying service among the natives of South Africa, and to a calm old age of quiet usefulness when his foreign work was done; Williams to some twenty-two years of quite as arduous and successful service among the wild South-Sea Islanders, and then his flesh furnished the material for a horrible cannibal feast to the savage pagans of Erromanga.

Mr. Moffat, as we have seen, was not the first Protestant missionary to Southern Africa. But such had been the state of affairs there, that the missionaries who had preceded him had not been able to do much in the way of permanent foundation work. Still good had been done and a number of converts whose lives attested the reality of their conversion had been gathered.

The beginning of Mr. Moffat's work was, as we are told, "a hard, hard one." The Dutch settlers were very suspicious of the missionaries as well as greatly averse to the Christianizing of the natives. "There was a suspicion," says his biographer, "that if missionaries went to the tribes of the interior they might carry guns and ammunition with them; and so endanger the peace of the country. It was therefore without success for a time that day after day he applied to the government for permission to go inland among the natives. But during this delay his time was not lost. He at once set about learning the

Dutch language, so that he might preach to the colonists, and also to such of the natives as understood their language, and thus he was fitting himself to be useful to both. At the same time he was becoming inured to the climate as well as learning something of the character and habits of the natives. Mr. Moffat's first settlement among the natives was at the kraal, or village, of Africaner, a notorious free-booter and warrior, who had become such a terror to the colonists that he had been outlawed and a large reward offered for his capture either alive or dead. But the heart of this relentless savage was tenderly drawn toward the young missionary and he almost at once began to learn to read. In a comparatively short time he was able to read the New Testament for himself and was ultimately converted. He accompanied Mr. Moffat to the Cape some time after his conversion, although at great risk to himself, and his meekness and gentleness was regarded by those who had known him only as a robber and murderer, as little short of miraculous.

This journey on the part of Mr. Moffat was to receive the lady to whom he had been so long engaged, and to whom he was speedily married. This marriage proved an eminently happy one, the missionary finding in her "a companion who was his comfort and joy in his wilderness home for half a century afterwards."

Owing to the extreme poverty of Africaner's people and the distressing droughts that prevailed in that region, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat ultimately removed to a station further inland, and settled among the Bechuannas at Lattakoo, destined to be the scene of his life's labors, and the fountain of so much blessing to the surrounding regions. At this station they had been preceded by Mr. Hamilton, a faithful and laborious missionary who had endured great hardships and privations, but had been permitted to do a good work preparatory to the coming of other laborers. Here Mr. Moffat began at once the difficult task of acquiring the language—Sichuana, as it is called—and as fast as he was able, preparing it in tracts, hymns and Scripture portions. They found the natives thievish, suspicious and often dangerous. On one occasion the rainmakers having failed again and again to bring rain by their incantations, declared the missionaries to be the cause and they were summarily ordered by the chief to go away at once or they would be driven away. The chief stood, spear in hand, at the door of Mr. Moffat's cottage, ready to enforce his order by a murderous assault. "But Moffat," we are told, "was equal to the occasion. He presented himself at once before the chieftain and his twelve attendants. There stood his heroic wife with her infant in her arms. With a steadfast gaze the tall missionary looked the spear-bearing chief straight in the eyes, and slowly and firmly replied:

"We are unwilling to leave you. We are resolved to remain at our post. As for your threats, we pity you for you know not what you do. We have suffered, it is true, and the Master whom we serve has said, 'When they persecute you in one city flee ye to another.' But what we have suffered is no more than we are to expect from those who know no better. If you are resolved to get quit of us you must take stronger measures, for our hearts are with you. You may shed my blood or you may burn our dwelling, but I know you will not touch my wife or my children, and," pointing to Mr. Hamilton, "you will surely respect the grey hairs of my venerable friend. As for me my decision is made, I do not leave your country." Then throwing open his vest, he stood erect and fearless. "Now then," he proceeded, "if you will, drive your spears into my heart and when you have slain me my companions