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who enlarged and rebuilt it, at what cost and from whose pocket it has been beautified and enriched, and he soon sees what a cruel wrong would be the threatened confiscation of the sacred building for any but its present sacred use. Tell him, too, the story of the particular endowment, whence it comes, and for what purpose it is given; and show him, too, how little of it, under any system of confiscation, would ever fall to his share, and you will interest him in a matter of which he will readily see the rights and wrongs. The work here indicated is one which ought, on other grounds, to be done for every parish where possible throughout England. Our individual title to such should be worked out, and be ready to be put in as evidence whenever a Royal Commission shall issue to inquire into the nature, origin, and extent of Church Property. The next step should be to show what use the Church makes of her so-called wealth—how it is infinitely more than paid for by the constant labour of an army of over twenty thousand men and a large proportion of their wives—by the education of the poor, the alleviation of misery, assistance to emigration, counsel and help for the distressed, and the prevention of pauperism. These are services which would not be more than compensated by the Church revenues were they far more extensive than at present; and, what is more to the purpose, no other agency would perform them at twice the cost, should the nation in a moment of folly elect to deprive herself of the Church's help. Upon all these matters the nation is yet in darkness, or, perhaps, we may say, is only now beginning to see the light. Be it ours to hasten the dawn, in the full assurance that with light must come safety.

GILBERT VENABLES.

Review.

The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat. By their son, JOHN S. MOFFAT. With Portraits, Maps, and illustrations. Pp. 460. T. Fisher Unwin.

Robert Moffat was born in the year 1795, at Ormiston, in East Lothian. In 1806 his parents were established at Carron-shore, on the southern side of the Firth of Forth, and a short distance from Falkirk. The cottage in which they lived still stands; it was recognised by Robert when, in his old age, he revisited some of the scenes of his youth. In 1809 he was apprenticed to the trade of a gardener. The discipline was somewhat severe; but Robert found time to attend an evening class occasionally, making an attempt at learning Latin and mensuration. He also took his first lessons at the anvil, and learned to play a little on the violin. He had a craving, which clung to him throughout life, to learn something of what-

ever he came in contact with, and many accomplishments of which in his boyhood and youth he gained a smattering, proved of value to him in after life. He was fond of athletic sports, and became an accomplished swimmer. In 1812, being out of his apprenticeship, he obtained a situation at Donibristle, on Lord Moray's estate, where he lived with the other workmen in the bothy. When scarcely sixteen years old, he obtained a situation as under-gardener to Mr. Leigh, of High Leigh, in Cheshire, and he had to bid farewell to his father and mother, brothers and sisters. Of his parting interview with his mother he has left a record in his own words: "My mother proposed to accompany me to the boat which was to convey "me across the Firth of Forth. . . When we came within sight of the spot "where we were to part, perhaps never again to meet in this world, she "said, 'Now, my Robert, let us stand here for a few minutes, for I wish "to ask one favour of you before we part, and I know you will not re-"fuse to do what your mother asks.' 'What is it, mother?' I inquired. "'Do promise me first that you will do what I am now going to ask, and "I shall tell you.' 'No, mother, I cannot till you tell me what your wish "is.' 'Oh, Robert, can you think for a moment that I shall ask you, my "son, to do anything that is not right? Do not I love you?' 'Yes, "mother, I know you do; but I do not like to make promises which I "may not be able to fulfil.' I kept my eyes fixed on the ground. I was "silent, trying to resist the rising emotion. She sighed deeply. I lifted my "eyes and saw the big tears rolling down the cheeks which were wont to "press mine. I was conquered, and as soon as I could recover speech, I "said, 'Oh, mother! ask what you will, and I shall do it.' 'I only ask "you whether you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning, and "another every evening?' I interrupted by saying, 'Mother, you know "I read my Bible.' 'I know you do, but you do not read it regularly, or "as a duty you owe to God, its Author.' And she added, 'Now I shall "return home with a happy heart, inasmuch as you have promised to read "the Scriptures daily. Oh, Robert, my son, read much in the New Testa-"ment. Read much in the Gospels—the blessed Gospels. Then you "cannot well go astray. If you pray, the Lord Himself will teach "you.'"

At an early age, it seems, Robert had been under serious impressions, and he always spoke with regard of Mr. Caldwell, to whose earnest teachings he had listened while a schoolboy. The young man never forgot his promise to his mother. Not long after his arrival at High Leigh (where he was treated with kindness and consideration), he was brought into contact with the evangelistic work of earnest Wesleyans. After prayerful consideration and thoughtful study, reading especially the Epistle to the Romans, Robert joined himself to his new friends, and adopted their views. This step gave offence to Mr. Leigh, who, like Robert Moffat's father, looked on the Methodists with some suspicion. But the young gardener, conscious of new and stirring emotions, was soon led to take another step. He had occasion to visit Warrington, and on a wall in that town he observed a placard announcing a Missionary meeting. He read the placard, and read it again (it was the first he had ever seen), and an indescribable tumult took hold of his mind. The stories of Moravian Missionaries which he had heard his mother read when he was a boy came into vivid remembrance; and as in the quiet of evening he wended his way homeward, he thought of nothing but the Missionary cause. What could he do? How could he become a Missionary? What followed has been described in his own words. He wrote: "Soon afterwards, having heard that a Wesleyan Conference was to be "held in Manchester, I proposed to a young man with whom I had be-"come intimate that we should go thither. During our few days' sojourn,

"hearing first one and then another, I resolved on hearing William Roby.[1] "His appearance and discourse, delivered with gravity and solemnity, "pleased me much. In the evening the lady of the house where we "lodged remarked that he was a great Missionary man, and sometimes "sent out young men to the heathen. This remark at once fixed my "purpose of calling on that great man, but how and when was a very "serious matter to one of a naturally retiring habit. I thought and "prayed during the night over the important step I was about to take. "There was something like daring in the attempt which I could not over- "come. Next morning, when I awoke, my heart beat at the prospect before "me. I had told my beloved companion, Hamlet Clarke, what I intended "doing, and asked him to go with me. This he decidedly objected to, "but he wished me to go, and promised to wait within sight till I should "return. Though the distance we had to walk was more than a mile, it "seemed too short for me to get my thoughts in order. Reaching the "end of a rather retired street, I proceeded with slow step. On getting "to the door, I stood a minute or two, and my heart failed, and I turned "back towards my friend, but soon took fresh courage, and came back "again. The task of knocking at the good man's door seemed very hard. "A second time I reached the door, and had scarcely set my foot on the "first step when my heart again failed. I feared I was acting presumptu- "ously. At last, after walking backward and forward for a few minutes, "I returned to the door and knocked. This was no sooner done than I "would have given a thousand pounds, if I had possessed them, not to "have knocked; and I hoped, oh! how I hoped with all my heart that "Mr. Roby might not be at home, resolving that if so I should never "again make such an attempt. A girl opened the door. 'Is Mr. Roby "in?' I inquired, with a faltering voice. 'Yes,' was the reply, and I was "shown into the parlour."

Mr. Roby recommended him to apply to Mr. Smith, of Dukinfield, whose house "was a house of call for ministers," and in the Dukinfield nursery garden Moffat found pleasant employment for nearly a year. "Mr. Smith's only daughter (Mary) possessing a warm missionary heart," wrote Moffat, "we soon became attached to one another;" and so it came to pass that for more than half a century Robert Moffat and Mary his wife laboured together in Africa.

It was in October, 1816, that Robert Moffat set sail for Africa. He was only twenty years of age, but his purpose was pure, and his will, through grace, strong and steady. Nine Missionaries were set apart in a service at Surrey Chapel. Five of them were destined to South Africa, and four to the South Seas, one of these four being John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga. It had been at first proposed that Williams and Moffat should both go to Polynesia, but this was overruled on the suggestion of Dr. Waugh, who deemed "thae twa lads ower young to gang tegither." Having been eighty-six days at sea in their little brig, Moffat and his companion reached Cape Town, and here for a season Moffat was obliged to stay. Namaqualand, his selected sphere of work, was beyond the Colony, and the Governor—fearing miscbief beyond the frontier—refused him permission to proceed on his journey. Moffat set himself to learn Dutch; and the enforced delay proved thus in after life a real advantage to him, for he was able to preach to the Boers. Oftentimes, as the student of Missionary progress will observe, what seems a hindrance turns out a help (Philipp. i. 12), and many a parallel to Moffat's detention in the Colony will be found in earnest prayerful efforts for spreading Christ's

[1] The Rev. W. Roby, of Manchester, was announced on the placard which so moved Moffat, to take the chair at the Missionary meeting in Warrington.

Kingdom in heathen lands. In September, 1817, the Governor gave the wished-for permission, and Moffat set forth for Africaner's Kraal. The history of Africaner has been told by Moffat himself in his "Labours and Scenes;" and it is unnecessary in THE CHURCHMAN to recall that record. For the best part of a year the young missionary did not see the face of a fellow-countryman, or hear a word in his mother-tongue. He set himself to work with thorough devotion, and soon had a flourishing school. An extract from a letter to his parents will give a view of this part of his life:

I have many difficulties to encounter [he writes], being alone. No one can do anything for me in my household affairs. I must attend to everything, which often confuses me, and, indeed, hinders me in my work, for I could wish to have almost nothing to do but to instruct the heathen, both spiritually and temporally. Daily I do a little in the garden, daily I am doing something for the people in mending guns. I am carpenter, smith, cooper, tailor, shoemaker, miller, baker, and housekeeper—the last is the most burdensome of any. Indeed, none is burdensome but it. An old Namaqua woman milks my cows and makes a fire and washes. All other things I do myself, though I seldom prepare anything till impelled by hunger. I drink plenty of milk, and often eat a piece of dried flesh. Lately I reaped nearly two bolls of wheat from two hatfuls which I sowed. This is of great help to me. I shall soon have plenty of Indian corn, cabbage, melons and potatoes. Water is scarce. I have sown wheat a second time on trial. I live chiefly now on bread and milk. To-day I churned about three Scotch pints of milk, from which there were two pounds of butter, so you may conceive the milk is rich. I wish many times my mother saw me. My house is always pretty clean; but oh, what a confusion there is always among my linen! I have no patience.

In the year 1819, Africaner was induced to visit the Governor at Cape Town, with Mr. Moffat. This visit of Africaner, we read, "was an event of great importance in more ways than one. In a striking and concrete manner it brought to the view of those who had authority and influence the fact that Missionaries, instead of increasing political difficulties, may often help to solve them. Moreover, the strikingly gentle and Christian deportment of Africaner and his followers, a man who had formerly been known as a public terror, greatly encouraged those who were holding forth the power of the Gospel to regenerate the most unpromising characters."

In the following year the devoted missionary had the happiness of welcoming to the shores of Africa the affianced partner of his toils. The spirit in which Mary Smith left her home for missionary work may be gathered from the letter which she addressed to Moffat's parents. We give an extract:

. . . . After two years and a half of the most painful anxiety [she writes] I have, through the tender mercy of God, obtained permission of my dear parents to proceed, some time next spring, to join your dear son in his arduous work. This is what I by no means expected a week ago; but God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. When He arises, every mountain flows down at His presence. He has the hearts of all men in His hands, and can turn them as the rivers of water. So He has done with regard to my parents. Previous to the arrival of these letters, my father had persisted in saying that I should never have his consent; my dear mother has uniformly asserted that it would break her heart (as I have no sister, and she is far advanced in life); notwithstanding all this they both yesterday calmly resigned me into the hands of the Lord, declaring they durst no longer withhold me. The idea of parting for ever with my beloved family appears too much for myself. Sometimes I think I shall never get launched on the ocean before grief weighs me down; but such are my convictions of duty, that I believe were I to remain here another year, it would then be out of my power to go, for I must sink under the weight of an accusing conscience, when I consider Robert's peculiarly trying situation and the strong affection which he seems to bear to me."

They were married in December, 1819. Writing to her brother John, a few days later, Mary Moffat says :

There was an expression in my father's letter that rather grieved me; it was that in one sense I was dead to them. Now I think they ought not to consider me so. Surely it ought to afford consolation that I am now united to a devoted servant of God, one who counts not his life dear to himself. They can hear of me, and I trust that they will hear that I am of some little use in the world. Is not this better, to be a succourer of those who are labouring, than to lie down in the grave without having done anything towards the building of the temple? I trust you will endeavour to remove this impression. Cheer their hearts, and never indulge melancholy fears respecting me. I can assure you every provision is made for my comfort which is possible, and the Deputation afford Moffat every facility. At the same time, I wish ever to be reasonable in my expectations and cheerfully to take up the cross. I find missionaries are greatly despised here, and, indeed, it is not to be wondered at after the conduct of some; but I think I can say :—

"All hail reproach ! and welcome shame !
If Thou remember me."

Early in the following year the Moffats set out for their post. After seven weeks of ox-waggon travelling they found themselves about 600 miles from Cape Town. Further on they arrived at Lattakoo, or, as it was afterwards called, Kuruman.

In 1821 a daughter was born—Mary, afterwards known as the wife of David Livingstone.

In 1822 Mrs. Moffat wrote : "We have no prosperity in the work, not the least sign of good being done. The Bootsuanas seem more careless than ever, and seldom enter the church. Their indifference seems to increase, and instead of rejoicing we have continually to mourn over them. Our consolation is derived from the promises of the immutable Jehovah. We walk by faith and not by sight. How mysterious are His works, and His ways past finding out! In almost every other part of the world to which the Gospel is sent, some of the people receive it gladly, but here the blessing is withheld. Five years have rolled on since the Missionaries came, and not one soul converted, nor does any one seem to lend an ear. All treat with ridicule and contempt the truths which are delivered. . . ."

In the year 1829 a marvellous awakening began. The period of darkness had been long; but the true hearts hoped and trusted. There was no wavering. Like Hans Egede, the Apostle of Greenland (who laboured for years apparently in vain) Moffat and Hamilton were able to commit their work unto Jehovah (Isa. xlix. 4). In the year 1827 there began to be a sort of change, a promise of the dawn; and two years later a wave of enthusiasm swept over the Bechwanas. In a few months the whole aspect of the station had changed.

In 1832 Moffat completed his translation of the Gospel of St. Luke into the Sechwana tongue. Two years later he had commenced his efforts towards laying the foundation of a Sechwana literature by preparing a spelling-book, which was printed at the Cape. By 1840 the translation of the New Testament was completed, and it was printed in London on the occasion of Moffat's visit to England.

In 1836 Mrs. Moffat, both for her health's sake and on account of their children, was induced to pay a visit to the coast. But she would not take her husband away from his post. Writing to her father, she described the journey. "We left Kuruman on the 19th of November. Robert "accompanied us to the Vaal River, over which we walked dry-shod. "Finding it so low, we never dreamed of getting the Orange River in "flood; but so it was, and I was compelled to be on the banks of that "mighty stream for one round month. Being in such a delicate state of

"health, I could not but suffer much from the extreme heat and exposed "situation, and was severely tried, often hesitating whether to return. "Frequently we were tantalized with the prospect of being able to ride "through 'to-morrow;' but as sure as to-morrow came the river rose "again, till all hope was gone, and we came at last to the conclusion to "cross on a raft. With hard labour we got everything over that frightful "river in less than three days without a single accident. How much have "we to be thankful for! And it was gratifying to find that for all I had "endured I was no worse, but rather better. Perhaps being obliged to "take it easily was in my favour, for it was impossible to be active through "the day for want of shade, and by the time the sun was down my "strength was gone, so that I could not walk, except to the water's edge "and back." The whole narrative is full of interest. It shows how this devoted woman—noble wife and mother, truly and thoroughly a Missionary —served the Lord with a quiet mind. It may be compared with her account of a visit to the Livingstones in the year 1846.

In 1844 Moffat, writing to the Directors, said :

> I am again seated where I was wont to sit when writing to the Directors in bygone days, and where I spent so many days and months with the most intense anxiety in the translation of the Word of Divine Truth into the Sechwana language. The well-known sound of the church-going bell in the Kuruman vale again salutes the ear. The substantial chapel and the mission-houses, and the tall Babylonian willows waving in the breeze, the swallows skimming aloft, having returned from the warm tropics, the buzz of a hundred infant-school children at this moment pouring out for a minute's play, some chanting over again what they have just been singing, others romping and running about on the greensward —are sights and sounds pleasant and melodious to eye and ear.

The work of the Lord had indeed struck its roots deep into the hearts of the people ; and His servants saw good fruit of their labours.

How the devoted Missionary spent his closing years in England, esteemed and revered, the volume before us tells. It is some years since the present writer had the pleasure of meeting the veteran—genial, shrewd, well-informed, full of agreeable reminiscences—and the interview has always been cherished.

We heartily recommend this book. It is rich in teaching passages, and every lover of Missionary enterprise will find its narratives and letters highly interesting. The editorial work has been done with judgment, and although in the narrative portions there is no pretence at literary grace and effect, the volume is very readable. Upon the earlier passages of the illustrious Missionary's career we have dwelt at some length, and for two reasons : first, the period 1800-1820 has, in a Missionary point of view, an especial interest ; second, the letters of Robert and Mary Moffat at the commencement of their career show the secret of their strength.

Short Notices.

A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Rochester, at his Second Visitation in 1885. By ANTHONY W. THOROLD, D.D., ninety-eighth Bishop. John Murray.

THIS Charge in some respects invites criticism ; and we regret that we are unable to give a review of it, or a "short notice" not unworthy. The sections are six, viz., "Four years more," "Questions and Answers," "Developments," "The People," "Government," and "Truth." There