



Missionary
Stories.

Narratives,
Scenes
And Incidents.

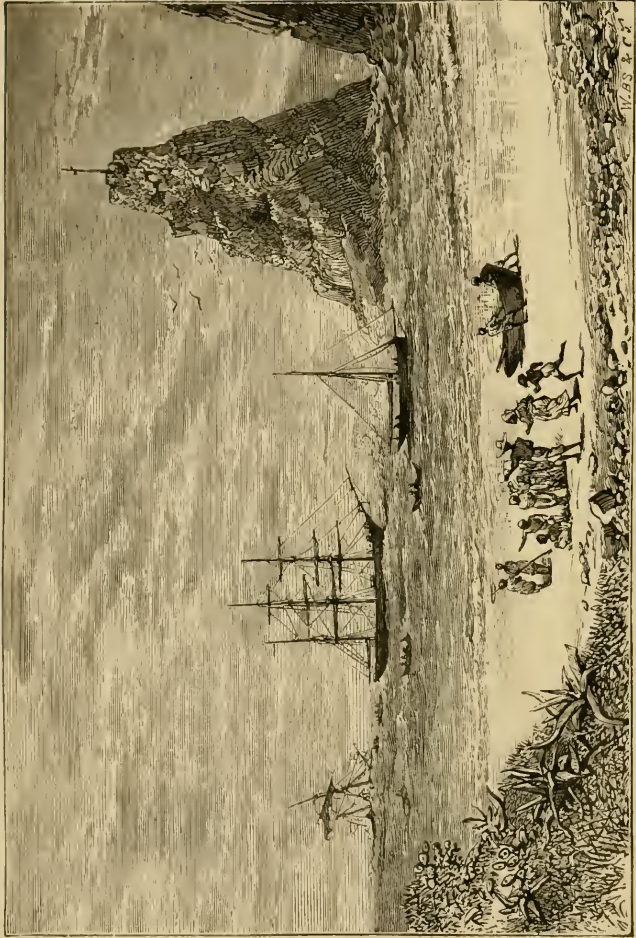
REV. W. MOISTER

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Missionary stories



WRECK OF THE HAIDEE, CALLIAQUA, ST. VINCENT'S, 1838.

[See page 62.]

MISSIONARY STORIES,

Narratives, Scenes, and Incidents,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE PROVIDENCE AND GRACE OF GOD
IN CONNECTION WITH THE
PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN HEATHEN LANDS.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM MOISTER,

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WORLD," "HISTORY OF WESLEYAN MISSIONS," ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE.

A SECOND edition of the Missionary Stories having been called for, an opportunity is thus afforded to the author of thanking the friends of Missions for the kind and favourable reception accorded to this and other works which he has published, in the interests of the good cause, since his return from the Mission field a few years ago; and of explaining the nature of the alterations and improvements which have been made in the present issue. With a view to make the volume still more useful and interesting, the whole has been carefully revised, re-written, and re-arranged; the respective narratives being now classified in suitable sections, under appropriate headings. A few sketches have been omitted as belonging more properly to the departments of Missionary Pioneers, and Missionary Martyrs, and their places have been supplied with fresh stories of a general character, a number of simple illustrations being added, with an index to facilitate reference.

In their present improved form it is hoped that the Missionary Stories will prove a worthy companion to the "Missionary Pioneers" and the "Missionary Anecdotes," recently published; the former of which consists of about sixty Biographical Sketches of eminent Ministers who have led the way in the glorious enterprise in different countries, and the latter of more than four hundred anecdotes, facts and incidents relating to the state of the heathen and the success of the Gospel amongst them; whilst the present volume comprises upwards of sixty consecutive narratives, scenes and incidents illustrative of the Providence and Grace of God in the progress of the work in various lands.

W. M.

WOODBINE COTTAGE,
Newport, Isle of Wight,
July 12th, 1877.

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MISSIONARY STORIES,

Narratives, Scenes, and Incidents.

Section I.

NARRATIVES OF PERSONAL MISSIONS.

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.”
—MARK XVI. 15.

THE Missionary enterprise is not a system of human invention, to meet the requirements of mere caprice and love of adventure in foreign lands. Romantic and interesting as its history in many instances undoubtedly is, its principles must be traced to a higher source, and the object which it contemplates must be admitted to be of a holier character. It had its origin in the last command which Jesus Christ, the great Head of His Church, gave to His disciples just before He ascended into heaven to resume the glory which He had “with the Father before the world was.” “Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.” (Matthew xxviii. 19, 20.) And the universal promulgation of the Gospel is intended for nothing less

than the conversion of sinners to God, and the subjugation of a guilty and rebel world to the sway of the Redeemer, that He may rule and reign in every land and in every heart, as "King of kings and Lord of lords."

It is an honour to be permitted to take any part in the great and glorious work of making known the good news of salvation to dark, benighted heathen nations ; and those who have personally gone forth to labour in the Mission field have in many instances been blessed and made a blessing. Nor has the testimony of such as have been favoured to return to their native land, after long and honourable periods of service abroad, been useless or unimportant. In some instances returned Missionaries have been instrumental in awakening and sustaining a spirit of zeal and liberality in aid of the holy enterprise which has been productive of unspeakable good ; and, by their untiring efforts, essential service has been rendered to the good cause in which they were engaged. Nothing has been found so interesting to the friends and supporters of Christian Missions as simple statements of facts as they have been known to those who have been personally engaged in the work.

The present writer has been highly favoured in this respect, having on three several occasions left his native land to engage in foreign Mission work, and been as often spared to return to tell of what he had seen and experienced among various tribes of men in distant heathen countries. It is with the hope of fostering the true Missionary spirit in the hearts of his readers that he has undertaken to give a brief and simple account of some of the scenes through which he passed, and the incidents which came under his notice during the many years which he spent in foreign lands.

Mission to Western Africa.

Having been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth in early life, and called to the work of the Christian ministry, I was accepted as a probationer for the sacred office, by the Wesleyan Conference of 1830. In the autumn of the same year I was instructed to proceed to London, for examination with reference to the Missionary department of the work, for which I had from the beginning felt and expressed a decided preference. There I met with several other Missionary candidates, to whom I became united by the strongest ties of Christian affection, and with whom I had many blessed seasons of social prayer and holy fellowship, in the well known upper room at the old Mission House in Hatton Garden. Most of those dear brethren, and other associates of my youthful days, have gone the way of all flesh; and, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, I hope to meet them in heaven.

After our examination was over, and several of us were anxiously waiting for further information as to the probable sphere of our future labours, a little incident occurred which unexpectedly led to my appointment to Western Africa. One cold morning in the month of October, 1830, a Negro girl presented herself at the door of the Mission House, carrying in her arms a pale, sickly-looking white child. This little infant was the orphan son of the late Rev. Richard Marshall, who had died of malignant fever at the Gambia Station, Western Africa, on the 19th of August in the same year. Mrs. Marshall had embraced the first opportunity which presented itself, and embarked for England two days after the funeral of her dear husband, bringing with her their infant son, and the African girl Sally to wait upon them during the passage. When they arrived in Bristol, Mrs. Marshall found herself in a state of great bodily weakness, as well as extreme mental suffering; and was naturally anxious to proceed at

once to her friends in the north. But, in the order of Divine Providence, this was denied her. She became suddenly worse, being seized with convulsions; all hope of life now vanished, and she expired about forty-eight hours after she had landed on the shores of her native country, before she had an opportunity of seeing any of her relatives, leaving her helpless orphan and his African nurse strangers in a strange land. Sally had been faithful to her precious charge; and, having proceeded to London immediately after the funeral of her beloved mistress, she brought the little boy to the Mission House.

As candidates for the foreign work, we all felt deeply interested in the little Missionary orphan boy; we crowded round him and his Negro nurse, and eagerly listened to the affecting story of their sad bereavement as related by Sally, with much feeling and pathos, in her own sweet, broken English, while big tears rolled down her sable cheeks. It had been stated by the Committee that a Missionary was required immediately for the Station left vacant by the death of Mr. Marshall; but that any one willing to go must make a voluntary offer of his services, in consequence of the great mortality which had taken place on the Society's Stations on the Western Coast of Africa. I had felt disposed from the first to volunteer for the Gambia; but still more so when, soon after the arrival of the Missionary orphan boy and his coloured nurse, the General Secretaries directed my attention to the subject, from an impression that my type of constitution was well adapted for the climate. Therefore, after sincere prayer to God for Divine direction, and consulting with my friends upon the subject, I felt it upon my heart to say with the prophet, "Here am I, send me;" and I was at once appointed to St. Mary's on the river Gambia, as successor to the lamented Mr. Marshall.

Although I was not favoured with a ministerial colleague on the occasion of my first Mission to Africa, I was kindly permitted to be united, in a closer relation, to one who was willing to share with me the joys and sorrows, the difficulties

and dangers, of Missionary life even in the trying climate of the Western Coast; female influence and effort being considered essential to the success of the enterprise. The necessary preparations having been made, we took an affectionate leave of parents, brothers, sisters, and Christian friends, without much hope of ever seeing them again in this world; and, accompanied by our dear friend Dr. Hoole, on Saturday, the 12th of February, 1831, we went on board a steamer at London Bridge to join our ship at Gravesend. The vessel not having as yet come down the river, we were permitted to spend the Sabbath on shore; and I preached in the Wesleyan chapel morning and evening to a loving people, in whose sympathies and prayers we obtained an interest which, in our peculiar circumstances, we highly prized. On the following day the brig "Amelia," on board of which our passage was taken, having arrived, and the wind and tide being favourable, we embarked, and proceeded on our voyage, trusting in Him who said, for the encouragement of His Ambassadors, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Our voyage out was on the whole favourable. Captain M'Taggart and his officers were kind and attentive, and our fellow-passengers were affable and agreeable. When seasickness had in a measure subsided, and we had become somewhat accustomed to the motion of the ship, we spent our time pleasantly and profitably in reading, conversation, and prayer, and in preparing, as best we could, for the great work which was before us. When we had been about a month at sea, we heard one morning the welcome sound of "Land ahead!" and were soon gratified with a sight of Cape Verd and the Island of Goree. The following day, the 10th of March, we took a Negro pilot on board from Bird Island, entered the mouth of the Gambia, and in a few hours came to anchor off St. Mary's, with the coast of Africa stretching itself before our view.

It was on the afternoon of a beautiful day for the tropics, although the sun poured down its fiery rays upon us, that we stood upon the deck of the "Amelia" as she rode at anchor

before the neat little town of Bathurst, on the Island of St. Mary, and contemplated with peculiar feelings the novel scene which was before us. The Government-house, military hospital, soldiers' barracks, and the houses of the principal merchants and other European residents which faced the river, appeared to be good buildings, being constructed chiefly of stone, stuccoed and whitewashed, and were generally two or three stories high, with neat verandahs in front, and jalousie windows. Each house being detached from the rest, and surrounded with a yard, garden ground, or shrubbery, in which grew various kinds of tropical trees, as the palm, coconut, and banana, with their rich foliage gracefully waving in the breeze, the scene was of a most charming character, and scarcely harmonized with our preconceived ideas of the "wilds of Africa." The native huts, which were chiefly built of a circular shape, with sides formed of bamboo-cane wattled work, and thatched with long grass, stood in the back part of the town, so that we beheld the settlement to the best advantage in viewing it from the river.

Whilst the sailors were preparing the boats for our landing, I observed a number of Negroes assembling on the beach, and watching our movements with apparent interest. These were natives connected with the Mission who had heard that a Missionary and his wife were on board the brig from England; and such was their anxiety to welcome us that several of them actually plunged into the water to meet the boat as it approached the land; and having dragged the boat partly out of the sea, they carried us on shore in triumph in their arms. This they did to express their gratitude and joy at our arrival, as well as to save us from being wet with the surge, which was dashing violently against the sandy beach. We had no sooner set our feet on the shores of Africa than we were surrounded with a large concourse of natives, some of whom had received the Gospel at the hands of former Missionaries, ere they were smitten down with fever, and found their early graves in African soil. Many wept for joy at our arrival.

They kissed our hands again and again, and bedewed them with their tears, exclaiming, "Tank God! tank God! Mr. Marshall die; but God send us 'nuder Minister." The scene was most affecting, and it brought tears from our own eyes to witness such manifestations of love and deep feeling on the part of these untutored Africans. With some difficulty we pressed through the crowd, and were conducted to the residence of Charles Grant, Esq., a kind-hearted Christian gentleman, well known as a friend to the Missionaries, to whom I had letters of introduction. Mr. Grant received us with a kindness and cordiality which made us feel quite at home; and, having invited us to remain with him at his hospitable mansion till the Mission-house could be prepared for us, we spent the evening in interesting conversation on the circumstances connected with Mr. Marshall's death, and the affairs of the Mission.

The next morning we arose early, and I can scarcely describe the sensations with which we reflected upon the fact that we were really in Africa. On looking round, we were surprised and delighted with the various objects which attracted our attention. Every thing appeared strange and new, and totally unlike what we had been accustomed to in our native land. The bright blue sky above was without a cloud; the sun shone brilliantly upon the placid waters of the broad river; Mandingo traders were dragging their frail canoes up the sandy beach, having just arrived with their produce for the market from the other side of the river; native servants and mechanics were bustling about, or attending to their respective callings, with remarkable intelligence; and all was life and activity among the sable aborigines. At the same time there were pale-faced Europeans, here and there, with their broad-brimmed straw hats to screen them from the fiery rays of the sun, superintending or giving directions to the natives, who were thus pursuing their various avocations.

After breakfast we gladly availed ourselves of the kind offer of our friend Mr. Grant to take a walk with us as far as the

Mission-house. As we proceeded along the outskirts of the town, new objects arrested our attention at every turn ; and we were especially amused with the wild but apparently good-natured noise and confusion which prevailed at the native market-place through which we passed. This scene forcibly reminded me of the confusion of tongues at the building of the Tower of Babel ; for the clatter of discordant voices was almost deafening, and I was informed that the concourse of persons composing the heterogeneous mass of human beings were actually conversing in more than a dozen different languages !

We found the Mission-house situated in one of the back streets of the town of Bathurst, surrounded by native huts with their small plots of garden ground. It was a plain and humble building, with a large hall for chapel and school on the ground floor, and rooms for the Missionary's residence above. On entering the yard, we observed growing at the foot of the steps leading to the dwelling-house a beautiful wild flower—a kind of jessamine. “There,” said I, “that little flower seems to smile upon us, and to welcome our arrival. If I were inclined to be superstitious, I should say it is a good omen.” “Let us take it for a good omen, at any rate,” said my dear wife ; “but let us not forget, at the same time, that its very situation shows that the hand of death has been here ; for, had not the house been unoccupied for several months, the pretty little intruder could not have retained its place, overhanging the steps.” In the interior of the house every thing wore a gloomy aspect, and we were naturally led to speak of the early removal of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall from this the interesting sphere of their hallowed labour. Whilst thus engaged, it is not surprising that a feeling bordering upon sadness should steal over our spirits at the thought that we also might ere long be smitten down, and laid in the silent dust by the side of those devoted servants of God who had so nobly fallen in the work of their Divine Master in this unhealthy climate. We strove to suppress this melancholy train of

thought, however, changed the subject of conversation, and lifted up our hearts in silent prayer to God for His protection and blessing. After giving directions to the people engaged in whitewashing and cleaning the house, we returned with Mr. Grant to his residence, according to his kind invitation, till ours should be ready for our reception.

In the course of the day I called upon His Excellency the Governor to pay my respects and to show him my credentials. He received me most courteously; wished me much success in my important undertaking; and kindly invited us to dine with him in the evening, and to meet a select party of friends at the Government-house. We cordially accepted the invitation in the spirit in which it was given, and spent a very pleasant evening. Thus I had an early and favourable opportunity of explaining the object of my Mission to the principal gentlemen of the settlement, and of bespeaking their kind co-operation in my humble efforts to elevate and improve the condition of the natives, and to benefit, as far as possible, all classes of the community. To the credit of the Government authorities, the naval and military officers, the European and native merchants, and the inhabitants generally, I may say that from that day, to the time of our departure from the coast, we lived in much peace and harmony with them all, while, of course, we gladly availed ourselves of every opportunity of doing them good.

The first Sabbath we spent in Africa was a day never to be forgotten. At dawn the native prayer-meeting was held, in which public thanks were presented to Almighty God for our safe arrival, and His special blessing was implored upon our future labours. In the forenoon I read prayers, and opened my commission by preaching from that delightful text, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The people heard with marked attention, and the appearance of the congregation was truly pleasing. It afforded an interesting proof that the labours of my revered predecessors had

not been in vain in the Lord, although some of them had been called hence at an early period after the commencement of their work. The natives who had been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, both male and female, with their children, came to the house of God neatly clothed; and in their general aspect they presented a striking contrast to their fellow-countrymen who still remained in heathen darkness. They sang the praises of God most delightfully, and altogether they exhibited a state of intelligence and progress far in advance of what I had expected to see, as the Mission had only been commenced a few years before. Another service in the evening, conducted partly in the native language and partly in English, closed the exercises of this memorable day, and we retired to rest truly thankful to God for what our eyes had seen and our hearts had felt of His goodness, whilst engaged in the services of the sanctuary.

On examining the state of the Mission I was happy to find that the few native converts who had been united in Church-fellowship—about forty in number—had been kept together by their Leaders since the death of Mr. Marshall; and that, during the time that they had been left as sheep without a shepherd, their meetings for prayer and Christian worship had been regularly held in the chapel, both on Sundays and week-nights, in confident expectation that God in His Providence would remember them in mercy, and dispose the hearts of their friends in England to send them another Missionary.

When we had become in a measure settled in our new and interesting sphere of labour, the arrangement for the weekly services in our chapel at Bathurst was nearly as follows:—Every Sabbath morning I read prayers and preached in English, for the benefit of the European residents and intelligent persons of colour who understood our language, who used to attend our chapel in considerable numbers. To this was added another service in the church at the barracks for the troops and others, after I had received the appointment of “Acting Colonial Chaplain,” there being no Clergyman of

the Church of England resident in the Colony. In the afternoon we held Sunday school both for children and adults. On the Sabbath evening I delivered a short discourse in English, the substance of which was afterwards repeated in Jalloff by one of the native exhorters. As a preparation for this service we generally fixed upon a subject beforehand, and made it a matter of special conversation and study. On Wednesday night I preached by an interpreter, every sentence being rendered into Jalloff as it was uttered. On the other evenings of the week we had Prayer-meetings and Class-meetings, in which the English, the Jalloff, or the Mandingo language was used according to circumstances. The congregations were generally good; a gracious influence frequently rested upon the people; and a goodly number of natives were, from time to time, brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and received into Church-fellowship by the sacred rite of baptism; whilst we were favoured to witness their marked progress in general knowledge and civilization.

At the same time we directed our attention to the education and training of the rising generation. The Mission day-school, which had been given up on the death of my predecessor, was re-established, and the former teacher, an intelligent young man of colour, having also been cut down by fever, and no other help being available, we undertook the instruction of children ourselves, in addition to our other duties; Mrs. Moister taking charge of the girls, and I of the boys. The bell was rung every morning at six o'clock, when the school exercises commenced, and they continued, with a short interval for breakfast, till two in the afternoon. By this arrangement we were able to get through the heaviest part of our school-work before the heat of the day fairly set in, which was so oppressive that we soon found it render both scholars and teachers incapable of close mental application. In this department of our work, as in every other, we met with much encouragement. The children in general made rapid progress in learning; a few were brought under the

influence of Divine grace in early life, and two or three promising youths in the higher classes soon became useful as assistant teachers in the school, and were ultimately called to preach the Gospel of Christ to their fellow-countrymen.

These labours at the commencement of our career were very arduous in a tropical climate ; but we were young and healthy and strong, not having as yet been enfeebled by repeated attacks of fever, and we felt a real pleasure in devoting the strength and energy which God had given to His blessed service. We soon found ourselves so thoroughly interested in our beloved work, and so busy with our everyday duties, that we had actually no time or leisure to speculate on the future, or to concern ourselves with anxious thoughts about the probability of sickness or health, life or death,—a circumstance which I have since regarded as highly favourable to health and success. We were, moreover, gratified with tokens for good on the Station, and led to expect still greater results in the future ; so that we were truly happy in our work, and the time passed “sweetly and swiftly away.”

When two of the native Teachers, who had been raised up by the Providence and grace of God on the Station, were sufficiently advanced to be efficient helpers in the work, I felt an earnest desire to plant the standard of the Cross in the regions beyond, where the name of Christ was unknown. Having heard of a favourable opening at Macarthy’s Island, nearly three hundred miles from the coast, I left my dear wife in charge of the schools, and commenced my first voyage up the noble Gambia. This magnificent river follows a serpentine course. It is twelve miles wide at its mouth ; but it speedily contracts to about three miles. It is navigable for vessels of several tons’ burden for some four hundred miles from the coast ; for which distance, after it has begun to narrow, its breadth varies from one mile to three. After sailing day after day, and night after night, as the wind and tide would permit, for more than a week, I reached my destination.

The scenes through which I passed in the course of my

first journey into the interior of Africa, and the various incidents which occurred when calling at the native towns on the banks of the river, and when brought into close proximity to wild beasts and savage men, were too numerous and diversified to admit of being dwelt upon here. In this short and hurried sketch all that I can do is briefly to indicate the steps which were taken at this early period to promote the extension of the work of the Mission, and the immediate results which we were favoured to witness by the blessing of God upon our humble labours.

On my arrival at Macarthy's Island I was much impressed with the spiritual destitution of the natives, and the great necessity for some effort being made to raise them from the deep moral degradation in which they were involved. On ascending the river, I found that the natives on the northern bank, whether Jalloffs or Mandingoes, were chiefly Mohammedans, whilst those on the other side were mostly Pagans; but, so far as spiritual enlightenment was concerned, they were equally "without God and without hope in the world." Arriving late in the evening, I obtained a lodging for the night in a native hut; and when I awoke next morning and saw, by the light which penetrated through the wicker-work of which the hut was formed, that there were suspended over my head bows and arrows, spears, greegrees, fetish, and other implements of war and superstition, I felt as I had never done before, that I was indeed in a heathen land. I took a lonely walk by the river side, and if ever I prayed in my life I prayed then, that God would have mercy upon this people, and make my coming among them the beginning of good days to them and their children. Nor was this prayer offered in vain, as subsequent events proved.

On the occasion of this my first visit to Macarthy's Island I spent two Sabbaths and the intervening days in preaching to the people, and in collecting information with a view to future operations; and, by the blessing of God on the means employed, the impression made upon the minds of the natives

was such that they were unwilling that I should leave them, till I promised that, if spared, I would return and, if possible, bring them a Teacher, that they also might be taught the Word of God as well as the people at St. Mary's. Having so far accomplished the object of my journey, I gladly turned my face homeward, and descended the river in a small sloop laden with corn, calling at the native towns on the way, and trying to do good as I had opportunity. By the good Providence of God I reached home in peace and safety, truly thankful for preserving mercies, and especially that my dear partner had been kept in tolerable health and comfort during my absence.

As the work of the Mission at St. Mary's proceeded satisfactorily, I should soon have visited Macarthy's again according to promise, but was prevented from doing so by the occurrence of a very painful event, which for a time made travelling impracticable. This was the sudden and unexpected breaking out of war between the Mandingoes, on the northern side of the river, and the English settlement. This war continued for five months, during which we were exposed to much discomfort and many perils; but as soon as peace was once more restored to the land, and the country was again open, I commenced my second voyage up the Gambia. On this occasion John Cupidou, a native Teacher, accompanied me; we took with us school requisites, and everything necessary for the commencement of a Mission Station at Macarthy's Island. We ascended the river in the same way as before, calling at the native towns as often as we had opportunity, to make known the glad tidings of salvation to the benighted inhabitants, and to do all the good in our power. On the tenth day of our voyage we reached Macarthy's Island, where we met with a cordial welcome from the people, and began at once to carry out the object of our visit. Having obtained a suitable plot of ground, we proceeded to erect a rude native building to answer the purpose of a place of worship and a school-house, with two small rooms at one end for the Teacher.

It was a humble structure, formed of posts planted in the ground, and wattled bamboo-canes, roofed with grass; but it was the first Christian sanctuary ever built in that part of Africa. When finished, it was soon filled with a congregation of humble worshippers on the Sabbath; and, during the week, a goodly number of little black children were collected together for instruction,—a scene never before witnessed in that country.

After thus hastily organizing this important out-post which I hoped would be the first link in a chain of Stations that would ultimately stretch far into the interior of the vast continent, I committed it to the care of Cupidon and returned to St. Mary's, where I had left my dear wife in charge of the schools, and for whose welfare and safety I felt much concerned, as she was at that time the only European female in the country. Through a kind and gracious Providence I was again allowed to meet her in health and comfort, and we continued to labour during the following year on our principal Station with a cheering measure of success.

When the new Mission at Macarthy's Island had been established about twelve months, during which the native Teacher had been instrumental in winning souls for Christ, and successful in teaching both children and adults to read the Word of God, I was earnestly requested once more to visit the Station, and I commenced my third voyage up the river Gambia. This journey was marked by many interesting incidents, which cannot be here narrated in detail. Suffice it to say, that on reaching the new Station, after a tedious and perilous voyage, I was delighted to behold the great change which had taken place in so short a time. The Sabbath which I spent at Macarthy's Island at this time will never be forgotten. The native chapel was filled with a congregation of devout worshippers, many of whom had been converted and were ready to be united in Church-fellowship. Believing parents with their children were on that day dedicated to God in holy baptism, and several couples were re-

ligiously united in marriage, who had previously been living together in the darkness and degradation of heathenism. In the Mission-school I found children who in the short space of twelve months had learned to read easy lessons in the New Testament Scriptures: and the people generally had rapidly advanced in knowledge and civilization.

Having held several delightful services with the people, administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, regulated the affairs of the infant Church, and given directions to the native Assistant in reference to the carrying on of the work, I commenced my journey homeward. On descending the river I was attacked with fever, as I had frequently been before, and suffered much from the want of proper medicine and attention, although the little black boy, who waited upon me, did every thing in his power to alleviate my distress. At length I reached St. Mary's, thankful to God for His preserving goodness, and that we had succeeded, with His blessing, in planting the standard of the Cross in the distant interior.

There were several circumstances connected with the establishment of our new station at Macarthy's Island which clearly showed the interposition of Divine Providence on our behalf. Having undertaken this extension of the Mission without waiting for the formal sanction of the Committee in London, I was not without my fears as to whether the expense which it involved would be allowed. But before I had time to suffer much anxiety on this account, supplies came from a quarter little expected. At an early period I had been requested by His Excellency the Governor to accept the office of Acting Colonial Chaplain, during the absence in England of that functionary. The performance of double duty which this arrangement involved was, in that trying climate, very arduous; but, as compensation, I received half the Chaplain's salary, which enabled me to purchase land at Macarthy's Island, build a native chapel, pay the salary of the native Teacher for the first year, and to hand over the new Station in

thorough working order to the Society, without the cost of a single shilling to their funds. When this source of supply was no longer available in consequence of the Colonial Chaplain's return to his post, the Lord raised up friends in England to relieve the Society from the expense of carrying on the work. A Committee was formed in Southampton, which guaranteed the sum of £500 per annum for five years, for the extension of the Mission to the Foula tribe, which was numerous in that part of Western Africa, and in the welfare of which the members felt a deep interest. Substantial buildings were, moreover, soon erected, chiefly at the expense of the same-kind friends, in the place of the frail tenements that we had first put up, and the Mission was placed upon a sure and permanent basis. More than forty years have passed away since this humble beginning was made, but ever since that time Macarthy's Island has been a centre of light and influence to all around, and there are now nearly two hundred native converts united in Church-fellowship there, who, for their piety and intelligence, would be a credit to any Christian community.

Whilst the good work was thus advancing at Macarthy's Island, the cause was not less prosperous at St. Mary's. The congregation and school at Bathurst soon recovered from the effects of the Mandingo war, the services at Jollar Town were resumed, and the blessing of God attended the word preached, both in English and in Jalloff. The consequence was a considerable addition to the number of our Church members, and a manifest improvement in the moral and social condition of the people generally. The success of our efforts to train up the rising generation in the way they should go was also cause of gratitude and joy, as it afforded ground of hope for still greater prosperity in time to come. Our labours had often been prosecuted amid affliction and trials, known only to those whose lot has been cast on solitary stations, in unhealthy climes; but during the period of our residence at the Gambia, we were frequently cheered by clear indications

of the presence and power of the great Head of the Church, which more than compensated for all our toils.

For further details of my first Mission, and for ample particulars in reference to the country and the people,—their character, superstitions, and general features, I would refer the reader to a volume entitled “Missionary Labours in Western Africa,” &c., published some time ago. In bringing this brief narrative to a close, it may suffice to say that, having been mercifully spared to complete the term of our appointment to the Gambia, we were relieved by the arrival, in April, 1833, of the Rev. William and Mrs. Fox, and the Rev. Thomas and Mrs. Dove,—one of the Missionaries to take my place at St. Mary’s, and the other to occupy the new Station at Macarthy’s Island. When we had seen our successors comfortably settled, I and my dear wife embraced the first favourable opportunity of returning to England, our health and strength having become considerably impaired by repeated attacks of fever. We had often been brought to the verge of the grave, and as often raised up again to declare the goodness of God and to prosecute our beloved labours. We embarked for our native land, truly thankful that our lives were spared whilst so many had fallen, and hoping that when our health should be recruited we might be allowed to labour in some other part of the Mission field, which hope was happily realized, as will be seen from the following narratives. Other devoted labourers succeeded us at the Gambia in after years, besides those already named, many of whom, alas! fell in the glorious enterprise; but their reward is with the Almighty. There has been ample evidence from time to time that the faithful servants of God were not permitted to labour in vain, or to spend their strength for nought. It is to be hoped that many souls won to Christ through our humble instrumentality in Western Africa will be our joy and the crown of our rejoicing in the day of the Lord. Encouraged by this feeling, we proceeded to other scenes of hallowed toil, trusting in the promised

presence and blessing of Him who had hitherto been our never-failing Friend and Saviour.

“Let us in life, in death,
 Thy steadfast truth declare,
 And publish with our latest breath
 Thy love and guardian care.”

Mission to the West Indies.

We had not been many months in England, and had scarcely recovered from the debilitating effects of our Mission to Western Africa, when we were requested by the Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society to go out to the West Indies. The Act for the emancipation of all the slaves in the British colonies had just passed both Houses of the Imperial Parliament; and the Society was making arrangements to send out *eighteen* additional Missionaries, with a view to prepare the people more fully for the boon of freedom, and also with the hope of extending the sphere of its operations in that part of the world, so soon as every hinderance should be removed out of the way of the free promulgation of the Gospel. It was under these circumstances that I was honoured to be one of the noble band of labourers designated for a department of Missionary work which was very dear to my heart. Of the eighteen Missionaries alluded to, only five now survive, several of the dear departed brethren having been called away by death at an early period of their labours. How important to “work while it is day!” for “the night cometh when no man can work.”

The colony of Demerara, on the continent of South America, was named as the place of our destination; and for that distant part of the world we embarked on board the ship “Underwood,” on Thursday, the 16th of January, 1834. We were accompanied to the ship, off Gravesend, by the late Rev. Dr. Beecham, who commended us to God in prayer, and

returned to London in the evening, whilst we descended the river with the ebbing tide. The first part of our voyage on this occasion was somewhat stormy and boisterous; and, having been tossed about for several days in the English Channel, we were glad to take shelter at Spithead, off Portsmouth, till the wind and weather became more propitious.

On Saturday morning, the 1st of February, we went on shore at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, and were delighted to find a party of seven Missionaries, the Rev. Messrs. Cheesbrough, Pilcher, Gordon, Cameron, Osborn, and Nunn, with Mrs. Gordon, bound for Antigua by the ship "Glaphira," and Mr. and Mrs. Lambert on their way to Bermuda. With these dear brethren and sisters, and other Christian friends with whom we became acquainted, we had some happy seasons of social intercourse and religious fellowship; and we shared with them the kind hospitality of the friends of Missions at Ryde during the week of our detention. All the Missionaries of this party, with the exception of the one first named, have long since gone the way of all flesh; but we hope to renew our acquaintance with them in the "better country." At length the wind became favourable, and on Saturday, the 8th, we put to sea once more, and proceeded down the Channel.

We encountered another gale of wind while crossing the Bay of Biscay, after which the remainder of our passage was pleasant; and on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 11th of March, we made the low, swampy coast of British Guiana. Being uncertain as to our precise position, we came to anchor for the night, and on the following morning we had not proceeded far when we recognized the mouth of the Berbice river, where we received a pilot on board, and sailed along the coast,—of which we could see but little, owing to the lowness of the land,—save now and then, when the white-washed buildings or the tall chimney of some sugar plantation appeared amid the green foliage in which they were embowered.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, the

12th, we entered the mouth of the Demerara river, and came to anchor before George Town, the capital of the colony ; of which we had but an imperfect view, as it is situated on low ground, and lies embosomed by beautiful and umbrageous trees. We went on shore immediately, and met with a hearty reception from my old friends, the Rev. John Mortier and his amiable wife, as well as from the Rev. Richard Hornabrook, who had come in from Mahaica, and a number of the people connected with the Mission, who had heard of our arrival, and were assembled to welcome us to their country.

In connection with the Demerara and St. Vincent's Districts, we spent fourteen years of happy Missionary labour, the results of which will appear in the last great day. I had to minister to a people in some respects similar to those with whom we had been associated in Western Africa, the country from which many of them had been brought in early life as poor slaves, and among whom we now lived in the land of their exile. Notwithstanding the degradation and suffering connected with their bondage, the Negroes of the West Indies exhibited a remarkable aptitude for instruction ; and, in the neighbourhood of the respective Mission Stations, we found them advanced to a state of intelligence and civilization which surpassed our expectations, and which reflected credit both on themselves and on their devoted teachers. A numerous and respectable class of Creoles, known as "free persons of colour," also profited much by the instructions of the Missionaries ; and from among them were raised up, by the providence and grace of God, some of our most useful Leaders, Local Preachers, and Native Missionaries. From all classes of the community we were favoured to see precious souls brought to God, and gathered into the fold of the Redeemer ; many of whom became our attached personal friends, and faithful fellow-labourers in the vineyard of the Lord.

My first Station in the West Indies was Kingston, in the George Town Circuit, where I had again to take the place of a deceased Minister ; my respected predecessor, the Rev. E.

Grieves, having died suddenly of fever, on the 31st of July, 1833. Although the Station had been left without a resident pastor for several months, we were glad to see every thing in a better state than we anticipated. There was a good chapel, capable of seating about eight hundred persons, a large and attentive congregation, and a well organized Society of four hundred members ; and a Sabbath school which only required the attention which we were soon able to give it, to render it fully efficient.

I opened my commission by preaching at Kingston on the morning of the first Sabbath after our arrival in Demerara, from Acts xvii, 20, to a good congregation, consisting chiefly of Negro slaves, and a few free persons of colour. As I entered the chapel, on this my first public appearance among them, the people of their own accord sang the following beautiful

WELCOME HYMN.

“ Welcome! welcome! blessed servant,
 Messenger of Jesus’ grace!
 O how beautiful the feet of
 Him that brings good news of peace!
 Welcome, herald! welcome, herald!
 Priest of God,—thy people’s joy!

“ Saviour, bless his message to us ;
 Give us hearts to hear the sound
 Of redemption, dearly purchased
 By Thy death and precious wounds,
 O, reveal it! O, reveal it!
 To our poor and helpless souls.

“ Give reward of grace and glory
 To Thy faithful labourer dear ;
 Let the incense of our hearts be
 Offered up in faith and prayer.
 Bless! O, bless him! bless! O, bless him!
 Now, henceforth, and evermore.”

This was so unexpected, and sung with such good taste, and with such evident marks of sincerity, that it produced a

thrilling effect upon my own mind ; and the whole service was characterized by a spirit of devotion, which was truly pleasing to witness. The neat and respectable appearance of the congregation was, moreover, worthy of notice, as it clearly indicated the temporal benefits resulting from true religion, whilst it afforded ocular demonstration of the success with which my honoured predecessors had laboured.

It was at a somewhat critical period of colonial history that I entered upon my Missionary labours in the West Indies. It was in Demerara that the martyred Missionary, Smith, had fallen a sacrifice to popular violence a few years before, having figured prominently in the struggle which had so long been maintained in the cause of emancipation. The battle had now been fought and the victory gained ; and although every restriction to the free promulgation of the Gospel among the slave population was not yet removed, a date was fixed when slavery should positively expire. On the 1st of August, 1834, the transitional period, called the "Apprenticeship," commenced ; and, although the system so designated was nothing better than a modified kind of slavery, it was so far a step in the right direction as to call forth the gratitude of every friend of freedom. The day was observed as one of public thanksgiving to Almighty God, Divine service being held in all our chapels in the colony. Many critical eyes were upon the Missionaries and their people ; and some, who perhaps would have been glad to have seen their forebodings verified, predicted rebellion and bloodshed as the result of this first step towards emancipation. But, with the exception of some temporary misunderstanding in that part of the country known as the "Arabian Coast," all passed off quietly, the people returning peaceably to their work after the usual holidays.

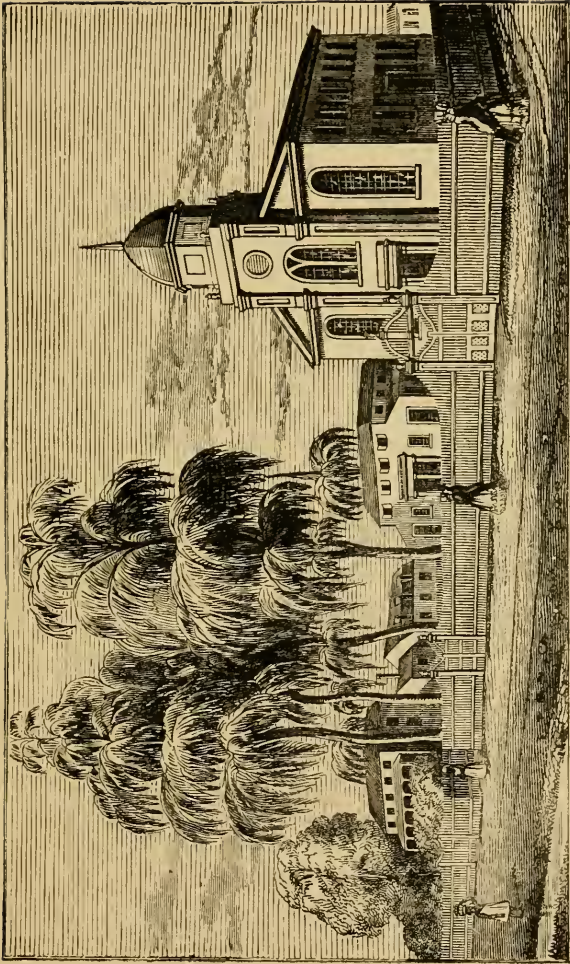
I was happy in having for my colleague and superintendent in the George Town Circuit, the late Rev. John Mortier, the worthy Chairman of the District, who resided at Werken Rust, at the other end of the city, whilst the Rev. Messrs.

Hornabrook and Ranyell occupied the country Station of Mahaica. We lived and laboured together in much harmony and love; and the Lord was pleased to bless our united efforts to advance the interests of His kingdom in the colony, notwithstanding the difficulties with which we had to contend.

On looking back to this period of my Missionary labours, I have a grateful recollection of the sincere piety of many of the people of my charge; their ardent love to God's house, evinced by their sometimes walking ten or fifteen miles through the dust or mud, on the Sabbath morning, to join in the services of the sanctuary; and their spirit of Christian liberality in contributing so largely and so cheerfully towards the support of the work of God. It was with much regret that we left Demerara, after labouring there for a little more than one year,—a step which was rendered necessary by the weak state of my health, as I had not yet fully recovered from the effects of my residence in Western Africa.

After an interval of about twelve years, I had the pleasure of revisiting British Guiana, on the occasion of the Annual District Meeting, which was held in George Town, in the early part of the year 1847. When the business was concluded, I travelled through Demerara and Berbice, in company with my friends, the Rev. Messrs. Bannister and Hudson. On every station there appeared evident marks of progress, and when I left the colony we numbered, in connection with our various chapels, about *three thousand Church members*, and the Mission had for several years been entirely self-supporting, whilst at the same time it contributed generously towards the spread of the Gospel throughout the world.

My second appointment in the West Indies was to the beautiful and salubrious island of Barbadoes, where I spent two happy years, having for my colleagues the Rev. Messrs. Mortier, Fidler, and Aldis. We arrived in Bridge-Town in the month of February, 1835, and proceeded at once to our Station at Providence, in the parish of Christchurch, eight miles from the city, where we had ample opportunities of



TRINITY WESLEYAN CHAPEL, GEORGE TOWN, DEMERARA, 1877.

becoming more fully acquainted with the Negro character, and of observing the conduct of the people in their transition from slavery to freedom. Our Mission in Barbadoes was only just recovering from the effects of a fearful hurricane, which a few years before had completely desolated the island; but the spirit of persecution, which had formerly culminated in the destruction of the chapel in Bridge-Town, and the banishment of the Missionary from the island, had now happily passed away; so that we entered upon our labours under circumstances which afforded a fair prospect of success. On most of our country Stations I found the cause of religion in a weak and feeble state; but, by the blessing of God on the means employed, we were permitted to see a marked improvement in every department of the work. Not only were sinners, in considerable numbers, awakened and brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, in connection with the Stations which had been previously formed, but the Gospel was proclaimed in some destitute parts of the island, which the Missionaries had not before been able to reach.

One of the most remarkable instances of successful aggressive effort in the cause of God that I was ever favoured to witness, occurred during my residence in Barbadoes. When we had got our Missionary machinery fully into motion, and had established Sabbath, week-day, and evening schools, together with preaching on several estates in the neighbourhood of Providence, I felt a desire to do something for the long-neglected parish of St. Philip, on the windward side of the island, where the people were in a state of spiritual destitution. In the month of July, 1835, an opportunity for extending our labours to that locality presented itself by the temporary residence, at a small watering-place, called Crane, of a pious family of Wesleyans from Bridge-Town. Having been kindly invited to visit my friends, with the special object of endeavouring to promote the spiritual welfare of the people in the neighbourhood, I rode over, and was glad to meet a goodly number, assembled in their hired house, awaiting my

arrival. Being aware that several of my hearers had never heard an evangelical sermon before, I endeavoured to conduct the service with all possible plainness and simplicity. After singing and prayer, I expounded the third chapter of St. John's Gospel; and while speaking on the nature and necessity of regeneration, and on the love of God to a lost and ruined world, a gracious influence rested upon the congregation, and many were in tears. This humble beginning was well seconded by the visits of my friends among the people; and, a house having been offered for preaching, I continued my visits after they had returned to Bridge-Town. The result was most gratifying. A considerable number of people, both bond and free, were savingly converted to God; and I formed an interesting class of twenty members, which I met myself for further instruction, from time to time, after preaching. Afterwards the number of converts was greatly increased,—Class Leaders and Local Preachers were raised up; and, after I had removed to another Station, my successor wrote to inform me, that a new chapel was in course of erection, and that *eight hundred* members had been united in Church-fellowship there. So rapidly did the work spread and prosper in the short space of a few years, that this out-Station was ere long formed into a new Circuit, and two Missionaries were fully and usefully employed in ministering to a willing and affectionate people.

Not only in the places already mentioned, but in every part of the island of Barbadoes, God has greatly blessed the efforts of His servants who have successively occupied the respective Stations. When I first arrived there, the number of members in Society amounted to about *four hundred*; but they have now increased to nearly *three thousand*, to say nothing of the vast multitude who have passed away to a brighter and better world.

On Tuesday, the 10th of January, 1837, we took an affectionate leave of our friends in Barbadoes, and embarked for St. Vincent's, the island to which I was next appointed. In

this romantic and lovely isle, with its towering mountains and fertile valleys, and simple-hearted, loving people, we were stationed for four years. We first resided at Calliaqua, a pleasant little village about three miles from Kingstown, the capital of the colony; and on a re-appointment to the same Circuit, at a future period, we occupied the Station of Biabou, nine miles farther to the windward. From frequent occasions of friendly intercourse with my dear brethren who were labouring in other parts of the island, I necessarily became acquainted with the Missionary work in all its departments throughout the country, at that interesting period of its history, and rejoiced in its progress on every Station.

The Wesleyan Mission planted in the island of St. Vincent by Dr. Coke had taken deep root, and brought forth a rich harvest of precious fruit. At the time of my residence there, the island was almost encircled with a chain of Mission Stations, with their chapels and schools, situated only a few miles from each other. About *seven thousand* persons, chiefly of the newly enfranchised Negro population, were united in church fellowship with us, whilst a still larger number attended the public services and the Mission schools. Among these interesting people just emerging from a state of bondage, eight Missionaries and ten Teachers were actively employed. Such was the liberality of our Church members and congregations generally, that the Mission was entirely self-supporting, whilst considerable sums were contributed by our people every year for foreign Missionary purposes. During the first year after the glorious emancipation, upwards of *one thousand* members were added to the Society, and the whole population seemed impressed with the conviction that, as they were now free, they ought to begin to serve the Lord with all their hearts. The exercise of the necessary pastoral care over so vast a multitude, the giving suitable advice both temporal and spiritual, under their peculiar circumstances, to a people who look up to the Missionary for every thing, together with the formation of Friendly Societies for the relief of the sick, the poor, and the

aged, and the erection and enlargement of chapels, schools, and other Mission buildings, &c., kept us constantly employed, and often taxed our strength above measure. But it was a labour of love in which we were engaged; and we frequently met with a present reward in direct evidences of spiritual good, as the outcome of our humble efforts to win souls to Christ, and in the devoted attachment of an affectionate flock, which more than compensated for all our toil, even had we forgotten the promised recompence hereafter. I look back to the years passed in the island of St. Vincent with feelings of sincere gratitude to God for what I witnessed of His providence and grace when the Mission was in the meridian of its prosperity; and I shall, I trust, meet many in heaven who were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth at that time. I rejoiced to have for my colleagues the Rev. Messrs. Wharton, Limmex, Banfield, Ritchie, Rathbone, Cullingford, Brown, and Blackwell, in succession, several of whom now rest from their labours.

At a subsequent period we spent two years very pleasantly in beautiful "green Grenada," an island with which are associated in our minds many endearing recollections, and which would call forth extended observations, did the limits of this brief sketch permit the indulgence. On my appointment to the Grenada Circuit in 1841, the good work was rather contracted in its sphere, and not so prosperous as on some other Stations in the District. Many reasons might be assigned for this without casting any reflection upon the esteemed and honoured brethren who had preceded me. The Mission had been originally commenced among a French-speaking population, strongly imbued with a strange mixture of Popish and heathen superstition; and it had been conducted under many difficulties arising from this circumstance, and also from frequent interruptions occasioned by the death or removal of Missionaries at the very times when their services were urgently required. But although the field was not extensive, being limited to St. George's, Woburn, and Constantine, nor the members very numerous, we had an unusually large pro-

portion of intelligent and respectable people of colour connected with our Church. Among these were several truly pious and warm-hearted Christians, who were ever ready to sympathize with us in seasons of sickness and sorrow, and to help us in our work.

During the whole period of our residence in Grenada I was the only Missionary on the Station ; but with the support and assistance of two or three zealous and intelligent Local Preachers, young men of colour, themselves the fruit of Missionary effort, I felt encouraged to attempt the extension of the work to the more remote parts of the island. As suitable openings appeared, we commenced preaching in Duquesne Valley and at La Baye. At the latter place, which is situated on the windward side of the island, we ultimately erected a neat little chapel, organized a Society, began a Mission school, and were rewarded by a cheering measure of success. In every place where we preached we met with encouragement and support from all classes of the community ; and the contributions to the Mission fund, in addition to what was subscribed for local objects, exhibited a spirit of Christian liberality which has seldom been equalled and perhaps never surpassed, all things considered, in any part of the Connexion. We were also gratified with much spiritual prosperity. On my arrival in Grenada I found *three hundred and ninety Church members* ; but before I left the island, the numbers reported were *five hundred and seventy-two*.

The last Station which I occupied in the West Indies was the island of Trinidad, on which we spent nearly five years, with a short interval between our two appointments. Not only were we connected with this Mission for a longer period of time than with any other ; but it was also the scene of our severest toils, our greatest sufferings, and I trust I may add our noblest triumphs and successes. Trinidad is proverbially an unhealthy island ; and being, at the time of our residence there, to a great extent, a Roman Catholic colony, we had numerous difficulties to contend with, arising from personal

and domestic affliction on the one hand, and from Popish darkness, superstition, and intolerance, on the other. But through all we were mercifully brought by a kind and gracious Providence; and were favoured, moreover, to witness a measure of prosperity then truly refreshing, and the retrospect of which warms our hearts with renewed gratitude to the Giver of all good.

While labouring in Trinidad, I had for my colleagues the Rev. Messrs. Ranyell, Bickford, Hurd, and Cleaver in succession, the brother last named having been brought to God and called to preach the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen during my appointment in the island. I was nobly aided by these devoted servants of Christ in all my plans and efforts. As the result of our united labours Mission-houses, chapels, or schools were erected at Port of Spain, San Fernando, Couva, Diego Martin, and other places; and by the blessing of God on a faithful ministry a large number of people, of almost every creed and shade of complexion, were gathered into the fold of Christ.

Several interesting incidents occurred during our residence in Trinidad. It was whilst labouring there, that we celebrated the glorious Centenary of Wesleyan Methodism. The religious services which were held on the occasion were characterized by a holy enthusiasm not surpassed in any part of our widely extended Connexion. And there also we witnessed the extinction of the last vestige of Negro slavery, an event for which we had so long toiled and hoped and prayed. But the most pleasing circumstance was the spiritual prosperity vouchsafed to us by the great Head of the Church. When I first arrived in Trinidad, I found *four hundred and forty-two members* in Society; but before I left the island they numbered *seven hundred and thirty-six*, with a corresponding improvement in every department of our work.*

* For a description of the respective islands, their climate, productions, and other particulars which cannot be given here in detail, see "Missionary Labours in the West Indies."

In the year 1846, I had two very severe attacks of illness; one of which was supposed to have been induced by the exposure and struggle for life, on the occasion of my second shipwreck, an account of which will be found in another part of this volume. By the blessing of God on the means employed, I was so far restored as to be able to attend to my ministerial duties; but I never regained my wonted vigour. The health of my dear wife was also much impaired, and a change of climate was considered absolutely necessary for us both. We therefore prepared, somewhat reluctantly, to leave the West Indies in the course of the following year, having been spared to labour in every colony of the St. Vincent's and Demerara Districts, except Tobago, to which island I had, however, paid an interesting visit. Accordingly we took an affectionate leave of our friends in Trinidad, and embarked for England, where we arrived in safety on the 27th of August, 1847, hoping to be permitted to return to our former scene of labour with recruited health, or to serve the Church in some other part of the Lord's vineyard.

“In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see.
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.”

Mission to Southern Africa.

A few months after our return to England, my strength was so far restored that I could offer myself once more for foreign service. I therefore expressed my willingness to return to the sunny isles of the West, where I had laboured so happily in bygone years. I was the more prompt and earnest in this proposal because I had arranged with my brethren of the District for a prospective and provisional appointment to the Colony of Demerara, which I was desirous in good faith to fulfil. The directors of the Society were of opinion, how-

ever, that my health was not sufficiently vigorous to warrant my engaging so soon again in Missionary labour, and that we ought to remain a longer time in England. Acquiescing in these views, I readily responded to the call of the President to take charge of a Circuit in Yorkshire, to supply a sudden vacancy; and at the following Conference I was appointed, at the invitation of the people, as the Superintendent of the Newport Circuit, Isle of Wight. Here I had laboured very happily and harmoniously with both Ministers and people for two years, and we had become in a measure weaned from our beloved Missionary work, when we were requested by the Committee to proceed to Southern Africa, to take charge of a Station where a Missionary of experience was required.

It was not without some feeling of self-denial that, for the third time, my dear wife and I consented to leave our native land, and enter upon a foreign Mission in many respects different from those in which we had been previously employed. But the call of the Church, which we regarded as the voice of Providence, was paramount to every other consideration; we cheerfully acquiesced therein, and began to prepare for our distant field of labour.

At the Conference of 1850 I was accordingly appointed "Chairman and General Superintendent of the Cape of Good Hope District," in the place of the Rev. T. L. Hodgson; who at the last advices was dangerously ill, and who was soon afterwards called to his reward. On Tuesday, the 19th of November, we took an affectionate leave of our friends in London, and proceeded by steamer to Gravesend, accompanied by the Rev. John and Mrs. Thomas, who were to be our fellow-passengers, and by a few other ladies and gentlemen. On going on board the "Emperor," the ship by which our passage was taken to the Cape, we found she was not likely to sail that night: so, after putting little matters right in our berths, Mr. Thomas and I went on shore in the evening to a Missionary Meeting, which we heard was to be held in the Wesleyan Chapel, Gravesend. We were received with much

cordiality by the Ministers and friends, whom we found already assembled; and the Revs. Benjamin Gregory and James Gillings, who were present as the deputation from the parent Society, kindly made way for us, so that we had another opportunity of pleading the cause of Missions before we again bade England adieu.

About ten o'clock the next morning, Captain Day and the remaining passengers having come on board, we weighed anchor, and sailed down the river with the ebbing tide and a fair wind. On Thursday we passed the Downs, where the pilot left us. On Friday we were off Beachy Head, and on Saturday we passed the Isle of Wight, of which we had a splendid view, and were led to think and speak of dear friends on shore, with whom we had often held pleasant Christian intercourse, and whom we could scarcely hope to meet again in this world.

Hitherto the wind had been favourable, and the voyage as pleasant as could be expected in the month of November, in the English Channel. But on Saturday evening a sudden change occurred. The wind veered round to the north-west; and in the course of the night it began to blow with considerable violence, and before morning we were overtaken by one of the most terrific gales I ever witnessed. During the whole of Sunday the storm continued with awful fury, and the sea frequently broke over the ship in the most appalling manner. Three sails were torn to ribbons before they could be furled, the steering-wheel was broken to pieces, and several trusses of hay for the sheep, and other stores, were washed overboard. The scene was one of indescribable grandeur: the sea was literally running mountains high; our noble ship, with shattered helm, was driven furiously along, completely at the mercy of the waves; whilst the wind whistled through the rigging in appalling moans. Every thing on deck was in a state of wild confusion. Our noble captain and brave seamen were doing their utmost to secure the safety of the vessel and to promote the comfort of the passengers. When the waves broke over

the ship, the water flowed into the chief cabin; and as the vessel was sometimes almost on her beam-ends, the tables, boxes, and other fixtures broke loose from their fastenings, and the noise and commotion, both above and below, were truly frightful. All that we could do was to endeavour to hold on, and to cast ourselves in faith and prayer on the protection of Him Who

“Rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas.”

In the religious exercises in which we engaged on this memorable occasion, the passengers, about a dozen in number, readily joined us: for fear and dismay sat upon every countenance. Having placed ourselves round the cuddy table, which was well secured, and to which we could cling with confidence as the vessel pitched and rolled, we spent many hours in reading suitable portions of Scripture and select hymns, and in prayer and supplication. In these exercises Mr. Thomas and I relieved each other, as we each became exhausted; for the passengers were incessant in their requests, that we would continue to call upon God that He might interpose to save us. As the gale continued during the night we got but little rest; and altogether our first Sabbath at sea on this voyage was a day long to be remembered.

On Monday, the 25th, the storm continued with scarcely any abatement; but a temporary tiller having been rigged to steer the ship, her motion was less violent. As we had six sailors disabled from severe bruises and exposure,—one having fallen from aloft,—and as we found also that a great many of our live stock had perished in the cold and wet, the captain deemed it advisable to run into port the first favourable opportunity, to repair damages, secure supplies, and prepare for sea again. Towards evening the gale moderated a little, for which we felt thankful; and as we had been driven back directly up the Channel all the time that the storm had continued, we looked out anxiously for the sight of land on the English or the French coast, but were disappointed.

On the following day the wind lulled still more; and as the haze cleared away we caught a sight of land, which proved to be Beachy Head, which we had left five days before. The whole day on Tuesday was spent in beating up for the Isle of Wight; and in the evening we were able to come to anchor off Bembridge Point. We got under weigh again early on the following morning, and about noon we cast anchor off Cowes. We went on shore immediately, and met with a hearty reception from my former colleague, the Rev. John Parry, his amiable family, and other friends. Finding that a day or two at least would be required for repairing the ship, we hired a conveyance and drove over to Newport in the afternoon; and thus had an opportunity of seeing my old friend and successor, the Rev. John Wood, with Mrs. Wood and many other friends.

When we put to sea again, we met with nothing more to impede our progress, or to interrupt our religious services on the Sabbath; although the first part of our voyage was somewhat stormy and boisterous, especially while navigating the Bay of Biscay. Having crossed the equator, passed the tropics, and in the course of two months sailed over a distance of six thousand miles, with nothing in sight but the deep blue sea, and an occasional sail skimming its surface; on the 3rd of February, 1851, we were once more delighted with the cheering sound of "Land a-head!" It proved to be the grand promontory of South Africa, with Table Mountain in dim outline, only to be distinguished from the clouds by practised eyes. We rose early on the following morning, and on going on deck we had a fine view of Table Mountain, and the minor elevations called the Devil's Peak, the Lion's Head, the Lion's Rump, and Green Point, with numerous farms and dwelling-houses stretching along the shore. The prospect was of a most interesting and romantic character, and fully answered our preconceived idea of the boldness and the grandeur of African scenery. About two o'clock in the afternoon we entered Table Bay, and came to anchor with

Cape Town fully in view. A strong south-east wind was blowing at the time, but by the good providence of God we landed on the shores of South Africa in safety, although not without some peril and discomfort from the violence of the waves. Our first impressions of the "Cape of Storms" were not very favourable; but they improved afterwards; for we found by experience that it was not always stormy at the Cape of Good Hope.

On reaching the Mission-house we met with a cordial reception from the Rev. B. Ridsdale and his excellent wife; and we had not been long on shore before other Missionaries and their wives came in from the neighbouring Stations of Rondebosch and Wynberg, to welcome us. As various matters of importance, which had stood over since the lamented death of my predecessor, required immediate attention, in the course of a few days we held an adjourned District Meeting. This was followed by meetings of Leaders, Local Preachers, Stewards, and Trustees, which, together with Missionary Anniversaries and the ordinary religious services, fully occupied every day and every hour for several weeks after our arrival at the Cape. When the affairs of the District and the respective Stations and schools were arranged to the best of our judgment, every Missionary and Teacher addressed himself to the duties of his office with gratifying zeal and earnestness; and the period of ten years which I spent at the Cape of Good Hope was marked not only by a few difficulties, trials, and privations, but also by many mercies and spiritual blessings, by a spirit of harmony and love, and by a measure of success, which even now prompt us to sincere gratitude to the Almighty. It is only a very brief outline of the nature and extent of our work in this interesting portion of the Mission field, that can be given in this hasty sketch of Missionary enterprise. For more ample particulars in reference to the country, its climate, soil and products, and the character, condition and habits of the native tribes, the reader is referred to a volume on "Missionary Labours in Southern Africa."

On my arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, I remarked thankfully evidences on every hand of the success which had attended the labours of previous Missionaries, notwithstanding the difficulties with which they had been obliged to struggle. Methodism was not introduced to the Cape, as to Albany, by a numerous body of Wesleyan settlers from England, but was planted in a soil somewhat unfriendly to its rapid growth. The peculiarities and formalities of the Dutch Reformed Church, which was the dominant, if not the established, religion of the colony at an early period of its history, greatly hindered our work. Then there was the blighting influence of slavery, with its kindred spirit of oppression, which rested heavily upon the aborigines, although they were nominally a free people; to say nothing of the time and toil requisite to acquire strange languages, before the glad tidings of salvation could be communicated to a widely scattered and strangely diversified population. But these and numerous other difficulties the Missionaries, by their zeal and perseverance, had nobly surmounted; and the foundation of a great and glorious work was laid in various parts of the country. In the city of Cape Town two substantial chapels had been erected. At the one in Bury Street a respectable English congregation assembled from time to time, and a Society of upwards of one hundred members had been organized. At Sydney Street the coloured, native, or Dutch-speaking portion of our people met together for Divine worship; and there an equal number of converts had been gathered into the fold of Christ. One Mission day-school and three Sunday-schools were in active operation; and the teachers and other officers manifested a devotion to their work worthy of all praise. On the Mission Stations in the rural districts, as Rondebosch, Wynberg, Simon's Town, Stellenbosch and Somerset West, the work was carried on, both in the schools and in the religious services, partly in Dutch and partly in English; whilst in the more remote regions of Namaqualand the native languages alone were in general use.

On all these Stations, and in every department of Christian labour, during my connection with the District, we witnessed cheering progress. We were permitted to see the natives advance in general knowledge and civilization, and to rejoice over the social improvement of all classes, as well as in the training up of the rising generation in the way they should go, and in the accession of genuine converts to the Church of Christ. This success was the result of the united efforts of the noble band of Missionaries and teachers with whom I was happily associated; and notwithstanding the fluctuations to which the work has since been subject, in some places, it is hoped that the fruit of our labours will appear in the last great day.

In illustration of the visible and material progress of the Mission during the period of its history now under review, it may be briefly stated, that in addition to the gradual increase of Church members, and the extension of the work to various places not previously visited by the Missionaries, several additional schools were established in various parts of the District, and numerous buildings completed. In Cape Town our chapel at Burg Street was enlarged by the addition of twenty-five feet to its length, the elevation of the ceiling, and the erection of a commodious gallery. The Sydney Street chapel and premises were much improved, and a new school-room was built for the accommodation of the infant department. New chapels were also erected in Hope Street, Cape Town, at Claremont, Newlands, Wynberg, Elsey's River, Somerset West, Robertson, and Khamiesberg. The beautiful chapel at Wynberg, built at an expense of about one thousand pounds, was the gift of the late James Mortimer Maynard, Esq., in testimony of his hearty approval of the principles and proceedings of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the operations of which in South Africa he had watched for many years with great interest; and also in gratitude to God for personal blessings received at His hands through the instrumentality of the Missionaries. The new chapel at Khamies-

berg, in Little Namaqualand, is a remarkable monument of the liberality, zeal, and skill of the native Hottentots connected with Lily Fountain Station. The sum necessary for its erection, amounting to nearly one thousand pounds sterling, was contributed, chiefly in live stock, by the people themselves, without the aid of the parent Society or other parties at a distance, with the exception of the pulpit, which was the gift of a few friends in Cape Town. It is a substantial gothic building, with stone walls, plank floor, and neat pews, and is capable of seating about seven hundred people. Most of the work was done by the natives, under the able superintendence and direction of the Rev. J. A. Bailie, the resident Missionary for the time being.

These were not the only instances of Christian liberality by which we were encouraged. On many other occasions the people came up to the "help of the Lord" in the most praiseworthy manner; and, in addition to the ordinary contributions towards the support of the Ministry, and other charitable objects, the proceeds of the District Missionary Auxiliary Society, for several years in succession, amounted at least to the noble sum of seven hundred pounds.

Whilst we attached the greatest possible importance to the plain, earnest, and faithful preaching of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, we did not neglect the training of the children in the knowledge and love of God, as indeed we have already intimated. Next to these fundamental departments of Missionary labour, we turned our attention to the advancement of civilization and social improvement, and to furnishing the natives with a Christian literature in their own tongue. A grammar was formed of the Namaqua-Hottentot, and some portions of Scripture were translated into that language by the Rev. Henry Tindall. The whole of the Bible, as well as several excellent theological works in Dutch, was supplied from Holland; but to meet the wants of our own congregations and schools, we translated and published an excellent collection of Hymns, the

Conference Catechisms, Reading and Spelling Books, and numerous other elementary works. In these undertakings the Rev. Messrs. Haddy, Ridsdale, Ridgill, Tindall and Cameron rendered valuable service. As to myself, I could do little more than attend to the financial and mechanical arrangements of the respective publications. I had learned the language late in life, and was glad to be able to converse and preach in it as occasion required, leaving the creation of its literature to younger and more efficient brethren.

In the discharge of my official duties, I had occasion repeatedly to visit the Mission Stations and schools in the remote interior of the country, for the purpose of inspecting the progress of the work, and of advising with the Missionaries in times of difficulty and trial. Many incidents, scenes and circumstances connected with these journeys have left upon my mind impressions which, like so many photographs, will remain fixed on my memory as long as I live: as, scarcity of water when travelling through the desert; encampments in the wilderness; happy meetings with Missionaries and converted natives around the evening camp-fire; crossing the great Orange River; splendid African scenery; the testimonies of converted natives as to the temporal and spiritual benefits of the Gospel; remarkable conversions and happy deaths. These I can only mention, but have not space to describe.

The varied labours and trials which Mrs. Moister and I endured in our sojourn in Southern Africa only tended to endear the cause of Missions more than ever to our hearts, and we were fully prepared to live and die in the good work. But when, after nearly thirty years of incessant toil, frequently in the most trying climates, my health began to give way, and I was no longer able to perform my arduous duties to the satisfaction of my own mind, and when my dear wife, who had been mercifully spared to me as the companion of my joys and sorrows from the beginning, began to show unmistakable signs of physical weakness and prostration, we

were led seriously to consider what would be our providential path of duty in the future. We felt most inclined to end our days in Africa, and to finish our course on Mission ground ; but our medical attendant, Dr. Abercrombie, gave it as his decided opinion that little or no advantage could be expected from medical treatment if we remained at the Cape, and that our removal to England or some equally bracing climate was absolutely necessary. He moreover encouraged us to hope that, by acting upon his advice without delay, we might ultimately so far recover our health and strength as to be able to render future service to the Church of Christ.

In these circumstances we were reluctantly induced to arrange with the Society for returning to England. On Sunday, the 10th of May, 1860, I preached for the last time at Wesley Chapel, Burg Street, Cape Town, and on the following Sabbath at Rondebosch, the place of our residence, to crowded congregations. These duties were performed under much bodily weakness ; but I was thankful once more to lift my warning voice in the sanctuaries where I had endeavoured faithfully to preach the Gospel for nearly ten years, and thus publicly to take leave of a people in whose spiritual welfare I felt deeply interested.

The following day was spent in receiving the farewell visits of dear friends, and in completing the preparations for our homeward voyage. On Tuesday morning, our friend Mr. James Morris having kindly offered to drive us in his covered conveyance to Cape Town, we united in prayer and praise with a large number of our dear people, who had assembled at our residence to bid us farewell, and then took our departure. As we drove off, the Mission school children, with their teacher at their head, lined the path, and struck up a beautiful parting hymn, which they sang most sweetly, and the last sound we heard, when leaving the Station, was the voices of the dear lambs chanting the praises of God. On reaching the city it was already time to go on board the steamer. We therefore drove to the wharf at once, where

we found the Missionaries and a number of friends assembled to take leave of us. A few of these accompanied us on board the "Dane," and remained with us till nearly noon, when they also were obliged to say "Good bye." The anchor was soon afterwards weighed, and we steamed away from Africa.

When we had in a measure recovered from the excitement and fatigue connected with our embarkation, and become accustomed once more to life on board a ship, we experienced a sensible improvement in our health; and, by the good providence of God, we reached our native land in safety, calling at St. Helena and Ascension on our way. We landed at Southampton on the 28th of June, 1860, truly thankful to Almighty God for all the blessings which we had received at His kind hands during our sojourn in foreign lands. The retrospect now, after the lapse of more than forty-six years since we first set our feet on the shores of Africa, fills our hearts with emotions more readily imagined than described. Most of those who entered upon the work about the same time that we did have long since passed away, whilst my dear wife and I have been spared to each other, notwithstanding the numerous dangers to which we have been exposed. We desire henceforth and for ever to show forth the praises of our heavenly Father, whose protecting care has been so signally exercised over us.

“When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

“Through all eternity to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.”

The Patriarch of Wyoming.

In the West Riding of Yorkshire, and bordering on the Lake Districts of Westmoreland and Cumberland, there is a compact little market town called Sedbergh, which is rich in historical incidents relating to early Methodism in the North; and which is embalmed in the memory of the writer of these sketches as the place of his birth, and the home of his ancestors. The town stands in the centre of a narrow but picturesque valley, almost surrounded by mountain scenery of the most romantic and charming character. The walks along the hilly slopes, through the verdant fields, or by the side of the meandering waters of the rivers Lune and Rothay, are of surpassing loveliness, especially in the summer season. As the railway station is within a mile of the town, if the attractions of the locality were better known, it would probably become a favourite halting-place of tourists proceeding northwards. In addition to the beautiful scenery, there is a grand old parish church, a celebrated free grammar-school, a commodious Congregational place of worship; and, last, but not least, a beautiful little octagon Wesleyan chapel, erected in the year 1865. In 1872 a neat and convenient Minister's house was built close to the chapel, a resident Minister appointed, and Sedbergh became the head of a little rural Methodist Circuit.

Methodism was introduced into this neighbourhood about the commencement of the present century. The first Ministers appointed on the formation of the Kendal Circuit, of which Sedbergh was a part, were the Rev. Messrs. Gill and Biggins. At different periods of its history this portion of the Lord's vineyard has been visited with refreshing revivals of religion, when hundreds of precious souls have been gathered into the Church of Christ. This was especially the case in connection with the zealous labours of Mr. Jonathan Kershaw, an eminent Local Preacher; and also during the successive

appointments of the Rev. Messrs. Hodgson Casson, Robert Thompson and Joseph Mortimer, as Circuit Ministers.

Among those who were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth on one of these occasions, was the subject of this sketch, the honoured father of the writer. He had long been an upright, God-fearing man, but lacked the enjoyment of experimental religion. He had recently begun to feel deeply concerned for his personal salvation. His beloved wife, who had previously found the pearl of great price, induced him to go to a Love-feast at Cowgill, in Dent, on Sunday, April 12th, 1818 ; and there he entered into the glorious liberty of the children of God. In a brief record of this important event, written by himself soon afterwards, he says, "I began to pray earnestly for mercy, and soon I heard my own voice, for the first time engaged in supplication. A pious young man was kneeling beside me, and he united his prayers with mine for saving faith in the atonement. Whilst thus wrestling with God at the throne of grace for His pardoning mercy, I was enabled to cast my helpless soul on Jesus. The load of guilt which had so long oppressed me was instantly removed, and I found peace in believing. The change in my feelings was so great that I rose from my knees and praised God with all my heart.

‘My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.’”

From this time my revered father not only became a consistent Christian in his private walk and conversation, but he entered heartily into the service of the Lord for the advancement of His cause and kingdom among men. He had not long been engaged in conducting prayer-meetings and addressing the children in the Sabbath-school, when he was appointed a Class Leader and Local Preacher ; and in both these offices he did good service for the Church for many years. A copious private journal which he kept with considerable care for some time after his conversion, contains many proofs of the triumphs

of Divine grace at that period. Under date of October 4th, 1818, he says, "On this my thirty-fourth birthday I led a Class for the first time; there were about thirty members present, and it was a blessed season. I felt much strengthened and encouraged. Seven months ago I thought I would never go to Class; and now I am standing up to declare what God has done for my soul. I bless the Lord for the wonderful change which I have experienced; for I find the light of the Holy Spirit to shine upon my mind on some part of every day of my life." This weekly Class-meeting became the spiritual birth-time of many precious souls; and the Leader's account of the progress of the revival, in which he was enabled to take a prominent part, is most interesting; but space is not available for extended extracts.

My father's labours as a Local Preacher were very extensive, both in the neighbourhood of the town and in the Dales; and they were attended with the special blessing of God; so that sinners were converted and believers edified. On December 28th, 1819, he says, "I have had a blessed Christmas. I preached at Garsdale in the morning, at Lunds in the afternoon, and at Grisdale at night. The next day, being Sunday, I preached at Garsdale again both morning and afternoon, and returned home to Sedbergh at night. I had good meetings at every place, and felt quite at home with the people, although they were strangers to me, as I had never been so far up the country before. May the Lord bless my humble endeavours for the good of souls!" The distance travelled on foot on these two days, in the course of which he preached five times, could not be less than twenty-five miles over roads extremely hilly and rugged, as the writer knows by experience. The journal abounds with similar records of extensive and faithful Gospel labours, showing how he frequently, after attending to business during the week, preached three times on the Sabbath, and walked eighteen or twenty miles to fulfil his appointments. As there was no resident Minister in the town, he was, moreover, often found by the couch of the sick and the dying, and

doing his utmost to instruct, encourage, and assist the poor and afflicted members of the Church, whilst, at the same time, he took an active part in every branch of the work of God in the neighbourhood of the place of his residence.

My dear father had laboured in this way, amid the valleys and mountains of his native land, for about thirteen years, and had won the affection and esteem of a large circle of friends, when the claims of a rising family, and considerations connected with business, induced him to entertain serious thoughts of removing to some other country, where his posterity would have better prospects of doing well for both worlds. After fervent prayer for Divine direction, and careful correspondence with friends who had already gone there, he resolved to emigrate to America. Having taken an affectionate leave of a beloved son who was spared the pain of witnessing the sale of the old homestead, and other property in the town, by his departure as a Missionary to Western Africa, in the autumn of 1830, the servant of God began to prepare for his long and important journey. Every thing at length being ready, on the 4th of March, 1831, he left the town of Sedbergh, at the head of a large party, consisting of his own immediate family, and others who had resolved to try to improve their circumstances by removing to the New World, and who were glad of the opportunity of going forth under the guidance and protection of such a leader. They were accompanied out of the town by a large concourse of friends and neighbours, who engaged once more in singing the songs of Zion, and in fervent prayer, before pronouncing the last farewell, and separating to meet no more on earth.

The party of emigrants embarked at Liverpool for America in good health and spirits ; and, after a safe passage across the Atlantic, and a long journey up the country, with the usual discomforts of travel before the advent of railroads, they reached their destination in peace and safety, early in the month of May. Their new home was Wilkesbarre in the State of Pennsylvania, where they had the pleasure of meeting with

several acquaintances who had proceeded thither before them ; and being followed by other parties of emigrants from the same locality in after years, the place ultimately partook much of the character of an English colony.

The town of Wilkesbarre stands nearly in the centre of the beautiful valley of Wyoming, on the banks of the river Susquehanna, environed on almost every side by lofty mountains. But these mountain ranges are so distant as to give to the bottom of the valley the appearance of an extensive plane, dotted with towns, villages, and farms, on both sides of the river. Indeed, it is said to derive its name from this circumstance ; Yoming signifying, "the Great Plane." This fertile valley was once the home of a powerful tribe of Indians ; and it has been rendered classic ground in American history by the occurrence of some startling events in connection with the revolutionary war. It was here that a famous battle was fought on the 3rd of July, 1778, when a company of Unionist soldiers, under the command of Colonel Butler, were cut to pieces by a band of Indians, led by English officers. A monument of granite has been reared on the spot, in honour of the American citizens who fell that day in the service of their country. Their names are inscribed on a tablet at the base of the structure.

It is believed that the first white man who entered Wyoming valley was the celebrated Count Zinzendorf, the founder of the Moravian Church. In 1742, he came with an interpreter, and pitched his tent near the Indian village, and proposed a "talk" with the simple-minded aborigines. "He was a messenger from the Great Spirit, sent to teach the red man the true worship. He had crossed the sea on this benevolent errand, without the hope of earthly gain. The savages could not comprehend the fact that he had taken so much pains to visit them with no selfish motive. Concluding that it was the object of the pale faces to take their lands from them, they resolved to terminate the enterprise by their destruction. A few warriors, selected for this purpose, stealthily approached

the tent of the unsuspecting stranger by night, to accomplish their designs, when a strange providence interfered. Peeping through an opening, they saw a huge rattlesnake crawling over the feet of the strange visitor, without interrupting his composure, as he sat upon a bundle of weeds, engaged in writing. Considering that he was protected by the Great Spirit, they departed without offering him the least molestation."

It was nearly ninety years after the visit of the first white man, and about fifty-three years subsequent to the great battle with the Indians, that the Yorkshire emigrant and his party of Methodists entered the valley of Wyoming. The country was now becoming settled with an industrious population; the ground was, in many places, well cultivated; and every thing bore evident marks of advancing civilization. Religion and morality were at a low ebb, however, and the means of grace were very scarce, there being as yet but few Ministers and few places of worship in the district. The newly-arrived English Local Preacher no sooner saw the state of things, and found that he was the only evangelist of his class in the neighbourhood, than he acknowledged at once the guiding hand of Divine Providence in bringing him to a place where there was such a lack of the means of religious instruction, and where he might be so useful in winning souls for Christ, whilst at the same time he had an opportunity of settling his family with fair prospects of success in this life.

My honoured father now entered upon a course of evangelical labour in the Wyoming district, which extended over a period of nearly thirty years, and the results of which will be seen in the day of the Lord. For some time he attended to his worldly business with characteristic energy; and with the blessing of God upon his efforts, he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. At the same time he continued faithfully to preach Christ and Him crucified on the Sabbath day and frequently during the week. After the lapse of a few years he was favoured to see his sons settled in business,

and his family comfortably provided for. Having built himself a new house on a tract of land he had purchased about half a mile from Wilkesbarre, with a fine prospect, overlooking the whole valley, and having acquired the means of a comfortable subsistence, he relinquished his worldly calling and gave himself up entirely to the service of the Lord. This he did to supply the pressing necessity which existed throughout the country for ministerial labour. To meet the requirements of the case, notwithstanding his advanced years, he was ordained first Deacon, and then Elder, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Being now devoted entirely to the ministry of the Word, the subject of this sketch was in labours more abundant. The numerous letters I received from him during my residence in Western Africa, the West Indies, and at the Cape of Good Hope, show how incessantly he was engaged in preaching both on ordinary and special occasions, as at funerals, and camp-meetings; in marrying and administering the sacraments; frequently journeying many miles to perform these duties on Stations where unordained Probationers were the appointed preachers. For some time he was employed as agent of the American Bible Society; and might frequently be seen travelling through the country with his light waggon laden with copies of the precious Word of God, everywhere seeking to organize auxiliary societies and to circulate, by all possible means, the Scriptures, whilst at the same time he embraced every fitting opportunity of expounding their important contents. The hearty, bland, cheerful, and earnest manner in which he discharged the various duties which he took upon himself for the benefit of his fellow men, won for him the esteem and love of all with whom he came in contact. He had often occasion to reprove sin; but his mode of doing it was almost invariably such as to disarm the offender; and an easy conquest was achieved by the mighty power of truth spoken in love. His fine, portly, dignified form was never espied approaching the homestead of a settler in the American

wilderness without exciting the liveliest feelings of joy in the hearts of the residents. He had no sooner entered the dwelling house, whether it were a log-cabin or a stately mansion, than the inmates saw at once that he was about his Master's business. If they were professors of religion, the "one thing needful" was the immediate theme of conversation, and they were soon engaged in prayer or in singing the songs of Zion; for he had a splendid voice both for preaching and singing. If the parties made no profession of religion, they knew what to expect; and they were generally respectful and attentive to exhortations and counsels so kindly given. As he advanced in years he became more and more venerable in appearance; and, according to American phraseology, he was everywhere recognised as "Father Moister," and revered as the "Patriarch of Wyoming."

After nearly fourteen years of separation, Divine Providence seemed to open the way for a visit to my beloved father and other friends and family connections in their distant American home. A few particulars concerning this visit, and the impressions made upon my mind by what I saw and heard in the New World, may perhaps prove interesting to the reader.

In the early part of 1844, after labouring in the West Indies for ten years, with but few interruptions from actual sickness, I experienced such a serious failure of health as to render it necessary either to quit the tropics entirely, or to take a voyage for a few weeks to a colder climate. Being ardently attached to the Mission work, and to the dear brethren with whom I was associated in the St. Vincent's District, I decided upon the latter expedient. My medical attendant recommended a voyage to North America, and, as I had a dear father and other relatives in the United States, to whom a visit would be very agreeable, I resolved to act accordingly; my beloved wife nobly volunteering to remain at home and attend to the Mission establishments and schools at Biabou, where we were stationed at the time, during my absence.

On Wednesday, the 10th of April, I embarked at Kingstown, on board the West India Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's ship "Medway," bound for Bermuda. After a fine view of several of the islands at which the steamer called to deliver the mails, and spending a pleasant Sabbath at St. Thomas's, we reached our destination on Friday, the 19th; and on the following Sunday, my health having much improved, I preached at Hamilton in the morning, and at St. George's at night, at the request of the Rev. W. H. Shenstone, the resident Minister. In the course of the following week, having met with an opportunity of proceeding to America, I embarked for Philadelphia on board a small schooner called "The Lady of the Lake," and arrived at that place after a comfortable passage of seven days. Having spent the afternoon of Thursday, the 2nd of May, the day on which I landed, in viewing the city, with its numerous churches and other public buildings, visiting the Fair Mount Waterworks and attending a Class Meeting at Ebenezer, I proceeded on my journey next morning by stage coach. On the evening of the first day we reached a Moravian settlement called "Bethlehem," where I rested for the night and started again early next morning.

Towards the evening of Saturday, the 4th, I found we were ascending the mountain ridge which separates the valley of Wyoming from the surrounding forest; and wishing to have a good view of the far-famed place, now endeared to me by such tender associations, I took my seat in front of the stage by the side of the coachman, who, I soon discovered, was well acquainted with my friends, and who readily tendered any information he possessed. As we began to descend into the valley, I had an extensive and splendid prospect of the country for a distance of many miles, with the broad Susquehanna sluggishly wending its serpentine way through the centre of the plain, with its placid waters glittering in the golden rays of the setting sun. On drawing nearer to the town of Wilkesbarre, the coachman pointed out my

father's house and little farm, as well as the residence of my brother, which was close by. In a few moments I saw the venerable patriarch coming through the garden gate, and, although I had not seen him for fourteen years, I recognised him immediately at some distance. The coach stopped in front of the house. I cannot attempt to describe the meeting between the "patriarch of Wyoming" and his long-absent Missionary son, the object of his solicitude and prayers for many years. Suffice it to say, that the good old man rejoiced exceedingly on being permitted to embrace once more one so near and dear to him, whom he had scarcely expected ever to see again in the flesh; and I was equally happy in the enjoyment of a privilege which I had hardly ventured even to anticipate. This meeting was the more affecting from the circumstance of my not having given any notice of my coming, for fear I might be prevented from fulfilling my purpose by some unforeseen event at the eleventh hour. The house was soon filled with brothers, sisters, friends, and relatives, who rejoiced over me as over one risen from the dead.

The following day being Sunday, I accompanied my honoured father to his appointments at Kingston and Plymouth, and had the pleasure of hearing him preach in the morning with all the energy and vigour of former days. In the afternoon and evening I preached for him to large and attentive congregations, my father taking his seat by me in the rostrum, and, at the close of the service, telling the people how happy he was to be once more associated with his Missionary son in the services of the sanctuary. This was indeed a day long to be remembered,—a green spot in my journey through the wilderness of this world, to be looked back upon with pleasure as long as life shall last.

I spent three happy weeks under my dear father's roof. The time passed sweetly and pleasantly in viewing the country, paying and receiving visits, and in Christian intercourse with relatives and friends. I was happy to find most

of them in the enjoyment of not only the necessaries but the comforts of life, and apparently doing well both for this world and that which is to come. On the other Sabbaths, I preached to large congregations in the Methodist Episcopal churches at Wilkesbarre and at the Plains, and some who heard me were persons who had sat under my ministry in England fifteen years before.

During my stay at Wilkesbarre my father and I spent an enjoyable afternoon in the company of Miss Sarah H. Miner, an intelligent blind lady, at her beautiful home on the banks of the Susquehanna. She has since departed to the regions of eternal bliss where she will for ever "see light in God's light, and rejoice in His salvation." She was a genuine Christian, and a poetess of some merit. On being made acquainted with the circumstances connected with my embarkation for Africa about the same time that my father emigrated to America, she composed and presented me with the following lines, neatly pricked off on thick paper, after the manner of writing by the blind :—

"THE FATHER AND SON.

"Long years had flown by, with their sunshine and storms,
 Since on England's green shore stood two manly forms ;
 They parted with glances of kindly regret,
 Each wishing the Gospel's loved standard to set
 In lands far remote from the isle of their birth ;
 They parted to seek foreign quarters of earth.
 One sped o'er the waves with the ardour of youth,
 Bearing toil, braving danger, bold for the truth ;
 Beneath tropical suns on Africa's coast,
 He warred with idolatry's embattled host :
 But the world was his field and the labourers few ;
 To duties assigned him, still dauntless he flew ;
 Yet, though he thus bore so laborious a part,
 It quenched not affection's warm glow in his heart.
 The years and the waves that have since rolled between,
 Fail'd aught of affection in either to wean.
 Behold here the goal of their fond wishes won,
 On *this* Western shore meet that *Father* and *Son.*"

Greatly as I enjoyed my visit to my father and friends in their American home, the time soon came when it must terminate. On the morning of the 23rd we united once more in prayer and praise, and I took an affectionate leave of each member of the family, without any hope of ever meeting them again in this world. Before my departure my father wrote a few lines in my scrap-book of autographs, from which I extract a few sentences, as indicative of the feelings of his heart on this memorable occasion. "My dear son, your visit has been truly refreshing to us, and forms one of the most pleasing incidents in a life which has been somewhat chequered; and it will be remembered by us with gratitude as long as we live. I feel deeply when I think of the word 'Farewell!' I gave you up freely for Africa, I will try to give you up freely for the West Indies. Your beloved wife is there, and your dear people are there. Go, my son, and may God bring you in safety to your home! Tell your friends that the old man of whom they have heard you speak is still alive, and on his way to heaven. I hope to meet you in that country where the word 'Farewell!' will be heard no more for ever."

After a week spent in New York in attending the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church which was then in session, I returned to my island home in the West Indies, and was thankful to find that God in His providence had graciously preserved my dear partner in health and comfort during my absence. Whilst pursuing my beloved work there, with improved health and vigour, I was cheered from time to time by hearing that my honoured father was prosecuting his useful labours with his wonted zeal and success in the Valley of Wyoming. His letters contained delightful accounts of revivals of religion in Wilkesbarre, Beaver Meadow, Hazelton, Sugar Loaf, Hanover and other places, where he preached statedly or occasionally. In some of these places he resided for two or three years, having entire charge of the work. He speaks of raising a Class of seventeen members in one village, and of fifty-eight in another, and of three hundred

persons savingly converted to God on different Stations in the Valley of Wyoming, in the course of a few months : whilst on one occasion fifty-two persons were received into Church-fellowship at the close of the service. The marriages, baptisms and funerals at which he had to officiate, were so numerous that his time was constantly occupied, and he was sometimes scarcely able to meet the constant demand upon him. It was not unusual for him to have four or five funerals a week, at each of which a sermon was preached before the corpse was removed, according to the American custom : and he speaks of baptizing nine adults, by immersion, on the same day, whilst his marriage celebrations sometimes numbered twelve or fourteen a month.

These honourable but arduous toils were continued by my dear father for a number of years, with as few interruptions from sickness as could be expected. At length, as years increased upon him, his strength began to fail. He had, moreover, a serious accident which might have proved fatal. He was returning home from preaching one dark night, and in crossing a frail bridge over a rivulet, which ran through a deep ravine, his foot slipped, and he fell a distance of eight or nine feet. When extricated from his dangerous position, it was found that he was not only severely shaken, but that two or three of his ribs were fractured, and that he was severely bruised in other places. By the blessing of God, he soon recovered from these injuries ; but his subsequent communications made frequent reference to declining strength and growing infirmities. In one letter, dated February 14th, 1854, he says : " I feel old age coming on : I cannot bear labour as formerly. Last Sunday I almost fainted in the first service ; but I had to preach again in the afternoon, and also in the evening, and the Lord helped me through." Whilst thus admonished that his protracted course of hallowed toil was drawing to a close, the faithful servant of God was mercifully sustained by the consolations of Divine grace, and by the unwavering kindness of the people among whom he

ministered. To both he often made grateful reference, with his eyes and his heart overflowing with emotion.

In the year 1857 I received the last letter which my honoured parent was permitted to write. It was dated June 5th. In this communication he said : " I was sick a long time last summer, but am now better ; only troubled at times with shortness of breathing, something like asthma, which prevents me from doing much. I preach once a fortnight, and occasionally at funerals, and the Lord is pleased to bless me in my declining years. You have heard that death has again visited us. I have now only two children living, and I cannot expect to remain long behind. May we all meet in heaven ! " I was thus, in a measure, prepared for the next intelligence which was conveyed to me in a letter from my younger and only surviving brother, which reached my distant Station in South Africa about two years afterwards. He wrote : " Your letters to me and to dear father were duly received, and read with unabated interest. Father would have replied to your last ; but he is too weak at present for the exertion. He is now very feeble, and entirely unable to preach. At times his strength has partially returned, and he has visited some of his friends ; but, at present, he is unable to leave home. He is very happy in God, and fully resigned to His blessed will."

In a few months this letter was followed by another, conveying the affecting intelligence that my beloved father had been called to his reward in heaven, on the 9th of August, 1859, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Of his last days my brother wrote : " He was conscious to the very last, but unable to speak much. He would gently press the hand of any one speaking to him in token that he understood what was said. For several weeks he could not speak above a whisper, and only a few words at a time. I considered it a great privilege to attend upon him, and to hear the words of wisdom and holy joy which dropped from his lips. The Episcopalian and Presbyterian Ministers often came to see him ; and Dr.

Paddock, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, our own Minister, came almost every day for eight weeks. One day father expressed a fear that the Doctor would fatigue himself by coming so often. 'O,' said the dear Minister, 'I myself receive benefit by coming; for every time I see you my faith is increased, and my love for that religion which crowns you so gloriously is strengthened.' On one occasion Dr. Paddock said, 'Father Moister, is your faith still resting on Christ?' when he replied, 'O yes; no distrust, no distrust!' He suffered very little pain, and often thanked God that He was 'letting him down so gently.'"

This brief sketch of the life and labours of the "Patriarch of Wyoming" may be appropriately concluded with an extract from an obituary notice which appeared in the New York "Christian Advocate" at the time. It was written by the Rev. Dr. Paddock, and is dated Wilkesbarre, August 17th, 1859. "The Patriarch of the Churches in Wyoming Valley, the Rev. Roger Moister, is no more. He died in this place on the 9th instant, in peace and holy triumph. About twenty-eight years since he emigrated to America and settled in this borough. Here he has been, in the best sense of the word, 'a living epistle, known and read of all men.' A more spotless example was perhaps scarcely ever exhibited to the world. The homage paid to his many rare excellencies was universal. If he ever had enemies in this section of the country, they had long ceased to be so. Everybody said, 'Father Moister is a good man.' And now that he is gone, the common remark is, 'If Father Moister has not gone to heaven, it is useless for anybody else to try to get there.' Such a name is indeed better than the most precious ointment. It will be remembered in all this valley for generations to come. Such holy zeal, such toiling charity, such spotless integrity, such enduring philanthropy, such universal consistency of character, form a picture of which the eye never gets weary.

" 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.' Such was Father Moister's

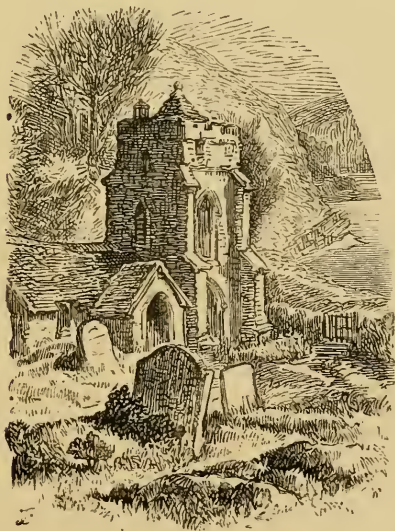
character, and such his end. A death more honourable to religion, or more edifying to the world, could hardly be imagined. Throughout a lingering consumption faith was constantly triumphant. For several weeks immediately preceding his death the writer saw him nearly every day; and if there was any change, it was only from glory to glory. In one instance he was asked if his faith wavered. With a smile on his face, and turning his eyes towards the range of hills that skirt the south and east end of the valley, he said, 'You might as well talk of the mountains wavering.' After a moment he added, but in a manner no language can describe, 'My faith has more than ten thousand mountains to rest upon.' Near the close of a week of more than ordinary suffering, during which his uncommonly vigorous constitution had been perceptibly giving way under the pressure of disease, he alluded to the fact, saying, 'I have had a pretty hard struggle this week.' Thinking, probably, that the remark savoured somewhat of impatience, he turned his face towards me with a heavenly smile, and added, 'But it is not much, after all.'

"He was a very edifying preacher of God's Word: always sensible, eminently evangelical, and was therefore heard with pleasure and profit. He led many souls to Christ, and was largely instrumental in building up the Church. The estimation in which he was held by his American brethren may be inferred from the fact that he was almost spontaneously admitted both to Deacon's and Elder's orders in the Ministry. Nor should I forget to add that he was the father of one of the most successful of modern Missionaries, the Rev. William Moister, now of South Africa, whose 'Memorials of Missionary Labours' have been recently published at the Book Room in New York. Good man! he now rests from his labours, and his works follow him."

The mortal remains of my beloved father were laid in the beautiful new cemetery near Wilkesbarre, on the banks of the Susquehanna; whilst those of my dear and sainted

mother, who departed this life several years before, rest in the old churchyard at Sedbergh, in Yorkshire, awaiting "the glorious resurrection to eternal life." It is with feelings of deep emotion that I pay this humble tribute of filial affection and respect to the memory of departed worth; and my heart overflows with gratitude to God when I call to mind how much I have been indebted through life, and especially in the course of my Missionary labours, to a mother's prayers and to a father's wise and holy counsels.

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
O, may we meet on that eternal shore,
Where death and parting shall be known no more!"





Section II.

MISSIONARY SHIPWRECKS.

“Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known.”—PSALM LXXVII. 19.

HUNDREDS of dangers and discomforts encompass Mission life in foreign lands. They are fully known only to those who have experienced them; but such information as can be derived from reading or hearing of Missionary adventure should stimulate us to earnest prayer to God for the protection and preservation of His faithful servants amidst their numerous perils. Whilst voyaging to their distant Stations, and when travelling from place to place in the prosecution of their great work, Christian Missionaries are frequently exposed to the dangers of the deep. This has been the case from the beginning; and when enumerating the various trials and hardships which he had endured, the Apostle Paul says, “Thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep...in perils in the sea.” (2 Cor. xi. 25, 26.) Of one of his shipwrecks we have an interesting narrative in the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, which concludes with the instructions given to those on board the stranded ship on the coast of Malta, that “they who could swim should cast themselves first into the sea, and get to land: and the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land.”

In the course of one of my Missionary voyages a high compliment was unwittingly paid to this narrative of St. Paul's

shipwreck by the captain of the vessel in which I sailed, who was a man of avowed sceptical principles. Hoping to interest him and others, I offered one day to read to them a story of seafaring adventure, to which they promised to listen attentively. I then took my Testament and read the chapter alluded to. On hearing the description of the storm which was encountered by the ship of Alexandria in which the Apostle and his companions sailed, the captain remarked that that was just the kind of squall that he had often met with in the Mediterranean. As the narrative proceeded the interest in it seemed to deepen till I got to the statement of the means adopted to save the vessel when she was in danger, as the undergirding of the ship, the management of the sails, and the dropping of the anchors. Captain P—— became quite excited, and declared, "That was the best thing they could have done under the circumstances." When the conclusion was reached, and I had read the words, "And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land," the captain exclaimed, "They were a lot of lucky fellows; but what is that book that you have been reading from?" Great was the surprise of the sceptical mariner when I told him the name of the blessed Book, and I have reason to believe that he was henceforth led to read the Scriptures as he had never done before.

In the history of modern Missions some striking instances of shipwreck have occurred, in which the hand of God has been clearly seen in the preservation of His servants in the hour of peril. In a few cases serious casualties have been permitted and valuable lives have been lost, as if to teach the people of God lessons of humility and implicit trust in the Almighty, who is able to carry on His work with or without means, as He thinks best. A few instances, illustrative of this kind of peril, shall now be given, commencing with incidents which have happened in the course of the writer's personal experience.

My First Shipwreck.

Among the smaller islands of the West Indies Missionaries are frequently exposed to "perils in the sea." This was more especially the case in former times before the advent of steam-boats, when every journey by water had to be performed in open boats or small sailing vessels, which were frequently of inferior quality and but ill prepared to contend with storms and tempests. The navigation is, moreover, very intricate in some places, and requires the greatest possible care and skill on the part of the mariner to avoid impending dangers. It was in the course of one of my Missionary voyages in the West Indies that I first suffered shipwreck under peculiar circumstances.

It was on Tuesday, the 30th of January, 1838, that I embarked on board the beautiful schooner "Haidee," at Calliaqua, in the island of St. Vincent, in company with my dear wife and the Rev. Messrs. Cullingford, Crane, Marsden and Blackwell. We were bound for Trinidad, to which island I was appointed as a Missionary, and where our Annual District Meeting was to be held. Every thing being ready for sea, and all the passengers and sailors having come on board, we weighed anchor, never more comfortable in our arrangements, or more happy in prospect of the future. But how weak and short-sighted are frail mortals! Truly, we know not what a day or an hour may bring forth. We had not proceeded many hundred yards, and had scarcely rounded the point of land which partially shuts in the harbour from the open sea, when our noble little vessel struck upon a coral reef, and in one short hour was completely dashed to pieces, and our luggage scattered in every direction. As the wreck occurred in the daytime, and in sight of the shipping in the harbour, assistance was promptly rendered; and, although there was much sacrifice and damage of property, no lives were lost, for which we were truly thankful.

When the vessel had struck and we found she was sinking, we lost no time in attempting to make our escape. Mrs. Moister being the only female on board, she was first lifted into a boat which came to our rescue, and the brethren followed. Being able to swim, I did not feel anxious about myself, and I therefore remained on the wreck till all the rest were safe. Last of all I jumped into a boat, where my friend Captain Radford was kindly taking care of Mrs. Moister, who was wonderfully sustained in the hour of peril. The boat in which we sat now moved off, and we were taken by the kind-hearted Captain on board his ship, the "Jane and Barbara," which was then lying at anchor in the harbour. With anxious feelings we watched until sunset the efforts made by different parties of boatmen to save our luggage and other property; some of which was carried on board the ships at anchor in the harbour, and some on shore. Most of our boxes and trunks were ultimately saved from the wreck, although, amid the confusion, pilfering had taken place to a considerable extent. Every thing we had was more or less damaged, being completely saturated with salt water, as it was rescued from the sinking vessel, and we were left without a single article of dry linen or other change of raiment. But what were these little discomforts, compared with the safety of our lives, which had been mercifully secured to us?

As the shades of evening closed around us, and nothing more could be done in the way of saving property from the wreck, we went on shore; and being kindly received at the humble cottage of one of our people, we were refreshed with a cup of tea, after which we held a consultation among ourselves as to the steps it would be necessary to take in our peculiar circumstances. Considering that the Missionaries in Grenada would be expecting us to call for them, according to arrangement, on our way to the District Meeting; and that those of other islands would be confidently anticipating the pleasure of seeing us at the appointed time, it appeared exceedingly desirable that we should, if possible, proceed on

our voyage without delay. Whilst we were reasoning on the subject, and doubting the possibility of obtaining a vessel at so short a notice, we heard of a small schooner which had just arrived from Antigua, belonging to a Mr. E——, who had come in her, and was spending the evening with his friends on a sugar estate not far from Calliaqua. With the hope of being able to induce this gentleman to spare his vessel for a few days, Mr. Cullingford and I set off for the place late in the evening, just as we were, in our board-a-ship *deshabille*. On reaching the mansion we found a grand ball was being held in honour of the stranger's arrival, and we were ushered at once into the splendid hall, brilliantly lighted up, and thronged with a giddy multitude of young people. When the sound of the music had ceased, and the patter of busy feet was stilled, perfect silence prevailed, and every ear was open to hear the story of the shipwrecked Missionaries, anxious to proceed on their Master's errand. The gay assembly manifested much sympathy for us, some of them having witnessed from their elevated position on the side of the mountain the sad disaster, when the "Haidee" was driven on the rocks. The gentleman most immediately concerned showed us no small kindness, and readily agreed to let us have his schooner, on reasonable terms, to convey us to Grenada, provided we would not detain her more than three or four days. Thankful for our success we returned to our humble quarters and "turned in" for the night, with such accommodations as were to be had, some sleeping on sofas, and some on the bare boards of the chamber floor.

On the morning of the following day, I took a small boat, and, accompanied by a brother Missionary, went round the harbour from vessel to vessel, collecting our scattered and damaged luggage and remunerating each party of seamen according to the number of packages which they had rescued from the wreck. Having deposited our trunks and boxes on board the newly engaged vessel, the name of which has escaped my memory, towards evening we embarked once more, trusting in that God who had hitherto been our preserver in the hour

of danger. On putting to sea the second time, just before sunset, we passed the scene of our disaster on the previous night, and gazed pensively at all that could be seen of the unfortunate "Haidee,"—a yard or two of the mainmast above the water, and a few spars floating about among the breakers.

It was not without some measure of anxiety, that we continued on our voyage, with a strange captain and crew, especially as most of the men proved to be Spanish Creoles, and Roman Catholics. We resolved to keep a sharp look out, which subsequent events showed to be quite necessary, as, in the course of the night, we were again placed in considerable peril. As we sailed under the lee of a number of little rocky islands called the Grenadines, where the navigation is somewhat intricate, I made the unwelcome discovery that the master and nearly all the seamen on board were intoxicated, and consequently very unfit to manage the vessel in her critical position. The whole of our Mission party with the exception of myself were below, suffering from sea-sickness. The weather was moderately fine; and as I kept my solitary watch on the deck, towards midnight, I was startled by hearing the rumbling sound of breakers on our "larboard bow." Convinced that we were keeping too near the land, I sought for the captain or mate, neither of whom could be found. I had only just time to call out to the man at the wheel, "Put the helm hard down," a command which he instantly obeyed, when our little vessel veered off, and cleared the rocks which were now visible in the starlight above the foaming water; and thus we providentially escaped from the danger of a second shipwreck, which, had it occurred among these lonely rocky islets, might have been more disastrous than the first.

The next day we reached the island of Grenada, from which place we sent back the schooner, according to promise, and chartered a small brigantine to take us on to Trinidad. This vessel was, however, stuck fast in the mud, in the Carénage harbour, and could not be got under weigh till the rising of the tide the following evening, so that we were reluctantly

compelled to wait a day in Grenada. During this detention, at the request of the brethren, I sat down and wrote a letter to the Missionary Committee in London, to inform them of our sad disaster. A few sentences from this communication may serve to show our condition and feelings at the time, and form a fitting conclusion to this brief sketch.

After narrating the particulars of our shipwreck as given above, the document concluded as follows :—“All the brethren have experienced considerable loss and damage ; but mine will no doubt be much the greatest, as they were merely going to the District Meeting, and had only the quantity of luggage with them required for the occasion ; while I, being on my way to my new Station, had my books and all my earthly goods on board. I have only had time to examine two or three trunks, the contents of which I found completely drenched with salt water ; and while I write these lines I am not only ‘a stranger in a strange land,’ but literally faint, and wet, and weary, with extreme exertion, and have not a dry shirt in the world. These are trying circumstances. I feel them to be so ; but they do not tend to abate my attachment to that glorious cause in which I am engaged and in which I am called to suffer. The privations and dangers to which I have been exposed both in Africa and in the West Indies, do not for a moment deter me from persevering in the path of duty. I can, from my heart, adopt the language of the Apostle : ‘But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.’ In these sentiments of confidence and gratitude to God I know my dear wife sincerely unites with me. She is now taking a little rest by my side, being almost worn out with constant fatigue and exposure. We feel truly thankful to God for His preserving mercies, and our souls are humbled beneath His mighty hand. May our future lives constantly show forth the praises of Him who has promised to be our never-failing Friend.”

At a late hour on the evening of February 2nd, we were summoned on board to take our departure for Trinidad. The third stage of this eventful Missionary voyage was attended with circumstances of some interest and excitement, as we had all to sleep on the deck of the vessel, in consequence of its being exceedingly unpleasant below, from the ship having been employed in conveying cattle from the Spanish Main to the islands. But this was of little consequence, as the weather was fine, and we were out only one night. On the morning of the 3rd, having passed through the Bocas in safety, we proceeded up the Gulf of Paria and reached Port of Spain before noon, where several of our brethren were anxiously waiting for us, and where we all united in sincere thanksgiving to Almighty God for having so mercifully preserved us from the dangers of the deep.

“While lone upon the furious waves,
Where danger fiercely rides,
There is a Hand unseen that saves,
And through the ocean guides.

“Almighty Lord of land and sea,
Beneath Thine eye we sail ;
And if our hope be fixed on Thee,
Our hearts can never quail.”

Wreck of the “Columbine.”

In numerous instances the special providence of God has been strikingly displayed in the preservation of His servants, who have fearlessly left their native homes and encountered the dangers of the deep, and the perils of foreign climes, to carry the good news of salvation to benighted heathen nations. In some cases, however, for the trial of our faith, and for other wise and good purposes, which we may not be able to comprehend in our present finite state, serious casualties, involving the loss of valuable lives, have been

permitted to occur, in connection with the Missionary enterprise. Yea, in one or two instances which have come under our notice, the parties who fell a sacrifice to their zeal and devotedness to the cause of Christ, were not permitted to reach the scene of their appointed labours. But that Divine Being who looks at the heart, and who regards the motives which prompt to action, will reward His faithful servants according to their intentions, rather than according to results ; and to every one who fails to attain the noble object which he had in view, not because of any fault of his, but in consequence of some interposition of Providence, He will no doubt, in effect, say as He said to David in reference to the temple, "Whereas it was in thine heart to build an house unto My name, thou didst well that it was in thine heart. Nevertheless thou shalt not build the house."

One of those mysterious instances to which I have referred was the wreck of a beautiful little vessel, the "Columbine," on her passage from London to the River Gambia, when a young Missionary and his wife were both drowned ere they reached their destination.

The "Columbine" was a first class brigantine of about two hundred tons' burden, built in Bermuda, chiefly of the cedar of the country ; and had for several years been employed as a regular trader between England and the Western Coast of Africa. In 1833, my dear wife and I came home in her on the completion of our term of Mission service at the Gambia ; and I have a vivid recollection of many interesting incidents which occurred on board during our passage. On Friday, the 22nd of November, 1838, she left Gravesend, on her sixteenth voyage, having on board the Rev. Edward J. and Mrs. Peard, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and four other passengers for St. Mary's on the Gambia.

A few days after the departure of the little vessel, on her last and ill-fated voyage, the wind was favourable, and all was well ; but on Wednesday, the 27th, a terrific gale blew all along the coast, when every vessel in the English Channel

which was in a position to do so, tried to gain some harbour of refuge. At this time the "Columbine" was off Portland Bill, and nobly struggled with the fury of the storm, which increased in violence during the night. About eight o'clock on the following morning, she was seen nearing the shore at Portland Beach; the man at the helm was, as is supposed, forced from it by the violence of the waves, in consequence of which the vessel swung round, and, being caught between two tremendous seas, she grounded broadside on, and was dashed to pieces almost instantaneously, and all on board perished. Nine other vessels, with their crews and passengers, were lost during the same gale, and near the same place; and such a scene of destruction, lamentation, and woe, was presented to view along the southern coast of England as had not been witnessed for many years.

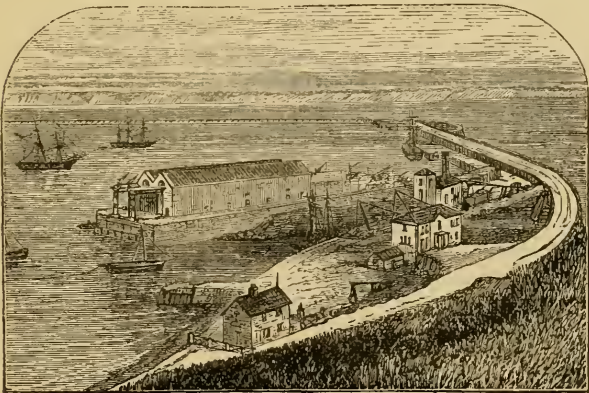
When the intelligence of this sad disaster reached London, the Rev. Dr. Alder, one of the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who had only a few days before accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Peard on board the ship at Gravesend, hastened to Portland, with a view to recover, if possible, the remains of the sainted dead, that they might be honoured with appropriate funeral rites. Amid the general confusion, the search was attended with many difficulties. Several bodies had been washed ashore, and some had been already interred; but at the time the doctor arrived no female corpse had been seen. There being reason to believe that one of five bodies which had been buried in the same grave was that of Mr. Peard, an order was given for its disinterment, when it proved that the conjecture was correct. There was still on the countenance of the deceased Missionary a calm and placid smile, indicative of confidence and hope in the last sad struggle. After the remains had been carefully washed, shrouded, and laid in a decent coffin, they were interred in the burial ground connected with the Wesleyan chapel at Portland. On this solemn occasion an assemblage of at least five hundred persons were in attendance to show their respect for the revered

Missionary, who had been so suddenly and so mysteriously called to his reward in heaven. To this congregation Dr. Alder preached a powerful and appropriate sermon in the chapel, after reading the beautiful funeral service, and a deep and serious impression appeared to be made on the minds of all present.

Having given directions for a careful and constant look-out for the body of Mrs. Peard, the Missionary Secretary returned to London, whence he wrote an affectionate letter of condolence to the bereaved parents of the deceased, giving the result of his melancholy visit to the scene of the shipwreck, and striving to console them in their affliction. It was not till nearly a month afterwards, on the 24th of December, that the body of a female was washed on shore near Portland, which, on examination, proved to be that of the Missionary's wife; indeed, it is believed that of all the vessels wrecked on that mournful occasion she was the only female on board. The remains were respectably interred in the same grave with those of her beloved husband; a large concourse of people attending the funeral service as on the former occasion, the Rev. Messrs. R. Sherwell and J. Robinson, the Ministers of the Circuit, officiating with great solemnity. It is pleasing to add that a neat stone, with an appropriate inscription, was subsequently erected by the members of the Portland Wesleyan Society to mark the spot where the remains of the Missionary and his wife are deposited till the morning of the glorious resurrection to eternal life.

Several years afterwards a little incident occurred, a brief notice of which may form an appropriate conclusion to this mournful story. It was on the 23rd of October, 1849, that I had occasion to attend a Missionary Meeting at Portland, when I embraced the opportunity of viewing the scene of the sad disaster, and of reading the inscription on the gravestone of the devoted Missionary and his beloved wife. In the course of my address at the Meeting, the chair being occupied by Edward Corderoy, Esq., of London, I made reference

to the wreck "Columbine," and to the fact of my having sailed thousands of miles in her on the broad Atlantic, when returning from the very Station in Western Africa for which Mr. and Mrs. Peard were bound when their course was so unexpectedly terminated. This reference, together with the account given of Mission work at the Gambia, produced a deep impression upon the audience, most of whom were bathed in tears. When I had done speaking, a gentleman present, the late Mr. Sherren of Weymouth, stepped forward on the platform, and presented to me, in the name of the Society at Portland, a neat little cedar box, made of a piece of the wreck of the ill-fated "Columbine," as a memento of my connection with her, and of my visit to Portland. This interesting relic I still preserve, and highly prize as a memorial, in common with many others, of the kind providence of God, by whose watchful care I and mine have been spared to the present hour, whilst others have been cut off in the midst or at the very commencement of their Missionary career. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! They are indeed a great deep which, in our present imperfect state, we cannot fully fathom; but, "what we know not now we shall know hereafter."



PORTLAND BREAKWATER.

Shipwreck of Messrs. Fowler and Goy.

The Rev. James Fowler, with Mrs. Fowler, having received an appointment to the island of Nevis, in the West Indies, and the Rev. William D. Goy having been requested to supply a vacancy in Dominica, they embarked together at Bristol for their respective destinations, on Wednesday, the 11th of February, 1818. The commencement of their voyage was remarkably stormy and boisterous, so that they were unable to proceed to their appointments as they expected. After having been tossed about on the tempestuous ocean for nearly a month, the ship was driven back into the English Channel, and ultimately wrecked on the coast of France, under circumstances of peculiar discomfort and peril. A brief narrative of the particulars of this shipwreck, and of the remarkable interposition of Divine Providence by which the lives of the Mission party were preserved, can scarcely fail to interest and affect the reader.

When the party left the port of Bristol, in the good ship "Eliza," the weather was favourable, and they anticipated a safe and pleasant passage across the Atlantic; but on Friday, the 13th, when they had got well out to sea, a foul wind sprung up, which towards evening increased to a heavy gale, and the vessel laboured and pitched fearfully. The top-gallant-mast was taken down, as a precautionary measure, and every thing on board was made as tight and snug as possible, with the hope of riding out the storm. On the following day they spoke the cutter, "Ranger," from the Mediterranean, bound for Bristol; and the wind having moderated a little, they were pleased with the thought that the "Eliza" would be reported "All well" at the port they had so recently left. On Sunday, the 15th, Mr. Goy read prayers in the cabin and preached on the main deck; after which the Missionaries conversed with the sailors, as they had opportunity, and dis-

tributed religious tracts and copies of the Holy Scriptures among those who could read.

During the whole of the following week the "Eliza" encountered a succession of terrific gales; and the captain, who was a man of considerable experience, declared that he had never known worse weather during the whole period of his seafaring life. All on board were now apprehensive of danger; and the Missionaries were constant and earnest in their pleadings at the throne of the heavenly grace for the protection and blessing of the Almighty. Being driven back by contrary winds, they were expecting to enter the English Channel, and hoped to be able to put into Falmouth harbour for repairs, the caboose having been carried away, and other damage done to the ship. On Sunday, the 1st of March, Mr. Fowler being unwell, Mr. Goy again preached twice, notwithstanding the tempestuous state of the weather; and a good impression appeared to be made upon the minds of his hearers. The wind was still unfavourable, and very violent during the whole of the following week; and the ship was unable to make for the intended harbour of refuge, in consequence of the rudder being completely carried away, so that she was now left entirely at the mercy of the winds and waves, without any power to steer.

Early on Sunday morning, the 8th, they saw an English brig, and made signals of distress. She bore up within speaking distance; and the captain of the "Eliza" asked the commander to take her in tow, or, at least, to lie by her for a while. She did so for about half an hour; after which she made-sail, and steered away, as the gale began to increase. The minds of all on board the crippled ship were greatly distressed when they were thus left in such a helpless condition. All hands now set to work to try to make a temporary rudder; but when it was completed, the storm continued so high that it was found impossible to fix it in its place. On the evening of this memorable Sabbath Mr. Goy again preached to a very impressive congregation. Thinking that

this might be the last opportunity that they would have in this world of commemorating the dying love of Christ, the Mission party received the Lord's Supper, in which solemn service they were joined by Captain Lewis, Mr. Hughes, the first mate, and Mrs. Boyer, a fellow passenger. This was a profitable and refreshing season to the tempest-tossed voyagers; and the Missionaries spent the whole night in anxious watching, meditation and prayer, expecting every hour to be cast away on the rocky coast of France.

All day on Monday, the 9th, the vessel continued to drift to leeward, the wind still being tempestuous, and no means being available to control her course. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, both of whom were suffering from sickness, and Mr. Goy, passed another sleepless, anxious, prayerful night, being frequently joined in their devotions by Mrs. Boyer and her brother, Mr. Bunter. Before daylight next morning breakers were distinctly heard, and all was excitement and alarm among the people on board. Guns were now fired as signals of distress, and the flag was hoisted, union downwards, to attract the notice of any vessel which might chance to be passing, as the day dawned; at the same time the mizenmast was cut away, in order to ease the anchor when it might be prudent to let it go. While all was noise and confusion on deck, the Missionaries were engaged below in earnest, faithful prayer to their great Deliverer. And they did not pray in vain, for about half-past seven A.M. the ship was driven into a bay, where they were enabled to cast anchor, with a prospect of holding their ground. Shortly afterwards they saw three small boats coming to their assistance. The boatmen informed the captain of the dangerous position into which the ship had drifted, and advised all on board to make their escape on shore with as little delay as possible. Captain Lewis felt reluctant to abandon his vessel without making some further efforts to save her; but before any arrangements could be made to secure effectual help, the boats went off, leaving only one man on board. Such was the state of

the weather and of the sea, that one of the boats was swamped in attempting to reach the shore, and a boatman was drowned. As the danger appeared to increase, the sailors let down the jolly-boat and pinnace, with the hope of effecting a landing ; but the jolly-boat got loose and drifted on shore, with only one man in her. Nothing now remained but the pinnace, into which the passengers and seamen hastily threw a few necessary articles, and were just about to embark, when a boy accidentally let fall a small anchor, which made a hole in the bottom of the boat, and she began to fill with water. With considerable difficulty the pinnace was hoisted up again and repaired, which occupied nearly the whole day ; after which she was once more lowered, and the passengers and crew having entered her, they shoved off and reached the shore in safety soon after dark, although the foaming breakers, through which they had to pass, every moment threatened their destruction. The "Eliza" soon afterwards dragged her anchor, drifted on the rocks, and became a total wreck.

The scene of this disaster was a small bay on the coast of France, about twelve miles west of the Isle of Bass, and not far from the town of Plouescat, which the shipwrecked passengers and crew reached the next morning. Having recovered a portion of their luggage from the wreck, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler and Mr. Goy embarked for Plymouth on the first opportunity ; and they arrived there in safety on the 19th, but in a state of great weakness and exhaustion from their long-continued sufferings and exposure. They were unspeakably thankful to God, however, for their providential deliverance. After resting for a few days at Plymouth, where they were treated with much kindness and hospitality, the Mission party proceeded to London to report themselves at head quarters, and to await further instructions. They reached the great metropolis on the 1st of April in tolerable health and spirits, considering what they had passed through during the seven weeks which had elapsed since they left the port of Bristol.

This story of the shipwrecked Missionaries would be incom-

plete without some further reference to the honoured men who were thus called to suffer in the cause of their Divine Master. Mr. Goy embarked again soon afterwards for the West Indies, not, however, for Dominica, the place of his original destination, but for Grenada, where an additional labourer was urgently required by the openings which had recently presented themselves for preaching the Gospel among the Negro slaves on several estates. In this island, and in Trinidad, he spent about eight years, and was made very useful in winning souls for Christ, as well as in building up those who had been previously gathered into the fold of the Redeemer. After this Mr. Goy returned to England, where he continued to labour in various important Circuits with acceptance and success for forty years more, when he was called to his reward in heaven. He died in peace at Dover, on Thursday, the 12th of April, 1866.

As to Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, it would appear that they relinquished the idea of foreign service, and gave themselves to home work. After labouring in various Circuits in England, for more than half a century, including several years spent in comparative retirement, as a Supernumerary, Mr. Fowler died happy in God in Bristol, on Wednesday, the 9th of January, 1867. Thus closed the earthly career of two earnest servants of Christ, who were very useful in their day and generation, although not in the places and in the manner that they had anticipated when they first set out. It is believed, however, that their shipwreck, with its consequent trials and difficulties, exercised a salutary effect upon their minds and ministry through life.

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.”

Shipwreck of Mr. and Mrs. Longbottom.

The manner in which events quite adverse to the hopes and wishes of short-sighted mortals, and apparently evil in themselves, are sometimes over-ruled by Divine Providence for good, was strikingly exemplified in the circumstances connected with the shipwreck of Mr. and Mrs. Longbottom, on the desolate coast of South Australia, in the year 1837. A few particulars concerning this remarkable event can scarcely fail to interest the friends of Missions, or to excite their admiration at the means employed by the Almighty for the accomplishment of the purposes of mercy and goodness to the children of men.

The Rev. William Longbottom was a native of Bingley, in Yorkshire, where he was brought to God in early life. Having been called to the work of the Christian ministry, and having offered himself to the Wesleyan Conference as a Missionary to the heathen, he received an appointment to India, and soon afterwards embarked for Madras, where he arrived in the month of November, 1829. His ardent and intelligent ministry was highly appreciated during the short time that he was permitted to labour in the East; but his earnest efforts to do good soon exceeded his physical strength, and his health failed under the debilitating influence of a tropical climate. At the very commencement of his Missionary career he thus contracted a chronic disease which accompanied him through life, and which often seriously interfered with the vigorous and regular discharge of his ministerial duties.

After labouring in India for a few years under great disadvantages, in 1835 he removed to the Cape of Good Hope for the recovery of his health; but not receiving the benefit which he expected, he afterwards proceeded to Australia, by direction of the Missionary Committee. In the latter part of the following year he reached Tasmania, where he ministered for some time with much acceptance, as his health and strength

would allow. A British Colony having been established a few years before at Swan River, in Western Australia, Mr. Longbottom was appointed to commence a new Mission there; but he was detained for some time longer in Van Diemen's Land before he could obtain the means of conveyance to his intended sphere of labour.

At length, about the middle of June, 1837, Mr. and Mrs. Longbottom and child embarked at Hobart Town for Swan River, in a small vessel called the "Fanny." Soon after leaving the port a fresh gale sprang up, which continued without intermission and with increasing violence for several days. The storm had in a measure abated, but the sea was still running high, when, about midnight on the 21st, the vessel struck on a coast unknown to the captain. Attempts were promptly made to secure the safety of all on board; but on being lowered into the sea the ship's boat was carried away by the violence of the surf, and it was with difficulty that the passengers and seamen held on to the wreck, the waves breaking over them every minute. At length the captain and his men succeeded in passing a rope from the stranded ship to the shore, by means of which all on board were ultimately saved, although Mrs. Longbottom was exposed to considerable peril, being repeatedly submerged before she reached the shore.

This part of the story of the shipwreck was afterwards related, with true motherly feeling, by the Missionary's wife in a letter to a friend. Referring to the night of the sad disaster, she says, "Having had no rest for several nights, at nine o'clock we went to bed. About one o'clock in the morning I was aroused by an unusual rolling of the vessel. Instantly I told my husband that I was sure we were in the surf. After a moment I was convinced that my fears were well-founded; and, throwing on his rough jacket, he was in the act of reaching his cap to go on deck when the vessel struck. No time was to be lost. Providentially we had all lain down in our clothes. I hurried on little William's shoes and cap; and, commending ourselves to God, we endeavoured to go on deck. We

found the hatches closed down, and it was some time before we could make those on deck hear us. When we did get out, an awful scene was before us. The sailors cut away the boat; but it drifted away the moment it was lowered. The captain then swam on shore with a rope; but he lost his hold and was unable to return. At length a sailor reached the shore with a rope which he made fast and returned to render assistance to us. We put our dear boy over the side of the vessel first. The men handed him to the captain, who carried him through the surf. You may form some idea what our feelings were when we knew that our only child was safe. But I had not courage to jump overboard when the surf receded, and Mr. L. was obliged to push me off. I consequently lost hold of the rope, and was some time under water; but, through mercy, we all reached the shore in safety at last."

After the shipwrecked party were landed, they suffered much for want of fire, till the second day, when a few friendly natives ventured to approach their camp, and kindly supplied this want. Although they knew not where to go, or which way to look for relief, when they had been on shore a few days they set off for the interior of the country, hoping to meet with some settlement. They had only travelled about five miles, however, when Mrs. Longbottom became so exhausted that she could walk no farther; and, at her entreaty, the captain consented to return to their first place of encampment. They arrived there about midnight, and found everything at the wreck just as they had left it. It was afterwards regarded as providential that they adopted this course; for, had they persevered in their purpose, they might have all perished in the desert; but by returning they met with assistance before long in a manner and from a quarter they little expected.

When they had been more than a fortnight encamped on the shore near to the wreck, in circumstances of great discomfort, subsisting as best they could, they were joined by the captain and crew of another vessel that had been wrecked on the same coast, about a hundred miles to the eastward. This

party had preserved their charts and were better informed as to their position on the great island-continent on which they had been cast. They informed the Missionary and his company that they were about fifty miles distant from "Encounter Bay," a whaling station in South Australia. To this place the two captains and a few of the men at once proceeded, to obtain assistance; and after some delay a boat arrived for the remainder of the party;—rather, met them, it should be said; for after forty-five days in the bush they had begun to despair of the promised aid and had already set out in search of the whaling station, leaving behind them the property they had saved from the wreck. The boat conveyed them part of the way, after which they had a fatiguing walk of twenty miles before they reached the settlement of which they had heard, and where they were at length hospitably welcomed by the few residents. Thence they proceeded to Adelaide, the capital of the Colony, where they met with a most cordial reception from their fellow-countrymen in the land of their adoption. Here they discovered a company of devoted Methodists, about sixty in number, who had been already united in church fellowship, and who showed the shipwrecked Missionary and his family no small kindness, rejoicing that a Christian Minister had been so strangely cast upon their shores.

When Mr. Longbottom had somewhat recovered from the fatigue and other injurious consequences of his shipwreck and adventurous journey, he commenced preaching to the society and congregation in a little chapel which they had erected in Adelaide for their own use, one or two of their number being Local Preachers. They had often prayed that they might some day be blessed with the pastoral care of a regular Minister; and, whilst sitting under the sound of the Gospel as faithfully preached by the shipwrecked Missionary, they felt as if he had been thus mysteriously brought to them in answer to their supplications. Under this conviction, and realizing the benefits of his earnest ministry, they felt unwilling to part with him, and affectionately, but earnestly,



STREET VIEW IN ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, 1852.

remonstrated when he began to inquire about the best means of proceeding to Swan River. Hoping to secure the appointment of Mr. Longbottom to South Australia, the Methodists of Adelaide sent a pressing memorial to the Missionary Committee in London, earnestly requesting that he might be allowed to remain there, guaranteeing his support, and promising to do all in their power to render the Mission efficient and successful. Their desire was consequently granted, another Missionary being sent to Swan River; and Mr. Longbottom's shipwreck became the means in the hand of Divine Providence of laying the foundation of a great and good work in a part of the Southern World where a Christian Minister had never before exercised his holy vocation.

The little chapel soon became too small for the rapidly increasing congregation. A larger, and then a still larger, place of worship was built in the city, whilst the good work extended to numerous villages and settlements which sprang up in various parts of the Colony. As need arose, the Mission was strengthened from time to time by the arrival of additional Ministers from England, and by the raising up of faithful labourers on the spot; new places of worship were built, schools established, and Circuits formed, till, in 1873, South Australia was organized as a separate Wesleyan-Methodist Conference, with thirty Ministers, five thousand Church members, and nearly ten thousand scholars in the Sabbath and Day schools.

As to the Rev. W. Longbottom, who had been the principal means under God of sowing the seed, the particulars of his subsequent history are soon stated. He continued to labour with his wonted zeal and diligence for several years as his strength would permit, and after sojourning for a time in Tasmania he returned to his beloved Adelaide to retire as a Supernumerary, when his declining health compelled him to relinquish the full work of the Ministry. There he finished his course with joy on the 29th of July, 1849, and entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God. His

last words were : "The great atonement was made for *me* ; all will be right at last."

" Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

" Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain :
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

Burning of the "Tanjore."

In the early records of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, we notice many striking instances of the special providence and watchful care of the Almighty over His servants in times of imminent peril. Of the numerous instances which might be given none excited more interest at the time it occurred, than the burning of the "Tanjore" East Indiaman, when almost in sight of her destined port, with two Missionaries on board, who, with many others, narrowly escaped the fire.

The beautiful ship "Tanjore" sailed from Gravesend for India on the 19th of May, 1820, with the Rev. James and Mrs. Mowat and the Rev. Elijah Hoole on board, who had been appointed to preach the Gospel to the heathen at Bangalore. The young Missionaries were highly favoured in having for their fellow-passenger Sir Richard Otley, who had been a steadfast friend to Missions in the West Indies, and who was now proceeding to Ceylon to fill a high judicial situation in that country. Sir Richard acknowledged himself to be unspeakably indebted to one of our Missionaries in the island of Grenada for having guided him to a clearer knowledge of the way of salvation than he had ever realized before ; and in token of his gratitude, as well as from the spontaneous promptings of a naturally benevolent heart, he was ever

ready to show kindness to the faithful servants of the Lord. There were also on board as passengers Mr. and Mrs. Browning, of the Church Missionary Society; and two Singhalese converts, who had been educated in England under the care of Dr. Adam Clarke, and who were now returning to their native land.

Nothing very particular occurred during the principal part of their passage out, which occupied between three and four months, and which is stated to have been "very pleasant and agreeable." It was when the voyage was almost completed that the sad calamity was experienced. On Sunday morning, the 3rd of September, they made the island of Ceylon, to the eastward of Point de Galle. Not being able to reach the port, the wind and the current being against her, the gallant ship steered for Batticaloa. On Tuesday, the 5th, she came to anchor off the river, and landed Sir Richard Otley and suite, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, and the other Ceylon passengers. On the following day about noon, after landing the last of the luggage, and finishing her business with the port, the "Tanjore" weighed anchor, and stood away for Madras; the Missionaries, Messrs. Mowat and Hoole, feeling keenly at parting with Sir Richard and their other friends, in whose company they had spent so many happy days. They seem to have had a strange presentiment that the pleasantest part of the voyage was ended, which, indeed, proved to be the case.

The ship left Ceylon with a light breeze and fine weather, but at sunset the sky had assumed a threatening appearance, and, as a precaution, the captain gave orders to shorten sail. About seven o'clock heavy squalls commenced, with rain and vivid lightning, far surpassing anything which the passengers had ever witnessed in England. About half-past eight, while some were at supper, and others retiring to rest, the noble ship was struck with lightning and immediately set on fire. The consternation caused by an event so appalling in its nature, and so sudden and unexpected in its occurrence,

may be more readily imagined than described. The captain and crew used every exertion to extinguish the flames, which first appeared in the main hold; but as the fire and smoke increased in all directions, and indications showed themselves of the ship being on fire in almost every part, orders were issued for the boats to be got ready. With considerable difficulty, the men succeeded in hoisting out the yawl, which was stowed in the long-boat; and other preparations were made for leaving the burning vessel with all possible haste. The confusion which ensued no words could paint. The vessel was all on fire below, and sent forth at the hatchways a volume of heat and smoke that was almost suffocating. The darkness of the night, relieved only by vivid flashes of lightning—which had already proved fatal to two of the seamen—added to the general terror. The flames soon took hold of the long-boat and rendered it useless. The only other boat available was a small one for four oars on the larboard quarter. At length this was lowered; and, with great difficulty, the passengers and seamen made their way over the side of the vessel through the smoke and flames, which were now bursting out on all sides.

So rapid was the progress of the conflagration, that there was no time to secure many articles which were desirable. A binnacle, a compass, a tin case containing the ship's papers and a box of dollars which was in the cabin, were all that was saved. An attempt was made to obtain a little fresh water and some bread; but the violence of the flames made this impossible. Except the two sailors who were killed by the lightning, all the ship's company, forty-eight in number, got into the boats, every soul being obliged to leave the vessel to save his life. Unfortunately there were only three oars for the two boats, and no rudder to the largest one. By and by they secured several pieces of wood, of which they made paddles as substitutes for oars, and obtained candle sufficient to give them light till daybreak. Having done everything practicable in the circumstances, they moved off as best they

could ; but the death from which they were attempting to escape still threatened them. For the wind, changing several times, together with the force of the current, drifted the vessel after them ; and obliged the boats frequently to alter their course, to avoid being run down by the burning ship, which seemed to pursue them like a thing of life. When thus tossed on the mighty deep in open boats, exposed to the most imminent danger, the necessity and importance of true religion was acknowledged by all ; and the Missionaries, whose confidence and courage were unshaken, were earnest and incessant in their spiritual counsels and in their supplications to the Almighty that He would be pleased to interpose on their behalf.

At length the boats succeeded in getting a considerable distance from the burning vessel ; and through that gloomy night the people on board contemplated, with peculiar feelings, the awfully grand spectacle which was before them. When the conflagration was at its height, it illuminated, with a strange lurid glare, the surrounding sea for several miles. About ten o'clock they saw the main and mizen masts fall overboard with a tremendous crash ; and in half an hour afterwards the foremast followed, nor was the fire extinguished till four o'clock on the following morning. After pulling incessantly all night, on the return of daylight land was discovered at a distance, —a circumstance which filled every heart with gratitude and joy.

The prospect of reaching the shore in safety was truly cheering ; for the whole party, having been obliged to make their escape so precipitately, were in poor plight with respect to clothing, and ill prepared to endure protracted exposure on the open sea. There was but one person among them who was at all decently dressed ; and the pitiful, not to say ludicrous, appearance of the rest might have excited a smile in other circumstances. About seven o'clock A.M. they discovered a native boat off the shore ; and, by a diligent use of their oars and paddles, about ten they came up with her, and the whole

party were taken on board. It was now ascertained that Trincomalee was only sixteen miles away ; and as all were much fatigued and almost exhausted, it was considered best to steer for that place, and so get on shore with as little delay as possible. An arrangement was accordingly made with the master of the native boat ; and, in the mean time, the shipwrecked voyagers refreshed themselves by partaking of a mess of coconuts and milk, the only food which was to be had.

About eight o'clock on the following morning, September the 8th, being in sight of the Trincomalee flagstaff, with a contrary wind which kept them from entering the port, the chief officer was sent on shore to report the occurrence and the situation of the Missionaries and their fellow voyagers. On receiving the intelligence about noon, Mr. Upton, the Commissioner of the Government Dockyard, immediately sent off boats to land the whole party. Having literally "suffered the loss of all things," and escaped from the burning ship with nothing but what they happened to have on at the time, the Missionaries landed in a miserable plight. Poor Mrs. Mowat was without bonnet, or anything of her own to cover her, and Mr. Hoole was without a hat ; but they were truly thankful for life, and rejoiced to be permitted to set their feet on the shore of India, after such a remarkable interposition of Divine Providence on their behalf. They were kindly received by the Rev. Messrs. Carver and Stead, the Missionaries at Trincomalee, who promptly supplied them with a few necessary garments, and did everything in their power to promote their comfort. After resting a few days, they proceeded to Madras, and ultimately to their appointed Stations, where they entered upon their Missionary labours in the spirit of their Divine Master.

It is pleasing to be able to add that these two earnest servants of God were spared for many years after this affecting incident, and were honoured to render important service in the cause of Christ both at home and abroad. After labouring faithfully for nine years in India, Dr. Hoole returned to

England ; and occupied, with credit to himself and advantage to the cause, the honourable position of General Secretary to the Wesleyan Missionary Society for the long period of thirty-eight years, being highly respected and esteemed by all who knew him. He finished his course with joy, in London, on the 17th of June, 1872, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Mr. Mowat also returned home after an honourable service of ten years in the East, and was spared to labour with acceptance and success in several English Circuits. In 1862 he retired as a Supernumerary ; and, at the present writing, although very feeble, he still lives, much beloved by his friends and brethren, and calmly waiting the summons of the Master to join the company of those who have gone before to take possession of the better land. How diversified are the dealings of God with the children of men ! and yet all His ways are marked by wisdom and goodness and mercy and love.

“ With even mind thy course of duty run :
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,
But thou wouldst do thyself, if thou couldst see
The end of all events as well as He.”

Loss of the “ Maria ” Mail Boat.

The dangers to which Christian Missionaries and their families are frequently liable in travelling by sea and by land, —exposed to howling tempests, unhealthy climates, the fury of wild beasts, and the rage of savage men,—are such as to excite our sympathy and stimulate our fervent prayers to Almighty God on their behalf. And it is matter of sincere gratitude, that, through the ever watchful care of a gracious Providence, they have been so generally preserved in the hour of peril. Occasionally, however, at long intervals, God has seen fit in His infinite wisdom to permit the occurrence of serious casualties, and to visit His Church with painful losses. The most remarkable dispensation of this kind which the Wesleyan

Missionary Society has ever experienced, was the fearful loss of life involved in the wreck of the "Maria" mail-boat in the West Indies, in the year 1826; when five Missionaries, two wives of Missionaries, four children, and two servants sank into a watery grave, the only survivor of the whole party being Mrs. Jones, the wife of one of the brethren.

Whilst declaring the glad tidings of salvation among the sable sons and daughters of Ham in the West Indies, a few years after the occurrence of this mournful event, I often heard our Church members and friends advert to it with tears in their eyes, still bemoaning the loss which they sustained by the sudden removal of their beloved Pastors. Nor is it without deep emotion that I pen the leading particulars of this distressing story, though years have fled since I first heard it.

It was on Monday morning, the 6th of February, 1826, that the Wesleyan Missionaries of the Antigua District commenced the business of their annual meeting in the Island of St. Christopher. On the arrival of the brethren from their Stations, they found the Rev. William Gilgrass lying dangerously ill, even at the point of death. The dying Missionary, who had spent about twenty years in the work, had earnestly prayed that he might be spared to see his friends once more; and having had the desire of his heart granted, and been commended to God by them in prayer, his strength gradually failed, and a few days afterwards he slept in Jesus. On Monday, the 13th, the remains of the dear departed one were carried to the silent grave by his surviving fellow-labourers, followed by a vast concourse of sincere mourners. This heavy loss gave a solemn character to the District Meeting; and when the business was finished, the Missionaries and their families from a distance prepared to embark for their respective Stations, being more than usually impressed with the uncertainty of life and of all earthly things. Before they separated they all met together, on the morning of Wednesday, the 23rd, to commend each other to God in prayer, and to celebrate once more the Saviour's dying love by receiving the

sacrament of His last Supper,—little thinking how soon a considerable number of them would be actually called into the presence of the Lord in His heavenly kingdom.

The Mission party for Antigua consisted of the Rev. Messrs. White, Truscott, Hillier, Oke, and Jones, with Mrs. White, Mrs. Truscott, and Mrs. Jones, four children, (three of whom belonged to Mr. White, and one to Mr. Truscott,) and two native servants. They embarked on board a schooner hired for the occasion at St. Christopher's, on Wednesday morning, and were accompanied by the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hyde who were going to Montserrat. They reached the island last named in safety on the following day, and the whole party went on shore for a few hours. A congregation was soon collected together, to whom Mr. Oke preached with much freedom from 2 Cor. xiii. 14 : "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen." Having finished the service, and rested and refreshed themselves till towards evening, the Antigua party took an affectionate leave of Mr. and Mrs. Hyde and other friends, and went on board the schooner again, which soon afterwards weighed anchor and continued her voyage.

The next morning, however, Mr. Hyde was surprised and alarmed by the arrival of a messenger to inform him that the Missionary schooner was coming back again. He immediately hastened down to the beach, called a boat, and got on board the vessel as quickly as possible. His feelings were somewhat relieved by the assurance that all was well ; but the brethren informed him that there was a very heavy sea in the channel ; that they had had a bad night with the wind right ahead ; and that they were drifting down to Nevis, and saw no probability of reaching Antigua whilst the wind and the sea remained in their present state. The ladies and children had, moreover, suffered much from the violent motion of the vessel ; and the captain had given it as his opinion that it would be more prudent to return than to proceed.

On landing again at Montserrat, the tempest-tossed Mis-

sionaries and their families were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Nor were they unemployed during their detention. In the evening Mr. Hillier preached to a good congregation, from Luke xii. 32 : "Fear not, little flock ; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." The stormy weather continued during the day without abatement, and on the following morning a solemn and profitable Prayer-meeting was held in the chapel. The Missionaries felt much concerned that they would not be able to reach their respective Stations before the Sabbath ; but there was no help for it, and they were obliged to spend the sacred day at Montserrat. The chapels both in town and country were supplied by the Ministers who were thus mysteriously detained from their own flocks ; and, as if they had foreseen that this would be their last Sabbath on earth, the subjects of their respective discourses were peculiarly solemn and impressive. They again celebrated the sacrament of the Lord's Supper together, and the services of the day were attended with the special presence and blessing of the Master of assemblies.

At six o'clock on Monday morning, the 27th, Mr. Oke preached to a large congregation from 1 Chron. xxix. 15 : "For we are strangers before Thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers : our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." He applied the subject to himself and his brethren as well as to others, observing in the course of his sermon, "We are strangers and mere sojourners among you. We have been driven here by stress of weather. We shall soon be gone again, and perhaps you will see us no more in the flesh. So it is with the children of men generally. We are all strangers and sojourners in this world ; we are hastening to another ; soon we shall leave all on earth and be no more seen here for ever," &c. As the weather still continued stormy and threatening, about noon the Missionaries met in Mr. Hyde's study to consult as to what they should do. Seafaring men had expressed the decided opinion that the Missionary schooner could not, in consequence of her various

defects, beat up to Antigua for several days, if at all, so long as the wind and sea continued as they were. They therefore sent for the captain and asked him to tell them candidly what he thought of his vessel. He said, "Gentlemen, it is an unpleasant thing for me to say anything against my own vessel; but I do not think she will reach Antigua in less than four days if this weather continue."

These unfavourable opinions of the schooner led the Missionaries to decide upon taking their passage by the "Maria" mail-boat, commanded by Captain Witney, then in the harbour, which was advertised to sail that evening at sunset. They hoped to reach their destination in twenty-four hours, as the "Maria" was in every respect a superior vessel. The afternoon was employed by the Missionaries in transferring part of their baggage to the mail-boat, leaving the rest to go on with the Missionary schooner, which, strange to say, reached Antigua in safety after a quick passage, notwithstanding the unfavourable predictions concerning her. At the appointed time the Mission party went on board, having previously, according to their custom, united in prayer and praise. In this exercise they were joined by a number of people belonging to the Station, and a gracious influence rested upon them while they were singing :

" There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more ;
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp Thee in the flaming skies."

As soon as the mail-boat weighed anchor, the Mission party retired to their berths, the children having their bed on the cabin floor with the nurses, and all felt well pleased with their comparatively comfortable accommodation. Although the wind blew with considerable violence during the night, and the sea was very rough, the passengers went to sleep, thankful that they were on board a good vessel, and hoping that all would be well.

Early on the following morning, however, they were awoke by the increased violence of the storm, the wind being right ahead as before, and the motion of the vessel very uncomfortable. On attempting to go up on deck the Missionaries found that heavy seas were frequently washing over the bulwarks, and all was confusion and dismay. Considerable alarm now prevailed on board, which was for a time allayed by the cheering sound, "Land ahead! Antigua in sight!" Mr. Hillier, who was on deck, called to his friends below to be of good cheer, as they would soon be on shore. The children now revived, and the eldest of them, Mr. White's little boy William, opened the hymn-book and gave out a hymn, which the rest of the little ones joined in singing; and then the little fellow, with a sense far above his years, began to tell the other children the story of the Prophet Jonah, and other incidents which he had been taught from the Bible. This interested them for a while, but every fresh lurch of the vessel caused great uneasiness.

About this time the steward came down into the cabin in great haste, and from his countenance it was evident that something was wrong; and when he was asked what was the matter, he made no reply. This tended to augment the alarm of the passengers, and the ladies and children, with the nurses, immediately jumped up; but before they could dress they were thrown all together on the cabin floor, as the vessel turned on her beam-ends. The fact was, she had struck on a reef, and the sea was breaking over her with great force, and the water was running down into the cabin.

All on board were now seized with dismay. The Missionaries betook themselves to prayer, being forcibly impressed with the danger to which they and their families were exposed. Little William White seemed the most courageous. Seeing the alarm of his dear mother and the rest of the party, in his innocence and ignorance of the real state of affairs, he said, "Mamma, don't be afraid! no danger! Mamma must not be frightened; we shall soon be on shore!" And so they

were soon on shore, as will be seen in the sequel; but it was on the shore of the "better country," where the storms and tempests of life will be known no more for ever, and where all is joy, and calm, and peace.

The captain and his men were also very much alarmed. The captain cried out, "O, my vessel! what will become of us?" As the waves rolled over the ship, the boat was washed away, with a negro sailor in it, who had been struck by the boom and dashed into it in a senseless state. The mate, seeing that the boat was unexpectedly launched, jumped after it into the water, intending, no doubt, to bring it to the rescue of the passengers; but, the sea running high, it was carried away. The captain looked eagerly after the boat, but it was soon out of sight; and, in a fit of despair, he cried, "O, my men are gone! the boat is upset!" This was a mistake, however; Mr. Newbold, the mate, and George Lambert, the black seaman, were mercifully preserved; the boat in which they drifted away being carried by the current to the back of Nevis, where they were picked up by a French vessel, and safely landed in St. Bartholomew's.

The only means of escaping from the wreck being now taken away, the sailors were in great distress. Their cries were heart-rending, and the Missionaries earnestly exhorted them to pray to God, and to look to Christ for salvation. All on board clung around the Missionaries, and paid respectful attention to their exhortations and prayers. The captain at length became more calm and self-collected, and ordered the men to cut away the rigging, he himself also assisting, while the passengers were clinging to the bulwarks, engaged in earnest supplication to God.

The fury of the sea continuing, the vessel suddenly began to break up. In doing so the wreck separated into two principal portions. The captain, with four sailors and Messrs. Hillier, Oke, and Jones, clung to the bows of the vessel; whilst Mrs. Jones and Messrs. White and Truscott, with their families, a gentleman passenger, and a number of seamen

were holding on by the bulwarks on the quarter-deck. The hinder part of the vessel soon went down, and all who were clinging to it were drowned, with the exception of Mrs. Jones, who in the descent became entangled in the rigging, and held on, till providentially rescued by her husband, and drawn up to the survivors on the remaining portion of the wreck. The cries of the drowning, especially of the dear children and their nurses, were heart-rending; but no help could be afforded. Mutual exhortations, and prayers, and farewells, were heard for a short time above the raging of the waves, and then all was hushed in the silence of death.

The situation of the survivors was now most awful to contemplate. Every wave that came appeared like a mountain, and threatened them with destruction. The wind blew in fearful gusts, and the sea roared among the rocks with the most doleful sounds; whilst the bodies of the poor children and others who had been drowned were occasionally seen floating around and entangled in the wreck. Mrs. Jones twice lost her hold, and had almost sunk in the waves, in consequence of a large dog that had been on board attempting to get on the wreck. The poor animal, seeing the lady's head above the water, came and put his feet upon it, and thereby endangered her life before her husband had time to come to her rescue. As the part of the wreck on which the survivors sat, in a reclining position, with their feet and legs generally in the water, held together, the captain gave his opinion that if the weather should moderate a little, they might perhaps hold on till seen by some passing vessel, or from the shore, which was not more than two or three miles distant. But the day wore away, and the long gloomy night also, without any prospect of deliverance.

When the day dawned on Wednesday, the 1st of March, the haze had cleared away, and the sea was much smoother, and every eye was directed towards the coast, with the faint hope that the wreck might now be seen. The Missionaries also took off their cravats, and tied them to a piece of wood, which



WRECK OF THE MARIA MAIL BOAT, ANTIGUA, 1826.

they hoisted as a signal of distress. The sugar estates on the west side of the island could be clearly seen, with people walking on the beach; but no one on shore seemed to be aware of the wreck, notwithstanding its proximity to the land. During the day several vessels came in sight, and more than once they came so near that the poor sufferers were beginning to rejoice in the assurance that they had been noticed, when the ships stood away again, and their hopes vanished. Towards evening two of the sailors, the cook and the steward, showed signs of exhaustion, and, having fallen off the wreck repeatedly, and been as often helped up again, finally sank in the waves to rise no more. They died calling upon God for mercy. The two remaining seamen clung close to the Missionaries, and eagerly received every word of exhortation and encouragement which dropped from their lips, often praying earnestly for salvation. When the sun set the wind and the swell of the sea increased, and Mrs. Jones and her companions suffered much from the wet and cold. They sat shivering as close together as possible, and spent another dreary night in watching, praying, and hoping against hope. The captain had kindly furnished Mrs. Jones with an old jacket, which was of some service, but her sufferings were great; and it was only a firm trust in Divine Providence, and the preciousness of the Saviour's love, which supported her and the surviving Missionaries in that trying hour.

The light of day on Thursday, the 2nd, was truly welcome to the poor sufferers, but their hopes were not elated as they had been before. Their strength was failing rapidly, and they were becoming inured to disappointment. They again hoisted their signal of distress, and were again tantalized repeatedly by seeing boats and larger vessels passing and repassing, and people on shore at no great distance, without being able to make themselves seen or heard. As the sea was more calm, the captain said, if the current were not so strong, one might swim to Sandy Point, which was about a mile and a half distant; but he was sorry that he was not able to swim.

Towards noon the sea became still more smooth and placid, and Mr. Hillier, who had learned to swim in his youth, expressed his intention of attempting to reach the shore, as there appeared no prospect of assistance. His brethren tried to dissuade him from it, but he was resolute. He had a wife and family on shore, and was naturally anxious to join them. After prayer to God he took out his watch, and, handing it to Mr. Jones, said, "If I do not succeed, and you should be saved, give it to my wife. Farewell! God bless you! If we never meet again on earth, we shall meet in heaven. It is for you, as well as for myself, that I make the trial. If I get on shore, I shall soon send out boats." He then plunged into the water, and swam very well for forty or fifty yards. Soon, however, he was obliged to desist; the current was too strong for him, or it was thought he would have succeeded. After some time he turned round and endeavoured to regain the wreck; but, before he reached it, a wave washed over it, and when it had passed Mr. Hillier was seen struggling in the sea at some distance. A piece of wreck was thrown towards him, but all in vain; he was carried down by the current, and was lost. Mr. Jones said, "Brother Hillier's sufferings are at an end; and this will soon be the case with us, for we cannot live much longer." Mr. Oke replied, "Our number gets less; it will soon be our lot to follow him." And every one began to say, "Who will be next?"

Abstinence from food and water now began to be almost insupportable, as the poor sufferers had had nothing since Monday night, and this was Thursday. Their longing for fresh water especially was indescribable, as the salt water washing into their mouths caused them to suffer more from thirst than they otherwise would have done. The captain, remembering that lead is useful in cases of hunger and thirst when masticated, obtained a piece for himself and for each of his fellow-sufferers, and it was found to afford considerable relief. Towards evening, Mr. Oke, seeing no hope of deliverance, asked the captain if he thought he could reach Sandy Point,

if he got upon a mast that was floating near them. The captain said he had little hope, but they would try. The captain and one of the surviving sailors accordingly got upon the mast; but it would not answer, as it turned round with them, and they were glad to rejoin their companions on the wreck. They had all suffered much during the day, from the scorching heat of the sun, and from pieces of wood jagged with nails, which by the force of the waves were frequently driven against them and tore their flesh. The wreck, moreover, began to disjoint, and they feared that it would not hold together another night. Under these circumstances the shades of evening closed in upon them once more, and, almost exhausted with hunger and exposure, they spent another dreary night, occasionally slumbering and watching in turns, and lifting up their hearts in prayer to God as best they could.

On Friday morning, the 3rd, Mrs. Jones awoke from a short sleep very weak and ill, and felt as if she was dying, but was somewhat cheered by the remembrance of a dream which she had had, that deliverance would come this day. She told this to the rest of the party, but all were so exhausted that they had scarcely power to speak. Mr. Jones could scarcely keep awake, and Mr. Oke must have suffered from mental aberration; for he conceived the idea that he could swim to the shore,—a thing that was utterly impossible in his weak state, even if there had been no current; but no persuasion could restrain him from making the vain attempt. He plunged into the water, but had no power to use his hands, and was carried away and seen no more. Mrs. Jones was slumbering at the time, and was much distressed to find Mr. Oke gone when she awoke. About this time a sailor attempted to get on shore with a plank, but was soon washed off and drowned. The last remaining seaman was almost dead when he also was washed away, and the survivors were reduced to three in number: namely, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and Captain Witney; all of whom were brought to the last extremity of

weakness and exhaustion. But the conclusion of this sad story will be best told in Mrs. Jones's own words :

“ Mr. Jones could now scarcely speak distinctly ; sometimes he would say, ‘ Let me go, for I am dying ! ’ and sometimes he asked me what was the matter with him. Every time a wave came it washed him almost from me ; he had no power to assist himself, and one at length bore him off so that I had only hold of his coat collar. I called to the captain, ‘ Mr. Jones is drowning ! O, if you can help me, do. Do not let him drown, for he is dying ! Raise him, and let him die in my arms ! ’ The captain turned round, and attempted to assist, but could not. He was not able to assist in lifting his foot over the bowsprit, but said, ‘ It is all over ; I am dead almost myself. I cannot, I cannot assist you. ’ I then, by a last effort, got his head upon my shoulder, but how I collected strength for the exertion I cannot tell. I continued to hold him in my arms, but I frequently thought I must yield him up. Then again I thought, ‘ O, if I can but save him until death has ended his sufferings ! ’ He spoke after this, but I could not answer him for weeping ; and I now felt as if my heart would break. Mr. Jones then gave a struggle, and cried aloud, ‘ Come, Lord Jesus ! ’ This he repeated three times, and then exclaimed, ‘ Glory, glory, glory ! ’ I held him several minutes, but he never moved nor spoke afterwards. I spoke to him, and begged him, if still alive, to move his hand ; but life had fled. Although completely exhausted, I could not yield him to the waves ; my heart seemed to say, ‘ Stop a while, before I let him go ; ’ but at length a wave washed him away, and he floated at my feet. The captain, to whom I called, was not able to speak, or even stir, being then almost dead. My feelings now quite overwhelmed me. The last thing I remember was saying, ‘ Farewell : I shall soon be with you. ’ ”

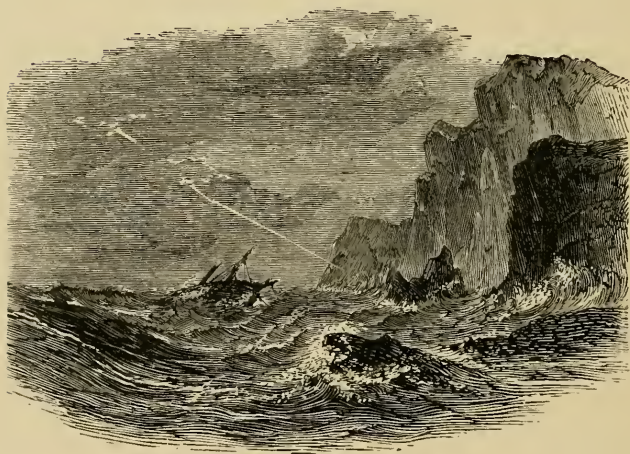
On the same day—Friday afternoon—an American captain entered St. John's Harbour, and reported that he had seen a wreck on Weymouth Reef ; and Mr. Kentish and Mr. Ashford,

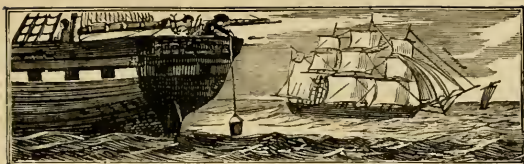
with a number of men, immediately went off in a boat to see if they could render any assistance. When they had reached the scene of the sad disaster, the captain had just expired, and Mrs. Jones was the only living creature found on the wreck. She was sitting in a state of utter insensibility, with her head resting on her hand, and her eyes intently fixed on the sea, where the waves had washed the body of her dear departed husband. When partly aroused from her stupor, she asked for water, gave her name and place of residence, and requested that her husband might be brought to her. She soon relapsed into unconsciousness, and was taken on shore apparently more dead than alive; but, by the skilful attention of Dr. Peddie, and the assiduous care of Mr. and Mrs. Kentish, at whose hospitable mansion she was kindly nursed and entertained, in a few weeks she was restored to moderate health; her recovery being almost as remarkable as her deliverance. She soon afterwards embarked for England, in company with Mrs. Hillier and her fatherless children. Mrs. Jones, the only survivor of the Mission party wrecked in the "Maria" mail-boat, lived about thirty years after her wonderful deliverance, and died in peace at Lytham, Lancashire, on Sunday, April 17th, 1859.

Thus suddenly and mysteriously were five worthy Christian Ministers called away in the midst of their usefulness; and the whole of the Wesleyan Mission Stations in Antigua, with about three thousand Church members, were left without Pastors till Missionaries could be sent out from England to fill the vacancies. Ultimately the needed supply arrived, and the work of the Lord greatly prospered. So true is it that "God buries His workmen, but carries on His work." As to the Missionaries who thus found a watery grave, it is consoling to know that they were men of God, and as such earnestly engaged in the work of their Divine Master up to the very last; exhorting their fellow-sufferers to behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. "Blessed are the

dead which die in the Lord : for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

"Mysterious to our reason seems your doom ;
Yet not less merciful that doom might be :
With your dear children in that hour of gloom,
Which neither might nor skill of man could flee,
You gave, at Heaven's omnipotent decree,
Your holy lives a willing sacrifice ;
And when the silent chamber of the sea
Shall hear the echoing trumpet rend the skies,
With them to meet the Lord in glory ye shall rise."





Section III.

HURRICANES AND EARTHQUAKES.

“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.”—PSALM *xlvi.* 1-3.

CHRISTIAN Missionaries are exposed not only to danger from wild beasts, savage men, unhealthy climates, and stormy seas; but they have frequently to encounter the elements of nature in fearful commotion on *terra firma*. This is especially the case in some of the South Sea islands, in Southern Africa, and in the West Indies, where hurricanes and earthquakes are of common occurrence. It does not come within the province of these sketches to attempt a solution of the various problems involved in the physical causes of these phenomena, but merely to point out their bearing upon the Missionary enterprise, and the manner in which they affect the temporal and spiritual interests of the people on the Stations where they occur. It is also interesting to trace the overruling providence and grace of God, in the preservation of human life, and in the confidence and consolation which He imparts to those who put their trust in Him, when “He arises to shake terribly the earth.” The great Jehovah has made Himself known to His people as a God that heareth prayer; and He has said, “Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.” (Psalm *l.* 15.) It is hoped that the following in-

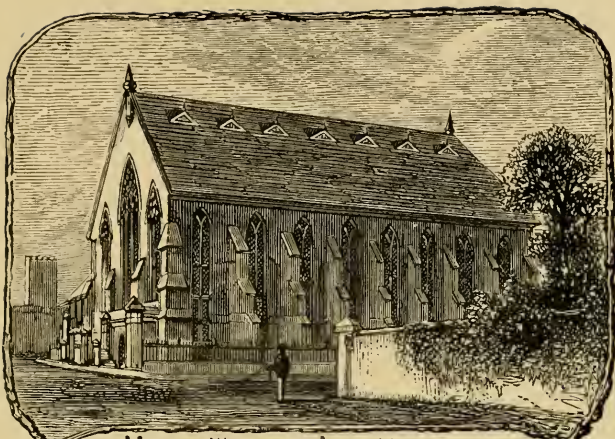
stances of Divine preservation extended to Missionaries, their families, and their people, when exposed to imminent peril from hurricanes and earthquakes, may serve to stimulate the friends of the enterprise to increased sympathy and constant intercession at the Throne of the Heavenly Grace.

Hurricane in the Bahamas.

In 1866 the Bahama Islands were visited by one of the most terrific and destructive hurricanes that was ever known in the West Indies. Of this calamity, which involved the Wesleyan Missions in deep distress, the Rev. Hilton Cheesbrough, the Chairman and General Superintendent of the District, gave the following account in a letter addressed to the Missionary Committee in London, dated Nassau, New Providence, October 20th :

“I write with deep sorrow in my heart, for I have great misfortunes to report. It has pleased God to sweep the Bahamas with a hurricane which for duration, force and destructiveness is said to be without a parallel in the history of the Colony. I endeavour to give a brief description of this awful visitation.

“On the evening of the 30th ultimo, whilst conducting Divine service in our beautiful Trinity chapel in this city, a fresh breeze was blowing from the north, which created no alarm, because deemed suitable for the season of the year at which we have arrived. It continued through the night, and by seven o'clock A.M., October 1st, awakened some apprehensions, not of a hurricane, but of a strong northerly gale. By ten o'clock it had increased alarmingly, and by noon had attained the force and fury of a hurricane. Mr. Holmes and I, assisted by the chapel-keeper, had done all we could to secure the fastenings of the new chapel, and hoped and prayed that it might stand. The same precautions had been taken to secure our dwelling-house. Persons were busy in



TRINITY (WESLEYAN) CHAPEL NASSAU N.P.



AS SEEN BEFORE AND AFTER THE HURRICANE
SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1866.

this way all over the city, and thus an incessant hammering was heard everywhere, through the noise of the storm. In the mean time the hurricane continued to increase, blowing apparently from the north at first, then from the north-east, till it acquired its maximum force. The last shift of the wind brought it round directly against the large window at the eastern end of the chapel. In less than five minutes one of the large panels was driven in, and in another minute or two the second panel gave way. Through these openings the wind rushed with awful force. Mr. Holmes and I were just about re-entering the chapel in hope of still saving it, by opening the large window at the western end, when, alas! the building fell with a tremendous crash. Had it stood three minutes longer, we should have been within it, and crushed to death beneath its ruins. The roof was torn from all its fastenings to the walls by a resistless power. It was then raised a little on the wings of the wind; and when the latter closed its pinions for a moment, the ponderous mass slid quietly down on one side, carrying away with it large portions of the wall, at the ends and sides of the building. This beautiful edifice was reduced to a heap of ruins at three o'clock P.M., after resisting the raging of the storm for several hours. All the precious things it contained, including the pulpit and communion rail and table of exquisite workmanship; a marble font, unique for its taste and elegance (the gift of a lady); a large and powerful organ, built for us in London at a cost of £600,—were utterly destroyed. The late chapel was by far the finest church structure I have seen in the West Indies; and several of our friends here have often said that for taste, accommodation and comfort, they had seen but few Methodist chapels that equalled it in England or America. It is now a ghastly spectacle. The new and handsome iron railing lately placed round it seems only to enclose a tomb, in which lie our buried hopes.

“The chapel being gone, I had now time to attend to the safety of my family. We carefully barred up the Mission-

house in all directions, and awaited the issue with extreme anxiety. The hurricane continued with little abatement of its forcetill seven o'clock in the evening, when almost suddenly there came a lull, which lasted for an hour and a half. Then, as we expected, it came back from the opposite quarter, the south-west, and raged with nearly its former fury until past midnight, when it slightly abated, and finally died away in the south-east at four o'clock A.M., October 2nd. The protracted agony of that long day and night may be conceived when I say that gusts of wind came with terrific fury every few seconds, and that during all these dreary hours we had reason to expect that the next blast would be fatal to us.

“The destruction of property is very great : 612 dwelling-houses are totally destroyed, and 510 others more or less injured, in New Providence alone. This enumeration does not include a single church or chapel, nor any public building, whereas St. Ann's and St. Mary's of the Establishment, our beautiful Trinity, and a large Baptist chapel are utter ruins ; St. Andrew's kirk and Christ Church cathedral are injured, and so is St. Agnes's, and so also are our Eastern and Grant's Town chapels. In all, including the out islands, twelve churches of the Establishment alone are in ruins, whilst sixteen Wesleyan chapels and three other Mission buildings are destroyed in whole or in part. The loss of boats, vessels, wharves, warehouses, stores, salt, salt works, cotton-fields, and the loss by damage done to goods, out-buildings of every sort, fruit-trees and crops of this and future years, is also very great. This island alone has received a blow from which it cannot recover for some years to come. Government is active in affording temporary relief to the houseless and starving poor. Various boards are formed for this purpose and are doing the best they can to meet the emergency.

“The news from the out-islands is very distressing. They have all severely suffered. Hundreds of houses are down, and hundreds of boats and vessels, the chief means of sub-

sistence to the people, are destroyed. Ground provisions there are none, and to the horrors of exposure in the bush are added the bitter pangs of hunger which hundreds are enduring. Provisions are being despatched by Government to the out-islands to afford temporary relief, and vessels are sent off to search the various Cays for shipwrecked seamen, of whom large numbers have been brought to Nassau, emaciated to the last degree by exposure and starvation. The great bulk of the vessel property of the colony is destroyed. The sponging business, which supplies us with our principal export, is almost at an end, by the total or partial destruction of the vessels engaged in it; whilst so many of the larger craft employed as licensed wrecking vessels have themselves been wrecked, that but few remain to save the foreign ships and property thrown upon our reefs and shores. From the former it is to be feared that but few, if any, of the hapless crews and passengers have escaped alive. Sickening details are appearing in every issue of our local journals of marine disasters, of dead bodies washed ashore, and of the general distress and misery which everywhere prevail."

After giving a detailed statement of the destruction and damage of Mission property in the various islands of the Bahama District, with estimates of the probable amount of loss sustained, Mr. Cheesbrough concludes his communication with the following touching remarks: "This is a sad tale of disaster and ruin, which fills my heart with a poignant grief whilst I am telling it. Nearly all that has been done in my time in this District, in the way of building and enlarging chapels, has been undone in a single day. The losses, privations, and sufferings of many of our people in all the Circuits, and the difficulties of carrying out our financial system without chapels, which are used here so extensively as class-rooms, will entail on us also the loss of Society income to a great extent, and render necessary either the reduction of the number of Missionaries or an increase of our grant for some time to come. And how are our chapels to be replaced? We shall need at least £5,000, of which

£3,000 or £4,000 will be required in New Providence. Our people are in general very poor, but they have in time past been proverbial for their Christian liberality. In 1864, for instance, we sent to the Mission Fund from this Circuit alone £425, which was £25 more than the Committee's grant for the whole District. We also sent you from this District £1,600 to the Jubilee Fund. Such a people surely deserve at your hands sympathy and help in the great calamity which has overtaken them. 'Scattered and peeled' as we are, we shall nevertheless do something to help ourselves; but the extent of our exertions and sacrifices will depend much on the stimulus and encouragement that may be afforded to us by the prompt and generous action of the Missionary Committee."

We are glad to be able to add that this appeal met with a most generous response from the friends of Missions in England, the handsome sum of £3,000 having been promptly contributed and sent out to aid in the rebuilding and repairs of the demolished and injured chapels in New Providence and the other islands of the Bahama group; besides large quantities of wearing apparel and relief in other forms for the suffering poor. The waste places of Zion were speedily restored throughout the District, and the work of the Mission was again prosecuted, with the blessing of God resting upon it as in former years.

" O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to com
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home."

Hurricane in the Antigua District.

On the 21st of August, 1871, several islands in the Antigua District were visited with a severe hurricane. The chief force of the storm fell upon Antigua, St. Kitts, Tortola and St. Thomas; but Nevis and some other islands did not entirely

escape. The desolating effects of this visitation will best appear from a brief extract or two from the communications of the Missionaries on some of the Stations alluded to.

Writing from Antigua, the Rev. J. Badcock says : "The morning of August 21st, 1871, will long be remembered as one of sadness and distress, and by many as a day of special mercies and deliverance from danger. Scarcely had the hallowed service of the Sabbath closed, before we had indications of a storm near at hand. About one o'clock A.M. the wind blew furiously from the north-east, and the falling of the barometer warned us to prepare for a gale, by fastening shutters, barring doors, &c. I did all that human forethought could prompt, to secure the Mission-house and save our lives. The wind increased in force, whirling leaves and branches of trees in all directions. About four A.M. the wind veered round to south-east, and in vain do I attempt to describe the awful scene which followed; the storm increased in violence, the blue-sheeted lightning fine flame played around, earthquakes convulsed the houses and ground, amid the shrieks and groans of many whose houses had already fallen, some with broken limbs, and scores of others begging for shelter in the Mission-house. The rain and violence of the wind I could compare to nothing but steam forced out of an engine. Our own house was burst open by the wind, and we were walking in the water for hours. All this will never be forgotten by us, but I am sure you will unite with us in thanks to Him by whom we have been preserved for 'His ever watchful providence, and ever wakeful love.' Our health I am thankful to say has not materially suffered from exposure; but our loss in Mission property in this Circuit is fearful:—namely, Free-town chapel, Teacher's house and out-buildings, in ruins, residence much damaged; Sion Hill chapel, school-house, Teacher's house and out-buildings, destroyed; Bethesda chapel, Teacher's house, with buildings, a wreck; Fremantle, only the other day removed to a far more convenient site at a considerable expense, in ruins. Parham, I am

thankful to say, has not suffered so much, but something must be done immediately to prevent further damage.

“Thus you will see that in the Antigua Second Circuit we have but one chapel standing, the people in abject poverty, having most of them lost their huts, and in many instances their furniture and clothes; so that in a financial point of view we can expect nothing from them this year at least, but must throw ourselves entirely upon the Committee. Do send us help at once; and give directions what must be done for the time. I have suffered personally—my conveyance has been broken up by the falling of the shed. Our houseless poor have been lodged in our school-room since the gale. We desire an interest in your prayers. Many years must pass before Antigua will recover the loss sustained by this awful visitation. I have been riding round every day since the hurricane to relieve cases of dire distress. If you could enlist the sympathies of a few of your wealthy men to assist the poor, it would be a great boon.”

Describing the effect of the hurricane in Tortola in a letter dated August 26th, the Rev. A. Kent says: “I have to convey the sad intelligence that a desolating hurricane passed over the Virgin Islands on Monday, the 21st instant. From early morning the sky presented a threatening and angry aspect, the wind blowing from the quarter most dreaded. It was not, however, till the barometer showed a disposition to fall, that our deepest fears were aroused; this was about twelve at noon. I superintended the barricading of Road Town chapel, doing everything possible, to save it. I then turned to secure the Mission-house. The wind continued to increase in fury and rage, attaining its height between half-past three and five P.M. Road Town chapel and school-house were complete ruins by four P.M. The Mission-houses sustained no serious damage, and their inmates, through a merciful Providence, are unhurt.

“East and West End chapels are gone, only the bare foundation walls remaining. Iron chapels cannot resist a gale. The Spanish Town, Jos Van Dykes, and Anegada chapels and

schools are standing: for this we are truly thankful. The Episcopal church, Road Town, is only slightly damaged, but the new church at Virgin Gorda is a total wreck. The prison is much injured in the roof. Except the chapel the destruction at Road Town is by no means equal to that of the hurricane in 1867; but in the country parts of Tortola, especially on the north side, the number of houses destroyed is painful. Hundreds of people are without shelter. As over five-sixths of the population of the Virgin Islands are Wesleyans, you may form some idea of the amount of suffering the Ministers are likely to come in contact with. Our prospects before the gale were very cheering, but now they are most mournful; however, we are not without hope. I have had a herculean task to collect and clear the shattered chapel at Road Town. East and West End require my presence. I have need to be somewhat ubiquitous. What to do for the poor people until the chapels can be rebuilt oppresses me much. Sheds seem the most feasible till I hear from you, but timber cannot be obtained."

As on former occasions, so on this, the Missionary Committee promptly responded to the appeals of their agents in the West Indies for assistance to enable them to restore the waste places of Zion. The Rev. William West was sent out to inspect and report on the amount of damage done to Mission property on the respective Stations, and the Committee granted about £5,000 in various sums to supplement the contributions of the people for the accomplishment of the desired object. The extent of the damage done by this hurricane will be further seen from the following extract from Mr. West's communication to the Committee after his visit: "In concluding this part of my report, I think it right to remark, 1. That the extent of the mischief done by the late hurricane, especially in the islands of Tortola and Antigua, can scarcely be conceived by any but an eye-witness. As I travelled through the latter island, every village that I passed presented a mass of ruins; while the buildings on the sugar estates, sugar

mills, boiling houses, managers' houses, &c., large stone erections, had been so battered and overthrown, that it seemed impossible that wind could have been the only agent engaged in their destruction. 2. That great thankfulness was expressed, by all parties concerned, for the kind sympathy and prompt help of the Committee. It was more than some of them had allowed themselves to hope; whilst the extent of the help proposed to be afforded is as great as they could reasonably desire. But for this timely help of the Committee, and in the impoverished state of the people, the Ministers of those Circuits that have been visited by the fearful scourge would not have known what to do: but now their hands are strengthened and their hearts are cheered."

"Righteous God! whose vengeful phials
 All our fears and thoughts exceed,
 Big with woes and fiery trials,
 Hanging, bursting o'er our head;
 While Thou visitest the nations,
 Thy selected people spare;
 Arm our cautioned souls with patience,
 Fill our humbled hearts with prayer."

Hurricane in Fiji.

Most of the islands of the South Sea are liable to hurricanes, and many pages might be filled with accounts of those which have occurred, from time to time, on Mission Stations, desolating the country and plunging both the Missionaries and their people into great discomfort and trouble. As a specimen, we insert here a brief narrative of one which occurred in Fiji, as communicated by the Rev. David Hazlewood:

"The wind for some days had been strong, but on the 5th of April, 1848, it increased mightily, and continued to increase till midnight, when it blew a fearful hurricane. Myself and one of our dear little girls were at Ono Levu; but my wife

and two other children were on the little island on the reef, where I had taken them for change of air. I and one of our Teachers sat up all night, watching our house, and expecting every renewed blast to bring it to the ground. The roar of the sea, and the howling of the wind, and the rain descending almost in a solid mass, made it a most dismal night. Such was the roar of the wind in the trees and the noise of the breakers on the reef, that we did not hear the crash of the house which fell not half a dozen yards from the place where we were sitting. But where were my dear wife and children? On a little island on the weather-side of the land, where they might, by one vast billow, be all swept in a moment into the foaming abyss, without the possibility of human aid. But where was our faith? Was there not One sitting above the water-floods, who could say to the proud waves, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further?' Yea, in Him our souls confided; and I felt but little doubt that their lives would be precious in His sight, and that He would either still the waves, or preserve them in the midst of them. He did the latter, for which I felt truly thankful.

"In the morning, the rain having ceased, and the wind moderated in a slight degree, I walked out to see what had been done during the night. As might be expected, I found that many houses had fallen, and in many places the ground was literally covered with banana and bread-fruit trees. I hastened to the sea-side, and looked towards the little island, on the safety of which all my earthly comforts depended. I could not discern any house distinctly, and concluded that ours had fallen during the night; but was happy to see that the trees, &c., made their usual appearance, and had not been materially disturbed. But there still appeared no possibility of approaching them,—the waves running and the wind blowing as if propelled by some mighty engine, as, indeed, I know not who that had seen them would have been disposed to deny that they were. About mid-day, however, the wind having somewhat abated, eight of the natives ventured to attempt a passage in two little *padding* canoes, the life-boats

of Fiji. They succeeded, and returned in the evening, having the wind aft, and set my heart quite at rest concerning my treasures there.

“Our house, in which my dear wife and children were, had fallen, as we suspected, during the night, and they had made their escape into a small house belonging to one of our Teachers, which they managed to prop up so as to serve them for the night; but early in the morning the waves came up into it, and they were obliged to flee, and build a little temporary shed on higher ground and further from the sea. The men who went to the island removed the house of the Teacher, just mentioned, up to a safer situation, where we afterwards remained till we got a new house built. My canoe shared the fate of several others; being drawn up high on the beach, it was carried back into the sea by the waves, and dashed to pieces, part of it being again thrown up on land in one place and part in another; they were, however, collected and afterwards put together again.

“It was not until the third day that I could venture across the water to see my dear wife and children, the wind being still very strong. I found her quite comfortable, her mind having been kept in peace, free from all anxiety as to the result of her trying situation. Some of our people who were away at a little uninhabited island, not more than twenty or thirty miles off, knew nothing of the hurricane till they came home. We have not heard whether it reached Lakemba. We deem it a great mercy that it did not happen two or three months earlier, as, had this been the case, it would have left the people in great distress, or even quite in famine, as has frequently been the case in former years; but the yam crop was so far advanced as not to be materially injured by it, except that a good many rotted through the abundance of rain.”

“Lo! here Thy wondrous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green;
A thousand herbs Thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.

“There the rough mountains of the deep
Obey Thy strong command :
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.”

Earthquake in Trinidad.

Earthquakes have not been of so frequent occurrence, nor so destructive in their effects as hurricanes, so far as our Mission Stations were concerned ; and yet we can call to mind some which were attended with very serious consequences, both in the West Indies and in the islands of the Pacific Ocean. The first earthquake which I witnessed on a foreign Station was in the island of Trinidad in the year 1840. It occurred one Sabbath evening soon after the commencement of public worship. I was confined with an attack of fever at the time, and the pulpit was occupied by Mr. W. Cleaver, a candidate for our Ministry. Whilst reclining on a couch in my study, in a state of great weakness, and endeavouring to listen to the singing in the adjoining chapel, the shock of earthquake came with such force as almost to throw me on the floor, the motion resembling the striking of a ship on a rock, whilst the house shook and rattled most fearfully in every part.

The congregation being alarmed began to rush out of the chapel, many of the people falling upon their knees in the attitude of prayer outside the building, in the most dangerous position if any of the neighbouring houses had fallen. With the hope of calming the tumult I immediately made my way into the chapel, and mounted the pulpit, sick as I was. The lamps were still swinging from the violent motion of the earth ; and the broken pieces of the glass shades which had been smashed by the oscillation were falling upon the floor with a frightful noise. After a short time I succeeded in restoring order, when the people returned to their seats and

the worship proceeded without further interruption. As additional shocks of earthquake were expected, I remained in the pulpit and took as large a part in the service as my strength would permit, my young friend and brother delivering the discourse which he had prepared for the occasion, when the people became sufficiently settled to listen to him. The alarm caused by the earthquake added to the solemnity of the service, and we had a very profitable season, especially at the Prayer-meeting with which it was concluded, some of the worshippers resolving, I trust, to give themselves afresh to God.

I am thankful to say that on this occasion no lives were lost, nor was any serious damage done to the Mission premises beyond a few cracks in the walls of the chapel, which would not have been thought much of, had it not been for the marks which the building bore of previous earthquakes. The population of Port of Spain and of the island generally were, however, seized with a strange panic about this time, a superstitious idea having got abroad that a more violent and destructive shock was to take place about ten days after the one I have mentioned. Under this apprehension multitudes of people left the city and sought for places of greater safety in the country, whilst others avoided sleeping in their houses which they thought might fall down upon them with the next shock, and preferred camping out in the open field. As we had no fear of the anticipated evil, we and most of our people remained unmoved at our respective posts of duty, and the dreaded day closed without any harm to any one. The excitement which had prevailed soon subsided, and we proceeded with our work as usual, thankful to God for His preserving goodness.

“ Here then I doubt no more,
But in His pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power
Engage to make me blest.”

Earthquake in St. Vincent's.

The next earthquake which I was called to experience occurred in the Island of St. Vincent in the year 1844. It took place soon after midnight on the 19th of January; and was accompanied with such a fearful trembling and heaving of the whole promontory on which the Mission-house and chapel at Biabou stood, that we felt as if we were in danger of being thrown into the sea. Immediately on being awoke from our sleep by the shock, we fell upon our knees by the side of the bed, and endeavoured in humble prayer to commend ourselves to the protecting care of the Almighty; while every timber in the house appeared to be shaking and cracking in the most appalling manner. All the buildings on the Station were wooden structures or they must certainly have been thrown down; for the vibration was so great that it actually stopped the clock and displaced several articles of furniture in our dwelling. On looking out next morning we saw several tall brick chimneys thrown down, and other damage done to the buildings on the neighbouring estates; but, through Divine mercy, we were once more preserved in the hour of danger, nor was any very serious injury done to Mission property in the Biabou Circuit.

Soon after this we had another violent shock of earthquake in St. Vincent. This occurred when as Ministers we were assembled in our Annual District Meeting in Kingstown. Having no suitable vestry available for the purpose, and the school-room being occupied by the day-school, our sittings were held in our large stone chapel, capable of seating about two thousand people. When the first shock occurred, conscious of our dangerous position in such a building, we rose from our seats and rushed towards the door, for the massive pile of masonry was heaving and panting like a thing of life, and we were glad to make our escape into the street before it

should fall upon us. But through a merciful Providence the violent motion subsided just as our beautiful sanctuary was threatened with immediate destruction. When the danger was passed, as we hoped, we returned to the chapel, and bowed our knees in humble thanksgiving to Almighty God for His preserving goodness in the hour of danger.

We felt concerned, however, for the safety of our respective families, for the shock of earthquake had caused much excitement among all classes of the community. On walking along the principal street of Kingstown I met my dear wife hastening towards the chapel, apprehensive that we might be exposed to the greatest danger from the circumstance of our being assembled in a massive stone building, whilst most of the dwelling-houses in the town were built of wood. We were favoured once more to congratulate each other on our mutual safety, and we rejoiced, moreover, that the threatened calamity had passed over without any material injury to the Mission families, or the property of the respective Stations, and with very little damage to the island at large. This was cause of special gratitude, as we soon heard of the desolating effect of the same earthquake in some of the neighbouring islands.

“ To accomplish His design
The creatures all agree ;
And all the attributes Divine
Are now at work for me.”

Earthquake in St. Domingo.

A destructive earthquake occurred in the island of St. Domingo in 1842, which involved the Missionaries and their families in the most imminent peril, and from which they were rescued by the special providence of God, whilst thousands of the inhabitants perished in the ruins. The accounts given of this appalling visitation by the Rev. Mark B. Bird and the Rev. William Fowler can scarcely fail to excite in every reader the

sincerest sympathy and the liveliest feelings of gratitude to God for the protection of His servants in the hour of danger. Writing from on board the brig "Active," in the harbour of Cape Haytien, whither he had fled for refuge when the city was destroyed, under date of May 12th, 1842, Mr. Bird says :

"I avail myself of the first opportunity to inform you, that, about five o'clock in the afternoon of the 7th instant, the entire of Cape Haytien was involved in one common ruin by an earthquake. The escape of myself and family from the general destruction is such an instance of the interference of Divine Providence as neither time nor eternity will be able to obliterate from my memory. The following are the particulars of the escape of myself and family and of the general event as witnessed by us :

"At the time of this awful catastrophe I was sitting reading in the balcony of our house, which projected into the street; Mrs. Bird was in a room three stories high, with our youngest and eldest children. Our servant was in the kitchen with our second child; and a young person living with us was in the act of walking from one part of the house to the other. At the moment I felt the shock I started from my chair, and soon became confounded, not knowing whether to turn backward or forward; and in this moment of inconceivable agitation the entire wall from which the balcony projected, where I was sitting, fell, and I was precipitated with it into the general ruin. The height from which I was thrown might have been eighteen or twenty feet; but I scarcely felt the fall; and, when down, was astonished to find myself in existence, although almost suffocated with the dust which rose from this fearful and general crash. In this condition I remained for some seconds; during which time the earth continued to tremble, and, having no idea but a beam or some falling wall would soon send me into eternity, I commended my spirit to God my Saviour; but His great mercy suffered me to live. When the dense cloud of dust had passed over, I arose; and beheld nothing but one vast scene of ruin which extended to the

utmost limits of the fine city of Cape Haytien, with here and there a person emerging from the ruins, which I could compare to nothing but a resurrection. But an intense anxiety soon seized me for my wife and children; and knowing that my beloved wife was in an upper room previous to the event, I rushed to the place, and on my way met our servant at the kitchen door with our second child in her arms quite safe. My ascent to my dear wife and children was partly over the ruins of our house, and partly up two staircases which had been dreadfully shaken, and were quite unsafe; but my intense anxiety overcame all sense of danger, and I soon reached the room where I found Mrs. Bird and the two children on the floor, having been violently thrown from their seats by the shock. My joy at finding them safe was such as no language could express. My next anxiety was for the young person who was living with us. Not seeing her, I concluded she must be dead; but I afterwards found her alive and unhurt. Thus, by Divine goodness and mercy, our whole household has been suffered to escape from one of the most awful visitations of God that has ever been recorded on the page of history.

“Having got my family together, we hastened over the ruins,—for there were no longer any streets, no, not even one street that was not filled up with the ruins of the houses from both sides,—to the sea-side; but we had no sooner got there than we were terrified with the idea, that we should be overwhelmed by the sea, which for a few moments rushed towards the town; but our heavenly Father saved us from this. As soon as it was possible I got into one of the boats in the harbour; and, with many more, went off to a German brig, the ‘Active,’ commanded by Mr. J. Beckman, whose unbounded hospitality and kindness have rendered him worthy of our sincerest gratitude. Thank God, whose mercy has thus found an asylum for my dear wife, who had not been confined three weeks when this overwhelming event took place, and who had not ventured out of the house since her confinement, until she had to climb over the ruins of this fallen city; but

hitherto neither she nor the dear infant has been at all the worse.

“ To give you anything at all like an adequate description of this awful calamity would be utterly impossible. It is one of those events which overwhelm the imagination, and baffle all description. Picture to yourselves the suddenness of the visitation, literally ‘as a thief in the night,’—the groans of the dying, the cries of those who were imploring help from under the ruins, without any possibility of being rescued, the continuance of the shocks, the rush of the sea towards the ruined city; in fine, think of one of the finest and strongest built cities in the West Indies, with a population of about nine thousand, cast down in a moment by Omnipotence, and two-thirds of the population buried in an instant in one common grave, and you will have some faint idea of a scene which it wrings my heart with anguish to think of. In the night which succeeded the earthquake, the fallen timbers among the ruins took fire, caused no doubt by the fires of the different kitchens, which must have been an awful addition to the agonies of those whose death was not instantaneous.

“ But, as though this guilty people had not filled up the measure of their iniquity, this awful judgment of God had no sooner taken place than the work of plunder commenced by the people who soon came in from the interior, so that each one who sought his own among the ruins considered it necessary to arm himself with pistol and sword; and thus every man’s hand seemed to be turned against his fellow. This can the more easily be imagined as taking place, when it is considered that so many of the authorities had fallen victims; and that, consequently, all rule and order were necessarily suspended. The towns and villages in the neighbourhood of the Cape are all prostrate; but we have not yet heard what the fate of the capital is. We are, as you will necessarily suppose, in a state of destitution, having only escaped with our lives and what we had on. I am at present at a loss to know what way to turn; but if I hear that Port-

au-Prince is in existence, it is my intention to proceed thither by the first opportunity. I have unbounded confidence in the providence of God; and believe that our path will be made plain. How shall I ever be able sufficiently to praise God for this remarkable, this wonderful deliverance from such a danger as one cannot think of without shuddering? Ever since it has been my honour to be a Missionary I have been enabled to say, 'I count not my life dear unto me;' but now I am dumb with astonishment. I can only say to my great Deliverer:

'Take my body, spirit, soul:
Only Thou possess the whole.'

Although severely shaken, Port-au-Plaat was not entirely destroyed. The Rev. William Fowler, the Missionary stationed there, says, "You will most likely have learned by a more direct conveyance than I can avail myself of, the awful visitation which this island has just experienced. On Saturday, May 7th, about five o'clock in the afternoon, we had three violent shocks of earthquake, the two last of which were the most powerful. The surrounding mountains and trees, and the houses of this city, reeled to and fro like a drunken man; 'the earth trembled at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob.' Even whilst thinking and writing of it, it makes me dizzy. The Mission-house rolled so much as to throw over the chairs and the water-jars; the books and bottles of medicine in my study were cast from the shelves to the floor, and most of the houses in the city were affected in the same manner. A range of stone and brick buildings, consisting of dwelling-houses and stores, were in a moment laid in ruins; but the greater part of the houses and all our lives have been mercifully spared. Glory be to God for His great goodness to us! It has not been thus with some of the neighbouring cities. Santiago, sixty miles in the interior, is in ruins; many of the inhabitants were killed at the time, and many are now suffering from want of the necessaries of life.

“We have had religious services in our chapel once or twice every day since the earthquake. We have been led to examine our own hearts and lives, and to humble ourselves before God, beseeching Him to avert further calamity. Many have come forward and declared their resolution to forsake sin, and enter into the service of God; some have already felt the truth of our Saviour’s words, ‘Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.’ I have made the alarm caused by the earthquake an occasion of visiting the natives from house to house, and conversing with them, and giving them tracts and books to read. May God grant that any good impressions that are made may not quickly wear away!”

“O that all the art might know
Of living thus to Thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here Thy glory see!”

Earthquake in the Antigua District.

One of the most disastrous earthquakes ever known in the West Indies in modern times, and one which involved the Mission Stations in the largest amount of loss and suffering, occurred in Antigua and neighbouring islands on Wednesday, the 8th of February, 1843. A few brief extracts from the communications of the Missionaries will show in some measure the nature and extent of this dire calamity.

Writing from Antigua, a few days afterwards, the Rev. H. Cheesbrough gives the following account of what happened in that island: “At twenty minutes before eleven o’clock, on Wednesday morning, the 8th instant, Antigua was visited by a dreadful earthquake. The business of the District Meeting had closed the day before; some of the brethren had already left us, and others were in the act of bidding us adieu, when the Mission-house began to reel beneath our feet. This was attended by those indescribable subterranean

noises which usually accompany violent earthquakes. We stood looking at each other in mute astonishment for a moment; but finding the motion lasting and getting worse, we rushed into the streets, where we were joined by hundreds of persons running together from all parts of the town, pale with fear, and rending the air with their cries, prayers, and lamentations. At this moment I looked at our fine large chapel, which shook like a leaf, and then gave way; all the upper parts of the building descending first, and being instantly followed by the hewn stones which form the facing of the front. Simultaneously with this sad event there arose clouds of dust from every part of the town; and the crash of falling buildings was heard, blended with the piercing shrieks of the people, and accompanied by that horrid heaving and trembling of the earth beneath our feet, which awakened a general apprehension that we were all about to descend into a common grave. But God had mercy on us, and restrained the power of the mighty agent, after it had been at its work of ruin about two minutes and a half.

“On the dust clearing away we saw the extent of the mischief which had been wrought. Almost every piece of masonry in St. John’s is in ruins. The parish church is totally destroyed. All the stone-built stores and dwellings are either entirely level with the ground, or left in such a state of dilapidation as to require immediate demolition in order to public safety. Our noble Ebenezer chapel is so far injured that it is doubtful whether it can ever be used as a place of worship again. Our Parham chapel is not much injured; but the Mission-house is seriously damaged, and the out-buildings and fences are all down. The Willoughby Bay chapel, a large stone building, is totally ruined, and the Mission-house is also much injured. English Harbour chapel is damaged, but not much, being a wooden structure. The Bolan’s chapel is level with the ground, and the Mission-house is so far injured as to be incapable of repairs. Sawcotts is badly injured; and the Point chapel, St. John’s, will require extensive repairs.

“Our desolations are great, but not so great as God’s mercies. He hath shaken the earth terribly, and made of the city a heap; yet, amid an overthrow so general, not more than a few lives have been lost. He has taken our property, but preserved the souls of the impenitent from going down to perdition. May the deep religious impressions which appear to have been made result in the unfeigned repentance and salvation of all the people! The Mission families are all safe. We were separated from our children, but God took care of them; and when we found them they had narrowly escaped destruction by the falling of the chapel, but were unharmed. To God be all the praise! We have taken refuge in a small house of two rooms, the one we previously occupied being untenable. We have held prayer-meetings in different parts of the town, and on Sunday we shall worship God under the broad canopy of heaven.”

Writing from St. Kitt’s the Rev. James Cox says: “On that fatal day, Wednesday, February 8th, we left Antigua, having closed our business the preceding evening. The last service held in that chapel I shall never forget. Mr. Horsford preached to a large congregation on Col. iii. 4. The brethren and their wives then united in partaking of the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper; a custom we have always observed in this District on the eve of our separation. The overshadowing presence of the Lord was felt in our midst, and we separated, uncertain of ever assembling again on earth, but in joyful anticipation of a reunion in heaven. At a quarter past eight next morning our vessel, containing the Montserrat and St. Kitt’s Missionaries, was under weigh. The day was beautifully clear. Not a cloud was to be seen on Montserrat or Antigua; when, at twenty minutes before eleven o’clock, *we felt the earth quake!* Our vessel trembled and creaked in every timber! It lasted more than a minute: and if so violent on the sea, we feared much for the land. Lurid smoke covered Montserrat immediately, and some parts of Antigua. Our captain exclaimed, ‘See the cloud of smoke on Guadaloupe,—a vol-

cano!’ On arriving at Montserrat, about four hours afterwards, we heard dismal tidings of cliffs falling, houses rent, estates prostrated, four lives lost, our Mission property seriously injured, &c. After landing Mr. Leggatt and family, and Mr. Hawkins, we hastened away to our own Circuit, to know what had befallen us here. The moon shone in silvery brightness, smiling on the scene of desolation. O how grateful to God did we feel on learning the *comparative* escape we had had here! for, though our island has suffered, it is nothing compared to Antigua. While several stone buildings have been thrown down in Basseterre, and others fractured and seriously injured, it is with unfeigned gratitude that I am enabled to report that our large chapel, though slightly cracked above the arch of each window, is not seriously damaged, and its state excites no alarm. This is the case also with our chapels at Palmetto Point, Old Road, and Sandy Point. This is a most serious dispensation for the District; but we submit. ‘Thy will be done!’ ‘Clouds and darkness are round about Him:’ but He is good, infinitely good, still. Such a tremendous visitation has never been known in these islands before. We are endeavouring to improve it.”

In reference to Nevis the Rev. J. Pilcher, after describing the sudden, hollow, rumbling sound with which the earthquake commenced, says: “Putting my hand upon our newly-arrived brother Steele, I said, ‘This is an earthquake!’ thinking it would be over in a second or two; but, no! it increased in violence; and I instantly proceeded to my wife and children, who were in the sitting-room. We hastened out of the house as soon as possible, scarcely able to keep upon our legs; and when we got out, O, what a scene! The roar, the trembling, the awful rocking to and fro, the falling walls and chimneys, boards literally thrown off the pile, the general cry, especially of our two hundred school-children, in the school, altogether beggars description. Thank God, not a hair of our head is injured! Though greatly shaken, we are all well.

“As soon as we had a little recovered we hastened to look

to our premises ; which, we are thankful to say, though injured, are not irreparably so. Happily for us, neither the new stone house nor the new stone chapel were finished, or they must have come down. In town the destruction of property is considerable ; nor is it less in the country. The earth opened in several places ; but there has been no sinking. Our poor chapel at Gingerland is all but down : nothing saves it but the new addition in course of erection. I fear it must come down. The chapel at Newcastle is rent and shattered, but I do not yet know to what extent. Thank God that the earthquake occurred in the daytime, that we were here, and that no life was lost ! On the fearful morning many ran to the chapel ; and at twelve o'clock we had public prayers, and also at night. On Wednesday we intend holding a day of humiliation and prayer ; and we trust that God will hear and save us. O that this visitation may be sanctified to the awakening of sinners ! But how are we to build our waste places, seeing our people are so impoverished, and our financial resources cut off ? ”

Other Missionaries besides Mr. Pilcher made similar inquiries, and appealed to the Missionary Committee for help to rebuild or repair the chapels destroyed or injured by the earthquake. The appeal was promptly and cheerfully responded to, and, although the damage done to Mission property in the Antigua District amounted to more than £10,000, assisted by the friends of the cause in England, the Committee were in a position to make such grants in aid as enabled the Missionaries and their people to repair the waste places of Zion, and the work of evangelization in all the islands proceeded as before. Thus did Divine Providence work in wisdom and goodness, for the defence of His servants and for the accomplishment of His purposes of mercy, in a manner far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine.

“ Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully He the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.”

Earthquake in the Friendly Islands.

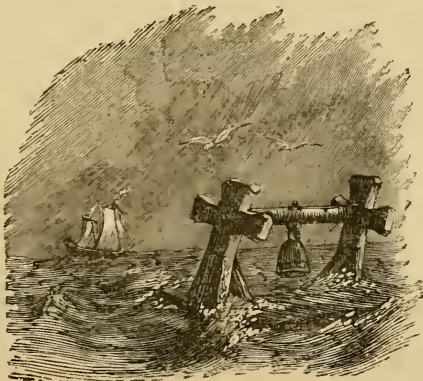
Numerous cases of earthquake have occurred in the southern world, affecting our Mission Stations ; but the most remarkable instance which we remember, and the only one which we have space to record, was that which took place in the Friendly Islands in connection with the wreck of the Missionary ship "John Wesley." In this instance we are in the order of Divine Providence to attribute, not the destruction, but the saving of lives, to a sudden shock of earthquake which occurred just at the right time to accomplish this object.

The vessel left Haabai on Friday, the 17th of November, 1865, with the Rev. Messrs. Davis, Lee, Baker and Dyson, together with Mr. and Mrs. Moss, on board. Their destination was Nukualofa, in Tongataboo, where the District Meeting was to be held. In addition to this Mission party there were also two other passengers on board, with Captain Welch and his crew. Every thing went well for a time ; and about two o'clock on Saturday morning land was sighted, and the vessel's course was changed that she might pass the small uninhabited island of Tau in safety. About twenty minutes past four A.M. the ship struck upon a reef, very gently at first ; but this occurred again and again, till she finally stuck fast on a shelving rock, in the midst of roaring breakers. The sea washed over the vessel and drenched the passengers through and through, till the dawning of the day.

The Missionaries betook themselves to prayer in the cabin of the sinking ship. They had scarcely concluded their devotions when the vessel gave a heavy lurch, and with a tremendous crash broke her back, and began to fill rapidly. Meantime, just at the right moment, a violent shock of earthquake was felt, which was followed by a few immense waves of the sea, the like of which were never seen before in that neighbourhood. These waves lifted up the vessel bodily and carried it inside the reef, and then subsided, leaving her in less than three feet of water. The wreck was total ; but the lives of all on board, with the ship's cargo, were by this special

favour of God placed out of serious danger. But for the earthquake, which no doubt caused the extraordinary waves which floated the ship into shallow water, she would probably have filled, slid off the reef on the change of current, and gone down in deep water, involving a loss of life and property appalling to contemplate. Well might the Missionaries exclaim on the occasion, "O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

And let no one suppose the Missionaries were mistaken in their pious conclusion that it was in answer to prayer that God thus interposed on their behalf, and verified His own word, where He says, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee; and thou shalt glorify Me." The fact of the earthquake is placed beyond a doubt by the concurrent testimony of parties who could have no interest in the matter, and who were totally ignorant of what had befallen the "John Wesley." The *Times* newspaper of March 9th, 1866, records that Captain Morse, of the ship "Syren," of Boston, U.S., had just arrived at Birkenhead, and reported a remarkable shock of earthquake which he and his men experienced at sea, at six o'clock in the morning of the 17th of November, 1865, when in lat. 24° south, and long. $173^{\circ} 30'$ west. Verily there is a God in heaven Who rules all created things and Who hears and answers the prayers of those who call upon Him in sincerity and in truth.





Section IV.

JOYS AND SORROWS OF MISSION LIFE.

“In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses ; in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastingsas sorrowful, yet always rejoicing ; as poor, yet making many rich ; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.”—2 COR. VI. 4-10.

MISSION life in heathen lands has its joys and its sorrows, its hopes and its fears, its encouragements and discouragements, which should be duly estimated if we would form a correct view of the various exercises of the agents employed, and of the character of the work in which they are engaged. The lights and shadows of Missionary experience to which I allude have reference to personal affliction, domestic bereavement, hopes blighted, and to the real and permanent success with which God is pleased frequently to bless the labours of His servants. If these contingencies are carefully considered in all their aspects, we shall be better prepared to sympathize with the Missionaries and their families, and to bear them up at the Throne of Grace. And it is hardly necessary to say that, valuable as are our contributions, our sympathy and our prayers are quite as essential to the success of the enterprise. None but those who have actually left their native land, and spent years of toil and triumph, and of joy and sorrow, it may be, whilst endeavouring to elevate their fellow-men in the scale of being, and to save their souls from death, can fully appre-

ciate the importance of these. Hence, with earnestness and pathos, they take up the touching plea of the Apostle: "Brethren, pray for us, that the work of the Lord may have free course and be glorified." (2 Thess. iii. 1.)

Farewell to Home.

The first great trial of the Missionary is separation from home, and country, and friends, and everything which is dear to a feeling heart. When a Missionary is happily married before his embarkation, it alters the case somewhat; but still human nature will feel, and I shall never forget my own experience when called to leave an aged parent, and brothers and sisters and friends and relatives, to go far hence to dwell in an unhealthy climate, with but little hope of ever seeing my friends or native land again. Nor are Missionaries' wives exempt from this great trial. Perhaps they are generally the keenest sufferers. I have never met with a more touching instance of acute feeling when the hour of parting came than that of Mrs. Judson, the wife of Dr. Judson, the first American Missionary to Burmah. This may be briefly given as a specimen of what hundreds have endured.

When writing in her journal on board ship, under date of February 19th, 1812, soon after her embarkation, Mrs. Judson thus expresses herself: "O America! my native land, must I leave thee? Must I leave my parents, my sisters and brothers, my beloved friends, and all the scenes of my early youth? Must I leave thee, Bradford, my dear native town, where I spent the pleasant years of childhood; where I learned to lisp the name of my mother; where my infant mind first began to expand; where I learned the endearments of friendship, and tasted all the happiness this world can afford; where I learned also to love my Saviour, and to count all things but loss, in comparison with the knowledge of Him? Yes, I must leave you all for a heathen

land and uncongenial clime. Farewell, happy, happy scenes; but never, no, never to be forgotten ! ”

A few days afterwards she says : “ I spent some time this evening on deck. The weather was pleasant ; the motion of the vessel gentle, though rapid ; and the full moon shone clearly on the water ; and all things around conspired to excite pleasing, though melancholy, sensations. My native land, my home, my friends, and all my forsaken enjoyments rushed into my mind ; my tears flowed profusely ; and I could not be comforted. Soon, however, the consideration of having left all these for the dear cause of Christ, and the hope of being one day instrumental of leading some poor degraded females to embrace Him as their Saviour, soothed my griefs, dried up my tears, and restored tranquillity to my mind.”

Thus at the commencement, as throughout its entire course, the life of a Missionary is one of light and shade, joy and sorrow. And unless the work be taken up after having carefully counted the cost, and in a spirit of self-sacrifice, the shade will preponderate, and there will be but little of the light and joy of prosperity to compensate for the inevitable trials and difficulties. To none are the words of the Saviour more important or more appropriate than to those who are engaged in the Missionary enterprise : “ No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.” “ If any man will be My disciple, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me.”

“ Jesus, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee ;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.”

The Missionary's Farewell.

More than thirty years ago a devoted Missionary, on leaving his native land for Africa, gave expression to his

feelings in the following poetic strains ; and at my request he wrote the lines in my scrap-book :

“Farewell to the land of my birth ;
 To those scenes which I cannot but love ;
 To the nearest and dearest on earth,
 Till we meet in the mansions above.

The soft swelling breezes are nigh,
 They beckon me down to the shore ;
 And swift will they bear me away
 From the land I may never see more.

I could sigh—but my heart's not my own ;
 I could weep—but those tears are forbade.
 Why should I ? I am not alone :
 ‘I am with thee,’ MY SAVIOUR hath said.

With Him I embark on the deep,
 A stranger to peril and fear.
 His hand the huge billows shall keep ;
 His presence shall gladden me there.

I count all things but loss for His sake,
 Who hath shown such rich mercy to me ;
 I go there rich blessings to take,
 And proclaim that those blessings are free.

Yes, the Negro who weeps on the shore,
 Whose colour hath doomed him a slave,
 Precious balm in his wounds will I pour,
 And point him to ONE that can save.

I point to the Lamb that was slain,
 Was slain that the Negro might live ;
 Whose hands can unrivet his chain,
 And the best of all freedom can give.

O ! how do I long to convey
 This glad news to the African shore !
 Blow, breezes, and waft me away
 From the land I may never see more.

Farewell to the land of my birth,
 To the scenes which I cannot but love ;
 To the nearest and dearest on earth,
 Till we meet in the mansions above !”

Affecting Bereavement.

Many pages might be filled with touching stories of domestic bereavement on foreign Stations as illustrative of the shady side of Mission life; but one or two as specimens must suffice. One of the most affecting incidents of the kind which has come under our notice was the death of the first Mrs. Judson, of the American Baptist Mission to Burmah, concerning which we proceed to give a few particulars.

Mrs. Judson had been fourteen years engaged in the work which was so dear to her heart, and had suffered untold privations and afflictions during the two years of her husband's imprisonment in the time of the Burmese war, when she was smitten down by fever, at Amherst, on the 24th of October, 1826, with only a few Christian natives and her infant daughter about her, Dr. Judson being at Ava at the time, a distance of one thousand miles. On receiving intelligence of his great loss the bereaved Missionary returned to his Station with a sorrowful heart.

Giving an account of this mournful event Dr. Judson says, "At length we reached the house, and I almost expected to see my love coming out to meet me as usual; but no, I saw only in the arms of Mrs. Wade (who had arrived at Amherst about a month after Mrs. Judson's death) a poor little puny child, who could not recognize her weeping father, and from whose infant mind had long been erased all recollection of the mother who loved her so much. She turned away from me in alarm, and I, obliged to seek comfort elsewhere, found my way to the grave; but who ever obtained comfort there? Thence I went to the house in which I left her, and looked at the spot where we last knelt in prayer, and where we exchanged the parting kiss. The only pleasant recollection—the only one that assuages the anguish of retrospection—is, that she now rests far away from trouble, where

no executioner can fill her heart with terror; where no unfeeling magistrate can extort the scanty pittance which she has preserved, through every risk, to sustain her fettered husband and famishing babe; no more exposed to lie on a bed of languishing, stung with the uncertainty what would become of her husband and child when she was gone. O, with what meekness, patience, magnanimity, and Christian fortitude she bore her sufferings! And can I wish they had been less? Can I sacrilegiously wish to rob her crown of a single gem? Much she saw and suffered of the evil of this evil world; and eminently was she qualified to relish and enjoy the pure and holy rest into which she has entered. True, she has been taken from a sphere in which she was singularly fitted, by her natural disposition, her winning manner, her devoted zeal, and her perfect acquaintance with the language, to be extensively serviceable in the cause of Christ; true, she has been torn from her husband's bleeding heart, and from her darling babe; but infinite wisdom and love have presided, as ever, in this most afflictive dispensation. Faith decides that it is all right, and the decision of faith eternity will soon confirm."

It is affecting to add that the stricken mourner was soon called to drink yet another bitter cup of anguish. When bereaved of his heroic and devoted wife, he indulged the hope that his dear little motherless daughter, Maria, would be spared to him to comfort him in his loneliness. But this God did not see fit to allow. Just six months after the death of her mother the darling infant was called to join her in the skies. Writing on the 26th of October, 1827, Dr. Judson says, "My sweet little Maria lies by the side of her fond mother. All our efforts, and prayers, and tears could not propitiate the cruel disease, and she was taken from us on the 24th instant, aged two years and three months. Thus am I left alone in the wide world, one of my dear children being buried in Rangoon, and the other in Amherst with her dear mother under the Hopia tree. What remains for me now, but to

hold myself in readiness to follow the dear departed to that blessed world,

“Where my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Where God my Saviour reigns?”

The White Man's Grave.

It is not without cause that Western Africa has been designated “the white man's grave.” The climate, especially on the coast and in the neighbourhood of the mouths of the numerous large rivers which pour their turbid waters into the Atlantic, is undoubtedly very unhealthy to Europeans, as I can testify from personal experience. Although the Stations occupied by the Wesleyan Missionary Society have hitherto been comparatively few, and confined chiefly to the Gambia, Sierra Leone, and the Gold Coast settlements, it is a fact that no fewer than *sixty-three* of their valuable agents, Missionaries and the wives of Missionaries, were cut down by death during the first half-century of the Society's labours. Some of these had scarcely entered the field when they were called away by the Master, under circumstances peculiarly distressing. As an illustration of this, and as a specimen of a large number of bereavements which have marked the progress of our West African Mission, I may here give a brief sketch of the history of one Mission-party.

To meet the necessities of the new Mission at Cape Coast, left vacant by the lamented death of the Rev. J. R. Dunwell, the first Missionary to that country, the Rev. G. O. Wrigley and his excellent wife were sent out the following year. They arrived at Cape Coast Castle on the 15th of September, 1836; and they were received with grateful feelings by the little flock of native converts. Four months afterwards, on the 15th of January, 1837, they were joined by the Rev. Peter and Mrs. Harrop, who had been dispatched to strengthen the Mission, and to provide against those casualties to which the

work had so often been subject in Western Africa. With this efficient staff of labourers it was hoped that the good work, which had assumed such an encouraging aspect, would be prosecuted without interruption and with great success. But, how frail and short-sighted is mortal man! In a few short months the whole party was swept away by fever, and the people were again left as sheep having no shepherd. Indeed, both Mr. and Mrs. Harrop died in three weeks after their arrival, having been attacked soon after they landed. They all finished their course and were called to their reward in the following order :—Mrs. Harrop on the 5th of February, Mr. Harrop and Mrs. Wrigley on the 8th of February, and Mr. Wrigley on the 15th of November, 1837.

We may imagine the feelings of the poor bereaved Missionary, Mr. Wrigley, the last survivor of the four, when he was called to close the eyes of his beloved wife and those of his dear colleague in the same hour, and that within three days of the death of the first victim of the fell destroyer. Writing to the Missionary Committee in London a few days afterwards, he says : “ Life indeed in my circumstances has no charms ; nor could I support myself beneath the weight of such a stroke were it not for the hope of ere long joining the glorified spirit of my devoted partner, and in the meantime of following up those victories of the cross of our Emmanuel, which together we have been enabled to achieve to His glory, since we arrived on these inhospitable shores.” This hope of meeting in heaven with the glorified spirits of the dear departed was soon realized by the removal of the writer to the “ better country.”

“ O what a joyful meeting there !
In robes of white arrayed,
Palms in our bands we all shall bear
And crowns upon our head.
“ Then let us hasten to the day,
When all shall be brought home ;
Come, O Redeemer, come away,
O Jesus, quickly come ! ”

The Seasoning Fever.

One of the greatest hindrances to the spread of the Gospel, the progress of civilization, and to social improvement in every form in Western Africa, is the character of the climate, so unfriendly to the health of Europeans. And it is on the Christian efforts of white men that the work must mainly depend, till intelligent converted natives are raised up in sufficient numbers to relieve them of the burden, which, of course, cannot be expected for many years to come. In their noble struggle against the fatal influence of the climate many brave men have fallen; but, thanks to the great Head of the Church, others have been found ready to take their places and to carry on the work. When I was appointed as a Missionary to the Gambia Station, in 1830, my predecessor and his excellent wife had both been called away by death, and the Mission having been left unoccupied for several months, every thing wore a desolate and gloomy appearance. Under these circumstances it was with peculiar feelings that Mrs. Moister and I commenced our labours in Western Africa. We expected to pass through scenes of toil and affliction, and our anticipations were fully realized. Scores of times we were prostrated and brought to the very gates of death by severe attacks of the common country fever, and we were as often raised up again by the good providence of God. But the most perilous and trying ordeal which we had to pass through was that which is technically called the "seasoning fever," with which we, like all new comers, were visited soon after our arrival on the coast.

In my own case the seasoning fever was very severe, and there were some circumstances connected with it of more than ordinary interest, which appear worthy of a passing notice. It commenced in the usual way with a protracted fit of shivering, followed by intense dry burning heat, which continued for four days and nights without intermission; and

as it was known that of those who had been cut down, few had survived the fifth day, serious apprehensions were entertained as to the result. Although in great pain and weakness, I was perfectly sensible of my precarious state, and of all that was passing around me, and felt much affected by the incessant watchings and anxious looks of my dear wife, who was constantly by the bedside. Dr. Tebbs, Mr. Grant, old Tanta Mary Ann, and other friends were also untiring in their kind attention, scarcely leaving the Mission-house for more than an hour or two at once during the most critical period of the attack. Whilst evident marks of gloom and sadness appeared in every countenance, my own mind was kept in perfect peace, and I felt fully resigned to the will of God, whatever the result might be.

After I had endured the burning fever day after day and night after night without relief, and was reduced to a state of extreme weakness and exhaustion, a little incident occurred which affected me much, and which left an impression upon my mind never to be obliterated. It was the gloomy hour of midnight. All was hushed in profound silence. The attendants in the chamber of affliction, anticipating that it might soon become the chamber of death, spoke to each other in subdued whispers, that they might not disturb the supposed slumbers of the suffering patient, and soft were the footfalls of those who had occasion to move about the room. Suddenly a strange murmuring sound, borne on the wings of the midnight breeze, caught my ear. I faintly inquired, "What is that?" and I was much affected when my dear wife replied, "It is the native members holding their prayer-meeting in one of the huts at a distance, as they have done every night since you were taken ill, for the purpose of beseeching the Lord in mercy to raise you up again."

On being thus made acquainted with this touching circumstance, I felt my soul moved afresh for the exercise of a more vigorous faith in the goodness and mercy of God, and I said in the language of David, "I shall not die, but live, and

declare the works of the Lord." And it was even so. Before daylight in the morning the crisis came; the fever broke and profuse perspiration followed. The intelligence of the favourable change spread rapidly through the settlement, and was cause of joy to all our people, whose praises now ascended to heaven. I was soon convalescent, and in the course of two or three weeks I was again enabled to discharge my ministerial duties as before. The members of the Church, who had trembled at the thought of being again left as sheep having no shepherd, and who had been incessant in their petitions for me, regarded my speedy recovery as an answer to their prayers; and I myself believe that on this and on other occasions my preservation was owing mainly to the earnest intercessions of God's faithful people, for "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." (James v. 16.)

" Oft from the margin of the grave
 Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
 Sudden I found Thee near to save,
 The fever own'd Thy touch and fled."

Thirst in the Desert.

When Dr. Livingstone returned from his famous journey across the Continent of Africa in 1856, he recommended the establishment of a Mission among the Makololo, an interesting tribe on the banks of the Zambesi. An expedition was planned and equipped accordingly by the London Missionary Society, and the enterprise was undertaken with a hopeful prospect. The young Ministers and their wives sent out by the Society for this special work were as fine a Mission party as ever landed on the shores of Africa, and I have a vivid recollection of a grand social meeting which was held in Cape Town to welcome them to the Cape of Good Hope, and of happy personal intercourse with them for several weeks pre-

vious to their departure for the interior. But promising as was the prospect of the Makololo Mission in its commencement, there ultimately fell upon it a series of trials, difficulties, disappointments, afflictions, bereavements and disasters which have scarcely a parallel in the history of the propagation of the Gospel in heathen lands. Passing over the incidents of the earlier stages of their long and weary journey which were marked by almost constant suffering and privation, we propose, in this brief sketch, to view their position in the desert far beyond the colonial boundary, and to indicate what they endured from the want of water, in addition to other untoward circumstances.

Mrs. Helmore, the wife of the senior Missionary, who had previously had considerable experience in African Mission work, writing to her sister in England gives the following touching account :

“ We are expecting rain this month, and are longing for it as those only can long who have travelled through a dry and parched wilderness where no water is. Our poor oxen were at one time four, and at another five, days without drinking. It was quite painful to see how tame they were rendered by thirst : they crowded around the waggons, licked the water-casks, and put their noses down to the dishes and basins, and then looked up to our faces as if asking for water. We suffered very much ourselves from thirst, being obliged to economize the little we had in our vessels, not knowing when we should get more. Tuesday, the 6th instant, was one of the most trying days I ever passed. About sunrise the poor oxen, which had been dragging the heavy waggons through the deep sands during the night, stopping now and then to draw breath, gave signs of giving up altogether. My husband now resolved to remain behind with one waggon and a single man, while I and the children and the rest of the people went forward with all the oxen, thinking that we should certainly reach water before night. We had had a very scanty supply the day before : the men had

not tasted drink since breakfast till late in the evening. We divided a bottleful among four of them. There now remained five bottles of water. I gave my husband three, and reserved two for the children, expecting that we should get water first. It was a sorrowful parting, for we were all faint from thirst, and of course eating was out of the question. After dragging on for four hours, the heat obliged us to stop.

“The poor children continually asked for water ; I put them off as long as I could, and when they could be denied no longer, doled the precious fluid out a spoonful at a time to each of them. Poor Selina and Harry cried bitterly. Willie bore up manfully, but his sunken eyes showed how much he suffered. Occasionally I observed a convulsive twitch of his features, showing what an effort he was making to restrain his feelings. As for dear Lizzie, she did not utter a single word of complaint, nor even ask for water, but lay all day on the ground perfectly quiet, her lips quite parched and blackened. About sunset we made another attempt and got on about five miles. The people then proposed going on with the oxen in search of water, promising to return with a supply to the waggon, but I urged their resting a little and then making another attempt, that we might if possible get near enough to walk on to it. They yielded, tied up the oxen to prevent their wandering, and lay down to sleep, having tasted neither food nor drink all day. None of us could eat. I gave the children a little dried fruit, slightly acid, in the middle of the day, but thirst took away all desire to eat. Once in the course of the afternoon, dear Willie, after a desperate effort not to cry, asked me if he might go and drain the bottles. Of course I assented, and presently he called out to me, with much eagerness, that he had ‘found some.’ Poor little fellow, it must have been little indeed, for his sister Selina had drained them already.

“The water being long since gone, as a last resource, just before dark I divided among the children half a teaspoonful

of wine and water, which I had been reserving in case I should feel faint. They were revived by it, and said, 'How nice it was,' though it scarcely allayed their thirst. Henry at length cried himself to sleep, and the rest were dosing feverishly. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but the air was hot and sultry. I sat in front of the waggon, unable to sleep, hoping that water might arrive before the children awoke on another day. About half-past ten, I saw some persons approaching; they proved to be two Bakalahari, bringing a tin canteen half full of water, and a note from Mrs. Price, saying that having heard of the trouble we were in from the man we had sent forward, and being themselves not very far from water, they had sent us all they had. The sound of water soon roused the children, who had tried in vain to sleep; and I shall not soon forget the rush they made to get a drink. I gave each of the children and men a cupful, and then drank myself. It was the first liquid that had passed my lips for twenty-four hours, and I had eaten nothing. The Bakalahari passed on, after depositing the precious treasure, saying that though they had brought me water they had none themselves. They were merely passing travellers. I almost thought they were angels sent from heaven. All now slept comfortably except myself; my mind had been too much excited for sleep. And now a fresh disturbance arose; the poor oxen had smelt the water, and became very troublesome; the loose cattle crowded round the waggon, licking and snuffing, and pushing their noses towards me, as if begging for water. At two o'clock I aroused the men, telling them that if we were to make another attempt to reach the water no time was to be lost. They were tired and faint, and very unwilling to move; but at last they got up and began to unloose the oxen, and drive them off without the waggon. I remonstrated, but in vain; they had lost all spirit."

In the course of the following day the sufferers were supplied with a more ample stock of water by their friends Mr.

and Mrs. Price, the junior Missionary and his wife, who were in advance of them, and who had providentially met with a small fountain. The first supply was brought in a calabash on the head of a native servant girl, who had walked with her precious burden four hours. Then came a pack-ox with two kegs of water, and at length the whole Mission party reached the fountain, where they were joined by Mr. Helmore, who had been left behind in the desert, and they all united in sincere thanksgiving to Almighty God for having once more graciously interposed on their behalf.

The "perils in the wilderness" of Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, with their dear children, who were veterans in African Mission work, and of Mr. and Mrs. Price just arrived from England, did not terminate here. They nobly pushed forward through every difficulty to their destination in the Makololo country, where they were one after another smitten down with fever, till in a few short months they were all laid in their graves in the interior of Africa, with the exception of Mr. Price, who was alone spared to return to the Cape Colony to tell the mournful story. The feelings of this bereaved Missionary, as he wended his solitary way towards the nearest Station, after having laid the remains of his beloved wife in her lonely grave in the desert, all the rest having died some time before, may be better imagined than described. But he was Divinely sustained in his sorrow, and, possessing the heart of a true ambassador of Christ, when the Makololo Mission had failed through these and other adverse circumstances, he nobly turned his attention to other heathen tribes in the interior of Africa, among whom he still labours as a faithful Missionary of the Cross. Little did I think, when I took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, and their children, and of dear Mrs. Price, on their departure for the interior, that they would so soon be numbered with the silent dead, and that I should see them no more in this world. I hope to meet them in heaven, where the conflicts and sufferings of earth will be known no more for ever.

“They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more.”
(Rev. vii. 16.)

“There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin ;
There from the rivers of His grace
Drink endless pleasures in.”

The Blind Missionary.

St. Thomas-in-the-Vale is a beautiful valley in the island of Jamaica, about twelve miles in diameter, and surrounded by a chain of lofty mountains, the gentle slopes of which are covered with coffee plantations, whilst the vale itself is laid out in sugar estates, and “pens” or cattle farms. The scenery of this locality is splendid beyond description. There the tall palmist, or mountain cabbage, the aloe,—sending up a shaft from the centre of its sword-like leaves, surmounted by a cluster of golden blossom, among which humming-birds sport themselves by day and fire-flies by night,—the mango, the orange, the lemon, the bamboo, and other tropical trees, luxuriate in surpassing beauty and grandeur. Some violent eruption of nature appears to have rent this singular range of mountains on the Spanish Town side of the valley, and opened a narrow gorge about six miles in length, and just wide enough to allow the river Cobre to run parallel with the carriage road. The reflection of the light and heat of a tropical sun from the road and river is exceedingly fierce, and has often been severely felt by travellers on a sultry day.

One Sabbath afternoon in 1837, the Rev. William Wedlock, a Wesleyan Missionary, was riding in his gig along this road on his way home to Spanish Town after preaching in the Vale, and while his Negro servant was driving he endeavoured to redeem the time by reading. The book which he held in his hand was Dr. Harris’s Sermon on

the "Witnessing Church," which had just been published. The motion of the vehicle, the dazzling light reflected from the dusty road, and the glittering water, rendered the exercise extremely difficult; but in proportion to the difficulty was increased exertion put forth to follow the thread of the discourse. Under that exertion the devoted Missionary felt the power of vision strangely give way. Gradually but surely it went, and the remaining portion of his fourteen miles' journey was performed in almost total darkness.

When the conveyance entered the Mission yard in Spanish Town, the Rev. R. Sergeant was sitting on the piazza, and when he looked up he thought he observed something strange in the appearance of his respected Superintendent. Presently Mr. Wedlock called his colleague by name, who, on going out, found him groping with his hands to find his way into his own house, at the same time remarking, "Will you please assist me? I can scarcely see!" He was led to a seat, and soon afterwards Mrs. Wedlock came to him and shared in the general alarm. A medical man was immediately sent for, and when he arrived he called another to consult with him in the emergency. Prompt and somewhat severe measures were adopted to restore the eyesight of the afflicted Missionary, but unhappily without effect. He slept pretty well during the night, but the next morning brought no relief. On being asked by his colleague if he could see anything, the poor sufferer replied, "I can see a little light, and can just discern you as something before me, and that is all." After this he could never see anything; and he was accustomed in after years pleasantly to remark that Mr. Sergeant was the last Methodist Preacher that he ever saw.

During this painful visitation prayer was incessantly offered up to God that He would vouchsafe a cure. In this holy exercise Mr. Wedlock himself engaged with his usual fervour. He earnestly entreated the Almighty, in mercy, to restore to him his eyesight; but even in this trying hour Divine grace triumphed over the reasonable desires of nature;

for, after the example of his Lord and Master, he was enabled to connect with his prayer the words of perfect resignation, "Nevertheless not my will, but Thine, be done." This submission to the Divine Will was hearty and cheerful; so that from tears and smiles was woven the bow of Christian hope. With unfaltering confidence he breathed forth the filial trust, "Even so, Father : for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

Shortly after the occurrence of this sad event brother Missionaries were gathered together in consultation as to what was best to be done under the painful circumstances. In accordance with professional advice, it was ultimately deemed indispensably necessary for the poor blind Missionary to return to England; for there was still a ray of hope lingering in the minds of some of his friends that a sea voyage might be beneficial. With cheerful promptitude and loving care, every one readily lent a helping hand to facilitate the preparations for the change, and to make it as little distressing as possible. Such ministering solicitude is never wanting on Mission Stations, especially in the West Indies, where the people are proverbial for their affection and kindness to their beloved Pastors, as we have often proved by experience. Then came the farewell sermon. The chapel was crowded to excess with all ranks and conditions of people. Learned and illiterate, bond and free, blacks and whites, were there; for all sympathized most sincerely with the Minister whom God had so mysteriously deprived of the inestimable blessing of sight. The sermon was characterized by the Preacher's wonted pulpit power, and his own trust in the Almighty was expressed in the words of his text: "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men," but "for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness." (Lam. iii. 33; Heb. xii. 10.) As he delivered his last warnings, and entered upon his final expostulations with the dear people of his charge, "whom," he said, "he had often looked upon with pleasure; but whom he could not now see, yet whom he should see

again before the bar of God ;” his earnest appeals moved and agitated the great mass of people, as the tropical tornado agitates and sways the trees of the forest. Towards the close of his discourse the blind Missionary took an affectionate leave of the members of the Church,—about nine hundred in number, chiefly black and coloured people, noted for their piety and zeal as well as for their devoted attachment to their Ministers.

The deep feeling and pathos with which the afflicted servant of God delivered his farewell address at Spanish Town produced a wonderful effect upon the minds of the people. The congregation simultaneously burst into tears, and sobbed long and loudly. When the Preacher descended from the pulpit, he was besieged by the thronging multitude. Hundreds eagerly pressed forward to shake hands with him once more, and to say good-bye. After some time had been spent in friendly salutations and fervent prayers, the poor sufferer was conducted out of the chapel ; and as he passed through the court-yard, he was again greeted with loud acclamations and blessings in broken English, from the ready lips and loving hearts of hundreds who had not been able to approach him. A few days afterwards Mr. Wedlock left the West Indies, where he had laboured for ten years with much success, and where his name will long be held in loving remembrance by many who were brought to God through his instrumentality.

Although Mr. Wedlock experienced no material benefit from his voyage home, as was fondly hoped, and was never again permitted to see the light of day, he could not bear the thought of relinquishing his Master’s work, in which he had taken such great delight, especially as his general health was fairly good. With characteristic zeal and earnestness he buckled on his armour afresh for the holy conflict with sin and Satan ; and for more than a quarter of a century he occupied an honourable place in the ranks of the Wesleyan Ministry in his native land.

Blessed with a retentive memory, and kindly aided by his

wife and daughter, the blind Minister soon acquired the habit of committing to memory the hymns and lessons for the day, so as to recite them with remarkable accuracy, whilst in his sermons he poured forth, from a loving and believing heart, the blessed truths of the Gospel. He was proverbially genial, happy and cheerful in his social intercourse, and diligent in the performance of his pastoral duties, notwithstanding his entire dependence on some one to conduct him from place to place. His laborious efforts to promote the cause of Christ are gratefully remembered in the Deal, Gosport, Weymouth, Guernsey, Sheerness and other Circuits, to which he was successively appointed; and no doubt many both at home and abroad will be his "joy and the crown of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus."

In a memoir of the "Blind Missionary," which has been published in the "Wesleyan Magazine" since this brief sketch was written, the following testimony is borne to his character by one who was well acquainted with him: "As a man Mr. Wedlock possessed a genial spirit, a generous disposition, and an untiring energy. His conversion was decided and clear, his growth in knowledge and grace constant, and his religious life consistent. In the pulpit he was pre-eminently a Preacher of the Cross. Christ was the centre of his thoughts. He loved to dwell on the glory of His person, the perfection of His righteousness, the merit of His atoning sacrifice, and the prevalence of His intercession. In every sermon he sought to exalt the Saviour, and by this alone he sought to win men from their sins. As a friend he was faithful and affectionate; while his portly figure, his countenance, grave yet cheerful, his necessarily slow and measured gait, seemed to present a fitting counterpart to that holy earnest life which, for so many years, to the edification of many, flowed on in 'the even tenor of its way.'"

Growing infirmities and premonitory symptoms of disease led Mr. Wedlock to retire from the full work of the Ministry at the Conference of 1865, and he settled at Sheerness, where

he soon finished his course. During his last affliction he enjoyed uninterrupted peace, which often swelled into "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Deprived of the sense of sight on earth, he exulted in the prospect of "seeing God" in heaven; and just before his departure out of this world, which occurred on the 5th of May, 1866, he exclaimed, with holy rapture: "I shall behold His face in righteousness, and be satisfied."

" Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired and wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy."

Juvenile Prayer Meeting.

It is a pleasing fact that Mission life has its sunny side as well as its shady side; its joys as well as its sorrows; and among all the joys which are experienced by the Christian Missionary none can exceed that which he feels when he beholds undoubted evidences that his labours are not in vain in the Lord. This joy is sometimes enhanced by "hope deferred" and long toiling before fruit appears. The spiritual husbandman "goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed;" but he ultimately returns "again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him."

I shall never forget the thrill of holy joy which passed through our souls on witnessing the first tokens of spiritual good among the children and young people of our charge on the Mission Station at St. Mary's, on the river Gambia, in 1831. We had just re-organized the Mission school, which had been given up at the death of my predecessor, and, as one means of doing good, we had taken into the Mission-house a few Negro boys and girls, chiefly orphans, whom we fed and clothed, and taught to work about the house, whilst at the same time they had the privilege of attending school during

the usual hours of instruction. They differed much in their appearance and disposition, belonging to two or three different tribes; but they were very attentive and affectionate to us, and, on the whole, they made satisfactory progress in their learning. Whilst we sought to promote their improvement in every respect, we felt particularly anxious for their spiritual and eternal welfare. Many serious conversations occurred between the children and their master and mistress, which were conducted in the simplest language, and hopes were entertained that good impressions were being made; but no positive evidence was afforded that this was actually the case for a length of time, when at last it was made manifest in a singular manner.

One night, shortly after we had retired to rest, we heard a strange noise in the children's room, which was situated at the opposite end of the Mission-house to our own. We listened for some time without being able to make out its import; but on approaching softly the room door we heard, to our surprise and unspeakable delight, the voice of prayer. It was, in fact a little Prayer-meeting held by these dear African boys and girls, after the style of what they had witnessed in the chapel, one after another engaging in prayer in the most simple and infantile manner, and in the language which was most familiar to each. A girl named Matty, whom we called our cook, was the oldest of the company, and it was evident that she was the leader of the movement. After having called upon John, Eliza, Kitty and some others in succession to pray, the last whom she named was a boy called Gabriel, who was naturally of a timid and retiring disposition, and who failed to respond, saying: "Matty, me no sabby pray English, me no sabby pray Jalloff, what me go do?" Matty promptly replied: "Gabriel can say 'Our Father.'" Obedient to the call the little African boy repeated the Lord's Prayer in a solemn and reverent manner, and, the juvenile Prayer-meeting being concluded, we returned to our room with thankful hearts for

what we had heard, and without it being known that we had been listening to their simple exercises.

It is pleasant to be able to add that this was the beginning of a gracious work on the minds and hearts of the school children and young people on the Station. The voices of these dear boys and girls, with those of others of the same age and class, were ere long heard in the usual Prayer-meetings in the chapel; and, what is better still, they continued steadfast in their Christian profession, some of them in after years becoming Mission school teachers, and others occupying important offices under Government, so that we were amply rewarded for the pains we had taken in their training.

“ In safety lead Thy little flock,
From hell, the world and sin secure,
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in Thee their goings sure ”

The Glorious Emancipation.

Among the hindrances to the spread of the Gospel and Christian civilization, we have met with none more dogged and persistent than Negro slavery. It has been, moreover, in former times especially, very extensive and powerful in its influence. When I went to Africa in 1831, that vast continent was emphatically a land of slaves. Every traveller who had visited the coast or passed through the interior testified to the general prevalence of slavery. When he appeared before a West African Committee of the House of Commons, Colonel Nicholls said, “I know of no other characters in Africa than master and slave.” And Mr. M'Queen, on a similar occasion, said, “Slavery and the slave-trade form the general law of Africa. These two evils reign acknowledged, sanctioned, known, recognised, and submitted to, by her population of every rank and degree, throughout all her extended borders.” According to the computation of Mungo Park,

“three fourths of the population of the regions through which he passed were in a state of bondage.” It has been pleaded in extenuation of the evil that domestic slavery in Africa is of a milder type than that which has prevailed in other lands. The truth of this is freely admitted; but slavery is slavery all the world over, and we can testify from personal observation that it is bad enough even in Africa, its legitimate home.

But what about the African slave-trade, and the system of American and West Indian slavery which gave rise to it? We would gladly cast the mantle of forgetfulness over this dark chapter in the world's history; but, however wishful we may be to lose sight of that which is painful in the retrospect, the cruelty, the sufferings, and the wrongs of Negro slavery, and its direct bearing upon Mission work, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. Having laboured as a Christian Missionary both in Africa and the West Indies in the time of slavery, and having witnessed the glorious Emancipation, I have a vivid recollection of many touching scenes; but it is on the event last named that I wish more especially to dwell in this brief sketch, as a legitimate cause for gratitude and praise.

Great was the joy of the Missionaries and their beloved people on the respective Stations in the West Indies when the welcome intelligence reached them that, through the persevering exertions of the friends of freedom, an Act had at length passed both Houses of the Imperial Parliament fixing the time when slavery should cease throughout the length and breadth of the British empire. We only regretted that the noble measure should have been trammelled by conditions which might possibly denude it of some of its glory. The Emancipation Act provided for the nominal abolition of slavery on the 1st of August, 1834; but before full and unrestricted freedom was to be imparted to the poor slaves, there was to be an interim of six years' *apprenticeship* for field labourers, and four years for house servants. Only

children of seven years of age and under were to be made free at once. If this term of service required in the case of adults was intended as compensation to the planters, then the question might be asked, Was not the sum of *twenty millions sterling*, generously granted by the British nation to be divided among the slave-owners, sufficient for the purpose? If it be replied that it was necessary for the Negro to be instructed in the art of agriculture, and that therefore the intermediate term of service was a judicious arrangement; we answer in the language of the Negroes themselves on the occasion: "People make *prentice* for learn to work. Poor Negro work planty long time; he sabby work very well; he no want massa for make him *prentice*." The apprenticeship system was in fact altogether an unnecessary and vexatious arrangement; and proved in its working to be nothing better than a modified form of slavery.

Defective, however, as was the Negro apprenticeship when compared with entire freedom, it was nevertheless hailed with gratitude as a step in the right direction; and it was satisfactory to know that a time was fixed when it should terminate, and full liberty be enjoyed. When the 1st of August arrived, it was set apart as a day of thanksgiving throughout the colony of Demerara, where I was stationed at the time, by order of the Governor; and Divine worship was celebrated in every Christian sanctuary. We endeavoured to adapt our discourses to the occasion which called us together, by impressing on the minds of the people the necessity of rendering sincere thanks to Almighty God for His great goodness in bringing about this happy change in their civil condition, and of conducting themselves in a proper manner under every circumstance in life. It was a day of much spiritual good to the people; and in George Town everything passed off with perfect order and decorum.

Some persons in the West Indies, and in England also, who from interested motives had opposed emancipation, predicted that on the experiment being tried it would result in confu-

sion, anarchy and blood ; but I am thankful to say that the very reverse of this was the fact. In some cases where the people were imperfectly informed, and where the planters were manifestly adverse to the approaching change, considerable excitement no doubt prevailed ; and it was owing to the good providence of God that the country was not plunged into trouble by the folly, if not by the wickedness, of the very parties who prophesied that trouble would come. Without going into details on matters which were of painful interest at the time, one instance may be given illustrative of the spirit by which too many were then actuated.

On the east coast of British Guiana, a considerable number of Negroes refused to return to work after the holidays of the 1st of August, 1834, being under a misapprehension as to the conditions of their freedom. The magistrates who had propounded to them the new law were gentlemen connected with the planting interest ; and the labourers suspected that they had not given them the true version of it. They could not believe that King William would make them free, and yet require them to serve for six years as apprentices, when they knew how to work very well ; they therefore refused to resume their labour till they should know from the Governor the real facts of the case. They collected together, in a large body, but without arms, near a church, and manifested the most determined passive resistance to every effort which was made to persuade or coerce them to return to their duty. The militia were called out, and with their muskets and bayonets fixed assumed a most threatening attitude, but all to no purpose. The district was pronounced by the planters in a state of insurrection, and the Governor was requested to proclaim martial law. This His Excellency refused to do, but proceeded at once to the scene of the disturbance with a detachment of soldiers as a precautionary measure.

When the Negroes saw the smoke of the Governor's steamer in the distance, they rejoiced exceedingly, and prepared to receive the representative of their Sovereign with every

demonstration of loyalty. One of the men, named Damon, a house servant, who had only joined them that morning, being somewhat more active and intelligent than the rest, cut down a pole in the neighbouring forest, and, having attached to it a piece of blue cloth, planted it as a flagstaff, as he said, "to show their joy at the Governor's coming." This little incident was construed by the planters into a direct act of rebellion; and on the landing of His Excellency the flagstaff with a piece of blue cloth floating at the top was pointed to as a proof that the district was in a state of revolt. The people were nevertheless orderly and quiet, and formed themselves into two lines, between which the Governor and his party passed, the Nègroes bowing with respectful reverence. His Excellency drew up the troops that accompanied him, and read and expounded the new law to the people, admonishing them to submit quietly to the apprenticeship, and to return to their tasks without further delay. Having now heard how the matter stood from the lips of the Governor himself, in whom they had perfect confidence, the people expressed their readiness to act accordingly, notwithstanding their disappointment; and dispersed at once to their respective homes.

Here the matter might have ended, but it was deemed necessary, by those in power, to make an example of the ringleaders in the so-called revolt. Eighteen of the men who were considered the most active in the affair were accordingly arrested, put in irons, and sent to George Town to take their trial for rebellion. I will not attempt to describe or characterize the trial which followed. Suffice it to say that poor Damon was pronounced guilty, and sentenced to death; and his seventeen associates were to be severely flogged beneath the gallows, and to be transported for life beyond the sea. Poor Damon was hung on the 13th of October, a day which I shall never forget; and the remaining seventeen prisoners, having received the prescribed number of lashes under the gallows, to stamp the alleged crime with the deepest ignominy, were conducted back to prison fearfully lacerated,

and covered with blood, to await their banishment from the shores of Demerara. Shortly afterwards they were sent to England, as convicts on their way to a foreign penal settlement. But by this time the Imperial Government had opened their eyes to the illegality and iniquity of the proceedings; and the King of England, to mark his disapproval of the cruel sentence, remitted that part of it which related to the transportation of the seventeen so-called criminals; and sent them back to Demerara, where they afterwards lived to enjoy the blessings of entire freedom.

But the life of poor Damon—undoubtedly innocent of the crime laid to his charge—was gone, and could not be recalled. The only alleviation of the pain caused by a review of these mournful events is the fact that the poor sufferer was brought to God during his confinement in prison, through the instrumentality of a pious Missionary, who visited him constantly till the day of his death. His sense of the pardoning mercy of God through Christ Jesus was clear and joyous; and he was graciously raised above every feeling of fear or dismay. On the day before his execution he had a parting interview with his wife and children. He embraced them affectionately, gave them suitable counsel, and with great firmness and fortitude bade them a long farewell. The last words which this simple-minded, but injured man uttered to his wife are worthy of record: "Go home," said he, "and trust in God, and mind dem children; don't cry for me, me happy now; to-morrow, when white man open de door and take me out to kill me, God sall make me live, I sall go to Jesus." From the scaffold he addressed a few parting words to the assembled multitude, still declaring his innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and repeating his former statement, that he raised the flagstaff in honour of the Governor, and not in token of revolt. He expressed his forgiveness of everybody, as God for Christ's sake had forgiven him, and was launched into eternity.

Much more might be said on this and other scenes of cruelty

and injustice, connected with the accursed system of slavery, which I witnessed in the West Indies at this period; but I wish them to sink into oblivion, as they are happily gone for ever. But I confess that a bare review of them, after the lapse of more than forty years, recalls to my mind some of the painful sensations with which they were associated at the time. It required much circumspection and prudence, and a large measure of Divine grace, as well as a constant spirit of watchfulness, prayer, humility, and self-denial, to discharge aright the duties of the Christian Ministry in those days. It is gratifying, however, that the Missionaries and their people passed through the transition period from slavery to freedom as well as could be expected, rejoicing in the thought that every day as it sped brought the period of complete emancipation nearer and nearer.

When four years of the apprenticeship had well nigh passed, and when the time was drawing near which was to bring full freedom to the household servants, the whole system was working so badly that everybody saw that the remaining two years of servitude required from field-labourers could not well be insisted on. The local legislators of several of the colonies, therefore, decided on remitting the remaining two years of the apprenticeship, and passed resolutions declaring all the slaves to be free on the 1st of August, 1838. Antigua had nobly given up the whole of the apprenticeship from the beginning; and one after another the colonies adopted this intermediate plan of relinquishing the remaining two years. Some, however, were very reluctant to do so; and, in spite of the influence of example, and the strong recommendation of high authorities at home, they held out to the last.

This was the case with Trinidad, where I was residing at the time. After watching with feelings of deep interest the proceedings of the neighbouring colonies with reference to this matter, I was apprehensive of serious consequences, if the people in this island were left longer in bondage, whilst all the rest were made free. I therefore considered it to be

my duty to make a respectful, but very plain and strong, representation on the subject to His Excellency the Governor, Sir G. F. Hill. I have reason to believe that this had a good effect, for at the *eleventh hour* the Council of Trinidad passed a similar resolution to those which had been adopted by the Legislatures of most of the other West Indian Colonies long before, as will be seen from the following communication, which I received from His Excellency; and a similar letter was, no doubt, addressed to the senior Minister of each branch of the Christian Church in Port of Spain, and perhaps throughout the island, as there was uniformity of action among the respective religious communities :

“GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *July 27th*, 1838.

“SIR,

“THE measure adopted on the 25th instant by Her Majesty’s Council of Government, for the total and final abrogation of every vestige of slavery throughout the colony of Trinidad, demands the grateful acknowledgment of this Christian community to Almighty God for inspiring the conviction which has led to this result. I therefore submit to you my opinion and request, that Divine service should be performed in your place of worship on the 1st of next month.

“I have the honour to be, &c.,

“G. F. HILL.

“*Rev. W. Moister.*”

Thus were eight hundred thousand poor slaves at last delivered from the yoke of bondage in the British Colonies, by the united efforts of British philanthropists and Christian Missionaries, who had for many years been unwearied in their efforts to bring about this glorious event, as well as to prepare the people for the gladsome change. The 1st of August was set apart by the Government authorities in the colonies generally, as well as in Trinidad, as a day of thanksgiving ;

but the Wesleyan Missionaries and their people were in advance of the Government in their arrangements to celebrate, in the most solemn and religious manner, an event of such unspeakable importance. In most of our chapels a grand *watchnight* service was held; and when the hour of midnight came, and the clock struck twelve, which was in fact the *death-knell of slavery*, thousands and tens of thousands of poor Negroes were found upon their bended knees before God, to receive the precious boon of freedom as from heaven. The silence which prevailed was only broken by the half-suppressed sobs and sighs of a grateful people; and tears of joy streamed down many a sable cheek at the thought that they had lived to hear the hour of freedom strike. After a short prayer by the Minister, the congregation rose from their knees, and sang with heart and soul, as they had never done before, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," &c. Then might be seen husbands and wives, parents and children, friends and relatives, embracing and congratulating each other, with overflowing hearts. As the Lord delivered His ancient people Israel from Egyptian bondage with a high hand and an outstretched arm, so did He now interpose by His providence to set at liberty the long degraded and oppressed sons and daughters of Ham, many of whom praised Him with joyful lips and sincere hearts.

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed, His people are free!
Sing; for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen all splendid and brave!
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave!
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed, His people are free!"

Revivals on Mission Stations.

When the self-denying Missionary, or those who went before him, have laboured long and faithfully in the Lord's vineyard, it is truly delightful to look forth and to behold "the fields white unto the harvest." And it is still more pleasing to see the precious grain gathered in, and the beautiful figure fully realized in the accession of faithful living members to the Church of Christ, through the regenerating power of the Gospel. From peculiar circumstances it has sometimes happened that the faith and patience of the Missionary have been severely tried by the absence of any specific and tangible results after years of unwearied toil; but when the first visible fruit appears the man of God rejoices as one who has found great spoil. Many touching incidents, illustrative of this, might be given; but it may be more to the point to take a brief but general view of times of refreshing with which some portions of the Mission field have been visited.

At an early period of the Wesleyan Mission to the West Indies the work assumed the character of a continuous unbroken revival of true religion. Without any particular excitement or outburst of feeling, beyond evident manifestations of half-suppressed emotion under the influence of the word preached, sinners were convinced and led to seek the Saviour at almost every service. Scarcely a week passed on some Stations without inquirers being gathered into the Classes, and added as probationers to the Church of Christ. This was the case especially after the emancipation of the slaves, when in the course of a single year more than a thousand new members joined the Society in one Circuit in which I laboured. The joy with which my dear colleagues and I ministered to attentive and attached congregations in the West Indies during those years of special blessing and unparalleled prosperity, left an impression upon the mind never to be obliterated.

In the Friendly Islands also a very remarkable revival of religion occurred in 1834, which greatly cheered the hearts of the Missionaries who had been toiling for several years without seeing much fruit of their labours. It broke out on Tuesday, the 25rd of July, while a Native Local Preacher was preaching in Vavau at a village named Utui. The word came with such power that the whole congregation was moved to tears. All confessed themselves to be sinners; and many cried aloud for mercy. They were unwilling to leave the place without a blessing, and actually remained together most of the night in humble prayer and supplication; and many of them before morning found peace in believing. On the following Sabbath, at another village similar results followed the ordinary services of the day. Five hundred persons, the whole of the inhabitants of the place, from the least to the greatest, joined in earnestly seeking salvation. The Missionaries and a few of their faithful people who had been praying for the outpouring of the Spirit and the conversion of souls were amazed. They had asked largely; but God had given them more than they asked or hoped to witness. In a single day during this movement there is reason to believe that more than one thousand souls were truly converted to God. King George and his Queen Charlotte, who were then staying at Vavau, were among the saved, and were ever afterwards exemplary Christians and faithful workers in the Lord's vineyard.

The revival soon spread to Haabai and Tonga and to the whole of the Friendly Islands, and there was a general turning unto the Lord. The Rev. Charles Tucker, who was then stationed at Lifuka, gives the following account of the commencement of the work there: "As soon as the service began on Sunday morning the cries of the people began. They were melted into tears on every hand, and many of them cried aloud by reason of the disquietude of their souls. O, what a solemn but joyful sight! One thousand or more bowed before the Lord, weeping at the feet of Jesus, and praying in an

agonies of soul. I never saw such distress, I never heard such cries for mercy, or such confession of sin before. These things were universal from the greatest chiefs in the land to the meanest of the people. The Lord heard the sighing of the prisoners, He bound up many a broken-hearted sinner in that meeting, and proclaimed liberty to many a captive. We were filled with wonder and gratitude, and lost in praise, on witnessing the Lord making bare His arm so gloriously in the sight of the heathen. We met again about nine o'clock, and had a similar scene; hundreds wept aloud, and many trembled from head to foot, as though they were about to be judged at the bar of God. We were engaged the whole day in this blessed work. I attended five services, and saw hundreds of precious souls made happy by a sense of the Saviour's love. There never was such a Sabbath; it was indeed one of the days of the Son of Man. Many will remember it with pleasure throughout eternity, as the day of their adoption into the heavenly family. During the following week the concern of the people was so great that they laid aside their work. We had service twice every day but once, and the chapel was always full. It was a week of Sabbaths and of much prayer and praise. Not a day or a night passed but some were disburthened of their load of guilt and sin by believing with their hearts unto righteousness."

The result of this glorious revival in the Friendly Islands, and of the faithful labours of the Missionaries generally, was the conversion of thousands of precious souls to God, the entire overthrow of idolatry, and the subjugation of the whole group to the authority of Christ, so that now an idol is not to be found in the land, and the population are all nominally, and a large proportion of them really, Christians.

In 1866 a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit was vouchsafed in Southern Africa, where the Missionaries had been sowing the good seed of the kingdom for many years, hoping and praying for a glorious harvest. The chief instruments in the hands of God in bringing multitudes of both

colonists and natives to religious decision were the Rev. William Taylor, an earnest American Missionary, who was on a visit to the country, and Charles Pamla, a devoted Native Evangelist. The meetings held by these two eminent servants of God in various parts of Albany, Kaffraria, and Natal, supported by the resident Missionaries, were seasons of wonderful spiritual power and blessing; and it was estimated that nearly eight thousand souls were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth in the short space of seven months. Nor were the results of this movement transitory. Ten months after Mr. Taylor had left the country the Rev. Peter Hargreaves, writing to him from Clarkebury, bears the following testimony to the permanency of the work: "Here we have abundant cause to remember your visit, and to feel grateful for the 'showers of blessing' which accompanied and followed your faithful and zealous labours among us. Grace has made a great and happy change in the moral and mental habits of the people around us. The blessed revival of religion did not cease when you left us. It continued, and continues even to this day. When it commenced there were scarcely one hundred persons meeting in Class on this Station; now we have more than four hundred and sixty persons in Society with us." Another Missionary says: "We rejoice over the souls brought to God when you were here, as those who have found great spoil. Heathenism then received a great shock, and a few more would make the powers of darkness tremble to their foundation."

In the months of July and August, 1869, special services were held in several of the Wesleyan Circuits of the South Ceylon District, which likewise resulted in the gathering of many precious souls into the fold of the Redeemer. An interesting account was published at the time. At Kandy "thirty-five persons professed to receive a sense of God's pardoning love: of these ten were Singhalese. At a band-meeting held on the Sunday following about forty persons stood up and spoke of what God had done for their souls."

In another Circuit, at one of the services, "fourteen souls tasted of the joys of salvation." After another meeting it was found that "seven others, including a Buddhist, had experienced a saving change." At another place "every house was open for Prayer-meetings, and seventy-five persons were made to rejoice in knowing that God for Christ's sake had pardoned their sins." From another Station it was reported: "Ten persons have found Jesus, and one or two Buddhists have joined the Society." At Pantura there were "sixty-six persons who found peace in one week." At Galle there were "seventeen penitents, of whom twelve obtained the blessing." A Love-feast on the Monday following concluded the services, at which "fourteen spoke, giving a clear testimony as to their acceptance with God." The special services at Matura were also said to have been "very successful."

Nor should we forget or under-estimate the great and wonderful changes which have been effected by the faithful preaching of the Gospel and the successful training of the rising generation in the knowledge of God's holy Word, in countries where revivals of religion have been unattended by outward demonstrations of deep feeling. In Tahiti, Fiji, Madagascar, and other places, after long nights of toiling, and waiting, and watching, the day dawned and the light of Divine truth shone upon tens of thousands who were sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, to the unspeakable joy and delight of the faithful men who had so long and so faithfully laboured in those parts of the Mission field.

We can testify from experience that the success of the enterprise in all or in any of its forms is a source of unspeakable joy to the Christian Missionary. When we have discovered unmistakable signs of religious impressions in individual seekers of salvation, and still more when we have seen multitudes gathered into the fold of Christ, and our places of worship filled with happy joyful Christians, won by the power of the Gospel from the territories of heathendom, we have felt our hearts glow with a joy more elevated and

more pure than that of any earthly conqueror, and have been more than compensated for all the trials and conflicts which attended the work in its earlier stages. This joy has been enhanced by the confirmation of our faith in the truth of prophecy and the approach of the time when it will be said, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever." (Rev. xi. 15.)

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more."

The Missionary's Return.

When the Christian Missionary has laboured long and successfully in the foreign field, and is at length compelled by failure of health or other circumstances beyond his control to quit the scene of his hallowed toil, and return to his native land, he is the subject of strange conflicting feelings. Attached by the strongest ties of affection to those who have been won to Christ through his instrumentality, and endeared to places where he has endured much in the cause of his Divine Master, or where he has perhaps been called to deposit the remains of those whom he loved, it is not an easy matter to tear himself away from his Station with all its associations. We are free to confess that we have experienced as much or more real pain and sorrow on leaving a Mission Station as ever we felt on leaving home. But when this difficulty is overcome, and those ties are severed which bound him to a wasting climate, and to a work that was consuming his life, the returning Missionary rejoices in the fact that he is "homeward bound ;" and that, if spared a little longer, he may perhaps be permitted once more to gaze upon the scenes of his childhood and youth, and to meet with

those whom he loves and whom he has never forgotten in all his wanderings.

Nor is the joy less marked in its realization. The thrill of emotion with which the Missionary looks once more upon the green fields and familiar scenes of his native land, after many years of absence, presenting as they do such a contrast to the wilds of Africa or India which he has left behind, is known only to those who have experienced it. But when the returning ambassador arrives at the old homestead he must be prepared for scenes and incidents which will produce in his mind and heart mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. He will find that many changes have taken place during his absence. Some whom he left in health and vigour have gone the way of all flesh; others have been dispersed to various parts of the world, whilst those who remain are so altered that at first they are scarcely recognized. Thus are we reminded that we live in a changing world, and that the only unfailing source of happiness is to be found in God and in His blessed service, whether at home or abroad, on earth or in heaven.

Hence the returned Missionary's greatest pleasure is to preach the Gospel, and to advocate the interests of that cause to which his best energies and whole life have been devoted, according to his ability and opportunities. It is in the pulpit and on the platform that he feels most at home; and when in response to his appeals he beholds evident manifestations of deep feeling, holy enthusiasm, and enlarged Christian liberality on behalf of the Missions, he is amply compensated for all that he has suffered and sacrificed in the cause which he has espoused. The recollection of past success, and the encouragement derived from the deep interest taken in the good work by his fellow-countrymen, together with unwavering faith in the goodness and mercy of Divine Providence, have prompted many a returned Missionary to consecrate himself afresh to the holy service, and to return to his beloved foreign work so soon as his recruited health

would permit, feeling that all he could give, or do, or suffer, was more than due to an enterprise so grand and so glorious in all its aspects.

“ My life, my blood, I here present,
If for Thy truth they may be spent ;
Fulfil Thy sovereign counsel, Lord !
Thy will be done, Thy name adored !

“ Give me Thy strength, O God of power ;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be :
'Tis fixed ; I can do all through Thee ! ”





Section V.

EMINENT NATIVE CONVERTS.

‘Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation; and uphold me with Thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto Thee.’—PSALM LI. 12, 13.

NOTWITHSTANDING the abject condition in which the aborigines of heathen lands are generally found by the Missionaries on their first arrival among them, it is a pleasing fact that the Gospel which they are commissioned to proclaim to their perishing fellow-men invariably produces its legitimate results. Fruit may not always immediately appear; but in the end it will be seen that the preachers of glad tidings of salvation have not laboured in vain or spent their strength for nought, for the Lord of the harvest has said: “As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it to bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.” (Isaiah lv. 10, 11.)

Among the converts gathered into the Church on our respective Mission Stations we have met with some of more than ordinary eminence for piety, intelligence, and usefulness. Many of these would compare favourably with professing Christians of any country however civilized. From hundreds of instances which might be cited we select a few specimens; and whilst we render thanks to the Almighty for

what has been already accomplished by the power of His Gospel, we may take encouragement from the fact that, in most cases, these are but the first-fruits of a more abundant harvest.

John Cupidon.

Among the first-fruits of the Wesleyan Mission which was commenced at St. Mary's on the River Gambia in 1820, was a young man named John Cupidon, whose conversion to God and subsequent career are worthy of a passing notice, as they clearly show the Divine wisdom and goodness in raising up labourers to work in His vineyard when urgently required.

John Cupidon was a jet-black Negro, a native of Goree, a small island near Cape Verd at the mouth of the Gambia. His parents were Jalloff slaves who had been brought from the adjacent continent. As he grew up he became a favourite with his master, who appears to have been a kind-hearted, humane man, and the little Negro boy was treated with more kindness than slaves generally experience. In early life Cupidon accompanied his master to England; and I have often been amused with his simple account of what he saw in "white man's country." The splendid buildings, the fine shop windows, and the gay carriages and equipages of London filled him with delight. His visit was in the winter season; and one morning when he arose he was surprised to see the ground covered with snow, and the water frozen. He had never before witnessed these phenomena, and at first he thought the snow was salt, till convinced of his error by tasting the strange white substance. The beautiful transparent ice so interested him, that he resolved to take a piece of it home, that he might give to his countrymen ocular demonstration of some of the wonders of England. He accordingly packed a quantity of ice in his trunk; but as the ship proceeded on her voyage the temperature increased; and little Cupidon discovered one day,

with astonishment and regret, that his treasure had vanished, leaving his clothes completely saturated with water as the only recompense for his trouble.

Shortly after this voyage Cupidon's master retired from business, leaving him in the care of Charles Grant, Esq., by whom he was taught to read and write, and under whose paternal guardianship he learned the trade of a carpenter. He was afterwards employed as a storekeeper ; and such were his habits of industry and perseverance, that he saved a little money ; and, in the course of a few years, with the kind aid of his benefactor, he was enabled to remit the price of his ransom to his old master, who was living in London, and thus he became a free man. As Mr. Grant and his family attended the services of the Missionaries from the commencement of the Mission, Cupidon accompanied them ; and, by the blessing of God upon the word preached, he was soon brought under religious influences. The late Rev. John Morgan, who was the first Missionary to the Gambia, has given a touching account of the conversion of the subject of this brief sketch, of which the following is the substance :

One evening a young man came to the lodgings of the Missionary, and seated himself in silence outside the door : seeing him a long time there, he went out to him, when he very modestly said, "Massa, me want to speak to you ; only you white gentleman and me poor black boy." "Well, young man, you know I am the black man's friend, and you can always speak freely to me." "You remember, Massa, when you preach under the tree over there ?" "Yes." "Me live there that time and hear what you say ; now my heart can't sit down till me tell you what God do for my soul." "Say on, young man : that is what I want to hear above all things." "Me hear you speak of great blessing what Massa Jesus can give to sinners who believe on Him. Me hungry for that blessing ; but me can't catch Him. Me go again in the evening and think perhaps me catch Him there ; but can't catch Him. Then me say, me sinner too big for that blessing :

me better go back and live devil-fashion again. That time you go home, you go into my master's house; then me say, you can pray before you leave, and perhaps me catch Him there. Me go and sit down at the door a long time; but when my master call me, I go away; when I come back the door was shut: then me say, all over now, me go back to country fashion. But then me say, me pray all night first: and if I not get Him before morning, me then go back to country fashion. Me go in the yard, and kneel down on the sand, and pray till garrison clock strike two; then come light all round me, and somebody say, 'My son, thy sins be forgiven;' and me glad too much." "But what made you glad?" "Because my sins forgiven." "Are you sure that some one spoke to you?" "Not sure,—but," putting his hand to his heart, "it make so happy here. I know Massa Jesus pardon my sins." In this young man there was not the least tendency to superstition, and when his master was told that he made this profession, he said, "I can rely on any thing he says." This great change, of which I frequently heard him speak with evident emotion, occurred in the month of May, 1822.

Mr. Morgan says, "The French at Goree had called this young man Cupidon; but he was now baptized by the name of John Cupidon, and knowing a little broken English as well as his native Jalloff which he spoke very fluently, he soon became an efficient interpreter, and a valuable assistant in the Mission." By attending a night school, when the labours of the day were finished, and by availing himself of other means of mental improvement, the young convert made rapid progress in learning; and after occupying the position of interpreter, catechist and Local Preacher for several years he was at length advanced to the more honourable office of Assistant Missionary, in which he laboured with credit to himself and advantage to the cause, being henceforth fully given up to the blessed work of making known to his fellow-countrymen the glorious Gospel of Christ, which had been made the means of his own salvation.

I first became personally acquainted with John Cupidon on my arrival at the Gambia on the 10th of March, 1831. He came with several other native converts to welcome us to the shores of Africa, and we were much impressed with his simple piety and humble yet somewhat gentlemanly bearing. He laboured with me for some time at St. Mary's with much acceptance as interpreter and assistant, and on the commencement of the new Mission at Macarthy's Island in the early part of the following year he, accompanied by his devoted wife, went to that place to take charge of the Station. On bidding them adieu after seeing them settled in their new sphere of labour, they manifested deep feeling, saying, while I was with them they felt strong; but were weak and trembling at the prospect of being left alone.

Notwithstanding this expression of fear and distrust in himself, John Cupidon did good service at Macarthy's Island both in teaching the native school which we organized before I left him, and in preaching the Gospel of Christ to the people. During the following year he wrote to me frequently, and his letters gave ample evidence of his own improvement, and that the Lord of the harvest was blessing his labours. He complained, however, of his insufficiency for the sole charge of the Station, as many of the scholars and converts were progressing so rapidly in religious and other knowledge that they were overtaking him in general intelligence. He earnestly requested me to hasten to his help. I went accordingly, and, on this my third visit to the interior, I witnessed a scene which filled my heart with gratitude to God for having raised up such a native labourer to help me in the work, and for having so abundantly blessed his labours. On my return to St. Mary's I took my leave of John Cupidon, whom I left at Macarthy's Island till the arrival of an European Missionary who was already on his way from England to take charge of the Station. I saw my sable friend and pupil no more in this world, and the sequel of his story is soon told. He continued to labour as an Assistant Missionary at the Gambia with acceptance and suc-

cess for several years, till his mental faculties failed, and after living in retirement for some time he passed away to the better country,

“ Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.”

Pierre Sallah.

The second native Teacher that was raised up on the Mission Station at St. Mary's, was also a young Negro of the Jalloff nation—the people among whom our work was chiefly carried on, although there were a number of Mandingoes in the neighbourhood. The early history of this remarkable convert will be best given in his own language. When he had been for several years employed in the work of the Mission, at the request of the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, he wrote an account of himself from which the following is a brief extract :

“ Dearly Beloved,—I am Pierre Sallah. Me was born in a heathen Jalloff country, called Bawald Lambey, near Senegal, Western Africa ; and brought up a shepherd's boy, as was my father before me. But one day my father wanted me to go from home with him on some business : I leave the flocks with one man till I come back ; but my God, Who does everything for my good, not let me go home again. When my father and I get to the place, I went into the bush with some boys of that place to get some wild fruit. By and by I leave the boys in that bush, for I think my father he want me. But when me get a little way in the path, a bad man meet me in the way. O, that man have no pity for little black boy ! He put something into my mouth, because I make too much cry ; and then he take me to a dark bush, and he tie me there with a rope, and he leave me there alone till midnight. Many bad animals live in that bush. The man come with two more men ; they cut the rope : me then walk all night ; me get no supper. Three days me walk without

food, only me drink little water. Me think me must die for true that time; but at last me get to the main land near Goree, and they sell me there for rum, tobacco and many other things, which I see with my eyes. They left me there, and they go back; then some people take me in a canoe, and sell me to Mulatto woman in Goree to be her slave; but she be very good woman to me, and bring me up to a stone-mason to work for her.

“In the year 1818 the English make a settlement at St. Mary’s, Gambia, and they call me to that work. Soon after this Mr. Morgan, a man of God and a zealous Missionary, came to Mandanarie; but he got too much sickness there, so he come to St. Mary’s, and I hear him preach. My best time that I hear this man of God preach was from the thirty-third chapter of Ezekiel, eleventh verse: ‘Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?’ That big word come to my heart like a razor: it come with such light and power to my soul, that it make me tremble; for the word tell me all the sin which I do before; then I afraid to go to sleep, lest I should open my eyes in the fire of hell.

“When I first hear the name of Jesus Christ, I ask the people who go to church what they mean; they tell me that He is the Son of God, and that He die for all the world. O, what a mercy! When I know the Saviour’s name, that time I no rest at night. I go to some friend every night to teach me to read, for I not able to read at the time, for every day I work; so then every night I get some friend to teach me the way of the Lord Jesus. I go on little more in reading and praying to God. Every day my heart get a little nearer to God. I then ask the Minister to let me go to Class; he say yes. There I hear more about Jesus, and believe in Him with all my heart. O my God, I praise Thee! and Thee only will I love.

“ This man of God go home ; then another Minister come. He love me too much, all the same as if we be born of one father and one mother. By the help of God, he teach me always. But now this Mulatto woman call me to Goree ; for I was her slave ; but my God and Saviour go with me. All the people be Roman Catholics at Goree. I work there four months, and I preach Jesus to the poor slaves at Goree. Plenty begin to cry for mercy, and say, ‘ God be merciful to me a sinner.’ The French Governor angry too much with me. He examine me well ; but my heart say, ‘ All is well ; for through much tribulation we shall enter His kingdom.’ They threaten me ; they tell me I must not preach again ; for black man no *sabby* (know) nothing. About this time, Mr. Marshall die, and then another Minister, Mr. Moister, come again ; and he come and buy my freedom, which make my heart glad too much, and him very good to me. I thank the good Methodist people, who get me free from slavery, and from the French Governor in Goree. May God reward them ! Amen ! ”

Such is the simple story of this young African’s early life and conversion, as related by himself. There were some circumstances connected with his ransom from slavery of thrilling interest. When the letter appealing for help to purchase Pierre Sallah’s freedom reached the Mission House in London, the Rev. John James, the father of Dr. James, one of the General Secretaries, was just leaving home for Ireland, and took it with him. He became so much interested in the case that he was induced to read the letter in a Missionary Meeting which he attended in Dublin. He appealed to the congregation for special contributions to help to redeem from slavery a native convert whom Christ had called to preach His Gospel, when a scene was witnessed such as perhaps never occurred in a Missionary Meeting before or since. The excitement was intense, and a shower of contributions fell upon the platform, consisting of gold, silver, copper, purses, snuff-boxes, jewellery, &c., which when collected was found to

amount to about £60,—a sum amply sufficient for the purpose. Good Dr. Newton was present and, when describing the scene afterwards, was wont to say that “the shower of money not only fell down from the galleries above, but, despite the laws of gravitation, it came up also from the pews beneath, and almost covered the floor of the platform, so that in a few minutes the necessary sum to redeem the slave was collected.” The climax to this wonderful exhibition of Christian liberality was the exclamation of a warm-hearted son of green Erin who said, “And sure enough, Pierre Sallah’s freedom is purchased with Irish gold, and he shall be an Irishman for ever !”

I was forthwith instructed to purchase the freedom of my sable friend and pupil, for which I paid three hundred dollars, and I shall never forget Pierre’s joy on being informed that he was a slave no longer. As to his nationality he declared that he “cared not whether he was called Irish, Scotch or English, so long as he was a free man to preach Christ’s Gospel.” Pierre Sallah was now entirely devoted to the work of the Mission as my assistant, and was usefully employed in teaching, interpreting, and preaching, as well as in diligent study for the improvement of his mind. In order to have him near to me I built him a cottage in my garden, and his profiting appeared unto all. We were now able to extend the Gospel to the regions beyond, and the blessing of God attended our efforts. During the time that we were associated in the work of the Lord, Pierre Sallah proved himself to be a faithful and successful labourer, and when I embarked for England he addressed to me a letter brim full of affection and gratitude. For several years he continued to labour as an Assistant Missionary at St. Mary’s, Macarthy’s, and other Stations on the Gambia, till at length some untoward circumstance led to his retirement from the work. Not long afterwards he passed away from this world of sin and sorrow. I hope to meet him and many others from distant lands in the better country.

The Noble Negro.

On our Mission Stations in Africa and the West Indies, where the elevating influence of the Gospel has been brought to bear upon the native mind, we have met with many instances of genuine nobility of character among our converts, combined with a degree of mental power which excited our admiration and delight. When contemplating such specimens of untutored human nature, we have often been led to inquire, "What would these men have become had they been favoured with one half the education and training so freely lavished on many of their pale-faced brethren in Europe, by whom they are too often regarded with feelings of contempt?" One case in point we may briefly mention.

On a sugar estate not far from my residence in the island of St. Vincent, there lived a Negro youth named D——, who had been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth in his boyhood, and whose genuine piety and consistent character attracted my notice from my first acquaintance with him; and I marked his course of action with great interest for several years. He had no sooner given his heart to God than he made strenuous efforts to learn to read and write, in which he succeeded to some extent; but being a slave and a field labourer his opportunities of improvement were very limited. Notwithstanding the disadvantages incident to his condition, the acknowledged integrity and superior intelligence of D—— advanced him to a prominent position both on the estate to which he belonged and in the Church of which he was an honoured member. He was one of the best Class Leaders and general helpers in the work of God that we had on the Station, and on the estate he was early promoted to the position of overseer, his master, Mr. S——, having the utmost confidence in his fidelity and uprightness.

When the glorious Emancipation came to raise the people from the state of degradation in which they had been so long

held, none regarded the event with more evident delight than poor D——. At the same time he was not unmindful of the interests of his old master who had always treated him with kindness. He saw the danger of the blessing of freedom being abused, and of the people becoming scattered far away from the house of God, to the damage of religion and to the pecuniary disadvantage of the planters, as well as to the temporal and spiritual injury of the labourers themselves. He therefore set his face against all roving propensities and sudden changes, and it was by his influence chiefly that the people were kept together on the estate to which he belonged, to the great advantage of all concerned.

All went well at P—— for several years after the advent of freedom, but at length the old proprietor of the estate died, and his son and heir not being so steady and industrious as his sire, the property became involved. The faithful Negro often ventured to make grave and judicious suggestions to his young master in his own humble, unassuming way; but they were not regarded, and things went from bad to worse. Not many years had passed away before the young planter died also, and left a widow and small family to mourn their loss. Mrs. S—— had been kept totally ignorant of the pecuniary embarrassment of her husband's affairs, and was consequently quite unprepared for the trials which soon descended upon her. The funeral obsequies were scarcely over when the agents of the mortgagees visited the plantation to take an inventory of the property, with a view to bring every thing to sale, and to wind up the estate of the deceased. This, of course, threw the young widow into a state of great distress, as she was soon to be deprived of her home and left apparently destitute of the means of support, with her fatherless children in a strange land, for she had not been long from England.

In this emergency the noble-minded Negro came forward as the friend of the friendless. On going up to the "great house" on the hill, D—— found his young mistress in tears.

On respectfully inquiring the cause of her distress, and hearing the sad story, he said, "Missus, you no fret, you trust in God, and you trust in me, I sall speak to de gentlemen." True to his word, D—— went to the agents, respectfully remonstrated with them against forcing the property to a sale, and thus depriving his young mistress of the means of subsistence and her home, and pointing out the undeveloped resources of the estate, convinced them that it contained within itself, if properly managed, the means of its redemption, if time were allowed to work it in the manner described. His reasoning was so forcible and his plans so feasible, that the gentlemen paused in their proceedings and ultimately agreed to give the property a fair trial for a few years under the sole management of the Negro overseer. D—— now set to work, breaking up fallow ground, stocking a portion of the estate with provisions, goats and sheep, etc., working the remainder as before in sugar canes, superintending the planting, cutting, boiling, carting and shipping the produce with the greatest care and regard to economy, refusing to receive any salary in the meantime beyond the ordinary allowances which he had before. The result was that in the course of a few years the estate was fully redeemed from its embarrassment, and the planter's widow and family were placed in circumstances of ease and comfort, all through the energetic and self-denying exertions of a man who was born and brought up as a Negro slave on the estate.

I wish I could have closed this brief sketch of a worthy character in humble life by a statement which would have reflected equal credit upon those in whose interests he toiled so long and so faithfully, without adequate remuneration. But from all that I can learn of the facts of the case, I am afraid his valuable services have not been duly appreciated or properly rewarded. Ever since I knew him, D—— has been a warm friend of the Mission cause, and to my certain knowledge for more than thirty years he has been a zealous collector and a liberal contributor to its funds, his subscription

of a guinea a year for himself, and another for his wife, regularly appearing in the Annual Report of the parent Society. Not long ago, when in conversation with a Missionary, he said, "I wish Massa would pay me de money he owe me." The Missionary replied, "Well, D——, what do you want it for? I hope you are not growing covetous." "O, no!" said the good man, "Massa no understand me. I no want de money for myself, but if I could get it, I would give it to Massa Minister to send to London for the Mission cause, for de Gospel do much for we."

But noble and disinterested as was the conduct of this Negro convert in the instances here given, it was equalled if not surpassed by acts of genuine Christian benevolence and unwearied efforts to save souls, and to benefit his fellow-men, whilst his daily walk and conversation have ever been marked by true humility and entire devotedness to God. According to the last accounts he was still living, and pursuing the even tenour of his way, blessed and made a blessing; and I sincerely pray that he may prove faithful unto death, and receive a crown of life. He is one of many whom I hope to meet in the better country,

"Where black and white are both unknown,
Alike they bow before the throne
Of Him who claims them, priests and kings,
Though deemed on earth much meaner things."

Sambo and his Bible.

A poor female slave in the island of Jamaica, who had been converted to God on a Mission Station, called her son Sambo to the side of her dying bed, and charged him especially not to neglect the "blessed Book." By the "blessed Book" she meant the portion of the sacred Scriptures which he possessed; which was nothing more than a torn and mutilated copy of the New Testament.

Having been trained up in the fear of the Lord, and been made a happy partaker of His saving grace in early life, Sambo was not unmindful of the dying charge of his pious mother. When the labours of the day were over, this poor Negro slave might have been seen sitting at the door of his hut, turning over the well-worn leaves of the "blessed Book," and earnestly reading aloud for the benefit of a few of his sable brethren and sisters, unable to read themselves, who squatted together on the ground around him. Sambo read very slowly, for he was often obliged to stop and spell the long words; as well as to answer the questions of the audience as to the meaning of what he read. Now and then he would meet with a passage the purport of which was not quite plain, when he was in the habit of thrusting his fingers into his woolly hair, and pausing for a moment to try to think what it could mean; or he would reverently look up to God, and pray for His Holy Spirit to help him to understand the "blessed Book." He also learned many chapters by heart, or, as the little Negro boy said, he "put the book into his head," that he might be able to recite favourite passages, and talk about them to the other Negroes, when they were at work in the boiling-house or the cane-field.

But Bibles will wear out; and the rough fingers of a hard-working Negro, to whom the book was a constant companion, made Sambo's fragmentary portion of the sacred volume wear out very quickly. First the cover came off; and notwithstanding many stitchings, leaf after leaf became torn and useless; and the "blessed Book" became smaller and smaller, till it was nearly all gone. The Word of God was scarce in those days; and in the wild and mountainous district of Jamaica where he lived, the pious slave had no means of purchasing a copy of the Scriptures.

Time rolled on, and at length Sambo himself became old and worn out, when his master kindly gave him his freedom, with a small cottage to live in, and a plot of ground for his support. The old man now delighted more than ever to

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speak to the black people with whom he met, about the things belonging to their peace. He could remember very well much that he had learned from the torn Testament; but he could not bring forth the book, and show that it was really written there. This made the Negroes frequently slight what he said. "Ah! it may be very true," cried they; "but show us in de book—show us in de book."

For some time Sambo was unable to do this; but at length, having heard that a large supply of Bibles had arrived in Kingston, he set out for the city, with the hope of procuring one. The distance was fifty miles, a long way for an old man to travel on foot. It was hot, too, to walk in the middle of the day; it was therefore early in the morning and late in the evening that the Negro tramped along on his holy errand, till he ultimately reached the city.

On coming to the Missionary's house in Kingston, where the Bibles were deposited, Sambo was delighted with the splendid array of goodly volumes which were spread out before him, and exclaimed, "O! Massa, how large! how fine! how good!" "Yes, my friend," said the Missionary, "it is very true, they are indeed fine and good." "I want to buy one," said Sambo; and pointing to a copy with large print, that would just suit his eyesight, he asked what was the price. "A dollar and a half," (*6s. 6d.* English,) was the answer. The Negro's face looked sad. "What is the matter?" said the Missionary. "O! dear Massa," cried Sambo, "dis is all me hab," at the same time pulling a dollar out of his pocket, and holding it out in his hand. "What is your name, and where do you come from?" asked the Missionary: and when he found that his aged and dark-faced brother had actually walked fifty miles over the mountains to procure a copy of God's Holy Word, the man of God was much affected. But wishing to test his sincerity, he said to the Negro, "Well, you have come a long way, and I do not wish to send you home without a book: will you promise, if I let you have it, to pay me the half dollar as soon as you get

it?" "O, yes! Massa," cried Sambo, "me will, dat me will!" The holy volume was soon in his hand, and he set off on his way home with a glad heart, at possessing such a treasure.

As he came in sight of his humble cottage, it was the evening hour, and the Negroes were just coming home from their work in the fields. They surrounded Sambo with eager curiosity, and rejoiced with him when he held up the beautiful Bible in his hand, exclaiming, "Joy, joy for de blessed Book." They required Sambo at once to read to them from the new Bible, which he did for some time. All at once he stopped, when several voices cried, "Go on, go on." "No," replied Sambo, "me no go on; de book is not all paid for. How much you give, Jack? How much you, Tom? And how much you, Mary?" In response to this appeal, the deficient half dollar was soon collected; when Sambo set off for Kingston the second time, and faithfully discharged his obligation. He soon returned home to prosecute his beloved work among his sable brethren, considering the "blessed Book" cheap for a dollar and a half, and the labour of walking two hundred miles to procure it. Henceforth the declining years of this pious Negro were diligently employed in labouring for the benefit of his fellow-men, and in treasuring up the Word of God in his heart for his own edification and spiritual comfort.

"When quiet in my house I sit,  
Thy book be my companion still;  
My joy Thy sayings to repeat,  
Talk o'er the records of Thy will,  
And search the oracles Divine,  
Till every heartfelt word be mine."



### Gert Links, the Namaqua Convert.

Christian Missionaries have often been cheered, whilst contending with numerous difficulties, by the most pleasing evidences that their labours were not in vain in the Lord. The Gospel which they have faithfully preached has frequently come with saving power to the hearts of the people, and those who were "sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death" have been seen walking in the light of life. Many a poor wandering African has thus been brought into the fold of Christ, lived in the fear and favour of God, and died in the full assurance of a glorious resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ. From a long list of native converts of more than ordinary eminence whom we knew in Southern Africa we extract the following specimen.

Gert Links was one of the earliest converts at the Wesleyan Mission Station of Lily Fountain, on Khamiesberg, in Little Namaqualand. Indeed he was one of the men who, in company with the Chief, met the Rev. Barnabas Shaw in the wilderness, when they were in search of a teacher, and induced him to return with them to their mountain home, and establish a Mission among them in 1816. Having been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth under the teaching of the first Missionary who settled in the country, Gert Links henceforth exerted himself to the utmost of his power to elevate and benefit his fellow-countrymen. By his upright Christian deportment and general excellencies of character, he endeared himself to all who knew him, and enjoyed the special confidence of the Rev. Messrs. Shaw, Edwards, Jackson, Haddy, and Bailie, who successively occupied the Station.

When I visited Namaqualand in 1853, I saw old Gert for the first time, and I was much struck with his venerable appearance and devout manner in the house of God. He was a man of considerable mental ability, and superior in many respects to most of the Hottentot race. I shall never forget

the fervour of his prayers, and the energy and power with which he spoke at a public meeting of natives which I attended on my first visit to Khamiesberg. His theme was the advantages of the Gospel, as exhibited in the improvement of himself and the tribe to which he belonged, since the Missionaries came among them; and the picture which he drew of the contrast between their former heathen state and their condition after they had received the Word of God, both in reference to this world and that which is to come, was most graphic.

In 1860, this old disciple began to sink beneath the weight of years and consequent infirmities. He was confined to his hut for a length of time, during which he was frequently visited by the Rev. J. A. Bailie, then the resident Missionary. Mr. Bailie always found him trusting in the merits of the Redeemer, and calmly awaiting his final change. When Gert Links felt his end was approaching, he sent for the Missionary, stating that he had something particular to say to him before he died. Mr. Bailie accordingly hastened to the hut of the dying Namaqua, about four miles distant from the Mission-house. On reaching the place, poor old Gert said he was glad to see his beloved teacher once more; but he was almost too late, as his speech had nearly left him. His friends then raised him up and supported him on his mat in a sitting posture; when he proceeded to relate in a feeble but distinct tone of voice his views and feelings with regard to a future state of being. In his own native language he expressed himself in substance as follows:

“I have at this moment *a particular impression of the immortality of the soul*: for my body is half dead. I have lost the use of both legs and of one arm; and if my soul were not immortal it would be half dead also; but instead of that, I am constantly thinking of God and heaven, and I can think with great ease and freedom. I have also *a special conviction that the Bible is God's book*, and its truths are constantly running through my mind, and afford me great com-

fort in my affliction. I wish to say further, that *I see more clearly than ever that the Missionaries are not common men*; but they are the servants of God, sent to us to declare His word. If we receive it as such, and live in peace and love among ourselves, God will bless us." The dying saint now looked round on the many friends who had assembled to hear his last words, and addressing them, he said, with all the earnestness which his failing strength would permit, "Pay great attention to the word of your teachers, and remember that they speak to you in the name of the Lord." Being faint and weary, he said, "I have done." He was then laid down again; and in about an hour afterwards his redeemed spirit departed in the full assurance of faith to a brighter and better world. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." (2 Cor. v. 1.)

" We know, by faith we know,  
 If this vile house of clay,  
 This tabernacle, sink below  
 In ruinous decay,  
 We have a house above,  
 Not made with mortal hands;  
 And firm as our Redeemer's love  
 That heavenly fabric stands."

### Motete, the Bechuana Convert.

The object of Christian Missions to heathen lands is not merely to civilize the people and to conduce to their temporal elevation, but also to bring them to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The annals of the glorious enterprise abound with instances of genuine conversion to God, which clearly prove that the Gospel preached by the Missionaries is not "a cunningly devised fable," but "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." To the

instances already recorded we add another from the Bechuana Country, in the interior of South Africa.

In the year 1839, a zealous Native Teacher belonging to the Mission Station at Thaba Unchu visited a Basuto hamlet in the neighbourhood of Plaatberg, where he embraced the opportunity of preaching Christ to the people. Among his auditors was a heathen young man of an unusually savage aspect, named Motete. His career up to this time had been marked by cruelty and blood, and he appeared the most unlikely person in the group to be affected by the truth. The word spoken, nevertheless, found its way to the man's heart, and, being applied by the Holy Spirit, produced deep conviction for sin, and made him tremble and cry out under a fearful apprehension of the wrath of God. Poor Motete felt as he had never felt before, and hastened at once to Plaatberg, to inquire of the Missionary what he must do to be saved. There he heard the Word of God more fully explained and enforced, and was pointed to Christ as the only Saviour of sinners. Still the poor penitent failed to obtain the comfort that he desired. He resolved, however, to persevere in seeking till he should find, and he continued in prayer, with scarcely any intermission, for three days and three nights. At length he was enabled to cast his helpless soul by faith on the atonement of Christ, and immediately the burden of his guilt was removed; he knew that his sins were forgiven, and his soul was filled with peace and joy in believing.

That was a memorable day at the Station; for a number of penitents besides Motete were seeking mercy among the rocks on the mountain side above the Mission-house. As the Missionary moved about among the people, praying with them and for them, and speaking to them words of encouragement as best he could, at the same moment two heads were raised above separate rocks, presenting sable faces which for days had been distorted with mental agony on account of sin, but which were now radiant with joy and holy exultation. Motete and another native had been simultaneously brought into the



glorious liberty of the children of God, and gave unmistakable evidence that they had found the pearl of great price. Motete went down to his house justified, "a new creature in Christ Jesus." He did not fail to tell his friends and acquaintances what the Lord had done for him, and to exhort them also to flee from the wrath to come. Some of these received his testimony, and became concerned about their salvation, which he no sooner perceived than he led them to the same place among the rocks where he found peace with God. There he encouraged them to continue instant in prayer, till they also should be made partakers of the grace of life. According to his and their faith it was done unto them. Eight or ten Basutos were thus brought to Jesus, and their after lives afforded evident proof of the reality of the change which they had experienced.

Unavoidable circumstances caused Motete's baptism to be delayed till the 3rd of January, 1841. On that day he and his wife, who had also embraced Christianity, were publicly baptized at *Plaatberg* by my friend and fellow-labourer the Rev. James Cameron. They chose for their Christian names David and Maria, and they both gave a noble testimony of their faith in Christ Jesus. The service was concluded with the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, of which they both partook, making a fresh and solemn surrender of themselves to God. The occasion was one of great spiritual profit, and will long be remembered with gratitude and joy by those who were present.

From this time David Motete's progress in the Divine life was rapid and manifest. He exhibited the most ardent thirst for knowledge; and, with commendable zeal and perseverance, he applied himself to study. He soon learned to read and write; and great was his gladness when able to peruse for himself the sacred Scriptures, which had been translated by the Missionaries into his native tongue. He now became increasingly useful to his countrymen, and in the course of the following year a Native Class was committed to his care.

The responsibility of this work he keenly felt, and in reference to it he remarked, "I am like a man travelling in a beautiful smooth path, who suddenly comes to the bank of a deep river; on the further side he sees the continuation of his path, and knows he must proceed, but is afraid to leap, lest, falling short of the opposite bank, he should plunge into the arms of death."

Notwithstanding the timidity with which he entered upon this new duty, as indicated by this striking figure, David Motete by his diligence and fidelity amply justified the confidence placed in him by his Minister; and in the year 1844 he was further promoted to the office of Scripture Reader and Exhorter. From this period his whole time and attention were devoted to the service of God in connection with the Mission; and he was constantly employed in itinerating among the native kraals around the *Plaatberg* Station, making known to the *Hottentots* in their own tongue the good news of salvation. Such is a brief sketch of the conversion and early history of one out of a large number of Native Teachers who have been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth on our Stations in Africa, and who are now usefully employed in assisting the Missionaries to carry on the good work in which they are engaged.

"Lord, if at Thy command  
 The word of life we sow,  
 Watered by Thy almighty hand,  
 The seed shall surely grow :  
 The virtue of Thy grace  
 A large increase shall give,  
 And multiply the faithful race  
 Who to Thy glory live."

#### Wang, the North China Convert.

It was very pleasant to become personally acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Harris, one of the Missionary Bishops of the

Methodist Episcopal Church, on his arrival at the British Conference, held at Camborne, in 1874, just after he had completed his voyage round the world to visit the various Stations of the noble Society which he so ably represented. And it is equally pleasant to record the following story associated with his name, as it shows how the God of Missions is blessing the labours of our American brethren in the north of China.

While Bishop Harris was in Peking, a Chinaman named Wang, having come under the influence of Divine truth, asked to be received into the Church. He was a literary gentleman of excellent education. His house was in the province of Shantung, four hundred miles south of Peking. He had come to the capital to attend the triennial examinations as a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts. Whilst here, he attended the preaching services of the Methodist Mission chapels, and became convinced of sin. Despite the opposition of his friends, he publicly declared his determination to renounce the idolatry in which he had been brought up, and to follow Jesus. He was admitted to Church membership, and was baptized. In a short time afterwards he returned home. On reaching his native village, he began to tell to his friends and neighbours "what a dear Saviour he had found;" and after a few weeks' time he sent his son to Peking, with a letter to the Missionaries containing a daily record of his work since his return home, and a list of eighteen names of persons anxious to become Christians.

The journey of the son was not less remarkable than the evangelistic labours of the father. He had come wheeling a wheelbarrow the entire distance of four hundred miles. He remained in the Mission compound a few weeks, and was further instructed in the doctrines of Christianity, and returned to his father at his distant home, wheeling back a load of Bibles and tracts. A combination of circumstances prevented the Missionaries at Peking from inspecting the work thus providentially begun for several months, although

they were extremely anxious to do so. At length a journey was taken into that neighbourhood by the Rev. Messrs. Lowry and Walker.

The devoted Missionaries just named were absent from Peking five weeks. They were constantly engaged in preaching and distributing books; and they everywhere met with a most kindly reception from the people. At Chi-nan-fu, the capital of the province of Shan-tung, a city about the size of Tientsin, they had met with Missionaries of the American Presbyterian and the English Baptist Missions. With these brethren they spent several days very happily, and then proceeded directly to Anchia-chung, the village in which Mr. Wang, their new convert, resided, visiting *en route* the sacred mountain of Tai-chan. The village is situated in a lovely valley one hundred miles to the south of Chi-nan-fu, and about thirty miles north of Chu-fu, the home and burial-place of China's great sage, Confucius.

On coming to the place the Missionaries inquired for Mr. Wang, but found that he was absent from home, engaged in his beloved work of preaching and the distribution of the Scriptures. Being but seven miles away, he was sent for, and made his appearance in the evening, delighted to see his friends from Peking, whom he greatly loved as the honoured instruments of leading him to Christ. Ever since his conversion and return home with his new-found treasure, it had been Mr. Wang's habit to go about to the various towns within a circle of twenty miles from his home, talking with his friends and acquaintances of Jesus, and leaving with them a few copies of religious books. The result of these humble labours was most gratifying. Many persons had been already awakened to a sense of their sin and danger, and led to inquire what they must do to be saved. The Missionaries spent several days with these seekers of salvation and their zealous teacher. They preached in Mr. Wang's house on the Sabbath; and at the close of the morning service the youth who had gone to Peking with his

wheelbarrow for a load of Bibles and tracts was solemnly baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity, and both father and son were formally received into Church fellowship. Five others were at the same time received on probation. In the afternoon, after an impressive sermon, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to the little band of Christians thus organized, in a part of China where the Gospel was unknown till the new convert returned home from his memorable journey to Peking.

In reference to the Sabbath spent at Anchia-chung, Mr. Lowry says : "The day was one of encouragement to us, not more in what we actually enjoyed than in what it promised. The work seems to be well begun. Wang remarked that he had laboured more especially with his own family, knowing that if they would not receive his teaching he could not expect many from outside to be convinced. Heretofore his most bitter opponent has been his own elder brother, who would neither listen to any explanation nor read the books offered him. This brother, however, was present at all the Sabbath services, and *his son* is one of the probationers."

On the following day the Missionaries accompanied Wang through his circuit to see others of those who were represented as being interested in the truth. Continuing his account of what they witnessed, Mr. Lowry says : "Of those whom we met, one seemed especially in earnest. He came to the inn at which we were stopping and remained to prayers, which gave us an opportunity of explaining to him the doctrine of the way of salvation. We accepted an invitation from him and visited his house the next morning, where we had another long talk and a season of prayer. He is an educated man, and exerts a considerable influence in his own village. He expressed a willingness to unite with the Church, but preferred to wait till he had read more of the books which we had given him, before handing in his name as a candidate; a decision we thought wise, and more encouraging than if he had hastily given in his name as a

professing Christian without a thorough understanding of what it implied. With his earnest inquiries and apparent decision of character, we shall be disappointed if he turn back."

While in the vicinity the brethren paid a visit to the tomb of Confucius and noticed other objects of interest. Before they took their departure arrangements were made for Mr. Wang, in company with Mr. Chao, another literary convert living sixty miles south of the city, to spend a few months at Peking, under the instruction of the Missionaries, with a view to future usefulness. In the meantime the good work so remarkably commenced by Mr. Wang in his native village and neighbourhood continued to advance in a very delightful manner.

This is but a specimen of what is taking place in other parts of the Chinese Empire, through the blessing of God upon the labours of the Missionaries; and there is a fair prospect of Chinese themselves being the chief instruments in the renovation of their country with its teeming millions of population. Young Chinamen are being trained as native teachers and evangelists, whilst at the same time the Gospel of Christ is being faithfully preached to all classes in various Mission Stations, and the rising generation are instructed in the elements of Christian doctrine. Let Christian people of every name be instant in prayer for the blessing of God on every department of Missionary work in China, and let them support the cause according to their ability, and their labour will not be in vain in the Lord.



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### Ann Gill of Barbadoes.

In the year 1823 a fearful storm of persecution broke over the Wesleyan Mission in the island of Barbadoes, when the chapel and Mission-house were demolished by a ruthless mob; and the Missionary and his wife were obliged to flee for their lives and take refuge on board a vessel in Carlisle Bay, by which they, by and bye, were conveyed to St. Vincent's. In the dark day when the members of our infant Church were scattered as sheep without a shepherd, the God of Missions inspired one of their number with a spirit of Christian zeal and courage worthy of the occasion, that the little timid flock might have some one to counsel and watch over them in the time of their trial. This was Mrs. Ann Gill, a lady of colour, a widow indeed, and a mother in Israel, who, by her consistent piety and entire devotedness to God in His Church, won for herself a name and reputation which Christians will never willingly let die.

The noise and tumult of the infuriated rabble had scarcely subsided, after the destruction of the sanctuary, and the banishment of the Missionary from the island, when Mrs. Gill opened her house for the Class-meetings and other religious services; and used her utmost efforts to instruct, encourage, and keep the members together till brighter days should come. Most of the Leaders as well as the members being slaves, they could only come late at night when their work was done; and, to meet their convenience, the gate at the widow's cottage called the "Cabbage Tree" was left open, that the timid and persecuted Christians might at all times have access to the room appropriated to their use. Many threatenings were denounced against this little sanctuary; but the Lord suffered it not to be molested. Three times was Mrs. Gill cited to appear before the magistrates, to answer charges brought against her touching these matters; and

twice she had to make her defence before the court of Grand Sessions ; but in all these trials the Lord stood by her, and proved that the hearts of all men were in His hands. As she beautifully says in a paper written by herself now before me : “ During all that perilous time I never received an insult from any quarter, but was treated with the greatest respect.”

Great was the joy of Mrs. Gill and the members of the infant Church when at length, in 1826, a Missionary was sent to attempt to collect the scattered congregation and re-establish the Mission. Writing to the Committee in London about this time, she says : “ Our fathers and brethren in the Lord, I am sure from past experience, have the love of the little flock here at heart in a particular manner, and truly we did call and do still call for and require your love and pity. Afford us, we pray you, the help we need ; for we shall not succeed without your aid. I feel every assurance in my own mind that the Committee will enable us to build a new chapel. O that the entreaties of a poor feeble woman could prevail with them to hasten the time when we shall be so blessed ! The Lord will, I trust, help you in all things needful for this work. Surely hundreds in England would assist with their gold and silver, in once more erecting a house for God in Barbadoes.”

Hundreds in England did assist, and that right heartily, and it was not long before a Christian sanctuary of more ample dimensions was erected in James Street on a better site and in a more commanding position than the one demolished by the mob. Often have I preached in that chapel to crowded congregations of attentive hearers, and among the hundreds of humble worshippers, of various shades of complexion, who, with joyful upturned faces, united with the spirit and with the understanding in singing the praises of God, none were more earnest or more devout than Ann Gill, who had so largely contributed to bring about the wonderful change. She rejoiced exceedingly to see the happy days of peace and prosperity with which the Church of her choice was blessed, after the storm of persecution had happily blown over.



During the period of my personal labours in Barbadoes, in 1835 and following years, I always found Mrs. Gill the same generous, earnest, faithful Methodist Class Leader and Christian friend that she had been from the beginning; and many of the early Missionaries besides myself have rejoiced to number her among their friends and efficient helpers in the work of the Lord, in common with a noble band of holy women, in the West Indies, who have ever been famous for their zealous labours in the Gospel. She was spared to see the cause of God in great prosperity in her native land, chapels and schools being erected in various localities, and the Church members numbered by thousands. At length her work being done, the Master called her, and in a good old age she finished her course with joy. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

"They die in Jesus and are blessed :  
How calm their slumbers are !  
From sufferings and from woes released,  
And freed from every snare."

### Harriet Gardner of St Vincent's.

Every Missionary who has laboured in St. Vincent's has heard of Harriet Gardner, a devoted member and Leader in the Methodist Society at an early period of the Mission. She was born a slave in St. Kitt's and brought to St. Vincent's in her youth, where, after enduring many years of bitter bondage, she obtained her freedom. Having no one to instruct her in the principles of religion, she grew up in spiritual darkness, and for a long time she wandered in "the way of sinners." At length, however, she was induced to attend the Wesleyan chapel at Barrowallie; and one Sabbath morning the word preached came with convincing power to her heart. She hastened home from this house of God in deep distress,

and in the retirement of her closet sought with a penitent and contrite heart the salvation of her soul. She did not at that time obtain the relief which she sought, but continued a mourner in Zion. So great was her sorrow on account of sin that for a whole week sleep departed from her eyes, and sometimes at midnight she was heard crying to God for mercy. Like Jacob of old, she wrestled with God in prayer till she prevailed. Her soul was set at liberty from the bondage of sin; and by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ she could rejoice in a sweet assurance of the Divine favour. On the following Sabbath she returned to the sanctuary rejoicing in God her Saviour, and was allowed to join the Society in the quarterly Love-feast, and to declare what God had done for her soul. Her name was subsequently enrolled as a Church member, and she henceforth became a faithful and consistent disciple of the Lord Jesus.

Having found the "pearl of great price" herself, Harriet Gardner manifested a laudable zeal for the spiritual welfare of her friends and neighbours, and, as there was at that time no preaching at Layou, the village where she lived, she earnestly requested the Missionary to come over and declare to the people that blessed Gospel which had made her so happy. The man of God cheerfully responded to the call; and on his arrival he found a goodly number of people assembled in the humble cottage of the new convert, at her invitation, to whom he preached the first sermon ever heard in that part of the country. The blessing of God attended this and succeeding efforts to raise the people from that state of ignorance and sin in which they were involved; a few sinners were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and a small Society was formed, which has continued to increase to the present time, notwithstanding the trials and difficulties through which it has had to pass.

As the Missionary repeated his visits to Layou the number of hearers increased, mainly through the influence and exertions of this "mother in Israel," and the preaching-room soon

became too small for the congregation. Nothing daunted, but rather encouraged by this token of success, Harriet Gardner removed to an out-room in the yard, and, setting men to work to remove the partitions, threw the hall and bedroom into one. Pews were then built which, being let for a trifle, produced a small sum for the purchase of lights and the liquidation of other necessary expenses, which up to that time she had generously paid out of her own slender resources. This difficulty had not long been surmounted when a still greater presented itself. The hurricane of 1831 which swept over several islands of the West Indies, demolished the preaching-house at Layou, and deprived the people of a place of worship, and poor Harriet of all her property. She bowed with humble submission to the will of God under this trouble, and never for one moment relaxed her efforts to help forward the cause of Christ; but continued to visit the people from house to house, to invite, admonish, and beseech sinners to flee from the wrath to come.

After the destruction of the old preaching-room at Layou, several small houses were rented from time to time in which the services were held; but the largest of them was altogether too small for the purpose, as they did not afford accommodation for more than seventy or eighty people, whilst the Society alone numbered two hundred members. Hence arose the pressing necessity for a new chapel, the erection of which was accordingly resolved upon. But it was a herculean task for a people who were generally in poor circumstances, and only just emerging from slavery. By the blessing of God the desired object was at length accomplished, the enterprise being largely aided by the unwearied exertions of Harriet Gardner, notwithstanding her advancing years and increasing infirmities. It was a happy day for this dear old saint when she saw the beautiful new chapel opened and dedicated to the service of the Almighty, in the year 1839. She could then exclaim with Simeon of old: "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

This excellent woman lived for several years after the opening of the new chapel at Layou, labouring as her strength would permit for the Lord ; and when her work on earth was done she finished her course with joy, and was called to her reward in heaven. I hope to meet her and many others in the better country, who, having received the truth into their own hearts, helped us much in our Missionary labours amongst their countrymen, and who were found faithful even unto death.

“To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross shall wear the crown.”

### A Faithful Missionary.

It is a matter of unspeakable gratitude to God, when, from among our foreign converts to the faith and hope of the Gospel, men are raised up to proclaim to their fellow-countrymen the glad tidings of salvation, and to take an active part in the aggressive work of the Church. Among those who were thus honoured, and who laboured with me on my respective Stations in Africa and the West Indies, there was one young man on whose case I always reflect with peculiar pleasure. His conversion to God and subsequent career were attended by circumstances somewhat remarkable, and are worthy of a brief record here.

The young man to whom I refer was a native of Trinidad, in the West Indies, (though born of European parents,) and brought up in the country far away from the means of grace and of religious instruction. He did not remember having entered any place of worship three times in his life when I first became acquainted with him. He was convinced of sin the first time he attended our chapel. When he entered I was giving out the touching hymn beginning, “Would Jesus have the sinner die?” As he afterwards testified, the words

of the hymn went like a dagger to his heart, whilst the discourse which followed presented the truth to his mind in an entirely new light, and he felt as he had never done before. He returned home with a humble, penitent, and contrite heart; and he wept and prayed and sought the Lord till he found Him to the joy of his soul.

The young convert soon became a Sabbath-School Teacher, an Exhorter, and a Local Preacher. He joined a theological class which I had formed, and along with a few other young men pursued a course of study under my direction, and gave up himself wholly to the work of the Lord. And such was the progress which he made in religious knowledge and Christian experience that, within two years from the time of his conversion, he passed the usual examination at the District Meeting, and stood before the brethren as an accepted candidate for our Ministry. He was duly received by the Conference of 1843, and it was truly gratifying to me to find, on leaving the West Indies a few years afterwards, that he was considered qualified to take my place, and was appointed accordingly to the charge of our important Mission in his native isle.

More than thirty years have passed away since then, during which my dear friend and son in the Gospel has continued to labour faithfully as a Missionary in the St. Vincent's and Demerara Districts, and has been respected and beloved by the people on all the Stations which he has occupied. As an appropriate conclusion to this sketch, and to this section of the book, I may here insert a few lines which my friend composed and addressed to me on the eve of my departure from the West Indies, as they are evidently the effusion of a sincere and grateful heart.

“ TO THE REV. W. MOISTER.

“ Unfolding here salvation's healing plan,  
My steps you pointed to the realms of light;  
You brought and taught me in the Christian fold  
To serve my God and in His laws delight.

Here many a heart has felt thy soothing power,  
 When bowed beneath a sense of guilt and care;  
 And oft in misery's pining, cheerless hour  
 You dried the widow's and the orphan's tear.

Here many a toilsome solitary hour  
 You've travelled to declare your Saviour's name;  
 Opened a wide and an effectual door,  
 And gladly here His saving power proclaimed.

But now, called hence a distant flock to feed,  
 No more your active virtue here shall glow,  
 But love unquenchable, and fervent zeal,  
 Shall add new laurels wheresoe'er you go.

Long may you live to aid your fellow-man,  
 To point the tender youth in wisdom's ways,  
 Unfold the beauties of salvation's plan,  
 And train immortals for eternal day!

And when from earth's vain fleeting view you pass,  
 Followed by works in endless peace to rest,  
 Your bright example, O, may I pursue;  
 For ever blessing, till I'm ever blessed!

W. C. "





## Section VI.

### *MISSION WORK IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.*

“And when the angel which spake unto Cornelius was departed, he called two of his household servants, and a devout soldier of them that waited on him continually ; and when he had declared all these things unto them, he sent them to Joppa.”—ACTS x. 7, 8.

“O God of our salvation ; Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.”—PSALM LXV. 5.

**I**MPORTANT and interesting is that part of our Home Mission work which relates to the army and navy. This will clearly appear if we glance for a moment at its bearing on the cause of God in foreign lands. Inasmuch as British soldiers and sailors are sent to almost every part of the world, the influence of their character and example is widely felt, and it is very desirable that that influence should be for good and not for evil. When I have seen them land on the shores of distant countries, in the vicinity of our foreign Mission Stations, I have often wished that they were all true Christians, that the heathen might have presented to their sight more favourable specimens of white men and their religion than they have sometimes witnessed. In proportion as we succeed in our army and navy work, this will be more and more the case ; to the credit of our common Christianity, and to the great advantage of the cause of God at home and abroad. In the meantime it is gratifying to look back and call to mind a few instances in which converted soldiers and

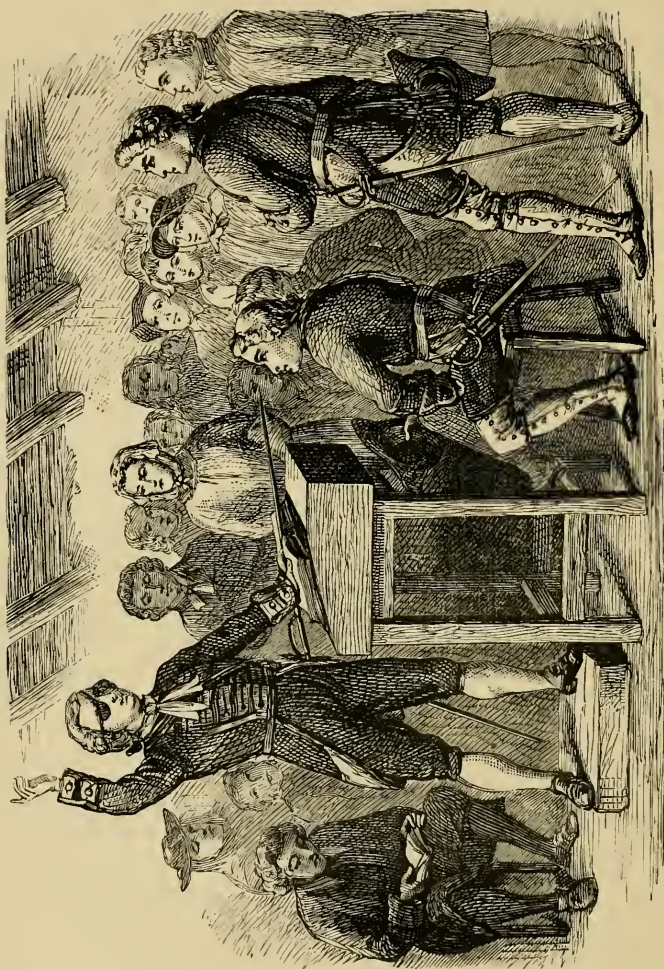
sailors have been made a blessing to the people of the countries where they have been called to sojourn. Some remarkable instances have come under our notice of pious soldiers being the pioneers of our Missionaries, and actually introducing the Gospel to foreign lands before the arrival of the honoured men whose special vocation it was to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to the perishing heathen. On other occasions they have proved valuable in helping to carry on the work, when it has been already commenced, as we can testify from experience.

### Valuable Services of Christian Soldiers.

When Cornelius the Roman centurion, in obedience to a heavenly admonition, sent an embassy to Joppa for Peter to instruct him and his household in the things pertaining to the kingdom of God, one of the messengers was a "devout soldier of them that waited on him continually," and nobly did he discharge his duty on that memorable occasion. It has also been alleged by some that Christianity was first brought to Britain by converted soldiers in the army of Julius Cæsar. And in the early days of Methodism, the leaven of Christian truth found its way into the British army, where some of the noblest triumphs of Divine grace were witnessed to the honour of Christ "the Captain of our salvation." Any one who will take the trouble to refer to the correspondence of Mr. Wesley with John Haime, and other pious soldiers serving in the war in Flanders, as given in the "Arminian Magazine," will see, not only the genuine Christian patriotism which inspired the breast of the Founder of Methodism, but also the importance which he attached to the promotion of religion in the army and the blessed influence which pious soldiers then exercised over their comrades. In his Journals, however, Mr. Wesley makes frequent and honourable mention of Methodist soldiers, especially in Ireland, where he often







CAPTAIN WEBB PREACHING IN THE RIGGING LOFT, NEW YORK, 1767.

preached to the military, and where he was repeatedly indebted to them for their kind interference for his safety, when he was attacked by angry mobs.

More than a hundred years ago, when Methodism was first planted on the continent of America mainly by the united efforts of Philip Embury and Barbara Heck, the infant cause was strengthened and aided materially by the arrival of a distinguished military labourer in a manner quite unexpected. The little Church had been worshipping for about three months in the celebrated "Rigging Loft," in John Street, New York, when, one Sabbath evening, in 1767, a strange-looking military gentleman appeared among them. He was dressed as a British officer in full uniform, and had lost one of his eyes, and over its socket he wore a green shade. His entrance caused general excitement and inquiry as to what could be his object in coming to the meeting. The fears of the members speedily gave way to great joy, however, on learning that the dashing military officer was a Christian brother and a Methodist, who had been converted to God under the preaching of Mr. Wesley in Bristol, about three years before. The general joy was still further increased when it was known that he had come to reside in the country, having received the appointment of Barrack-master at Albany, and that he was a Local Preacher, and would be able to render valuable assistance to Mr. Embury and his associates in the good work. His name was Captain Webb, a name second only to that of Philip Embury in the history of the planting of Methodism in America. He preached in his regimentals, his trusty sword lying on his desk in the meantime, and the novelty of the sight, together with the warm and earnest manner of the soldier evangelist, drew crowds to hear him; and the word was attended with "soul-converting power." Three other soldiers of the 16th Regiment were members of the first Methodist Class formed in New York, and they also did good service for the infant cause as prayer-leaders and exhorters.

And when Methodism extended to Canada, it was again largely aided by military labourers. It is believed that the first Methodist sermon ever heard in the Lower Province was preached by Corporal Tuffey, of the 44th Regiment, at Quebec, in the year 1780. The pious soldier had just arrived from England, and, with a heart glowing with love to Christ and his fellow-men, he delayed not to bear testimony to the truth in a land of Popish darkness. He was nobly aided in the religious services which he held by a few of his comrades who were like-minded with himself; and, by the blessing of God upon their united efforts, the way was prepared for the entrance of regular Missionaries upon the wide field. In the Upper Province one of the most laborious and successful pioneer evangelists was Major Neal, a British officer who settled in the district of Niagara, in 1786, where he faithfully preached that Gospel which had been made the power of God to his own salvation, long before the first Missionary entered the country.

The military element, in the early history of Missions in other countries, is equally remarkable. When Dr. Coke landed in Barbadoes, on the 4th of December, 1788, with the Rev. B. Pearce, the first Wesleyan Missionary appointed to that island, he was delighted to find that a few pious Methodist soldiers, from Ireland, had already commenced holding meetings in a large unoccupied warehouse, the use of which they had obtained for the purpose. On the following evening the zealous Doctor preached in the soldiers' humble house of prayer to an overflowing congregation; and the "red-coats" became valuable assistants to the Missionary. And when the celebrated Barnabas Shaw entered upon his labours at Cape Town, in 1816, the way for usefulness being closed in various directions, it was at length providentially opened through the instrumentality of the military. He says: "My congregations, at first, were chiefly composed of pious soldiers; and it was in a room hired by them that I first preached 'Christ, and Him crucified,' in South Africa." Sergeant M'Kendrie, of

the 21st Light Dragoons, especially was a zealous labourer in this part of the Lord's vineyard, both among soldiers and civilians, and was the principal means of getting the first Wesleyan Missionary appointed to Southern Africa. Among the souls won to Christ through his instrumentality were Sergeant-Majors Lucas and Price, both of whom became very useful in their turn. Indeed it was through their means chiefly that the Gospel was introduced into some parts of the Eastern Province of Cape Colony, to which they removed on leaving Cape Town. The Rev. William Shaw says, when describing his early efforts in Albany, "I preached in the house of Sergeant-Major Lucas, who with Sergeant-Major Price received me most courteously. On my first visiting them, arrangements were immediately made for preaching in one of their rooms in the barracks, and the services were attended by as many as could find accommodation. Thus was Methodism introduced into Graham's Town"

In the Southern World similar facts meet us in various places in connection with the planting of Methodism in our colonies. The first Methodist Class formed in Australia consisted of twelve members, two of whom were godly soldiers, who were active and zealous in their efforts to do good in every possible way. The first Wesleyan chapel erected in Sydney was built mainly by the benevolence of Sergeant James Scott, who had been converted to God on one of our Mission Stations in the West Indies, and who thus showed his gratitude to the Almighty by endeavouring to promote the interests of His cause in the land of his adoption. The first Methodist chapel built in the township of Castlereagh, New South Wales, was erected at the sole expense of Mr. Samuel Lees, who had retired from the British army, and settled in that locality. On the arrival of the Rev. W. Horton at Hobart Town in 1821, on his appointment as the first Wesleyan Missionary to Tasmania, he found some pious soldiers of the 48th Regiment had to some extent prepared the way for his coming. They had hired a room, and were in

the habit of holding meetings on Sabbaths and week-nights, singing, praying and exhorting as best they could, for the general good of the inhabitants.

We are free to admit that many of the sailors who were cast away or who absconded from their ships and settled from time to time in the South Sea Islands, were very unfavourable specimens of white men, and that their influence was in many instances damaging to Christian Missions; but this only shows how different it might have been if they had only been truly converted to God. There were, however, some honourable exceptions to the too commonly bad character of runaway sailors in the islands of the Pacific. When everybody was turning *lotu*, and no Missionary could be obtained for Lafuka, it was a British sailor whom the Chief of Haabai made his chaplain, requiring him to read prayers every day, in a house erected and set apart for the purpose, till a proper Missionary could be sent to him. And when the Chief of Vavau wanted to plead for a Missionary for his group, it was a British sailor whom he got to write a letter for him to the brethren at Tonga, and who discharged his duty right nobly, setting forth that "a Missionary must be sent forthwith; for the native gods were such lying spirits, they could be trusted no longer, but were all abandoned."

Many similar instances might be given, but these may suffice to show the importance of attending to the religious interests of soldiers and sailors, and the bearing which this department of Christian labour has on the spread of the Gospel in foreign lands. Nothing can be more self-evident than that Mission work of every kind is the same in its object and design, to bring precious souls to a saving knowledge of the truth. Nor need there be any conflict or jealousy between home and foreign Missionary operations, as their interests are inseparable; and the prosperity or decline of one involves that of the other. Let us then be unwearied in our efforts to promote the spiritual welfare of our fellow-men, without respect to language, complexion, condition or clime.

### The Mandingo War.

My first attempt to minister to British troops was made more than forty years ago, when residing at St. Mary's, on the Gambia. The Colonial and Military Chaplain had been obliged to return to England a few months after his arrival, on account of the failure of his health, and I was left alone,—the only Christian Minister of any denomination in a country extending over several hundreds of miles. Immediately after the departure of my reverend friend, I was requested by His Excellency the Governor to accept the appointment of "Acting Colonial and Military Chaplain;" and under the peculiar circumstances of the case I felt no difficulty in compliance, when satisfied in my own mind that such an arrangement would meet with the approval of the directors of the Missionary Society in whose service I was engaged, and that I should be at liberty to appropriate any remuneration I might receive for my services to the furtherance of the Mission cause.

Well do I remember the anxieties and arduous labours of that eventful period, in a climate so unfriendly to Europeans, and in a country where so many of my honoured predecessors had found an early grave. It was on Friday, the 8th of September, 1831, that the Colonial register books of births, marriages, and deaths were sent over to the Mission-house, with the secretary's letter conveying the official notification of my appointment as Acting Chaplain, and on the following Sabbath I officiated for the first time at the temporary church in the fort. My congregation was of a peculiar and mixed character, consisting of the troops, who were chiefly black men of the 1st and 2nd West India Regiments, with European officers, and a few civilians who had not found it convenient to attend the service at the Mission chapel, which I had just held previous to coming over to the barracks. A number of the Mission school-boys generally accompanied me

from one place of worship to the other, and took an active part in the singing and in reading the responses, which was a great help to me, and we had some very interesting services.

I was performing my double ministerial duties with as much comfort as could be expected under the circumstances, when an event occurred which threw the whole settlement into a state of consternation. This was the sudden and unexpected breaking out of a native war. A powerful tribe of Mandingoes, occupying a tract of country on the northern bank of the river, had for some time past manifested a spirit of restlessness and daring which excited in the minds of some of the colonists feelings of apprehension as to what might be their ulterior intentions. No one, however, appeared to anticipate immediate danger, when one evening the stillness of the night was broken by the startling sound of an alarm gun fired at Fort Bullon, announcing the fact that an attack had actually been made by the enemy on a small English settlement at Barra Point, on the borders of their territory, opposite the island of St. Mary on the other side of the river. The Governor immediately despatched an officer with a detachment of soldiers to relieve the fort. These were accompanied by a number of seamen, captains of vessels, and other persons who volunteered their services on the occasion. After a fruitless and unsuccessful attack on the native town of Yassow, which they found in a state of complete defence, being surrounded by a double stockade, the handful of English troops and volunteers were obliged to retreat and flee for their lives. Those who succeeded in reaching the beach before the boats moved off, escaped, and the rest were massacred by the infuriated natives, who pursued them, in overwhelming numbers, into deep water. When the next morning dawned, and revealed the appalling fact that our infant settlement was actually at war with a powerful tribe of savage natives, whose home was within three miles of our own, and that a number of our fellow colonists were already



slain, a scene of mourning was exhibited which I shall never forget.

It is not intended here to attempt anything like a detailed account of the Mandingo war ; but merely to state the fact of its occurrence, with a view to introduce some incidents illustrative of the beneficial influence of the Gospel, and of the advantage of even one Missionary Chaplain in a benighted heathen land, at an eventful period of its history. Suffice it, therefore, to say that the contest in which the settlement was thus suddenly involved continued for nearly five months, at the most sickly season of the year, when most of the European residents were prostrated by fever, and when every thing was unfavourable to either offensive or defensive military operations. These were months of great toil and considerable danger and suffering. My dear wife and I had just passed through the trying ordeal of the "seasoning fever:" and in addition to my ordinary ministerial duties much of my time was occupied in visiting the sick, the wounded, and the dying in the military hospital, and in burying the dead. So great was the number of those who died from wounds received in battle and from attacks of fever, that it was soon found impossible to provide coffins in sufficient numbers, so that in some instances the corpse was deposited in the ground in a manner too shocking to describe. Often have I returned home from these engagements completely exhausted by the exertions of the day, and exposure to the burning rays of a tropical sun ; but I was mercifully sustained by my Heavenly Father, and, after many years of hallowed toil in other lands, I still look back with feelings of sincere gratitude to God for His preserving goodness at this trying and eventful period of my Missionary career.

Assistance having at length been called in from the nearest French and English settlements on the coast, as Senegal and Sierra Leone, and after various reverses had been experienced in the interim, the enemy was ultimately subdued, and peace was once more restored to the country, in the early part of

the year 1832. The reader may imagine our joy when we beheld one day, from the verandah of the Mission-house, a canoe crossing the river with a white flag floating in the breeze, with proposals of peace for the consideration of the Governor and Council, the enemy being now thoroughly humbled, having been previously driven out of their entrenchments on Barra Point, and the fort which they had taken at the commencement of the war recaptured by the British troops.

When the terms of peace had been duly discussed and satisfactorily arranged, they were ratified in a formal manner in a grand ceremonial gathering, which took place on the other side of the river, on the scene of the contest. His Excellency the Governor requested me to accompany him and his party on the occasion, to witness the signing of the treaty, and to address the natives on the evils of war and the advantages of peace, &c. The Mandingo King was late in making his appearance ; but, when he did come, it was with true African pomp and parade. He was attended by his principal Chiefs and about two thousand of his warriors, fully armed and arrayed in their war-dresses. They seated themselves on the ground in a semi-circular line of three deep ; and vied with each other in their eagerness to shake hands with us, as we passed along their ranks. King Bruma took his seat immediately in front of this imposing assembly, under the "palaver tree," not far from Governor Randall and his staff, who occupied a number of plain forms which had been brought over from the Mission school-room for their accommodation. The treaty of peace was duly explained, and some strong words were spoken in reference to the unprovoked attack of the Mandingoes on the British settlement, when the King laid all the blame on the *soninkies*, or "drinking people" of the tribe, whom he characterized in a most uncomplimentary manner, and made fair promises for the time to come. The treaty was then signed and witnessed by the contracting parties in due form on both sides, in

English and Arabic; and when the announcement was made that this was done, the vast assemblage discharged their muskets into the air, in token of joy, whilst the firing of cannon from the British forts made known to the colonists the auspicious event, and we returned to our homes with thankful hearts, to pursue our work in peace.

“Come, Saviour, from above,  
O'er all our hearts to reign;  
And plant the kingdom of Thy love  
In every heart of man.

“Fightings and wars shall cease;  
And in Thy Spirit given,  
Pure joy and everlasting peace  
Shall turn our earth to heaven.”

### The Dying Officer.

Several incidents worthy of notice occurred in connection with the Mandingo war at the Gambia in 1831; but none was more pathetic than the case of Lieutenant L——, a sprightly young officer, who arrived at St. Mary's from Sierra Leone, with a detachment of British soldiers under his command, on board H.M.S. “Plumper,” in the month of October.

I had but little intercourse with this intelligent young gentleman previous to the engagement by which his earthly career was so soon brought to a close. I might have seen him occasionally at the parade service, or at the Government House, where I frequently met with British and French officers from a distance, and other strangers at that time; but I had no opportunity of serious conversation with him.

On the morning of the 11th of November, according to previous arrangement, a combined attack was made on the works of the enemy on the northern bank of the river, when all the available naval and military force was engaged. The

attacking party was landed about daybreak under cover of a heavy fire from the "Plumper" and other ships of war. The roaring of cannon and the discharge of musketry continued during the day, and we who remained on the island felt anxious to know the result. Towards evening a messenger arrived with the welcome intelligence that the Mandingoes were completely routed, and driven into the woods: and as the smoke cleared away we beheld once more the British flag floating over the ruined fort. There was a general manifestation of joy throughout the settlement over this victory, as a speedy termination of hostilities might now fairly be anticipated. This spirit of rejoicing soon subsided, however; and it was not long before it was succeeded by general mourning and lamentation, as boat after boat came across the river, filled with the dead and wounded. Then were heard again the loud wailings of wives, mothers, and sisters, for those who had fallen in battle, there being few persons in the island who had not lost a relative or a friend on that memorable day.

Among the wounded was Lieutenant L——, the young officer already mentioned. He had received a mortal wound in his head from a musket ball; and as it was thought he could not survive many hours, my attention was called to him immediately. I found him at the residence of the colonial surgeon, where ample arrangements had been made for his comfort, the military hospital being already full of patients. At my first interview with him the poor sufferer was in a state of great exhaustion, from severe pain and loss of blood; but he was quite conscious, and evidently aware of his precarious condition. Having learned incidentally that he was the son of pious parents, I alluded to this circumstance in my conversation with him, and on mention being made of his praying mother his eyes sparkled with emotion, and the big tears chased each other in swift succession down his sun-burnt cheeks, whilst he acknowledged his sins and bewailed the wayward course which he had so long pursued,

and his neglect of pious parental counsel. I endeavoured to point him to Christ, as the only and all-sufficient Saviour of poor penitent sinners ; and assured him of the pleasure it would afford his dear mother to hear that he was reclaimed from his wanderings even in the eleventh hour. I prayed with him and for him, that God would, in His infinite mercy, reveal unto the dying penitent the joys of His salvation. Having observed with grateful feelings the apparent impression made upon his mind by my first visit, I took my departure, promising soon to return to him.

Contrary to all expectation, the young officer survived for two or three days, although the ball could not be extracted. I visited him frequently during the time that he thus lingered, and he seemed thankful for the attention paid to him, knowing that there were many others also in dying circumstances. He listened devoutly to the reading of the Scriptures, and to the prayers which were offered up for him, as well as to the directions given in reference to the simple way of salvation. After a while I was thankful to perceive that his mind was gradually opening to receive the truth. He not only responded earnestly, as his strength would permit, when prayer was offered for him, but was heard attempting to address a few broken but sincere petitions himself to the Almighty. At length he was enabled to rest his helpless soul on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus for pardon and acceptance, and was divested of the fear of death, and fully resigned to the will of his Heavenly Father. As he became weaker and weaker, and as his end drew near, the dying officer was not always conscious ; but, during the lucid intervals with which he was favoured, he not only expressed himself as truly grateful for my services, but distinctly and joyfully avowed his entire reliance and unwavering confidence in Christ as his Saviour. At length he gradually and peacefully sank into the arms of death ; and among his last words were these, uttered in a faint whisper : “ O ! tell my mother that I was saved at last, and that I had a Christian Minister to pray with me in my dying

moments." The reader may be assured that I did not neglect to convey this last message of the young officer to his bereaved mother; and I have no doubt but the intelligence of his conversion was the means of shedding a ray of light and comfort upon the gloom which the news of his early death had cast upon his once happy home. This is one of many instances which might be given of the reflex influence of Christian Missions, and of their frequent advantage to our fellow-countrymen whose lot is cast in foreign lands; as well as to the heathen. It also serves to show the value of direct and systematic efforts for the spiritual benefit of British soldiers, and the outcome of pious training and a mother's prayers after many years of hope deferred.

On the day after the peaceful death of the young officer, the funeral procession moved slowly towards the cemetery along the smooth sandy beach, washed by the rippling waves of the Gambia. Only a few soldiers could be spared from duty to show the usual military honours; but all present seemed impressed with serious feelings, as we marched to the sound of the drum and other musical instruments. His remains were deposited in a grave near to the resting-place of three honoured Missionaries; and after reading the usual service, and giving a few words of solemn address, I turned aside to attend to other funerals which were awaiting me; not, however, without a sentiment of gratitude to God that I had been allowed to point the dying officer to the Sinner's Friend.

"All the storms of life are past,  
Thine the victor's crown at last;  
Praise the Lamb in hymns Divine,  
Christ and all in Him are thine."

### The Soldier's Wife.

Before the termination of the Mandingo war, in 1832, a little incident occurred which is very suggestive, and a record

of which may be interesting to those who are concerned for the welfare of the class of people to which it relates. For several months we had been in a state of anxious suspense; a tribe of hostile natives having encamped and thrown up earth works within a few miles of the settlement, with the avowed intention of "eating up" the white men, or of "driving them into the sea." Every possible means of defence which could be devised was resorted to by the colonists to meet the emergency. A fort and battery were built just behind the Mission-house, from which a stockade had been erected extending across the plain to the margin of the river, to check the progress of the enemy at this point, and to keep them out of the town, in the event of their effecting a landing on the island in the darkness of the night. Mrs. Moister and her school-girls had been busily employed for some time in making sand-bags for the troops, for the construction of temporary and moveable batteries; and our native Teachers, as well as every available man on the Station who could carry arms, had been summoned to the defence of the colony. Our Sabbath services and schools were still kept up, although attended only by women and children,—the men and elder boys being on duty at drill or in the field.

We had thus struggled on under many difficulties, till the morning of the first Sabbath in the new year, when on meeting for Divine worship as usual we were somewhat startled to see a white woman enter the chapel and take her seat among the natives. Such a circumstance would not be very remarkable on many of our foreign Stations; but, in this instance, the Missionary's wife was the only European female resident in the country, the unhealthy character of the climate having prevented the Government officers and merchants from bringing their families with them. The lonely and somewhat dejected appearance of the pale-faced stranger attracted the notice and excited the sympathy of all present; and the more so as she seemed much affected as the service proceeded. The subject of the discourse was the parable of the "barren fig-

tree." A gracious influence rested upon the congregation and many were in tears; but the poor lonely white woman was moved in a very remarkable manner. She wept bitterly and could scarcely retain her seat, so powerfully was she wrought upon.

At the close of the service the Missionary's wife approached the stranger, and cordially invited her up into the Mission-house, being glad of an opportunity of once more looking upon the face of a fair sister, as well as of speaking words of consolation and comfort to one who was evidently in trouble. She gladly accepted the invitation, and when we were alone she related to us her sorrowful story, and freely made known the cause of her sorrow. She stated that she was the wife of a non-commissioned officer who had just arrived from the Island of Ascension, with a detachment of troops, to aid in our defence. She again wept as if her heart would break, while she related how she had once known the Lord, and been a member of the Wesleyan Society in Yorkshire; and how in the hour of temptation she had fallen from grace, married a soldier, left her native land, and "had not heard a Gospel sermon for four years" till that morning. "I am the barren fig-tree," she exclaimed, "whom the Lord has spared so long, when He might have cut me down as a cumberer of the ground. O, the unspeakable mercy of God! But will He indeed pardon and receive such a guilty backslider?" We endeavoured to comfort her as best we could, and pointed her to that gracious and merciful Saviour, who never yet turned away a poor sinner who came to Him with a contrite and believing heart. After conversing for some time we again bowed our knees in prayer, and whilst supplicating the throne of the heavenly grace, the unhappy wanderer obtained a measure of consolation. When she had partaken of some refreshment, to which we invited her, the soldier's wife returned to the barracks much comforted, and, to say the least, hoping in the God of her salvation. I only saw her once after this; it was at the military encampment on the field of battle, when the con-



test was over ; and I again embraced the opportunity of exhorting her, as well as her husband, not to neglect the "one thing needful." She then expressed her full determination to serve the Lord henceforth and for ever.

Here again we see the benefits which frequently result from Christian Missions in foreign lands, even to Europeans when far from home ; and we may also learn from such incidents as this the claims which British soldiers and their families have upon our sympathies and our prayers. Since the time alluded to I have often had opportunities of labouring to promote the spiritual and eternal welfare of this class of my fellow-men, and I trust with some success ; but I never speak or hear about the parable of the barren fig-tree, as illustrative of the sparing mercy of God in Christ Jesus, without thinking of the soldier's wife, and fervently do I pray that it may be made a similar blessing to thousands who have wandered far away from the true source of happiness and peace.

"Whence to me this waste of love ?  
Ask my Advocate above ;  
See the cause in Jesu's face,  
Now before the throne of grace.

"There for me the Saviour stands ;  
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands.  
God is love ! I know, I feel ;  
Jesus weeps and loves me still !"

### The Lonely Lieutenant.

Whilst carrying out the arrangements of Government for the extension and protection of trade and commerce in remote places connected with our colonies, British officers, both civil and military, are sometimes placed in circumstances of peculiar difficulty and trial. Having to take up their abode on the very outskirts of civilization, in close proximity to savage native tribes, with only a few subordinates under their com-

mand, their life is one of loneliness and discomfort, to say nothing of the dangers to which they are obnoxious, and they may well challenge the sympathy of those who are happily exempt from such privations.

Such was the position of a brave young military officer with whom I became acquainted in the interior wilds of Western Africa at an early period of my Missionary career, under circumstances somewhat remarkable. I had ascended the noble river Gambia a distance of nearly three hundred miles to Macarthy's Island, where a small mud fort had been erected, and a few Negro soldiers placed under the command of an European officer for the protection of trade in the upper river. My object in undertaking this journey was to gain information and to prepare the way for the extension of the Gospel by establishing a Mission Station in the interior. Having arrived at my destination late in the evening, I had obtained a lodging for the night in a native hut, and was taking a walk early in the morning by the side of the river, musing upon the important work which was before me, when to my astonishment I met a white man, who introduced himself to me most courteously. This was Lieutenant S—, the Commandant of the fort and small British settlement already mentioned, and the only European resident in the country. Having heard of my arrival and landing on the upper end of the island, he had come with the warm heart of a true Englishman several miles to meet me and to welcome me to the country, and he now kindly invited me to accompany him to his African home near the fort, and to take up my abode with him in his humble thatched cottage during my stay. He apologized for the meagre character of such hospitality as he could tender, but assured me of a hearty welcome to the best he had. With feelings such as are known only to those who have thus met with a fellow-countryman in a far distant land, I availed myself of his kindness; and I have reason to believe that my intercourse with this noble-minded young officer was made a blessing to him in after life.

At the hour appointed for Divine service on the Sabbath morning, by order of the Commandant, the bugle was sounded at the fort and the soldiers were marched up to the place of meeting in regular order, who, together with the civilians of the settlement, formed a numerous congregation and to whom I was enabled to preach the Gospel with freedom and power. The marked attention with which the people heard the Word, and the deep feeling which seemed to pervade the whole assembly, led me to indulge the hope that some lasting good was effected, and that this might be the beginning of good days to that benighted country. This hope was blessedly realized in subsequent years; for, after spending another Sabbath in a similar manner and the intervening days in collecting the information I required, I returned to my principal Station at St. Mary's deeply impressed with the conviction that Divine Providence was beckoning us onward to "go up and possess the good land." As soon as I could possibly arrange to do so, I paid a second visit to Macarthy's Island, took with me a native Teacher, erected a place of worship and established a Mission school, with an encouraging prospect of success. After an interval of twelve months I visited the place for the third time and had the pleasure of seeing the Station in a very prosperous state. During the years which have since elapsed it is believed that this little hill of Zion has been a centre of light and holy influence to all around, and the means of religious instruction and salvation to many.

With reference to the young officer whose kindness to the Missionary contributed so materially to facilitate the commencement of this good work, I am happy to say that he manifested a lively interest in the public services, and in the efforts made for the general good of the community. I embraced an early opportunity of a kind, close, and pointed conversation with him on the necessity and importance of personal, experimental and practical religion. The way was opened for this by the notice which I took of a religious book which I saw lying on the table. It was "Bickersteth on Prayer," and it afforded

me an opportunity of expressing the pleasure which I felt in finding such a book in the interior of Africa, and the hope which I cherished that its owner had read and studied it carefully, and that he was himself a man of prayer. In reply, the young officer confessed with evident emotion that he occasionally read the book, and another which he had, a better one still, not because he was good himself, but because they were given to him by his mother who charged him to read them before he left home. "Then you are one of those happy young men who have been blessed with pious praying mothers, the greatest blessing that any one can enjoy in this world, as I know by experience," I remarked. "Yes," said he, "my mother was a jewel, there was never a woman like her, and as to praying for that matter I may say she did the praying at home for the whole family." By thus confessing with manifest emotion that he had a pious mother, the lonely Lieutenant put into my hands a key which I knew would open his heart; and, by God's blessing, I endeavoured to use it to good purpose. The result was that during my brief stay with him he received, with expressions of gratitude, my repeated counsels and advice as to his future course, bowed with me every day at the throne of grace in a docile and humble spirit, and I had reason to hope that impressions were made upon his mind which would never be erased.

My efforts for the spiritual good of the young Commandant were rendered more effectual by means of an attack of sickness with which he was visited whilst I remained in the country. On returning to his residence on one occasion after an absence of two or three days, I found him ill with fever, and to my surprise he was surrounded by a number of old women who were administering "bush medicine," which appeared more likely to kill than to cure. This was not all. They had suspended several *greegrees* about his neck, to send away the evil spirits which, in their opinion, had caused the sickness. At the same time they were actually making him drink *greegree water*, a nostrum prepared by a Mohammedan

priest who writes a charm on a tablet, and washes off the writing into a calabash for the patient to drink. I soon removed the *greegrees* from his person, dismissed the spirit doctors, and administered a little proper medicine, which, with a little good soup and other suitable nourishment, speedily ensured his recovery, and in the course of a few days he was convalescent. For these little acts of friendship he afterwards expressed himself very grateful.

After completing his term of service at Macarthy's Island, the young Lieutenant rapidly rose in his profession, and being ultimately promoted to a high position in the British army, he left the country and I saw him no more. Many years afterwards, however, when I was labouring in the West Indies, I heard of him in a very gratifying way. A friend of mine was crossing the Atlantic in the Royal Mail steam packet, when one day, while in conversation with several passengers, two or three of whom were military officers, he incidentally mentioned my name in connection with the island from which he had come. Immediately, with sparkling eyes and animated countenance, the Major declared that he knew me, and explained when and where he had met me, describing himself as the lonely Lieutenant who in 1831 shared with me the accommodation of his hut in the interior of Africa. Then lifting his hand, he exhibited a finger-ring, which he said he had made of a small piece of native gold which the Missionary presented to him as a memento of regard, in acknowledgment of his hospitality in the wilderness, and which he had ever since worn in affectionate remembrance of one to whom he felt unspeakably indebted for the kind interest he had taken both in his temporal and spiritual welfare. He, moreover, sent to me by my friend a kind message of Christian love, which I received with a thankful heart, and which served as a fresh incentive to Christian duty,—to be “instant in season and out of season” in trying to do good to my fellow men of every grade and profession, with whom I might be brought in contact, in the order of Divine Providence.

### A Funeral at Sea.

To a sensitive and reflective mind there can scarcely be a more touching spectacle than a funeral at sea. The first occasion on which I was called to witness such a scene, and to take part in its awful solemnities, left upon my mind an impression which time with all its changing events cannot efface. The instance to which I allude was attended, however, by circumstances of more than ordinary interest, which I now proceed to relate.

It was on the 9th of June, 1833, when on our homeward voyage in the brigantine "Columbine," returning from our first Mission to Africa, with our health much impaired, but thankful for life when so many had fallen a sacrifice to the climate. We had bidden our friends at the Gambia farewell and had been about a week at sea when the first startling incident of this eventful passage occurred. It was the holy Sabbath day ; but, in consequence of the stormy weather, and of most of the seamen being still confined to their berths from African fever, we were not able to hold regular public services. I endeavoured to supply the omission, however, as far as possible, with such religious exercises, reading and conversation with the captain, officers, and men, as appeared suited to the occasion. The shades of evening were gathering around us, and my dear wife and I, being the only passengers on board, were sitting with the captain at the cabin table, engaged in interesting conversation, when we heard the startling cry of "A man overboard !"

We instantly ran up on deck, and found that Mr. O——, the chief mate, while in the act of hooking on the "boom guy," had lost his hold of the rope, and fallen into the sea. The wind was blowing fresh at the time, and we could just see the poor man, astern of the vessel, struggling in the water. Not a moment was to be lost ; but we scarcely knew

what to do for the best. Having no boat or life-buoy available, we threw overboard two or three hen-coops, and other light articles, hoping that he might be able to cling to one of them till further assistance could be afforded. In the meantime the helm was put "hard down," and the vessel "went about." On getting round to the scene of the disaster, one of the sailors, a brave little Irishman who could swim, volunteered to jump into the sea and endeavour to rescue the drowning man from his perilous position. We immediately tied a rope round the sailor's waist and he leaped into the water. The sea was very rough, but the courageous little tar bravely battled with the waves, and succeeded in reaching the poor sufferer before he finally sank in the deep. He cried out with all his might, "I have him! I have him!" and we drew them both in together. I regret to state, however, that when we got them both on board, the poor mate had breathed his last, and every effort that could be made to restore animation proved ineffectual. Mr. O—— had been previously suffering from an attack of African fever, and was consequently in a debilitated condition when the accident occurred. It is not surprising therefore that it resulted in his death, notwithstanding the efforts which were made to save him. I now called to mind with peculiar feelings the conversation which I had had with the mate during the day; and his sudden and unexpected removal out of time into eternity a few minutes after he had been sitting with us at the tea-table, solemnly impressed me with a deep conviction of the necessity and importance of embracing every opportunity of speaking a word for Christ to my fellow-men; for "in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

Having persevered for several hours in our vain endeavour to bring back our departed friend to consciousness, we laid out his remains on the cabin floor, yet continued to watch with almost breathless attention for the least signs of returning life, even while preparations were being made for his funeral. As we had no means of making a coffin, the body was wrapped

in his hammock, with a heavy weight attached to cause it to sink beneath the reach of the sharks, which were already pursuing our track. When every thing was ready, all hands were summoned on deck to attend the funeral of one who only a few hours before had moved among them in the discharge of his duty, without the least idea that his end was so near.

It was now midnight, and a deathlike stillness prevailed on board the "Columbine," when the ship's bell ceased to toll its solemn tones. The corpse was placed upon a plank, partly projecting over the bulwarks, and nothing was to be heard but the gentle ripple of the waves against the sides of the ship as she "lay to," and the half-suppressed sighs and sobs of the hardy sailors as they stood in a circle, hat in hand, while I read by the light of a lantern the impressive service for the burial of the dead. When I came to the words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," &c., one end of the plank was slightly elevated, and the corpse gently descended into the watery grave, to be seen no more till the morning of the resurrection, when "the sea shall give up the dead that are therein." A few words of exhortation closed this solemn and affecting service, and we retired to our berths seriously reflecting on the uncertainty of life and all earthly things, while the vessel pursued her onward course as before.

Mr. O——, the chief mate of the "Columbine," who thus unexpectedly found a sepulchre in the midst of the wide Atlantic, was an intelligent and respectable man. He had seen better days, and had once commanded a fine ship, of which he was part owner; but, in consequence of adverse circumstances, he had been obliged to take a subordinate position for the present voyage, hoping ultimately to rise again. He was a married man with a small family; and the kind care of his wife for his personal comfort on board was manifest in the fitting up of his little cabin and its surroundings, which were quite above the average of what is seen on board a ship, and such as an affectionate partner only knows how to arrange. What must have been the feelings of the poor



bereaved widow and her fatherless children, when, instead of welcoming to their home the head of the family on his return from Africa, as they expected, they received the letter which we prepared to convey the sorrowful tidings of the sad disaster! Fervently did we pray that the "Father of the fatherless," and the "God of the widow," might sustain and comfort them in the hour of trial, and sanctify the afflictive visitation to their present and eternal good. Nor did we forget to reward the brave little Irish sailor who so nobly hazarded his own life in attempting to save that of a fellow-creature when exposed to imminent peril.

"Great God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things!  
The eternal states of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings!"

### The Soldier Missionary.

Whilst stationed in the island of Trinidad, in the West Indies, in the course of the year 1837, we had a good work among the military at St. James's barracks, a considerable number of whom used to attend our chapel in Port of Spain, which was only about a mile from the garrison. The blessing of God accompanied the Word preached from time to time, and several young soldiers were converted and united with us in Church fellowship, and became consistent followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. These were afterwards joined by a few others who had been brought under religious influences on their last Station; so that the military element in our congregation was for some time of a striking and encouraging character. Among these young men there was one whose previous history and subsequent career were so remarkable that they are worthy of record.

John G——, the subject of this narrative, was born at Richmond barracks, Dublin, on the 23rd of March, 1817; his

father, who was a respectable non-commissioned officer in the 74th Regiment, being stationed there at the time. Before he was quite two years old, the boy was taken by his parents to British North America on the removal of the regiment; and in the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia he remained for ten years. This period embraced some happy school-days, on which he afterwards looked back with pleasure, especially those which he spent in the excellent grammar school of the late Dr. Twinning. The next station of the regiment was St. George's, Bermuda—a place that was memorable to young G——, from the dark shadow that was there cast over him by a double bereavement. His mother died on the 7th of April, 1829; and on the 2nd of September in the same year his father was drowned, while crossing an arm of the sea to a small islet. Being an only child, the little soldier's boy was cast upon the wide world as a poor orphan in a strange land, and before he had seen any relative of either his father or his mother. But God Himself has engaged to be the "Father of the fatherless," and He disposed the hearts of the Quarter-master and the Colonel to take care of the little orphan boy. By them he was taken to Ireland on the return of the regiment in 1830; but seeing no prospect of anything better for him, he enlisted at the age of thirteen, and in 1834 his regiment was ordered to the West Indies.

Up to this period young G—— had continued perfectly indifferent towards religion and the interests of his immortal soul; and it was not till the year 1836, in the island of Antigua, that he was thoroughly awakened to a sense of his state and danger as a sinner, and led to seek and obtain a personal interest in the atoning sacrifice of Christ. This decisive change was brought about by God's blessing on the faithful preaching of the Gospel by the Missionaries at the Wesleyan chapel, which he was induced to attend, and the kindly remonstrances of Sergeant T——, whom I well remember as a truly Christian soldier, who used occasionally to hold Prayer-

meetings at the garrison. Several other young men in the regiment were brought to God about the same time. Being an imaginative lad and of a lively disposition, young G—— was fond of theatrical amusements, and previous to his conversion he had occasionally appeared on the stage at the garrison theatre as an amateur performer; but when he and his comrades gave their hearts to God, they promptly refused to act the parts assigned them, and the theatre had to be closed for the time being. Much persecution was the result of the faithful stand the young disciple made against the temptations with which he was assailed to indulge in the pleasures of the world; but, by the grace of God, he was enabled to hold on his way without wavering.

In 1837, young G—— removed with his regiment to the island of Trinidad, and, along with several other soldiers, worshipped at a chapel in Port of Spain and regularly sat under my ministry. By this time he had been promoted to the rank of Sergeant, and had also attained a respectable position in the military band. From my first acquaintance with him I felt impressed, not only with a sense of his moral worth, but also with a conviction that the Lord had a work for him to do in His vineyard. Hence I invited him to join a little Theological Class which I had established for the mental improvement of the young men of my congregation. In the studies and exercises in which the young soldier now engaged he made marked progress, whilst at the same time he attended regularly all the means of grace, took part in the Prayer-meetings, and advanced in religious knowledge and experience in a very satisfactory manner.

Once, when prostrated by fever, I sent for brother G—— to conduct the service for me. The messenger arrived at St. James's barracks just at the time that the young soldier was labouring under a severe temptation with reference to his studies and religious exercises, and when he was on the point of resolving to relinquish all further attempts at mental improvement. He was at length induced to respond to my

request, came down at the appointed time, preached an excellent sermon, felt encouraged, and from that time never faltered in his onward course. He often remarked afterwards that the effort of that Sabbath morning was the great turning-point in his history, and that if he had rejected my request on that occasion it was doubtful whether he would ever afterwards have stood up to speak in the name of the Lord. In the course of the following year he was called to leave Trinidad; but, having, with my assistance, collected such a portable library as a soldier is permitted to transport, he resolved to continue his studies and to trust to Divine Providence to open his way before him. In the mean time I carried on a constant correspondence with him, to direct and encourage him to the utmost of my power.

On reaching Canada, where he ultimately went with his regiment from the West Indies, the young soldier met with kind friends who assisted him to purchase his discharge from the army; and, every hinderance being removed, he was ere long received as a candidate for the Wesleyan Ministry,—a work on which his heart had long been set. At the termination of the usual period of probation, he wrote to inform me of his ordination to the sacred office, and of his happiness and prosperity in the prosecution of the blessed work to which he had consecrated his life. After our removal, first to England and then to South Africa, we only heard from our friend at long intervals; but when he did write it was always in the same pious, intelligent and loving strain. In one of his letters he said, “I well remember the time when you were taken ill with fever in Trinidad, and sent for me to take the service, and I made my first attempt to preach. On that effort the whole of my future life seems to have turned. By the help of God, I succeeded, and therefore went on; but I can never forget your kindness, and I shall always attribute my honourable position in the Church and my success in the Ministry to your kind attention to me in early life.”

After a lapse of twenty-eight years, and when my dear

friend had risen to an eminent position in the Ministry in Canada, having been long ago elected Secretary of Conference, and Chairman of a District, I heard with pleasure of his intended visit to England : and on the 16th of July, 1867, I received a letter from him, informing me that he had actually arrived in Dublin. A few days afterwards, we met at the British Conference ; when I had the pleasure of introducing him to the President and other eminent Ministers, as my esteemed friend the young soldier, who was brought to God on one of our Mission Stations in the West Indies, and who had since been so long and so usefully employed as a Missionary in Canada. After two happy weeks spent together in Bristol at the Conference, Mr. G—— accompanied me to my home in the Isle of Wight, where he was pleased to meet once more with his old friend Mrs. Moister, whose kindness to him when in the army he gratefully remembered. Here we passed ten days together very happily, visiting various places of interest, talking over old times, and reviewing the way in which the Lord had led us these many years in the wilderness. When my friend had viewed the various beauties of the Isle of Wight ; seen Her Majesty the Queen, who happened to be at Osborne ; and preached for me, both at Parkhurst Garrison and in Newport, he bade us a hearty good-bye, and proceeded on his tour to London, Paris, Edinburgh, and other places. Having finished his travels in Europe, he embarked for his Canadian home on the 6th of September ; where he arrived safely after a passage of only nine days. May he still be blessed and made a blessing in the land of his adoption ; and when our work on earth is finished, may we meet in heaven where we shall part no more for ever !

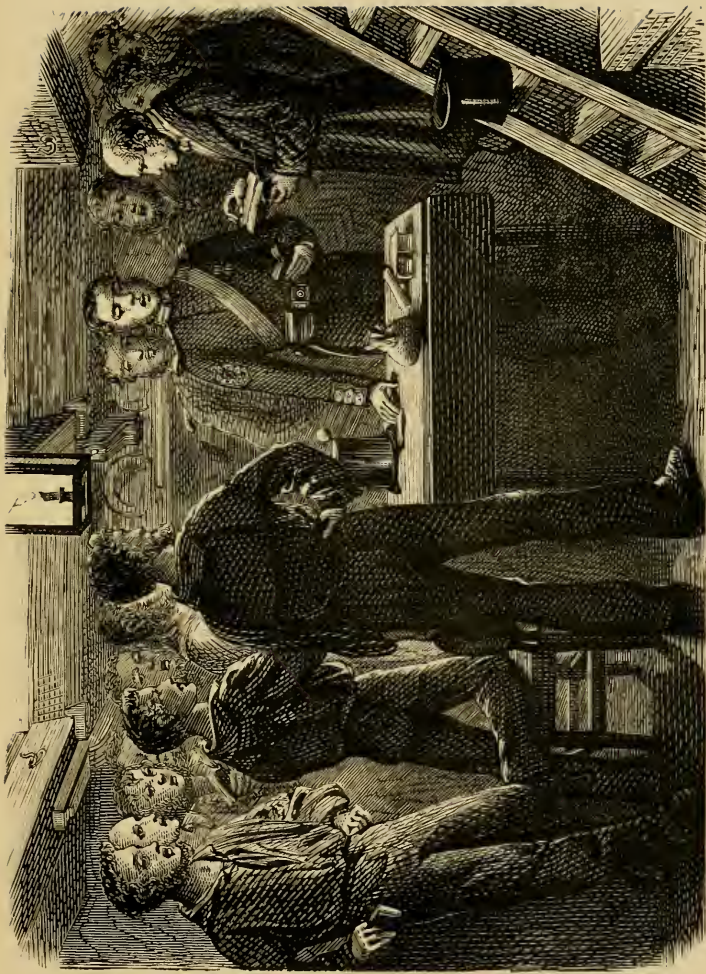


### The Man-of-War Class-Meeting.

The Bermuda Islands are said to be more than three hundred in number; but only five of them are inhabited; the rest being mere rocky islets jutting up from the surrounding ocean. The channels and bays which separate the principal islands from each other, form valuable harbours for shipping. Hence this locality has become an important depôt for the royal navy, and a favourite place of rest and refreshment of the North American squadron, especially in the winter season, the climate being much milder than on the northern stations.

On Tuesday, the 23rd of April, 1844, Bermuda was the scene of a little incident which proves that true religion is a plant which will grow in any climate, and flourish under any circumstances, if due care be taken in its cultivation. Having called at Bermuda on my way to the United States, I was sitting one day with my friend and brother, the Rev. W. H. Shenstone, in his house at Hamilton, when a sailor came to the door, and, with hat in hand and a respectful bow, spoke as follows: "Please, Sir, we want a Minister to meet our Class on board a man-of-war in the harbour, and to give tickets to the members. I have brought a boat for you, if you will please to come, Sir." On making inquiry we found that the zealous English tar who seemed so earnest and in such a hurry about his Master's business, belonged to the Admiral's flag-ship "The Illustrious," and that he was one of a noble band of pious sailors who had grace and courage to serve God even on board a British man-of-war. We readily responded to this novel call for our services, jumped into the boat and in a few minutes were alongside of the noble ship as she rode at anchor in the bay.

On going on board we first enquired for the Admiral, in order that we might pay our respects to him, and obtain the necessary permission to go below to speak to the men we had come to visit; but we were sorry to find that he was on shore.



MAN-OF-WAR CLASS MEETING, BERMUDA, 1844.





We were politely received by the officer in command, however, who informed us that, in about half-an-hour's time, when they had finished certain duties, we should have free access to the men for the purpose we mentioned. Having amused ourselves for some time by surveying this splendid vessel, containing nearly seven hundred persons, and seen the men perform various evolutions, the band playing beautifully the while, we were conducted below by a man named Madgwick, the boatswain's mate, and the Leader of the Class. We continued to descend till we reached the boatswain's store-room, below the fourth deck, where the members were in the habit of holding their meetings. The men soon assembled to the number of sixteen, and there, far below the light of day, we had one of the most interesting meetings I ever attended, a lantern suspended to a beam affording sufficient light to enable us to read the hymns, write the tickets and mark the Class-book. The religious experience of these pious sailors was scriptural, sound, and clear; and they expressed it with an earnestness characteristic of their class, and truly delightful to hear. We conversed with them individually, and exhorted them collectively: and whilst engaged in prayer and praise we realized the presence and blessing of Him Who said, "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them."

Having examined a certificate in the Class-book given by the Rev. B. Foster, of Jamaica, who had last renewed their Society tickets, and entered ours to show to the Minister of the next port at which they might call in what state we found this man-of-war Methodist Class, we commended the little floating Church to God in prayer, and ascended once more to the light of day. These noble-minded tars, with sailor-like generosity, would not allow us to depart without handing to us a small bag of money which they had collected in the Class, during the quarter, for the spread of the Gospel. They also presented us with a copy of the "Rules and Regulations of the Flag-ship Total Abstinence Society," of which they were all steady members.

Having taken an affectionate leave of our Christian brethren, perhaps never to meet them again in this world, but with a hope of meeting them in heaven, we were politely favoured with a passage on shore by Lieutenant L——, who bore a most honourable testimony to the moral and religious character of the men we had just visited, declaring that the “Methodists on board the flag-ship ‘Illustrious,’ for sobriety, industry, and steady conduct, were men in whom the utmost confidence could be placed in every time of emergency.” He, moreover, asserted that Madgwick, the Leader of the Class, was “a man that could preach and pray like a bishop,” and that he often “stole down to the little meetings held by the men in the boatswain’s store-room, and enjoyed them much.” Since the occurrence of this little incident I have often tried to promote the welfare of British soldiers and sailors, under various circumstances, both on board ship and on shore, but I have never forgotten the man-of-war Class-meeting.

“Keep the souls whom now we leave,  
 Bid them to each other cleave ;  
 Bid them walk on life’s rough sea,  
 Bid them come by faith to Thee.

“Save till all these tempests end  
 All who on Thy love depend :  
 Waft their happy spirits o’er ;  
 Land them on the heavenly shore.”

### The Officers’ Ball.

On one of my West India Stations, a lady of superior intelligence and highly respectable connections, the wife of a military officer, was brought under the influence of the Gospel, and attached herself to our chapel as a regular hearer. To this her husband, who was a bland, good-natured gentleman, at first made no objection, and occasionally accompanied her to the public services. But when she became decidedly reli-

gious, and began to attend Class-meetings, Prayer-meetings, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Captain F—— called it "too much of a good thing," and gently tried to restrain her.

Some time afterwards, when Mrs. F—— had become well grounded in her religious principles, and gave evidence of the love of God shed abroad in the heart, it was necessary that arrangements should be made for the baptism of their infant son. The mother was anxious to have her offspring dedicated to God at the Wesleyan chapel, by the resident Missionary whom she now regarded as her own Minister. When she ventured to make this proposal to her husband, he professed to be "quite shocked;" he nevertheless consented that the child should be baptized by the Wesleyan Minister, provided the ceremony could be performed at their own house, instead of at the chapel. Mrs. F—— having agreed to this compromise, subject to my approval, and wishing to become "all things to all men" for the sake of doing good, I complied with her request, and they sent their carriage for me at the appointed time. The preparations for the baptism were made on a splendid scale. His Excellency the Governor was unable to attend; but the Colonial Secretary and a number of other civil and military officers with their ladies were present. Every thing passed off very pleasantly, and being pressed to join the party at lunch afterwards, I drank the health of the little stranger in pure cold water, which Captain F—— declared was "the most sensible thing he had seen for a long time."

It was not long afterwards that a grand officers' ball was held at St. James's Barracks, and Captain F—— desired his lady to prepare for the occasion. She respectfully begged to be excused, saying, "How can I attend a ball, since I profess to be a disciple of Christ, and a member of the Wesleyan Church?" Her husband would take no denial: and when the contest became somewhat animated, he reminded her of a certain day on which she had promised to "love, honour, and obey." Mrs. F—— replied, "Well, if you command me to go to the military ball, I go; but I shall not dance; and

remember, I go, not of my own free will, but in obedience to your authority, and you will be responsible to God for the consequences." "O, never mind," said the Captain; "that's my look-out." When Mrs. F—— called at the Mission-house to acquaint us with her difficulty, she was much affected, and requested an interest in our prayers, that God in His Providence would in some way interpose for her deliverance; or that, if she was obliged to go to the ball, her mind might be kept in peace and safety. Before she left we had family worship, during which she obtained some strength and comfort, and she expressed her belief that the Lord would undertake for her.

The time appointed for the officers' ball arrived. Mrs. F—— was arrayed in a splendid dress, prepared for the occasion; and her husband declared that he "never saw her look more lovely, if she would only try to be cheerful." The carriage was brought to the door; and the dashing military officer, in splendid uniform, entered, and took his seat in high glee, with his beautiful wife by his side, for she *was* a beautiful lady. But when they should have started, strange to say, the horse would not move a step. The coachman applied the whip, but it was all in vain; the horse stood like a statue and scarcely winced under the blows which he received. Captain F—— got out of the carriage and examined the harness and the horse's feet, and finding all right he was the more surprised, because the animal had never been known to do so before. Another attempt was made by the use of the whip to make the horse move off, but it was of no use. In a state of great excitement, Captain F—— then ran to the stable, and, taking a handful of straw, set it on a blaze, and held it under the horse's belly; but he stood fire, and hardly moved a foot. As she calmly sat in the carriage, Mrs. F—— could scarcely suppress a smile; and finding all his efforts ineffectual, trying to be pleasant, her husband said, "I will tell you what it is, my dear, you may alight when you please; for I believe the Methodists have prayed the devil into the horse, that he might

not take you to the ball." The Captain then ordered the horse to be taken out of the carriage and saddled. He mounted and went to the ball alone; whilst his devoted Christian lady returned to her room, put off her splendid dress, and bowed her knees in gratitude to God, for what she believed to be an interposition of His special Providence. When I heard the particulars of this remarkable incident from the lips of Mrs. F—— at our next interview, I was constrained to regard it as an answer to prayer.

“No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care ;  
To Him commend thy cause, His ear  
Attends the softest prayer.

‘When Thou arisest, Lord,  
What shall Thy work withstand ?  
Whate’er Thy children want Thou giv’st ;  
And who shall stay Thy hand ?’

### The Forgotten Tract.†

In our efforts to do good to our fellow men we are to be “instant in season and out of season,” and to neglect no opportunity of sowing the good seed of the kingdom ; hoping that some of the precious grains, at least, may fall into good ground, germinate, and bring forth fruit to the honour and glory of God ; for we know Who has said, “In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.”

Many years ago an incident occurred, which, although apparently insignificant in itself, was very important in its results ; but the particulars of it did not come to my knowledge till a long time afterwards. We had just entered the English Channel in the good ship “Bangalore” from the West Indies in August, 1847, after a long period of foreign service, when a pilot-boat came alongside, and offered to take us on shore ; at the same time engaging to land us at Brighton sufficiently

early to go by the evening train to London. This offer was so very tempting to us who had not seen land for six weeks nor our native country for fourteen years, that we concluded a bargain with the pilot for a party of passengers and entered the boat. On our way to the shore, I had some serious conversation with the pilot on the subject of personal religion ; and before we parted I gave him a tract or little book which he promised to read. At a late hour that night we reached London, as the pilot had said ; and amid the bustle of the metropolis, and the excitement of meeting with friends after such a long separation, the pilot-boat, the conversation, and the tract entirely faded from my memory, till they were brought to my recollection in a very singular manner.

Nearly twenty years afterwards I was walking along the street in the city of Salisbury with a brother Minister, a returned Missionary, when, among other things in reference to the great work in which we had been engaged, he said : "Do you remember giving a tract to a pilot when you landed in England from the West Indies in 1847?" I confessed that I had almost forgotten all about it. "Then," said he, "I shall relate to you, for your encouragement, the important results of that little act of kindness. About twelve years after your return home and when you had gone out again to South Africa, I also arrived in the English Channel from the West Indies and went on shore in a pilot-boat, and it turned out to be the same pilot who had landed you so long before. He no sooner discovered that we were a party of Missionaries, than he said he ought to take good care of us ; for he was indebted for the salvation of his soul, under God, to a returned Missionary, the Rev. Mr. Moister, who spoke kindly to him about his eternal welfare, and gave him a tract the reading of which opened the eyes of his understanding, and led him to true repentance and saving faith in Christ, and to connect himself with the Wesleyan Society at the place where he lived, of which he had ever since been a happy member." When I heard this, I "thanked God and took courage ;" and resolved

to be more than ever watchful for opportunities of doing good. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand : for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that."

"Lord, if at Thy command  
The word of life we sow,  
Watered by Thy almighty hand  
The seed shall surely grow :  
The virtue of Thy grace  
A large increase shall give,  
And multiply the faithful race  
Who to Thy glory live."

### The Soldiers' Bible Class.

Every Minister who has laboured among the soldiers in the British army, and who has carefully studied how he may best accomplish the great object which he has in view, will admit that the Bible Class is one of the most powerful and efficient instrumentalities that can be employed. It is whilst seated in the midst of a number of men, some of them perhaps old soldiers, who have seen foreign service and had much experience in the world; and others raw recruits, mere youths fresh from their homes, that all are made to feel that in their Chaplain they have a friend who sympathizes with them in all their difficulties and trials. When the hymn of praise has been sung, and prayer offered to God for His blessing upon the exercise, each man opens his Bible at the place appointed for the evening's lesson. It may be a prophecy, a miracle, a parable, or some striking incident of Scripture history. Every eye and every ear is soon intently engaged with the subject in hand; and when the portion of Scripture in which it is contained has been carefully read, verse by verse, by the men themselves, during which errors of pronunciation, &c., are duly corrected, a discussion follows which frequently proves to be of a most interesting and profitable character. It

is soon apparent that some of the members at least have studied the appointed subject during the week, and made good use of the cheap Commentaries and Bible Dictionaries with which they are furnished, and which they sometimes bring with them to the meeting. Then an opportunity is afforded for any man who feels disposed to do so, to give an opinion on the matter under discussion, or to ask any question on points which may appear to require further elucidation.

These exercises not only tend to improve the mind, and to induce habits of study in a class of men exposed to many temptations to dissipation; but they have an important bearing upon the hearts and lives of all who come under their influence. An opportunity is, moreover, afforded in the Bible Class to ask questions and make remarks of such a pointed and practical character that they are frequently followed with the most blessed results. I have often seen tears of emotion suffuse the eyes of a soldier when the subject under discussion has reminded him of his conduct as a prodigal son, a once happy home, the Sabbath school, a mother's prayers, a sister's love, or the mercies of God slighted and abused. And I have repeatedly seen men who received their first religious impressions at the Bible Class, coming to the soldiers' Prayer-meeting, and, with humble, penitent and contrite hearts, casting their helpless souls by faith on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus; and apparently surprised to hear their own voices for the first time engaged in fervent prayer to the Almighty. Yea, I have known them continue in supplication till they found pardon and peace through believing, and were ultimately brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God, joining the Class-meeting, and exemplifying the beauty of holiness, as faithful and consistent members of the Church of Christ, notwithstanding their peculiar position in the world.

The greatest discouragement to the Wesleyan Chaplain in view of these exercises is the frequent removal of his men by drafts and otherwise to foreign lands, where they are often stationed far away from the means of grace which have been



made such a blessing to them, and which are still so necessary for their religious stability. It is sometimes the case, however, that even this is overruled for good. We have had some pleasing instances of Christian soldiers who have acquired such a relish for study and mental improvement at the Bible Class, and have become so thoroughly imbued with a desire to do good to their fellows, that they have not only sought to bring their ungodly comrades under the influence of the Gospel, but, on going abroad, they have manifested considerable zeal to benefit the people in whose country they sojourned. Some have even studied the native language of the pagan aborigines for the purpose of making them acquainted with the glad tidings of salvation; and we have frequently heard of the soldiers' Bible Class and Prayer-meeting being reproduced in other lands under highly gratifying circumstances. One simple illustration of this may be given.

A few years ago one of the most promising members of my Bible Class at Parkhurst Garrison, named F——, who had been recently brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and become united in Church fellowship with us, was removed to a distant station in India. From his extreme youth and inexperience, I felt much concerned for his spiritual safety, and I did all I could, by correspondence with him and otherwise, to fortify him against the dangers to which he would be exposed. Hence my thankfulness on hearing that he had not only continued steadfast in his Christian profession, but had been earnestly endeavouring to do good to others. This will clearly appear from the following extract of a letter received from him, dated May 30th, 1868: "I am happy to inform you that a man whom you visited in the prison and hospital at Parkhurst has been brought as a humble penitent to the footstool of Divine mercy, and now joins with me in prayer and praise to the Almighty. I will tell you what we have been doing since we came here. We found no Wesleyan Minister in this part of India, and wishing to spend our evenings as profitably as we could for our own benefit and the good of our

comrades we resolved to seek for some place where we could hold a Prayer-meeting and Bible Class. We first got the use of a spare tent that was pitched, and there we had some good meetings ; but this soon became too small for the numbers that flocked together. We then held one or two meetings in the open air by the river side ; but this proving inconvenient, it was proposed that we should ask for a room in the barracks. This we did, and our request was granted : only we were told that we must find our own candles, which we were proud enough to do. The first night we assembled we had a glorious meeting. We conducted it after the same style as the meetings you used to hold with us at Parkhurst. Just before we left the room the Chaplain came in, and spoke to us a few words of kind advice, and also told us of a gentleman who had been visiting him that evening, who, on hearing the singing, and learning that a few soldiers were assembled together to hold a little Prayer-meeting, was so pleased that he had handed to him six rupees to give to us to purchase candles with. So we thus went on step by step, praying fervently to the Lord that He would help us and prosper the good work which He had begun in our midst. We have a Bible Class occasionally which we manage ourselves, and the Chaplain pays us a visit now and then and gives us a few words of advice. I thought I would just mention this, feeling assured that it would interest you after all your kind attention to us when under your pastoral care in England."

I need hardly say that this intelligence of the continued piety, zeal and perseverance of a young soldier in India whom I had been favoured to point to Christ in his native land, did interest me very much ; and I trust it will also interest the reader and prompt to increased efforts for the promotion of the cause of God in the British army, for there is no class of men who have a stronger claim upon our sympathy and prayers than our soldiers, who are exposed to so many dangers and temptations in their peculiar vocation.

As a sequel to this little story I may state that after a few

years' residence in India, the health of young F—— failing, he was invalided, obtained his discharge and returned to England, where in civil life he continued to maintain his Christian profession, and to acquit himself as a faithful servant and soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ. On Sunday morning the 30th of August, 1874, when on my way to the parade service at the garrison, I was accosted by a fine tall young man whom I did not recollect at the moment, but who introduced himself to me as F——, my former Bible Class pupil, who had returned from India and who had travelled a long journey to see me once more. He accompanied me to the barracks, visited me at my residence, and after a few pleasant days spent in the island he returned to his distant home. From thence he wrote me a long and interesting letter, from which I extract a few sentences as illustrative of his continued affectionate regard: "I am thankful to say that God blessed me with a safe and pleasant journey. The book you kindly gave me highly delighted both me and my dear mother. I shall keep it as a precious memento of my pleasant visit to the Isle of Wight, where the first dawn of heavenly light shone on my benighted soul many years ago. The recollection of that event is associated in my mind with the sweetest and happiest circumstances of my life. May the very God of peace bless and reward you and your dear wife, for you have been made a blessing to me and to many others! May you still be the honoured instrument in bringing many souls to Jesus, that shall be stars in your crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord! With reference to my recent visit to the Isle of Wight I must say that the pleasantest and most profitable part of the time was the Sunday I spent at the soldiers' chapel at Parkhurst,—a place associated in my mind with so many touching recollections,—and the afternoon I spent at your house. When sitting with you and dear Mrs. Moister in that little back room, after so many years' absence, I could not help thinking how very gracious the Lord had been to me an unworthy creature, in bringing me through so many dangers, and permitting me to enter your hospitable dwelling

once more. May I be found faithful unto death, and may we meet in heaven. !”

“ Live till the Lord in glory come,  
 And wait His heaven to share :  
 Our Saviour now prepares our home :  
 Go on :—we'll meet you there.”

### Presentation of Colours.

The presentation of new colours to a regiment of British soldiers is always an interesting ceremony ; but on Thursday the 17th of April, 1873, it was rendered more than usually imposing by the presence of royalty, and the religious observances which characterized the proceedings. On the occasion to which we refer, the highest honour which the Queen can bestow upon a regiment was conferred on the 79th Cameron Highlanders, at Parkhurst Garrison, when Her Majesty presented with her own hands new colours to that renowned and gallant corps. As a fitting introduction to a brief account of this auspicious event, we may present our readers with a short outline of the history and career of the 79th Highlanders, up to the time alluded to.

The regiment, originally raised by Alan Cameron, Esq., of Errach, in the county of Inverness, was inspected and passed as effective on the 3rd of January, 1794, and on the 30th of the same month Mr. Cameron was gazetted to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the corps. In the following February its first colours were presented, and on the 14th of August the regiment embarked at Southampton, with other troops, to reinforce the combined English and Austrian army, then acting against the French in Flanders. In April, 1795, the regiment returned to England, and was landed at Newport, Isle of Wight, where it was quartered till the following June, when orders were received by Colonel Cameron for its immediate completion to one thousand rank and file, prepara-

tory to its embarkation for the West Indies. On the 10th of July, the regiment sailed from Cowes for the island of Martinique, where it arrived on the 20th of September, and it remained there until June, 1797, when it had become so much reduced in strength by the ravages of diseases incidental to a sickly climate, that it was determined to send home the skeleton of the corps, consisting of officers, serjeants, and drummers, and to draft the remaining rank and file, two hundred and twenty-nine in number, into other regiments. Shortly after the arrival of the skeleton of the regiment in England it was ordered to Inverness for the purpose of recruiting, and it soon mustered seven hundred and eighty men on parade, exclusive of officers.

In June, 1798, the 79th, thus reinforced by recruits from the Highlands, was ordered to the island of Guernsey, where it remained till June, 1799, when it embarked for England in order to form part of a second expedition to Holland under the command of the Duke of York. On the 27th of August, 1799, the Cameron Highlanders landed upon the shore of Helderpoint, North Holland, and in the following month they marched forward and joined the army near the town of Hoorn. On the 2nd of October the regiment took part in an engagement with the enemy and acted with great bravery, for which it received the thanks of the Commander-in-chief, and on the 29th of October the corps embarked for England. In April, 1800, the 79th Highlanders came once more to the Isle of Wight, and occupied Sandown Barracks, until the following June, when they were removed to Southampton and encamped with other troops on Netley Common, preparatory to joining a combined naval and military expedition then assembling, with the design of destroying the Spanish arsenals and shipping in the harbours of Ferrol and Cadiz. In 1801 the regiment performed brilliant service in Egypt against the French, for which it received the thanks of the King and both Houses of Parliament. In the month of August, 1802, the 79th returned to England, and performed garrison duty

in various stations. It formed part of the procession at the funeral of Lord Nelson in 1806. In July, 1807, it embarked at Harwich on an expedition to be employed against Denmark, and it was present at the bombardment of Copenhagen, again displaying great prowess, and receiving once more the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

In 1808, the regiment joined the army in Portugal, operating against the French, and it afterwards co-operated with the Spanish patriot army with the view of rescuing Spain and Portugal from French dominion. Returning to England in February, 1809, the regiment recruited its strength, and in the following July embarked in a combined naval and military expedition against the French arsenal and shipping on the Scheldt. In January, 1810, the 79th embarked at Portsmouth to join the army acting in Portugal under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and during several years afterwards it fought in various battles of the Peninsular war at Fuentes d'Onore, Salamanca, Pyrenees, Nivelles, Nive, and other places, in which it displayed remarkable heroism both before and after its gallant commander Colonel Cameron fell mortally wounded on the field. Early in the battle of Waterloo, the 79th were specially selected to drive back the advancing post of the enemy, who occupied commanding positions, and in this service they were eminently successful; and throughout the remainder of the fearful conflict they bore a distinguished part.

On returning to England at the restoration of peace, the Cameron Highlanders were quartered at home in different garrisons for several years, till the month of June, 1828, when, having been ordered to Canada, they were presented with new colours by their gallant Colonel, Lieutenant-General Sir R. C. Ferguson, G.C.B., who had succeeded to the Colonelcy on the death of Sir Alan Cameron. Passing over several years of varied service, we find the 79th Highlanders actively engaged in the Crimean war, and it is recorded that in the memorable battle of the Alma and afterwards at the siege of

Sebastopol, under the command of Sir Colin Campbell, they acquitted themselves with a valour never surpassed by British troops. At the termination of the war with Russia, the 79th returned once more to England, and in July, 1857, it embarked for India. It was engaged throughout the whole of the Indian mutiny and was at the capture of Lucknow. It arrived in England again in November, 1871, and proceeded at once to Parkhurst, where in the performance of my ministerial duties I became personally acquainted with several of the officers and men, and can bear testimony to their general good conduct during the years that they remained in that garrison.

In presenting new colours to the 79th, the Queen paid them a compliment which has been rarely conferred by Her Majesty upon any regiment during her reign. The Queen's gracious intention was conveyed to Colonel Miller on Monday, April the 14th; and the Mayor of Newport having been promptly apprised by Lieutenant and Adjutant Hume of the proposed presentation, his worship convened meetings of the Council on the two following days, and arrangements were made for a fitting celebration of the event on the part of the borough of Newport. The town was soon made to exhibit an appearance of unwonted festivity. A triumphal arch of noble proportions spanned the High Street, near the Bugle Hotel, and another arch, most tastefully designed and executed, crossed the Lower St. James's Street, at the entrance into the town. Lines of flags were hung at intervals across the principal thoroughfares; bunting waved from lofty poles springing from the balcony of the Guildhall; the fountain in St. James's Square was surrounded by an artistic structure of evergreens; many of the principal places of business were decorated with flags and verdant devices; and the general effect was strikingly gay and attractive. The interest taken by the people of Newport in the event was further attested by a general suspension of business during the time fixed for the ceremony.

The presentation took place in the drill field adjoining the barracks, and was witnessed by a large number of spectators from all parts of the island. Precisely at 11 o'clock A.M. the Cameron Highlanders, under the command of Colonel Miller, marched into the field, and in their new uniforms the regiment looked brilliant and picturesque in the extreme. The ground was kept by the 102nd Royal Madras Fusiliers, and a detachment of the same regiment, fine tall men, some of whom were members of my Bible Class, under the command of Captain Cleland, formed the guard of honour to Her Majesty. The total number of troops on parade was seven hundred and thirty-two. The arrangements were well made, and all the regulations were carried out with the utmost order, the result being that the spectators generally obtained an excellent view of the proceedings. A number of distinguished personages, both civil and military, from a distance were present, and the Mayor and Corporation of Newport attended officially, wearing their robes of office, at the invitation of Colonel Miller. In common with other chaplains and officers not on duty I obtained a good standing place, and had a fine view of the whole scene.

At a quarter to twelve the Queen arrived in an open carriage drawn by four greys ; the royal standard was unfurled, and hoisted to the top of a towering flagstaff ; the spectators cheered with great heartiness ; and the regiment, which had been drawn up in line, received Her Majesty with a royal salute, the band playing "God save the Queen." The Queen was accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice, and the ladies in attendance on Her Majesty, occupying a second carriage also drawn by four greys, were the Countess of Errol, the Hon. Mary Pitt, Mdlle. Morelle, and the Hon. Miss Stopford. The equerries were Colonel Ponsonby and Colonel Du Plat. The royal party drove along the line, the band and pipers playing, and the usual order of presentation was then proceeded with.



The old colours were in the front of the left of the line, in charge of the colour party and double sentries, and the new colours, cased, were in the rear of the centre in charge of the two colour-sergeants (Taylor and Mackin). The old colours were then trooped, the band and pipers playing appropriate national selections, and the honoured and cherished standards, around which the Cameron Highlanders had so often victoriously rallied, were afterwards borne to the rear to the pathetic strains of "Auld Lang Syne." This to me was the most touching part of the ceremony, and I could not but reflect on the number of men who had fallen in India and other distant lands since the old colours, now so faded and tattered, were given to the regiment, and how very few of those who went abroad, so young and healthy and strong, now survive.

The regiment was then formed into three sides of an oblong; drums were piled in the centre; the new colours were brought from the rear by the two senior colour-sergeants, and placed against the drums, the Queen's colours on the proper right. The colours were uncased by the appointed officers, and replaced against the drums; after which a most impressive extemporaneous consecration prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Morrison, a Presbyterian Minister, who was for many years Chaplain of the regiment in India. The Queen, and Prince and Princess, remained standing during the prayer, in the course of which the reverend gentleman said, "It had been given to the regiment to conquer in the cause of home and country; and at this time, when receiving new colours at the hand of their Queen, they would say, 'O Lord, in Thy Name would we set up our banners.' Might those colours never be unfurled in an unrighteous cause—might the hand of the enemy never touch them—might they never be tarnished by defeat—might they ever be borne by men leal and faithful, and ever defended by the God of battles!" Then followed an earnest supplication for the Queen, and for her children, and her children's children to

the latest generation. At the close of the consecration prayer, the Queen's colour was handed to Her Majesty by Senior-Major Cuming, and the regimental colour by Major Percival ; and the Queen presented the former to Lieutenant Campbell, and the latter to Lieutenant Methuen, both officers kneeling on the right knee when receiving what Her Majesty subsequently in her address called that "honourable charge."

After the presentation, the Queen said : "Colonel Miller, officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of the 79th Cameron Highlanders,—It gives me great pleasure to present these new colours to you. In thus entrusting you with this honourable charge, I have the fullest confidence that you will, with the true loyalty and well-known devotion of Highlanders, preserve the honour and reputation of your regiment, which have been so brilliantly earned and so nobly maintained by the 79th Cameron Highlanders."

Colonel Miller, addressing the Queen, said : "I beg permission in the name of all ranks of the 79th Cameron Highlanders, to express our loyalty and most grateful acknowledgments for the very high honour it has pleased your Majesty this day to confer upon the regiment. The incident will ever remain fresh in the memories of all on parade, and of those also who are unable to have the honour of being present on this occasion, and of others who have formerly served with the 79th ; and I beg to assure your Majesty that wherever the course of events may require these colours to be borne, the remembrance that they were received from the hands of our most gracious Queen will render them doubly precious ; and that in future years, as at present, the circumstance of this presentation will be regarded as one of the proudest episodes in the records of the Cameron Highlanders."

At the close of the gallant Colonel's address, the line was re-formed, and the colour party, with the new colours unfurled, having formed and turned towards the centre, the

ranks were opened, and the colours received with a general salute. The colour party then marched in slow time to its place in the line, the band playing "God Save the Queen." The ranks having been closed, the line broke and marched past the Queen in open column of companies, and afterwards in quarter column at the double. The line was then once more re-formed, and, advancing in review order, gave the royal salute, the band playing the national anthem. This ended the proceedings, and Viscount Templetown called for "Three cheers for the Queen," which were enthusiastically given, the Highlanders doffing their bonnets and vigorously waving them. Amid loud cheering from the vast concourse of spectators, Her Majesty left the ground, and on returning to Osborne, the royal party again drove through Newport. The Queen seemed in excellent health, and she was evidently gratified with her reception, as well as with the interesting ceremony in which she took so conspicuous a part.

The 79th Cameron Highlanders remained at Parkhurst Garrison about five months after the interesting event which I have described. Most of them were Presbyterians, to whom I ministered with great pleasure, as well as to the Wesleyans, according to the request of the Army Committee of the Church of Scotland, and an arrangement with the War Office. The last time I preached to the 79th was on the 14th of September, 1873, which was the last Sabbath that they spent at Parkhurst previous to their removal to Aldershot. About four hundred men were present, and I selected as an appropriate farewell subject the immutability of the Saviour: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." (Heb. xiii. 8.) Soon afterwards the regiment was called to leave their native land once more to engage in the Ashanti war, when they again acquitted themselves with their wonted valour. Many fell, however, in the pestilential swamps of Western Africa, not, I trust, without an interest in that Saviour Who was so plainly and affectionately presented to their view in the last sermon they heard at Parkhurst Garrison. May those who

survive prove themselves faithful servants and soldiers of the Lord Jesus, and in the strength of Christ the Captain of their salvation be victorious at last, through Him that hath loved them !





## Section VII.

### *MISCELLANEOUS NARRATIVES.*

“He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth : and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou ?”—DANIEL IV. 35.

**I**T is almost impossible for the Christian Minister to spend many years in Missionary labours at home and abroad without being struck with the frequent manifestations of the providence and grace of God which he is called to witness. In seeking to reclaim the wandering, to raise the fallen, and to point his perishing fellow-men to the “Lamb of God Which taketh away the sin of the world,” he often meets with incidents which are well calculated to encourage him in his work, and which afford unmistakable evidence that his labours are not in vain in the Lord. At other times he may be overtaken with disappointments, trials and difficulties of no ordinary kind, which may put his faith and fortitude to the severest test. But however diversified the experience of the Missionary, he may derive comfort from the assurance of the Master that, if he prove faithful unto death, he will receive a crown of life. In the meantime, by noting down the miscellaneous incidents which have come under his notice in the course of his labours, his own faith may be strengthened and encouragement may be given to others who may be called to engage in the same enterprise. When we are prompted to notice the doings of the Almighty in the dispensations of His

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providence and grace, we may say with confidence, "This God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death." (Psalm lviii. 14.)

### Adventures with Horses.

From the nature of their work, and the character of the climate in which they dwell, Missionaries are obliged on most Stations to keep horses; and if all their adventures which have occurred with these useful animals could be collected, they would form a curious chapter of Missionary incidents. In the present brief sketch I shall confine myself chiefly to a few instances which have come under my own personal observation, illustrative of animal instinct, the peculiar character of our work in heathen lands, and the watchful providence of God over those who are so frequently exposed to danger in His service.

When speaking of adventures with horses on Mission Stations, let it not be supposed that they are generally the result of ignorance or want of skill on the part of Missionaries in the management of these noble animals. The very reverse of this is frequently the fact. But, however skilful and experienced the rider or driver may be, he is nevertheless very liable to accidents with horses in foreign countries, from the total absence of anything like "breaking-in" or training for either saddle or harness. In many places horses are bred and reared in a state of perfect wildness, being allowed to roam at large in upland pastures or savannahs, till they are required for sale or use, when they are caught, and subjected to the will of the "lords of creation" with considerable difficulty. Hence the frequency with which we meet with horses addicted to stumbling, shying, bolting, and other vices which render travelling on horseback or by wheel vehicles anything but pleasant. From a great number of adventures with horses whilst crossing rivers, mountains and sandy

plains, in the course of many years of Missionary labour abroad, I select a few which may perhaps amuse and interest the youthful reader.

On my first Station in Africa, and when resident at St. Mary's, on the river Gambia, in 1831, I had a little grey pony of the genuine Arab breed, which was remarkable for its docile disposition and playful habits. He had been brought down the river by a Mandingo trader, and his early education had been neglected. He was, nevertheless, exceedingly sagacious and rather tricky. After he came into my possession, he was taught to respond to the name of "Charley;" and he soon became a general favourite with all connected with the Mission. When allowed to go at large in a little paddock behind the Mission-house, Charley would play all manner of pranks, rearing up on his hind feet, when spoken to in a kindly tone, or cantering in a circle at the bidding of the school children, and especially at the call of the boy who generally attended to him. The little pony was much attached to all who showed him kindness, and especially to his master and the groom. The first boy whom I engaged to attend to the stable and other things about the yard, I am sorry to say, came to a melancholy end. He had been formerly employed by an European merchant on board a small sloop, and having asked permission one afternoon to go to see his old master and former associates, he started off in high glee. On reaching the beach, the boy saw his comrades on board the vessel; and the water being smooth and no boat at hand, they called him to join them. Little Jack was a good swimmer, and not being encumbered with much clothing he plunged into the river; but before he could reach the sloop he was seized by a large shark, dragged down under the water, and never seen again. This sad event cast a gloom over the entire settlement, and all mourned the fate of poor Jack, who was a good-natured youth, and had made some progress in learning to read the Word of God. Among those who mourned the loss of the poor Negro boy I have no hesi-

tation, in all seriousness, in including our pet pony ; for it was some time before he became reconciled to another keeper.

During our residence at St. Mary's, my little favourite Arab pony rendered good service by conveying me to the cemetery, Jollar Town, and other comparatively distant parts of the island, as well as in affording me an opportunity of taking a short ride by way of exercise when recovering from fever. Before I left the country, I visited several places on the mainland ; and on one occasion I wished to take Charley with me, but he manifested a decided aversion to foreign travel. I left home early in the morning in company with my friend Charles Grant, Esq., on a visit to Cape St. Mary, the most western point of land on the southern bank of the Gambia. We had a pleasant ride along the smooth sandy beach for about three miles, till we came to the Oyster Creek, which separates the island from the mainland. On reaching the margin of the stream we dismounted, intending that our horses should swim one on each side of the canoe, into which we entered. We accordingly launched forth and succeeded very well for some time, till my pony seemed inclined to surpass the canoe in speed. Not wishing to check him in his progress, I incautiously gave him the rein, and let him go, hoping to avail myself of his services on the other side ; but the sagacious little fellow no sooner found himself at liberty, than he turned directly round and swam back to the shore we had just left. After making several attempts to induce Charley to cross the creek, but without success, I sent him home by a Negro boy who had accompanied us thus far, and my friend and I continued our journey with one horse, walking and riding alternately. On leaving the coast I transferred my favourite Arab pony to my successor with the assurance that he would be well treated ; for he was a useful little animal, notwithstanding his objection to travel beyond the limits of his island home.

My next adventure with a horse was of a more serious character. It was in the year 1843 ; when I was labouring



in the West Indies, in the beautiful island of St. Vincent, where the roads are very rough and hilly, and where most of the journeys have to be performed in the saddle. I was on my way from Kingstown to Biabou, the place of my residence, mounted on my usual riding horse, named Bob. He was a fine, tall animal, and generally tractable; but on this occasion, from the heat of the day, the prevalence of flies, or some other cause, he seemed quite disposed to be frisky. On coming to a brook of clear running water which crossed the road, I saw a number of school children playing in the stream with their tin cans. Being exceedingly thirsty, I asked one of them to give me a drink of water. On reaching out my hand to receive it, I incautiously let the reins fall on the neck of the horse, when, apparently frightened by the rattling of the tins, or something else, he suddenly bolted off like an arrow out a bow, leaping the fence by the side of the road into a field of sugar canes; and, being taken by surprise, I lost my balance and fell heavily on a heap of stones. I was completely stunned by the fall and for a short time remained quite unconscious.

On recovering my senses, I perceived the blood flowing copiously from a wound in my head, which the school children, who had collected around me, assisted in binding up with my pocket-handkerchief. On arising from the ground and attempting to walk, I felt an acute pain in my side which proved to be a slight fracture of a rib. I found my horse standing perfectly still at a short distance, as if he knew he had done wrong. I remounted with some difficulty, and rode gently on to a neighbouring estate at which I had engaged to preach on my way home. The people were much alarmed on seeing me with my head tied up and covered with blood. I attempted to conduct the service; but, from pain and weakness, I entirely failed; and was obliged to request the people to hold a Prayer-meeting. I now mounted my horse again and rode forward, accompanied by one of the Leaders, to the next estate where my colleague was preaching and where we

had appointed to meet when our work was done, that we might ride home together. Being obliged to travel gently we reached Biabou at a late hour ; and in the absence of surgical aid, being twelve miles from town, my dear colleague assisted Mrs. Moister in binding up my wounds and I was put to bed in a very weak and exhausted state. After keeping perfectly still and being carefully nursed for a week or ten days, I was, through mercy, restored to my usual health ; and resumed my work truly thankful to God for His preserving goodness on the occasion of this serious accident, which might have proved fatal.

In the course of the following year, whilst in the same Circuit, I had another narrow escape. It was on the 30th of March, 1844, when, accompanied by my esteemed colleagues, the Rev. Messrs. Ritchie, Limmex and Wharton, I rode to Marriaqua Valley, to attend the laying the foundation-stone of a new chapel. There we met with the Hon. Hay Macdowall Grant, who had kindly consented to perform the ceremony, and a large concourse of people. The service was of a very interesting character, but it was in danger of being interrupted by a row among the horses which had broken loose from their fastenings under a tree, and were beginning to fight in a most alarming manner. Thinking I should be able to secure them, and so prevent any further disturbance, I incautiously rushed in among them ; but before I had time to make fast those that I had seized, a vicious little animal named Albert, belonging to the Mission, turned round, and threw up his heels in my face, and actually broke in the crown of my hat with the spent blow of his iron hoofs, happily without doing me any further harm. I instantly saw the danger to which I was liable, and made my retreat, thankful to God for my providential deliverance.

Some of our adventures with horses were more humorous than dangerous, as already intimated. One which occurred to my dear wife whilst we were stationed in St. Vincent's may be here given as a further illustration. She was used to

horses in a country where from the rugged character of the roads wheel vehicles were almost unknown, and had sometimes ridden from Biabou to Kingstown and back, a distance of twenty-four miles, on the same day ; crossing the formidable Yanboo River without fear. But at one time it was necessary for her to ride from Calliaqua to Kingstown, when I was from home at the District Meeting, a Mission party having landed for a few hours, some of whom very much wished to see her. She proceeded very comfortably for some distance, and forded the Greathead's River in safety, being accompanied by a clever little Negro boy as her guide and assistant. But, on entering the town, having allowed the boy to go down another street, the sagacious little pony took it into his head to go up a lane to the blacksmith's shop where he was in the habit of being shod ; causing no little surprise among the natives to see a white lady riding up such a place. Notwithstanding every effort, his mistress could not get him to proceed in the right direction, till a kind gentleman came to her aid, and led him on a few steps, when he seemed at length to comprehend that this was not the day for going to the farrier for a new pair of shoes, and that he was required to go to the Mission-house. On returning home this troublesome little pony was almost equally wayward. Instead of politely waiting till his mistress had dismounted, he was in such a hurry for his dinner that he walked right into the stable without stopping ; and his fair rider was obliged to save herself from injury by seizing the lintel of the stable door, where she remained suspended till the old Negro groom came to her assistance ! Of course the pony received a good scolding for his rudeness.

At a subsequent period during our residence in the West Indies a slight accident occurred with a horse, which might have been attended with more serious consequences, had it not been for the ever-watchful care of Divine Providence. I was labouring in the island of Trinidad, and had succeeded in forming an out-Station in the valley of Careenage, about fourteen miles from Port of Spain, where I resided. The

only road to this place was along the sea shore, and it was only passable at low water. There was, moreover, a considerable river to ford, which rendered travelling always precarious and sometimes dangerous. For some time I was able to pay my periodical visits to this place with tolerable regularity and was much encouraged in the prosecution of my work; but when the rainy season set in, I was liable to frequent interruptions. On one occasion, after a night of heavy rain, I left home with some misgivings as to the state in which I might find the roads leading to Careenage. When I came to the river I found it flooded; but being very anxious to fulfil my appointment, and thinking the tall horse on which I rode would be able to ford the stream, I urged him to make the attempt. Victor accordingly plunged into the water; but the river proved much deeper than I expected, the torrent having washed away much of the material forming its bed at that place. My horse was soon taken off his feet and was in danger of being carried down the stream into the sea, when I turned his head to the shore which I had just left; and, being a good swimmer, he succeeded in extricating himself and his rider from this perilous position. I returned home without having received any injury, beyond the discomfort of a thorough wetting, and with a thankful heart for the preserving goodness of the Almighty.

On most of our Mission Stations in Southern Africa we are, if possible, still more dependent on horses for the proper discharge of our ministerial duty than in the West Indies; and when accidents occur in travelling across the dreary deserts of the interior, far away from the abodes of civilized men, and beyond the reach of all human aid, the dangers and discomforts attending them are peculiarly trying. To obviate the difficulty as far as possible, and to have some assistance in the management of the horses and the preparation of our food on the road, we generally have a native servant to accompany us. The mode of proceeding is this:—If the journey to be performed with horses is of considerable length,

the Missionary mounts one horse, his Hottentot boy another, whilst a third is furnished with a pack saddle, on which are placed the necessary provisions, cooking utensils, and other baggage. When all is ready, off they start at a gentle canter. About every two hours they "off-saddle" to allow the horses time to rest and graze; and at suitable intervals they collect a few sticks, light a fire, boil the kettle, and partake of a frugal meal, which is generally followed by singing and prayer. When overtaken by night in the lonely desert, the Missionary looks out for a nice, grassy, sheltered spot for his encampment, that his horses as well as himself and attendant may have something to eat. After sitting by the camp-fire, reading, singing, praying and talking, till they feel disposed to rest, the travellers spread their skin blankets on the ground, and compose themselves to sleep, having first thrown a little extra fuel on the fire to keep off the wild beasts. I have sometimes travelled from fifty to sixty miles a day, for several consecutive days, in this way, when no delay has occurred by the straying of horses during the night, or other unforeseen circumstances, which, alas! is too frequently the case.

The most exciting and interesting journey that I remember having taken in Africa was on my first visit to the interior Stations of Namaqualand. I was accompanied by my friend Mr. James Morris and a coloured boy named Jacob. We travelled with a covered spring cart, drawn by four horses, with an extra horse for the saddle in case of emergency. We proceeded very comfortably for some time, being favoured with accommodation for ourselves and forage for our horses at the farmhouses of the Dutch boors; but when we had passed the boundaries of civilization, we had to sleep in the cart, or on the ground, according to circumstances. In crossing the Elephant's River, we floated the cart over on a large boat, whilst the horses swam nobly through the stream, and we continued our journey without interruption. On reaching Khamiesberg, a Station about four hundred miles from Cape

Town, our horses were so tired that we found it necessary to leave them there to rest, and to procure a fresh span, as we had still two hundred miles to travel. The new horses were kindly furnished by our native converts at Lily Fountain; and, not having been accustomed to draw together, they gave us some trouble at first; but we soon became accustomed to their awkward ways. When travelling over a rough piece of ground on the southern bank of the Orange River, the cart was suddenly upset; but we got it righted again without any serious damage. On reaching the river itself we were thankful to see the water low, so that we forded the stream without difficulty, instead of having to wait and construct a raft to float ourselves and our equipage over, as is frequently the case. We had the misfortune, however, in attempting to lock one of the wheels, in descending a steep hill, to break several spokes, which detained us for some time till we could execute the necessary repairs, with very indifferent tools and far from the help of skilful mechanics.

On our return journey we were overtaken by a tremendous snowstorm, while ascending the heights of Khamiesberg. The sudden change in the atmosphere was far from agreeable, and travelling became very difficult for both man and beast. We waded for many miles on foot through the snow up the mountain side to relieve the poor animals; but notwithstanding this, and every other precaution which we could use, one of the horses became so completely "knocked up" that it could not take another step. We were therefore obliged to leave him in a sheltered nook by the roadside, with the hope that he might recover during the night; but the next morning he was found dead, and I cheerfully made good the loss to the owner, who was a poor man. The next day we descended the mountain and got into a milder climate, where the surviving animals recovered their vigour, and we proceeded on our journey without further interruption. One of our new span of horses, named Diamond, performed his duty so well, both under the saddle and in harness, that I took a fancy

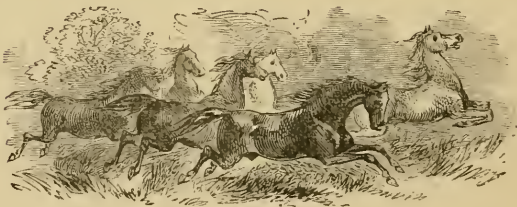
to him, and as he was for sale, I made a purchase and adopted him as my gig horse on my return to the Cape. He soon became quite a favourite and served me well for several years. When I left the country, it was with great regret that I parted with this faithful animal which had been my companion in many a long journey, both in the interior and in the colony; and I was careful to stipulate with his new master that he should be well treated as long as he lived.

But amiable, true, and faithful as was my favourite Diamond, I had one adventure with him which might have turned out very seriously. I had occasion to visit Somerset West, a Station about thirty miles from Cape Town; and instead of going round by the hard road, I set out alone across the Cape Flats, directing my course towards the distant blue mountains of Hottentot's Holland. When I had travelled about two hours, I "off-saddled" and "knee-haltered" as usual, and sat down to eat my "tiffin," whilst my horse was grazing among the bushes. When I was ready to start again, I attempted to catch my horse, that I might "saddle up," and resume my journey; but Diamond was not quite so ready to start as his master, and moved on to make his escape. On following him up and attempting to touch him, he playfully threw up his heels, which came in contact with my face, and gave me a blow which caused a severe bruise, and which might have proved fatal, had I been a few inches nearer to him at the time. Having bound up the wound as best I could, and caught the recreant animal, I remounted, and travelled forward, thanking God in my heart for another providential deliverance; and resolving not again to traverse an African wilderness entirely alone, if I could possibly avoid it.

The records of our foreign Missions present to our view some melancholy instances of accidents with horses; and with a brief notice of one of them as an illustration I may appropriately close this sketch of adventures. The Rev. Horatio Pearse had laboured as a Missionary in South Africa for up-

wards of twenty years with acceptance and success ; and was anticipating the pleasure of meeting once more with dear friends in his native land, when his earthly course was terminated in a painfully sudden and unexpected manner. He was on his way from Maritzberg to D'Urban, in the colony of Natal, to embark for England, when the horse became unmanageable ; the vehicle was overturned, and the devoted Missionary received such serious injuries that, after lingering a few days in great pain, he died, in the faith and hope of the Gospel, on the 18th of February, 1862. His bereaved widow and fatherless children were left to voyage homeward in much sorrow ; but not without substantial tokens of sympathy and love from those who had been benefitted by the ministerial labours of the dear departed one.

Often have my dear wife and I looked back with grateful feelings on the way in which the Lord has led us these many years in the wilderness, and with overflowing eyes and hearts we have acknowledged the numerous interpositions of Divine Providence which we have experienced when exposed to imminent danger during the period of our Missionary labours in foreign lands, and I trust we shall never cease to praise Him.





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### Baptists among the Bedouin Arabs.

It has often been said that in some instances truth is stranger than fiction ; and those who take a lively interest in the propagation of the Gospel in heathen lands meet with many incidents illustrative of the saying. The Rev. Philip Berry, a respectable and esteemed Christian Minister, writing to the "National Baptist" of Philadelphia, gives the following remarkable story :

About twenty-five years ago a company of young men travelling in the East started from Damascus on their way to Jerusalem. They had not gone far before a band of armed horsemen surrounded them, and ordered them to halt. The leader said the caravan might move on, unhurt, if they would deliver up one of their number, a young man named Randall, who should not suffer if he would go with them peacefully. The terms, though hard, were acceded to. The last sight his companions had of him was as he rode away mounted on a fine horse, attended by the gay horsemen of the Bedouin Sheik of the Le Avish tribe, which tribe usually winter in the neighbourhood of Damascus, and in the summer move south and east over the great plain, seeking pasturage and water for their flocks and herds. The young man was taken to the Sheik's tent, and to his surprise found a magnificent entertainment awaiting him. What does it all mean? Strange as it may appear, this is the explanation : Arzalia, the Sheik's daughter, has seen the young man, and fallen passionately in love with him ; and the banquet is the wedding feast prepared in the hope that the adventurous traveller might possibly be captured for the gratification of the romantic daughter of the desert.

To make a long story short, it may be briefly stated that the young man and Arzalia were married. There was no escape for him. His tent was guarded by night and his person watched by day, lest he should escape ; and this guard

was kept over him for years. He and Arzalia, however, seemed happy notwithstanding the peculiar circumstances under which they were united; children were born to them, and their domestic life was marked by kindness, courtesy, and true affection. Randall rapidly acquired a knowledge of the Arabic language; his wife as readily mastered the English; and their children were taught both.

By this time the reader will be ready to ask, Who was this Randall? and what were his antecedents? We therefore pause to give a few particulars concerning his strange and romantic history. In Oneida County, New York State, lives his father who has never yet seen the face of his son. This father is a man of about seventy years of age, who was brought up among the North American Indians, and has travelled again and again in his youthful days with the hunters of his tribe over the entire Mississippi Valley in search of fish and game. When he had reached the age of twenty-one, the Chief of his tribe said: "You had better return to the white people, for with them you can be more of a man than with the Indians." He returned accordingly, and in the course of time he married a Welsh lady, and while she was on a visit to her relations in Wales, her child was born. The mother dying soon after his birth, he remained until he grew up with his kindred in Wales, and was taking a tour through Syria, previous to his embarkation for America, when he was captured by the Bedouin Sheik and compelled to marry his daughter, in the manner stated above.

Young Randall's friends were Baptists and carefully trained up their charge in the principles of the religion which they professed. The blessing of God attended their efforts, and before he left Wales he was baptized, having embraced the truth as it is in Jesus. Nor did he, like too many others, prove recreant to his religion in the course of his travels. He strictly adhered to the faith in which he had been trained, and when he entered the family of the Sheik, they had to receive his religion as well as his person. The result was some-

what remarkable. Through his influence and example his wife became a Christian ; his father-in-law became a patron of his son-in-law's faith ; his children were brought up in "the fear of the Lord ;" and at length his son has become Sheik of the tribe, his father-in-law having died. All the surrounding tribes have become favourable to the new religion, and have pledged their swords in its defence. And what is better still, many have been taught the way of salvation.

But all this did not take place without opposition. A certain dervish, a zealot of the Mohammedan faith, had for a long time endeavoured to stir up a spirit of persecution against the little band of Christians. He strove to have Randall's sons thrown out of the employ of the Turkish Government, and, failing in this, he turned his assault upon a daughter of the foreigner named Rosa, and charged her with witchcraft and apostasy from the true faith. She was brought before the *neglis*, or council, composed of one hundred and forty-four venerable Sheiks and Effendis, to answer charges which, according to the principles of Islamism, involved her life. The charges having been presented and substantiated as best they could be by witnesses, she was called upon to answer them through her advocate. Although only fourteen years of age, she was inspired with faith and courage for the emergency. With a placid countenance and a calm trusting heart, she responded, "Most venerable fathers, with your permission I will reply in person ;" and then with fervour and faith and power, holding up the Bible in her hand and frequently reading passages from it, she made a defence worthy an Apostle. When she finished, the unanimous verdict was in her favour, and the Chiefs of the tribes pledged each other anew to defend all Christians who thought and felt as Rosa did. Thus did God in His providence interpose in favour of this juvenile disciple of the Lord Jesus.

But the old dervish breathed revenge and determined if possible to take that young life. He therefore brought new

accusations against the innocent girl, and when these also failed to accomplish his malignant purpose, he resolved on acts of violence. The trial alluded to occurred in the month of October, 1872. In June, 1873, while Rosa was teaching a class of forty-two little girls in a grove near to the encampment of the tribe, the hostile dervish stealthily approached, and before any one was aware of his purpose, he had murdered the maid and fled. The fleetest horses of the tribe with armed riders went in pursuit. He was soon captured, tried, condemned and executed. Notwithstanding this and other base attempts to quench the light of Divine truth among the wandering tribes of the Bedouin Arabs, the work is growing, the truth is spreading, and a new chapter in the history of the propagation of the Gospel has been unveiled to us, alike startling and impressive.

In the last letter received from Lady Arzalia Le Avish Randall, giving all the particulars of her child's trial and tragic death, there occurs this beautiful sentence and earnest request: "Pray for me that my piety may be as humble as the violet, as enduring as the olive, and as fragrant as the orient." The reverend gentleman already named, whose remarkable statement we have re-produced nearly in his own words, concludes his narrative as follows: "We hope in the course of the year to offer the readers of this sketch the entire story, from the hut of the Indian to the tented church of the Bedouin; but we could not consent to keep 'the glad tidings' to ourselves any longer, and so have told our story in brief to-day."

How wonderful is the power of circumstances! and what important events in the life of man sometimes hinge on incidents which in themselves appear to be trifling and insignificant!

"A pebble on the streamlet scant  
 Has turned the course of many a river:  
 A dew-drop on the baby plant  
 Has warped the giant oak for ever."

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### Conversion of Brian and his Wife.

A capital story is told by the Rev. William Arthur illustrative of the Irish character in humble life, as well as of the influence of Romanism, and of the blessed result of the faithful preaching of the Gospel by the early Methodist Missionaries in the sister kingdom. It is in substance as follows :

In a distant part of Ireland there lived a farmer. On a certain occasion the Preacher who was travelling the Circuit, having heard of him, determined to pay him a visit, which he accordingly did. He requested the privilege of preaching in the neighbourhood. This was granted ; and the word was with power ; the Lord opened the farmer's heart, as He did that of Lydia of Thyatira, and he opened his parlour and invited the Preacher to make it a preaching place. This of course was accepted with gladness, and it was not long before the farmer and his family and several of the neighbours were happily converted to God. A Class was formed, and the farmer was appointed its Leader. He had in his employ a cow-herd, a Roman Catholic, who, hearing of what was going on, became wonderfully alarmed. It was his custom to bring the cows home at a certain hour in the day ; but whenever the period arrived for the meeting he was sure to anticipate the time by an hour, so that he might be away, and not be annoyed by the "swaddlers," as the Methodist Preachers were called. While he was using all his precaution, the Spirit of God was silently yet powerfully working in the soul of the simple-hearted man. He heard enough of Gospel truths, by rumour and otherwise, to awaken him to a sense of his lost condition, and he became sad and dispirited.

As he went moping about with a dejected countenance, unfit for work, his wife said to him one day, "Brian, what ails you? You are good for nothing." "Molly, my dear, I'm afraid I'll lose my soul." "Lose your sowl, man! an' how's that? Are ye not the best man in the parish, and don't

ye attend to all dues and duties? What have ye been doing? Have ye been murdering or robbing any body?" "Nae, Molly; the truth is, I'm afraid I'll lose my sowl—indade, I'll lose my sowl!" "Why, Brian, what makes ye think that?" "Because," said the deeply-convicted man, "I'm all dirty within!" "My advice is that ye go immediately to the praist, and tell him all about it."

Brian accordingly went to see the holy father, and commenced telling him how bad he was and how badly he felt. "What's the matter, Brian?" Brian then related to the Priest the conversation which passed between him and Molly, and closed by saying: "O, holy father, I'm all dirty within!" "O, you dog!" said the Priest, "you have been to hear the swaddlers preach!" "Not I, yer riverence; I keep far enough away from them. To be sure I did, and niver a one of them, I assure you, have I heard prache!" The Priest then tried to allay his fears about his losing his soul, telling him to come to confession, and attend the mass, and all would be well. But, alas! Brian grew worse and worse, until finally the Priest told him to go to Loch Dergh, St. Patrick's Purgatory. In the midst of Loch Dergh, or Red Lake, there was a rocky island, which was called St. Patrick's Island, or the Purgatory for Pilgrim Catholics. And indeed it was a purgatory, a bleak and dreary spot, and the penitents were obliged to go barefooted upon the sharp stones, and kneel upon their bare knees, fasting and praying to the Virgin, until they were restored, or had suffered sufficient to atone for their sins.

According to the instructions of the Priest Brian went to Loch Dergh, and crossed over to St. Patrick's Purgatory, where he went through the penance upon his bare knees. After remaining there some time he returned home. As soon as his wife saw him, she said, "Well, Brian, you won't lose your sowl now." "Och, dear," he replied, "I've been to Loch Dergh, but I'm dirtier than ever I was before!" "Well, then, you must go and see Father Tom again;" which

he did, and the Priest, meeting him, said, "Well, Brian, it's all right now!" "Nae, holy father, I'm dirtier and dirtier!" "Brian," said the Priest, "you must try and get your spirits up. There is to be a dance at such a place; go, and don't forget to take a drop; it will do you good." Brian, supposing that any advice from the clergy was right, never having been instructed otherwise, went to the dance, and did take a drop, but it was a drop too much, and he became intoxicated. He came home late at night, and his wife was awoke by hearing him rolling and roaring on the floor, saying, "Sure, and I'll lose my sowl!" She became alarmed, and commenced crying, and together they went and prayed as well as they knew how until morning.

That day Brian went to his work, and, as usual, brought the cows home for his master; but he forgot that it was the day of the meeting. He concluded to stay and hear the preaching, and for this purpose he took a seat outside the door. The text was, "What must I do to be saved?" He found the sermon wonderfully to correspond with his own thoughts, and he became intensely interested. The Preacher alluded to the different answers sometimes given to the question, "What must I do to be saved?" and among others he remarked, the poor convicted sinner is sometimes told by the Priest to go to Loch Dergh, and he will be saved. "Och! I declare," said Brian, audibly, "it's me, sure. Haven't I been there?" Sometimes to go and drink, to drive away sorrows. "Och, and wasn't it only yesterday the Praist towld me to do the same? and the divil's advice it was too." At this the master went out and brought him in and quieted him. After preaching was ended Brian whispered to his master, and said, "I would like to stay and speak to that gentleman." To this the master assented.

When the congregation was dismissed, and they were about to hold a Class-meeting, his master requested him to stay, which he did; and when he was spoken to, he got up and told the whole story I have been relating. "You say," observed

Brian, addressing the Preacher, "that if I belave on the Lord Jesus Christ I shall be saved : how do you know that?" "By the word of God," said the Preacher. "An' have you that word?" He told of the Bible and of the Divine assurance contained therein : "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Brian sat down comforted ; but before the Class was through, he sprang to his feet, and seizing the Preacher, he said, "What ails me, Sir? what ails me? I don't think I'll lose my sowl, at all, at all ; I'm all clane within." "You are converted," the Preacher replied. "And when will ye convart again? I'd like to have Molly convarted." Brian went home a happy man, walking and leaping and praising God. When he met his wife, he exclaimed, "O, Molly, I'm all clane within ; the Lord Jesus Christ has convarted my sowl."

On Sunday morning he took Molly with him to meeting, and it was not long before she also was brought to taste the pardoning love of God. Still Brian had not forgotten his Church, and he said to his master, "Shall I go to mass?" The master, believing that he was under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, told him to go if he desired. He and Molly accordingly went to church, and after the ceremony of reading the prayers in Latin was over, the Priest, addressing Brian and his wife, said, "Come up here, you heretic dogs!" (Many a man has thus been singled out and denounced from the altar, and not long after had a bullet shot through his heart.) "You have deceived me, you arch heretic!" continued the Priest; "you have been to hear the swaddlers." "Yes, yer riverence, glory be to God! I have been convarted, and so has Molly." "How dare you speak to me thus? Go down on your knees, and promise me never to go there again, or I'll curse you with bell, book and candle." Finding him unyielding, he then uttered the curse before the whole congregation. Candles were placed, and at the ringing of a bell the curse began. All the saints, and angels, and holy martyrs were invoked to curse him. The curse went into detail,



extending to every member of his body, from his hair down to his toes. He was cursed in all possible conditions and circumstances in life. Such a curse everlasting malice only could invent. The person cursed was cut off from all sympathy and aid of the congregation; and if he was a merchant, mechanic, or labouring man, all custom would at once be withdrawn. After the curse he was permitted to leave, and he went out notwithstanding a happy man; for how can a Priest "curse whom God has not cursed"? Brian and Molly lived happily and consistently many years after this, and ultimately died in the faith and hope of the Gospel.

"The world's and Satan's malice  
 Thou, Jesus, hast confounded;  
 And, by Thy grace, With songs of praise  
 Our happy souls resounded.

"Accepting our deliverance,  
 We triumph in Thy favour;  
 And for the love Which now we prove  
 Shall praise Thy name for ever."

### The Judge and the poor African Woman.

In one of the populous towns on the banks of the beautiful and magnificent river Ohio, in America, there dwelt, and perhaps still dwells, a just judge, honourable in life as well as in title; and there dwelt also a poor lone African woman named Nancy, who has long since passed away to the better country. Nancy was eminently pious, and said by those who knew her best to have been "queenly in disposition and in the power and beauty of her spiritual progress; though poor as poverty could make her in this world's goods here below." She is now, doubtless, queenly in position and external adorning as well as in heart and soul, transformed and transfigured in the presence of the glorious Saviour in

heaven, Whom she loved so dearly and trusted so fully on earth.

The judge was rich, respectable, and highly esteemed by all classes of the community. He dwelt in a mansion, not so fine as to repel by its outward glare, nor so splendid as to make its possessor the envy of the foolish. It was large enough to be the social centre of the town, and plain enough to make every one feel at home in it; and the heart of the judge was in keeping with his house, large and open.

The poor African woman lived in a cabin in an obscure alley all alone, without child or kin. Her hands ministered amply to her own wants while she had health, and she often earned by hard work that which found its way to India, or Africa perhaps, in the spread of the Gospel; for, poor as she was, she was a friend and supporter of the Mission cause. She was remarkable for her industry and cleanliness, and her home, though humble and small, was always neat and tidy. She belonged to the same Christian Church of which the judge was a respected officer, and often met him at the table of the Lord, although they had never been brought into social contact so as to have free conversation together about the things of the kingdom. The judge respected Nancy, and she in her turn venerated him. At length she received a severe injury, from which she never recovered, and for many weary months before her death she was dependent and helpless, alone and bedridden.

During that time the judge's ample table and abundant wardrobe contributed their full share to the comfort of the poor woman. Never a day passed but she was remembered. Yet, for one reason and another, he put off from time to time a personal visit which he fully purposed in his heart to make her. At last one day as he thought of the cheeriness of his own pleasant home, the thought of the contrast between this and the loneliness and desolation of the poor woman's cabin came into his mind, and while it heightened his gratitude for

the goodness of God to him, it filled him with sadness and sympathy for her.

“Who can tell but that I may cheer her a little, and perhaps by a little timely sympathy save her from repining at her hard lot?” said he to himself. “Possibly, too, I may be able to throw some light upon the rugged pathway along which she is going to the kingdom.”

The judge loved to do good; and it was a great luxury to him. So taking a well-filled basket, and making sure that his purse was stored with convenient small change, he sallied forth to visit poor Nancy. As the door opened, he was struck with the air of neatness in the cabin. If she was bed-ridden, some kind hand supplied the place of hers, for everything was in order, swept and garnished, neat as a pin. “Not so desolate after all,” thought he. But again as the judge looked round and contrasted the social joys of his own ample mansion, where the voice of children and of music, as well as the presence of books and friends, made all cheerful and happy, with the cheerless condition of the poor woman alone here from morning till night, and from night till morning, only as one and another called out of kindness to minister to her necessities, his heart filled again with sadness and sympathy.

Seating himself on the stool at the side of the poor woman’s cot, he began speaking to her in words of condolence :

“It must be hard for you, Nancy, to be shut up here alone so many days and weeks.”

“O no, thank God, Massa Judge, the Lord keeps me from feeling bad. I am as happy now as ever I was in all my days.”

“But, Nancy, lying here from morning till night, and from night till morning, all alone, and racked with pain, dependent upon others for everything, do you not get tired and down-hearted, and think your lot a hard one to bear?”

“Well, I am dependent on others, that is sure; indeed I

am, and I was always used to have something to give to the poor, and to the Missionary too, and to the Minister, and now I have nothing. But then I am no poorer than my good Lord was when He was here in the world; and I have never suffered half so much yet as He suffered for me on the cross. I am very happy when I think of these things."

"But, Nancy, you are all alone here."

"Yes, Massa, I am alone, that is true, but then Jesus is here too, all the time. I am never alone no how, and He is good company."

"But, Nancy, how do you feel when you think about death? What if you should die here all alone some night?"

"O, Massa Judge, I expect to! I expect nothing else but just to go off all alone here some night, as you say, or some day. But it is all one, night or day, to poor Nancy; and then, Massa, I expect I shall not go all alone after all; for Jesus says in the blessed book, 'I will come and take you to Myself, that where I am there ye may be also.' And I believe Him. I am not afraid to die alone."

"But, Nancy, sometimes when I think of dying, I am filled with trouble. I think how bad I am, what a sinner, and how unfit for heaven; and I think now, What if I should die suddenly just as I am? what would become of me? Are you not afraid to die and go into the presence of a holy God?"

"O no, Massa, indeed I am not."

"Why not, Nancy?"

"O, Massa, I was afraid very much. When I was first injured, I saw I must die, and I thought, How can such a sinner as I ever go into such a holy place as the New Jerusalem is? and I was miserable. O, I was miserable, indeed I was. But then by-and-bye, after a while, I thought I must just trust myself to the blessed Jesus to make me ready for the kingdom, just as I did to forgive all my sins, and so I found rest for my poor soul in Jesus. And since that time I feel somehow all better; I know now He will make me all

ready, pure and white for the New Jerusalem above. And now I love to think about the time when I shall go to appear before the Father's throne, with Him in glory, all starry, spangly, white."

For a moment the judge sat in silence, admiring the power of Divine grace as exhibited in the experience of the poor African woman. He felt ashamed at his own littleness of faith, and to think that he had so much to learn from the patient sufferer. Renewing the conversation he said :

"Well, Nancy, one thing more let me ask you: Do you never complain?"

"Complain! Oh no, Massa Judge, complain, do you say, Massa? Why, Massa, who should such a one as I complain of? The Lord, He knows best what is best for poor Nancy. *His will be done!*"

Nancy said this in tones of deepest sincerity. The judge bowed his head in conscious inferiority to the poor African woman whom the Lord had so greatly blessed, and having ministered to her necessities and commended her to God in prayer, he retired under a deep feeling of his own littleness and fully resolved to seek for a deeper work of grace upon his own heart, that he might be delivered from the fear of death, and raised to that higher state of Christian experience which he had seen so beautifully exemplified in the testimony of the poor African woman.

The sequel of this touching story is soon told. The desire of Nancy's heart was ere long gratified in her translation from earth to heaven, to be for ever with the Lord, whilst the judge made haste to carry into practice the lessons he had learned by his visits to her lonely cabin. He sought till he found that holiness of heart, that meetness for heaven which it is the privilege of all the people of God to enjoy while here on earth. It was not without a struggle that he obtained the blessing. At last one day while he was bowed before God, he felt in his heart, "Thy will be done!" The storm-tossed sea of his soul was suddenly calmed, and the peace of God

which passeth all understanding filled his believing heart. Now, he too could trust Jesus to make for him his pathway on earth, and fit him for heaven, and also to take him home to Himself in His own good time. It was the beginning of a new life to him—a change quite as great as he experienced at the time of his conversion, and, as it proved, the beginning of blessed things for his own family, and Church, and town, and the cause of Christ generally. The judge was henceforth a burning and a shining light in the neighbourhood in which he lived, and was everywhere blessed and made a blessing.

“ Be it according to Thy word !  
Redeem me from all sin :  
My heart would now receive Thee, Lord :  
Come in, my Lord, come in ! ”

### The Christian Planter and Evangelist.

The reflex or indirect influence of Christian Missions has often attracted our attention whilst labouring in the foreign field. Not only are poor degraded heathens, who are the prime objects of their efforts, benefited by them ; but our fellow-countrymen, whose lot is cast in distant lands, are frequently brought out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel, or otherwise blessed, through their instrumentality. And in their turn, enlightened godly Europeans, resident in the neighbourhood of Mission Stations abroad, sometimes become valuable helpers of the Missionaries in carrying on the work of God among the aborigines.

Many pleasing instances of this kind have come under our notice at different times, and in various parts of the world, in the course of our Missionary experience ; but we do not remember a more remarkable case in some of its phases, than that of the noble-minded, generous West India planter, whose eventful history we now proceed briefly to narrate. A thrill-



HAY MACDOWALL GRANT, ESQ.,  
THE CHRISTIAN PLANTER AND EVANGELIST.





lingly interesting memoir of his life and labours has just been published, but this volume is principally occupied by the record of his work for the Lord in his native land. Comparatively little is said about his evangelical and philanthropic labours among the poor Negroes. Our story may, therefore, perhaps, supply a "missing link" in the chain of interesting providential incidents recorded in the work alluded to, and serve to show the interest which the subject of our narrative took in the Missionary enterprise, long before he entered upon his remarkable course of self-denying effort for the benefit of his fellow-men at home.

HAY MACDOWALL GRANT was born at Arndilly, in the county of Banff, Scotland, on the 19th of June, 1806. His parents being in affluent circumstances, he received a liberal education, first at Old Deer, and afterwards at the University of Aberdeen, where he took the degree of M.A. when only fifteen years of age. He was intended in the first instance for the English Bar; but before he could fully prepare to enter upon the profession of the law, circumstances occurred which led to his entering the mercantile house of Baillie, Ames, and Co., of Bristol. Whilst residing there, Mr. Grant occasionally heard Robert Hall, the celebrated Baptist Preacher, and his attention was aroused to a regard for sacred things, although he did not at that time become decidedly religious. At an early period he discovered a remarkable aptitude for business, being intelligent, shrewd, upright and energetic in all his movements; and he soon gained the confidence and esteem of his employers.

In 1830, a competent and trustworthy gentleman being required to go out to the West Indies to superintend the estates of Prince de Polignac, the prime minister of Charles X., Mr. Grant received the appointment. He had some time before this contracted an early and somewhat imprudent marriage, contrary to the wishes of his friends. On their arrival in the island of St. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Grant took up their residence at Calder, one of the estates alluded to, a

beautiful spot, situated among the hills on the windward side of the island, about eight miles from Kingstown, and two from the sea. It was at that time, and for many years afterwards, an important out-Station of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, a large number of the negro slaves in that neighbourhood having been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth and united in Church-fellowship through the instrumentality of its agents.

In view of the deep and active interest which the subject of this brief sketch took in Mission work in St. Vincent, it may be necessary here to offer a few remarks on its character and position at the time alluded to. There were only two Clergymen of the Episcopal Church stationed in the island, whose attention was chiefly directed to the few whites resident in the country. There were, however, six Wesleyan Missionaries, who were zealously labouring chiefly for the spiritual benefit of free black and coloured people, and the poor slaves who formed the bulk of the population. Besides these there were no other Missionaries or Ministers of any denomination; so that the principal burden of instructing the people and of preparing the slaves for their approaching freedom devolved upon the Wesleyan Missionaries. They had under their care ten Stations in different parts of the island, in connection with which there were 3,540 Church members; 13 of whom were whites; 342 free blacks and persons of colour; and 3,285 were poor slaves. The difficulties with which the Missionaries had to contend in consequence of the system of slavery, which was then in full force, were numerous and appalling. Some idea may be formed of them from the following sentences which occur in the Report of the Biabou Circuit, in which Calder was situated, for the year 1831, which was sent home to the Committee just after Mr. Grant arrived in the island: "Our congregations are generally numerous. Often, however, the greater part of the Society has had to labour in the provision grounds on the Sabbath, and, in one instance, while performing on that day this objectionable kind of work.

a numerous Class was entirely absent from the chapel for the space of eight weeks in succession."

Mr. Grant did not look upon the sufferings of the slaves with feelings of indifference, nor was he unmindful of the self-denying efforts made by the Missionaries to promote their temporal and spiritual welfare. Both by precept and example, and after a while by direct personal effort, he sought to do them good, to raise them in the scale of being, and to prepare them for the boon of freedom, which, in common with all the true friends of the African race, he hoped would ere long be awarded to them. He afforded every facility to the agents of the Wesleyan Missionary Society to instruct the Negroes on the Trust Estates under his care ; and when it was pointed out to him that great advantages would result from the establishment of a day school at Calder for the education of the rising generation, he entered into the project with characteristic zeal and earnestness, and generously afforded the aid of his influence and his purse, till at length it became an accomplished fact. The first teacher was Mr. John Lee, a devoted Local Preacher who was sent out from England to take charge of the institution. In the course of a few years this dear servant of God was called to enter the ranks of the Wesleyan Ministry, and he was succeeded as teacher by Messrs. Langford, Jordan, Hyham, and others, most of whom, with Mr. Lee himself, have passed away to the better country.

As there was no Episcopalian Church within many miles of Calder, Mr. and Mrs. Grant did not hesitate to unite with the poor Negroes in the worship of God in the rude chapel which had been erected for their accommodation on the Calder estate, although they often found themselves the only white persons present in a congregation of six or seven hundred. In the course of time a more permanent and commodious chapel was erected, in a great measure through the influence and liberality of our generous friend and patron ; and during the twenty years that Mr. Grant spent in St. Vincent's, he regarded this as the stated place of worship of himself and

his family, and he rejoiced to sit under the Ministry of the Wesleyan Missionaries, often declaring that it was made a rich blessing to his soul. The regular services of the Sabbath morning consisted in the reading of Wesley's "Abridgment of the Church of England Liturgy," and the plain and faithful preaching of the Gospel as at home, which Mr. Grant seemed greatly to enjoy; after which the Classes were met by the Leaders.

We have no means of knowing at what time Hay Macdowall Grant attained to a clear sense of the pardoning mercy of God through Christ Jesus, as, from our earliest acquaintance with him, he was always moral and circumspect in all his conduct; but we have reason to believe that he derived a deeper experimental knowledge of true religion from God's blessing on the services in Calder chapel. We can testify to the fact that before he had been many years in St. Vincent's he showed himself a true Christian by gladly availing himself of the privilege of bowing at the table of the Lord with the Christian Negroes on his estates, and of receiving at the hands of the Missionaries the emblems of the Saviour's dying love, in common with them. Looking upon this beautiful scene, often have we called to mind the words of the wise man: "The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all." Nor was this all; by his private and public admonitions Mr. Grant sought to win souls for Christ, and in the absence through illness or otherwise of the appointed Minister for the day, he frequently read prayers and a short sermon himself in Calder chapel, rather than the people should be disappointed. His readings were often interspersed with earnest extemporaneous exhortations, and he was thus gradually trained for the grand career of evangelistic work upon which he entered on his retirement from secular business, a few years afterwards.

The interest which Mr. Grant felt in the Missionary enterprise generally, was evinced by his annual contribution of a doubloon (£3. 6s. 8d.) to the funds of the Society, to say

nothing of his occasional and special benefactions, and by his taking the chair at the Wesleyan Missionary Meetings at Calder and other places for many years in succession. On these occasions we have heard him descant, with amazing fluency and eloquence, on the grand theme of Christian Missions; and it required no great penetration to perceive that he possessed peculiar talent and special power as a public speaker; hence we were not surprised at the development of these powers in after life when he gave himself up fully to the work of an evangelist.

I first became personally acquainted with Hay Macdowall Grant in the early part of the year 1836, when appointed as a Missionary to Calliaqua, a Station about four miles from Calder. And well do I remember the feelings of trepidation with which, as a young Minister, I went to preach for the first time at the place last named, knowing I should have such an intelligent and learned gentleman for a hearer as the attorney and manager of the Trust Estates, whilst all the rest of the congregation consisted of the sable sons and daughters of Ham.

On walking down the aisle of the chapel, I cast a passing glance at the distinguished planter as he sat in his family pew on the left-hand side of the pulpit, and was not much relieved by a sight of his noble intelligent countenance, for he was always and everywhere a gentleman of a dignified and aristocratic bearing. But when I saw the marked attention and evident devotion with which he engaged in every part of the worship, and especially when at the close of the service he greeted me with a hearty Christian welcome to the island and to the Station immediately connected with the estates under his charge, my fears were dissipated, and I was ever afterwards enabled to regard him as a friend and brother in Christ. In the course of twelve months I was called to remove to Trinidad, but after the lapse of a few years I was favoured to return to St. Vincent's.

On my appointment to the superintendency of the Biabou

Circuit, of which Calder was an out-Station, in 1841, I became still more intimately acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Grant; and during the three years that I laboured there, my intercourse with them was of the most pleasant and agreeable character. I have a very pleasant recollection of happy hours spent at Calder Great House with these dear Christian friends. By this time Mr. Grant had become a man of mark and eminence in the colony, not only as an active, able and energetic planter, and a faithful and efficient manager of the properties entrusted to his care, but he had purchased a sugar estate called Brighton, situated between Calder and Kingstown, with a view to making a substantial provision in the future for himself and his family, having little hope of reaping any advantage from the patrimonial inheritance of his ancestors in Scotland. He was thus a proprietor in the island, as well as an energetic attorney and manager of several estates belonging to other parties. He was, moreover, an influential manager of the St. Vincent branch of the West India Bank, as well as a member of Council of Government; and for some time he filled the office of Acting Judge of the Supreme Court of Justice, with credit to himself and advantage to the country, not to mention other important positions which he occupied among his fellow colonists.

But this success and elevation in social rank did not make any difference in the conduct and bearing of the subject of this narrative towards the Missionaries or the Christian Negroes with whom he was connected. He was always ready for every good work, and he adapted himself to the changes involved in the transition of the people from slavery to the apprenticeship period, and from that to entire freedom, much better than most of the West India planters, setting an example to others of conciliation, kindness, and generosity worthy of imitation, whilst at the same time he was ever faithful to the interests of those whom he represented.

Soon after the full emancipation of the slaves, a general desire was manifested by them to obtain lots of land, build

cottages, and procure homes of their own for themselves and their families, whilst at the same time they worked for wages on the neighbouring estates. This laudable feeling Mr. Grant encouraged so far as his own people were disposed to settle at a convenient distance from the properties under his care, and he was glad to avail himself of the aid and influence of the Missionaries to secure this object, which was of course advantageous to all parties concerned. A settlement of this kind was formed in Marriacqua Valley, about two miles from Calder; and on the 30th of March, 1844, the foundation-stone of a Wesleyan chapel was laid there by Mr. Grant under circumstances peculiarly auspicious and interesting. An account was given of this event in the "St. Vincent Observer," a few days afterwards, of which the following is a brief extract: "On Saturday last the foundation-stone of a new Wesleyan chapel was laid in Marriacqua Valley with the rites and ceremonies used in the Wesleyan Church on such occasions. About one o'clock a respectable and numerous congregation being assembled, the service was commenced by the Rev. William Moister, the Superintendent of the Biabou Circuit, who gave out an appropriate hymn, and called upon the Rev. W. Ritchie to offer up the first prayer. The Rev. W. Limmex then read a portion of Scripture, after which Mr. Moister explained to the meeting that it was customary to deposit an inscription in the foundation, and, exhibiting a phial containing the same, he read a copy of it, as follows: 'In the name of God Amen. The foundation-stone of this Wesleyan chapel was laid by the Hon. Hay Macdowall Grant, in the name of the Holy Trinity, and with solemn prayer and praise, on the 30th of March, 1844,' &c. Having performed the ceremony in the usual way, Mr. Grant turned to the congregation, and delivered a most pointed and impressive address. The meeting was also addressed by the Rev. Messrs. Moister, Ritchie, Limmex, and Wharton. After singing and prayer, a liberal collection was made on the corner-stone in aid of the building fund, and the meeting

separated, evidently much gratified with the solemn and interesting service, and with the prospect of the Wesleyan Missionary Society extending its useful labours to this long-neglected neighbourhood."

But of all Mr. Grant's evangelistic and philanthropic labours in St. Vincent's, those which were connected with the Temperance reformation will be longest remembered. Indeed he may be justly regarded as the father of the movement in that island. Never shall I forget the Sabbath when, after preaching at Calder chapel, I made an earnest appeal to the people on the evils of the drinking system, and asked them whether it would not be best to adopt the plan of total abstinence. Mr. Grant left his pew, ascended the pulpit steps, and whispered in my ear, "That is it, Sir, that is what we want." Encouraged by this friendly intimation, I turned from my brief conversation with my friend to the people, and simply echoed his sentiments. I remarked, "Mr. Grant says, 'That is the thing we want ;' those who approve of the proposal, and are willing to attend a meeting to consider the question, will please hold up their hands." Immediately nearly seven hundred sable hands were raised, the time was fixed, the meeting held accordingly, and the result was the formation of the first Total Abstinence Society ever organized in the island of St. Vincent.

It would occupy too much space to dwell upon the kindly interest which Mr. Grant took in this enterprise. It must suffice to say that he cheerfully presided at our public meetings, and pleaded the cause with an earnestness and pathos never to be forgotten ; he sent to England, and procured at his own expense flags, banners and medals for the use of the Society ; and did everything in his power to promote the success of the undertaking. I well remember how, on the first grand demonstration after the arrival of the regalia, at the request of the Honourable President of the institution we marched round in front of Calder Great House, that Mrs. Grant might have the pleasure of seeing from the verandah



the gay appearance presented by the hundreds of sable abstainers, after proving the truth and excellency of the total abstinence principle for several months, notwithstanding the arduous character of their labours, both in the cane-fields and in the boiling-house.

The manner in which Hay Macdowall Grant became a Teetotaler is too interesting to be passed over in silence. As related by himself at various Temperance meetings at home many years afterwards, it was simply as follows: "There was on my estate a wretched old drunken Negro rat-catcher, very clever at his business when sober, but only sober at rare and uncertain intervals. I felt concerned for the poor old man, as I saw the drink was dragging him body and soul down to perdition, and I spoke very earnestly to him, urging him to become a Teetotaler. I was not a little taken aback when the old man turned round upon me with, 'All very well for Massa to tell dis poor nigger to give up him drop o' rum, when Massa sit at dinner and drink him wine.' And I suppose the old man was more taken aback still when I replied, 'Look here, Sambo, if you will give up your rum, I will give up my wine.' The old man's heart was touched by such an offer coming from such a quarter, and we both took the pledge together." I need only add that I believe both old Sambo and his master kept the pledge to their mutual advantage.

In 1849, when Mr. and Mrs. Grant were struggling with numerous difficulties connected with their estate, William Grant Macdowall, of Arndilly, was attacked with cholera, and died after a short illness, leaving two daughters. This event led some members of the family to examine the deed of entail; and, contrary to former interpretations, it was determined by legal authorities that the right of succession to the estate of Arndilly belonged to the male heirs of that generation, to the exclusion for the time being of the female heirs. Thus Hay Macdowall Grant was unexpectedly called home to take possession of his maternal inheritance. The tenantry

hailed with satisfaction the return of one who, even in distant lands, had never forgotten them ; and this tie of goodwill and mutual interest remained unbroken to the end, deepening in many instances into rare devotedness of attachment.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant, who had repeatedly visited Europe since they first went out, bade a final farewell to the West Indies in the month of June, 1849, and arrived at Arndilly on the 6th of August. On that day he made the following entry in his diary : “ Arrived at Arndilly after eight years’ absence. What changes have occurred since then ! How many who were once well and happy have passed away ! Our time must come for departing,—may soon come. Are we prepared ? God keep such thoughts uppermost amid the cares of the world, which will try to gain the chief place ! ”

When in the island of St. Vincent, it is believed that Mr. Grant often thought and sometimes said that if he were free from the cares and anxieties of worldly business, he would gladly devote his whole life to the advocacy of the cause of Temperance, and to persevering efforts to win souls for Christ. And his subsequent career showed how faithfully he carried out this holy purpose, and how remarkably Divine Providence opened out his way before him. He had a sister who had become the wife of the Rev. Mr. Aitken, a zealous and successful Evangelical Clergyman, whose revival services in Wesleyan chapels and other places at an early period of his ministry are still gratefully remembered by many. These relatives paid a visit to the Scotch laird at Arndilly, some time after his return to England and his settlement at that place. This visit, combined with other influences, led to the renewed consecration of himself to God and to his entering upon a course of self-denying evangelical labour, which continued with little intermission for about fifteen years, and which has scarcely a parallel in Church history.

I cannot here follow my dear friend and former fellow-labourer in his remarkable career of philanthropic effort and holy service, after his return to his native land. Nor is this

necessary, as ample details are given from his own diary and letters in his interesting Memoir, recently published, to which reference has already been made, and the object of this brief sketch is merely to supply additional information in reference to his West Indian life and associations, and to show his connection with our foreign Missions, and the course of preparation through which he was conducted, in the order of Divine Providence, in St. Vincent's for his future and more extensive labours in this country and in other places. It must suffice to say that these labours were carried on with amazing energy, perseverance and zeal, and sometimes under great bodily pain and weakness, in Scotland, England, on the continent of Europe, and even in Egypt, whither he went for a time for the benefit of his health. Nor were they abated till he was fairly worn down with incessant toil, and the Master called him to enter into his eternal rest.

By a careful study of the Holy Scriptures in the original, and by constant practice, Mr. Grant became an able and efficient lay preacher and lecturer; and such was the estimation in which he was held by Ministers and people of different denominations of Christians, that the pulpits of the Free Church of Scotland, the United Presbyterians and others were freely opened to him, and in some instances he supplied the place of Ministers for a length of time, whilst they went from home to recruit their health. He, moreover, in conjunction with other popular evangelists, frequently held revival meetings in public halls, school-rooms, barns and in the open air for several days in succession. On these occasions he was incessant in his efforts to win souls for Christ, exhorting, pleading, and persuading sinners to be reconciled to God. Nor did he confine his efforts to the pulpit; but in the inquiry-room, the prayer-meeting, in the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy, and in the humble cottages of the poor, he was frequently found kneeling by the side of penitents, praying for them, and pointing them to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." One striking pecu-

liarity of Mr. Grant's method of dealing with those whose spiritual welfare he desired to promote is worthy of special notice. He invariably sought an opportunity to speak and reason with each individually, separately and *alone*, on the important matters concerning his or her salvation. On visiting his friends, and whilst tarrying at the houses where he was entertained in the course of his preaching journeys, he invariably pursued this plan, not only with the heads of families, but with each child and each domestic servant, keeping a regular account of each case, that he might omit none, but if possible bring matters to a successful issue.

The following extract from a letter addressed to Mrs. Grant, dated Aberdeen, February 13th, 1859, may serve to afford a glimpse of the kind of work in which the devoted evangelist was engaged for many years with scarcely any intermission: "What a wonderful work of God this is which is going on here! A pouring out of the Holy Spirit, as in the days of Pentecost—a revival such as we have been praying for, like that in America. Yesterday I went to a Prayer-meeting in the county rooms, which was crowded, chiefly by converted people. No speaking, but just praying and reading God's Word. Then there was a meeting of children in the Marywell School, which Mr. Radcliffe addressed. I was there only half-an-hour, but found six children to speak to and an old woman, besides many others, to whom Professor Martin and Mr. Radcliffe spoke,—most of them dissolved in tears under a sense of sin, and believing in Jesus, when this was pressed upon them as God's command, backed by His gracious promises. In the evening there was a Prayer-meeting for *converted* persons alone, at which about eight hundred were present. It began at seven, and was dismissed at nine; but after some had gone away others would not go, so the Free Church Ministers invited them to pray for half-an-hour more, which many of them gladly did: the praying was chiefly by converted young men, and was most delightful. This morning I accompanied Mr. Radcliffe to Marywell School,

which we found crowded by people of all ages, as well as children. I gave an address for twenty minutes and then went (Mr. R. continuing the meeting) into another room, in order to converse with the anxious; and about thirty came, to each of whom I had only to say, 'Lay your sins on Jesus, and trust God's promise to pardon,' and they professed almost immediately to believe. This is a striking characteristic of the whole work: done by the Holy Spirit, and man little needed except as a finger-post to point to Jesus.

"This evening I preached in the large Free Church, and then joined Mr. Radcliffe in Mr. Smith's church to see enquirers. About a dozen men came to me in the vestry, all deeply convinced of sin, several weeping; but all went away rejoicing, except one man who found peace soon afterwards. Whilst I was in the vestry Mr. Radcliffe, Professor Martin, and Mr. Smith were speaking to others in the pews. There could not have been less than one hundred enquirers to-night, and about thirty were sent away without being spoken to for want of time, for our rule is not to continue any meeting longer than a quarter to ten, to avoid scandal.

"I must spend another fortnight in Aberdeen at this work. I dare not leave, as I seem to have been led here by God's Providence. The work is deepening, and becoming so plainly an *outpouring* of the Spirit, not in drops, but in copious showers, that I must not desert it. My belief is that the leaven now working in Aberdeen will leaven all Scotland from one end to the other. O what a glory it is to be permitted to see such a work of the Holy Spirit! May the Lord increase it more and more."

Many pages might be filled with similar records of Mr. Grant's Gospel labours and successes; but we have only room for a few sentences extracted from a letter addressed friend from Arndilly on the 21st of November, 1859. After describing his labours in Aberdeen, Montrose, Fyvie and Laurencekirk, he says, "In a village opposite Montrose, called Ferryden, containing about twelve hundred inhabitants, a

most wonderful work commenced. The whole population there seemed aroused. I visited them first on Wednesday, with a layman (Mr. Mudie) who has been very earnest among them since his return from Ireland, and I found men and women everywhere anxious about their souls. I said I would give a short address in the school, but it could not have held a third of those who came; so we went to the Free Church, where about four hundred gathered at half-an-hour's notice. On Friday I returned and found several rejoicing in their newly-found peace. On Saturday I went over to give an address, and whilst speaking calmly of the love of Jesus for sinners, one or two were so affected as to shriek for mercy. I stopped, and we quieted them by singing a psalm, and then I continued for about a quarter-of-an-hour, when five more were struck down one after another, just as in Ireland (Mr. Mudie says). Numbers remained to speak about their souls, and several very interesting conversions took place. On Sunday evening I returned, and the crowd was immense, as many had come from Montrose and the country round. The enquirers were very many, and several could do nothing but cry, 'Jesus! save me;' all the words spoken to them seemed to be unheard. On Monday and Tuesday nights, several were stricken down, and many found salvation."

It is pleasant to be able to add that in Mr. Grant's hands the Gospel trumpet gave no uncertain sound. His views of the nature of evangelical repentance, justification by faith, regeneration, the witness of the Spirit, and entire sanctification were clear and orthodox, and differed widely from those of some other popular revivalists whom we have known. And, if we mistake not, this trait in the character of his preaching is to be traced to his twenty years' associations with Wesleyan Ministers in St. Vincent's, and to the sermons which he heard and the books which he read during that period; for he was a great admirer of Wesley's Works and other similar writings.

It is not surprising that a life of such entire devotedness to God, and incessant labour to win souls for Christ, should be

crowned with a triumphant end. When fairly worn down with incessant toil in the service of the Master he loved so well, Mr. Grant could not be restrained from further exertion, but proceeded on an evangelistic tour to Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Gateshead in a poor state of health in the early part of the year 1870. Whilst there he became worse, and finished his course with joy on the 20th of March. His affectionate sister Mrs. Aitken, in a touching account of his last illness and death, says: "The afternoon before he died, I stooped over him and asked, 'Is Jesus with you?' He did not understand me at first; but when he caught my meaning, he replied promptly, as if surprised at such a question, 'O, He is always with me!' The last night of his life he was drowsy, but woke up once with the inquiry, 'Is it all over?' Then, arousing himself, he said, 'O, I suppose I must have been dreaming, but I thought it was all over;' and he seemed quite disappointed that he had to wait a little longer—but not long." The last words that he penned at the close of a note to one of his dear converts were truly affecting: "Just going to be with Jesus, happy! happy! happy!"

Such was the peaceful and triumphant death of one with whom I often took sweet counsel in the Mission field,—one of many whom I hope to meet in the better country,

"Where all our griefs are o'er,  
Our suffering and our pain:  
Who meet on that eternal shore  
Shall never part again."

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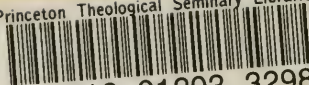
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