

was chiefly on account of temporal benefits. They didn't want the Gospel. Had the natives been anxious to learn it would have rejoiced the missionaries' hearts, and also enabled them more easily to have obtained the language. As it was the people took great pleasure in giving the missionaries wrong words. The diversity of dialects was another hindrance to the acquisition of the language. In desperation Robert Moffat went into the interior for two months. Away from all but the tribe whose language he desired, he was able to make real progress. He then returned to Kuruman to do translation work and to enjoy the home which he and his fellow-workers had built. The natives, knowing nothing of the art of building, had been unable to give any assistance. Their family now consisted of two daughters, a baby son and three little children whom Mrs. Moffat had saved from being buried alive.

For more than sixteen years there had been work done among the Bechwanas, yet there were no conversions. The Board in England was discussing the advisability of continuing the mission, when a great conviction of sin swept through the community. On the day before the Sunday for the first observance of the Lord's Supper, a communion service arrived from England. Three years before, a friend, who desired to send Mr. and Mrs. Moffat a present, had written asking what they would like most. At that time there was no need of a communion set for the church, but Mary Moffat's faith prompted her request.

In 1835, Mrs. Moffat travelled to Grahamstown to visit her three older children, whom she had taken there over two years before, in order to be educated. The separation from their children was one of the missionaries' hardest trials. This second trip made without her husband's company, was under the escort of several Bechwanas, who, a few years ago were barbarians and were now civilized men, and who exercised the greatest care of Mrs. Moffat.

At last, after twenty years in Africa, they prepared to visit England. Just after leaving Cape Town a baby daughter was born, and though the trip of three months was very stormy, they arrived safely. To Robert Moffat's surprise they were welcomed with tremendous enthusiasm. The visit which was planned to be for only a few

months, lengthened into five years. This was owing to the work of printing the New Testament and Psalms in the Bechwanas language, which took more time than was anticipated.

Once again they found themselves back at Kuruman. They were truly glad to be home and to be with their faithful co-workers and native people. The work progressed, though, because Kuruman was the parent mission, the natives as they became efficient, left to serve the needy. Consequently the Moffats seemed always to be surrounded by those who were dependents. Again Mrs. Moffat travelled to the coast, taking the three youngest children. This time the two little girls went to England to be educated, but the son stayed in Cape Town. It was with a lonely heart that she returned to her husband. Mary, their eldest, was married to David Livingstone, and was living farther in the interior. As time went on, conditions became very unsettled. The Boers encroaching on the natives' land, forced inhabitants farther inland. Consequently it was decided to open a mission among the Matebele, a tribe of the interior. Robert Moffat's knowledge of pioneer work was indispensable. Accordingly without any hesitation on the part of him or his wife—though he was at the age of sixty-two—Mr. Moffat started with the party. The journey was through a thousand miles of unknown land, yet he worked as hard and even more hopefully than any other. Mrs. Moffat, though in failing health, bore the year's separation with her customary cheerfulness.

For the next ten years they continued their labors at Kuruman. Mrs. Moffat's heart went out in motherly love to all the younger missionaries, who were going through the same joys and sorrows which she and her husband had experienced in their early days. Nothing was too hard for this saintly lady if it meant comfort to another.

At last after repeated urging to return to England, they reluctantly left Kuruman. It was a sad farewell, for they loved these people who looked on them as almost father and mother. Sailing from Port Elizabeth in June, 1870, they saw it for the last time. Fifty-four years before, Robert Moffat had landed there. Arriving in England, almost the first person to greet them was their daughter, from whom