

Memoirs of Mighty Men.

ROBERT MOFFAT

THE GARDENER BOY
WHO BECAME THE GREAT
SOUTH AFRICAN PIONEER

BY

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LIFE STORY OF ROBERT MOFFAT.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCOTCH LADDIE WHO KEPT HIS PROMISE : A
TRUANT, AND WHAT BECAME OF HIM.

" Childhood is the bow where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many numbered."

" Man ! thou art a result ! The growth of many yesterdays,
That stamp thy secret soul with marks of weal and woe."

" **H**OW fair the Firth of Forth shines in the morning
sun ; like a sheet of pure silver, shot with purple
and gold ! Yonder, too, is Queensferry. Rest
your blue bundle upon my parcels ; we have still time
for a crack, mother dear."

The speaker was a tall, slender youth, with dark hair, and eyes of the same hue, singularly handsome in their liquid pathos. A broad high forehead, slightly shaded by scanty black hair gave promise of considerable intellectual power ; a large full nose above a mouth whose lips, uncovered by moustache or beard, were tremulous with

kindly humour and suppressed feeling. Altogether a face sweetly winning by its suggestions of sleeping smiles and ready sympathy. Evidently a youth to be trusted and loved.

“Ay, laddie, ‘Kindness creeps where it daurna gang,’ says the proverb. ‘Tis but little I can do now; but, oh, it goes sore to my heart that ye must go south. England is a bonny place, but it is like rending the flesh from my bones to see ye depart. ‘Tis the Lord’s will, and must be accepted.”

The mother of Robert Moffat was tall like her son, but more perfectly proportioned. From her evidently he had derived his handsome face and dark eyes; her own eyes also shaded with a deeper shade of melancholy than usual as she looked upon her son, going to a situation in Cheshire. As her glance met his look, the regular rigid features softened into a smile—alike, but sweeter than her son’s; a smile which made the marble sternness of her face radiant with an indescribable charm and grace.

“Ye are eighteen now, my Robert,” she continued, ‘but it seems not long since the 21st December, 1795, when ye were born. We lived then in Ormiston, near Dalkeith, as my family, the Gardiners, had done a long time. They were poor as we were, but not a whisper was ever heard against them at the ancient cross.

“Ye were but a two years’ old laddie when we left the little charming village. Your father was appointed to the Custom-house at Portsoy, near Banff, and we all removed thither. Well I mind the dreary voyage. The ship was not over clean, and we were sore disturbed by fear of the



FISH OF BORN.

French privateers, who had but just before taken a sloop from near Leith, so bold were they.

“ Behind the low line of hills, through which the burnie went into the sea, was the little fishing village, with its many herring boats. Far away were the Caithness mountains, beyond the Moray Firth; inland, we had pleasant meadows and valleys under the plough. But ye loved to watch the broad fleet of fishing boats that went out to sea, stretching across the water in the setting sun. We stayed not there many years, but came to Carronshore, on the other side of that Firth of Forth that will soon separate us (perhaps for ever). We then moved to Falkirk.

“ There in the long evenings, when our red-tiled cottage echoed with the clock tick, I would teach ye knitting and sewing, while I read to ye about the missionaries that lived upon tallow, to preach Christ to the Greenlanders. Ay, but they were holy men; would God all my boys might be like them!

“ Old Willy Mitchell, the parish schoolmaster, was not a man ‘to ride the water wi’,’ as the saying is; but ye might have learnt more from him. When ye ran away to sea, it went to my heart thinking when the wind blew about my sailor boy rocking upon the deep; but the captain loved ye so that he persuaded us to let ye make several voyages, for, thought we, ‘a burnt bairn dreads the fire;’ and so it proved. Ye were fain to come back to our lowly cottage, where, with your three brothers and two sisters, ye were as happy as might be in a world like this. Ye were but eleven when I sent ye to Mr. Paton’s school at Falkirk with your eldest brother Alexander, who has gone to be a soldier. Mind ye the time, Robert?”

"Yea, mother; Mr. Paton taught me writing and book-keeping. But as after school hours he taught my brother Alexander and others astronomy and geography, I used to peep under their elbows to spy what they were doing in the circle, and by listening I gathered much I shall not forget, though I was but six months there."

"Let me see, it was in 1809, when ye were but fourteen, that ye were apprenticed to John Robertson of Parkhill, Polmont, to learn the gardening."

"True, mother; and well I remember him. He would not wrong any one of a penny, or mean to be unjust to us, but he *did* make us work. When we used to turn out at four o'clock on a winter's morning so cold that we had to knock our fingers upon the spade handles to try to get some feeling into them, I sometimes felt my lot was hard. And then we were not starved, it is true, but we had no more food than we could well eat, I suppose for fear we should become dainty or lazy."

"That will never be your failing, Robert," replied his mother. "Twas then ye began Latin, and learned to do blacksmith's work."

"In 1811 we moved across the Forth into Fifeshire, and were still at Inverkeithing when ye left Parkhill and went to serve the Earl of Moray at Donibristle near Aberdour. Never shall I forget the fright we had when we heard that ye had fallen from a boat into the water, and were like to die."

"But I can swim now, mother, with the best of them. John Thomson, that is to marry my sister Mary, knows that. He was sinking for the third time when I was able to bring him to shore."

“And now, Robert, ye are going to be under-gardener to Mr. Leigh of High Leigh, Cheshire. We are proud that one so young should be so promoted; but oh, we are loth to part with ye!”

“So am I to part with father and you; but if I get on I may be able to help you all. The wages are good, and I am sure to rise.”

“I have no fear for your lacking gold, laddie; but one thing has weighed upon my heart. I want to ask a favour of you before we part. You will not refuse to do what your mother asks?”

“What is it, mother?”

“Nay; do promise me first that you will do what I am now going to ask, and I will tell you.”

“No, mother, I cannot tell; you tell me what your wish is.”

“Oh, Robert, can you for one moment think that I would ask you to do what is not right? Do I not love you dearly?”

“Yes, mother, I know you do; but I don't like to make promises which I may not be able to fulfil.”

The mother heaved a heavy sigh, and was silent. The tears ran down her cheeks as she looked upon the handsome youth going into the unknown perils of life, and going also alone. Love is a great deceiver; “Would I had been there,—he should not have died,”—“If I go with you, beloved, I can shield and protect you,” we say, when experience proves that we can do nothing, but must leave ourselves and our dear ones in the hands of God.

Robert looked at his mother for a moment; and his tender soul melted at the sight of her distress.

“What is it, mother?” he said. “I will do it if I can.”



LEAVING HOME.

"I only ask you to read a chapter in the Bible every morning and another in the evening."

"Mother, you know I read my Bible," interrupted the young man.

"I know you do, Robert; but not regularly and as a duty that you owe to Almighty God. But I shall go home with a light heart, for you will now read the Scriptures regularly. Oh Robert, my son, read much in the New Testament. Read much in the Gospels—the blessed Gospels. Then you cannot well go astray. If you pray, the Lord Himself will teach you."

"Yes, mother, I will certainly do as you desire. I have not yet found all that I want; perhaps the time has not come for the Lord to call me. Yet when I have sat in the kirk and hearkened to Mr. Caldwell, 'That man means what he says,' I have thought; and I have longed to be as he is. He is not perfect, but I am sure that he is a true Christian, and I would fain be one too."

"Well, Robert, ye cannot in your own strength find salvation; for even faith is the gift of God. But I have given ye over unto the hands of Christ, and I am sure ye will be found at the right hand of the Lamb. God grant not one from our family may be left out."

"Amen, mother; but we must now say farewell." And in a few moments mother and son parted only to meet once or twice again on earth.

Little thought the passengers who met that tall dark Scotchwomen on her return journey home, what bitter agony she was keeping down in her heart; nor probably did any one suspect that the young gardener who then, 5th November, 1813, crossed the Firth of Forth, was to

become aught more famous than a skilful grower of flowers.

Next day Robert went by ship to the Clyde, through the canal, and on the 18th arrived at Greenock on the Firth of Clyde, after leaving which, through a heavy sea the ship laboured until, at last, the breeze right in their teeth compelled the sailors to take shelter in Rothesay Bay. A man belonging to a ship of war, also in the harbour, was drowned while attempting to reach the shore; a press-gang boarded the ship on which Robert was sailing, and carried off a sailor to serve his Majesty in the dead man's place. What if Robert Moffat had been taken instead? The king would have had a good sailor, but what would the Church have lost? But these things are under God's rule. The ship put in at Liverpool, on Friday 26th, and at five o'clock on the next night the young Scotchman arrived at High Leigh.

In a tiny lodge, one storey high, in a somewhat secluded part of the beautiful gardens, built expressly for him, Robert Moffat found his home. Winning the good opinions both of the head gardener, Mr. Bearpark, and of his employers, who lent him books, it seemed as if he were to become famous, in what is certainly the most ancient as it is probably the most healthy of the pursuits by which men obtain their daily bread.

CHAPTER II.

THE ERRAND BOY WHO FOUND A NEW SERVICE; OR, MORE PRIZES THAN WERE EXPECTED.

“There is nothing in the earth so small, that it may not produce great things.”

“Commit thy trifles unto God, for to Him is nothing trivial.”

“They told their purpose, each o'erjoyed to find
His own idea in his brother's mind.”

“He followed Paul; his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity, the same,
Like him, crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friend, and ease,
Like him, he laboured, and like him, content
To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went.”

“**W**ONDERFUL! wonderful! the world is indeed wonderful! What a pity a poor man can see so little of it! If one were rich, how delightful to visit other lands, to see the works of God, and especially that country, hallowed by the life and teachings of Jesus! But it could scarcely show more of beauty than this landscape. Not a breath stirs the corn-fields, scarcely a leaf moving, not a cloud in the sky; everything seems resting in the clear evening sun. How

beautiful God must be, to have produced such splendour in a world of sin! And how gracious to *me!* To die for me! What have I done to show my gratitude? Simply nothing. But wait, I shall soon be in a position of honour and trust. When I have money and influence, I shall be able to glorify His name, and help His people. How happy I shall be to give my money and do all that I can for Him."

Filled with such thoughts, and weaving for himself a bright future, never to be realised, except under far different circumstances than he imagined, Robert Moffat trudged along the six miles of road that lay between High Leigh and Warrington town.

We all weave out of our hopes a fairy splendour in which we shall be perfectly happy and wonderfully useful, and by-and-bye we look back upon our dreams with deep thankfulness that they did *not* come true. The future that our God prepares for us is so much better than anything we can think out for ourselves; as we discover to our surprise, if not always to our delight.

The young gardener bent upon his errand was crossing a bridge, when a placard pasted upon the brickwork caught his eye. Occupied with his own thoughts, the young man read, at first without fully realising the kind of meeting described upon the bill. It related to a missionary meeting, at which a Rev. William Roby of Manchester was to take the chair. It was impossible to attend the gathering, for the date was now past; but the bill started Robert Moffat's mind upon a very different track. The stories he had heard of Moravian missionaries in Greenland and Labrador, read by his mother to

the company round her winter evening's fire, rushed upon his memory now. All the way into Warrington, and thence into High Leigh, the young errand man walked, considering how he might serve the missionary cause. He had never been at college, no Society would receive him : the only practicable plan appeared to be to become a sailor and get landed upon a foreign shore, and there seek to teach the heathen natives about Christ.

A few weeks after this incident Robert Moffat might have been seen walking through the streets of Manchester with a young man about his own age.

"Hamlet Clarke, I am going to see Mr. Roby; do come with me."

"I will walk with you, Robert, willingly, and will wait at the end of the street while you go in to see the great man; but you must go alone."

"It's nearly a mile from here," replied Robert; "but, oh, I wish the interview were over, Hamlet."

"I won't talk to you," replied Clarke. "You just arrange your thoughts before you come to the house."

After some half-hour's walk in silence, the friends parted at the end of a somewhat retired street.

"Here's the road. Don't hurry," said Clarke. "I'll wait for you. Good luck to you, friend."

"I wish it were two miles off still, and yet I want to go," returned Robert, walking very slowly towards the house. Clarke was somewhat surprised to see him reach it and then turn back a little distance. Evidently his courage revived; for Clarke, who moved forward to meet him, stopped as Robert turned round again and walked boldly towards Mr. Roby's house. He began to ascend

the steps, but again his heart failed him. At length, after pacing backwards and forwards once or twice, he ventured to lift the knocker, and in a few moments Clarke watched him enter the minister's dwelling.

After a long time, as it appeared to Clarke, Robert came down the steps and hurried to meet his friend.

"I'm so glad I went," he exclaimed. "He received me so kindly."

"What did he say?" asked Clarke. "Tell me all about it, Robert."

"Why, after that I had knocked at the door I would have given a thousand pounds, if I had them, not to have done so. Oh, how I longed to hear that he was not at home! But when he came into the parlour and smiled upon me, I was soon at my ease."

"And what did he say? Was the cross-examination severe?" asked Clarke.

"Not at all. I told him all about my home in Scotland, and how I had been impressed with the sense of sin at times under Mr. Caldwell's preaching. The reading of the Bible since I came to England, I told him, had made me deeply wretched, and yet I could not for my promise's sake leave it off. The Epistle to the Romans especially distressed me; but I could not leave the book alone. It seemed as if all my sins, like a mountain, were falling upon me, though I did the best I could. At length I went, as you know, to attend the Methodists, who had just opened a chapel in High Leigh. I was afraid to mention the Methodists, for fear it should anger Mr. Roby, as it did my master."

"Did it?" asked Clarke.

“No; Mr. Roby said they were good people, and I was quite right not to give up attending their services when I found help from them. And when I told him that my father did not much believe in them, and had cautioned me against them, Mr. Roby only smiled, and said good people often differed, but it was of little moment so long as they agreed in the main thing, Christ crucified.”

“Well done!” exclaimed Clarke. “I love him for saying a good word for us despised Methodists.”

“And when I told him how angry my master and mistress were that I should attend the Methodist services and help in their Sunday school, he bade me not to mind losing their goodwill, for God would make it up to me by-and-bye. But then he said: ‘Now, Robert, tell me are you *really* trusting in Christ? For a man may know much of religion, and do some things for Christ; ay, and I think suffer persecution for the Lord, and yet not be saved by the atonement of Christ.’

“That brought me to a standstill, but I told him how, one evening, while sitting poring over the Epistle to the Romans, I was filled with wonder at many passages I had read over many times before. I felt that there was a black cloud between my soul and Christ, but as I read the Bible again, light seemed to break from each text and the Book was opened to me with new meaning, and I saw how God loved and gave Himself for me.”

“What said he then?”

“Why, he asked if I were relying upon my own faith, or upon the merits and mercy of our Lord Jesus in connection with His atonement. I answered, ‘Sir, I am a guilty, hell-deserving sinner, yet God loves me, and laid

all my sins upon Jesus Christ, my Substitute. He died in my place, and because He died I am forgiven. I have in my own soul the witness that I am born again.'"

"But what about being a missionary?"

"He encouraged me to wait upon the Lord, to see if it were really His will that I should go abroad, and promised to write to the directors of the London Missionary Society on my behalf. He thought that I might take a situation near him, and he would train me as far as he was able for the work before me."

"Then we shall lose you soon, Robert; that's certain. You will have to run on other errands, and do other service. Ay, but we shall miss you."

"Yes, Clarke, but we must do our duty. I will not go unless I am tolerably certain that it is the right way and that I have ability. But here we are at our lodgings, let us go in to dinner."

Some weeks after this conversation, Robert Moffat moved to Dunkinfield, where in Mr. Smith's nursery garden he found employment five days per week, receiving twelve or thirteen shillings per week for his services.

While there, he won the heart of Mr. Smith's only daughter, Mary. Rev. J. De Kewer Williams, when preaching upon Thwaites, remarked, "He pleased his master and he pleased his master's daughter; I wish young men would never get married until they marry their master's daughter." Moffat evidently pleased Mr. Smith; that he pleased Mary Smith may be gathered from the following conversation which took place in the parlour in which they had first met. Robert had come over from Manchester, where he had been residing in

order to be near Mr. Roby, and now sat taking his farewell for life, as it seemed, of the beautiful, accomplished girl before him.

"Yes, Robert, had I been free," said Mary Smith, "I would willingly have gone with you to Africa."

"But you are in a different station in life. You will probably inherit a fortune. I don't wonder that your parents are unwilling to entrust you to me."

"It is not *that*, Robert. My parents have no other daughter, and my mother's health is very frail. They would give me to you willingly, if you were only going to stay in England; but they cannot endure the idea of my crossing the seas."

"Of course it is a fearful parting, and the Cape is worse than India or any other foreign part. I am to penetrate far beyond the borders of civilisation. Little is known of Namaqualand, to which I am going, but what is known shows it to be a terrible place."

"I should not dread that, Robert, or mind it much. It has been the hope of my heart to go as a missionary to the heathen; and long ago, when I heard Mr. Campbell speaking of Africa, my heart said, 'O Lord, send me there!' I feel that I am not fit to become a missionary; but I should so love to serve the heathen by waiting upon you. But it cannot be."

"I see, alas, that it cannot! I must go alone; but, Mary, I shall never forget you."

"Oh, I should be so glad, Robert, if you could see your way to marry someone else. I love you dearly, and always shall; but I can't endure the thought of your going alone. You are the kind of man needing especially



ROBERT MOFFAT AND MARY SMITH.

a woman's care; you will never keep yourself in order unless you do get married."

"But what if I did marry another woman?"

"I should understand, and not despise or cease to love you. And, Robert, dear, we could be together in heaven. I can't go with you myself, but I dread your going alone, where you will be among savages, without a friend or helper."

"But, Mary, I shall never marry where I don't love. You have grown into my heart and life, and I *could* be happy with you and none else. And then, it would not be just for me to marry a woman to whom my heart could not be given. It can never be given to another. Beside the wrong done to her, what sort of wife might I not get? I consider marriage is like a lottery—some get very badly off in the matter. I know I should get a good wife in you."

"You would get one who loves you, but who sees the way to marry you quite closed. No, Robert, I am impelled to go to Africa by an impulse I cannot master, and held back by a tie I cannot, dare not, break. When as a child I attended the Moravian school at Fairfield, I caught their enthusiastic love for missions; and I so long to gather the poor dear heathen, to tell them about my Christ. While I have been working looking after strangers in our new church, I have been quietly saying to myself, 'It is training Mary Smith for mission work.' It is hard to give up what I feel to be a duty, at the call of another claim."

"Suppose we leave the matter, Mary. It is in God's hands, and He may yet bring us together. I shall perhaps be able to prepare the way, and who can tell but

that God may yet answer my prayers? I can see nothing but for me to go to Africa and you to wait in England, until the way is more clearly opened."

"If my father and mother relent, and consent to allow me to come—eh, Robert?"

"Then you will come, of course, my dear. But let us do nothing to choose our own path. Mary, when I gave myself to Christ, I gave ALL of myself. I go to Africa relying upon His help; and He who will open my path in the desert shall rule my love affairs too. I mean to marry only in the Lord; let us leave it to His decision, and whatever happens will be for the best."


Some three years after this Mary Smith's parents altered their minds, and, without being influenced by any human being, consented freely to give up their beautiful daughter to Robert Moffat, and this with the consciousness that in all probability they would never see her again. But they lived to rejoice in the sacrifice, and recognise the loving wisdom of God in honouring their daughter among the rude tribes of Africa.

CHAPTER III.

THE TAME MAN WHO LOVED SAVAGES; OR, TRIED IN EVERY WAY BUT FOUND TRUE.

“ In endless warfare with men's sinful hearts,
He softens human rockwork into men.”

“ Pleasant 'tis to sit and tell
What we owe to love Divine,
Till our bosoms grateful swell,
And our eyes begin to shine.”

“ ND what do you get for it, man alive! How much gold do they send you from rich England?” asked a burly Dutch farmer as he sat at supper with Robert Moffat, who was on his way with another missionary, Mr. Ebner, to Great Nam-aqualand.

“ I can't say. I came out to Africa, not to seek gold, but men; I know the missionary's name is despised here, but I would not be otherwise than as I am for all the gold of England.”

“ But you must live.”

“ Yes, and the directors will send me what they can spare; perhaps £20 for the first year.”

“ Twenty pounds! Why, man, it is not half what a decent artisan can get anywhere at the Cape! I wonder

how some of these directors would manage upon the money! Talk about meanness! A Dutchman is bad enough, but to be so consumed with love for the heathen, that they send you to starve among them! Bah! Bah! Do you know what sort of a country you are going to?" he added, seeing that the young Scotchman was silent.

"Yes; not a garden of Eden, of course."

"A garden of misery, you mean! You'll find nothing but sand and stones, few people, and each suffering from awful thirst; plains and hills roasted like a burnt leaf under the scorching rays of a cloudless sun! And the chief of the country, Africaner, will set you up as a mark for his boys to shoot at; or mayhap make a drinking cup of your skull, or make a drum out of your skin to dance to."

"It wouldn't matter if you were an old man," said the farmer's wife; "but such a comely youth, and to become the prey of such a monster! It is dreadful!"

"Well, Scotchmen, if they attempt a thing, ever go through with it; so say no more, goodwife. You'll give us a service, won't you?"

"With pleasure; but you'll bring in your servants."

"What servants?"

"Why, the blacks, the Hottentots, of whom I saw so many."

"Hottentots! Let me go to the mountains, or call the baboons; or, stop! I have it! William, call the dogs in, they'll make as good a congregation as the blacks."

Robert Moffat made no reply; but he gave out a hymn.

After he had offered prayer, he opened the big Bible, and read the story of the Syro-Phœnician woman, selecting as his text—"Truth, Lord, but even the dogs do eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table." He had but proceeded a few minutes with his sermon, when the farmer interrupted the preacher by saying, "Will Mynheer sit down and wait a little? he shall have the Hottentots."

Into the apartment accordingly soon thronged the dusky servants, until the room was quite full. When the service was over, the Dutchman said to Moffat—"My friend, you took a hard hammer, and you have broken a hard head. Who hardened your hammer to give me such a blow? I will never object to preaching to the blacks again."

The next morning, through barren and stony hills, over sandy wastes, without a path, the waggon, drawn by oxen, slowly toiled, until the travellers reached the banks of the Orange River. A raft made of dry willow logs, fastened by the creepers that grew upon the river's bank, floated the waggon over. The current here is strong, the stream being five hundred yards wide. The raft had to be taken to pieces each time, and each log conveyed back by a swimmer. After several days' delay, all the goods were safely over, and Mr. Moffat was requested to place himself upon the frail raft. Not liking its appearance, and wishing to save trouble, the young man took off his clothes and sprang into the river. Thinking that he might drown, some of the best native swimmers plunged into the water after him, but were unable to overtake his swift strokes. As they panted up the



MOFFAT PREACHING AT A BOER'S FARM.

river side they asked, "Were you born in the great sea water?"

On the 26th January, 1818, he reached Africaner's village, which was to become his home for some twelve months. The whole of this period he lived alone (Mr. Ebner having left the mission), in one of the native huts, made by tying long wands together into a bee-hive shape, which framework was afterwards covered with native mats. This hut neither excluded rain, dust, nor even serpents. Two bulls fighting near it would sometimes demolish it, or the native dogs make their way through the mat wall.

He turned his attention chiefly to the children, many of whom were induced to wash themselves and their filthy sheepskin dresses.

No wonder that many a time the exile's heart was sad. But when depressed, Moffat would take his violin and, seated upon a rock, pour out his sorrows in music, singing most frequently his mother's favourite hymn—

"Awake, my soul! in joyful lays,
To sing the great Redeemer's praise."

But the evening was generally occupied by conversation with Africaner, the chief, who would sit upon a big stone at the door of Moffat's hut and ask questions about God and the world He made so fair. The chief would listen attentively, until at last he would rub his hands upon his head and say, "I have heard enough; I feel as if my head were too small and as if it would swell with these great subjects."

The chief's brother, Titus, brought him one of his two

wives, who had hurt her hand, and who was only prevailed upon to come by her husband assuring her that Moffat was a "tame man." He would often sit and listen to the conversations between his brother and Moffat, and would say, "I hear what you say, and I think I understand, but I cannot feel; my heart is hard like a rock."

One evening, while the three were thus conversing, Moffat suddenly exclaimed, "Africaner, I must go down to Cape Town; come with me and see the wonders the gospel brings with it."

Africaner started. "Are you in earnest; are you sure you are not joking?" he asked.

"I'm not joking; I really mean it. Do come with me."

"Nay, father, but I thought you loved me; would you wish me to go to be hung up as a spectacle to justice? Don't you know that I'm an outlaw, and a thousand rix-dollars have been offered for this poor head?" placing his hand upon it.

"But no harm will come to you, friend. You are now a changed man. There is no danger."

"Well, I will deliberate, and roll my way upon the Lord. He, I know, will not leave me."

Three days afterwards, arrayed in a pair of leather trousers, a duffel jacket, and a hat neither white nor black, Africaner accompanied Moffat on his journey to Cape Town. The difficulty was to bring him safely through the Dutch farmers, many of whom had suffered injury from him during the period of his wildness. This, however, was successfully accomplished, and the waggon

was approaching the house in which the farmer lived who had at first refused to allow his servants to attend the preaching. He was walking in the garden when he saw Moffat coming. He at once put out his hands and cried, "It's Moffat's ghost! Don't come near me! I knew Africaner would kill you."

"But I'm not dead yet; feel my hands," said Moffat, setting the example.

"Then when did you rise from the dead?"

"Come, let us go a little further from the house; your wife will be frightened."

"A man told me that he had seen your bones; and Africaner had killed you."

"But Africaner is a Christian man now."

"Look, Moffat, I can believe almost anything you say, but that I cannot credit. Never! That would be an eighth wonder."

As Moffat continued to assert the fact, the Dutch farmer at length said, "Well, if it is true, there's only one wish I have before I die, and that is to see this man. He killed my own uncle, but if he really is a Christian I should like to see him."

"Should you? Then, there he is," said Moffat, pointing to Africaner, who was sitting at their feet.

"Are you *really* Africaner?"

"I am," said the chief, making a low bow.

The farmer stood silent for some moments; at length, lifting up his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, "Almighty God, what a miracle of Thy power! what cannot Thy grace accomplish!"

The next day the waggons wandered over a waterless

waste, and the following day brought them no nearer a river or pool. While searching for water, Moffat spied a little smoke; and on reaching it found an aged woman, almost a skeleton, in the last stage of weakness.

"My mother, fear not, we are friends," said Moffat, as the venerable sufferer lifted her head from her knees. "Who are you?"

"I have been four days here; my children left me to die."

"Your children?"

"Yes, three sons and two daughters. I cannot carry wood for the fire, or when they kill game help them to carry it."

"But are you not afraid of the lions?"

Lifting up the skin of her left arm with her fingers as if it were a garment, she replied, "There is nothing here for the lions to eat. I hear them, but they never touch me."

"Come with me, I will take you to the next village."

"No; they will only leave me again. I am nearly dead now, and don't want to die again."

"And this is heathenism," remarked Moffat to Africaner. "What is man without the gospel? I look at you, Africaner, and wonder that one so gentle could have taken delight in violence and murder!"

Africaner made no reply except a flood of silent tears.

At the Cape, the Governor received Africaner kindly, and presented the once outlaw with a waggon valued at eighty pounds.

But Moffat was not to return with him to Namaqua-

land. This district lies to the north of Orange River, along the south-western coast of Africa. To the east it is bounded by a great waterless desert, beyond which, northward still, is the Bechuana or Bechwana country.

Among the Batlaping, a tribe of Bechuanas, two missionaries were labouring, Hamilton and Read by name. It was decided that among this people Moffat should labour. Before doing so, however, the young missionary was to accompany Drs. Campbell and Philip on a visit of inspection to all the London Missionary Society's stations in the eastern part of the Colony and Kaffirland.

But that tour was now completed; and when Robert Moffat returned to the Cape he had the joy of welcoming Mary Smith, his former employer's daughter, who had come out to Africa to share his life and toils.

Her parents had been very reluctant to give up their only girl, but had at length consented to spare her for the life God seemed so plainly to indicate. On 27th December, 1819, Robert Moffat and Mary Smith were married at Cape Town, and early in the following year started to Lattakoo, the headquarters of the Batlaping tribe. They were accompanied by John Campbell, of Kingsland Chapel, London.

The ignorance of the natives may be gathered from the reply of a South Africa chief, who, when asked if he were willing to receive missionaries, answered seriously, "Yes," if they could tell him how to become a young man again. And yet it was with considerable difficulty that permission was obtained from the supposed Christian Government for missionaries to visit and teach these people.

The Government, too, set their minds upon securing Moffat as their missionary to Kaffirland, and determined to force him into compliance with their wishes by refusing him permission to go to the Bechuanas. But at last they relented, and Robert and Mary Moffat settled down to labour among the people, to live with whom "required a strong stomach as well as a warm heart," said Robert Moffat.

CHAPTER IV.

THE KING OF SPADES WHO PROVED THE KING OF
HEARTS; OR, ALL MEN NOT ALIKE, YET IDENTICAL.

"Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony disposed aright."

"For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be, for a' that."

"How idle each heroic art
By the least suffering of love?"

"Life's kind purposes, pursued
With ordered freedom, sweet and fair."

"**R**A Mary, your customs are good enough for you, but I see they will never fill the stomach," said a Bechuana to Robert Moffat. "Just think, it was but the other day you brought home a boy and girl the Bushmen were intending to bury with their dead mother, and now Ma Mary has brought home a baby that had been buried alive by its mother."

"Yes, I know that you are in distress, friend; that there has been little rain lately, and that the people are suffering."

"Then why take extra mouths to feed? Let the babies die; what good are they? Besides, if their own mothers don't want them, why should we trouble about them?"

"But, dear friend, we love the children, and our God bids us teach them about Him."

