

to whom he was going. Mr. Moffat then concluded with a solemn address to those present, urging them to more prayer, more zeal, and more liberality, on behalf of missionary work. All present agreed that it was the most solemn and interesting service of the kind they had ever witnessed.

REV. MR. MOFFAT.

An exceedingly interesting meeting was held on November 3rd, in the Waterloo Rooms, Edinburgh, for the purpose of presenting a copy of the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to the Rev. Robert Moffat, as an expression of affectionate regard from some of his friends of different Christian denominations in Edinburgh, and its neighborhood. The large room was filled in every part, and the platform was occupied by ministers and friends of almost every evangelical body.

Mr. Moffat has laboured for twenty three years in South Africa with remarkable success. Few men in any cause have encountered more or greater dangers, and few have had such remarkable evidences of the watchfulness and blessing of God. The Church at the Kuruman alone numbers 300 members. He returned to Britain to get his translation of the New Testament into the Bechuana language, printed. He goes back to the wilds of Africa to seek to promote the honours of his Master and the glorious cause, in which, he said, I desire live and labour, and die.

The Rev. Henry Grey addressed the meeting, and presented the gift to Mr. Moffat. Mr. Moffat made a long and very interesting speech, from which we select the following passage :

"That you may have some adequate idea of the spiritual state of Africa, I mention another circumstance which you should know, that you may see in what light the poor Hottentots were viewed. They were filthy; they were lazy to a proverb, but we have seen them raised by the blessed gospel from the abyss of woe to be the sons of God. The fact I mention will also show what the missionary had to encounter in labouring to raise them to the privileges of the gospel. They were formerly the most degraded slaves of the boors. When I first landed on the shores of Africa, it was necessary for me, though I was only going beyond the colony to teach the natives the gospel, to get a permission from the governor. It was at first refused, and I was detained fifteen months in the colony. I lived all that time with a pious farmer, who taught me Dutch, so that before I left I was able to preach in this language. Thus, what appeared to be a hindrance turned out to the furtherance of the gospel, for I was enabled to make known to the Africans the gospel in the language they understood. I proceeded into the interior, as missionaries are generally forced to travel, halting if possible where there is water, and rendered watchful while they are there by the sound of the hyena. In this journey I had occasion to halt at a farm, and being under the necessity of asking permission to stay, I went bashfully to the great farmer, humbly to present my request. I asked him if I could remain for a night, and the very utterance of the simple words made me afraid, the man appeared so terrible. When he heard my petition, he gave such a roar as made me all tremble again, and I thought, if driven from this place, what am I to do. Every means, however, had not been tried, and I thought, since I have not succeeded with the goodman, I will try the goodwife, whose heart I thought might be softer. The request was presented to her, and soon I was delighted to learn that