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*Yours affectionately*  
*Wm. Morison*

THE STORY OF MY LIFE AND  
MISSIONARY LABOURS

*IN EUROPE, AFRICA, AMERICA, AND  
THE WEST INDIES.*

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM MOISTER,

AUTHOR OF

“THE MISSIONARY WORLD,” “MISSIONARY PIONEERS,” “MISSIONARY  
MARTYRS,” “MISSIONARY ANECDOTES,”  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

With an Introduction by

THE REV. GEORGE OSBORN, D.D.

LONDON :

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AND 66, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—  
1886.



THIS VOLUME

*Is Affectionately Dedicated*

BY THE AUTHOR

TO THE MEMORY OF

JANE MOISTER,

HIS BELOVED WIFE AND FAITHFUL COMPANION  
AND HELPER IN MISSION WORK, IN MANY LANDS, FOR  
NEARLY FIFTY-FIVE YEARS.

SHE PEACEFULLY PASSED AWAY TO HER ETERNAL REST  
AT SEDBERGH, JUNE 15TH, 1885, IN THE  
82ND YEAR OF HER AGE,

LEAVING A BRIGHT EXAMPLE OF MISSIONARY ZEAL, SELF-  
DENIAL, AND ENTIRE DEVOTEDNESS TO GOD.  
OF HER IT MAY BE TRULY SAID, AS OF THE WOMAN IN THE GOSPEL,  
"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD," AND  
SHE WILL HAVE HER REWARD.

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"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. . . . They rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—REV. xiv. 13.

## P R E F A C E.

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I HAVE frequently been requested by kind friends who have read my books, or who have heard my addresses in different parts of the United Kingdom, to write a consecutive narrative of my life and missionary labours at home and abroad; but have hitherto been prevented by various other engagements. Having now been favoured by a kind and gracious Providence to enter upon my seventy-ninth year, and being deeply impressed with the solemn fact that the end of my long and happy period of Christian service cannot be far distant, I have made this humble attempt to comply with the wishes of my friends. From the materials available in the form of journals and copious notes, it would have been easy to write a voluminous work upon the subject, but it was not so easy to condense the whole into a portable volume. I have, however, done the best I could under the circumstances, and for a more ample account of the countries where I have lived, and the peoples among whom I have laboured, I may refer the reader to some of my former volumes, especially to *Africa Past and Present*, *The West Indies Enslaved and Free*, *Missionary Stories*, *Missionary Anecdotes*, and *Missionary Martyrs*.

If the perusal of this volume, and a careful study of the facts which it contains, illustrative of the providence and grace of God in connection with the great and glorious missionary enterprise, should afford encouragement to the Missionary and inspire the reader with increased zeal and liberality in the interests of the hallowed cause to which my life has been devoted, my object in writing the book will be fully answered, and God alone shall have all the praise.

W. M.

SEDBERGH, YORKSHIRE,  
*December, 1886.*

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## INTRODUCTION.

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IN the following pages a veteran Missionary tells the tale of his labours and trials, his joys and successes, his journeying and resting, during a period of more than half a century. Few are spared to labour so long, and fewer still at the close of such a period are able to prepare and publish so detailed an account of themselves and their doings. But favoured with a good constitution, brought up in a course of unceasing activity, and practising a strict temperance, our friend has fought the battle of life under the most favourable conditions, and in spite of fevers, and hurricanes, and shipwrecks, still enjoys "a green old age," and supplies another instance in which early hardship and foreign travel have proved not unfavourable, but rather conducive to longevity. But what gives to this volume its special interest is its connection with the great, the Divine purpose of the world's evangelisation. This has been dear to the author's heart almost from the beginning of his Christian course, and he has never faltered nor turned aside from his object. Such a distinct and abiding preference of the foreign fields

of labour has long been a distinguishing feature of Methodism, and has been one among the means by which the great Head of the Church has granted to it that wide extension which, in the course of a century, it has obtained. Some persons have discountenanced such preferences, and some have even ridiculed them, as a species of religious knight-errantry. But while it is readily granted that preaching in England or America is preaching "among the Gentiles" in St. Paul's sense of the phrase (Eph. iii. 8), it is no less true that Christian compassion will prompt men to look to the most needy of the race, and Christian ambition will prompt them to prefer unoccupied fields of Gospel labour. The multiplied sorrows of those "that hasten after other gods" are a standing appeal to our pity, and those who hearken to it should be encouraged and respected. Nor will any genuine successor of the Apostles "boast himself of things made ready" to his hand, while vast "regions beyond" those hitherto occupied remain still unoccupied, and their inhabitants undisciplined. It deserves careful consideration whether the disposition to depreciate missionary labour may not be traceable to a decay of faith. When the teaching of the New Testament has its full weight, it will be utterly impossible to regard all worship, whatever be the object or the mode, as finding its way to the universal Father; to think of idolatry as less "abominable" than in the days of St. Peter; or to forget that the things which "the Gentiles sacrifice

they sacrifice to demons and not to God." Piety, no less than philanthropy, will make all professors of Christianity restless until the gods of the earth are famished, and "men worship Jehovah every man from his place, even all the isles of the heathen."

Having been asked to prefix a few words of introduction to this volume, I have taken the opportunity of stating the grounds upon which I deem the vocation of a Missionary, in which the author has been so long and worthily occupied, worthy of special honour. During a large part of Mr. Moister's missionary life I was officially cognizant of his zeal and diligence; and both before our official connection began, and since it ended, I have watched his movements with interest, as one of the noble band of "men who have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." May our great Master accept and bless this, his latest, and possibly his final, testimony to the goodness and mercy which have followed him all his days! And may it be blessed especially to the maintenance and increase of the missionary spirit in all his readers!

G. OSBORN.

RICHMOND, SURREY,  
*Nov. 26th, 1886.*

# THE STORY OF MY LIFE AND MISSIONARY LABOURS.



## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY DAYS AND TRAINING.

1808—1827.

“I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High. I will remember the works of the Lord: surely I will remember Thy wonders of old.”—PSALM lxxvii. 10, 11.

IT is with feelings of sincere gratitude to Almighty God for His preserving goodness, His providential care, and His redeeming love, that I now take up my pen in old age to record His gracious dealings with me, and what I have seen of the triumphs of His Gospel during a long, laborious, and happy career in many lands. Verily my life has been crowned with loving-kindness and tender mercy. The watchful eye of my heavenly Father has been ever upon me, and His untiring hand has been stretched out to help. In times of danger He has been present to defend, and in seasons of sorrow He has been near to comfort. I can take up the language of the Psalmist and say,

“ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.” I look back, with a heart overflowing with gratitude to my heavenly Father, upon all the way in which He has led me these many years in the wilderness ; and forward, with hope and confidence in the never-failing faithfulness and love of my covenant-keeping God. “ Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.”

#### BIRTHPLACE AND PARENTAGE.

I was born at Sedbergh, in Yorkshire, on Sunday morning, December 4th, 1808. I was the second son of Roger and Ann Moister, who were noted for their upright moral character, as well as for their industry and respectability, although occupying a comparatively humble position in life. My honoured father, having been trained to the business of architect and builder, was for several years in the employ of John Upton, Esq., of Ingmire Hall, an ancient mansion about a mile and a half from Sedbergh, to and from which he walked every day in common with other mechanics, some of whom worked under his direction. Meanwhile my dear mother was busily engaged in superintending and training her rising family, being a model housewife, and in her person and cottage-home arrangements a pattern of neatness, economy, and comfort.

And here I may give a brief description of my native place and its surroundings, where I spent the morning of life, as I have always considered that the locality and scenery of the neighbourhood had something to do with the formation of my character and the shaping

of my future course. Sedbergh is a compact little market town of about one thousand inhabitants. The town itself is not very attractive, the streets being narrow and crooked ; but it contains some good buildings, and several commodious and elegant villa residences have been erected in the suburbs. It stands in the centre of a picturesque valley watered by the river Rothay, which joins the Lune a few miles below ; and is surrounded with fertile meadows and gently rounded hills, with bold mountain scenery in the distance on every hand. The country is fairly well wooded, and many of the walks by the sides of the river, through the fields and along the mountain slopes, are charming, especially in the summer season. The locality is noted for its pure air, good water, and general salubrity ; and its proximity to the Lake districts of Westmoreland and Cumberland renders it a desirable place of residence.

Sedbergh is, moreover, famous for its excellent Free Grammar School, which is liberally endowed, and which, when well managed, as it has been for several years past, attracts gentlemen's sons from various parts of the kingdom. The school house itself, with its chapel, gymnasium, swimming-baths, sanatorium, and masters' residences, presents to the view a collection of elegant buildings well adapted for their respective purposes, and which, aided by a spacious cricket-ground, leave nothing to be desired for the convenience of such an institution. The town has also a fine old Episcopalian church ; a neat Wesleyan chapel with schoolroom and Minister's residence ; a commodious Congregational place of worship ; and there is an ancient Friends' Meeting-house at Brigflats, a distance of about a mile

and a half. Other religious denominations are not represented ; but the members of the respective Churches just mentioned generally live in harmony and concord ; and, with good National and British schools in the town, the neighbourhood is pretty well supplied with the means of religious instruction and education for the rising generation.

The whole of this part of Yorkshire, including the dales of Dent, Garsdale, and Cautley, which now form a Wesleyan Methodist Circuit, were in a state of extreme spiritual destitution when Methodism was introduced into the country about the beginning of the present century. Eternity alone will reveal the extent to which the scattered and neglected populations of these hilly regions have been indebted to the labours of the early Methodist Preachers, who came to them, amid numerous trials and privations, with the good news of salvation, when no man cared for their souls. At different periods extensive revivals of religion have taken place in this neighbourhood, as the result of the earnest labours of these honoured servants of God, when multitudes of sinners were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. The names of John Kershaw, George Thompson, Hodgson Casson, Robert Thompson, and Joseph Mortimer, will long be remembered as those of zealous and successful workers in this part of the Lord's vineyard at an early period ; to say nothing of those who entered the field later, and who have long since passed away to their eternal rest.

It was in one of these gracious revivals, in the year 1818, that my dear father was brought to an experimental knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, my beloved mother having become a professor of religion some

time before. From this period my honoured parents regularly attended the Wesleyan chapel, and, as consistent members of Society, made it their special business to train up their children for God and heaven. Indeed, my father soon became an earnest and successful worker in the Church of his choice, first as a school teacher and Class-leader, and afterwards as a Local Preacher; his subsequent career being one of uncommon activity and usefulness in the Lord's vineyard. I have often felt unspeakably thankful for the privilege of pious, praying parents, Sunday School instruction, and the numberless blessings of a godly home, although, like many more, I was too slow to realise the full benefit which they were so well calculated to impart.

#### SCHOOL DAYS AND YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS.

Being deeply impressed with the value and importance of instruction in the knowledge of secular as well as sacred things, my dear parents resolved to secure for their children the best education within their reach. Accordingly I and my elder brother John were sent to the only elementary school which then existed in Sedbergh, at the earliest age at which we could be admitted. It was taught by Mr. Robert Butterwith, the parish clerk, in a small building which stood at the west end of the church. My first schoolmaster was a pedagogue of the old style, and governed his pupils by the terror of the rod rather than by the influence of love. He had nevertheless some good points, which I recall with pleasure. He was a good reader, a capital penman, and well versed in arithmetic and grammar. In these elementary branches of learning he brought



his scholars forward with fair success. He was a high churchman of course, and we were required every Monday morning to repeat from memory the Collect for the previous Sunday. To this my parents made no objection; but when we were required to attend the parish church on the Sabbath, to the neglect of our own chapel and Sunday School, my mother earnestly remonstrated, and ultimately carried her point, so that we were left in the full enjoyment of religious liberty, and I was trained up in the principles of Wesleyan Methodism.

I had attended the Sedbergh parish school for a few years, and had made fair progress in the elementary branches of a plain English education, when my parents considered that I required instruction of a higher and better kind. They might have sent me to the Free Grammar School already mentioned, but it was at that time in a low, declining state, and the instruction given to the few pupils who attended was confined almost exclusively to the classics, to say nothing of other drawbacks. The next best plan was to send me to a school of some repute taught by Mr. Charles Wolfindale in Howgill, a hamlet about two and a half miles from Sedbergh. To this place I and a few other boys, similarly circumstanced, walked every morning, taking our dinners with us, and returning home in the evening. This exercise was wholesome and invigorating, and I soon found myself growing up a tall, strong, active, and energetic youth, whilst at the same time I received as much advantage from the instruction given as was anticipated when the arrangement was made.

I look back upon my school days at Sedbergh and

Howgill, and upon the associations of my childhood and youth, with peculiar interest, and with sincere gratitude to God for the way in which I was led in the morning of life to lay the foundation of a good plain English education, on which I was afterwards enabled to build in all places and under all circumstances, having thus acquired a taste for reading and study which has continued to the present time. My chief recreation when out of school consisted in the usual boyish games and exercises of the time and place, together with long mountain rambles with my school-fellows, and especially in fishing and bathing in the rivers at the proper season of the year. In this way I acquired the art of swimming, which was of great advantage to me in after life, as will appear in the sequel. Nor must I forget to mention the manner in which my holidays were generally spent. In the winter season we had merry Christmas festivals at home, and at Midsummer I used to go to Nathwaite, about five miles above Sedbergh, to a kind maternal uncle who was a farmer there, and with whom I spent a few weeks very pleasantly in haymaking and other agricultural occupations. These exercises were favourable to health, and tended to develop and strengthen a physical constitution which promised to be more than ordinarily vigorous, whilst at the same time they gave me an insight into branches of industry which proved very useful to me when I came to enter upon my proper life-work in distant lands.

At the age of fourteen respectively, I and my elder brother were taken from school to learn the trade of my father, who had established on his own account an extensive building business in Sedbergh. I was thus

brought up in habits of industry, and taught to rely on my own exertions, under the blessing of God, for success in life. From the commencement of my working days I was, however, favoured above many in similar circumstances. Knowing that I was bent upon mental improvement, my father kindly allowed me every opportunity of pursuing my studies, so far as was compatible with the claims of business. Indeed, when those claims were not specially pressing, I had not only my mornings and evenings but sometimes whole days of leisure, which I endeavoured to improve to the utmost of my ability.

#### VAIN ATTEMPTS TO RISE.

When I had been engaged with my father, in the manner just mentioned, about four years, circumstances occurred which were thought at the time to afford a fair prospect of improving my position in life. I had often requested my father to try to procure for me a situation in a mercantile house in Kendal or some other large town, that I might have an opportunity of rising to a position more congenial to my tastes than that which I was designed to fill; but he had hitherto regarded my proposal with disfavour. In the spring of 1827, however, he was led to withdraw his opposition to my wishes in consequence of the representations which were made to him by a younger brother of his, who had come to Sedbergh on a visit from London, where he had been employed for several years in a large warehouse. My uncle gave it as his decided opinion that I was well adapted for commercial pursuits, and that if I were to go with him on his return to the great metropolis he could obtain for me a situation in

which I would be sure to rise. At length my father gave his reluctant consent to the proposal, and with a light heart I accordingly prepared to accompany my uncle to London.

There were no railways at that time, and the usual method of performing long journeys was by stage-coaches or on horseback, both being expensive, dreary, and comfortless. My uncle, who was a hale, strong, tall man, of about thirty years of age, and who had been trained to constant bodily exercise, challenged me to undertake the journey on foot, that we might save our money for future use when we reached the great metropolis. I was a tall, slender, inexperienced youth of eighteen. But I thought if my uncle could walk a distance of 270 miles, I could, and I cheerfully agreed to the proposal. Accordingly, at the appointed time, we shouldered our knapsacks, and, with staff in hand, set off on our adventurous journey. The 19th of March, the date of our departure, was a fine frosty morning, favourable for travelling. The first day we walked forty-eight miles; but we afterwards slackened our pace somewhat, and, accomplishing the journey in about nine days, reached London in good health and spirits, although rather fatigued and footsore.

As I had never been far from home before, and was quite unaccustomed to the bustle and glare of large towns, I was much struck with everything I saw in the great city. The first few days, as a matter of course, were spent in sight-seeing; and my uncle, who knew London well, was very kind in taking me to see St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower, the Monument, the British Museum, the National Gallery, Buckingham Palace, the public parks, and other objects of general interest,

all of which excited my admiration and wonder. I returned to my lodgings every evening thoroughly tired, but delighted beyond measure with the varied scenes which I had witnessed. In fact, I felt as if I were living in a new world, and was in danger of forgetting the main object for which I had come to London.

At length, as my small stock of money was fast melting away, it became necessary to inquire about a situation. And now came my great disappointment. I had relied implicitly upon the representations of my uncle, believing him to have such influence with mercantile men as would at once secure success. But I soon discovered my mistake, and found myself doomed to experience a series of trials and difficulties for which I was quite unprepared. With such feeble aid as my uncle could give me, and with the assistance of a few other friends whom I met, I sought employment in every possible direction, likely and unlikely, but invariably without success. Many a time I returned to my humble quarters in Holborn weary and disappointed, and lay down upon my bed, not to sleep, but to spend the night in melancholy musings and in sincere regret that I had been so foolish as to leave a comfortable home, and to bring myself into such a miserable position. I felt myself to be a poor, wayward, prodigal son, far from my father's house, a stranger in a strange land, and rapidly drifting into poverty. Nor was I without thoughts of God and heaven in this bitter season of disappointment and sorrow. I had been trained from my infancy in the fear of the Lord and in the habit of prayer; and the instruction which I had received at the Sabbath School and at the hands of

my dear parents came to my mind with a force which I cannot describe. In my distress I called upon God as best I could, imploring His help and blessing, and solemnly resolving that if He would in mercy extricate me from my perilous position, I would henceforth devote myself to His blessed service.

Whilst thus musing, the thought occurred to me that I would make one more effort to rise by moving in a new direction. I resolved to go to Knightsbridge barracks, and inquire for a friend and distant relative of my father who in early life had enlisted into the King's Life Guards, and who after the battle of Waterloo had successfully worked his way to a good position. I went accordingly, and forthwith obtained another striking view of "life in London." Captain Spicer received me most courteously, and we had not been long together when, understanding my circumstances, he expressed his opinion most emphatically that I was "just the young man to make a good soldier," and that if he were in my place he would join the army in preference to engaging in any mercantile business whatever, especially as he considered me eligible for the Horse Guards, the splendid regiment to which he belonged, into which none were admitted under six feet high. I confess that my youthful imagination was captivated by what I saw of the glitter and glare of military life in the barracks and on the parade ground. Some of the men, arrayed in their gay uniforms, were mounted on sentry duty at the gates, whilst others were going through their ordinary exercises or strolling about at their leisure, chatting with each other, or smoking and drinking in the adjacent canteens, according to their respective tastes. Fasci-

nated with what I saw and heard, and prompted by Captain Spicer, I so far yielded to the temptation as to go under the standard for measurement previous to enlisting. I confess to a feeling of disappointment when it was found that I lacked half an inch of the required height for the Guards. "O, never mind," said Captain Spicer, "wait a while, and come again; you will soon be tall enough for our splendid regiment, and I will do all in my power to help you on to promotion."

I did grow taller, and wiser also, I trust, but not till I had wandered a little longer in the paths of sin and folly, when, in the order of Divine Providence, I was led into a new course of life, and enlisted under the banner of the "Captain of my salvation." Bitterly disappointed, and with my way hedged up on every side, I began to think of home in such a manner as I had never done before, saying in my heart, with the penitent prodigal in the Gospel, "I will arise and go to my father." After struggling on in the great metropolis for about two months without any improvement in my prospects, I wrote to my father, explaining my circumstances, and asking his advice. He sent me a prompt, kind, and touching reply, urging me by all means to return home without delay, and remitting to me a supply of cash to pay my expenses. This letter made a profound impression upon my mind and heart, and I was led to regard the affairs of this world and of that which is to come in a new light. I felt deeply humbled in the presence of God and man, and resolved at once to act upon my father's advice, before I should be led to yield to the temptations and dangers of London life, against which he had so faithfully and affectionately warned me.

## FALSE STEPS RETRACED.

I had been taught in my early days that when we discover that we have gone astray, the best thing we can do is to retrace our steps, and be more careful in future. Hence I arranged at once to act upon the resolution which I had formed on receiving my father's affectionate letter. I determined, however, from various considerations, not to use the money sent by my father for the purpose of paying my fare by the stage-coach, but to return on foot in the same way that I had come. Having, therefore, settled for my lodgings and taken leave of my few friends, I set off on my long and lonely homeward journey. Being favoured with fine spring weather, and enjoying good health, I made fair progress; and travelling through Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire, on the tenth day of my journey I entered Yorkshire, and found myself drawing near to my native place. It was the holy Sabbath Day, and it was with mingled feelings of gratitude, humility, and shame that I walked along the lanes and fields which had been so familiar to me from my childhood. Not wishing to enter Sedbergh in the daylight, and thus subject myself to the gaze of the curious,—weary, wayworn, and dusty as I was,—I rested a while a few miles from the town till the shades of evening closed around me. I then made my entry, a poor returning prodigal, unobserved by any one. I stole round to the backyard of my father's house and gave a gentle knock at the kitchen door. It was answered by the good man himself, who, with the rest of the family, had just returned from the



chapel; and the reception which I met with was one of those touching scenes which are photographed upon the memory, never to be effaced, but which cannot be described. Only one feeling, that of sincere gratitude to Almighty God, seemed to inspire every breast in the domestic circle, whilst we once more surrounded the family altar in prayer and praise, thanking the Lord more especially that the poor wanderer had at length returned home safe and sound, unscathed by the temptations and dangers to which he had been exposed.

Although I did not see it so clearly at the time, I have since been deeply impressed with the fact that there was in the incidents which have just been reviewed an over-ruling Providence which is deserving of distinct and grateful recognition. This I consider to have been especially the case with regard to my adventurous journey to and from London, and my painful experience there, so contrary to my wishes and expectations. I can now see the hand of God clearly displayed in many comparatively little and insignificant circumstances, which thwarted my efforts first to obtain a mercantile situation and then to enter the army. Had I succeeded in either of these projects, how different might have been the future of my life from what it was! A silent and unseen influence was evidently at work, in the order of Divine Providence, to keep me free to enter upon another vocation, for which I was designed by my heavenly Father.

Nor would I overlook or undervalue the restraining grace of God, which kept me, during my residence in the great metropolis, from plunging into those scenes of worldly pleasure and dissipation which have

proved the ruin of thousands of young men from the provinces. When I call to mind the temptations to which I was exposed as an inexperienced youth of eighteen, and the pernicious influences by which I was surrounded, I can only ascribe it to the watchful care of the Almighty, in answer to the prayers of pious parents, that I was not drawn into that vortex of sin and misery in which so many have perished. I remember an instance or two when I stood on the very brink of an awful precipice, and "my feet had well nigh slipped." I was invited by professed friends first to a concert and then to the theatre. To the concert I went, but never to the theatre. At the first pleasure party I attended my sensitive nature received such a shock that I resolved never to repeat the experiment; calling to mind the earnest charge of a pious Scotch matron to her son on leaving home, "never to go into any place or company where he would not like his mother or his sister to see him." I was, moreover, frequently solicited to drink; but, although nothing had been heard in those days of "total abstinence" as a system, I never allowed myself to indulge even to the extent of exhilaration, much less of intoxication; and so in the good providence of God I was permitted to return to my home without serious moral injury.

## CHAPTER II.

### CONVERSION AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

1827—1830.

“Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.”—*EPH.* iii. 8.

WHEN I had recovered somewhat from the fatigue and excitement consequent on my pedestrian journey, and had called upon a few friends who felt a lively interest in my welfare, I resumed my position among my father's workmen and apprentices at the new buildings on which they were engaged in the neighbourhood of Sedbergh. From this time I was more frequently employed than formerly in superintending the works in my father's absence and in keeping accounts. Many inquiries were made of me by those with whom I came in contact as to what I had seen in London; but, bitterly feeling my disappointment, I evaded conversation on the subject as much as possible. I moreover shunned the company of several young men whose ungodly example and pernicious influence had formerly exposed me to danger, as I had fully resolved upon a new course of conduct. Hence this was, in many respects, the turning-point in my life's history, and my subsequent career was

stamped with an entirely new aspect. In proof of my sincerity, I regularly attended the means of grace, took an increasing interest in the Sabbath School, spent much time in reading the Scriptures and other good books, and became more circumspect and consistent in my daily walk and conversation than I had ever been before.

But, excellent and commendable as was this outward reformation, as far as it went, it failed fully to meet my case or to satisfy the cravings of my anxious heart after my bitter disappointment in the pursuit of worldly pleasure. I never found permanent rest to my troubled soul till I sought it in humble penitence and prayer at the foot of the cross, where I obtained a clear sense of the pardoning mercy of God through Christ, a genuine change of heart, and grace to help in time of need. And here I may briefly and simply relate the manner in which my conversion was brought about.

#### STRIVINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

From childhood I was at times the subject of Divine influence; and, after the lapse of so many years, I can distinctly call to mind instances in which the voice of conscience was clearly heard in my youthful heart, approving the good and condemning the evil. This was more especially the case when my dear mother was wont to pray with me and for me with such pathos and tenderness in the retirement of the closet. When I had done anything wrong, she would take me with her into her chamber, and cause me to kneel by her side, whilst she told our heavenly Father all about it, and prompted me personally to ask forgiveness from God. And sometimes, when rising from our knees,

she would put her gentle hand upon my head, and say, "Now, William, you must be a good boy, and learn to love and serve the blessed Jesus, and perhaps He will call you to be a preacher of the Gospel in answer to my prayers."

Notwithstanding the holy influences which were thus brought to bear upon my young and tender heart, and the earnest prayers of pious parents, I regret to say that for a long time I continued comparatively careless about Divine things. Although mercifully restrained from those outward acts of wickedness in which many young people were wont to indulge, I was full of youthful fun and frolic, and in danger of being led away in the paths of sinful pleasure, till Divine Providence graciously interposed. Death repeatedly cast a gloom over our happy home. First a lovely little sister died, and then a little brother a few years older. These were interesting Sunday scholars, and both of them gave pleasing evidence of genuine early piety during their last illness. The hymns which were sung at their funerals by their loving schoolfellows made a deep impression upon me, and I was often on the verge of yielding my youthful heart to God, when, alas! the good impressions of which I was the subject, as the "morning cloud and the early dew," passed away.

But the greatest trial of all was yet to come. That was the removal by death of my precious mother, on November 30th, 1823, at the early age of forty, when I was about fourteen. Her health had been in a declining state for several years, during which she had been evidently maturing for heaven; and when the end came she was favoured with a happy and triumphant

passage to the "better country." Before her departure she called her children around her, to give them her last advice and her parting blessing. I shall never forget the earnest and solemn manner in which she commended us individually to God in prayer, and charged us all to meet her in heaven. For some time after this afflictive bereavement my heart was powerfully wrought upon by the Holy Spirit; but I still delayed to decide for God and heaven.

Among the means employed by the Almighty to win my wayward heart to Himself, I must not forget to mention the kind advice and loving counsels frequently given to me by the Ministers who were, from time to time, entertained at my father's house. On their first coming into the Circuit I often acted as their guide, to show them the way to their respective appointments. On these and on other occasions they would talk to me most affectionately, and advise me to give my heart to God in the morning of life, in a manner which made a deep and lasting impression upon me.

But it was during my wanderings to and from and in the great metropolis, and when deeply humbled by disappointment and disgusted with "the pleasures of sin which are but for a season," that the Holy Spirit began to strive with me more powerfully than He had ever done before. When on my way homeward, way-worn and weary, I often sat down by the roadside, took from my knapsack the precious little Bible which I always carried with me, and read and prayed with feelings which I cannot describe, promising the Lord that, with His merciful and gracious aid, I would thenceforth be His true and faithful servant.

The powerful strivings of the Holy Spirit which I

had thus repeatedly experienced during my wanderings continued after my return home ; and as I reflected upon my course of sin and folly, they increased in intensity. At length I became so wretched that I scarcely knew what to do. Had I divulged the state of my mind to some Christian friend, I might perhaps have obtained relief ; but I kept my distress to myself, till it burned like a fire in my bosom. At length my father, seeing a difference in my manner and appearance, spoke to me one day on the subject, and I confessed to him that I was not happy. He affectionately reminded me of the only true way of peace. This way I knew well enough in theory, having been taught it from my childhood ; but my distress was increased by the recollection of the fact that, with all my religious privileges, I had wickedly and foolishly neglected to walk in it. My father urged me to seek the Lord till I should find Him, and kindly invited me to his class, which was to meet in our kitchen that evening, and urged me to come expecting a blessing. I did so, and whilst some of the members were relating their experience the Holy Spirit strove with me so powerfully that I could scarcely refrain from crying aloud for mercy. I restrained my feelings, however, resolving that when the meeting was over I would retire to my room and obtain the blessing which I desired unknown to any one. I went accordingly and prostrated myself before the Lord in prayer, but, strange to say, the melting influence which I had felt in the class-meeting was gone, and my heart was as hard and as cold as a stone. I now saw that I had wickedly quenched the Spirit through the fear of man, and, feeling more miserable than ever, I earnestly entreated the Lord to visit

me once more, and solemnly resolved that if I were again favoured with the contrition of heart which I had before experienced, I would no longer resist the strivings of the Spirit, but call upon Him for mercy, and yield myself up to His blessed service for ever.

#### THE IMPORTANT CRISIS.

A few days after the mental conflict just mentioned, I met with my friend, Mr. C. Taylor, another Class-leader and Local Preacher, who had become acquainted with my unhappy state of mind, and who kindly invited me to his class, which was to meet in the evening. I gladly accepted the invitation and went, earnestly hoping and praying that the Lord would visit me with His salvation. Whilst one and another were speaking of what God had done for their souls, the same melting influence came over me which I had felt before, and I sobbed as if my heart would break. The Leader, seeing my emotion, spoke to me most kindly, and at once turned the class into a prayer-meeting, and exhorted all present to lift up their hearts to God in earnest supplication that I might obtain the desired blessing. Whilst they were thus engaged, I was constrained to pray audibly for myself. I could only utter the publican's plea, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" But I no sooner heard my own voice in prayer than there came over me a sense of relief. The Leader and the friends present reminded me of the greatness of God's mercy, and the ability and willingness of Christ to save to the uttermost all who trust in Him. Whilst they were thus engaged, I was enabled to cast my helpless soul by faith on the atonement, and to trust in Christ alone



for salvation. The load of guilt was at once removed, and I felt that my sins were forgiven, and that I could "rejoice in hope of the glory of God." The language of my heart was, "O Lord, I will praise Thee: though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me." Songs of praise ascended to heaven from that little meeting, and I returned home regarding myself as "a new creature in Christ Jesus," believing that "old things were passed away," and that "all things were become new."

This blessed change occurred on Thursday evening, June 21st, 1827; and it no sooner became known to my father and other friends who were deeply interested in my welfare, than they sincerely congratulated me, and offered to render me all the assistance in their power at the commencement of my Christian course, knowing the temptations to which I might be exposed. Nor was it long before I found that I should require all the aid I could obtain, successfully to war the Christian warfare and to "lay hold on eternal life;" but, having obtained help from God, I continue to this day.

#### WORKING FOR GOD.

It is a high honour to work for God in any capacity and under any circumstances; for He has promised a great and glorious reward to all His faithful servants. My first service in the cause of Christ was of a very humble character, and yet I reflect upon it with pleasure. When quite a little boy, and whilst a gracious revival of religion was going on in my native place, there came into our house one evening a neighbour in

great distress about her soul, asking my dear mother what she must do to be saved. My father was then conducting a prayer-meeting in a neighbouring cottage, to which the poor penitent was at once invited. But she had a child in her arms, which was a source of anxiety and trouble to her. My mother took the little one and placed it under my care, and conducted the poor woman to the prayer-meeting, where she was happily converted to God, whilst I was carefully rocking the cradle in which her infant had been placed. The mother soon returned to relieve me of my charge, her countenance radiant with heavenly joy, and praising God for what He had done for her soul. This good woman ultimately became one of the most devoted Christian friends I ever had; and, forty years afterwards, I was honoured to preach her funeral sermon, and to testify to her many excellences of character. Nor should I omit to mention that the child in question grew up to be a faithful servant of God, and a blessing to the Church and to the world. Thus I had some comfort in my earliest and feeblest efforts in the cause of my blessed Master, Who says in the Gospel parable, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

As I grew up I was taught not only to be good, but also to do good to the utmost of my power; and as a missionary collector and Sunday School teacher, I did something under the direction of my parents for the benefit of others. But it was not till I had myself become a subject of the saving grace of God, that I began in earnest to work for Him, with motives and aims such as He was likely to approve. Under the influence of the constraining love of Christ I sought

by all possible means to win souls for Him. The first objects of my solicitude were several young men with whom I had formerly associated in the pursuits of sinful pleasure. These I faithfully admonished, and invited them to accompany me to chapel. Some laughed and tried to ridicule my proposal; but others gave heed to what I said, and accepted my invitation, and ere long decided to identify themselves with the Church of Christ, as I had done immediately after my conversion. I now very much enjoyed the means of grace. The public services, the class-meetings and prayer-meetings, and other opportunities of Christian fellowship, were seasons of rich spiritual blessing, and I went on my way rejoicing. We sometimes held little meetings among ourselves, at which I was asked to give a word of exhortation, as well as to engage in prayer, and was much encouraged in these early efforts.

#### RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.

The summer and autumn of 1827 will ever be memorable as a season of gracious revival in the Kendal Circuit, to which Sedbergh then belonged. It commenced at the place last named in the manner indicated above. There were some good lively meetings at the chapel, immediately after my own conversion, and the interest of the older members was greatly enhanced by the presence and testimony of the young men who had been induced to join me in my heavenward journey. But it was in the month of August, when the Ministers were away at Conference, and without any special instrumentality whatever, that showers of blessing descended upon the Society and congregation more copiously than had been known for several

years. The pulpit of the Sedbergh chapel was chiefly occupied by my father and another Local Preacher or two in the neighbourhood; and whilst they were proclaiming, in humble strains, the good news of salvation, there came down upon the congregations a gracious melting influence, which deeply affected all classes of hearers; and in the public services, as well as in the prayer-meetings, penitents were heard crying for mercy, and many, from time to time, found pardon and peace by faith in Christ Jesus.

The Rev. Robert Thompson, a zealous young Minister, entered the Circuit early in September; and, finding the revival in progress in several places, he threw himself into it with all his might, and thenceforth became the principal instrument in carrying it on. The wave of Divine influence which passed over the country, and which was so powerfully felt at Sedbergh, soon reached the Circuit town, as well as several out-stations in the dales; and under the heart-searching ministry of Mr. Thompson, and that of others, multitudes of sinners were savingly converted to God, and gathered into the fold of Christ. The increase in the number of Church members for the year was 120, and no doubt many received spiritual benefit who did not formally join our Church.

About this time I began to keep a journal of passing events, a practice which I ever afterwards kept up at home and abroad, so far as circumstances would permit. It is from this record of dates, facts, and incidents, as well as from personal recollections, that I gather the materials for this narrative. I find many entries of special interest in reference to the revival just mentioned, but lack of space prevents extended extracts.

On September 9th, the day of Mr. Thompson's first appointment to Sedbergh, a Lovefeast was held, at which, with much trepidation, I ventured to speak a few words for the first time in testimony of what the Lord had done for me. When I had finished, the Minister addressed me very kindly, exhorting me to perseverance, and assuring me that if I proved faithful he believed the Lord had a work for me to do in His vineyard. Others spoke with much feeling, and it was a season of rich spiritual blessing. A few weeks afterwards, on November 24th, I received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper for the first time, and my soul was much refreshed and strengthened, as it has often been since, whilst commemorating the Saviour's dying love.

The recollection of the happy days which have just passed under review has often been very precious to me; and the kind attention which I received from the Rev. Robert Thompson, and other Ministers who were entertained at my father's house, from time to time, made an impression upon my youthful heart never to be effaced. Nor can I forget my religious associates of this early period, Messrs. Taylor, Dent, Upton, Leighton, and others, most of whom have, alas! been long since called away; but I hope to meet them again, where sin, and sorrow, and pain, and parting will be known no more for ever.

#### CALL TO PREACH.

From a very early period of my life I had at times a vague impression that I should some day be called to preach the Gospel; but when, or where, or how, was involved in mystery. Soon after my conversion, however, the impression was revived with a clearness and

force unknown before, and I gave myself up to reading and study, with a view to prepare myself as far as possible for any sphere of usefulness which I might be called to fill. At the same time I embraced every opportunity of doing good according to the ability which God had given. The gracious revival of religion with which our Circuit was blessed proved favourable to my early efforts in the way of Christian service, as I was frequently called upon to engage in prayer, address the children in the Sunday School, or give a word of exhortation to the people. I thus became accustomed by degrees to exercise my humble gifts in public for the benefit of others, and was generally encouraged in my feeble efforts. Meanwhile I was an attentive hearer of the Word of God, carefully noting down the text of every sermon, with the principal heads and divisions, as far as I could seize them at the time.

This habit of writing outlines of sermons soon attracted the notice of my friend Mr. Thompson; and one Sunday, on our return from the chapel, he called me aside, and expressed his approval of my attention to the word preached; but advised me not to write notes in the house of God, and thus distract the attention of the worshippers, but to defer the writing till my return home at the close of the service—a practice which I thenceforth pursued with scrupulous care. He also asked me to show him what I had written after hearing him and others preach. This I did, with feelings of some diffidence, on his next visit to Sedbergh, when he encouraged me to go on with this and my other efforts for mental improvement, making suggestions and giving me counsel, for which I have ever since felt truly grateful.

Shortly afterwards, on November 11th, Mr. Thompson being at my father's house as usual, and having an appointment on the Sabbath morning at Cautley, about four miles from Sedbergh, he invited me to accompany him. This I was pleased to do, but great was my surprise, as we travelled along, to hear him say that his object in soliciting my company was to request me to give a short address at the close of his sermon. I scarcely knew what to answer; but such was my veneration for my beloved friend that I could not refuse. The service was held in a farmhouse; and, standing behind a chair, Mr. Thompson preached from Isa. xii., after which he announced that his young friend would give a word of exhortation and apply the subject. With a palpitating heart I stood up, and, holding on by the chair-back to prevent my falling down, I spoke as best I could, the Lord helping me.

As we returned home after dinner, Mr. Thompson spoke to me in a very kind and encouraging manner in reference to my exhortation, making some wise and judicious suggestions as to pronunciation, exercise of voice, and manner of address, etc., for which I was truly thankful. He, moreover, advised me to live very near to God, and embrace every opportunity of improving my mind by careful attention to reading and study, as he had no doubt that Divine Providence would open out my way in due time to a more extensive sphere of usefulness.

As illustrative of Mr. Thompson's estimate of my first attempt to address a public congregation, I may here say that, a preacher being required for Fell End and Cautley on the following Sabbath, he made arrangements with the friends for me to take both appointments,

simply telling me that I must go and do the best I could with the help of the Lord. I went accordingly, encouraged by my dear father, who was engaged almost every Sabbath in the same blessed work, and who rejoiced to have a son so employed. I conducted the service at Fell End in the morning and at Cautley in the afternoon, and, notwithstanding some mental conflict, I had on the whole a good day.

My next appointment was to Garsdale, on Sunday, December 2nd ; and I went to it with feelings of more than ordinary trepidation, knowing that I should have for one of my hearers Mr. Jonathan Kershaw, an eminent Local Preacher, designated by some "the Apostle of the Dales." I got through the service better than I expected, however, and the old gentleman was more moderate in his criticism than usual, even condescending to encourage me to go on in the strength of the Lord.

Tuesday, December 4th, 1827, was a memorable day in my early history. It was my *nineteenth* birthday, and, being requested to preach at Bank Cottage, a farmhouse in Frostrow, about a mile from Sedbergh, I consented, and ventured to take a text for the first time, having previously confined myself to simple exhortation. The passage chosen was Luke xix. 10 : "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," presenting for consideration a theme on which I have often since discoursed with pleasure and profit ; for, verily, there is no other name given under heaven among men by which we can be saved than the name of Jesus. We had a good meeting, and old Thomas Eglin, a devoted Christian in whose house I thus preached my first sermon, offered a fervent



prayer at the close, asking the Lord to bless, guide, and prosper me in the work to which he believed I was called by the great Head of the Church.

#### A NEW EXPERIENCE.

On Christmas Day I preached my trial sermon previous to my name being placed on the Circuit Plan as a Local Preacher, the Rev. Peter Prescott, Superintendent Minister, having arranged to hear me. This was indeed a formidable task ; but I prepared for it as best I could, trusting in the Lord, Who brought me through once more with greater ease and comfort than I expected. Mr. Prescott must have been favourably impressed with my humble effort ; for, being unwell, and wishing to return to his home in Kendal, he earnestly requested me to go round the Circuit in his place. Business being less urgent in the winter season, with my father's consent, I agreed ; and the following week or ten days formed an epoch in my life never to be forgotten, as it afforded me an opportunity of obtaining an experimental acquaintance with the toils and trials incident to the life of a Methodist Travelling Preacher.

Mounting the Circuit horse, I rode up one dale and down another for scores of miles, preaching three times on the Sabbath and every night in the week, as well as occasionally on week-day afternoons. The places at which I held services in the course of my extensive round were Garsdale, Grisdale, Lunds, Hawes, Gale, Ingleton Fell, Cowgill, Dent, Kirkby Lonsdale, and End Moor. From the place last named I proceeded to Kendal to deliver up the Circuit horse, and report to the Superintendent Minister the par-

ticulars of my journey. Mr. Prescott was much pleased with the account which I gave him of my reception and of the services at the respective places at which I had preached; and he showed his appreciation of my services by making me a present of an interesting little book. I then walked home to Sedbergh, a distance of ten miles, with a glad heart, and truly thankful for the success which had attended this novel experience in the Methodist itinerancy.

At that period the accommodation provided for the preachers at the respective farmhouses in the dales where they were entertained was of a very humble character; and in this my new experience in travelling round the extensive Kendal Circuit, I met with some rather startling incidents. At one place, having ascended a rickety step-ladder to the prophet's chamber, the rude furniture of which I need not attempt to describe, I slept pretty well during the night, but next morning I felt somewhat surprised to find the room floor covered with a beautiful white carpet, the snow having drifted in through the rents made in the roof by the removal of the slates in a previous storm. But the people were so kind and genial, and the work was so delightful, that I felt as if I could willingly spend a lifetime in it; little thinking at the time that this was indeed to be the case, and that God in His providence was thus training me to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

My work as a Local Preacher now became more regular and systematic, and I had frequent calls to extend my labours to other Circuits for special services. The kindness of my father in allowing me time for this purpose, as well as for reading and study, is worthy

of grateful acknowledgment, as it had much to do with the success which marked my course in all its stages. Indeed, my father rejoiced over me with exceeding joy, as a fellow-labourer in the Gospel, and we both of us exerted ourselves to the utmost of our power to advance the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. Often on the Sabbath did I walk up and down one of the dales, a distance of eighteen miles, and preach three times, whilst he would perform a journey of equal extent in another direction, making known to a simple-minded but loving people the good news of salvation. And after the labours of the day we frequently met around our cheerful hearth to partake of our humble evening meal, and to recount our adventures in the service of the Master, before we commended each other to God in prayer and retired to rest. These were indeed happy days of holy toil, and in the retrospect, after the lapse of nearly sixty years, I can truly say, "How sweet their memory still!"

The year 1828 opened upon us in a very propitious manner so far as the work of God was concerned. On Sunday evening, January 10th, I preached for the first time in our chapel at Sedbergh, and although it was with some trepidation that I stood up in my native place before a congregation consisting largely of my youthful companions, schoolfellows, friends and neighbours, I was enabled to trust in the Lord, Who graciously helped me. On the 3rd of March I preached at Kirkby Stephen in the Appleby Circuit, both morning and evening, according to previous arrangement. In the evening I preached from the pointed question, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" when an incident

occurred which was unknown to me at the time, but may be mentioned as it came to my knowledge afterwards, for the encouragement of those who fail to see that immediate fruit of their labour which they desire. Forty years afterwards I was accosted by a gentleman, on descending from a pulpit in Liverpool, who informed me with tears of joy that he was convinced of sin and brought to Christ by means of that sermon of my youth; that he forthwith became a new man in Christ Jesus, commenced family prayer, trained his children in the way they should go, and that he had then two sons in the Wesleyan Ministry. Thus was I encouraged to continue to cast my bread upon the waters with the hope that it would be "found after many days."

About the middle of the year business engagements took me to Kirkby Lonsdale, where I spent a few weeks very pleasantly and profitably in humble efforts to do good. Methodism was then very low and feeble in the town. At the request of the friends I preached several times both on the Sabbath and on week nights, and a gracious influence attended most of our meetings. In the month of August I went to Skipton, where I continued for about two months, frequently preaching both in town and country, and attending religious meetings as business engagements would permit. The Ministers then stationed in the Skipton Circuit were the Revs. William Scholefield and Humphrey Stevenson, with whom, as well as with several other kind friends, I had much pleasant and profitable intercourse.

During my absence from home my preaching appointments in the Sedbergh Circuit had been kindly supplied by my brethren, and on my return I resumed my work as before. The gracious influence of the

revival continued during the autumn and winter months, and we had good meetings in most of the places. On the evening of Christmas Day I preached at Sedbergh with freedom and comfort, and found myself becoming gradually stronger in the work of the Lord.

The following year (1829) was spent in a similar manner. During the week I was engaged in superintending my father's workmen, who were employed in parties at various places; and on the Sabbath I was constantly occupied in preaching in our own or neighbouring Circuits. I had also occasion to visit a place or two where I had not been before. On the 10th of February I went to Swaledale, where a party of my father's workmen were engaged in the erection of a new building, and where I was detained for more than two months. I found a lively, hearty Methodist people in this part of Yorkshire, who hailed my arrival among them with gratitude and joy, and who found me ample employment in preaching and attending religious meetings in different parts of the dale during my stay.

In the month of July my business engagements called me to Beathwaite Green, where I preached on Sunday the 12th with tolerable freedom and comfort, notwithstanding the presence of Mr. George Gibson, a venerable Local Preacher of more than ordinary ability and eminence. During the few weeks I spent in this neighbourhood I was incessantly engaged in the service of my Divine Master. Here I met with my friend Captain Spicer, late of the King's Life Guards, who had been so anxious for me to enter the army, and who had come to settle among his old friends. The gallant

Captain came to hear me preach, and he frankly acknowledged that I was much better employed than I could possibly have been had I joined his splendid regiment, as he suggested when he saw me in London a few years before.

On returning home I was very unwell for a few weeks from an attack of inflammation of the throat, the only illness of any consequence I had in early life. Having partially recovered, on Sunday, August 9th, I preached at Sedbergh according to appointment, and, from time to time, at other places in the Circuit, where a good work was still going on.

Being less engaged in business matters during the winter months than in summer, in the latter part of December I paid a visit to Ulverstone, with my friend Mr. Andrew Graham, whose company I very much enjoyed during our pedestrian journey. Here I spent a pleasant week as the guest of the Rev. William Huddleston, an esteemed Wesleyan Minister, who had often been entertained at my father's house when stationed in the Kendal Circuit. Whilst there, I preached repeatedly for my reverend friend, and was much benefited by his wise and judicious counsels in reference to the great work which was beginning to open up before me. I also took a part in the Watch-night service, and closed the year with solemn feelings and holy purposes of renewed consecration to God.

#### A CANDIDATE FOR THE MINISTRY.

For a long time my mind had been impressed with the solemn conviction that the Great Head of the Church had a more extensive work for me to do in His vineyard than that in which I was engaged. I there-

fore embraced every opportunity of improving my mind by reading and study, that I might be prepared as far as possible to do the Lord's bidding, if He should call me into His more immediate service as a Minister of the Gospel. The impression was deepened by the counsel and encouragement which I received, from time to time, from the Circuit Ministers, and especially from my friend the Rev. Robert Thompson. I also took encouragement from the occasional instances with which I was favoured of visible tokens of the Divine blessing attending my humble efforts to win souls for Christ.

The Superintendent Minister of the Kendal Circuit for the time being was the Rev. Michael Cousin; and, as the period was approaching when it would be his duty to propose me as a candidate for the Ministry, he wished to hear me preach according to rule. So, the first week in 1830 I went to Kendal, and with considerable trepidation preached my trial sermon as best I could, the Lord helping me far beyond my most sanguine expectations. Mr. Cousin gave me some valuable counsel, and encouraged me to persevere in the name and strength of the Lord. Shortly afterwards, on the 7th of March, having to leave home to attend the funeral of his aged father, he requested me to take his appointments at Cowgill, Dent, and Kirkby Lonsdale, which I did with much pleasure.

On March 29th, I walked with my dear father to Kendal to attend the Quarterly Meeting, at which the Superintendent was to propose me as a candidate for the Ministry. I felt very anxious as to the result, and was quite relieved when informed that the proposition was unanimously approved by the brethren assembled,

who earnestly expressed their best wishes for my happiness and success in the important work to which I was devoting the future of my life. I returned home with peculiar feelings, knowing that the first step had now been taken towards a weighty, solemn, and responsible vocation.

On the 26th of May I went to Carlisle, to undergo the usual examination on theological and other matters at the Annual District Meeting of Ministers. I walked part of the way, and travelled the rest by stage-coach, arriving in the city just in time to hear an excellent sermon by the Rev. William Tranter, Chairman of the District. At the appointed time I appeared before the assembled Ministers, and passed my examination to their entire satisfaction. A resolution was unanimously passed that I should be recommended to the ensuing Conference for admission into the Wesleyan Ministry. When asked if my offer of service was general or limited to any particular department of the work, I replied that I offered myself to the Conference for service at home or abroad, without any restriction whatever, and was willing to go wherever the authorities of the Church might think proper to send me; but that I had long indulged the hope that I might be employed as a foreign Missionary.

Having finished my business in Carlisle, and taken a respectful leave of the Ministers and friends where I was entertained, I set out on my homeward journey of fifty miles on foot, thinking I might thus save a few shillings to purchase a new book which I much required. The first day I walked to Shap Wells, where I rested for the night, and on the following day I proceeded over the hills to Sedbergh.



My time was now devoted almost entirely to preparation by reading and study, and otherwise, for the great work which was before me; and in fulfilling a few special engagements. On June 22nd I visited Hawes and Gale once more. My friends at these and some other places to which I afterwards went, flocked around me with much affection, thinking it might possibly be the last time that they would have an opportunity of seeing and hearing me.

ACCEPTED BY THE CONFERENCE.

The Conference of 1830 was held in Leeds under the presidency of the Rev. George Morley. As the appointed time for its assembling approached, I was the subject of strange conflicting feelings, in view of the pending fate of my prospects, which had thus far been promising and encouraging. On the 3rd of August, however, I was relieved by a letter from the Rev. Michael Cousin, informing me that I was cordially and unanimously accepted by the Conference as a probationer for the Ministry, and that my name was placed on the President's "list of reserve" in the usual way. On the return of Mr. Cousin from Conference, I met him at End Moor, where he was appointed to preach, when he gave me much interesting information.

On September 9th I went to Orton, to which place I was called on business. During the few weeks I remained there, I preached several times in the temporary chapel which had been fitted up by the venerable Stephen Brunskill, the apostle of Methodism in these parts. The devoted servant of God was now weak and feeble, being eighty-two years of age; but he attended

chapel as a hearer, and I felt somewhat disconcerted at the idea of preaching before him. He was very kind and courteous to me, however, and at the close of my first service he invited me into his house and entertained me by relating some touching incidents of former years, making special reference to his numerous publications and his controversy with Dr. Adam Clarke on the "Eternal Sonship of Christ."

Soon after my return from Orton, and whilst earnestly engaged in reading and study, I received, through our Superintendent Minister, a request that I would go to Wigton to assist the Rev. Robert Totherick, who was in a poor state of health. I was quite disposed to comply with this request, subject to the approval of our Connexional authorities; but before any steps could be taken in the matter I was unexpectedly summoned to the Mission House in London, to prepare for foreign service. The call was conveyed to me in a letter from one of the General Secretaries, dated "77, Hatton Garden, 24th September, 1830," and was as follows:—

"DEAR BROTHER,—You are hereby desired to come to London as soon as possible for examination. When you may be needed to go abroad I cannot say. You will not, therefore, consider this a call to relinquish your business. A line saying when we may expect you will oblige

"Yours affectionately,

"JOHN JAMES."

This brief letter, being the first official communication I had received in reference to the great work to which my life was now devoted, thrilled my heart with pro-

found emotion, and I began to prepare for my journey to London under circumstances very different to those in which I found myself when I first visited the great metropolis, as described in the last chapter. Sincerely wishing to be guided by Divine Providence in all things, I committed myself with all my concerns afresh to God in prayer, remembering the inspired injunction: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

## CHAPTER III.

### MISSION TO WESTERN AFRICA.

1830—1833.

“Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night ; nor for the arrow that flieth by day ; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness ; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.”—*PSALM xci.* 5, 6.

IT was on the evening of Saturday, October 2nd, 1830, that I arrived in London in response to the call of the Missionary Committee, after a cold ride of two days and a night on the stage-coach. I met with a cordial reception from the Rev. Thomas Edwards, the resident secretary for the time being at the old Mission House, 77, Hatton Garden ; and on the following morning I accompanied his amiable family to Great Queen Street Chapel. It was with peculiar feelings that I glanced at the house where I lodged on my former visit to London, as I passed out of Holborn into Lincoln’s Inn Fields ; and I did not fail to lift up my heart to God in sincere thanksgiving for the happy change which had taken place in my position and prospects.

Soon after my arrival I was introduced to several young men, who, like myself, had come up for examination, or who, having passed through that ordeal, were preparing for their respective foreign stations.

I have a very pleasant recollection of the Rev. John and Mrs. Mortier, who were about to return to the West Indies ; of John Corlett, Joseph Biggs, James Rowden, John Walters, James Watkin, William Woon, Daniel Barr, Timothy Curtis, Elijah Toyne, Thomas Kilner, John A. Manton, William Simpson, William Ritchie, William Fox, and John Philp. With some of these dear brethren I formed friendships which endured through life ; but, with the exception of the one last named, they have all long since passed on before to the "better country." In a large upper room at the old Mission House in Hatton Garden we spent many happy hours together in reading, conversation, prayer, and praise.

Eight of us had been thus engaged for some time one morning when we were called down to appear before the Committee. In addition to the Rev. James Townley, D.D., John James, Thomas Edwards, and Richard Watson, General Secretaries, and Elijah Hoole, Superintendent of Irish Missions and Schools, there were present several other London ministers ; and it was not without considerable trepidation that we stood before them. Mr. Watson proposed most of the questions to the candidates ; and, being clearly and kindly put, they were answered with tolerable readiness. At the close of the examination we were requested to retire, that the Committee might deliberate upon the subject ; and it was not long before we were recalled and kindly informed that, with the exception of one brother, whose case stood over for further consideration, we were all accepted, and that we must hold ourselves in readiness for foreign appointments.

It has often been remarked that, in the order of

Divine Providence, important events sometimes hinge on circumstances of comparatively little significance. The truth of this was touchingly illustrated by an incident which occurred about this time, which led to my appointment as a Missionary to Western Africa.

#### THE MISSIONARY ORPHAN BOY.

On a cold winterly morning, soon after our examination, there came to the door of the Mission House a Negro girl, carrying in her arms a poor little, sickly-looking white child. This little infant was the orphan son of the Rev. Richard Marshall, who had died of malignant fever at St. Mary's on the River Gambia, on August 19th, when the station was bereaved of its only Missionary. A favourable opportunity presenting itself, Mrs. Marshall embarked for England a few days after the funeral of her lamented husband, bringing with her their infant son and his African nurse Sally, to take care of him during the passage. When they arrived at Bristol, the lonely widow found herself in a state of great bodily weakness as well as of extreme mental suffering, and was anxious to proceed at once to her friends in the north. But, in the order of Divine Providence, this was not permitted. She became rapidly worse, and, being seized with convulsions, she died within forty-eight hours after she landed in her native country, without seeing any of her relatives; and the Missionary orphan boy and his sable nurse were left "strangers in a strange land." Sally had been faithful to her precious charge; and, having found her way to the Mission House in London, she told the story of her sad bereavement in broken English with a pathos which touched all our hearts.

It soon became known that a Missionary was required immediately to take the place of Mr. Marshall, who had thus nobly fallen at the post of duty on the Gambia Station. It was, moreover, stated that in consequence of the unhealthiness of the climate and the great mortality among the Missionaries for several years past only volunteers would be sent to Western Africa in future. Hence the question was frequently asked among the candidates who had just passed their examination, "Who will volunteer for the Gambia?" The prevailing thought in my mind was, "Here am I, send me;" but I restrained my feelings, knowing that more than myself would be involved in the consequences of such an important decision. Whilst I was musing upon the subject a few days afterwards, I was called into the Secretaries' room, and frankly told by Mr. James that as I was the youngest, the tallest, and apparently the strongest of the seven candidates who had just passed their examination, they considered me the most eligible for the vacant station at the Gambia. I was, moreover, requested to confer with my friends on the subject, on my return home, and write as soon as possible to say if I felt disposed to offer myself as a Missionary to Western Africa according to the requirements of the Committee.

I cannot say that this communication took me by surprise, for I had a strong feeling, amounting almost to a presentiment, that it might be even so. I therefore returned to my home in Yorkshire, to consult with my friends upon the subject, as I had been considerably advised to do by the Secretaries. Whilst expressing their regret that such an unhealthy and hazardous station as St. Mary's on the Gambia should

have apparently fallen to my lot at the commencement of my Missionary career, my father and family made no objection to the proposal; but advised me to commit the matter to the Lord in fervent prayer, and to act according to my conviction of duty under the circumstances. But there was one who was nearer and dearer to me than parents or brothers or sisters,—one who was pledged to share with me the joys and sorrows, as well as the toils and triumphs of missionary life, wherever my lot might be cast. I confess that it was not an easy task to divulge the matter to *her*; for it was known that a married Minister was required for the Gambia, the services of a Missionary's wife being almost as necessary and important on that solitary station as those of her husband. But how great were my surprise and delight, on calling upon my female friend, to find that she most cheerfully acquiesced in the proposal, and expressed her readiness to accompany me to any part of the world to which I might be appointed, trusting in the good providence of God for His protection and blessing! This noble response was made, not in ignorance of the arduous and hazardous nature of the enterprise, but with a full knowledge of the serious consequences which it involved, as we had often discussed the subject in all its aspects.

#### APPOINTMENT TO THE GAMBIA.

Thus was the problem solved which had for some time been a source of anxiety to me and my friends. We had earnestly prayed for Divine direction, and had carefully watched for the leadings of Providence. The successive incidents which had occurred since the



little missionary orphan boy was brought to the Mission House by his Negro nurse, seemed to open up my way clearly before me. I therefore felt no hesitancy in writing to the General Secretaries to make a free and voluntary offer of my services for Western Africa ; and I was forthwith appointed as a Missionary to St. Mary's on the River Gambia, to succeed the lamented Rev. Richard Marshall.

I had now to perform the painful task of paying and receiving farewell visits, and of preaching farewell sermons to congregations which I could hardly expect ever to address again. The congratulations, letters, and expressions of goodwill which poured in from all sides were very touching, and the religious meetings which were held to implore the blessing of God upon us and our Mission made an impression upon my mind never to be obliterated. The feelings of all concerned were intensified by a knowledge of the fact that so many of our Missionaries had fallen a sacrifice to the climate of Western Africa, and that the country had come to be known as "*the white man's grave.*" A noble missionary spirit, nevertheless, animated the minds of our friends, and many nimble fingers were set to work to make little garments and other presents for the Negro children in our Mission schools. Some of the parcels sent to us were accompanied by compositions in prose and in verse, of varied degrees of merit, but all brimful of tenderest expressions of sympathy, kindness, and goodwill. These mementoes of Christian love, which I have carefully preserved, are very touching to look upon after the lapse of fifty-six years, seeing that all the writers and donors have long since passed away to their eternal rest.

There was one circumstance which rendered the parting with friends and relatives more painful than it otherwise would have been. My father and family were on the eve of emigrating to America, with a view to improve their position in life, business having declined somewhat of late years in our section of the country, and the prospects for the younger branches of the family being rather unpromising. The remaining portion of my time at home was consequently occupied in rendering assistance in the preparations which were being made for this important movement. But, having to leave for London before the crisis came, I was happily saved from the pain of witnessing the breaking up of the old homestead and the affecting scenes which followed. This was a trying time for all our family; but everything was done after Divine direction had been sought in fervent prayer, and the blessing of God attended our respective enterprises, as will be seen in the sequel of this narrative.

It was on the 15th of November that I took an affectionate leave of parents, brothers and sisters, friends and relatives, and left my father's house to proceed to London, as instructed by the Committee. As some time would elapse before the sailing of the vessel, it was arranged that I, in common with other young men, should go to City Road every day to receive instruction from the Rev. Richard Watson and his son, who was a classical tutor, whilst at intervals I was to make the necessary preparations for our voyage to Africa.

During my sojourn in London on this occasion I was not only favoured with opportunities of pleasant intercourse with Mr. Watson and the other Missionary

Secretaries; but I occasionally met and heard with pleasure the Revs. Dr. Adam Clarke, Dr. Bunting, Dr. Townley, Thomas Galland, Thomas Jackson, John Mason, George Morley, George Marsden, Theophilus Lessey, and Henry Moore. I was also myself frequently engaged in preaching both on Sabbaths and week-evenings, as well as in attending sundry religious meetings, and I very much enjoyed the privileges with which I was favoured. The year which has just passed in review, and which was crowded with so many incidents affecting the future of my life, was brought to a close by attending the Watchnight service held at Southwark Chapel. The Ministers of the Circuit were the Revs. James Gill and Timothy Ingle, one of whom preached a short sermon, after which I was requested to give an address. Other speakers followed, and it was a season of solemn interest. I returned to my quarters at the Mission House deeply impressed with the importance and responsibility of the work in which I was engaged, and fully resolved to live and labour for God and heaven.

#### ORDINATION AND MARRIAGE.

In the course of the first month in 1831 two important events occurred. On the evening of January 13th I was solemnly ordained to the full work of the Christian ministry by the imposition of hands and prayer at the Wesleyan Chapel, St. George's-in-the-East. My friends Messrs. Simpson and Manton, about to proceed to New South Wales, were set apart at the same time. The Ministers who officiated and signed our parchment credentials were the Revs. Dr. Townley, William Atherton, John James, and Thomas Edwards.

Mr. Atherton delivered the ordination charge, which was solemn and impressive. The whole congregation was deeply moved, especially when the prayers of the people were solicited for the young Missionaries, one of whom was going to Western Africa, "that land of sickness and death."

The 27th was also a very memorable day in my history, being that on which I was united in marriage to Miss Jane Tomlinson, to whom I had been engaged for more than a year, and who had long shared with me the pleasing anticipation of some day being fully employed in the work of the Lord. It was a very happy, but humble, quiet wedding, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. T. Riddell, at St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, and our friends the Rev. Thomas Kilner and Miss Jane James being present to witness. After the service we went by invitation to the residence of the Rev. John James, 13, Amwell Street, to breakfast, where we were kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. James and the Rev. Elijah Hoole. At family worship Mr. Hoole read the 31st chapter of Proverbs, and offered an impressive prayer for the blessing of God upon our union. That prayer was graciously answered in various ways, and in many lands, my dear wife being mercifully spared to me for nearly fifty-five years, invariably labouring with me as a true "help-meet," and everywhere, and under all circumstances, proving the life and light of my humble home.

The remainder of our time in England was chiefly employed in preparing our outfit, and paying a few farewell visits. We did not, however, neglect the precious opportunities with which we were favoured of attending religious services, and hearing sermons by

eminent Ministers, which generally proved seasons of rich spiritual blessing. One of these was at City Road Chapel, when the Rev. Richard Watson preached his famous sermon on "Ezekiel's Vision," in the course of which he dwelt on the special providence of God in a manner never to be forgotten. Another memorable service was at Great Queen Street Chapel, when the Rev. George Marsden preached with great pathos and power, and after which he administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, when he kindly invited me to assist him. This communion service was the more impressive to us, inasmuch as it was the first in which I had taken part since my ordination, and the last opportunity that we should have of thus commemorating our Saviour's love before leaving our native land.

#### EMBARKATION AND VOYAGE.

The necessary preparations for our voyage to Africa being at length completed, on Saturday morning, February 12th, I and my dear wife took leave of our friends in London, and went on board a steamer at London Bridge to join our ship at Gravesend. We were accompanied by our friend the Rev. Elijah Hoole, who, having himself been a Missionary in India, knew how to sympathise with those who were leaving their native land perhaps for ever; and his kind words and wise counsels were very acceptable to us. On finding that our vessel had not yet come down the river we went on shore; and, after commending us to God in prayer, Mr. Hoole took an affectionate leave of us, confiding us to the care of the Rev. William Hinson, the resident Minister at Gravesend, by whom we were kindly entertained over the Sabbath.

We felt thankful for the privilege of spending another Sunday in our native land, and it was indeed a memorable day to us. Mr. Hinson, being unwell, earnestly requested my aid in the pulpit, and I cheerfully consented. I accordingly preached morning and evening to good congregations with freedom and comfort, and in the afternoon we had a blessed Lovefeast. Our souls were strengthened and comforted by the noble testimonies which were given to the saving power of Divine grace, and by the fervent prayers which were offered up to God for His blessing upon us and our mission.

On Monday morning, the 14th, the brig *Amelia*, by which our passage was taken, having arrived at Gravesend, we went on board, accompanied by Mr. Hinson, Miss Hinson, and Mrs. Redman. After these dear friends had inspected the vessel and taken leave of us, the wind and tide being favourable, we weighed anchor and proceeded on our voyage. We had a pleasant sail down the river; but on reaching the Downs, the gentle breeze had freshened into a gale, and we were tossed about for several hours. On the following day we got fairly out to sea, and had a favourable run down the Channel. We soon found the white cliffs of dear old England rapidly receding from view; and on taking our last look at our native land, it was not without a sigh and a tear that we thought of the possibility of our never seeing it again. We were comforted, however, by the recollection of the promised presence and blessing of our Divine Master, Who not only said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" but Who also added, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

We were favoured with a prosperous voyage "by the will of God," and when we had passed through the ordeal of sea-sickness, and become somewhat accustomed to the motion of the ship, we were tolerably comfortable, although our accommodations were vastly inferior to those provided in modern times. Our company was very select, the only other passengers being Messrs. Thomas Brown and David Hickinbottom, two young men going out in a mercantile capacity, and the Rev. William West, the newly-appointed Colonial Chaplain to St. Mary's, and his amiable wife. They were all pleasant and agreeable companions, and Captain M'Taggart with his officers and men did all in their power to promote our comfort and convenience. Our time was chiefly occupied in reading, conversation, and prayer, with a view to prepare ourselves as best we could for the great work which was before us.

On the evening of the 16th, having passed through the Bay of Biscay more pleasantly than we expected, we beheld the distant blue mountains of Portugal, gilded by the departing rays of the setting sun; and at a later date we had a fine view of the Peak of Teneriffe, rearing its lofty head above the clouds, to the height of more than 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. On March 9th we passed Cape Verde and the island of Goree, both of which we saw at a distance; and on the following day, having taken a Negro pilot on board at Bird Island, we entered the mouth of the majestic Gambia, with the coast of Africa stretching itself before our view in all its loveliness. A long line of sandy beach, glittering in the fiery rays of a tropical sun, was backed by dense masses of mangrove bush, above which rose lofty palm trees, gracefully waving

in the breeze, and presenting to the view a scene of beauty somewhat at variance with our preconceived ideas of Western Africa as "a land of sickness and death."

In the course of an hour or two we reached St. Mary's, and cast anchor before the neat little town of Bathurst, which presents a beautiful appearance as seen from the shipping in the harbour. The dwelling-houses of the European residents and the public buildings are constructed of stone, stuccoed and whitewashed. Most of them are two or three storeys high, with ornamented verandahs in front, which, being neatly painted and half-embowered in richest foliage of orange, cocoanut, banana, and other fruit-trees, as well as with flowering shrubs, have a charming appearance, and everything is well calculated to make a favourable impression upon the minds of strangers.

#### LANDING IN AFRICA.

Whilst the sailors were preparing the boats for our landing, we observed a number of natives assembling on the beach and watching our movements with apparent interest. These were converted Negroes connected with our Mission, who had heard that a Missionary and his wife were on board the brig which had just come from England; and such was their eagerness to welcome our arrival, that several of them plunged into the water to meet the boat as it approached the land, and carried us on shore in their arms in triumph. This they did to show their joy at our coming, as well as to save us from being wet with the waves which were dashing violently against the sandy beach. The scene which followed was very touching. We had no sooner



set our feet on the shores of Africa than we were surrounded by those who had thus come to meet us, and by others, who had been brought to God through the instrumentality of the dear Missionaries who had previously laboured among them, several of whom had, alas! soon fallen a sacrifice to the climate. These simple-minded, loving people wept for joy at our arrival; and, kissing our hands again and again, and bedewing them with their tears, they exclaimed in broken English, "Tank God; tank God! Mr. Marshall die, but God send us nudder Minister."

With some difficulty we pressed through the crowd, and were conducted to the residence of Mr. Charles Grant, a respectable Scotch merchant to whom I had a letter of introduction from the Rev. Dr. Townley. Mr. Grant received us with much cordiality and kindness, and generously invited us to make his house our home till the Mission-house could be prepared for our reception. After dinner we had an opportunity at family worship of returning thanks to Almighty God for having brought us in peace and safety to the scene of our labours.

Next morning, on looking around us, we were surprised and delighted with all we saw, and felt as if we were living in a new world. After breakfast we gladly accepted the kind offer of Mr. Grant to walk with us as far as the Mission-house. As we passed along the outskirts of the town, new objects of interest arrested our attention at every turn, the most striking of which was the morning market. Under a large thatched shed, which served to screen them from the scorching rays of a tropical sun, were squatted upon the ground two or three hundred natives, men, women,

and children, half naked, engaged in different kinds of traffic. Fruit and vegetables in great variety were offered for sale, among which we observed rice, yams, sweet potatoes, bananas, papuas, mango plums, and ground-nuts; besides beef, pork, fowls, eggs, and other commodities for daily consumption. These articles were arranged in small lots on mats spread on the ground before the vendors; and the people of the town were constantly coming and going to make their purchases. The adjacent beach was crowded with native canoes, chiefly belonging to Mandingo traders, who had brought most of the articles mentioned across the river from the mainland. The noise and commotion which this heterogeneous mass of people made in carrying on their business was perfectly deafening, and reminded us of the confusion of tongues at the building of the Tower of Babel; for we were informed that they were actually conversing in more than a dozen different languages.

On turning the corner from the square in front of the barracks to enter one of the streets in the back part of the town, Mrs. Moister observed, "The house before us with the verandah in front stands in a nice situation." "I am glad you think so," said Mr Grant, "for it is to be your residence. It is the Mission-house." We soon entered the yard, and at the foot of the steps leading to the dwelling over the chapel and schoolroom grew 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," replied 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 thus retained its place overhanging the steps." On entering the Mission-house everything wore a desolate and gloomy aspect, and we were naturally led to think and speak of the death of dear Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, and of what might possibly be our lot. Whilst thus engaged a feeling of sadness stole over our spirits, which we strove to suppress by changing the subject of conversation, and by lifting up our hearts in prayer to God for His protection and blessing.

Gloomy and desolate as it appeared at first sight, from having been so long unoccupied, the Mission-house in Dobson Street proved more commodious and comfortable than we expected. It was a substantial stone building, plastered and whitewashed, and its external appearance was fairly respectable. The part used as the Missionary's residence consisted of three rooms on the second storey over the chapel and schoolroom, which were on the ground floor ; and the kitchen, pantry, and store-room were in the rear of the premises. All the rooms were open to the roof, and the few articles of furniture were of the plainest possible description, carpets, floor-cloths, glass windows, curtains, and other luxuries being out of the question. It is nevertheless a pleasing fact that when everything was put in order by the industry and judicious care of my dear wife, our first African home soon assumed an aspect of respectability and comfort.

We called upon His Excellency Governor Rendall to pay our respects and to show him my credentials, when he gave us a cordial reception, and kindly invited

us to dine with him in the evening, along with the Colonial Chaplain and his lady, and a select party of European merchants, and civil, naval, and military officers. This was a trial to us; but on the whole we spent a pleasant evening at the Government House.

Having mentioned the Colonial Chaplain and his amiable wife as our fellow-passengers, and as joining us at the Governor's dinner-party, I may here say that our intercourse with them, both on board ship and on shore, was invariably pleasant and agreeable. Hence our regret that our acquaintance with them was of such short continuance. Having suffered from an early attack of fever, and being dissatisfied with the place, Mr. and Mrs. West returned to England soon after their arrival at the Gambia, when Mrs. Moister was left the only European female in the country, and I the only Christian Minister of any denomination. I had consequently, by appointment of the Governor, to assume the duties of Acting Colonial and Military Chaplain in addition to those of a Wesleyan Missionary.

Notwithstanding the difficulties of our position, arising from the death of our predecessors, the unhealthiness of the climate, and other untoward circumstances, we commenced our missionary labours at St. Mary's in good spirits and with sanguine hopes of success. The first Sabbath we spent in Africa was a day never to be forgotten. Early in the morning the few converted natives whom we found on the station, and others who had come at their invitation, assembled for prayer and praise; and sincere thanksgivings arose to heaven that they were once more favoured with the services of a Missionary. In the forenoon, after reading prayers, I preached in English

to a large and attentive congregation, consisting of a few Europeans, respectable coloured persons, and Negroes. In the afternoon we had a Sunday School both for children and adults. In the evening the service was conducted partly in English and partly in Jolloff, with a view to reach all classes. On the Wednesday evening I preached by an interpreter, each sentence being translated as it was uttered, and prayer being offered in both languages. The other evenings of the week were occupied with classes and prayer-meetings. This plan of religious services was generally followed in after years, with such variations as were required, from time to time, by changing circumstances.

#### MISSION SCHOOLS.

But the educational department of our work was the most important and interesting. The Mission Schools having been given up since the death of the Missionary and his wife and that of the teacher also, we had to begin the work entirely anew, and that without any help till agents could be raised up on the station. We lost no time in collecting the children together and making a beginning as best we could. I took charge of the boys, and Mrs. Moister taught the girls. The school bell was rung every morning at six o'clock, and the exercises were continued, with a short interval for breakfast, till two in the afternoon. By this arrangement we got through the principal part of our school work before the heat of the day was fairly set in, which was often found so intense and oppressive that it rendered both teachers and scholars incapable of close mental application. Our little sable pupils

soon exhibited remarkable aptitude for learning, and made fair progress in reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as in other branches of general knowledge. They also became tolerably familiar with Scripture history and the Conference First Catechism, which we had translated into the vernacular, and which they readily repeated both in Jolloff and English, whilst they sang little hymns in the most charming manner.

Nor were there wanting instances of direct spiritual good in both the adult and the juvenile branches of our work. As the result of the preaching of the Gospel, sinners were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and the members of the native Church which we soon organised were built up and established on the true foundation. Amongst our Negro converts there were some remarkable instances of the saving power of Divine grace, and of special usefulness and devotedness to the service of God in after years, of which a brief account may be given farther on. In the meantime some notice may be taken of a work which broke out among the children in the Mission School.

About half-a-dozen African boys and girls, who appeared to be in a destitute condition in consequence of the loss of their parents and other adverse circumstances, we took to live with us at the Mission-house, that we might feed, clothe, and educate them for future usefulness. We soon became strongly attached to these orphan children, and Mrs. Moister took special pains not only to train them up in habits of industry, truth, and righteousness, but also to impress upon them the importance and requirements of true religion.

We had for some time observed with pleasure their marked attention to their lessons in the school, and their general good conduct in the chapel and Mission-house, when one night a little incident occurred which filled our hearts with gratitude and joy. Some time after family prayer, and when we thought the children had gone to bed as usual, we heard a strange, subdued, murmuring noise in the room at the opposite end of the house to the one in which we slept. On crossing the entrance hall and listening for a moment at the door, we were pleasingly surprised to hear the voice of prayer, and we soon found that our dear little orphan children were holding their own prayer-meeting after the manner in which they had seen it conducted in the chapel. The eldest girl, named Matty, appeared to be the presiding genius, and she first prayed herself, and then called upon the others in succession. When John, Petty, and Eliza had each offered a few simple petitions, it came to the turn of a little boy named Gabriel, who said, "Me no sabby pray, Matty. Me no sabby pray English, me no sabby pray Jolloff." "Then," replied Matty, "say 'Our Father.'" The dear little fellow, in a devout manner, repeated the Lord's Prayer, and thus the juvenile prayer-meeting was concluded, and we returned to our rooms unobserved, thanking God in our hearts for what we had witnessed.

This pleasing instance of sincere concern for spiritual religion on the part of our African children was followed by other evidences of a genuine work of grace upon the hearts of our scholars in the Mission schools and of our young people generally. It was no uncommon thing to see Mrs. Moister in deep and serious conversation with the elder girls under her charge,

and leading them in humble prayer to the mercy-seat, where it is believed a goodly number of them found peace in Jesus. Thus was our native Church built up by the frequent admission of hopeful converts, and our Mission schools became nurseries for the training of teachers and preachers, who in after years rendered good service in carrying on the work of God.

Among the native converts admitted to Church fellowship at an early period of our Mission to the Gambia, were two or three of more than ordinary eminence, who subsequently took an active part in the work, and rendered valuable service in extending the blessings of the Gospel to the interior. This was particularly the case with regard to John Cupidon and Pierre Sallah, who were for several years accredited agents of the Society, first as interpreters, teachers, and catechists, and afterwards as Assistant Missionaries.

John Cupidon was a native African of the Jolloff nation, of jet black complexion, but a free man, employed in the service of our friend Mr. Charles Grant as storekeeper. With the kind permission of his master his services were often available, and he was very helpful to us from the beginning; and when the whole of his time was required for the work of the Mission, his employer made no objections, but co-operated with us in every possible way for the promotion of our noble enterprise.

The case of Pierre Sallah was somewhat different. When I first became acquainted with him he was a poor Negro slave, having been stolen from his parents in the interior when quite a little boy, and sold to a coloured lady in the island of Goree. His owner had



him trained to the business of a stonemason ; and, as a skilful young workman, his services and earnings were of some importance to his mistress. Hence, after his conversion and call to preach the Gospel, Pierre was often busily employed for his owner when we should have been glad of his help at the station. At length the idea was suggested of an attempt to purchase his freedom, that he might be entirely devoted to the work of the Mission, and the case was stated in all its particulars to the Missionary Committee in London.

The letter containing the statement and appeal was received by the Rev. John James, one of the General Secretaries, just as he was leaving home for Ireland ; and, on perusing its contents as he travelled along, his generous heart was so moved that he resolved to bring the case before the first Missionary Meeting he was appointed to attend in Dublin. This he did, in a manner which produced a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Mr. James having reminded the audience, in the most pathetic terms, of the grand opportunity they had of redeeming an intelligent African from slavery, that he might henceforth be free to preach the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen, they responded by a display of liberality such as is seldom witnessed. A little boy in the gallery, under feelings of strong excitement, cried out, "I'll give sixpence." This small contribution was speedily followed by the announcement of larger sums, and ere long a shower of money literally fell upon the platform, intermingled with brooches, pencil-cases, finger-rings, and other articles of jewellery ; so that Dr. Newton, who was present, was wont to say, when

afterwards describing the scene, that, "despite the laws of gravitation, the contributions came from below as well as from above, till £50, the sum required to purchase Pierre Sallah's freedom, was cheerfully offered." When the result was announced to the enthusiastic congregation, a warm-hearted son of "Green Erin" exclaimed, "And now, as Pierre Sallah's freedom is to be purchased with Irish gold, I move that he be an Irishman for ever."

Great was the joy of my sable friend and of our people generally, when the intelligence of this generous act of the Dublin Methodists reached the Gambia; and, having made the necessary arrangements, I forthwith paid down the price of Pierre's ransom, and took him under my special care for instruction and training for future usefulness. That I might have him close at hand I built him a cottage in my garden, and both he and John Cupidon went through a course of study under my direction, in which their progress and improvement were satisfactory. Meanwhile they rendered such assistance as they could to the Mission as teachers of junior classes in the school, interpreters, exhorters, and catechists; their wives at the same time receiving instruction from Mrs. Moister in everything likely to qualify them for their new position.

Having thus, in the good providence of God, these two promising native agents placed at my disposal, as the first-fruits of our Gambia Mission, I made an effort to extend the blessings of the Gospel to the regions beyond. As I had no colleague, it would have been impossible to carry out this project, had not my wife nobly volunteered to remain alone on the station to superintend the schools and direct the native

teachers, whilst I left home to explore the country and collect the information necessary for future action.

It appears desirable here to give a brief account of the noble stream along which I chiefly travelled, and which appears designed by Divine Providence as a grand highway for the introduction of the Gospel and civilisation into the interior of this part of Africa. The river Gambia takes its rise in the Kong mountains in the neighbourhood of the sources of the Niger and the Senegal; and after wending its way in a serpentine course for nearly a thousand miles, through a fertile and populous country, it empties itself into the Atlantic Ocean near Cape Verde in north latitude 13°. It is twelve miles wide at its mouth, but soon narrows opposite St. Mary's to three miles. Thus it continues, varying considerably in width, to a distance of five hundred miles from the sea, from which point downwards it is navigable for boats of small burden. There are many creeks, on the banks of which, as well as on those of the main stream, are situated numerous towns and villages inhabited by different native tribes, the principal of which are Mandingoes, Jolloffs, and Foulahs, some of which are Mohammedans and others pagans. The river swarms with sharks, crocodiles, and hippopotami; whilst on its banks lions, leopards, and elephants are often seen. It is studded with numerous lovely islands, the principal being St. Mary's and Macarthy's, on both of which British settlements have been formed. The town of Bathurst, on the island of St. Mary, is the seat of government and the headquarters of our Mission. It is only ten miles from the sea, whilst Macarthy's is said to be nearly three hundred.

## FIRST JOURNEY TO THE INTERIOR.

Having commended my dear wife and her household of orphan children to God in prayer, on Saturday, May 14th, 1831, I went on board a small sloop belonging to my friend Mr. Grant, by which he had generously given me a free passage, and thus commenced my first voyage up the majestic Gambia. In ascending the river, which occupied me most of the following week, I went on shore at Tankerwall, Tendabar, Badamy, Cower, and other native towns, to collect information and converse with the people; and on Thursday evening, the 19th, I reached Macarthy's Island, the place for which I was bound. I landed at Fatiota, where a kind native offered me a lodging in his hut. Being weary with my journey I slept sound, and when I awoke the next morning the sun had risen, and as its fiery rays penetrated the wattled work of my frail shelter, they revealed to me a sight which almost made me tremble. I saw, suspended upon the posts of the hut, bows and arrows, spears, shields, and muskets, together with greegrees, fetish, and other emblems of war, superstition, and idolatry, which painfully reminded me that I had come to a land of heathen darkness, cruelty, and death. I took a walk by the river side, the subject of strange musings; and, feeling my loneliness as the only witness for Christ in this extensive region, I fervently prayed that God would make my visit the beginning of better days to the benighted people by whom I was surrounded.

In the course of my ramble through the jungle, to my surprise and delight, I met a white man. This was Lieutenant W. Shaw, a noble-minded young

British officer in charge of the settlement, having under him a company of black soldiers at a mud fort, for the protection of the trade in the river. He kindly invited me to accompany him to his humble quarters to share his hospitality, and to make my home with him during my sojourn at Macarthy's Island. With feelings such as are known only to those who have thus met with a fellow-countryman in a land of strangers, I gladly accepted his invitation, and at once removed from Fatiota to Georgetown, where the commandant resided, and where I held my first religious service on Sunday, the 22nd.

At the appointed hour the bugle was sounded at the fort, and the men were marched up to the place of meeting. These were soon joined by the people of the town generally; and after reading prayers I preached to a large and attentive congregation from, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people," etc. A similar service was held in the evening, when a gracious influence attended the word preached, and the conviction was deepened in my mind that the set time for visiting this benighted land with the glorious light of the blessed Gospel had fully come.

The following week was occupied in visiting the chiefs and head men of the country, in order to ascertain their views with regard to establishing a Christian Mission among them. On Sunday, the 29th, I conducted Divine service again, as on the former Sabbath; after which I held a free conversation with the people, when many expressed an earnest desire that the means of religious instruction should be permanently established among them, promising to send their children

to school, and to support the work in every possible way.

Having, in a measure, accomplished the object of my visit to Macarthy's Island, on Thursday, June 2nd, I commended the people to God in prayer, and embarked for St. Mary's, promising that if my life were spared I would visit them again, and, if possible, establish a permanent Mission among them. I had a fine run down the river, and after calling at Cower, Batida, and other native towns, everywhere endeavouring to shed a few rays of Gospel light upon a benighted people, on the morning of Friday, the 10th, my eyes were gladdened with the sight of the white houses of Bathurst glistening in the distance. In the afternoon we reached the place, and came to anchor. Having had no opportunity of hearing from home during the month I had been away, it was with a palpitating heart that I went on shore, knowing how uncertain are health and life in that climate. On reaching the Mission-house I was delighted to find Mrs. Moister in good health and spirits, busily engaged with the school. The little black boys and girls literally danced for joy to see "Massa home again," and I was thankful to find that everything connected with the chapel and school had gone on well during my absence.

#### MANDINGO WAR.

I should soon have visited Macarthy's Island again in fulfilment of my promise, but shortly after my return from my first journey an event occurred which threw the country into a state of utter confusion, and retarded the progress of our work for some time. This was the breaking out of war between the colony and a

powerful tribe of Mandingoes, on the northern bank of the river, directly opposite St. Mary's. This war continued for five months, during which we were kept in a state of painful suspense, not knowing what the issue might be. Everything that human prudence and foresight could suggest was done for the defence and protection of the settlement, and we endeavoured to commit the keeping of ourselves and our people to the watchful care of our heavenly Father.

The militia force of the colony was strengthened and drilled from day to day, every man capable of doing so being required to take up arms in defence of the settlement. A new fort was built immediately behind the Mission-house, from which a deep trench was dug and a strong stockade erected right across the island, with a view to defend the town of Bathurst in the event of the enemy effecting a landing on our shores. Nor were the necessary means for attacking and dislodging the hostile natives from their stronghold on Barra Point neglected. Military aid was called in from Sierra Leone and Senegal, and other preparations were made for a vigorous attack upon the rebels in their intrenchments, when the favourable season should come. In these preparations for the safety of the settlement, strange as it may appear, the Missionary's wife and her sable school girls were called to take a part. At the request of His Excellency the Governor they were engaged for some time, almost day and night, in making sandbags of strong calico for the construction of temporary batteries, to be moved forward by our troops as they succeeded in driving the enemy back.

At length, through a kind and gracious Providence,

success attended the means employed for the defence of the colony. After a severe contest, in which many lives were lost on both sides, the enemy was completely routed, and constrained to sue for peace. This was readily granted on terms likely to secure the future safety and success of the settlement. When everything was arranged, on January 5th, 1832, the Governor invited me to accompany him and his staff across the river, in my capacity of Military and Colonial Chaplain, to be present at the ratification of peace. This was an imposing ceremony, and left upon the mind an impression never to be forgotten.

The Mission school benches were conveyed in boats across the river from St. Mary's to Barra Point, and placed beneath the great "palaver tree," for the accommodation of the Government officials, whilst the vast host of Mandingo warriors were squatted on the ground in a circle three deep. After we had waited some time for their coming, old King Bruma and his councillors arrived, and the articles of peace were read, explained, and duly signed; the consenting parties affixing their signatures in English, Arabic, or such signs and marks as they were respectively able to make. At the close of the ceremony the native warriors and British soldiers and sailors, who were drawn up in due form, discharged their muskets into the air, and a ringing cheer of rejoicing ascended from the vast concourse of people on every hand. Guns were also fired from the forts on both sides of the river, the reports of which, when heard at St. Mary's, excited some alarm in the minds of the women and children who had remained on the island. These, supposing that the war had been resumed, flocked



around Mrs. Moister at the Mission-house, bemoaning that "Massa was gone, and the fighting had come again." Before sunset, however, their fears were dispelled by my arrival at the station, and by the assurance that peace had been ratified.

Soon afterwards the governor appointed a day of general thanksgiving for the restoration of peace to the land, and I preached to a large and attentive congregation from Psalm xcvi. 1: "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof." A great hindrance having been thus removed out of the way of the progress of our work, we proceeded with our religious services and school exercises as before, and the blessing of God attended our efforts.

#### SECOND JOURNEY TO THE INTERIOR.

The country being once more open for travelling, by the restoration of peace, I made arrangements for my second journey to the interior; my wife again consenting to remain alone on the station to superintend the schools and carry on the services with the aid of the native teachers as before. Accordingly on Thursday, March 8th, 1832, having obtained the sanction of the Governor, and commended my household to God in prayer, I embarked once more for Macarthy's Island. On this occasion I took with me John Cupidon as native teacher, and my little Negro boy John Petty to attend upon me, together with a supply of books and school requisites for the commencement of a permanent Mission Station, if Divine Providence should open our way.

Our voyage up the river was fairly propitious, occupying about eight days. As the cutter *High-*

*lander*, by which I travelled, had to make frequent calls at native towns to discharge cargo, I had an opportunity of visiting several places which I had not seen in the course of my former journey. Among these were Jarmalicunda, Doma-sang-sang, and Cassang, where I found multitudes of people willing to hear the good news. On Friday, the 16th, we reached our destination, and came to anchor at Georgetown. On landing I received a hearty welcome from the natives, who were anxiously wishing for my return, but who were aware of the breaking out of the Mandingo war, which had prevented my doing so at an earlier period.

My friend Lieutenant Shaw having left the island, with the permission of the subordinate officer in charge, I took possession of his unoccupied and dilapidated house, extemporising, as best I could, such conveniences as I might require during my brief sojourn. An old window shutter, placed horizontally on the top of an empty flour barrel, served as a table, on which I placed a bottle as a candlestick; whilst a kind-hearted native who had in his possession a "white man's chair," cheerfully lent it to me; so that, with the assistance of my little Negro boy to help me to prepare my food, I was soon quite at home, sleeping comfortably on my travelling mattress placed on an old gate to keep it from the damp ground. Tea, coffee, sugar, biscuits, and a few other comforts I had taken with me, and the natives supplied me with fowls and rice, so that my wants were fairly well supplied.

Having obtained a suitable piece of ground as a site for a Mission Station, I engaged the services of a number of men, and we proceeded to erect the first Christian sanctuary ever built in that part of Africa.

It was a very humble structure, being formed of wattled bamboo cane-work, attached to tall posts planted in the ground, and the roof thatched with grass. It comprised a large room to serve as a chapel and school-house, with two small apartments at one end for the accommodation of the native teacher and his wife. Before the building was quite finished, we collected the children together and attempted the organisation of the first Christian school also, a work which was at once amusing, interesting, and important. Meanwhile our religious services were attended by a goodly number of natives, who were delighted to think that they would henceforth be favoured with the means of religious instruction, the same as the people at St. Mary's.

My duties at home urgently requiring my presence, I now arranged to return to St. Mary's, leaving John Cupidon in charge of the new station at Macarthy's Island. I had a favourable run down the river in a small sloop called the *Eliza*, belonging to my friend Mr. Brown. The vessel was so full of cargo that I was obliged to sleep every night on the deck; hence I was glad that we had but few places to call at on our homeward voyage. On Saturday morning, the 24th, my eyes were once more gladdened with a sight of Bathurst in the distance; and as the tide was turning against us, and I was anxious to get home before the Sabbath, I manned a small boat, and we were rowed to St. Mary's before sunset. On going on shore I was thankful to find that my dear wife had again been preserved in peace and safety, and that everything connected with the station had proceeded satisfactorily during my absence.

## WORK AT ST. MARY'S.

Henceforth the work at St. Mary's advanced in a very pleasing manner; and, if space permitted, many pages might be filled with interesting incidents which occurred in the course of the following year. It must suffice, however, to make a few general observations on the character and results of our labours at this period.

On my return from the interior I was from time to time interested and amused by the accounts which Mrs. Moister gave me of what had taken place on the station during my absence. In addition to the events of every-day life in connection with the Mission-house, schools, and chapel, she gave a graphic description of a visit she had received from his sable Majesty the King of Combo, accompanied by eighteen of his wives and councillors. She told how the large party of men and women squatted on the floor had completely filled her little sitting-room, whilst she and her Negro boy, called out of the school to assist her as interpreter, sat in the midst to ascertain the object of their visit. "Our business," said the king, "is nothing in particular; only, having heard that master is from home, we thought we would just call upon the white lady, having never seen one before, to pay our respects to her when alone, so that we might have a good look at her." It was no pleasant thing to sit in the centre of a group of wild, savage-looking natives, whilst her husband was hundreds of miles away, simply to be stared at; but her courage and tact were equal to the occasion. She told them by all means to have "a good look at her;" and proceeded at once to interest them, as best she could, by showing them a number of curiosities,

such as a musical box, an alarum clock, the books and pictures in my library, and other things, which were all matters of wonder and amazement to them.

She also offered her royal visitors such hospitality as she could afford in the form of biscuits, sweet-water, and other dainties, explaining to them that no "fire-water" was kept at the Mission-house. When a large calabash of sugar-water was passed round the company, they smacked their lips with evident delight, praising the little white lady in the most fulsome manner. Nor were they less pleased with a few trifling presents which were handed to them as mementoes of their visit. But, when about to leave, there was an evident debate among the ladies of the party, the nature of which, when explained by the interpreter, turned out to be the question whether it would be proper to ask the white lady's permission just to touch her hair, as they might never have another opportunity. On understanding the matter, Mrs. Moister said, "By all means let three of the ladies come and touch my hair—only three, as they can tell the rest what it is like." Then the king's principal wife and two others stepped forward, and, with becoming reverence, examined the object of their curiosity, which they pronounced, with bated breath, "*Rafit na loll,*" "Very fine." But when they drew out the ringlets, and, letting them go, saw them jump into their original position of their own accord, their delight knew no bounds. They clapped their hands and danced for joy, declaring that the little white lady was "all alive from head to foot;" they never saw anything like it. Highly delighted with their visit to the Mission-house, the royal party took a respectful leave, and returned to their homes across the river.

Other incidents equally amusing occurred about the same time. One day an imposing party of coloured ladies, arrayed in costly robes, bedecked with massive jewels, and attended by their slaves, came to see the female Mission school, having heard much of its wonderful proceedings, and the use that was made of books, scissors, thimbles, needles, and thread. They expressed their admiration of most of the exercises which came under their notice; but all at once they burst out in a fit of loud and immoderate laughter, for which they apologised on recovering their equilibrium, and explained that it arose from a novel thought which had struck them whilst looking at the little black girls engaged at their needlework. They said they could not help laughing when they saw the white lady cutting the cloth into little pieces and giving her school-girls the trouble of sewing them together again! This was said in reference to the native fashion of female dress, which consists of two oblong pieces of cloth called *pangs*, one of which is thrown round the waist, and the other over the shoulders, with a Madras handkerchief folded in a conical shape as a headdress.

But whatever visits were paid to the schools or to the Mission-house, my wife never failed to call the attention of those who came to the higher objects of religion which we constantly kept in view. She also made a practice of visiting the people in their huts, especially on the Saturday evening, to see that all was clean and tidy for the Sabbath. On these visits I occasionally accompanied her, and was often struck with her radiant smile and words of encouragement when everything was found according to her wishes.

The result of our united labours to promote the

temporal and spiritual welfare of our people at Bathurst and in the neighbourhood, during the year 1832, was very gratifying. A goodly company of hopeful converts were added to the Church; the number of native members was more than doubled; two new classes were formed; the Mission schools continued to prosper; and the entire aspect of the settlement was visibly improved by the advancement of civilisation, and the moral and social elevation of all classes of the community.

### THIRD JOURNEY TO THE INTERIOR.

During the year which has just passed under brief review in connection with the progress of our work at St. Mary's, I heard repeatedly from John Cupidon of his labours and success at Macarthy's Island. In one of his letters he earnestly entreated me to visit the station once more, as the people were advancing so rapidly in knowledge that he found it difficult to instruct them, and he sorely needed my counsel and assistance. This led to my third and last journey to Macarthy's Island.

It was no easy task to leave my dear wife, enfeebled as she now was by incessant toil and repeated attacks of fever, to say nothing of my own comparative debility from the same causes. But the claims of duty seemed imperative; and as Mrs. Moister cheerfully agreed to the arrangement, on Friday, February 1st, 1833, I went on board the brig *Matilda*, just arrived from England, and bound for the Upper River to take in a cargo of mahogany. The voyage on this occasion was somewhat tedious and difficult, owing chiefly to the size of the vessel, and its being but ill adapted to the

intricate navigation of the Gambia at that season of the year. We frequently found our unwieldy vessel sticking fast on a sandbank, or the rigging entangled in the trees overhanging the river. Consequently we made but slow progress from day to day, although we called only at Yanemaroo. On Saturday morning, the 9th, we had only got to Kyeye Island; and, fearing I should not reach my destination before the Sabbath, I went on shore, accompanied by my Negro boy, determined, if possible, to prosecute the remainder of the journey by land. After much toil and exposure we reached Georgetown on Macarthy's Island about sunset, and met with a kind and hearty welcome from John Cupidon, the native teacher, and his excellent wife, who did everything in their power to make us comfortable.

Sunday, the 10th, was another memorable day in the history of our Macarthy's Island Mission. On entering the chapel to commence the morning service I was forcibly struck with the improved appearance of the congregation, which I found assembled, both men, women, and children being clean and neatly attired, as well as respectful and devout in their manner. I read prayers and preached with freedom and comfort, after which I baptized seven adults and sixteen children. The adults had been carefully trained and prepared for the sacred ordinance by the native teacher, and the children were the offspring of parents who had avowed their intention henceforth to serve the true and living God. In the afternoon I examined and addressed the Sunday School, with which I was much pleased; and in the evening we had another religious service, which was a "season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

On the following day I visited and examined the



day school, and was again struck with the wonderful change which had taken place in the short space of twelve months, by the blessing of God upon the humble efforts of the teacher and his wife, themselves converted Africans, and the fruit of missionary labour. A considerable number of little black boys and girls, who a year ago were naked savages, were now neatly clothed with garments supplied chiefly by kind friends in England, and presented an appearance truly pleasing. Their progress in learning was no less remarkable, several of them being able to read easy lessons in the New Testament, as well as to do elementary sums in arithmetic, repeat the Catechism, and sing beautiful little hymns.

On Thursday, the 14th, I united in marriage several couples of hopeful converts, who, having relinquished their former heathenish manner of life, and being duly instructed in the principles of Christianity, wished to be joined together according to the Word of God. The intervening days were spent in visiting the people in their huts, and in giving instruction to the native teachers, in reference to the future prosecution of the work. My labours on this occasion were closed by a very solemn and profitable sacramental service, which was a season long to be remembered.

I would gladly have prolonged my stay, but, my presence being imperatively required at home, I was reluctantly obliged to prepare for my departure. Accordingly, on Friday evening, the 15th, having commended to God in prayer John Cupidon and his devoted wife, together with their interesting charge, I went on board a small vessel by which I had taken my passage for St. Mary's.

With the wind and tide in our favour, we had a rapid run down the river during the night, and the next morning we had the pleasure of meeting a vessel from Bathurst. By this opportunity I received a letter from my wife, together with a supply of such things as she thought I might require, and a parcel containing letters, papers, and periodicals from England, the perusal of which was both interesting and profitable.

In descending the river on this occasion I was attacked with a violent fever, which confined me to the cabin most of the time. My circumstances were truly trying, far from home and the abodes of civilised men, without medical aid, and with none to attend upon me but my faithful little Negro boy; but my trust was in God, and He once more brought me through. On Wednesday morning, the 20th, I crawled up on deck, and once more beheld with grateful emotions the white houses of Bathurst in the distance, glittering in the sun. The wind and tide being unfavourable, a boat was manned, into which I was lifted, and in about three hours I was safely landed at St. Mary's. Being extremely weak and much exhausted, it was only with the help of the boatmen that I reached the Mission-house. On seeing my condition my wife was much affected, and only found relief in a flood of tears, beseeching me not to venture on a journey to the interior again. With her careful nursing and never-failing attention I soon recovered sufficiently to proceed with my beloved work as before.

When our new Mission at Macarthy's Island was first planted under the circumstances already mentioned, I indulged the pleasant dream that it would prove the first of a chain of Mission Stations extending right

away from the mouth of the Gambia to Timbuctu and the upper region of the Niger. And although my sanguine anticipations have not yet been realised, our labours have not been in vain in the Lord. During more than half a century since the Macarthy's Island Mission was established, it has been a centre of light and influence to all around, and the spiritual birthplace of many precious souls. Previously the Christian Sabbath was unknown in that part of Africa, but for more than fifty years there has never been a Sabbath without the Gospel and the worship of the true and living God; and there are at this time about a hundred native converts united in Church fellowship on that station, with an equal number of scholars in the Mission School. I have sometimes thought that if I had fallen a sacrifice to the climate, as did some of my predecessors, when I had completed that one work, I should not have lived in vain.

Nor need I hide from the reader the fact that the Macarthy's Island Mission was established and handed over to the Wesleyan Missionary Society without any cost to their funds, the land being purchased, the buildings erected, and all travelling expenses and teachers' salaries for the first year being paid out of moneys which I received from Government for my extra labours as Acting Colonial Chaplain, and which I had pleasure in thus devoting to the promulgation of the Gospel. To God alone be all the praise!

#### MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS.

Several incidents of a miscellaneous character occurred in the course and towards the close of our Mission to Western Africa, illustrative of the providence and grace

of God. Little has been said in these pages with reference to the deadly character of the climate, and its general influence upon our health and comfort; but it must not be supposed that we were exempt from suffering. This could scarcely be expected, notwithstanding the excellence of our constitutions and our general adaptation for the work. Scores of times both I and my wife were prostrated by malarial fever, and as often raised up again in the good providence of God to pursue our beloved work.

But the most severe attacks of fever which we were called to experience were those which were technically termed "the seasoning." Mrs. Moister was the first to pass through this trying ordeal, and she was reduced to such a state of weakness that at one time there appeared to be little hope of her recovery. The anguish of spirit which I experienced on that occasion was inexpressible, but the mind of the sufferer was kept in perfect peace; and with the blessing of God upon the means employed for her recovery, and in answer to prayer, she was soon restored to moderate health, and enabled to attend to her numerous duties. Subsequent attacks of fever were of a milder form, and she battled with them as best she could, with the help of her husband and the kind attentions of a few of our female native converts whose sympathy and loving ministrations in seasons of affliction were above all praise.

There were some touching incidents connected with my own seasoning fever which are worthy of record. It had been observed that, in almost every instance of a person attacked with this severe form of the disease, it had proved fatal if there was no intermission within

five days of its commencement. In my own case the evening of the fourth day had come, and the burning fever still continued. Great anxiety was felt as to the result, the usual remedies being apparently powerless. About midnight, as my dear wife bent over me anxiously watching every change of symptom, I heard a strange murmuring noise coming in at the open window which arrested my attention, for I was perfectly conscious. On inquiring what it meant, Mrs. Moister softly whispered in my ear that it was the singing of a few native converts assembled in one of their huts in a neighbouring compound, where they had met for prayer every night during my illness, for the special purpose of pleading with God for my recovery. This information affected me deeply, and I responded with all the strength that I could muster, "Is it even so? Then I shall not die, but live to declare the wonderful works of the Lord." Before daylight the fever broke, the crisis was past, and there was general rejoicing throughout the settlement that prayer was answered on my behalf. From that time I improved rapidly, and ere long was sufficiently recovered to minister in the sanctuary.

About this time a melancholy shipwreck occurred on the leeward coast, not far from the mouth of the Gambia. The ship *Norval*, on her passage from England to Cape Coast Castle, during a severe gale, was driven upon a reef of rocks, and became a total wreck. The passengers and crew took to the boats, and some of them landed on a neighbouring shore, where, according to report, they were massacred by the savage natives; whilst the others, after being exposed to much suffering and peril for three days and nights,

reached the Gambia, and were saved. They landed at St. Mary's one evening just before an awful thunder-storm burst upon the island, from the effects of which they narrowly escaped. Among the sufferers were a gentleman and a lady, whose forlorn and destitute condition excited our deepest sympathy. Their immediate wants were promptly and cheerfully supplied; and Mrs. Moister, being the only European female in the country, had real pleasure in placing her wardrobe, such as it was, at the disposal of her pale-faced sister thus cast upon our shores destitute of clothing. With such succour and attention as we were able to bestow, the lady speedily recovered her strength and returned to England. But the gentleman unhappily succumbed to the injuries he had received in the shipwreck, and I had to perform the melancholy duty of committing his remains to the tomb in a land of strangers.

By the persevering efforts of our native boatmen, a considerable portion of the cargo of the *Norval* was saved from the wreck, and sold by auction for the benefit of the underwriters. Among the articles thus landed were several bales of calico, Madras handkerchiefs, and other kinds of cloth, which, being damaged, were sold cheap. A quantity of these I purchased for the use of the Mission, and the cloth thus procured was soon converted into little garments by Mrs. Moister and her nimble pupils: and ere long the little black boys and girls in both schools were arrayed in beautiful and uniform apparel, to their great delight as well as that of their parents and friends.

On Friday, January 11th, 1833, the American ship *Jupiter* arrived on her way from Baltimore to Liberia, with a party of coloured emigrants sent out by the United

States Colonisation Society, which had been recently organised. There was also on board the Rev. Melville B. Cox, the first white Missionary sent out to Africa by the Methodist Episcopal Church. I immediately went on board and invited Mr. Cox to land and to make his home with us at the Mission-house during his stay. He cordially accepted the invitation, and remained with us a week or ten days, during which we had much pleasant and profitable intercourse. We very much enjoyed his visit, he being the first Missionary of any denomination we had seen since we left our native land. Our only regret was that Mr. Cox, being in a feeble state of health, was unable to preach for us or to do more than address a few words to our people at the close of one of my services. On the 19th he took an affectionate leave of us and proceeded in the *Jupiter* to Liberia, and a few months afterwards we heard that he had fallen a sacrifice to the climate.

During our sojourn at the Gambia I received several interesting letters from the Revs. Dr. Townley, Richard Watson, John James, John Beecham, and other eminent Ministers occupying the position of Missionary Secretaries, etc. These communications were fraught with encouragement, wise counsels, and friendly congratulations that we had been spared so long and been able to bear up so well in such an unhealthy climate. Little did we think at the time that most of the writers, together with Dr. Adam Clarke and others with whom we had been acquainted in London, would have passed away before we returned to our native land. But so it was, although the latest communications of the Secretaries had notified us that as the period of our appointment to Western Africa was drawing to a

close, arrangements were being made for the appointment of successors.

#### ARRIVAL OF MISSIONARIES.

At length the Missionaries alluded to arrived, under circumstances never to be forgotten. On Tuesday, April 23rd, a vessel appeared off the mouth of the river, and as she approached our shores it was ascertained that she was the brig *Jack* from England. When taking a ride along the beach in the afternoon, I hailed the pilot boat, and was informed that there were two gentlemen and two ladies on board the brig, which suggested the idea that they might be the Mission party, of whose appointment we had been notified. I immediately returned home to inform Mrs. Moister. The vessel came to anchor off Bathurst in the evening, and, on walking down to the wharf, I had the unspeakable pleasure of welcoming to Africa the Rev. William and Mrs. Fox, and the Rev. Thomas and Mrs. Dove; Mr. Fox being appointed as my successor at St. Mary's, and Mr. Dove as the Missionary for the new station at Macarthy's Island.

On the following evening I preached from Psalm cxxvi. 3: "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." In the course of my sermon I made reference to what God had done for Africa in sending more Missionaries; to which the people devoutly responded, and a gracious influence rested upon us. This being the first native service that our friends from England had attended, they expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the apparent intelligence and devotion of the congregation, and declared that it was worth the trouble of crossing the



sea to witness what God had done for this people by the power of His Gospel.

As soon as I and my dear wife had transferred the affairs of the station to our successors, we were at liberty to make a few farewell visits to our friends, and to prepare for our return to England. As there was no vessel leaving for Europe for some time, we also embraced the opportunity of making a trip or two to the mainland, with a view to the improvement of our health, which was now much impaired by repeated attacks of fever, as well as to visit places of interest which we had not previously seen, owing to our constant engagements in the work of the Mission.

My first visit to the mainland was in company with my friend Mr. Grant, who proposed that we should go to Cape St. Mary, the most western point of land on the southern bank of the Gambia, where a building had been erected by the Government as a sanatorium. We left Bathurst early one morning for this place on horseback, intending to swim our horses across the Oyster Creek, whilst we passed over in canoes. My little pony declined to cross the stream, however, and we were obliged to prosecute the remainder of our journey with one horse, riding and walking by turns. About ten o'clock we came to Brikow, the Mandingo town near the Cape. According to African etiquette, we went immediately to pay our respects to the Alcaide or head man of the town, whom we found sitting on a mat at the door of his hut, busily engaged in cutting tobacco leaves into fine shreds, for the purpose of being dried in the sun and used in the manufacture of snuff, an article of which he appeared to make free use, frequently resorting to a beautifully carved bamboo

snuff-box which hung by his side, and to which was attached a small ivory spoon with which he conveyed the pernicious dust to his extended nostrils. The venerable Alcaide, with his long white beard and grey woolly hair, was very pleasant in conversation, and expressed his willingness to send his children to the school, if we should succeed in our purpose of establishing an out-station at the Cape for the benefit of his people.

Having made him a small present, we proceeded to the Government House at the Cape, where we spent a pleasant day rambling along the sandy beach, washed by the rolling waves of the Atlantic, the sea breeze being very refreshing. We also visited an experimental "hemp farm," on which were employed a number of liberated Africans under the direction of the "Gambia Agricultural Society," and then proceeded on our homeward journey, arriving at Bathurst about eight o'clock in the evening.

My next visit to the mainland was to a place called Daranka, on the southern side of the river above St. Mary's, in the territory of the King of Combo. On this occasion I was accompanied by Mrs. Moister, and at the invitation of our friends Mr. and Mrs. Goddard we partook of luncheon at their house at Bathurst, along with His Excellency the Governor and other friends, before we started. We then went on board a large native canoe, and, after a pleasant sail of about three hours, we entered a creek leading to Mr. Joiner's farm, where we arrived about sunset. The scenery on every side was truly delightful, and we were much amused with the sportive gambols of the monkeys as they were leaping and chattering among the trees in

every direction, as well as with the flocks of parrots which made the forest ring with their discordant screams. We spent the night in a rude bamboo hut erected for our accommodation; and we might have rested fairly well but for the mosquitoes, which kept us awake by their perpetual buzzing and occasional poisonous stings. When at home we could protect ourselves from these little tormentors by the use of net curtains, but here we were entirely at their mercy.

We rose early next morning and took a ramble on the neighbouring hills, from which we had a charming prospect. We then set out for Lamin, a place about two miles from Daranka, where the Governor had located a number of liberated Africans to commence a brick manufactory, as an industrial experiment for their benefit. There was also recently established a model agricultural farm for the cultivation of hemp, cotton, sugar, and tobacco. The path led through a grove of lofty trees, which formed a shady avenue. On arriving at the place we were met by the Governor and a select party of friends, and we took breakfast together under a beautiful shady bower, tastefully prepared for the occasion. During the day we inspected the brickyard and model farm, with which we were much pleased. On returning to Daranka we embarked for St. Mary's, where we arrived in safety about sunset, having thoroughly enjoyed our novel excursion.

On Saturday, May 25th, Mrs. Moister and I joined a party of friends in a trip across the river to Barra Point and other places on the northern bank of the river. The party included the Missionaries and their wives just arrived from England, and our friends Mr. and Mrs. Finden, at whose hospitable mansion we took

breakfast before we started. After a pleasant sail of about an hour in Mr. Finden's little cutter we reached the opposite shore. We rested for a short time, and then, leaving the ladies at Fort Bullon, Mr. Fox, Mr. Dove, and I walked up with Mr. Finden to Yassou, to pay our respects to the Mandingo king, old Bruma, who had been at war with the British settlement a year or two before. The ground over which we passed and the trees on either hand bore evident marks of the late contest, and forcibly brought to my recollection the months of painful suspense through which we had passed during the war.

On arriving at the town we found it still surrounded with a strong stockade fence, through which we passed by a narrow door. After walking through several narrow dirty streets we came to the entrance of the royal residence. It was a square tower built of mud, the interior of which was ornamented with a number of gaudy pictures. After waiting for some time in this place we were ushered into the presence of his sable majesty, whom we found, not seated upon a throne, but reclining upon an old couch in a state of beastly intoxication. I introduced the strangers to the king, and stated the object of our visit, but he was not capable of much conversation. We had not been long in his presence when he brought out from under his couch an old tea-kettle in which he kept his rum. A quantity of this pernicious beverage was poured into a calabash and handed round to the company. When the calabash was offered to us, we respectfully declined the compliment; but the king's wives and councillors and a number of half-naked men, women, and children drank the "fire-water" with avidity, as if quite accus-

tomed to it. Having delivered the trifling presents which we had taken, and received a calabash of honey in return, we rejoined the ladies at the fort, and soon afterwards embarked for St. Mary's, painfully impressed with the degradation and wretchedness of those who have never been favoured with the light of the Gospel.

About two months after the arrival of the Missionaries and their wives sent out to relieve us, a favourable opportunity presented itself for our return to England. The last few days of our sojourn at St. Mary's were spent in paying and receiving farewell visits, and in answering letters and addresses received from the native teachers, leaders, and others, expressive of their unabated attachment, best wishes, and fervent prayers for our welfare. We also received numerous presents of fruit, vegetables, and stock for our use during the passage, with every possible manifestation of love and esteem.

The necessary preparations for our passage to England having been completed, on June 28th, 1833, we embarked on board the brigantine *Columbine*, accompanied some distance down the river by Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Dove (Mr. Dove and Mr. Grant having left for Macarthy's Island), together with Messrs. Finden and Brown. These dear friends remained with us as long as they could; but at length they also were obliged to say "good-bye," and to return to their homes at St. Mary's, whilst we in the *Columbine* stood away for the open sea on our homeward voyage, with our health and constitutions shattered and enfeebled by repeated attacks of African fever, but truly thankful to Almighty God that our lives were spared whilst so many had fallen a sacrifice to the climate in that land of sickness and death.

## CHAPTER IV.

### RETURN TO ENGLAND.

1833-34.

“If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth ; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.”—  
PSALM cxxxvii. 5, 6.

HOWEVER ardent the zeal of Christian Missionaries, and however devoted they may be to the blessed work in which they are engaged, it must not be supposed that they can ever forget the home of their childhood and youth, whilst labouring to disseminate the Gospel of Christ in other lands. And in proportion to the sensitiveness of their natures and their constitutional tendencies will be the depth of their feelings and the tenderness of their emotions in view of the associations and privileges of bygone years. Hence the reader will not be surprised to be informed that I and my dear wife often thought and spoke of dear old England with peculiar feelings during our trying Mission to Western Africa. We had left our native land with little hope of ever seeing it again, knowing the character of the climate where we were going ; but as the time approached when our term of service would be completed, and we heard of the appointment of successors, being still spared and bearing up better than we expected,

hope revived within us that we might yet live to return to England when our work was done.

Hence it was with feelings of profound gratitude to God for His preserving goodness, mingled with regret, that we took our last look at the shores of Western Africa, where we had seen and suffered so much. Nor did the watchful care of our heavenly Father terminate with the conclusion of our first mission. We had still abundant cause for thanksgiving to our Divine Protector, as will be seen from the following notices of our homeward voyage and of our short sojourn in England.

When our friends had left us on board the *Columbine* at the mouth of the Gambia to return to their African homes, and we had got fairly out to sea, we began to do the best we could to make our passage as comfortable as might be. The vessel being small and filled with cargo, our accommodations were necessarily limited; but as we were the only passengers on board, and Captain Pilcher and Mr. Orme, his first mate, were very kind and attentive to us, we had much to be thankful for.

It was matter of gratitude, moreover, to find our health gradually improving as we got farther away from the pestilential coast, and from day to day paced the deck of our little vessel and inhaled the sea breeze. We were concerned to find, however, that several of the sailors were still suffering from African fever or from weakness resulting from it, and were consequently confined to their berths and unable to attend to their duty on board. Hence the ship was "short-handed," and the captain and mate were somewhat perplexed when the wind was contrary. Under these circumstances,

and to meet the emergency, I was glad to be able to go on deck to take the helm or to render any assistance in my power, when the vessel was "put about," all the available hands being required to adjust the sails, and to attend to other matters connected with that operation. As the men one after another recovered their strength and returned to their respective duties, we were relieved from these difficulties, but we soon found that other trials awaited us.

#### A MAN OVERBOARD.

When we had been at sea about a week, while seated in the cabin one evening, conversing with the captain, we heard the startling cry of "A man overboard!" We instantly ran on deck, and found that Mr. Orme, 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. Having no boat or life-buoy available, we threw out two or three hencoops, 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 the ship round to the scene of the disaster, a noble-minded sailor, a little Irishman, volunteered to jump into the sea to attempt to rescue the drowning man. We, therefore, tied a rope round his waist, and he plunged into the water. Although the waves were running high, he succeeded in reaching the poor sufferer before he finally sank. We then drew them both in together; but I regret to say that when we



got them on board the poor mate had breathed his last, and all our efforts to restore animation proved ineffectual. He had been previously suffering from an attack of African fever, and was, consequently, in a feeble state of health when the accident occurred; hence it is not surprising that it should have resulted in his death. I had been conversing with him during the day on religious subjects, little thinking that he would be so soon removed from us. Verily, "in such an hour as" we "think not the Son of man cometh!"

Then followed the solemn spectacle of a funeral at sea. As we had no means of making a coffin, the remains of our departed friend were wrapped in his hammock, with a heavy weight attached, to sink the body below the reach of the sharks, which were already pursuing our track. The corpse was then placed upon a plank, partly projecting over the bulwarks of the vessel. It was midnight, and a death-like stillness prevailed. Nothing was heard but the rippling of the waves against the sides of the ship, and the half-suppressed sighs and sobs of the hardy sailors, who stood in a circle, hat in hand, whilst I read by the light of a lantern the solemn service appointed for the occasion. Whilst I was reading the words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," etc., one end of the plank was elevated, and the corpse gently descended into the watery grave, to be seen no more till the sea shall give up the dead that are therein. A few words of earnest exhortation closed this solemn service, and I and my dear wife, who had been standing by my side all the time, retired to our berths, deeply impressed with the uncertainty of life and the changing nature of all earthly things.

As we proceeded on our course we had a clear view of several of the Cape Verde Islands, and we were interested in all we saw. The weather was tolerably fine, although the wind was sometimes unfavourable, which made our progress somewhat slow. Some little incidents occurred, however, which tended to beguile the monotony of our seafaring life. When we had been at sea about three weeks, the discovery was made that there was likely to be a scarcity of firewood on board; and we were not without fear that if our voyage should be prolonged we might be found without the means of cooking our food. Whilst discussing this unpleasant subject with the captain, we saw in the distance a large log of timber floating on the water. We stood towards it, got ready the tackle, hoisted it on board, and were thus supplied with an ample stock of firewood for the remainder of the passage. An infidel might regard this little incident as a mere matter of chance; but we recognised it as an additional proof of the providential care of our heavenly Father in supplying our wants in a time of need, and we rendered thanks to Him accordingly, as the "Giver of every good and perfect gift." Adhering to the log of wood were thousands of barnacles, with their beautiful shells, which afforded me and Mrs. Moister the interesting employment of cleaning and arranging them as curiosities for our friends at home.

The next adventure in our homeward voyage was the helmsman asleep at his post of duty during the night, the "ship aback," and the steering wheel dashed to pieces by the violence of the waves. To repair the damage done by this carelessness, and to secure the safety of the vessel, occupied our united efforts for

several hours, and it was not till sunrise next morning that the ship could be put on her regular course. During this interval we were exposed to some danger as well as discomfort, as we were not only "short-handed," but destitute of the appliances required for such an emergency. But our minds were kept in perfect peace, and we felt confident that in His own good time the Lord would bring us through every trial.

#### A FALSE ALARM.

During the night of the last day of July we were awoke with the startling cry of, "The ship's sprung a leak!" We immediately rose from our berths, and were informed by the captain that the vessel had five feet of water in the hold, and that the pumps, being "choked up," would not work, so that there was little hope of keeping her afloat. The excitement that prevailed was indescribable. The captain himself was evidently concerned, having a valuable cargo on board, consisting of gold, ivory, beeswax, and gum-arabic, besides two lions, a crocodile, crown birds, and other natural curiosities. The invalids crawled from their berths, and all hands came on deck. Amid the general commotion some were heard crying to God for mercy. The long-boat was got ready, and Mrs. Moister and I put on our warmest clothing, that we might be the better able to bear the exposure in the event of our having to leave the ship in an open boat. But, to our inexpressible joy, the sailors succeeded in removing the obstruction from the bottom of the pumps, so as to admit of their being worked; the water in the hold was soon reduced; and as it appeared on

examination that she had received no serious damage, we proceeded on our course as before.

Having light or contrary winds nearly all the time, our progress was slow, and having lost most of our poultry in attempting to save the poor mate when he fell overboard, we began to feel the want of fresh provisions. This want was, in a measure, supplied, however, by another interposition of Divine Providence in our favour. When we had been at sea about six weeks, and were approaching the mouth of the English Channel, we fell in with several homeward-bound ships, from one of which we obtained a supply of biscuits, a bucket of potatoes, and a few fowls, for which we were truly grateful.

#### LAND AHEAD!

On the morning of Monday, August 12th, we heard once more the cheering sound of "Land ahead!" We instantly went on deck, and beheld, with feelings of unspeakable gratitude and joy, the distant blue mountains of dear old England. On the following day a pilot boat came alongside; and, as the wind was contrary and our voyage up the Channel likely to be still further prolonged, we came ashore in her, and took leave of the *Columbine* and her kind-hearted captain, hoping to see him again in London. We were tossed about all night in the pilot boat, but on Wednesday morning, the 14th, we entered the spacious harbour of Falmouth, and came to anchor in smooth water. The scene which now greeted us produced one of those mental photographs never to be effaced. Our eyes, so long accustomed to gaze on the wilds of Africa and on the vast blue sea, were now favoured to

look upon green meadows and fields waving with corn. The cattle were peacefully browsing in the pastures, and all nature seemed to wear a smiling aspect. It was with sincere gratitude to God for His preserving goodness that we set our feet once more upon the shores of our highly-favoured native land, and we felt prompted, then and there, to a mental act of renewed consecration to His blessed service.

As we walked along the streets of Falmouth many striking objects arrested our attention; but Mrs. Moister was most interested in the groups of little rosy-faced children that were romping in every direction. These she addressed repeatedly, and seemed delighted to listen to their simple childish responses in a language which is always so dear to those who have long been accustomed to hear people speak in other tongues. On inquiring for the Wesleyan Minister stationed at Falmouth, we were conducted to the residence of the Rev. George Taylor, who welcomed us most courteously, and from whom, as well as from his amiable family, we received marks of kindness which made an impression upon our minds never to be obliterated. When it was known that we had come from Western Africa, the "white man's grave," genuine sympathy was excited on our behalf, and Mrs. Taylor shed tears of pity and compassion when looking upon the pale countenance and emaciated form of the Missionary's wife, and whilst listening to a simple recital of some of the scenes of trial and suffering through which we had been called to pass.

As there would be no opportunity of proceeding to London till the departure of the mail-coach in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor kindly invited us to spend

the day with them. This we did with pleasure in preference to going to a public hotel, a little pleasant social intercourse with Christian friends being very acceptable in our peculiar circumstances. We had left Africa with the hope of reaching England in time for the British Conference; but having failed to do so, in consequence of our long and dreary passage, I was pleased to hear from Mr. Taylor a few items of Conference news. I was anxious, moreover, as soon as possible, to ascertain to what sphere of labour I was appointed, having expressed my willingness, before I left the Mission-field, to engage again in foreign service so soon as the Committee might think proper to send me abroad again. Hence it is somewhat remarkable that, whilst we were conversing on these and kindred matters, the postman came to the door with the Conference Station sheet for Mr. Taylor. The document was opened and examined with avidity. On glancing over the first column I saw my name down for the Ipswich Circuit, to reside at Woodbridge; so that no time was to be lost in preparing to enter upon my new sphere of labour.

We therefore left Falmouth by the mail coach in the evening, and, travelling all night, reached London early next morning. We met with a kind reception at the Mission House, the Secretaries and their families congratulating us, and expressing their gratitude to God that we had been spared to return whilst so many had fallen; condoling with us, nevertheless, on account of the impression made upon our health by our sojourn in Western Africa. So soon as we could obtain our luggage from the *Columbine* we set out for the north, to pay a short visit to our friends before entering upon our new appointment.

## HAPPY REUNIONS.

Great was the joy of Mrs. Moister's mother, on our arrival at Grasgarth, to see her daughter return in peace and safety. Nor were our friends at Sedbergh less pleased to see us once more amongst them. They had arranged for a public Missionary Meeting, at which I was requested to give an account of what we had witnessed of the state of the country and people, and the success of the Gospel where we had laboured. For genuine missionary enthusiasm and Christian zeal and liberality, that was a meeting never to be forgotten.

Numerous private parties and tea-meetings were also organised in honour of our visit, and the gatherings of friends both in town and country, to which we were invited, were of a most interesting character. The observations and inquiries of our friends in reference to our Missionary experience were somewhat remarkable. Several expressed their surprise that we were still so fair in complexion, and seemed rather disappointed that we had not become black like the Negroes, from the influence of the climate. They were rather amused when I told them that after being thoroughly tanned with the scorching rays of a tropical sun, I got a new skin on my hands and face after every journey to the interior. The farmers were much delighted with the specimens of the Jolloff and Mandingo languages which Mrs. Moister gave them, declaring that some of them resembled the cackling of geese around the barn door when receiving their morning meal. The people were never tired of asking questions about Africa and our adventures, and we were pleased to give them as much information as possible, with the hope of increasing

their interest in the great and glorious Missionary enterprise.

After a few pleasant days we once more took leave of our friends at Sedbergh, and returned to the south. During our stay we were the guests of our friends Mr. and Mrs. C. Taylor, whose kindness and hospitality will ever be gratefully remembered. As Mr. Taylor had purchased my father's dwelling-house, on his departure with his family to America, we had the gratification of being entertained at the old homestead, and of occupying the identical room which had been the familiar scene of my studies and devotions in early life. Thus were we touchingly reminded of the associations and experiences of bygone years, and of the affecting changes which had taken place.

After a day or two in London, where some little matters of business required our attention, we hastened on to Ipswich on Saturday, September 7th, the time having arrived when Wesleyan Ministers generally enter upon their new Circuits. Kind friends were waiting to receive us as we alighted from the coach. As my appointment for the following day was in the Circuit town, they would gladly have entertained us over the night; but it was thought best that we should proceed at once to Woodbridge, that we might get settled as soon as possible in our new English home. On Sunday, the 8th, I preached morning and evening at Ipswich, when collections were made on behalf of the trust funds, gas having just been introduced into the chapel, and other improvements made. The congregations were large and attentive, and on the whole I had a good day in my new sphere of labour.



There was no Minister's house at that time in Woodbridge ; but comfortable lodgings had been provided for us with the family of Mr. Thomas Smith, one of the Society stewards, and we were soon quite at home in our new quarters. On Sunday, the 15th, I preached for the first time in Woodbridge, when collections were made on behalf of the Sabbath School. At the evening service a little incident occurred which is worthy of record. There were present in the congregation Philip and Sarah Thompson, liberal-minded Quakers, who occasionally attended our chapel when an anniversary was to be held or a new Minister was going to preach. On this occasion they became so interested in the subject of the discourse, that they requested to be introduced to the new Minister and his wife at the close of the service. They were invited into the vestry accordingly, when a brief but interesting conversation was held. This casual acquaintance culminated in a life-long friendship, and a regular correspondence, extending over fourteen years, during which they became greatly interested in us and our work, and contributed liberally towards the support of our Mission schools.

During our brief residence at Woodbridge we were very happy in our work, and both in that town and in other parts of the Ipswich Circuit we laboured with comfort and success. With the families of Messrs. Smith, Towler, and Hayward, in addition to that of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, we had much pleasant and profitable intercourse. Hence the sorrow and regret of these and other friends to whom we had become ardently attached when circumstances occurred to sever our happy connection after the lapse of only

three months, and when we were just becoming accustomed to the English work and to our new surroundings.

#### UNEXPECTED CALL.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society had resolved to send out *eighteen* additional Missionaries to the West Indies, to prepare the way for the approaching freedom of the poor Negro slaves, the Act for their emancipation having just passed both Houses of the British Parliament; and the General Secretaries requested that I would make one of the number. The official letter containing this proposal not only took the friends in the Ipswich Circuit by surprise, but it excited in my own mind, as well as in that of my dear wife, serious questionings as to what was our duty under the circumstances, seeing we were both of us in a comparatively feeble state of health, not having fully recovered from the effects of our Mission to Western Africa.

After mutual consultation and prayer for Divine direction, we made up our minds to accept the proposal of the Missionary Committee as a call of Providence to take up our cross and consecrate ourselves afresh to the foreign work, which on many grounds had claimed our preference from the beginning. I accordingly wrote to the Secretaries, offering to go to the West Indies, or to any other part of the world where my services might be required. This brought a kind and approving letter from the Rev. Dr. Beecham, in which he said, among other things, "You nobly justify our confidence in you. I am strongly inclined to think that the West Indies will suit you well, and afford you a

congenial and useful sphere of labour. We have requested the President of the Conference to send a Minister to Woodbridge to take your place at once. Do come up to London with Mrs. Moister as soon as you can honourably leave your Circuit. We shall expect you in a few days."

We now began to prepare for our departure, and as soon as the unexpected call for our services in the Mission field became known, expressions of regret at our removal came from all parts of the Circuit, accompanied by tokens of affection and esteem such as we never expected. The incidents connected with some of the public meetings and private parties which were arranged to take an affectionate leave of us were very touching. On going to spend an evening with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Thompson for the last time, the Scriptures were read, and the silent waiting was followed by fervent prayer as usual, at the close of which they wept like children at the thought that they might see us no more in the flesh.

We arrived in the great metropolis on Saturday, December 7th, and were cordially received by the Rev. Dr. Beecham and his family, to whom we had become ardently attached from having been kindly entertained by them before. Our brief sojourn in London on this occasion was both pleasant and profitable, as we had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with several devoted Missionaries about to proceed to their respective stations, as well as of hearing a number of eminent Ministers whose praise was in all the Churches. I was also called upon to take part in several meetings in town and country, at which I was requested to give an account of my

missionary experience in Western Africa, and to plead the interests of a cause which was still dear to my heart.

The first meeting of this kind was held at Croydon on the evening of Monday, December 23rd, when the chair was occupied by the celebrated Dr. Graham, whose personal acquaintance I was glad to make, as his name and reputation had long been familiar to me, and his medical works had been of considerable service to us in the Mission field. The venerable doctor was much pleased by my referring to these facts in my address, and invited me to call upon him next morning, which I did with much pleasure. We had some interesting conversation on Mission work and foreign lands, and on parting he made me a present of his treatise on the *Best Method of Preserving Health*, etc., and wished me God-speed in my noble enterprise.

Shortly afterward I attended a Missionary Meeting at Deptford, in company with the Rev. Robert Carver from India, and the Rev. Samuel Leigh from New Zealand. It was a great treat to me to see and hear such eminent Missionaries; and I regarded it as a high honour to be associated with them in advocating the glorious cause.

We spent a quiet but happy Christmas with Dr. Beecham's family and a few young Missionaries, who were expecting soon to embark for their respective stations. The names of the Rev. Messrs. MacBrair, Bird, Price, and Butters, I call to mind with peculiar feelings, as, with the exception of the brother last mentioned, they have long since passed away to their eternal rest. By special request I attended the Watch-

night service at Southwark Chapel this year, as I had done on a former occasion. The meeting was addressed by several other Ministers, and it was a season of deep solemnity and of religious profit.

According to a previous arrangement, I preached, administered the sacrament, and conducted the Covenant service, on Sunday, January 5th, 1834, at our chapel known as "St. George's-in-the-East." I was assisted at some of these services by my friend the Rev. William Ritchie, recently returned from Sierra Leone, where I had the pleasure of occasionally corresponding with him during my residence at the Gambia. The interest of these services was enhanced by the circumstance of my having been ordained at this chapel four years before, which was remembered by several friends present, who cordially congratulated me and my esteemed brother on being spared to return to our native land, seeing that so many Missionaries to Western Africa had fallen. The hallowed influence of this holy Sabbath helped in no small degree to stimulate and prepare me for what was before me in the near future; and, endeavouring to consecrate myself afresh to the great missionary enterprise, I "thanked God and took courage."

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## CHAPTER V.

### MISSION TO THE WEST INDIES.

1834—1847.

“This is a people robbed and spoiled ; they are all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in prison houses : they are for a prey, and none delivereth ; for a spoil, and none saith, Restore.”—ISA. xlii. 22.

THE necessary preparations having been made for our Mission to the West Indies, on Tuesday, January 16th, 1834, I and my dear wife embarked in the good ship *Underwood*, bound for Demerara. She was commanded by Captain Wood, a man of considerable nautical skill and experience, and a fine old English gentleman withal. We were accompanied down the river in a steamer to Gravesend by Dr. and Mrs. Beecham and other friends ; and finding our vessel at anchor there and ready for sea, we went on board at once. Having commended us to God in prayer and taken an affectionate leave, our friends returned to London, and we were once more left alone to meditate on the great and important work which was before us, and to commit ourselves afresh to the watchful care of our heavenly Father.

Our voyage out on this occasion was somewhat unpropitious in its commencement. We had scarcely emerged from the mouth of the Thames when we met

with contrary winds, and, after being detained a fortnight in the Downs, and tossed about for several days in the English Channel, were ultimately obliged to put into Portsmouth harbour for shelter. We were thus unexpectedly favoured to hold pleasant intercourse with Christian friends before we again left our native land.

We came to anchor on the Mother Bank on Saturday, February 1st, with the beautiful town of Ryde, Isle of Wight, full in view. We went on shore about ten o'clock A.M., and were delighted to meet with a party of six Missionaries—the Rev. Messrs. Pilcher, Cheesbrough, Gordon, Cameron, Osborne, and Nunn, together with Mrs. Gordon, bound for Antigua by the ship *Glaphira*, which had been detained there for several weeks by contrary winds. There were also the Rev. John and Mrs. Lambert on their way to Bermuda. These devoted servants of God had been kindly entertained by the friends of Missions at Ryde during their long detention, and on our arrival the same Christian hospitality was extended to us by the thoughtful arrangement of the Rev. W. H. Sargent, the resident Wesleyan Minister.

During our stay in the Isle of Wight all manner of kindness was shown us, both by Ministers and people, and we formed some friendships which proved sources of blessing and comfort to us in after years. Mr. Sargent drove Mrs. Moister, Mrs. Gordon, and Mrs. Lambert over to Carisbrook, Sandown, and other places of interest, whilst I and the other Missionaries held some delightful religious services, taking our turns in preaching and conducting prayer-meetings, when a gracious influence descended on the people, and

precious souls were won for Christ. It is affecting to think that all the dear brethren and sisters mentioned above have long since passed away to their heavenly home, and that I alone am left behind to make this record.

At length, on Saturday morning the 8th, the wind having become favourable, we took an affectionate leave of our friends at Ryde, and proceeded on our voyage. We had a fair wind for two or three days whilst sailing down the Channel, but we had scarcely taken our last look at dear old England and got out to sea, when we were overtaken by a heavy gale with adverse winds, which continued nearly a week. Having crossed the Bay of Biscay, the wind became more favourable; and Captain Wood and his officers being kind and attentive to Mrs. Moister and myself, as well as to Mr. Hinchman, the only other passenger on board, we were fairly comfortable.

Nothing remarkable occurred after this during the voyage, with the exception of the startling cry of "Fire in the hold!" on the evening of Wednesday the 19th. We hastened on deck, and saw the smoke ascending from the hatchway; but the fire proved to be in the long-boat on deck, and not in the hold of the ship, as at first supposed. The threatened danger was occasioned by some muriatic acid or oil of vitriol having burst the bottles and ignited the straw in which it was packed. We succeeded in emptying the contents of the long-boat into the sea before the fire had time to spread, and we were safe.

On Tuesday morning, March 11th, finding the water muddy, we sounded, and got twenty-four fathoms, and in the afternoon we made the continent of South



America. Soon afterwards a pilot came on board, and pronounced us fifteen miles to windward of Berbice. The next day we sailed pleasantly along, with the coast of British Guiana full in view; and about three o'clock in the afternoon we entered the mouth of the Demerara river, and came to anchor before Georgetown, the capital of the colony, of which we had but an imperfect view, as it is situated on low ground, and lies embowered among beautiful umbrageous trees.

We went on shore at once, and met with a cordial reception from the Rev. John and Mrs. Mortier, as well as from the Rev. Richard Hornabrook, and a number of the people connected with the Mission, who had heard of our arrival, and had come to welcome us.

#### DEMERARA.

It appears desirable at this point to give a brief account of this the first scene of our Missionary labours in the West Indies. Demerara is not an island, as is sometimes erroneously stated, but a British Colony on the continent of South America. It is generally regarded as belonging to the West Indies, from the fact that, in the character of its inhabitants, as well as in its staple produce, climate, and other features, it exhibits a striking resemblance to the islands which bear that name. Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice were formerly governed as one colony, but they are now united under the general name of "The Province of British Guiana." The name first mentioned, however, is still frequently employed to designate this portion of the British Empire, and it is usually called "the Colony of Demerara." At the time of our arrival the

Wesleyan Mission in this country had been established about twenty years; but the difficulties in the way of its progress arising from the system of slavery and the hostility of the planters were such that the work was confined to two stations—Georgetown, the capital of the colony, and Mahaica, an important village at a distance of about twenty miles. It was at the station first named that I was appointed to labour, among a people similar in many respects to those with whom I had been associated in Western Africa, only toiling as poor slaves in the land of their exile, their emancipation having not yet been effected.

Immediately after landing we walked over to Kingston, at the west end of the city, the place appointed as our residence, where we found a handsome chapel and a convenient Minister's house, in which a number of people were assembled to welcome us. Having partaken of the refreshment which they had provided for us, we united in prayer and praise to God for having brought us in peace and safety to their shores.

On the following Sabbath I opened my commission by preaching morning and evening at Kingston to large and attentive congregations. The appearance of the people was truly striking, and afforded a gratifying proof of the elevating power of the Gospel. The congregation consisted almost entirely of Negro slaves and free persons of colour, with a few Europeans, Government officers, merchants, and others, in the evening; all neatly attired and devout in their manner. The singing and responses were hearty and fervent, and altogether the services were such as to make a very favourable impression upon us as strangers in the country. At the commencement of the morning

service, as I entered the chapel, the people sang most sweetly, of their own accord, the following

WELCOME HYMN.

- “Welcome ! welcome ! blessèd servant,  
    Messenger of Jesu’s grace !  
O how beautiful the feet of  
    Him who 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 fervent prayer.  
    Bless, O bless him ! bless, O bless him !  
    Now, henceforth, and evermore.”

In addressing ourselves to the work which was before us, one of the first things which demanded our attention was the reorganisation and better management of the Sunday School, in which my dear wife rendered valuable and efficient help. The young people rallied round her, offering their services as teachers, and we had soon a prosperous school, which became a nursery to the Church, long before it was found practicable to establish day-schools in connection with our Mission in British Guiana. The Kingston Wesleyan Sunday School soon attracted the notice of all classes of the community, not excepting His

Excellency the Governor himself; for Sir James Carmichael and Lady Smith kindly attended the services of the first Anniversary, and distributed the rewards with their own hands, highly eulogising the Missionary's wife and her noble band of assistants for their successful labours in bringing the school into such a prosperous state. The first event of a public character affecting our work which occurred after our arrival in Demerara was the carrying into effect of the glorious Act of Emancipation, on August 1st, 1834. By that Act the freedom of 800,000 Negro slaves in the West Indies was secured. Hence the gratitude and joy of all concerned; for the sufferings of the Missionaries as well as those of the slaves themselves in former times were known only to those who were in the field at the time. Take the following case as an illustration. There came to the Mission-house at Kingston one morning a poor woman leading a beautiful little black boy by the hand, to solicit my counsel and prayers in her deep distress. Her husband and little son were to be sold by auction and separated from her on the following day. Her heart was full, and the tears flowed rapidly down her sable cheeks, as she fondly caressed her darling boy, exclaiming, "O my dear Massa, what me go do when dey take away Willie and his daddy from me?" Both Mrs. Moister and I endeavoured to soothe her as best we could, encouraging her to trust in God, and to entertain the hope that she might meet with her husband and son again when the great "free" should come. We knelt in prayer, and the poor stricken one left us somewhat comforted. Many similar scenes of suffering came under our notice in the dark and gloomy days of slavery, to say

nothing of cruel floggings too horrible to describe ; so that it was a relief to know that a date was fixed for the termination of such cruel wrongs.

The 1st of August was observed as a day of general thanksgiving by appointment of the Governor, and Divine service was held in all the places of worship in the Colony. Our chapel at Kingston was filled to its utmost capacity by a devout congregation, and I preached with freedom in the morning from Luke iv. 17, 18 ; and in the evening from Psalm xcvi. 1. It was a day of spiritual good to our people, and everything passed off in Georgetown with perfect order and decorum.

I am sorry to say that this was not the case in some parts of the country. The same spirit of opposition to freedom and Christian Missions which had a few years before persecuted and pursued even to death the Rev. John Smith, the " Missionary Martyr of Demerara," was still cherished by many of the planters, whose harsh treatment of the poor slaves had goaded them almost to madness. Hence, when the news of emancipation came, with the announcement that they must remain as *apprentices* for five years before they would be entirely free, they could not believe it, suspecting that their masters were withholding from them the truth, and contriving the system of apprenticeship for the purpose of keeping them longer in bondage. Under this mistaken notion a number of Negroes on the east coast refused to go to work till they had heard from the Governor himself an explanation of the character and provisions of the new law. Sir James Carmichael Smith, therefore, proceeded at once to the scene of the so-called "revolt,"

accompanied by a strong military escort. When the steamer with His Excellency on board was seen in the distance, a man named Damon erected a pole as a flagstaff, to the top of which he attached a pocket-handkerchief, as he said, "to show their joy at the Governor's coming." But this was regarded as an act of open rebellion by the planters and others, and it cost the poor man his life.

Had the matter ended with the explanation of the Act of Emancipation by the Governor, all would have been well, as the Negroes forthwith resumed their work on the respective estates to which they belonged. But Damon and several others were forthwith taken into custody, conveyed to Georgetown, tried, and condemned. On the 13th of October, a day never to be forgotten by me, poor Damon was executed, and seventeen of his compeers were flogged almost to death beneath the gallows on which he was hung, according to the cruel sentence passed upon them. This glaring act of injustice on the part of the colonial authorities in Demerara met with a severe and deserved rebuke from the Imperial Government, when the intelligence reached England; but it was too late for the damage to be repaired.

When the excitement and commotion incident to the great change which was taking place in the social and civil condition of the people had somewhat subsided, we continued to prosecute our Missionary labours among them with a cheering measure of success. To instruct and comfort the people in the days of their bitter bondage, and to confirm them in the knowledge and faith of the Gospel during their transition from slavery to freedom, was a work of no

ordinary magnitude. It involved not only constant attention to the ordinary services of the sanctuary, as public worship, prayer-meetings, class-meetings, sacramental and other services, but also arrangements for catechetical instruction with a view to prepare inquirers for baptism and admission to Church membership. In order to avail themselves of the religious privileges alluded to, candidates would travel a distance of ten or fifteen miles; yea, I have known them walk all night after their week's work was finished on Saturday evening, to be ready on Sunday morning for the services of the sanctuary. On these occasions they would frequently wade through the mud with bare feet, carrying their shoes and clean clothes tied up in bundles under their arms, ready to put on after they had washed themselves on reaching the station.

In addition to the religious services already mentioned, we established early morning preaching at five o'clock A. M., after the style of the first Methodists. This we did to give the people an opportunity of worshipping God and receiving religious instruction before they went to their work on the neighbouring plantations. My chief ministerial and pastoral work was at Kingston and in the adjacent parts of Georgetown; but I changed regularly on the Sabbath with Mr. Mortier, my esteemed Superintendent, who resided at Werk-en-Rust, or Trinity, about a mile distant, at the other end of the city; and I was much blessed in my labours at both stations.

Arduous as was our work in its various departments, we had our reward in witnessing the eagerness of our people to receive instruction, and the large and enthusiastic congregations which met together from

time to time to worship God, and in seeing many precious souls won to Christ and received into Church fellowship. Nor was the intellectual, moral, and social improvement of our people less pleasing. Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which they laboured, our young people made rapid progress in learning; and when the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society generously resolved to give a copy of the New Testament with the Psalms to every emancipated slave who could read, it was found that 10,000 copies were required for Demerara alone, so rapidly had the people advanced in learning in prospect of freedom.

Shortly after the Act of Emancipation had been brought into force, Mrs. Moister and I paid a very pleasant visit to Mahaica, where we were received and entertained by our friends the Rev. Richard and Mrs. Hornabrook with true Christian kindness and hospitality. Here we had a fine opportunity of observing the character and condition of the Negro population in the rural districts of British Guiana, and of comparing them with what we had seen in the city and neighbourhood. On returning to Georgetown, after spending an interesting Sabbath and preaching repeatedly to large and attentive congregations, we were struck with the number of bridges which spanned the rivers, creeks, canals, and trenches which intersect this low and swampy country. These my dear wife counted, as a matter of curiosity, and found that they numbered upwards of a hundred in the course of twenty miles.

Hence the climate of Demerara is far from healthy; and as it was similar in many respects to that of Western Africa, from the effects of which we had never



fully recovered, it was deemed necessary to give us a change of appointment at the end of our first year. It was with considerable regret that we took leave of our friends in Georgetown and embarked for Barbadoes, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Mortier, with whom we had laboured so happily, and with whom we were to be associated on our next station.

#### BARBADOES.

At certain seasons of the year the navigation between Demerara and Barbadoes, for sailing vessels, is somewhat difficult and uncertain, owing to the strong currents occasioned by the volume of water poured into the ocean from the numerous mouths of the river Orinoco. This was the case when we first made the passage in a small schooner called the *Paget*, commanded by Captain Mann. After being at sea five days in boisterous weather, during which our topmast was carried away, on the morning of March 25th, 1835, we sighted the island, which appeared like a huge turtle floating on the sea. In the afternoon we came to anchor in Carlisle Bay, and landed in Bridgetown, where we were kindly received by Messrs. Rathbone and Aldis, the Wesleyan Missionaries then stationed in the colony. We were truly glad to get on shore, as both Mrs. Moister and Mrs. Mortier had suffered much from sea-sickness, and we had all been exposed to considerable discomfort.

Leaving the ladies at the Mission-house in James Street, on the following day I embarked for St. Vincent's, along with Messrs. Mortier, Rathbone, and Aldis, to attend the Annual District Meeting. This occupied about two weeks, and I greatly enjoyed the

intercourse which I had with the brethren, as well as the public services which were held, although I had to take my turn in preaching. On our return to Barbadoes, Mrs. Moister and I proceeded to Providence, in the parish of Christchurch, about eight miles from Bridgetown, the station to which we had been appointed. Here we spent two laborious but happy years, at a period of the enterprise both interesting and eventful.

In its earlier stages our Mission in Barbadoes had passed through scenes of violent persecution, during which the chapel and Mission-house in Bridgetown were demolished by a ruthless mob, and the Missionary was driven from the island. A change for the better had taken place; the Negroes were just emerging from their long night of bondage; more liberal feelings animated all classes; and every serious hindrance to the progress of the Gospel was apparently removed out of the way. Thus we entered upon our new sphere of labour under favourable circumstances, compared with those of our worthy predecessors. Yet we had numerous difficulties to contend with. The cause was feeble, the number of Church members in the whole island being only 587; the people were ignorant; and prejudice still predominated in many places, to say nothing about the ordinary difficulties of Mission life. The period of our connection with the Barbadoes Mission was, moreover, marked by some incidents of special interest, illustrative of the providence and grace of God.

#### HURRICANE.

The first of these was a dreadful hurricane, which occurred on September 3rd, 1835. Early in the

morning we observed the wind blew fresh from the east, with dense masses of clouds towards the north. The gusts of wind increased in violence till about ten o'clock A.M., when we felt sure that a storm was gathering. In order to secure the house and chapel from destruction, we made fast the doors and windows, and used other necessary precautions. We soon saw that a hurricane was regularly set in. The wind was furious beyond expression, and the rain fell in torrents. Through the gloom which prevailed we saw in the distance several small houses blown down, and the people escaping from the ruins fled to the Mission-house for shelter. The Mission premises, occupying an elevated position, were much exposed, and we began to fear for the safety of both house and chapel. Our alarm was increased by seeing the roofs of the stable and other outbuildings completely lifted up and removed out of their place by the violence of the wind. Presently the whole of the kitchen roof and chimney-stack were carried away, a part of which fell with a tremendous crash only a few yards from the place where we stood. We now retired to the hall or sitting-room, and in a few minutes afterwards a part of the roof over one of the bedrooms was blown away, and the ceiling of the room in which we were standing was shaking in such a manner that we expected every moment the remaining portion of the house would be demolished. Although the rain was falling in torrents, we saw that we must flee for our lives. Having packed up in boxes and trunks such articles, books, and papers as appeared most likely to receive damage, we left the house to its fate, and sought a partial shelter in a field of sugar-canes at a short distance.

There were, besides Mrs. Moister and myself, Miss Hovell, a young friend from Bridgetown, who had come on a visit, and a number of poor people who had fled to us for refuge when their own houses were destroyed. In crossing over to the cane-field just mentioned, it was with the greatest difficulty that we kept on our feet. We were obliged in one place to cling for a moment to some small trees to prevent our being literally blown away. On reaching the most sheltered spot we could find, we had to stand ankle-deep in water and mud, saturated with rain and shivering with cold, patiently awaiting the result of this awful visitation. We were thankful to observe that the walls of the Mission-house and chapel still stood, although shingles and boards were flying about in every direction. About two o'clock P.M., the storm having abated somewhat, I ventured up to the house, while the ladies and the people remained in the trench. I found the rooms, beds, furniture, and everything completely drenched, and the place wearing a desolate aspect. As the wind was still high I did not think it prudent to remain long, and, having secured with some difficulty a few loaves of bread and other refreshments, I returned and divided what I had got among about a score of the most needy sufferers. As soon as the storm had still further subsided we returned to the house and began to put things in order as best we could. Throughout the whole of this trying season I am thankful to say that our minds were kept in perfect peace, trusting in the Lord. My dear wife displayed her wonted courage and fortitude, encouraging and helping her female friend and the other sufferers in the most praiseworthy manner.

In the course of a few days we had the roof of our house replaced and other necessary repairs completed; and on looking round on the losses and sufferings of our neighbours, we saw abundant cause for gratitude to God for His preserving goodness in our time of need. In the vicinity of Providence the poor cottagers, both white and coloured, suffered much; with few exceptions, their houses and furniture being entirely destroyed. We therefore opened the chapel as a place of shelter for the destitute of our flock, and many slept in it every night till their frail tenements could be rebuilt; and we did our best to supply them with the common necessaries of life by serving out to them tea and coffee morning and evening, till they could provide for themselves.

Other parts of the island suffered in a similar manner, sugar estates and towns and villages being in many instances entirely laid waste. Much damage was also done to the shipping in the harbour, as well as to the vessels out at sea, some of which must have foundered in the storm, as they were never seen or heard of again. Happily there was comparatively little loss of life, as the hurricane occurred in the daytime, when the inhabitants could in most cases provide for their safety. On the following Sabbath I preached at James Street Chapel, Bridgetown, morning and evening, and endeavoured to improve the awful visitation. In connection with one of these services a touching little incident occurred. Before I entered the pulpit in the morning a note was put into my hand by Captain Weeks, of the brig *Hebe*, containing a request that public thanks might be presented to Almighty God for delivering himself and crew from a watery grave, when the vessel

was dismayed at sea, and threatened with destruction during the hurricane. The interest of the service was enhanced by the presence of most of the sailors, as well as their pious captain, who united heartily with the congregation in fervent prayer and praise. Every eye was suffused with tears whilst we sang that beautiful hymn beginning,

“I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,”

and I believe many were induced to consecrate themselves afresh to God.

For some time after our arrival in Barbadoes we were favoured with the friendship and kind attentions of Mr. and Mrs. William Reece, of Pilgrim Place estate, near Providence. Mrs. Moister and I spent many happy hours in social intercourse with them and their sisters Mary and Judith, both at their own hospitable mansion and at the Mission-house when they visited us. On these occasions we strove to promote not only their spiritual welfare, but that also of their people, in which they all felt deeply interested. Mr. Reece was one of several liberal-minded and God-fearing planters with whom I became acquainted in the West Indies, who treated their slaves well, and who would gladly have set them free long before the general emancipation came, if the laws of the colonies had not prevented them. In the course of our first year in the island Mr. Reece left home on a visit to England, and on his return voyage he died at sea under circumstances truly affecting.

When the vessel by which Mr. Reece was expected arrived in Carlisle Bay, several of his friends hastened to town to receive him; but Mrs. Reece, being very anxious and nervous, requested me to drive over to

Hope estate, the residence of his brother, to meet him and accompany him to his home at Pilgrim Place. I did so, but soon returned without him, and had to perform the melancholy task of communicating to his family the mournful tidings of his death, as brought by his favourite Negro boy James, who had accompanied him to Europe, and whom I met on the road. This was a severe blow to his family, as well as to his numerous friends, and the people on his estates. I shall never forget the scene of weeping and lamentation which I witnessed on this occasion.

On the following Sabbath I preached Mr. Reece's funeral sermon at Providence to a crowded and deeply affected congregation, all present being clothed in mourning. When Mr. Reece's will was opened, it was found that, after making ample provision for his family, he had bequeathed to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, at the death of his widow, one-half of the annual proceeds of his two estates in perpetuity, as well as half an acre of land and a small cottage to each of the Negroes who had been his slaves previous to their emancipation, as he said, "in memory of their working days together." During her lifetime Mrs. Reece was unwavering in her friendship and kindness to the Missionaries and their families, and since her death, which took place several years ago, the Society has had the full benefit of Mr. Reece's munificent bequest, which has largely contributed to the extension and consolidation of Methodism throughout the island.

These and other events, which attracted considerable notice at the time, did not divert our attention from the important object of our Mission. A greater measure of liberty being enjoyed by the poor Negroes,

even in their transition state, than was formerly allowed them, they readily availed themselves of the means of religious instruction which were brought within their reach. Our congregations were everywhere large and attentive; Divine power attended the word preached; and precious souls were constantly being gathered into the fold of Christ. The Gospel was, moreover, carried to several parts of the island not previously reached by the Missionaries, where the people were still in a lamentable state of spiritual destitution, and where important out-stations were ultimately established, which became centres of light and influence to all around.

The most remarkable instance of this kind was the extension of our Mission to the parish of St. Philip's, on the windward side of the island. Two of our members in Bridgetown, Miss Jane Hinds and Miss Frances Colemore, having gone to reside for a short time at a small watering-place called Crane, for the benefit of their health, became deeply impressed with the moral degradation of the people around them. They invited me to pay them a visit, with a view to their spiritual benefit, and promised to do their best to get me a congregation. I went accordingly, and found a house crowded with earnest hearers. A gracious influence attended the word preached, and I was urgently requested to go again as frequently as possible. This I did both before and after our friends left the place, and a good work was commenced, such as I have seldom seen. Multitudes of sinners were savingly converted to God, and Leaders and Local Preachers were raised up from among the new converts in a manner which gave a permanency to the work not often



seen on a new station. In the course of a few years the number of Church members amounted to *eight hundred*, a commodious chapel was erected, a Minister appointed to labour there, and the station became the centre of an important and prosperous Circuit, to which was given the appropriate name of *Ebenezer*.

But the most interesting and important feature of our Mission was the educational department of the work. Scarcely anything in the way of the religious training of the rising generation had been attempted in Barbadoes during the reign of Negro slavery, any more than in other parts of the West Indies. Hence, on our arrival in the island, a few months after the first step towards freedom had been taken, we were forcibly struck with the need of something more being done in this direction. To this work Mrs. Moister devoted herself with characteristic zeal and diligence; and the success which crowned her efforts and those of her willing helpers was matter of gratitude and joy. When the Sabbath Schools at Providence had been re-organised and placed upon a more stable footing, she turned her attention to week-day instruction—a thing which had never been attempted before. She first commenced an infant school, into which she gathered scores of little Negro children under seven years of age. With the sanction of their parents, she claimed control over them, as they were declared entirely free by the Act of Emancipation, whilst adults had to serve an apprenticeship. When the infant school became too large for her individual management, she engaged as an assistant an intelligent young female of colour, with the aid of grants from the Negroes' Friend Society; an institution conducted by a few pious

Quakers in England, who had been made acquainted with us and our work by our friends Mr. and Mrs. Thompson of Woodbridge.

We also organised night schools for the instruction of young people of both sexes who were busy at work in the field during the day. These were conducted by my dear wife, whilst I was engaged in preaching on the neighbouring or distant estates. Often, when returning home from my appointments late at night, have I heard, as I approached the station, the delightful hum of the catechetical exercises, or the singing of the evening hymn, indicating the closing of the school, and have thanked God in my heart for the work which was thus being carried on for the benefit of our dear young people just emerging from their dark night of bondage. Many pages might be filled with a record of visible results of these and other labours during our happy sojourn in Barbadoes; but it must suffice to say that we were favoured to see a great change in the social and moral condition of the people of our charge, whilst many souls were won for Christ, and the number of Church members was more than doubled, to say nothing of the still larger increase which has since taken place.

Towards the close of our Mission to Barbadoes we were favoured with visits from several friends, who showed great interest in us and our work, and to whom we became much attached. Among these were Dr. Day, from Ireland; the Rev. Mr. Howe, of the London Missionary Society, from Demerara; Messrs. Joseph Sturge and Thomas Harvey, of the Society of Friends, from England; the Rev. James Cox, from Antigua; and Mr. W. Hayes, American Consul. All these, not to

mention others, bore honourable testimony to the wonderful triumphs of the Gospel on our respective stations; and it was with feelings of sincere regret that we parted from these and other friends, when the exigences of the work required that we should remove at the end of two years to a new sphere of labour.

#### ST. VINCENT'S: FIRST APPOINTMENT.

It was on the afternoon of Tuesday, January 10th, 1837, that Mrs. Moister and I said farewell to our friends in Barbadoes, and embarked for St. Vincent's, having taken our passage by a small sloop called the *Dove*. As the distance we had to sail between the two islands was only eighty miles, with the trade wind in our favour, we had a fair prospect of reaching the place of our destination in a few hours. The weather was fine, but the motion of the vessel was exceedingly disagreeable, and we spent a sleepless night tossing on the waves. On our going on deck next morning the Island of St. Vincent was faintly seen in the distance; and as the sun rose, its bold and romantic outline, with its forest-clad mountain peaks and fertile valleys, appeared more clearly in view. As we approached the land and sailed down the windward coast, we could distinguish the sugar estates and provision grounds, intersected with cocoa-nut, palmetto, and other tropical trees, gracefully waving in the wind, and presenting a charming prospect.

About ten o'clock A.M. we rounded Zion Point, and came to anchor in Kingstown Bay, with the capital of the colony immediately before us, Zion Hill on the right hand, and Fort Charlotte on the left, forming a

beautiful picture. On landing we received a hearty welcome from the Rev. E. Vigis, the resident Minister in Kingstown, and I preached for him in the evening to a devout and attentive congregation. On the following day we proceeded to Calliaqua, the station to which I was appointed, which we found to be an interesting village about three miles from the capital.

Our first appointment to St. Vincent's, although covering only a brief period, was marked by many incidents which are very touching in the retrospect. As the people among whom our lot was cast were still in their *apprenticeship*, much elementary work was required at the hands of the Missionaries to prepare them for their future position; but the signs of the times were hopeful. Our congregations throughout the Circuit were increasingly large and attentive, the people everywhere flocking to hear the word of God with an eagerness truly remarkable. Hence we had to enlarge our existing chapels and to build new ones in various places. This was the case especially at Calliaqua, where our neat and commodious sanctuary had to be enlarged to double its former dimensions, after which it was still crowded with devout worshippers. Schools were also established on most of our stations, to meet the general demand for the religious instruction of our children and young people, and the work of God in all its departments was prosperous and encouraging.

Whilst thus happily engaged in my Circuit, I was obliged to leave home for a time to attend the Annual District Meeting, which was this year held in the Island of Grenada. During my absence the strength and energy of my dear wife were taxed to the very utmost to keep everything connected

with the station in working order, as we had at that time no Local Preachers and but few Leaders. Her exercises and adventures, as related to me on my return home, were somewhat remarkable. A vessel having arrived in Kingstown Bay from Dominica, on the Sabbath morning after my departure, with the Rev. Messrs. Cullingford and Aldis on board, a message was sent to Mrs. Moister, requesting her to come to town to see them before they left for Grenada. She accordingly mounted her pony and rode to Kingstown. Having delivered to the Missionaries the letters and packages she wished to send by them to me, she hastened back to the Station, where she arrived just in time to conduct the Sunday School and forenoon service with the help of the Leaders, there being no preacher available.

During our sojourn in Grenada at the District Meeting smallpox was very prevalent, so that on our return to St. Vincent's the vessel in which we sailed was put in quarantine, and no communication with the shore was allowed for ten days after our arrival in Kingstown Bay. This was a grievous trial to us and our people as well as to our families, as Good Friday and Easter Sunday occurred in the interval. An earnest memorial addressed to the Governor having failed to procure any relaxation of the order in our favour, the Missionaries' wives had to do the best they could, in the absence of their husbands, to assist the people in the public services held at these solemn and festive seasons.

On our liberation from quarantine, I and my missionary brethren hastened to our respective stations, where our families and our flocks received us joyfully.

We henceforth pursued our beloved work without interruption, and our united efforts were crowned with a pleasing measure of success. I had for my colleagues at this time the Rev. Messrs. Rathbone, Cullingford, and Blackwell, and we laboured together in much harmony and love.

To our deep regret and to the serious disappointment of our people, the exigences of the work in the District required us to remove to a new sphere of labour at the end of our first year at Calliaqua. I had received a prospective appointment to the Island of Trinidad as Superintendent of the Mission, and the people there were anxiously expecting my arrival. Our removal on this occasion was attended not only by affecting partings as usual, but by other incidents never to be forgotten.

#### FIRST SHIPWRECK.

It was on Tuesday, January 30th, 1838, that I and my dear wife embarked on board the beautiful schooner *Haidee* at Calliaqua, bound for Trinidad, accompanied by the Revs. John Cullingford, Robert H. Crane, Joseph Marsden, and John Blackwell. Everything being ready for sea, and all the passengers on board, we weighed anchor, never more comfortable in our arrangements and never more happy in prospect of the future. But we had not proceeded half a mile, and had scarcely cleared the point of land which partly shuts in the harbour, when our noble little vessel struck upon a coral reef, and became a total wreck in less than an hour, our luggage being scattered in every direction. Happily the accident occurred in open daylight, and in sight of the shore and of the shipping in the harbour,

so that no lives were lost, and, by the good providence of God, we all escaped safe to land.

When the vessel first struck and we found she was sinking, we lost no time in endeavouring to make our escape. Mrs. Moister, being the only female on board, 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 had kindly taken charge of my dear wife till I could join her. I was glad to find her brave and courageous in the trying hour. The boat in which we sat now moved off to the ship *Jane and Barbara*, then at anchor in the harbour, on board which we were taken by her kind-hearted captain. With anxious feelings we watched until sunset the efforts which were made by different parties of boatmen to save our luggage and other property from the wreck, some of which was taken to the vessels at anchor in the harbour and some on shore. Most of our boxes and trunks were ultimately recovered, but everything was seriously damaged, being completely saturated with sea-water.

When nothing more could be done in the way of saving property from the wreck, we went on shore, and spent the night in great discomfort, vainly attempting to close our eyes in sleep. We rose early next morning to consider what was best to be done under the trying circumstances in which we were placed. Knowing that the brethren in Grenada would be expecting us to take them on board the Mission schooner on our way to the District Meeting in Trinidad, we set to work and collected all our

damaged luggage that we could find, got it on board another small vessel which we happily secured for the occasion, and weighed anchor a second time. About sunset we passed the wreck of the previous day and stood out to sea, humbly trusting in the God of Missions, Who had so mercifully interposed on our behalf in the hour of peril.

Whilst pursuing our course, during the night, to leeward of the Grenadines, a chain of rocky islets between St. Vincent and Grenada, which render the navigation somewhat intricate, I made the unwelcome discovery that the captain and sailors were all, more or less, under the influence of strong drink, and were scarcely fit for duty. Under these circumstances I was obliged to keep watch all the time on deck, being the only person of our Mission party exempt from seasickness. It was by a merciful providence that we were saved from a second wreck, being at one time close to the breakers, which were discovered just in time to keep our little craft away.

We landed in poor plight in Grenada next morning, but the resident Minister and friends in St. George's showed us much kindness, when they were informed of our shipwreck and other trials. We rested on shore during the day, and Mrs. Moister got a few hours' sleep, which she much required. Having obtained another vessel to convey us to Trinidad, in the evening we went on board, and as soon as the tide served we weighed anchor, and got out to sea with a fair wind.

The third stage of this eventful voyage was made in a vessel which had been employed in the cattle trade between the Spanish Main and the Islands, and was consequently so unpleasant below that we were all



obliged to sleep on deck. I felt much for my poor wife, who was still the only female on board, but she bore up bravely. Next morning, Sunday, February 3rd, we found ourselves near the land, and the wind being favourable we passed through the Bocas safely, entered the placid Gulf of Paria, and before noon came to anchor at Port of Spain, where we landed forthwith. On walking up to the Mission-house in Hanover Street, we found the people still in the chapel, and entered the sanctuary just before the service came to a close.

Entirely ignorant of what we had passed through during the week, the Rev. George Beard, my worthy predecessor, on seeing us enter the chapel, announced to the congregation that I would preach to them in the evening. I felt in poor trim for such a sudden and unexpected call to appear before a city audience as their newly-appointed pastor. I took the appointment nevertheless, and thus commenced a course of labour which was abundantly blessed by the great Head of the Church. The kindness and sympathy of the people on hearing of our recent trials were very touching, and they were most assiduous in their efforts to soothe and comfort us in our peculiar circumstances. Nor were the Missionaries and their wives from the different islands, who had come to the District Meeting, less concerned for their shipwrecked brethren and sister; but as no lives had been lost on the occasion, we could all rejoice and praise God together for His preserving goodness in the time of danger.

#### TRINIDAD : FIRST APPOINTMENT.

As soon as the business of the District Meeting was concluded, and the Missionaries had departed for

their respective spheres of labour, I and my devoted colleague, the Rev. George Ranyell, arranged our plans for the vigorous prosecution of our work both in Port of Spain and on the country Stations. The first thing that required our attention in the city was the erection of a new Mission-house, the one occupied by my predecessor being an old, uncomfortable, dilapidated wooden building, quite unsuited for the purpose, although hired at the extravagant rate of £75 *per annum*. With the sanction and approval of my brethren, I devised a plan by which a comfortable and commodious residence was erected for our accommodation on the chapel premises, free of cost to the Society; and thus a large annual saving of house rent was effected.

Meanwhile special attention was paid to the spiritual interests of our work. As the result of the faithful preaching of the Gospel, pastoral visitation, and the careful training of the rising generation, we were favoured to see increasingly large congregations, and a constant ingathering of precious souls. Nor was the work confined to the city. As openings presented themselves, it was extended to the valley of Diego Martin, at a distance of eight miles, where we succeeded in erecting a neat little chapel and in organising a prosperous native Church. We also visited Carenage, a populous valley at a distance of twelve miles in another direction, where our labours were not in vain in the Lord. Earnest efforts were also made to introduce the Gospel to St. Joseph's, Tacarique, and Arima, but with less success, owing to the persistent opposition of the Romish priests.

But the parts of the island where our Mission work

was carried on most extensively and successfully at this early period were the districts known as Naparima and Carrapachima. An old store-room had been purchased and fitted up as a chapel at San Fernando, the seaport and capital of the district first mentioned, and my worthy colleague occupied two small rooms in connection with it. This humble establishment was ere long superseded by the erection of a commodious new chapel and Mission-house in a much better situation in the upper part of the town, on a valuable site which we obtained as a free grant from Government. Here a large congregation was gathered, a prosperous Society formed, and Sabbath and day schools were established.

Preaching was also commenced at Woodford Dale and other places in the interior of the island, where chapels were erected and schools opened, to the great advantage of a numerous but long-neglected population. The importance of this work and the success which attended it will more clearly appear when it is stated that San Fernando ultimately became the head of a separate and prosperous Circuit, which, with its numerous out-stations, affords a congenial and useful sphere of labour for two zealous Missionaries and their noble band of devoted assistants.

The next place which claimed our attention was Couva, situated about midway between San Fernando and Port of Spain, and about fifteen miles from each. At this place my predecessor had commenced the erection of Mission premises, including a place of worship and a residence for a Minister, but had been unable to complete them for want of the necessary funds. With great labour and perseverance we succeeded in collecting money and finishing the work ; and,

after many a weary journey, we had the pleasure of seeing the chapel opened, a school established, and a Society formed, all of which have continued to prosper to the present time.

From this centre of light and influence the work was ultimately extended to Claxton's Bay, an important village and shipping place about halfway between Couva and San Fernando, where a neat and commodious chapel was erected, a Society formed, and a school established, as at the other Stations; whilst at the same time preaching was commenced at Cedar Hill, Milton, and other populous estates, where the people were in a fearful state of spiritual destitution, there being no other Protestant Minister or means of religious instruction in the neighbourhood.

In the year 1838, the modified system of slavery known as "the apprenticeship" was working so unsatisfactorily that most of the West India Colonies resolved to remit the remaining two years which field labourers were required to serve, and to liberate all the Negroes on the 1st of August. The Government authorities of Trinidad, however, were very reluctant to fall in with this arrangement. As the time approached, and nothing was done in the matter as in other islands, I felt it to be my duty to make a strong representation to His Excellency Sir George Hill, the Governor for the time being, as to what in my opinion would be the consequences of withholding the boon of freedom from the apprenticed labourers in Trinidad, whilst those in the other colonies were made free. At the eleventh hour wiser counsels prevailed, and I received a letter from the Governor, of which the following is a copy:—

“ 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 important result. I therefore submit to you my opinion and request that Divine Service should be performed at your place of worship on the 1st of next month.

(*Signed*) “ G. F. HILL.”

A similar communication having been made to each Minister, all the places of worship in the island were opened for Divine worship accordingly on the 1st of August; and general thanksgiving ascended to Heaven on the auspicious occasion. Grand and glorious Watch-night services were also held on the previous evening in most of our chapels in the West Indies; and when the clock struck twelve, which was the death-knell of slavery throughout the British empire, there were such scenes of rejoicing as had never been witnessed before.

Another interesting and important event was celebrated on all our Stations in Trinidad in the month of May the following year, namely, the Centenary of Wesleyan Methodism. The religious services which were held were seasons of rich spiritual blessing, and the tea-meetings and festive gatherings were occasions of great joy to our people. We moreover collected funds and erected as our Centenary monument in Port of Spain a neat and commodious building for the

accommodation of our Sabbath and week-day schools. This led to special attention being given to the training of the rising generation on this station, and our schools were advanced to such a state of efficiency as I have seldom witnessed in any other place.

#### EARTHQUAKES.

The first experience I had of earthquakes 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 to the house 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 upon a rock, whilst the house shook and rattled in an appalling manner. The congregation, being alarmed, began to rush out of the chapel, many of the people falling upon their knees outside, in the most dangerous position if any of the buildings 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 were falling upon the floor amid the shrieks of the people. In a short time I succeeded in restoring order, when the people returned to their seats, and the service proceeded without further interruption. I now remained in the pulpit till the close of the meeting, sharing with

my young friend in the exercises, so far as my strength would permit ; and it was a very solemn, impressive, and heart-searching season, all present thanking God that no serious damage was done.

The next earthquake which occurred was when we were stationed at Biabon in the Island of St. Vincent, in 1844, when several buildings were thrown down, whilst<sup>d</sup> we and the Mission premises were preserved from injury. There was great destruction of life and property on this occasion in the neighbouring islands, however, several of our beautiful chapels being entirely demolished. Such are the contingencies of Mission life in the West Indies, and we have often had occasion to praise the Lord for His preserving goodness, and His providential care over us in times of danger.

The three years we spent in Trinidad on this occasion were marked by a pleasing measure of prosperity in every department of the work. Not only were day-schools established on most of our Stations, and a considerable number of hopeful converts gathered into the fold of Christ ; but our financial resources and church property were largely developed. We were, moreover, favoured to see a goodly number of zealous and promising native teachers and Local Preachers raised up to take a part in propagating the Gospel among their fellow-countrymen. Three of<sup>h</sup> these, William Cleaver, Joshua Jordan, and John Gemley, after careful training in the theological class which I organised for their benefit, ultimately became devoted and successful Ministers of the Gospel. In the efforts required to produce these and other blessed results of our Trinidad Mission, I was nobly aided by my worthy colleagues, the Rev. Messrs. Ranyell, Bickford, and

Hurd, in succession. My dear wife was also unwearied in her exertions to promote the interests of female education, as well as in attention to the health and comfort of her husband and his colleagues, often nursing them day and night in seasons of affliction, in a manner which elicited their grateful acknowledgments in after years.

Among the touching incidents connected with our departure from Trinidad on this occasion, were affecting valedictory services, and the presentation of a valuable testimonial in the form of an elegant dinner service of plate, with a suitable inscription engraved on each article, as a token of affectionate remembrance, by a loving and grateful people. At length, on March 1st, 1841, we took leave of our friends in Port of Spain, and embarked for a new sphere of labour, followed by the prayers and good wishes of multitudes who professed to have received benefit from our efforts to promote their spiritual welfare during our sojourn in the island.

#### GRENADA.

The passage from Trinidad to Grenada, the island to which I was next appointed, only occupied about twenty-four hours. On landing at St. George's we received a cordial welcome from a people with some of whom we were already acquainted, having seen them when we called there on former occasions. My predecessor, the Rev. John Wood, was about to return to England with his family, after a long and honourable period of missionary service; and immediately after their embarkation we arranged our plans for the vigorous prosecution of the work of God.

At this period the work of the Wesleyan Mission in



Grenada was confined to St. George's, the capital of the colony, and two out-stations, Constantine and Woburn, at a distance of about two miles each, in opposite directions. At each of these places we had efficient day schools and good congregations, as well as prosperous societies; but nothing was being done for other populous parts of the island. I therefore resolved, as soon as I had preached a few times in town, and attended to some business which required immediate attention, to attempt the extension of the work. I had no ministerial colleague; but there were two or three coloured Local Preachers, who were ever ready to assist the Missionary to the utmost of their power. I have pleasure in recording the names of Richard Walker, Robert Gentle, James N. Brown, and Henry Wharton, who, in addition to Messrs. Carr and Commisong our school teachers, rendered efficient service at the time alluded to. The two brethren Brown and Wharton, being at liberty, volunteered to accompany me on a journey of observation round the island, a brief account of which may interest the reader.

Early on the morning of Friday, May 14th, 1841, we set out on horseback and rode to Gouyave, a distance of twelve miles, before breakfast. This is a compact little village close to the sea in the parish of St. John. I observed a Protestant church and a parsonage in a very dilapidated state, but was informed that the parish was without a Clergyman. The Roman Catholic system was in full operation, however, having a neat little chapel and an active Priest. After taking refreshment and making some further inquiries about the place and the people, we proceeded on our journey. At a distance of about four miles further

we passed through Grand Pova, another little village, with a substantial Protestant church, but no Minister. About four o'clock P.M. we came to Resource estate, in Duquesne Valley, where we were kindly received and entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Fairclough, who had long been desiring our visit, that we might make arrangements for the religious instruction of their people.

Having rested during the day on Saturday, on Sunday morning we all proceeded to Sauteurs, an important village at a distance of about three miles, where I preached in the court-house, the use of which was kindly granted by the authorities. The day was fine, and a large congregation assembled, consisting of persons belonging to all classes of the community, from the highest functionary in the parish to the humblest labourer. From the marked attention paid to the word preached, I was led to hope that lasting good would be the result. Here again we met with a commodious Episcopal church, entirely unoccupied for want of a Minister. In the evening I preached to a good congregation in Mr. Fairclough's school-house on Resource estate in Duquesne Valley.

On Monday morning we proceeded on our tour round the island. In the afternoon we dined with George Patterson, Esq., a respectable and liberal-minded planter at Conference estate, and then hastened on to La Baye, where we arrived about sunset. With only half-an-hour's notice we had a good congregation, to whom I preached in the dwelling-house of Mr. Robert Fletcher from the pointed text, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The presence of the Lord was felt, and we received a token for good. A kind friend unknown to us provided us with lodgings, and

Divine Providence seemed to prepare the way before us. The following morning at six o'clock, before resuming our journey, we held a prayer-meeting, which was attended by a goodly number of people. Granville, which stands on La Baye, is a considerable village and shipping place, with a dense population on the neighbouring estates, but without any adequate means for their religious instruction. Like several other places through which we passed, it had a good Episcopal church, but no Minister. The people were earnest in their entreaties that I would visit them again, which I promised to do, if possible. We returned to town through the parish of St. David, where we found a Protestant Church, with a Clergyman to minister in it—the first instance of the kind we had met with in our tour. The distance we travelled this day was twenty-two miles, through a beautiful and fertile country, with a gently undulating surface. We reached St. George's in the evening, somewhat fatigued, but thankful to God for His preserving goodness, having made a complete circuit of the island during the four days we had been from home.

The impression made upon my mind during this missionary journey of observation round the Island of Grenada, as to the spiritual destitution of the people, the friendly disposition of the planters, and the providential openings which presented themselves for the introduction of the Gospel, was such as to induce me to resolve to make a strenuous effort to extend our labours to these neglected districts as soon as possible. In this view I was nobly supported by the Local Preachers, who expressed their readiness to take their full share of work both in town and country.

We were so much encouraged with the prospect of good at Duquesne and La Baye, that we arranged at once to give preaching to each place once a fortnight. At Duquesne we succeeded for a time beyond our most sanguine expectations; but on the death of Mr. Fairclough and other changes adverse to the progress of the work, the cause languished. But at La Baye our success was somewhat remarkable. For some time we held our services in the court-house in Granville by the kind permission of the magistrates. We afterwards occupied a large storeroom; but as the work continued to advance and appeared likely to be permanent, we ventured upon the erection of a neat and commodious chapel. In our efforts to raise funds for this important object we succeeded beyond our expectations. On the first day we collected £50. This was soon increased to £130, and the chapel was completed and opened free from debt and without any aid from the Society's funds. Nor was the spiritual prosperity of the work less marked and encouraging. We soon collected a large congregation, organised a promising native Church, established a Mission School, and witnessed the ingathering of many precious souls.

Whilst these efforts were being made, the Stations in the capital and at the neighbouring places were regularly supplied with the means of grace, and afforded unmistakable evidences of continued prosperity. In St. George's the congregations were large and attentive, and a gracious influence frequently accompanied the preaching of the word, resulting in the conversion of sinners and the building up of believers in the faith and hope of the Gospel. Our chapel was

attended not only by the labouring classes but by persons occupying high official positions in the colony. His Honour Chief Justice Sanderson had a pew in our sanctuary, and frequently worshipped with us, as did also His Honour the President, Her Majesty's Attorney-General, and several members of the House of Assembly. Kind and liberal feelings towards our Mission animated all classes of the community, and everything was favourable to peace and prosperity.

At the out-stations of Woburn and Constantine the good work was equally progressive and encouraging. At the place last named we were deprived of the services of our excellent teacher, Mr. John Carr, by his sudden death from yellow fever on June 8th, 1841. He had been bereaved of his wife some time before, and his three children, a boy and two girls, were left orphans in a strange land. Annie and Matilda, being fine growing girls likely to be useful, soon found homes with friends who offered to take them into their families; but poor little Johnnie, a bright boy of about nine years of age, was left without a home till the day of his father's funeral, when I took him home with me to St. George's, seated before me on the horse I rode, and presented him to Mrs. Moister, who henceforth fed, clothed, and instructed him with maternal care, so long as we remained in the country. In after years little Johnnie rose to a respectable position as a printer, and through life showed his gratitude to his benefactors by an affectionate correspondence and otherwise.

Mr. Carr's successor as teacher of our Constantine Mission school was Mr. Henry Wharton, a respectable young man of colour, then under training for the Christian ministry, whose subsequent career both in the

West Indies and in Western Africa gave evident proof that our labour was not in vain in the Lord. There were other remarkable fruits of our Mission in Grenada at this early period; such as Samuel Cockburn, the self-taught native astronomer; James Glean, the ingenious artist; John Davison, the printer and publisher, and others. In reference to the young man first named, the late Dr. Dick in an autograph letter now before me bears emphatic testimony to his wonderful genius, and to the evidence thus afforded of the natural abilities of persons of African descent.

Sincere was our regret, and great was the sorrow of our dear people, when the time came when we were obliged to leave them. They gave proof of their affection and appreciation of our services in various ways, one of which was so marked and in such good taste that it is worthy of record. It was the presentation of a testimonial in the form of a valuable silver tea-service in an oak chest, each article of which was engraved with an appropriate inscription, bearing date August 1st, 1841, the anniversary of the Emancipation. Never shall I forget the deep feeling manifested by our people, and especially by the school children, when assembled on the wharf to sing a farewell hymn, and to take leave of us as we went on board the sloop *Harriet* bound for St. Vincent. One of them, in allusion to my charging them, when I preached my farewell sermon, to meet me in heaven, sent me the following original poetic effusion:

“Meet you there! there is something both awful and sweet  
In those words of thy charge, ‘Meet me there;’  
’Tis so truly sublime, and with love so replete,  
And comes from a heart so sincere,

Meet you there ! and why not ? Shall the trammels of sin  
Ever fetter me down to vile clay ?  
No, no, I shall mount ! the great prize I must win,  
I cannot stop short in the way.  
Your Saviour a mansion for you did prepare ;  
Still travel to heaven, I shall meet you there."

#### TOBAGO.

In the year 1841 our Annual District Meeting was held in the Island of Tobago, the only colony in the St. Vincent's and Demerara Districts to which I had not the pleasure of an appointment during the period of my labours in the West Indies. I visited the Station on that occasion, however, and was much pleased with what I saw of the place and people, and the prosperity of the Mission established for their benefit.

The navigation between Grenada and Tobago is somewhat dreary and intricate, as it is generally necessary to work well up to windward, and then steer between the Grenadines. On the occasion alluded to, I was accompanied by Messrs. Bickford, Hurd, and Mr. W. Cleaver, a candidate for our Ministry from Trinidad, together with Mr. and Mrs. Wood, who joined us at Grenada. We left the island last named on the 27th of January, and beat up to Union, from whence we were able to lay our course to the place of our destination by keeping close to the wind. On Friday we made Tobago, which is not very attractive, on the eastern coast. On the following morning we came to anchor off Scarborough, the capital of the colony, and on landing were kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Ranyell, who had made ample arrangement for our comfort during our brief sojourn. On Monday evening, February 1st, I preached in town, and on Sunday, the

7th, I spent a happy day at Mount St. George with my friend the Rev. John Blackwell, the resident Minister there, who kindly shared with me the services of the sanctuary.

Soon after our party reached Tobago we were joined by the Missionaries from St. Vincent's and Barbadoes. They entered the harbour in a beautiful schooner in gallant style, with flags floating on both topmasts, bearing the striking and appropriate mottoes, "The world is my parish," and, "The best of all is, God is with us." This circumstance, together with the assembling of so many Ministers for the first time in the island, excited much interest, and our religious services were well attended. During our stay we were treated with much kindness and hospitality by A. Melville, J. T. Commisong, J. I. Bovell, and R. G. Ross, Esqrs. Having finished our business we returned to our respective Stations, well pleased with our very pleasant visit to the beautiful Island of Tobago.

#### ST. VINCENT'S : SECOND APPOINTMENT.

My second appointment to the Island of St. Vincent was in the capacity of Superintendent of the Biabou Circuit, in which I had laboured as junior Missionary a few years before. Great was the joy of the people when we arrived once more among them, on Wednesday, February 1st, 1843. They remembered their old friend and Minister, and spoke of him as the "tall gentleman who spoke strong to we," and of his wife as "the nice little white lady who made us large buns for the lovefeast!"

I entered upon my labours on this occasion in a poor state of health, having been repeatedly prostrated by



fever in Grenada, as the result of my numerous fatiguing journeys over the Grand Etang Mountain, and unavoidable exposure in all weathers, whilst engaged in erecting the new chapel at La Baye, and establishing the work on the windward side of the island. I had for my colleagues the Revs. William Ritchie, William Limmex, James Banfield, and Henry Wharton, in succession. The young man last named I had trained for the native ministry on my last Station. After a few weeks spent in the bracing air of Biabou my health was much improved, and we forthwith arranged our plans for the vigorous prosecution of the work assigned to us. By the blessing of God upon the persevering efforts of our devoted predecessors the mission in St. Vincent's had assumed much larger proportions during my absence.

At this period the island was divided into two extensive Circuits, with seven Missionaries and 7,000 Church members. The Windward Circuit, of which I had charge, embraced the prosperous Stations of Biabou, Calliaqua, Calder, Mariaqua, Union, and Georgetown, at each of which there was a day-school and a Friendly Society to superintend, in addition to the ordinary duties of preaching the Gospel and the pastoral supervision of the people. Entire freedom was now enjoyed by the labouring population, and there was a general desire for religious instruction and social progress, truly remarkable. The people flocked to their respective places of worship in a manner worthy of the highest commendation, and on almost every Station we found it necessary to enlarge our chapels or build new ones. There were, moreover, in connection with almost every service, glorious manifestations of Divine power in the

awakening and conversion of sinners as well as in the edification of believers. A week scarcely ever passed without scores of sincere inquirers being enrolled as candidates for Church membership; and in the course of one year we had in the Biabou Circuit an addition to our Church of more than one thousand hopeful converts. Almost every night in the week the four Missionaries were employed in preaching on the sugar estates, whilst the Sabbath was devoted to the service of the sanctuary, every hour being occupied in superintending the Sunday Schools, reading prayers, preaching, meeting classes for the renewal of tickets, lovefeasts, and sacramental services.

The labour involved in these exercises in a tropical climate was truly arduous, but it was at the same time most delightful, and I look back upon the happy years I spent in St. Vincent's with feelings of gratitude and joy. In the toils and cares incident to this glorious work I was nobly aided by my colleagues and my wife, who did all in their power to co-operate with me in advancing the interests of the people; and in witnessing their progress in religious knowledge and social improvement we had a rich reward.

#### VISIT TO AMERICA.

It was during my second appointment to St. Vincent's that I paid a visit to the United States of America, for the double purpose of recruiting my health, and of seeing my father and friends, from whom I had been separated for about fourteen years. My wife having nobly volunteered to remain at home to attend, as best she could, to the Mission schools and the general interests of the Station, on Wednesday,

April 10th, 1844, I embarked at Kingstown on board the royal mail steamer *Medway*, bound for Bermuda. During the two following days we kept steaming along to leeward of the Caribbee Islands, and called to deliver mails and to receive and land passengers at St. Lucia, Martinique, Guadeloupe, Antigua, Nevis, St. Kitts, and Tortola. Of some of these islands we had a fine view, and altogether the passage was interesting and agreeable.

On Saturday, the 13th, we passed through a narrow channel among the Virgin Islands, and entered the spacious harbour of St. Thomas, where we had a fine view of the town and neighbourhood from the deck of the steamer. On Sunday morning I went on shore, and attended Divine service both at the Dutch Reformed church and at the Moravian chapel. In the evening we proceeded on our voyage, and on Friday, the 19th, we reached Bermuda, where I met with a kind reception from the Rev. W. H. Shenstone, the resident Wesleyan Minister. On the following Sabbath I preached at Hamilton in the morning, and St. George's in the evening, to large and attentive congregations. I very much enjoyed the intercourse which I had with Christian friends at Bermuda, and was especially interested in a visit which Mr. Shenstone and I paid to the ship *Illustrious*, a man-of-war then in the harbour, for the purpose of giving tickets to the members of a Methodist Class on board. We held a most delightful meeting with these hardy sailors, eighteen in number, and returned on shore, thanking God for what we had seen and heard of the triumphs of His grace under most unfavourable circumstances.

Having heard of an opportunity of proceeding to the United States, on Wednesday, the 24th, I went on board the schooner *Lady of the Lake*, bound for Philadelphia, where I landed in safety on the 1st of May. During the day I paid a visit to the Fairmont Waterworks, and inspected two or three Methodist churches, which I found to be elegant and spacious buildings. In the evening I attended an interesting Class-meeting, and was afterwards introduced to the Rev. Mr. Janes, twin brother to Bishop Janes, with whom I had a long and interesting conversation.

Early next morning I set out by stage-coach for Wilkesbarre—a distance of about one hundred miles—where my father and friends resided. In the evening we came to Nazareth, a noted Moravian settlement, where I rested for the night. On Saturday morning, the 4th, we proceeded on our journey through a rugged, hilly country. Towards evening we began to descend into the beautiful valley of Wyoming, with the majestic river Susquehanna winding through its centre, on the eastern bank of which the town of Wilkesbarre stands. As I thus drew near to the end of my journey, I was the subject of strange conflicting feelings; and, wishing to have a good view of the country of which I had heard so much, I took a seat by the driver on the outside of the coach, with whom I entered into conversation. I soon found he was personally acquainted with my father and brothers, whose residence he pointed out to me in the distance as we descended the hill. On approaching the place I saw my venerable father coming through the garden gate. The coach stopped; and although we had not seen each other for fourteen years, there was a mutual

recognition, and such a meeting as I cannot attempt to describe. The house was soon filled with brothers, sisters, friends, and relatives, who rejoiced over me as one raised from the dead.

The following day being the holy Sabbath, I accompanied my 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 congregations, and we spent together a day long to be remembered.

The three weeks which I spent with my father and family in their comfortable American home passed "sweetly and swiftly away," the time being pleasantly occupied in preaching, praying, singing, conversation, paying and receiving visits, and in happy intercourse with relatives and friends, whom I had formerly known in England, but from whom I had been long separated; as well as in surveying their adopted country, in which I had become deeply interested. At length the time came when I was obliged to take an affectionate leave of them without any expectation of ever seeing them again in this world, but with the hope of meeting them in the "better country."

On my arrival in New York, on May 23rd, I was kindly received and entertained by the Rev. George Lane, to whom I had a letter of introduction from my father. As the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was in session, I spent a pleasant week in attending it and listening to the speeches of several eminent Ministers, including the Rev. Peter Cartwright, Dr. Olin, Dr. Durbin, Bishop Soule, and many others. The principal subjects of discussion were

the connection of Bishop Andrews with slavery, and the proposed division of the Church into North and South, which appeared to excite general and profound interest. I had much pleasant conversation with eminent American Ministers, and on the whole I greatly enjoyed the week.

It was my intention to extend my travels to Canada, visit the Falls of Niagara, and see a little more of America; but, whilst walking along the street one day, I unexpectedly met the captain of a ship from the West Indies, with whom I was acquainted, having formerly sailed with him. He told me he was about to proceed in the course of a day or two, with his little schooner, to St. Vincent's, and cordially invited me to take a passage with him, promising to make me as comfortable as possible during the voyage. I decided to accept the proposal, and on the 1st of June I embarked at New York on my return voyage. After a pleasant passage of three weeks I arrived in safety at Kingstown, St. Vincent's, on Sunday morning, the 23rd. I forthwith procured a horse and hastened to Biabou. I was thankful to find all well, and that everything on the Station had proceeded satisfactorily during my absence.

Henceforth we prosecuted our work in the Biabou Circuit in all its departments with a cheering measure of success. Among other marks of progress was the establishment of a Temperance Society at Calder, the first institution of the kind ever known in the country. In this effort in the interests of total abstinence I was assisted by the Hon. Hay McDowall Grant, the attorney for the Calder estates, a genuine friend and supporter of our Mission. In after years Temperance

Societies were formed on most of our Stations in the West Indies, to the great advantage of the cause in which we were engaged.

At length our second term of service in St. Vincent expired, and we took a final and affectionate leave of a people with whom we had laboured so long and happily, with deep emotion and with the hope of meeting them where pain and parting will be known no more.

#### TRINIDAD : SECOND APPOINTMENT.

It was under peculiar circumstances that I was appointed to labour a second time in the Island of Trinidad. The Rev. John Cullingford, the Chairman of the District, had occupied that Station for two years ; and his health having entirely failed, he had removed to Barbadoes, where he soon afterwards finished his course. The work both in town and country had seriously suffered in consequence of his illness and other untoward events ; and on account of my knowledge of the place and people I was earnestly requested by my ministerial brethren to go and take charge of the Circuit in the pressing emergency. Notwithstanding the trying character of the climate and the discouragements alluded to, my wife cordially agreed to the arrangement, regarding it as a call of Providence.

On our arrival at Port of Spain, on January 25th, 1845, we met with a hearty welcome from many dear friends, and from the people of the Station generally. We were very pleased to revisit the scene of our former happy and successful labours, and to be associated once more with a people whom we sincerely

loved. There were some drawbacks to our pleasure, however, in the neglected and dilapidated condition of the Mission premises, and in the disorganised state of the Societies and congregations, owing to the circumstances already mentioned. But, with the blessing of God upon our united efforts, we soon got everything into good working order, and were enabled to proceed with our work as before, with a fair prospect of success. I had associated with me as a colleague the Rev. William Cleaver, whom I had previously employed as a Mission school teacher, whilst in the course of being trained for the full work of the Ministry. He had now passed the usual examinations and been admitted to our ranks, and I was pleased to have him appointed to labour with me as a son in the Gospel. His brother Charles was an acceptable Local Preacher, and, together with two or three others who had been raised up as the fruit of missionary labour, rendered useful service to the cause, so that the work of the Mission both on the town and country Stations was prosecuted with vigour and success.

My time was now much occupied not only in ministerial and pastoral labours both in town and country, but also in superintending the schools which we had succeeded in establishing on most of our Stations. This involved many long and arduous journeys both by sea and land, as well as much exposure to all kinds of weather, which proved very trying to both body and mind. In the course of one of these journeys I experienced a very remarkable interposition of Divine Providence in my deliverance from a watery grave; a brief account of which can scarcely fail to interest the reader.



## SECOND SHIPWRECK.

It was on the 5th of August, 1846, that I had occasion to visit Couva, a Station about fifteen miles from Port of Spain. I left home about six o'clock in the morning in an open boat, accompanied by two native boatmen, John Ovid and William Woodford. The morning was fine, and we glided down the placid waters of the Gulf of Paria very pleasantly, in hope of a safe and prosperous voyage. Having arrived at our destination, visited the Mission school, and performed the other duties of the day, which included the marriage of one of our teachers, we prepared to return home in the afternoon according to previous arrangement.

We left New Bay at half-past two o'clock. The weather had become showery, but it was not by any means more threatening than usual at that season of the year. A light breeze soon took us up as far as Carapachima, a distance of about four miles, when we observed a thunderstorm gathering to the eastward in dense masses of black clouds. The rain soon descended in torrents, and vivid lightning flashed around us, whilst the peals of thunder were fearfully long and loud. At the same time the breeze freshened, and we scudded along our course about three miles from the shore, without any apprehension of danger beyond what might arise from a thorough wetting at that sickly season. I had just been endeavouring to draw out my men in religious conversation, as was my wont, when, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the lightning flash struck the boat and shivered it in pieces beneath our feet. William Woodford was killed in a moment,

and John Ovid was rendered insensible by the shock, whilst I was mercifully preserved from injury. I made a feeble effort to arouse my surviving companion from his stupor, and to keep the shattered boat from sinking; but I soon saw that all was in vain, and I prepared to swim for dear life. When I had got one boot off, and was endeavouring to pull off my coat, the boat went down, and we were submerged in the mighty deep.

By a remarkable providence, the dead man's body had fallen on the gunwale of the boat, which caused it to capsize in its descent. Being thus emptied of the ballast and other heavy contents, the shattered boat rose to the surface of the water with the keel upwards, and both I and John succeeded in swimming to it. We clung to the wreck with all our might, but we were repeatedly washed off by the violence of the waves. At length the storm abated somewhat, and we mounted the highest part of the wreck, and sat holding on by the keel, earnestly scanning the horizon to see if there was any sign of deliverance. When almost all hope was gone, I observed a small white speck in the distance. It was a vessel which God in His kind providence was sending to rescue us. She manned a boat and sent it off to us, and we were taken from the wreck just before we must otherwise have sunk to rise no more. We were taken on board the sloop *Atlanta* in a very exhausted state, but truly thankful to God for our deliverance.

Captain Dwyer and his men showed us all manner of kindness; and his vessel being bound for Port of Spain, we were landed there the next morning, to the great relief of my dear wife, who had spent a sleepless

night, listening to the howling of the tempest, and sending down to the wharf every hour or two to inquire if there were any tidings of the missing voyagers. She now sent me a pair of boots, and a suit of clothes, as well as my horse to convey me to the Station ; and when I reached home the Mission-house was surrounded by friends anxiously inquiring as to my welfare, and offering their cordial congratulations on my wonderful deliverance.

Great was the distress of the friends and family connections of William Woodford on learning his melancholy fate ; and the awful visitation, which I endeavoured to improve in a special sermon on the following Sabbath, made a deep and solemn impression on the large congregation which assembled on the occasion.

Soon after this remarkable interposition of Divine Providence I was visited with the most severe attack of illness that I had experienced in the West Indies, induced no doubt by my struggle for life and exposure in the shipwreck. It assumed the form of yellow fever combined with dysentery. I was confined to my bed and subjected to severe medical treatment for twenty-one days, during which there appeared at times little hope of my recovery. At length, however, by the blessing of God upon the means employed, and my wife's careful nursing, I was once more raised up from the brink of the grave, and enabled to attend to my ministerial duties. Yet my health and constitution were so seriously impaired by repeated attacks of illness and a lengthened residence in tropical climates, that my medical attendant strongly urged the necessity of our returning to England as soon as possible,

especially as Mrs. Moister's debilitated state of health required a change also.

Meanwhile the time for holding our Annual District Meeting arrived, and in the month of February 1847 I proceeded to Demerara, the place at which it was appointed to be held. It was very pleasant thus to revisit the scene of my earliest labours in the West Indies, after so long an interval, and to witness the improvements which had taken place in every department of the work since we left the colony. The beautiful new Trinity chapel had been erected in Georgetown, and the work of the Mission had been greatly extended both in town and country. Many changes had taken place in the interim, and several of those to whom I had formerly ministered had been removed to the "better country;" but those of my friends who still survived hailed my appearance once more among them with gratitude and joy, and they united with my ministerial brethren in cordial congratulations, and in thanks to God for my recent deliverance from a watery grave.

After the conclusion of a very pleasant and harmonious District Meeting, I took an interesting missionary tour through the Province of British Guiana, in company with my esteemed friends and brethren, Messrs. W. Bannister and W. Hudson, both of whom were soon afterwards called to their eternal rest. We preached and held Missionary Meetings in Georgetown, Victoria, Mahaica, and Berbice. At New Amsterdam, the capital of Berbice, we preached in the Dutch Reformed Church, which was kindly placed at our disposal, and all our services were seasons of rich spiritual blessing.

On returning to my Station in Trinidad I was thankful to find my dear wife as well as could be expected, and that she had been able to attend to the Mission schools and other matters which devolved upon her in my absence, with her wonted zeal and diligence. According to previous arrangements we now began to prepare for our return once more to our native land, the Rev. William Cleaver being sufficiently qualified to take my place as Superintendent of the Circuit; and he proved himself to be a faithful preacher of the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen.

I cannot close this record of my work in the West Indies without a respectful tribute to the memory of my friend Mr. Charles Goin, a warm and liberal supporter of our Missions, who was soon afterwards removed to heaven. I first became acquainted with him on visiting his estate near Arima, when a life-long friendship commenced. On removing to Port of Spain he constantly sat under my ministry, as he did also in Grenada and St. Vincent's, to which islands he afterwards followed us, professing to receive great spiritual good from his intercourse with us. Having been a liberal contributor to our Mission fund during his life, it was found at his death that he had bequeathed thousands of pounds to the Society. And, to perpetuate the memory of our friendship, before we left Trinidad, he gave me a beautiful solid silver sacramental service, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to the Rev. William Moister by Charles Goin, for the use of the Wesleyan Society, Port of Spain, Trinidad."

On Friday, July 16th, 1847, we took an affectionate leave of our friends in Port of Spain, and went on board

the good ship *Bangalore*, bound for London. A vast concourse of people assembled on the wharf to witness our departure, and many tears were shed. This was the case especially with poor Betsey, the African girl whom we had taken to live with us when liberated from slavery, and whom we had fed, clothed, taught, and trained for more than nine years. She sobbed and cried as if her heart would break, earnestly desiring to accompany us to England. A beautiful parting hymn was sung by the school children, in which all the people joined, and when we had commended them to God in prayer, the sails of the ship were unfurled, the anchor was weighed, and with a fair wind we proceeded on our homeward voyage, thanking God in our hearts for the many mercies we had received at His kind hands during our interesting Mission to the West Indies.

## CHAPTER VI.

### HOME WORK.

1847-1850.

“ Only let your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ: that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the Gospel.”—PHIL. i. 27.

OUR voyage home from the West Indies was not attended by any incidents of special interest. The ship by which we took our passage had come from the East Indies with Coolie emigrants; and, being of large tonnage, afforded ample accommodation for us and three other passengers. She was rather leaky, however, and required pumping every two hours, night and day—a circumstance not very pleasant to our feelings, but we were assured that there was no actual danger. Captain Tweedie and his officers and men paid every attention to our comfort, as well as to their nautical duties, and our passage was, on the whole, as pleasant as could be expected under the circumstances. We had favourable weather and frequent opportunities for religious services, and I gladly availed myself of the means at my disposal to benefit both seamen and passengers, whilst my wife strove to make herself useful to the few females on board.

When we had been at sea just six weeks, we once more heard the cheering sound of "Land ahead!" and on looking out on Friday morning, August 27th, 1847, we could faintly discern the chalky cliffs of the Isle of Wight. In the afternoon a pilot-boat came alongside, the captain of which offered to take the passengers on shore in time for the evening train for London. This was an offer too tempting to be declined, and we soon arranged the terms, and were landed at Brighton about six o'clock P.M. On our passage to the shore a little incident occurred which is worthy of mention. After a serious conversation with the pilot, I made him a present of a little book, which, by the blessing of God, led to his conversion, as I was informed several years afterwards, when the incident alluded to had quite faded from my memory. "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."

After taking tea at the hotel to which we were conducted, and spending an hour or two in admiring the beauties of Brighton, we set out for London, which we reached about nine o'clock, truly thankful to our heavenly Father for His preserving goodness during the years which had elapsed since we last left our native land. In the course of our journey from Brighton it was amusing to witness the surprise and delight of those of our company who had never seen a railway before; and when we passed through a tunnel, some expressed their alarm and fears as to what would be the result of such a novel experience.

We met with a very cordial reception at the Mission House from the Revs. Dr. Beecham, Dr. Hoole, and



others ; and after we had seen our luggage landed and passed through the Custom House, and had held a consultation with Dr. Hunter in reference to our health, we proceeded to the north to visit our friends, who were anxiously looking for us after our long absence. We were struck with the many changes which had taken place in England in the course of fourteen years, and especially with the speed, ease, and comfort of travelling by rail as compared with that of the stage-coach, to which we had been accustomed in former times.

Great was the joy of Mrs. Moister's aged mother, on our arrival at Grassgarth, to see her missionary daughter once more ; and friends and neighbours flocked around us to hear for themselves the wonderful things that we were enabled to relate to them in reference to foreign lands and the triumphs of the Gospel. Nor were our friends at Sedbergh less interested in our visit, when, a few days afterwards, we proceeded to my native place. Many changes had taken place in our absence, several of those whom we had known in former years having passed away to their heavenly home. But the few friends who remained showed us all manner of kindness, organising Missionary Meetings and social gatherings for our entertainment, and never appearing tired of listening to our statements in reference to the countries which we had visited and the people among whom we had laboured in the course of our last Mission. But nothing delighted them more than the account which I was able to give them of my visit to America, and of the comfortable and happy condition in which I found my father and family, and others who had emigrated to

the United States from this neighbourhood several years before.

We spent about three months at Sedbergh on this occasion, during which our health gradually improved, as we inhaled the pure mountain air, and partook of the simple but wholesome food of our native land, of which we had so long been deprived. I was consequently soon able to preach to my fellow-countrymen in both town and country as in days of old, as well as to attend and take a part in Missionary and other Meetings to which I was invited in our own and neighbouring Circuits. Being the guest of my friend Mr. C. Taylor, who still occupied the house which he purchased of my father on his departure for America, we had the gratification of inhabiting the old homestead, and of rambling through the lanes and over the fields so familiar to us from the days of our childhood and youth. Whilst thus availing myself of the precious privilege and healthful exercise of revisiting localities and scenes so long embalmed in the memory, I was often the subject of strange conflicting feelings, the most prominent of which were those of sincere gratitude to my heavenly Father for His preserving goodness, and a solemn resolve henceforth to live and labour for God and heaven.

With improved health, and hearts as much devoted to the Missionary enterprise as ever, both I and my dear wife held ourselves in readiness to resume our labours in the West Indies, or elsewhere, at the call of the Committee, in accordance with our previously expressed desire. But ere long circumstances occurred which, in the order of Divine Providence, led to our being employed for a time in a different sphere of

labour. As Christmas drew near, among other applications for my services there came one from the Superintendent of the Addingham Circuit, requesting me to go there to preach Missionary sermons and attend the public meeting to be held on December 27th. As he was an old friend of mine, and the Minister who had recommended me for Mission work seventeen years before, I felt disposed to oblige him, and went accordingly. On meeting me at Skipton with a conveyance, he informed me that since he wrote to invite me to visit him and his family, he had met with difficulties in his Circuit, and had been suspended from his office till Conference by a Minor District Meeting, etc.

Thus was the anticipated pleasure of my visit to my reverend friend marred by circumstances over which I had no control. I nevertheless performed the duties of deputation, preaching the sermons on the Sabbath, and speaking at the meeting on the following evening as best I could. When about to return home, and whilst sitting in conversation with my friend who was telling me of his troubles, strange to say, the postman came to the door bringing me a communication of a startling character. It was a letter from the Missionary Secretaries, forwarded to me from Sedbergh, thanking me for my willingness to go abroad again, but giving it as their decided opinion that the state of my health, as well as that of Mrs. Moister, rendered it desirable that we should remain some time longer in England; and that, if I was well enough to do so, they wished me, at the request of the President, to go and supply a vacancy in the Addingham Circuit, where the Superintendent had been suspended from his office, and where a Minister of experience was required to meet

an emergency. I hastened home at once to consult with my dear wife as to what we had better do under the circumstances. After mature consideration and prayer for Divine direction, we decided to respond to the call which had come so unexpectedly, trusting in the Lord for His help and blessing.

#### ADDINGHAM.

Accordingly on Tuesday, January 11th, 1848, we set out for Addingham, where we arrived in safety, and met with a cordial reception from the Circuit Stewards and other friends who were expecting us. Many pages might be filled with the incidents, some ludicrous, and others grave and solemn, which occurred during the six months we spent at Addingham; but a few brief remarks must suffice, showing the character of the work in which we were engaged, and the result of our efforts to harmonise the discordant elements which had been stirred by the recent untoward events already alluded to.

The circumstances under which we entered upon our new sphere of labour were far from encouraging. A violent party spirit divided the people; and the trouble which oppressed the mind of my friend and predecessor was aggravated by the sudden illness and death of his wife; so that we had a funeral from the Minister's house soon after our arrival. When this was over, the late Superintendent and his family left the Circuit, and we set to work as best we could to reduce everything to order, and to attend to the spiritual interests of the Circuit. In the care and anxiety involved in these efforts I could not expect much help from my colleague, as he had long been

dissatisfied with Methodism, and was preparing to leave us and join the Established Church at the approaching Conference. I therefore cast my care upon God, in whose mercy and love I had unwavering confidence.

On the first Sabbath after my arrival my appointments were at Silsden, the scene of the recent strife and commotion; and it was an occasion never to be forgotten. After the morning service, which was well attended, I found myself in the vestry without any arrangement for my accommodation. On inquiry, the Society Steward informed me that the Superintendent Minister generally dined with a gentleman who was deeply involved in the recent troubles, and who had declared he would never entertain a Minister any more. I inquired where he lived, found my way to his house, and as the result of this call I was welcomed to his table, and ever afterwards made his house my home. In a short time this family, and others who had left the chapel, were restored to us, and a better feeling prevailed both in Addingham and Silsden and throughout the Circuit generally.

At that time the Addingham Circuit was extensive and laborious, and during the winter season I had long walks to my week-night appointments at Ilkley, Cross Hills, Beamsley, Draughton, and other places, often wading through deep snow and exposed to inclement weather, although in delicate health and recently come from a tropical climate. But a gracious Providence preserved me from serious injury, and I had a rich reward for all my toil in seeing the work of the Lord prosper in my hands, and the Circuit restored to a state of peace and prosperity.

As a returned Missionary, I had frequent calls to preach and attend Missionary Meetings in neighbouring Circuits. To several of these I was able to attend when our own anniversaries were over. In this way I visited Skipton, Keighley, Bingley, Haworth, Barnsley, Holmfirth, and Bradford. At the place last named the anniversary was one of great interest. Dr. Newton preached in the morning of Good Friday, and the Missionary Meeting was held in the evening, in which I was honoured to take a part along with the good Doctor and other eminent Ministers; and on Easter Sunday I preached in Eastbrook chapel.

On Monday, May 15th, I went to Halifax to attend the District Meeting, and greatly enjoyed the religious services as well as my intercourse with the Rev. Isaac Keeling, the Chairman, and other brethren. Soon after my return home I attended an interesting meeting of Ministers and friends at Woodhouse Grove to celebrate the opening of a new wing to the school buildings. The occasion was one of great interest, and I was much pleased with all I saw and heard at that far-famed school for the sons of the prophets.

As the Conference approached, the friends in the Addingham Circuit were very anxious to secure my services for the following year; but I found the climate somewhat cold and bleak, and the work arduous. The following brief extract from my journal may serve to illustrate the last statement: "June 18th.—In the course of the last eight days I have preached eleven times, given tickets to fourteen Classes, and walked fifty miles." I may also add in this connection, that, having received a cordial invitation as Superintendent of the Newport Circuit, Isle of Wight, where a dear

West Indian colleague was labouring at the time, I felt it to be my duty to accept it, thinking a southern climate would be more congenial both to Mrs. Moister and myself, after our lengthened residence in the tropics.

The following Conference was held in Hull, to attend which I left home on July 24th. Everything connected with this august assembly interested me much, as I had never attended a Conference before. Dr. Newton was President, and he conducted the business in a grave and dignified manner. The interest of the proceedings was enhanced by the discussions which took place in reference to the notorious "Fly Sheets," and other matters connected with the great agitation which proved so disastrous to our Church, and over which one would willingly cast a veil.

On Thursday, August 17th, we took leave of our friends at Addingham and proceeded to London, where we had promised to spend a short time with Mrs. Grant, the widow of my friend Mr. Charles Grant, who had showed us such kindness on our first Station at St. Mary's on the Gambia, but who had recently passed away to his eternal rest. A dark cloud thus overshadowed our visit to Rose Cottage, Hackney, and we were deprived of the pleasure of once more seeing our dear friend; but Mrs. Grant showed us all manner of kindness and hospitality, and the two weeks we spent there were marked by many interesting incidents. On Sunday evening, August 27th, I preached at Liverpool Road Chapel, Islington, when I had Dr. Bunting for a hearer—a circumstance which made me feel rather uncomfortable; but the Lord helped me through, and the good Doctor spoke to me afterwards in a very kind

and encouraging manner. About this time I also met my Quaker friend Philip Thompson, of Woodbridge, whom I had not seen for more than fourteen years, but with whom I had kept up a constant correspondence. We met in the house of a friend at breakfast, and had a very happy time together.

#### ISLE OF WIGHT.

On Thursday morning, August 31st, we took leave of our friends at Hackney, and proceeded to the Isle of Wight. Travelling by rail to Portsmouth, we crossed over to Ryde in the steamboat, and then took the coach for Newport, where we arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon. Kind friends were waiting to receive us, and on reaching the Minister's house in Quay Street, we were struck with the pains which had been taken by the Society Stewards and their excellent wives to make us comfortable. In the arrangements alluded to, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dore had taken a prominent and active part, and with them and some others a life-long friendship was commenced, which originated in those little attentions which never fail to make a deep impression upon the minds of Ministers and the several members of their families when they arrive in their new Circuits.

Thus auspicious and promising was our entrance on our new sphere of labour in the Isle of Wight, and nothing occurred afterwards to mar our pleasure or to disappoint our hopes. The two years we spent there, on this occasion, were pre-eminently peaceful, happy, and prosperous, although attended by the care, anxiety, and toil incident to the Wesleyan Ministry both at home and abroad, as will be seen by the following brief



notices in reference to our field of labour and the progress of the good work in which we were engaged.

At the time alluded to the Newport Circuit embraced the whole of the Isle of Wight, and had four Ministers, who resided at Newport, Cowes, Ryde, and Ventnor respectively. My colleagues during the first year were the Revs. John Blackwell, John Parry, and William Hessel, all of whom have, alas! long since been called to rest from their labours. The brother first named had been associated with me in Mission work in the West Indies, and our hearts were united by the strongest bonds of Christian affection; and I soon learned to esteem my other colleagues very highly in love for their work's sake, and for their many excellences of character. I had been with Mr. Blackwell in scenes of joy and sorrow and of painful domestic bereavement in distant lands, and I was grieved to find on landing in the Isle of Wight that he was once more passing through the deep waters of domestic affliction. His dear wife was lying on her death-bed, and in a few minutes after we reached Ryde, the place of his residence, I was found in the sick-room, commending the dear sufferer and the whole family to God in prayer. In less than a fortnight afterwards Mrs. Blackwell peacefully passed away to her eternal rest, and I had to perform the mournful duty of officiating at the funeral, and of endeavouring to comfort my afflicted brother and his motherless children, as I had done in other lands. After passing through this and some other trials, I addressed myself to the spiritual interests of the work both in town and country. On Sunday, September 10th, I preached for the first time in Newport. It was the Sunday School Anniversary. The

congregations were large and attentive, the collections good, and a gracious influence attended the preaching of the word. Henceforth we were favoured to witness a gradual improvement in the attendance on the Sabbath and week-night preaching services in the Circuit town. Nor were the prayer-meetings and Class-meetings neglected. The attendance on these and other social and private means of grace was good, considering the circumstances of our people, many of whom were engaged in commercial pursuits; and our lovefeasts and sacramental services were invariably seasons of spiritual blessing. I was engaged in preaching in town or country almost every night in the week, in addition to three times on the Sabbath; yet I found time for a fair amount of pastoral visitation, as well as for a weekly Bible Class for the benefit of our Sunday School teachers and elder scholars. The result of these labours was the gradual and steady building up of the Church, and the strengthening and consolidation of the work in all its departments.

Whilst I was thus engaged in the Circuit town my esteemed colleagues were similarly employed in their respective spheres of labour; for we worked our extensive Circuit in four distinct compartments so far as the week-night services were concerned, whilst we changed regularly with each other on the Sabbath. At Cowes Mr. Parry proved himself to be not only an able and acceptable preacher of the Gospel, but a diligent and successful pastor also. Affable, genial, and winning in his spirit and manner, he drew the people around him, and they worked together harmoniously in the common cause which they all had at heart.

At Ryde we were placed in circumstances of difficulty by the domestic and personal affliction of Mr. Blackwell, the resident Minister, as already intimated. My esteemed colleague bore up nobly for a time, but at length his own health so seriously failed that he required a change, and we had to get a supply from the President and Mission House. The Rev. James Walton was sent in Mr. Blackwell's place till Conference, and he served the Circuit well. Under his pastorate, as well as under that of the Rev. Henry B. Brown, who came to Ryde at the following Conference, the work went on favourably both in town and country.

The cause at Ventnor, at the time alluded to, was in its infancy ; but under the able ministry and diligent care of the Rev. William Hessel it was strengthened and built up in a very pleasing manner. The congregations in the little old chapel increased so that the necessity of a new and more commodious sanctuary became more pressing than it had ever been before. With characteristic zeal and earnestness Mr. Hessel exerted himself to promote this desirable object. Unforeseen difficulties arose to retard the progress of the enterprise, and the new erection was long delayed ; but it is not too much to say that the way was prepared in a large measure by my zealous young colleague for the erection of the commodious new Wesleyan chapel which now stands in High Street, Ventnor. Towards the close of my second year in the Circuit the health of Mr. Hessel seriously failed, and we were obliged to seek a supply from the President's list of reserve, whilst he went to the south of France in hope of its restoration.

Whilst the work of God was thus hopefully progressing in the respective towns in the island where Ministers were resident, the country places exhibited signs of improvement. At Wooton, Haven Street, Sea View, St. Helen's, Bembridge, Godshill, Chale, Chillerton, Shalfleet, Yarmouth, Freshwater, Blackwater, Merston, Hale Common, Noke Common, and other places, we had commodious chapels, promising Societies, and prosperous Sunday Schools. We had nearly fifty places on our Circuit plan, and as many earnest faithful Local Preachers. Ministers, Local Preachers, Leaders, and other Church officers laboured together in harmony and love, and the pleasure of the Lord prospered in our hands, a goodly number of hopeful converts being added to the Society, and believers being built up in the faith and hope of the Gospel.

Nor were there wanting evidences of material prosperity in the Isle of Wight during the two years now under review. Our Newport chapel was renovated and improved; the old chapel in Town Lane, opened by Mr. Wesley, was purchased and fitted up as a school-house; a new chapel was built at Merston, and sundry improvements were made in other places, including the enlargement of our chapel at West Cowes by the addition of thirty feet to its length. We were favoured also to witness a considerable increase in the funds for the support of foreign Missions and other benevolent and philanthropic objects.

On May 16th, 1849, I went to Poole to attend the Annual District Meeting, when I was favoured to hold pleasant intercourse with the brethren, although the time at my disposal was limited in consequence of my

being elected secretary. We held some profitable services during the session, including a public meeting, which was largely attended, Dr. Andrews, the Chairman of the District, presiding. The following year the District Meeting was held at Newport, Isle of Wight, under the presidency of Dr. Harvard.

We were favoured to hold some religious services of special interest on this occasion, and the brethren returned to their respective Circuits greatly refreshed and blessed.

Nor should I omit to mention the visits of some eminent Ministers with which we were favoured during the two years that we spent in the Isle of Wight. At the invitation of the trustees, on September 9th, Dr. Bunting came from London to preach the chapel anniversary sermons at Newport, one of which I was favoured to hear. I also went to Ryde to meet him on the Saturday afternoon, and drove him back again on Monday morning, so that I had much conversation with him, and was greatly edified. At a later period we had a visit from Dr. Beaumont, to preach at the re-opening of our Cowes Chapel after the enlargement. In addition to these we had the Revs. John Rattenbury, Robert Thompson, and others, whose conversation and company I greatly enjoyed; to say nothing of Mr. John Davison from Grenada, Mr. C. Taylor from Sedbergh, and other friends who came to see us.

As a returned Missionary, I had numerous applications for my services to preach Missionary sermons and attend public meetings during the two years I spent in the Newport Circuit. In addition to speaking at about one hundred Missionary Meetings in the Isle of Wight, I visited Portsmouth, Gosport, Southampton,

Wimborne, Poole, Winchester, Chichester, Romsey, and many other places. I had, moreover, each year an appointment as deputation by the Conference, which occupied several weeks, and concerning which much might be said, but I have only space for a few brief remarks.

In the month of April, 1849, I was appointed to visit Ireland, and I spent three weeks very pleasantly and profitably in pleading the cause of Missions, first in Dublin, and afterwards at Athlone, Galway, Sligo, Castlebar, Ballina, Longford, Drumshambo, Manorhamilton, Enniskillen, Ballinasloe, and other places. At many of the meetings which I attended I witnessed a manifestation of missionary enthusiasm and Christian liberality on the part of warm-hearted Irish Methodists, which greatly delighted me. In the spring of the following year I was appointed to visit the Exeter District, with the Rev. George Kevern, from the Friendly Islands, as my companion. We met at Taunton, where we commenced our deputation labours, and afterwards held interesting meetings at Bridport, South Petherton, Exeter, Dunster, Bridgewater, Barnstaple, and other places.

When I had pursued my labours in the Newport Circuit for nearly two years, and had promised to remain a third, subject to the appointment of Conference, an event occurred which once more turned my course of Christian service in a manner quite unexpected. I had become accustomed to the home work, and had come to think that my foreign labours were ended, when I received a letter from the Mission House in London, requesting that I and my dear wife would once more leave our native land and engage in

the service of the Missionary Society, to meet a pressing emergency. Intelligence had been received of the fatal illness of the Rev. T. L. Hodgson, Chairman and General Superintendent of the Cape of Good Hope District, and an experienced Missionary was immediately required to take his place. It was to fill this vacancy that the Secretaries requested me, if agreeable to myself and Mrs. Moister, to go to Southern Africa. The proposal was so startling and unexpected that it required a little time for consideration and prayer, as well as for farther correspondence with the Mission House. The result was our acceptance of the appointment, we believing it to be in the order of Divine Providence; and we began to prepare for our third foreign Mission in humble dependence upon God, Who has promised never to leave nor forsake those who put their trust in Him.

This occurred on the eve of the Conference of 1850, which was held in London; and, wishing to see the Missionary Secretaries in reference to my new appointment, and to take leave of friends whom I might never see again, I went up for a few days; but in my unsettled state I could not take much interest in the proceedings. On my return home we finished packing, and on Sunday, August 25th, I preached for the last time, as I thought, at Newport to a large and deeply affected congregation. On Wednesday, the 28th, we took leave of our friends in the Isle of Wight, and set out for London, to complete our preparations for South Africa.

After a day or two in the great metropolis we proceeded to the north of England, to visit our friends in Westmoreland and Yorkshire. During the few

weeks we spent there I was constantly employed in preaching and attending Missionary Meetings. At the earnest request of friends I visited and preached or spoke at public meetings at Sedbergh, Staveley, Kirby Lonsdale, Ambleside, and other places. Wherever we went the people showed us much personal kindness, and displayed an interest in the missionary enterprise which was very gratifying to us. I will not attempt to describe the leave-takings which occurred on this occasion. The emotion of our friends and relatives was enhanced by the fact that we were going thousands of miles farther away from them than we had ever been before. The parting scene at Grassgarth was peculiarly affecting, when Mrs. Moister embraced her aged mother for the last time on earth; but, whilst many tears were shed, not a murmur escaped from the lips of any one. All seemed to feel that the cause in which we were embarked was too sacred to admit of repining, and that the immediate duty of all was humble submission to the will of God.

On Friday, October 11th, we returned to London, where we were detained some time longer, as the vessel by which our passage was taken was not yet ready for sea. During the delay I was not idle, however, as there was a constant demand for my services in both town and country. On Saturday, the 19th, I was sent to Brighton and Lewes in the place of the late Rev. George Cubitt, a member of the deputation, who was ill. Here I preached missionary sermons and attended public meetings in company with the Rev. John Rattenbury, whose company and conversation I enjoyed very much. My next missionary tour was to Tunbridge and Tunbridge Wells, and afterwards to



Ware and Bishop Stortford, where we had some excellent meetings. At intervals during our detention in London on this occasion I attended and took a part in Missionary Meetings at St. George's-in-the-East, Spitalfields, Islington, Chelsea, Westminster, Hackney Road, and Southwark. At the place last named I had the pleasure of meeting my friend the Rev. Robert Thompson, who had been so kind to me at the commencement of my ministry, and who was then stationed in that Circuit. With him and his amiable family, as well as with a few other friends, I and my dear wife had very pleasant Christian fellowship at a time when genuine sanctified friendship was much needed and highly appreciated.

## CHAPTER VII.

### MISSION TO SOUTHERN AFRICA.

1850—1860.

“That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.”—LUKE xxiv. 47.

THE preparations for our third Mission being completed on Tuesday morning, November 19th, I and Mrs. Moister went to the Mission House to meet the Rev. John and Mrs. Thomas, who were to accompany us to Africa. We were commended to God in prayer by the Rev. Dr. Hoole, and soon afterwards left the city by the Blackwall railway to join a steamboat for Gravesend. We were accompanied down the river by Mr. Adams, Mr. Hebb, Mr. Rotherham, and Mrs. Granger. We arrived at Gravesend about noon, where we found our good ship *Emperor* at anchor, and we went on board at once. When our friends had inspected the vessel and united with us in prayer in the cabin, they took an affectionate leave.

Finding our ship was not to sail till the following day, and incidentally hearing that a Missionary Meeting was to be held at the Wesleyan Chapel in Gravesend that evening, Mr. Thomas and I went on shore, and met with a hearty welcome from both

Ministers and people, who had already assembled. The Revs. B. Gregory and J. Gillings were present as the deputation from the Parent Society; and, as they very kindly made way for us, we had an opportunity of once more pleading the cause of Missions before we again bade adieu to our native land. The interest of the meeting was enhanced, not only by the presence of two Missionaries who had previously laboured abroad, and who were again embarking in the glorious enterprise, but also by my allusion to the happy Sabbath which I spent in the same chapel about nineteen years before, when we were first going out to Africa. Many changes had taken place in the interim; but there were some present who remembered the occasion alluded to, and who responded fervently when we were commended to God in prayer by the Rev. Mr. Tippet before we left the meeting to return to our ship in the river.

About ten o'clock the next morning, Captain Day and the rest of the passengers having come on board, we weighed anchor, and proceeded down the river with ebbing tide and a fair wind. On Thursday we passed the Downs, where our pilot left us, by whom we sent letters to our friends. On Friday we were off Beachy Head; and on Saturday we passed the Isle of Wight, of which we had a fine view, and were led to think and speak of dear friends on shore from whom we had so recently parted. Hitherto the wind had been favourable, and sailing as pleasant as could be expected in the month of November in the English Channel; but on Saturday evening the wind suddenly changed to the north-west. In the course of the night it increased in violence, and before morning we were overtaken by

one of the most terrific gales I ever witnessed. During Sunday the storm continued with awful fury, the sea constantly breaking over the ship in an appalling manner. Three sails were torn to pieces by the violence of the wind before they could be taken in, the wheel by which the vessel was steered was broken in pieces, and several trusses of hay for the sheep were washed overboard. On going upon deck I looked on a scene of awful grandeur; the sea was literally running mountains high, and everything was in a state of wild confusion. The captain and his officers and men were doing all in their power for the safety of the ship and passengers. As the waves broke over the vessel the water flowed into the cabin; and the ship being sometimes almost on her beam ends, boxes and other articles were breaking loose from their fastenings, and the noise and commotion were frightful. All that we could do was to endeavour to "hold on," and lift up our hearts in prayer to God for His protection and blessing.

In the religious exercises in which we engaged during this trying time we were joined by the passengers, about a dozen in number. Having placed ourselves around 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 exhortation, Mr. Thomas and I relieving each other occasionally. As the storm continued during the night, we got but little rest, and altogether our first Sabbath at sea on this occasion was a day long to be remembered.

On Monday, the 25th, the gale continued with little abatement; but a temporary tiller having been rigged

to steer the ship, her motion was less violent. As we had six sailors disabled by bruises and other injuries, one having fallen from aloft, and as we found also that a considerable quantity of our live stock had perished in the storm, the captain deemed it necessary to run into port at the first opportunity, to repair damages and obtain supplies. Towards evening the storm moderated somewhat, and as we had been driven back up the Channel all the time, the next morning we found ourselves off Beachy Head. Tuesday was spent in beating up for the Isle of Wight, and on the following morning we came to anchor off Cowes. We went on shore immediately, and were kindly received by the Rev. John Parry, his family, and other friends, who sincerely sympathised with us in our troubles.

Finding that a day or two at least would be required to repair the ship, we drove over to Newport in the afternoon, and thus had an opportunity of seeing my old friend and successor, the Rev. John Wood, who, with Mrs. Wood and many other friends, was very glad to see us, after our providential deliverance from the dangers of the deep. We gladly accepted the kind invitation of our friends Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dore to a lodging for the night at their hospitable mansion; and the next day, after calling upon as many of our friends as our limited time would permit, we returned to Cowes in Mr. W. B. Groves's carriage. We were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mrs. W. B. Groves, Mrs. Joseph Groves, and Miss Wavell, who, together with Mr. Parry and Mrs. Pinhorn, kindly went with us on board the *Emperor*, which was once more ready for sea. After partaking of refreshments kindly offered by Captain Day, and uniting in singing and prayer, our

friends took leave of us, and we prepared to resume our voyage.

Early on the morning of Saturday, the 30th, we weighed anchor again, and passed through the Needles with a gentle breeze in our favour. When we were off Yarmouth, my friend Captain Webb came on board to say farewell; and when we were fairly outside, he and the pilot left us, and we had a pleasant run down the Channel. Nothing very remarkable occurred during the passage after this. On entering the tropics and coming within the influence of the trade winds, our noble ship became more steady in her motions, and sailing was very enjoyable. Mr. Thomas and I conducted Divine service alternately, when the passengers and seamen were very attentive. We also had some delightful class-meetings and prayer-meetings in our own cabin, in which some of the passengers joined us. As a Mission party we had, moreover, much agreeable conversation and social intercourse, the Missionaries endeavouring, by reading and otherwise, to prepare themselves for the great work which was before them, and their wives being mutually helpful to each other. Thus were life-long friendships commenced under circumstances known only to those who have been brought together in the providence of God far from friends and home.

On Monday, February 3rd, 1851, it was announced that land was in sight. It proved to be the grand promontory of South Africa, with Table Mountain in dim outline only to be seen by the practised eye. We rose early on the following morning; and, on going upon deck, we had a fine view of Table Mountain and the minor elevations known as Devil's Peak, Lion's Head,

Lion's Rump, and Green Point, with numerous farms and dwelling-houses stretching along the shore. About two o'clock we entered Table Bay, and came to anchor with Cape Town full in our view. A strong south-east wind was blowing, and as it sometimes makes communication with the shore difficult, the Rev. B. Ridsdale, with his usual forethought, sent off a boat with a note advising us to land without delay if possible, before the wind became more violent. We did so, at considerable risk and with some discomfort. Through a kind and gracious Providence we reached the shore in safety, and found Mr. Ridsdale and a few friends waiting for us on the wharf. We immediately accompanied them to the Mission House in Burg Street, where we met with a cordial reception from Mrs. Ridsdale and family. In passing up the streets of Cape Town, we had to encounter clouds of dust and sand from the violence of the prevailing "south-easter;" and altogether our first impressions of the "Cape of Storms" were not very favourable; but afterwards we found that it was not always stormy at the Cape of Good Hope.

On Wednesday afternoon the Revs. Barnabas Shaw, Richard Haddy, and Matthew Godman, with their wives, came in from Wynberg and Rondebosch to welcome our arrival. We soon afterwards had the pleasure of seeing the Revs. Edward Edwards, Richard Ridgill, Joseph Tindall, John A. Bailie, and Joseph Jackson, who, together with my esteemed colleague, the Rev. Benjamin Ridsdale, and my fellow-voyager, the Rev. John Thomas, entered with me into the various matters pertaining to the interests of the District committed to my care, with a cordiality and friendliness which at once claimed my confidence, and

afforded me much comfort at a time when the responsibility of my position in a new sphere of duty weighed heavily upon my spirit. With most of these dear brethren, and with the Revs. James Cameron, William Barber, George Parsonson, John Priestley, and Henry Tindall, who afterwards joined us, I spent several happy years of missionary labour; and I look back with much pleasure on the harmony and good feeling which generally prevailed in our counsels, and on the measure of success with which the great Head of the Church was pleased to crown our united efforts.

#### CAPE OF GOOD HOPE DISTRICT.

It may be desirable at this point to give a brief description of the Cape of Good Hope District at the time when it was placed under my charge as Chairman and General Superintendent. In Cape Town, the capital of the colony, we had two chapels in which Divine service was conducted in both Dutch and English. We had also a good day-school and four Sunday Schools. At Rondebosch, four miles from the city, we had also a substantial chapel, with Dutch and English services, and a week-day and Sunday School. At Wynberg, six miles from Cape Town, there were an old chapel and Mission House with preaching in both languages, and a small Sunday School. At Diep River, two miles from Wynberg, we had a chapel and day-school, in which the services were chiefly in Dutch. Simon's Town, twenty-two miles from the city, was an important station with a good chapel, in which Divine service and a Sunday School were conducted chiefly in English. There was also an interesting outpost over the hills, called Elsey's River. Somerset



West, about thirty-one miles from Cape Town, on the line of road leading to the colonial frontier, was also an important station, with its chapel and day-school and its out-stations of the Kloof and the Strand, the services being chiefly in Dutch. At Stellenbosch, twenty-eight miles from the city, there was a chapel with a day-school, and the same at an out-station about three miles from Stellenbosch called Raithby; in all of which the exercises were chiefly in Dutch.

The interior Stations were Lily Fountain on Khamiesberg, in Little Namaqualand, four hundred miles from Cape Town; Nisbett Bath, in Great Namaqualand, at a distance of about six hundred miles from the city; and Concordiaville, Elephant Fountain, and Roode Volk, in Damaraland, about a thousand miles away to the north of the Cape. In this extensive District we had ten European Missionaries and a few native agents. A Kaffir war had just broken out beyond the colonial frontier, but, being at a distance, it did not seriously affect our work in the Cape District.

On Sunday morning, the 8th, I preached for the first time in Wesley Chapel, Burg Street, Cape Town, to a respectable and intelligent congregation; whilst Mr. Ridsdale officiated at the native Chapel in Sydney Street in Dutch. In the afternoon I drove out to Rondebosch, where I preached a missionary sermon in the evening. On the following day the annual Missionary Meeting was held at the same place, when I had the pleasure of uniting with the Rev. Messrs. Shaw, Edwards, Haddy, Ridgill, Ridsdale, Godman, and Thomas, in pleading the cause of Missions; and the spirit of missionary zeal and liberality which I

witnessed on the part both of the Ministers and the people was truly cheering, and beautifully exemplified the fact that Methodism is the same all the world over.

On Tuesday, the 10th, we held a District Meeting, which had been adjourned from the regular assembly of the brethren some time before, for the consideration of some important matters which awaited my arrival. The principal of these was the perplexing question of the Damara Mission. The work had been extended to the distant regions beyond Great Namaqualand a few years before, and was carried on at intervals with very inadequate means and with slender results. As all the brethren who had laboured there were in Cape Town, and as there was such difficulty in travelling and in conveying supplies thither, either by sea or land, we were unanimous in our opinion that the Damara Mission must henceforth either be prosecuted with adequate resources, which meant an increased expenditure, or be transferred to the German Missionaries, who were already in the country, and in a better position to carry on the work than ourselves. This alternative was placed before the Wesleyan Missionary Committee in all its particulars, with carefully prepared estimates of the probable cost of the Damara Mission, if carried on with sufficient strength of men and means. The result was the transference of these distant, expensive, and difficult stations to the German Missionaries already on the ground, and the consolidation of our own work nearer at hand.

Although much fatigued with attending District, trustee, and other meetings, and transacting various kinds of business every day and almost every hour

since we landed, I managed to fulfil several engagements which I had made. On Wednesday evening, the 11th, I preached at Burg Street to a very good congregation. On the following Sabbath I preached at Wynberg in the morning on behalf of the Sunday School, and at Rondebosch in the evening. On Monday evening I attended an interesting Meeting of the London Missionary Society in Union Chapel, when, according to request, I gave an account of Mission work in the West Indies.

On Tuesday, the 17th, I attended for the first time the fortnightly Ministers' breakfast meeting, at which I met the Rev. George Morgan, Minister of the Scotch Church; the Rev. William Thompson, agent of the London Missionary Society; the Rev. Abraham Faure, senior Minister of the Dutch Reformed Church; the Rev. R. Lamb, of the Trinity Episcopalian Church; and other Christian brethren, with whom I had frequent opportunities afterwards of associating at similar gatherings. I was also favoured on some of these occasions to meet Dr. Livingstone and Dr. Moffat, and to hear from their own lips their wonderful missionary experience in the interior, and also to inspect their maps of the newly-explored regions.

At an early period we were favoured with the visit of several Missionaries of our own Society, when on their way to or from India or otherwise. I have a very pleasant recollection of the Rev. John E. S. Williams, with Mrs. Williams, Miss Cryer, and Miss Batchelor; the Revs. Edward J. and Mrs. Hardey; Samuel and Mrs. Hardey and family; Joseph and Mrs. Morris and family; Isaac and Mrs. Harding; Thomas and Mrs. Hodson and son; John and Mrs. Pinkney and

family; William Shaw; Daniel Sanderson; David Griffiths; Robert Stephenson; John Scott; Robert W. Pordige; W. H. Dean; and others.

When we had become somewhat settled in our new station in Cape Town, we found it to be an interesting and important sphere of labour. In addition to my numerous official duties, I had the charge of the English work in connection with Wesley Chapel, Burg Street, whilst Mr. Ridsdale attended to the native department at Sydney Street. The congregations at both places were increasingly large and attentive; and the Leaders, Local Preachers, and school teachers were zealous and active in their respective departments of Christian service. We immediately saw here, as in other places, the importance of promoting the religious instruction of the rising generation, and we lost no time in attending to the four Sabbath Schools which we had in different parts of the city. With a view to assist the elder girls at Burg Street, Mrs. Moister commenced a select Bible-class, which she met every Sunday morning; whilst I met a similar one for boys every Monday afternoon, which soon numbered upwards of fifty intelligent youths, of different shades of complexion.

Before the close of our first year in Cape Town, the congregation at Burg Street had so increased that the enlargement of the chapel became imperatively necessary. I therefore called the trustees together, consulted with my brethren and friends, and we set about the work in good earnest. It was a great undertaking, considering the heavy debt upon the premises, and the slender character of our resources, in a mixed community, among whom Methodism had not yet

obtained a very substantial footing. But our leading friends were full of heart and hope, and we commenced the work in the spirit of faith and prayer. Having obtained a respectable list of subscriptions, and prepared plans and specifications for the enlargement and alterations to be made, we advertised for tenders, and accepted the one that was approved. The west end of the chapel was taken down, and the building was enlarged by the addition of twenty-five feet to its length, whilst the ceiling was raised about eight feet at the sides, making the place more lofty and airy, and at the same time improving its appearance. A gallery was also erected at the east end of the chapel, with a view to afford accommodation to the school children, as well as to provide additional sittings for the increasing congregation; and the whole building was cleaned, painted, and put in beautiful order. These additions and improvements were completed at an expense of about £600, and such was the liberality with which the people came forward in aid of the undertaking, that the whole was finished without any assistance from the Parent Society, and without any increase to the debt upon the premises.

Having attended to various matters of business connected with the District which had been accumulating since the death of my lamented predecessor, and to the claims of my own Circuit by renewing the quarterly tickets of the Church members, administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and holding business meetings with the trustees, Leaders, Local Preachers, and Sunday School teachers, I embraced the first opportunity which presented itself of paying a visit to each of the Stations in the neighbourhood of the

Cape, for the purpose of inspecting the schools and societies, and of giving counsel and encouragement to the Missionaries and teachers.

My first visit to Simon's Town was on the 15th of March, 1851. I had been detained on business in Cape Town till a later hour than I intended, and had therefore to ride hard, although the day was wet, to prevent my being benighted on the road. After passing through the pleasant villages of Mowbray, Rondebosch, Claremont, and Wynberg, the country becomes more dreary. On the right hand, an extensive range of barren, rocky mountains rear their almost perpendicular fronts to a considerable height; and on the left the Cape Flats, a vast sandy plain, presents itself to the view, beyond which may be seen the distant blue mountains of Hottentots' Holland. Then appears the ocean, as it breaks on the strand at the head of False Bay, along the sandy margin of which the road leads for many miles, till the village of Kalk Bay is passed, when Simon's Town appears in the distance. On arriving at the end of my journey I met with a hearty reception from Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, who had accompanied us from England, and who had been recently appointed to this station. On the Sabbath I preached morning and evening in our neat little chapel to good congregations, and in the afternoon rode over to Elsey's River, where I preached in a cottage. I also inspected the schools, which I found in a fairly prosperous condition, considering the difficulties with which they have had to contend. On the following day, before I returned home, I attended to various matters of business, and I greatly enjoyed my visit, being pleased with the place and with the people, and with the

prospect of success under the judicious management of the Station by the resident Minister. My subsequent visits to Simon's Town were generally both pleasant and profitable.

Somerset West was the next station that I visited. Having made arrangements with the Rev. R. Ridgill, who had kindly come to Cape Town to accompany me, we set out together on horseback on Saturday, April 5th. As the day was far spent before we commenced our journey, we took the nearest road across the Cape Flats, and rode at a rapid rate, sometimes among sand-hills resembling large drifts of snow, and then over extensive tracts of barren land. After riding about eleven miles we came to Klip Fontein, a small settlement in the centre of the desert, which has at times been occupied as one of our out-stations. As the day was hot, and both we and our horses were beginning to be fatigued, we "off-saddled," "knee-haltered" our steeds, and allowed them to graze for half an hour. In the meantime we entered a humble cottage, where we were kindly received by the inmates, who were Wesleyans, and delighted to speak of the love of Christ. These good people soon made us a cup of tea, and furnished us with an ample supply of bread and butter, which was very acceptable. They were much amused at my first attempt to speak Dutch, but confidently pronounced that I would soon become a good Hollander! After commending the people to God in prayer, we remounted our horses and pushed on sixteen miles further, partly over soft sand and partly over the main road which leads from Cape Town to the colonial frontier; and we came in sight of Somerset just as the sun was setting. The appearance of the village at a

distance is very beautiful, especially that part of it which consists of the Missionary Institution, with the neat stone-built, whitewashed cottages, and well-arranged gardens of the people, and the Mission House and chapel standing in the centre. Mrs. Ridgill hailed our arrival with joy, and I soon found myself at home with the Mission family.

After a comfortable night's rest I was awoke in the morning by the sound of praise to God, as it ascended from the native congregation assembled in their prayer-meeting in the chapel adjoining the Mission House. This awakened in my mind the most pleasing emotions, bringing to my remembrance our delightful early-morning meetings in the West Indies. At nine o'clock A.M. the first public service was held. The chapel was filled with a devout congregation, consisting chiefly of persons of colour, who were a few years ago in a state of slavery; but who were now free, appearing in the house of God neatly attired, and bearing evident marks of intelligence and respectability. The singing was delightful; and although but imperfectly acquainted with the language in which they worshipped, I felt that God was in the midst of His people. Mr. Ridgill preached in Dutch with fluency and power; after which I baptized two children and gave a short address, Mr. Ridgill kindly interpreting. At eleven o'clock I preached in English to a good congregation, considering the circumstances of the place and people. In the afternoon, accompanied by Mr. Ridgill, I visited an interesting out-station called Terrington Grove, where we have a neat little chapel, surrounded by a number of labourers' cottages, at the Kloof about four miles from Somerset, on the high road through Sir Lowry's



Pass. Here Mr. Ridgill preached an energetic sermon in Dutch to a crowded and attentive congregation, after which I gave an address. The interest of this service was enhanced by the presence of the venerable Captain Terrington, who a few years ago built the chapel at his own expense, and presented it to the society as a free-will offering in token of his gratitude to God for mercies received during his long and eventful seafaring life. This my first Sabbath in the Somerset West Circuit was a day of spiritual blessing long to be remembered.

On the following day I visited another out-station at the Strand, where we have a neat little chapel and a promising Mission school, which I found in active operation. Here I met with a novel but interesting incident. I had heard of Captain Ward, a pious military officer from India on furlough, resident in the country, who took a deep interest in our Missionaries and their work; and on entering the school I found the gallant captain teaching a class of Malay and Negro boys, apparently delighted with his humble but useful employment. After examining the school and having some pleasant conversation with Captain Ward and the native teacher, I returned to Somerset to examine the day-school there. This I found in a most efficient state, as the result of the able management of Messrs. Gray and Geyer in succession. On the following day I returned to my home at Cape Town, well pleased with my visit. I often visited Somerset West in after years, and always with pleasure, as I regarded the Station as a splendid monument of missionary zeal, diligence, perseverance, and success, and as highly creditable to the excellent brethren who

have been from time to time placed in charge as Superintendents.

On Saturday, May 10th, I paid my first official visit to Stellenbosch, for the purpose of spending a Sabbath and inspecting the schools. I left Cape Town in the afternoon by the omnibus; and, the wind being high, we encountered such a sand-storm as I had never seen before, though I afterwards experienced many such. I reached the end of my journey soon after sunset, and received a cordial welcome from the venerable Edward Edwards and his excellent wife and family. The services of the Sabbath were to me occasions of great interest, as they afforded unmistakable evidence of the success of this important Station. In the morning and afternoon Mr. Edwards preached to large congregations in Dutch, with remarkable energy considering his years; and in the evening I preached in English, according to request, to a deeply attentive audience, and on the whole we had a good day.

On Monday morning I examined the day-school, which I found in a fair state of efficiency, under the care of Mr. Hendrickse, the zealous native teacher. The children showed an intimate acquaintance with our excellent Conference Catechisms, which had been translated into the Dutch language, and they were pretty well up in writing and arithmetic. In the afternoon Mr. Edwards drove me over to Raithby, an out-station about four miles from Stellenbosch, to inspect the school there, which I found fairly well advanced in religious knowledge, but rather lacking on secular subjects. I frequently visited Stellenbosch afterwards, and had often occasion to admire the diligence and perseverance of the Missionary in charge,

as well as the attention of the teachers to their duties.

#### FIRST JOURNEY TO OVERBERG.

Having made myself acquainted with the state of the work in Cape Town and on the neighbouring Stations, I next turned my attention to the "region beyond," where I had reason to believe there were vast fields for Missionary labour, unoccupied by the agents of any Society. In the early part of my second year at the Cape I made arrangements for a journey to Boschjesveld and other places in the district known as the Overberg Country. I was led to turn my attention in this direction, in the first instance, in consequence of some interesting communications which I received from Mr. J. D. Lindsay, a zealous Local Preacher who had gone there to commence business, and who had begun to hold religious services for the benefit of a spiritually destitute people. A few visits had been made to the place by the Somerset Missionary, and it was thought desirable that I should see the country for myself with a view to something more being done.

On Monday, February 22nd, 1853, I left Cape Town by the Stellenbosch omnibus, and at the Halfway House I found a conveyance waiting to take me to Somerset West, where I arrived in the evening. I found Mr. Ridgill had everything connected with the travelling department in a state of forwardness and nearly ready for the journey, whilst his excellent wife was busily engaged in preparing the necessary provisions for the road. We retired to rest at an early hour, that we might be the better prepared for the work of the morrow.

Soon after midnight the oxen were collected, the waggon was "inpacked," and everything put in train for an early start, it being desirable to get as far on our journey as possible in the cool of the morning, and thus secure time to rest the cattle in the heat of the day. About half-past two o'clock on Tuesday morning the oxen were "inspanned," and we commenced our journey. I was accompanied by the Rev. Messrs. Ridgill and Jackson, and a Hottentot boy called September, to act as driver and general servant.

This being the first time I had travelled in an African ox-waggon, a brief description of our equipment may interest the reader. The common travelling waggon of South Africa differs in many respects from any vehicle of the kind used for locomotion in Europe. The body is long and narrow, with deep sides rising with a gentle curve to a considerable height at the hinder part; and it is mounted upon two pairs of wheels of the ordinary size, but of great strength. The whole is made and put together in the strongest possible manner; at the same time provision is allowed for considerable play and motion in all the joints, in adaptation to the rough roads over which it has to travel. The body of the waggon is covered over with a spacious canvas or sail-cloth tent, supported by a semi-circular roof, and affords protection from the rain or sun. Such is the shell of the movable dwelling of the African Missionary, in which he and his family often live for weeks and months together, whilst traversing the desert.

But in order to form a correct idea of this strange mode of life, we must look not only at the house, but at the furniture. The waggon is provided with two spacious chests; one in front, which serves as a seat

for the driver, and another behind. In these are packed the wearing apparel, provisions, and various articles for domestic use during the journey. Below the *achter-kist* is suspended, near to the ground, a frame called the *trap*, on which are packed pots, pans, kettles, and other cooking utensils, to be at hand when required; and on the outside of the waggon there are two small boxes for saws, hatchets, chisels, hammers, nails and screws, etc., to be easily accessible in case of accidents on the road. The interior of the waggon is generally divided into two compartments, in one of which the travellers sit during the day, and in the other sleep at night, on mattresses placed on a frame called a *cartel*, suspended over the boxes, trunks, or other baggage securely packed in the body of the waggon. The ponderous vehicle thus arranged is drawn by a *span* of fourteen or sixteen oxen yoked to the *dissel-boom* and *trek-tow*, and the rate of travelling is about three miles an hour.

Such was my equipment on the occasion of my first journey into the interior. Everything being ready, we took our places in the waggon, the driver mounted the *voor-kist*, cracked his tremendous whip, and off we went at a lively pace, our oxen being fresh and in good condition. Before the break of day we passed through Terrington Grove, and began to ascend the steep winding road which has been formed at great expense through the Kloof, now generally called Sir Lowry's Pass, in honour of Sir Lowry Cole, a late Governor of the Cape Colony. On reaching the summit of the first rocky ridge the sun was just rising, and we had a splendid view of sea and land. On coming to a suitable place, where we found both grass and water,

we "outspanned" for breakfast. A few sticks being collected, a fire was kindled, the kettle boiled, and the breakfast spread out on the adjacent rocks. Then came family worship, the reading of the Scriptures, the singing of a hymn, and the offering of prayer in the vernacular language of the natives, to which they attended with evident devotion. Meanwhile the oxen were grazing, and when we had rested for an hour or two, we inspanned and proceeded on our journey.

Our course was through a country of diversified aspect, where vineyards, cornfields, pasture lands, and wild, barren heaths were strangely intermingled. Having rested the oxen for a while during the heat of the day, in the afternoon we ascended with some difficulty a rugged mountain path to the top of Newberg, when another splendid prospect burst upon our view in the direction of Worcester and the Overberg districts. After outspanning repeatedly during the day, towards evening we descended by a tolerable road into a pleasant and fruitful valley, and encamped for the night near the river Zondereind (the "endless" river). Here we found two or three other waggons outspanned, the owners of which, Dutch Boers, as well as their servants, accepted an invitation to attend our evening worship; so that we had a nice congregation.

We retired to rest at an early hour; and being fatigued with our long day's journey, I slept much better than I expected on this my first night in an African waggon. Whilst the oxen were being collected and inspanned, early on the morning of Wednesday, the 24th, we boiled the kettle, had each a cup of coffee, and then proceeded on our journey. After crossing the river Zondereind at a rugged stony ford,

we proceeded through an undulating country with occasional farmhouses at a short distance from the road. About noon we came to the residence of Mr. Brett, a gentleman well known to some of our party, who generously made us a present of some ripe figs and a basket of delicious grapes from his vineyard, near which we passed. After outspanning two or three times during the day, for rest and refreshment, towards evening we reached an eminence from which we had a fine view of the valley of Boschjesveld, with Newmanville in the distance, which we reached before sunset, and received from Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay a hearty Hibernian welcome. The appearance of three Christian Ministers at this secluded spot was an event so unusual that it excited considerable interest among the people, who, together with our excellent host and hostess, did everything in their power to promote our comfort during our brief sojourn among them.

The two following days were spent in viewing the country, conversing with the people, and in looking over Mr. Lindsay's agricultural, mechanical, and mercantile establishment. Our enterprising friend appeared to be doing well both for this world and for that which is to come, being "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He was giving employment to a considerable number of poor coloured people, and at the same time providing for their social, moral, and spiritual welfare.

Sunday, the 28th, was a high day at Newmanville. Early in the morning the native prayer-meeting was held. In the forenoon Mr. Ridgill preached an impressive sermon in Dutch, after which the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. In the after-

noon I preached in English, and baptized Mr. Lindsay's infant; after which I met the native class that Mr. Lindsay had formed of persons who had manifested a sincere desire to flee from the wrath to come. Mr. Jackson being an invalid, Mr. Ridgill preached again in the evening, when a gracious influence rested upon the congregation. Indeed, all the services held this day were "seasons of grace and sweet delight;" and the number of people who came together, and their marked attention to the Word preached, impressed me very powerfully with the value of Mr. Lindsay's labours, and the absolute necessity of something more being done for a people and a place among whom such a good beginning had been made, and where there were no other means of religious instruction.

Having, in a measure, accomplished the object of our visit, and collected such information as might be of service in the future, on Monday morning, March 1st, we set out on our return to Cape Town. Our oxen being fresh and lively, we proceeded at a more rapid pace than usual during the forenoon. As the day began to wax hot we outspanned for an hour or two at the foot of a stupendous mountain; and whilst the oxen were grazing in the valley, we kindled a fire and prepared breakfast, doing ample justice to the provisions with which Mrs. Lindsay had supplied us. On proceeding, in a route different from that by which we had come, the scenery became grand and majestic beyond anything I had before witnessed in Africa. As we ascended a lofty mountain, along a steep and rugged road, we had on our right hand a deep *kloof* or ravine thickly studded with gigantic trees, and on our left almost perpendicular cliffs towering above our heads



to a great height. On reaching the summit of the mountain, and commencing the descent along its western slope, a prospect burst upon our view of a most charming character. At the foot of the mountain lay slumbering in a fertile valley the rural village of Fransche Hoek, and the district and hamlet of Paarl, stretching away into the dim distance on the one hand, and the town and neighbourhood of Stellenbosch on the other, whilst Table Mountain reared its lofty head in the regions still beyond.

On reaching the foot of the mountain on the western side, we outspanned and encamped for the night near the village of Fransche Hoek, so named from its having been a settlement of French refugees who had fled from their native land in time of persecution. The villagers flocked around our waggon on hearing that a party of Missionaries had arrived, and we held a profitable religious service with them before we "turned in" for the night. Having slept comfortably in our waggon, we inspanned early on Tuesday morning, the 2nd, and travelled two or three hours before we halted for breakfast. Being anxious to get home as soon as possible, I here left my friends and the waggon behind, mounted a horse, crossed the Breed Revier ("broad river"), and rode on to Stellenbosch, a distance of eight miles, just in time for the omnibus for Cape Town, where I arrived in safety about noon, after a pleasant ride of twenty-eight miles. I was much gratified with this journey, and returned home thankful to God for His preserving goodness, and to find that all had gone on well at the Station during my absence.

Although favourably impressed with the character

of Boschjesveld and other districts of the Overberg country, as promising fields for Missionary labour, it was not till several years afterwards that we were able to make adequate arrangements for the religious instruction of the people there. In the meantime Mr. Lindsay was indefatigable in his efforts to diffuse the light of the Gospel among all classes. At length I received a memorial from the important village of Swellendam, signed by a considerable number of respectable persons, earnestly pleading for a Wesleyan Missionary to be stationed there. This, together with other circumstances, led to a

#### SECOND JOURNEY TO OVERBERG.

Having made arrangements with the Rev. Joseph Tindall, the Missionary for the time being at Somerset West, to pay another visit to the Overberg country, I left home on Wednesday, February 18th, 1857, and travelled to Somerset by the omnibus. On my arrival there in the evening, I found that Mr. and Mrs. Tindall, with their usual forethought, had everything ready for the journey. After an hour or two spent in pleasant conversation we retired to rest, that we might be ready for an early start next morning.

About three o'clock A.M. on Thursday we inspanned and commenced our journey, travelling on this occasion with a covered spring-cart and two horses, and a Hottentot boy to assist us. This I found to be a more expeditious and less troublesome mode of travelling than with the lumbering ox-waggon, but not by any means so comfortable, when a lodging is required in the desert. We travelled by the same route as before, but, proceeding at a more rapid rate,

we accomplished the journey from Somerset to Boschjesveld in one day, halting a short time every two or three hours for rest and refreshments. On reaching Newmanville late in the evening we again received a cordial welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, who hailed our visit with evident tokens of gratitude and joy.

On Sunday, the 22nd, Mr. Tindall preached in the morning in Dutch to a crowded and attentive congregation. In the afternoon I attended the Sunday School and native Class-meeting, and baptized an adult; and in the evening I preached in English and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. This was indeed a day of spiritual blessing; and I had abundant cause to rejoice over the advance and improvement of the people in general intelligence and Christian knowledge since my visit five years before.

Mr. Lindsay having kindly offered us the use of his waggon and oxen for a journey to Robertson and Swellendam, to collect information with a view to extending our Missionary labours, I left Newmanville on Monday morning, accompanied by Mr. Tindall and Mr. Lindsay. During the day we travelled through a country wild and rugged in the extreme, with the signs of cultivation "few and far between;" and having repeatedly outspanned for rest and refreshment, as usual, at eight o'clock P.M. we encamped two miles from Robertson, after a weary day's journey of eighteen hours.

We entered the village at an early hour next morning, and were pleased with the appearance of the place. It lies in a gentle hollow, surrounded by hills, among which are scattered numerous farms in a fair state of cultivation. At ten o'clock we commenced

a religious service in the open air in connection with the laying of the foundation-stone of a little chapel to be built on a lot of land secured for the purpose some time before. Mr. Lindsay performed the ceremony of laying the stone, after which he delivered an earnest address. Mr. Tindall and I followed; and the meeting, which was well attended, considering the shortness of the notice, was concluded with fervent prayer to God for His blessing upon the enterprise.

Having dismissed the congregation, and partaken of a hasty dinner by the side of our waggon, we inspanned the oxen, and on the afternoon of the same day set out for Swellendam. Our cattle being fresh and in good condition, we travelled at a quick pace for six hours, and then halted for the night by the side of a brook, where we found grass for the oxen and wood for our evening fire. We started again early on the morning of Wednesday, the 25th, and travelled all day through a wilderness region, along the base of a ridge of lofty mountains, outspanning occasionally for rest and refreshment for man and beast. In the afternoon we saw a flock of ostriches flapping their wings and running at a rapid rate. Soon afterwards one of our men shot a duiker deer which crossed our path, and thus we were provided with a supply of game which lasted for several days. The horns of the animal were given to me as a curiosity. After a fairly comfortable encampment for the night in the desert, we went forward at an early hour on Thursday morning, and about nine o'clock A.M. we found ourselves close to the village of Swellendam, where we halted for breakfast.

After attending to our toilet as best we could in the bush, we walked into the village, and spent the day

in visiting the public schools, conversing with a Wesleyan family or two, and others, who had united in a memorial for a Wesleyan Missionary, and in pleasant interviews with Dr. Robertson, the Dutch Minister, and the Rev. Mr. Baker, the English Clergyman. We dined at the village hotel, where we met with some interesting company, which made us feel as if we had returned once more to the abodes of civilisation. Having collected the information we required, we returned to our waggon in the afternoon, and immediately commenced our homeward journey. We travelled till a late hour in the night before we encamped once more in the desert. On Friday, the 27th, we travelled all day, occasionally halting to rest the oxen as before ; and late in the evening we reached the vicinity of Robertson, where we encamped for the night. On Saturday morning we entered the village, and proceeded to our former place of encampment near the site of the new chapel, where we spent the day in preparation for the Sabbath.

Sunday, March 1st, was a high day at Robertson. In the forenoon the congregation was larger than any house would accommodate: we therefore arranged to hold the service in the open air by our waggon as before ; and at ten o'clock Mr. Tindall preached an excellent sermon in Dutch ; after which I baptized two adults, father and daughter, who had been some time under religious instruction, and who made a good confession before many witnesses. In the afternoon I preached in English, and Mr. Lindsay in Dutch in the evening. All the services were attended with a gracious influence, and we were encouraged to hope that lasting good would be the result.

At two o'clock on Monday morning we resumed our homeward journey, pushing through to Newmanville in one day, making our halts for rest and refreshment as few and as short as possible. We should have failed in our object, however, had not Mrs. Lindsay kindly sent a cart and horses to meet us, as our oxen were too tired to proceed.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 3rd, about half-past one o'clock we took leave of our friends at Newmanville, and commenced our journey over the mountains with the cart and horses with which we had come to Boschjesveld. After toiling hard all day, often walking up the hills to relieve our horses, we reached Somerset in the evening. On Wednesday morning I rose again at an early hour, and left for Cape Town by the omnibus at half-past four. I reached home before noon, and was thankful to find that my dear wife had been preserved in health and comfort during my absence.

These repeated visits to the places which have been named, situated in the districts of Worcester and Swellendam, beyond the range of mountains which separates them from the Cape, known as the Overberg Country, were not without fruit. For some time we were prevented by the lack of men and means from occupying these promising fields of labour. At length, however, the way seemed to open up before us, and, with the sanction and aid of the Parent Society, two principal Stations or Circuits were organised and occupied, the one at Robertson and the other at Swellendam. At Robertson a new and commodious chapel and Mission House were erected; out-stations were established at Lady Grey and Montague, and a good work was carried on in after years under the judicious

superintendence of the Revs. Henry Tindall and W. F. Edwards in succession. At Swellendam, where the Rev. William Barber made a good beginning, the work was not so successful, as it had to be relinquished for a time in consequence of the destruction of the Mission premises by fire. But we had abundant evidence that our labours were not in vain in the Lord.

Meanwhile the cause of God in Cape Town and on the neighbouring Stations was prospering in a very pleasing manner. At the end of my second year at the Cape, I removed my residence from Cape Town to Rondebosch; and, as time and opportunity would permit, I devoted my attention to the extension of the work in that direction. After preaching in the open air for several years at Newlands and Claremont, we succeeded in erecting a neat little chapel at each place, and in establishing Societies and schools, which were for some time prosperous and promising. We also erected a third chapel in Cape Town. This was in Hope Street, at a considerable distance from our other places of worship, among a people who stood much in need of religious instruction. At this, as well as on the other Stations in the city and neighbourhood, the faithful preaching of the Gospel and the religious instruction given in the Mission schools were made a blessing to thousands, as we trust will be seen in the last great day.

But important as was the work of our Mission on the Colonial Stations for the benefit of European settlers and coloured natives, I always regarded the Aborigines of the far distant interior as having paramount claims upon us as Christian Missionaries. Hence it was with pleasure that I heard from time to time of the progress

of the good work on our interior Stations. The brethren labouring there under many difficulties and privations were very anxious that I should visit them, to inspect their work and consult with them in reference to its further extension. For some time this seemed impracticable; but at length the way opened, and I felt at liberty to comply with the earnest request of my brethren.

#### FIRST JOURNEY TO NAMAQUALAND.

Having made arrangements with my friend and neighbour, Mr. James Morris, to travel in company with him to Namaqualand, I commended my dear wife and household to God in prayer, and left my home in Rondebosch on the morning of Monday, July 4th, 1853. It would have been very agreeable to me if we could have accomplished the journey by ox-waggon, but time was precious, and we wished to travel at a quicker rate. We therefore decided to go with a covered cart and five horses—four to draw the conveyance, and one to be ridden by the Hottentot boy, Jappy, who accompanied us, and thus to be ready for contingencies, Mr. Morris himself acting as driver.

The first day we travelled forty-five miles over the Cape Flats, leaving the little village of Durban on the right, and proceeding to the residence of Mr. Basson, near Malmesbury, where we arrived just after sunset, and were received and entertained with that kindness and hospitality for which the Dutch farmers at the Cape are so justly famed, when they have confidence in their guests. The following morning we passed through the village of Malmesbury at an early hour, and ascended a considerable hill, beyond which we lost



sight of Table Mountain, and proceeded through the district of Swartland. The scenery now became very interesting, assuming, all at once, the majestic proportions and rugged wildness of the interior. On the right and left were mountains of considerable altitude, the summits of which were covered with snow, whilst the lowlands were spotted with farms. Having outspanned several times during the day, to graze and rest the horses, and to prepare our food, in the evening we came to Berg River, which we crossed without difficulty by means of a punt sufficiently large to convey both horses and cart over at once. We obtained accommodation for the night at the house of Mr. Turone, on the northern bank of the river.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 6th, we left early, and the road being good, we proceeded at a rapid pace. The path now lay through a long valley, skirting the foot of an elevated mountain called Picquet Berg; and we had a distant view of a village of the same name. In the evening we reached the farm of Mr. Bosman, where we were kindly furnished with lodgings and everything we required for ourselves and our horses. The next morning, the good people having supplied us with a cup of coffee and made us a present of a loaf of bread and a few oranges, we proceeded on our journey through heavy sandy roads, which made travelling very difficult. We walked many miles this day to relieve the horses, and about an hour after sunset we came to the residence of Mr. P. Van Zeyl, where we met with a cordial reception and hospitable entertainment for the night.

On Friday morning we ascended a steep rocky hill with considerable difficulty; and about noon we halted

in a little fertile valley with a beautiful stream of water running through the centre. Here we lighted a fire, as usual, and prepared our midday meal; and afterwards read a portion of Scripture, sang a hymn, and offered prayer in Dutch, according to our usual custom, when time would permit. Travelling still through heavy sandy roads, in the evening we reached Uitkomst, the residence of Mr. H. Van Zeyl, a house well known as the Missionaries' resting-place. We were received and entertained with the kindness and hospitality for which this family have always been so famed; and on leaving next morning our stock of provisions was replenished with a liberal hand.

In the course of Saturday we were overtaken with heavy rain, which, together with the deep sand, made travelling very difficult. The storm continuing, it was with difficulty that we lighted a fire and boiled the kettle at noon. Having at length prepared and partaken of our usual cup of coffee, we resumed our journey with renewed courage; and in the evening, wet and weary; we reached a farmhouse called *Heere Lodgment* ("Gentleman's Lodgings"); but, alas for us and our poor horses! Mr. Foster, the owner, was from home with his family, and the house was locked up. Near this place is a remarkable cave, described by the traveller Vaillant, in which we took shelter for a time. From the numerous inscriptions cut in the rocky walls of this noted cavern, I observed that it must have been visited at an early period. Besides the names of several esteemed Missionaries of comparatively modern date, I noted the following: "Casper Hern, 1712;" "F. Vaillant, 1785." We had just lighted a fire and cooked part of a wild buck, which we had purchased

from a native hunter returning from the chase, when Mr. Foster, hearing of our arrival, sent us the key of his house, to which we adjourned for the night in preference to the cold, damp cave; and having the use of it entirely to ourselves, Mr. Morris and I, with our Hottentot servant, spent a quiet, comfortable Sabbath in reading, conversation, singing, and prayer. In our humble acts of worship we were joined by about a dozen natives who had come in from the fields. On Monday morning, the 11th, we proceeded on our journey, and soon entered upon a wild tract of country without inhabitants. At night we encamped among some bushes far from any human habitation, and where nothing was to be heard but the loud screams of the jackal in search of his prey. The air was cold, but we lighted a fire, around which we sat with tolerable comfort for a few hours, and then wrapped ourselves in our skin blankets and slept in the cart as best we could, the ground being wet with the recent rain.

Next morning we found the whole country enveloped in a dense fog, so that we were unable to find our horses for some time. After travelling about four hours through deep heavy sand we came to Ebenezer, a Station of the Rhenish Missionary Society, on the southern bank of the Elephant's River. Our German brethren have here a good church and a commodious Mission House; but the huts of the natives are very poor, and the Station altogether wore a desolate and cheerless aspect, occupying, as I thought, a very unfavourable position. We were kindly received by Mr. Juffernbruch, the Missionary, and Mr. Clare, his Teacher; and our own wants and those of our horses were supplied in a spirit of true Christian hospitality.

Having refreshed ourselves and very much enjoyed an hour's conversation with our kind host, we proceeded to the Elephant's River, which is here about a hundred yards wide and very deep; but which we crossed without much difficulty by means of a large boat, in which we placed ourselves and the cart, our horses nobly swimming in our wake. After resting for a short time on the northern bank of the river we proceeded on our journey.

We now entered upon a wild and dreary desert country known as the Karoo, or Hardeveld, where a human being is seldom seen, and where travelling is rendered difficult by the scarcity of water and grass. Hitherto we had been able occasionally to procure forage for our horses at the farmhouses we passed on the road; but now we had to trust entirely to the scanty herbage of the desert. For three days in succession we travelled over these desolate rocky regions, halting occasionally to graze the horses and prepare our food, and at night encamping in the bush in the most sheltered places we could find. Sometimes we had to dig in the bed of a periodical river to obtain water; and when found, it was often so brackish and nauseous that it was difficult to use it.

At length, having entered Little Namaqualand, we beheld with delight at a distance the elevated mountain range, the highest point of which is Khamiesberg; and about sunset on the evening of Friday, the 15th, we reached Bethel, an outpost of the Lily Fountain Mission Station, where the Missionary and most of the people reside during the winter months. We were received and entertained with true Christian hospitality by the Rev. John A. Bailie and his wife and family,

who did everything in their power to make us comfortable after our weary journey of four hundred miles from the Cape.

I spent most of the day on Saturday in conversation with Mr. Bailie on various matters connected with the interests of the Mission, and in examining a diagram of the Institution lands, which I had brought with me from the Surveyor-General's Office in Cape Town, to test the respective boundaries on the spot, with a view to a final settlement with the Government of the long-pending question of the rights of the people, a question which I ultimately got settled by a grant signed by Sir George Cathcart, the Governor-General of the Cape Colony. On Saturday evening a number of natives arrived at the Station from a distance, some in waggons and others on horseback, to pay their respects to "*oude Mynheer*," and to be ready for the services of the Sabbath.

At an early hour on Sunday morning I was awoke by the sound of prayer and praise in the adjacent chapel, where the natives were holding their prayer-meeting. I immediately arose and joined them in their devotions. The chapel was half full of people. The prayers were offered partly in Dutch and partly in Namaqua; and, although I could not understand much of what was said, the prayers were so fervent and apparently so sincere that I felt it good to be there. At ten o'clock A.M. I preached to a congregation of about two hundred Namaquas, Mr. Bailie kindly interpreting. There was an evident manifestation of Divine influence, and it was a season long to be remembered. At the close of the service I read a beautiful, simple, and affectionate letter written in

Dutch and addressed to the congregation by their old Missionary, the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, who had sent it by me. It contained references to some incidents of a touching character connected with Mr. Shaw's first coming among them, when they were sitting in heathen darkness, and to the great change which had since taken place; and when I handed the letter to old Gert Links, after I had read it, and advised him to read it to the people again and again, many tears were shed, and, with a heart evidently full, the old man replied: "*Ja, Mynheer, wy vergeten onze oude Leeraars niet, maar wy hebben ze nog lief. Toen Mynheer Shaw is eerst onder ons gekomen, heeft hy ons eenen kostelyken schat, meer kostelyk dan goud gebragt.*" "Yes, Sir, we do not forget our old Teachers, but we love them still. When Mr. Shaw first came among us, he brought us a treasure more precious than gold." In the afternoon Mr. Bailie preached an energetic sermon in Dutch, after which Mr. Morris gave an address. In the evening I preached again in English, chiefly for the benefit of the Mission family; and I was glad to see most of the natives on the Station present. This also was a season of blessing, for which we felt thankful.

On Monday morning, the 18th, having obtained a fresh span of horses, that ours might rest till our return, we commenced the second portion of our journey to Great Namaqualand, a distance of about two hundred miles further. We had a little trouble with our new horses at first, but they soon became accustomed to the draft, and we travelled along comfortably as before. In the evening we encamped in a nice sheltered spot called Haas Revier, where we found both grass and water and plenty of fuel for our

fire, and where we made a good meal of the provisions with which Mrs. Bailie had so liberally supplied us for our journey.

The next two days we spent in travelling through a wild and dreary country called Bushmanland, in which—after leaving Springbok Fontein, where we rested for an hour—we scarcely saw a human being, save a wandering Bushman or two, who timidly approached our encampment to beg for tobacco. Having passed a rocky hill called Gezelchap, where we obtained a supply of water from a hollow in a rock, and crossed an extensive plain where a large flock of deer were browsing, we began to ascend the mountain range which marks the track of the Great Orange River. After a long and weary day's journey we had encamped for the night, and were comfortably seated round our evening fire, when a Namaqua messenger presented himself, bearing a letter from the Rev. Joseph Tindall, the Missionary at Nisbett Bath, to give us information as to the state of the river, and the best means of crossing and reaching his Station. This messenger had walked about eighty miles, and when he had faithfully executed his commission, we felt relieved as to the state of the river.

We rose early on the morning of Wednesday, and travelled for several hours amid some of the most wild and rugged scenery I had ever beheld. After a long but gradual descent into the valley, about noon we came in sight of the Great Orange River, which, according to the information we had received, we found fordable, and passed through without any trouble. The crossing of this river on floating rafts, when full, is a formidable undertaking, as I found on careful

measurement that it was five hundred yards wide at the ford.

After resting for an hour or two, and sending off Mr. Tindall's messenger with intelligence of our approach to his Station, we commenced the ascent southwards, which occupied the remainder of the day, and far into the night, before we came to water at a place called Sand Fountain.

On Saturday morning, the 23rd, fearing that we should not reach the Nisbett Bath Station in time for the Sabbath, I mounted the spare horse, resolving to ride the remaining part of the journey, leaving Mr. Morris and Jappy to follow on with the cart and four jaded horses as best they could. I soon found that this was a very adventurous undertaking; for when I had ridden several hours alone, I discovered that I had missed the way and was lost. I might thus have perished in the desert, had I not providentially met Mr. Henry Tindall, the son of the Missionary, with a Namaqua servant, coming to meet me. Under their guidance I reached the Station before sunset, and met with a hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Tindall. Before morning dawned Mr. Morris arrived with the cart all right, and thus our troubles for the present were at an end.

The services of the Sabbath were of a very interesting character. At the early morning prayer-meeting the converted Namaquas made the Station ring with their songs of praise, and all present appeared to have "a good time." In the forenoon I preached to a large and attentive congregation, Mr. Henry Tindall interpreting into Namaqua. In the afternoon Mr. Joseph Tindall preached in Dutch, the lessons and



sermon being interpreted into Namaqua by native Teachers. In the evening I preached in English, chiefly for the benefit of the Mission family, but most of the natives attended as before. I was much pleased with the evident devotion and sweet singing of these dear people, and I rejoiced exceedingly to witness such clear proofs of the transforming power of the Gospel as daily came before me during my pleasant visit to this interesting Station, where I found upwards of two hundred Church members meeting in class, and an equal number of children receiving instruction in the Mission schools.

Having made arrangements to visit Hoole's Fountain, an important out-station about seventy-five miles from Nisbett Bath, I set off on Monday morning, the 25th, with a waggon and oxen belonging to the Station, accompanied by Mr. H. Tindall, Mr. Morris, and three Namaquas. The road led over an extensive plain till we came to the Amx River, a periodical stream now nearly destitute of water. Here we encamped for the night, and proceeded on our journey early next morning. Having heard that a considerable number of the people had removed from the Station in consequence of the drought, we directed our course to the place of their encampment. We found the distance greater than we expected, and did not reach the *werf*, or temporary village, till a late hour on Tuesday evening. Indeed we had some difficulty in finding the place in consequence of the darkness by which we were surrounded, till we discovered the locality by the barking of dogs, the lowing of cattle, and the glimmering light of the night fires. When the people were apprised of our arrival they came out to assist

us, and manifested their joy in every possible way. Having conducted us with lighted torches to a place where the waggon might conveniently stand, near their temporary place of worship, they threw their torches on a heap and made a blazing fire, around which we sat for several hours, first to partake of our evening meal, the natives having brought us a supply of new milk, and afterwards to hold a religious service, for the people were anxious to hear the word of God. The attendance consisted largely of women and children, as about one hundred men with ten waggons belonging to this party had gone on a great hunting expedition to a considerable distance, and were expected to be absent for several weeks.

After a comfortable night's rest in the waggon we left early on Wednesday morning on horseback, to visit the Stations in this neighbourhood. A rapid ride of two and a half hours brought us to Jerusalem, a lovely little village with two good fountains, which supply water for the people and their cattle and for the irrigation of their gardens also. Several years ago this was a Station of the London Missionary Society, the scene of the earliest labours of the celebrated Rev. Robert Moffat, and the place where he first became acquainted with the notorious Africaner. I examined the remains of the dwelling-house built by Messrs. Albrecht and Moffat, and advised the people to repair the wall, construct a roof, and fit it up as a native chapel, that a place endeared by so many pleasing associations might still be held sacred for Christ and His Gospel. We conducted Divine service in the open air, and having partaken of a cup of tea, which the people prepared for us in an old iron pot, in

the absence of a kettle, we rode forward to Hoole's Fountain, which we reached about noon.

Much as I had been pleased with Jerusalem, I was still more delighted with this place. The fountain is stronger, the garden grounds are more extensive, and the surrounding scenery grand beyond description. The village is situated near the bed of a periodical river, in which grow a number of camel-thorn, ebony, and other trees; and a short distance beyond, a range of Table Mountains rise to a considerable altitude, their horizontal summits fringed with the graceful koker-boom. The mud-built chapel was in a dilapidated state, but was to be repaired when the men returned from their hunting expedition. A dwelling-house was also to be built for the Missionary, the site of which we marked out, and then returned to our waggon at the native encampment, having ridden about forty miles during the day in the hot sun.

On our arrival we found the people had been preparing for the evening service. The school children had collected a large pile of faggots for the camp fire, and their parents had brought to the waggon more milk than we could use. By the time we had taken some refreshment the fire was lighted, the people had assembled around it, and we proceeded at once to engage in the worship of Almighty God. This was without exception one of the most interesting religious services I ever attended in any country. The mode of proceeding was the same as the night before, with the addition of a fellowship-meeting, at which several of the converted natives gave a pleasing account of their religious experience. Never shall I forget the emotions of my own heart whilst listening to and

gazing upon this motley group of natives, as the flickering glare of the fire revealed their sable faces in the more distant parts of the crowd. I thought of the Missionary Martyr, William Threlfall, who had lost his life not far from the place where I was sitting, and the grave of whose murderer I had seen a few days before. I thought of the toils and trials of Edward Cook and other devoted Missionaries. And when I adverted in my address to the wonderful change which had taken place since the Bundle-Zwarts and Africaners were wont to meet in deadly conflict on the field close by, but who were now assembled in peace with their wives and children to sing the praises of God, as the result of the introduction of the Gospel among them, there was a thrill of deep and hallowed feeling which seemed to vibrate in every heart, and which found expression in a simultaneous outburst of gratitude and joy.

Next morning the people were at our encampment before daylight, as we had promised to hold one more service with them before our departure. I counted one hundred—men, women, and children—who had thus assembled together at that early hour. To these Mr. Tindall preached in Namaqua, and I delivered a parting address. I was happy to learn that about sixty people were united in Church fellowship on this out-station, and that as many children were attending the Mission school. At the close of this early morning service we took an affectionate leave of this dear people, who crowded round the waggon to shake hands, sorrowing that they might see our faces no more. Having travelled all that day and all the next night, and being still some distance from the Bath, we mounted our horses and rode forward, leaving the

waggon to follow, and thus reached the Station before noon on Friday.

Saturday, the 30th, was spent in attention to various business matters and in consultation with the Missionaries as to the best means of carrying on the work. In the evening I held a meeting with the Chief and head men of the tribe, speaking to them on various matters relating to their temporal and spiritual welfare. My second Sabbath at Nisbett Bath was spent in a similar manner to the first. In the morning I preached by interpreter, and afterwards administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In the afternoon Mr. Morris addressed the people in Dutch; and in the evening I preached again in English.

On Monday morning, August 1st, we had singing and prayer in the open air in front of the Mission House, where the people were assembled together to witness our departure; and about noon Mr. Morris and I took leave of the Mission family and the dear people among whom they were labouring. Mrs. Tindall replenished our store-chest with a liberal hand; and having been kindly furnished with four oxen to relieve our horses in passing over the sandy roads of the first stage of our return journey, we set out, accompanied for some time by the Missionaries and a number of the people. At Lurie's Fontein we were supplied with a young sheep from the Mission flock for slaughter and food on the road. On reaching the Orange River we crossed without difficulty, as before, only breaking two spokes of one of our cart wheels in attempting to lock them while going down a steep bank into the stream. After repairing the damage we encamped for the night on the southern bank of the river.

After two days of hard travelling through the Bushman Flats by way of Quick Fontein and Reed Fontein, during most of which I rode the spare horse to lighten the cart, we came to Norap, an out-station of the Khamiesberg Circuit, on the afternoon of Friday, the 5th. Here we had appointed to meet Mr. Bailie and a few head men of the Station, to lay the foundation-stone of a new chapel. A number of school children were collected on the top of a hill with banners flying, and, as soon as we appeared in sight, they communicated the intelligence to the Missionary and people assembled below, and they immediately came out to meet us.

We found a large concourse of natives gathered together, many of whom had come from a considerable distance, and were anxiously awaiting our arrival. The waggons and tents were tastefully arranged round the old temporary chapel; and although I was somewhat fatigued, having ridden on horseback about fifty miles a day during the past three days, there was a congregation, and I must preach. So I commenced the service without delay, and we had a blessed time. I afterwards examined the school children, and was pleased with their progress in learning. We assembled again in the evening, when Mr. Bailie and Mr. Morris took part in the service. That night we slept in a native mat hut in preference to lodging in the cart, for we longed to stretch our weary limbs on the ground.

On Saturday morning we fixed the site of the proposed new chapel, and held a religious service; and, at the request of the Missionary and his people, I laid the foundation-stone in due form amid songs of praise and

general rejoicing. We then took leave of the people of Norap and set out for Khamiesberg. In the evening we arrived at the Lily Fountain Station on the top of the mountain, in the midst of a snowstorm, a sudden change having taken place in the weather. We had a toilsome journey up the hills on foot, wading through the snow, which lay thick on the ground; our horses also being much fatigued. Indeed, one of them failed entirely, and died on the road. Such are the contingencies of African travelling.

We held the usual services on the Sabbath, but, most of the people having removed to the Underveld for the winter season, the attendance was small. Having inspected the new chapel in course of erection, on Monday morning, we descended the mountain to Bethel's Klip, where we found ourselves in a different climate to that which we had left behind.

Having accomplished the object of my visit to these Stations, on Wednesday, the 10th, we took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Bailie and family and the few people on the Station, and set out for the Cape. We were now blessed with favourable weather; and, having travelled day after day for two weeks more, in the manner already described, on Saturday evening, August 20th, I reached home in safety, truly thankful to God for His preserving goodness, extended not only to me during my travels, but also to my dear wife in my absence. In this journey I travelled about 1,400 miles, and visited all our Stations in Little and Great Namaqualand, in seven weeks—a rate of travelling seldom surpassed in that country. I cannot close this section without recording my gratitude and obligation to my friend Mr. James Morris, who was unwearied in his

attentions to my personal comfort, and did good service for our Mission. The happy hours which we spent together in Christian fellowship, prayer, and praise, whilst traversing the wilds of Africa, are sweet and pleasant in the retrospect, and issued in uniting our hearts in a lifelong friendship.

On my return from the interior I found a mass of correspondence and business of various kinds awaiting me, attention to which, in addition to the ordinary duties of the Ministry, occupied me for some time. Meanwhile I heard with pleasure, from time to time, of the progress of the good work in Namaqualand. About two years after my first visit, circumstances occurred which rendered it necessary for me to leave home once more to make a hasty tour of inspection among some of our distant interior Stations, a brief account of which will be best given in this connection.

#### SECOND JOURNEY TO NAMAQUALAND.

In the year 1855 several changes were made in the Cape of Good Hope District affecting our interior Stations. The Rev. Messrs. Ridgill and Thomas were appointed to Namaqualand for the first time, and it was proposed both to consolidate and extend the work in the interior. The new chapel at Khamiesberg was nearly finished, and Mr. Bailie, the resident Missionary there, was very anxious that I should be present at the opening services. I had a strong desire to gratify my brethren in these and other matters; but other claims were such that I scarcely knew how I could spare the time necessary for a second journey into the interior. Whilst I was anxiously considering what course I ought to pursue, I heard of an opportunity of proceeding up



the south-western coast of Africa, a distance of four or five hundred miles by water, a vessel being about to leave the Cape for Hondeklip Bay in Little Namaqualand for a cargo of copper ore. As this mode of travelling would effect a great saving of time, and might answer my purpose, I resolved to adopt it. Accordingly, committing my dear wife and household once more to the care of the Almighty, on Saturday, October 20th, I went on board the barque *Dido*, accompanied by my friend and neighbour, Mr. Charles Pillans, who was proceeding to the interior on business. The vessel worked out of Table Bay in the course of the afternoon, and, having a strong south-east wind in our favour, we had a rapid run up the coast, and, by the good providence of God, we reached Hondeklip Bay in safety on Monday afternoon. In order to cross the bar and enter the little Bay, we were obliged to leave the *Dido* at anchor outside, and go on board the small cutter *Rosebud*, which conveyed us safely into the harbour, although she was wrecked on a dangerous reef in attempting to perform a similar service for another party a few days afterwards.

Having obtained lodgings for the night at the house of the storekeeper, at an early hour the following morning we procured horses, and a Hottentot boy as a guide, and set out for Bethel's Klip, an out-station of our Khamiesberg Missionary Institution, at a distance of about forty-five miles from Hondeklip Bay. The day was extremely hot, and as we had to ride hard over a heavy sandy road, encumbered with some luggage and our blankets strapped behind us, it was very fatiguing both for man and beast. We found it necessary to "off-saddle" and "knee-halter" more

frequently during the day than usual, although we found the water very indifferent at the respective places. At one of the places where we halted for an hour or two, to graze our horses and take refreshment, I observed a traveller's waggon at a distance, and on approaching it for the purpose of exchanging friendly greetings, according to the etiquette of the African desert, I was pleasingly surprised to hear a hearty welcome pronounced in my own sweet native tongue. The owner of the waggon proved to be an English trader from Clanwilliam, who was right glad to meet a fellow-countryman in the wilderness.

On reaching Bethel in the evening we were sorry to find that Mr. Bailie and his family had left a few hours before for Khamiesberg, this being the time of the general "trek," or removal, of the Missionary and his people from the lowlands to the upper Station. The few natives whom we found on the place soon prepared for us a cup of tea, and we were spreading our blankets for the night, when Mr. Bailie returned from his first encampment, a messenger having gone thither to inform him of my arrival. Great was the surprise and joy of my brother Missionary to see me at Bethel, as he had not expected me to travel by this route, nor that I should have come from the Cape so quickly. I need hardly say that the night was spent in conversation, prayer, and praise, rather than in sleep, we had so many things to talk about, and so much to be thankful for. Early next morning we accompanied Mr. Bailie to his encampment at Lang Klip, where we found the Mission family at their waggons all well, and, with her usual kindness and forethought, Mrs. Bailie had breakfast ready in anticipation of our coming.

Having thus joined the Mission family on their way to Khamiesberg, I felt quite at home, and much enjoyed the gipsy kind of life which they are obliged to lead in these migrations. The little children and the domestic animals seemed to understand all about it. I observed a hen with her brood of chickens quite enjoying their liberty on being let out of their cage for an hour or two at the outspanning, taking good care, however, not to wander far from the waggons, and so expose themselves to the serpents or birds of prey. During the two following days we continued ascending the mountain at an easy pace, the ladies and children sleeping in the waggons at night, and the gentlemen and servants on the ground. We held religious services with the people morning and evening, at our respective encampments, and frequently found it good thus to wait upon the Lord.

We reached Lily Fountain Station on the top of Khamiesberg on Thursday, the 25th; and after resting for a day or two, and attending to the services of the Sabbath, the resident Missionary preaching in the morning and I in the evening, Mr. Bailie and I set out on Monday morning on a journey of four days to visit the out-stations and the copper mines. We travelled on this occasion on horseback, accompanied by B. S. Links, the native Teacher, with a pack-horse to carry our blankets, provisions, and cooking utensils. During the first day we travelled through rugged mountain scenery, where the baboons were gambolling among the rocks, and where no signs of cultivation appeared. In the evening we came to an experimental copper mine of the "South African Mining Company." The night was bleak and cold, and the superintendent

of the establishment having kindly offered us the best shelter he had, we gladly availed ourselves of it, in preference to lodging in the open air. Having conversed with the people for some time and attended to our evening devotions, we wrapped ourselves in our skin blankets, laid ourselves down on the mud floor of a native hut, and slept fairly well after our long day's journey.

On Thursday morning we continued our course through the Bushman Flats, till we came to Silver Fontein, where we rested for a while, and obtained a supply of bread and milk and a few oranges at a farmhouse. Here I saw the grave of the Bushman who was executed for the murder of the Rev. William Threlfall, Jacob Links, and Johannes Jagger, and heard once more the awful story related on the spot. In the afternoon we visited another copper mine on Mr. Kennedy's farm, and in the evening reached Springbok Fontein, where we were kindly received, and provided with lodgings for the night, by Mr. Steel, the superintendent of the mines. Mr. J. C. Rivers, the Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate, also showed us much kindness.

Having finished our business at Springbok, we set out on Wednesday morning on our return journey. After a hard ride of six hours we reached the Norap Station. The native hut which I had formerly occupied at this place had been removed, but we provided a temporary shelter for the night as best we could, and on the following morning we proceeded to Khamiesberg, and on arriving at Lily Fountain were glad to hear of the approach of the Rev. Messrs. Ridgill and Thomas, who had left C ape Town two weeks before I started,

with their families in ox-waggons, on their way to their respective Stations in Great Namaqualand. On Saturday evening Mr. Ridgill arrived at the Station; but Mr. Thomas was detained at the foot of the mountain, by the breaking of the axle of one of his waggons. Having despatched a party of men with tools to repair the damage, and to bring the Missionary and his family to the Station, we prepared for the services of the holy Sabbath.

In the morning Mr. Ridgill preached an excellent sermon in Dutch, and we were expecting the blessing of God on the remaining services of the day, when a circumstance occurred which seriously interfered with our arrangements. Immediately after coming out of the chapel a messenger arrived to inform us that Mr. Thomas's other waggon had been upset the previous evening, coming down a steep hill, and was completely broken to pieces.

Mr. Bailie and I mounted our horses at once, and hastened to the scene of this disaster, leaving instructions for additional men to follow with a waggon and tools, etc. After riding about fourteen miles we reached the place where the accident had occurred, and there witnessed a scene calculated to move the heart of any one who has a spark of sympathy with the Missionary "in perils in the wilderness." We found the body of the waggon in one place, the wheels in another, and the contents scattered along the road for some distance, whilst the Missionary and his family were sitting in sadness under a bush where they had taken shelter for the night when their waggon was demolished, yet thankful that they had been preserved from personal injury. By persevering effort we

succeeded in effecting the necessary repairs during the afternoon ; and when we had collected the scattered contents and replaced them in the waggon, we inspanned the oxen, and travelled forward for a mile or two, till we came to a better place, where we encamped for the night, and held a religious service for the benefit of ourselves and our people. On the following morning we proceeded on our journey up the mountain, and reached the Station about noon.

In the afternoon I inspected the Mission school, when I found nearly two hundred scholars present. When they had gone through their various exercises satisfactorily, I distributed among them a number of little presents, consisting chiefly of useful articles of wearing apparel, with which I had been supplied by friends in England and Cape Town. Not anticipating that there would be so many present, I was sorry to find that the rewards provided fell short, and that when I had given away all I had, there remained seventeen little Namaqua boys and girls for whom I had nothing. When I saw their disappointment, I was very sorry, and would gladly have given twice their value for the articles required, but in that far-off land they could not be obtained. All I could do was to promise that I would send superior presents to those who had been left without anything—a promise which I faithfully redeemed.

Thursday, November 8th, was the day appointed for opening the new chapel at Lily Fountain, and it was a day long to be remembered both by Ministers and people. At an early hour the beautiful sanctuary was filled with people, chiefly the native inhabitants of the Institution, with a few neighbouring farmers and

visitors from a distance. At the request of my brethren I commenced the service by giving out the beautiful Dutch hymn "*Halelujah! lof zy den Heer!*" and after I had read an appropriate portion of Scripture in the same language, the Rev. J. A. Bailie offered the dedication prayer, and the Rev. R. Ridgill preached a most impressive sermon. In the evening the Rev. F. Weich preached, and the Rev. J. Thomas and Mr. J. Mackay took part in the service. Although money was little known in the interior at that time, the collection at the close of the morning service amounted to £16 4s. In the afternoon a tea-meeting was held in the schoolroom, when several aged Namaqua converts gave interesting addresses, in which they made touching allusion to the great changes which had been wrought by the introduction of the Gospel among them.

The new chapel is in the Gothic style of architecture, and reflects great credit upon the native builders, and upon the Rev. J. A. Bailie, the zealous Missionary under whose superintendence it was erected. It is a substantial stone building, with massive buttresses outside, and neatly finished inside with plank floor, ceiling, and pews complete. It is calculated to seat about six hundred persons, and is generally well attended. The chapel was erected at a cost of about £1,000, the whole of which was contributed by the natives themselves, with the exception of about £20, given by a few friends in Cape Town for the purchase of a pulpit. Lily Fountain in Khamiesberg, Little Namaqualand, was the first Wesleyan Mission Station in South Africa. It was established by the Rev. Barnabas Shaw in the year 1816, and the people connected with it, about one thousand in number, have

advanced to a pleasing state of civilisation. About two hundred and fifty native converts were united in Church fellowship at the time of my visit, and about as many children were receiving instruction in the Mission School.

On Wednesday evening I met the Missionary and head men of the Institution, to consult with them on various matters connected with the temporal and spiritual interest of the Station; and on the following day I took an affectionate leave of Mr. and Mrs. Bailie and family, and the loving people among whom they labour, and commenced my journey homewards. I travelled on this occasion with a light waggon belonging to the Station, drawn by a beautiful span of oxen lent by the people for the occasion, without any cost to the Society. I was accompanied by Mr. John Mackay, a Christian gentleman connected with the copper mines, whose company I very much enjoyed.

Our oxen being fresh and in good condition, we proceeded at a rapid pace down the mountain slope, and wishing to avail ourselves of the cool of the evening, after our first outspanning, we pushed on till a late hour of the night. We paid dearly, however, for this our over-anxiety to make haste homeward; for in the darkness of the night, coming to a ravine, we did not perceive that the mountain torrent had washed away the road, and the waggon was plunged into a deep hole and upset, and we were thrown out headlong. Happily we were not seriously hurt; but when we came to examine our position, we found one wheel completely wrenched from the waggon, and the linch-pin gone. We lighted a lantern, sought till we found the linch-pin, got the wheel replaced and the waggon



out of the ravine, and then encamped for the night, and made an early start next morning.

After this we proceeded without further accident, still travelling a good deal by night when the moonlight improved, as we wished to make haste, as well as to avoid the heat of the day. Having travelled assiduously in this way for two weeks, I reached home in safety on Thursday evening, November 22nd, and was thankful to find all in tolerable health. Thus we had the privilege of uniting once more in prayer and praise to God for His preserving goodness, and for His grace vouchsafed to us in our humble endeavours faithfully to discharge our respective duties.

Henceforth our work in Cape Town and on the neighbouring Stations was prosecuted with vigour and success. My brethren co-operated with me in the most praiseworthy manner in my efforts to keep up the character of our public services, and to maintain the efficiency of our Mission schools, and every passing year witnessed an increase to our number of Church members and scholars, as well as a constant improvement in our financial resources. So that, notwithstanding the ordinary difficulties of carrying on the work of God among a people of such diversity of language, complexion, and social position, we had abundant cause to "thank God and take courage."

#### MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS.

In addition to the facts stated in the preceding sketches of missionary labours and adventures, there were some incidents of a miscellaneous character which are worthy of record.

Besides my constant attention to the Mission schools

both in town and country, and the regular conducting of a weekly Society class and a Bible class for the religious instruction of the elder boys and girls of our schools, I organised a "Mutual Improvement Society" for the benefit of intelligent and promising youths who desired my help in their studies. This was carried on for several years with very pleasing results. Some of my pupils became useful teachers and Local Preachers, and three at least ultimately entered our Ministry, and proved efficient preachers of the Gospel to their fellow-countrymen.

Whilst thus endeavouring to teach others, I was instructed myself; for I soon acquired a sufficient knowledge of the Dutch language to enable me to speak and preach in it in a humble way. This was a great advantage to me in many respects. When able to take a share in the native work, I was brought into contact with our coloured people in a manner which exercised a beneficial influence over our Mission work in all its departments; whilst it lightened the strain of perpetual preparation for the pulpits of our principal English chapels, in which I had to preach to the same congregations for ten successive years. By way of recreation or relaxation from more exacting labours, I imported a small Albion printing-press and type, and fitted up a little printing-office at my own expense in connection with the Mission House at Rondebosch, in which I spent many pleasant hours as an amateur printer. By thus printing, with the aid of my colleague, the Rev. J. Priestley, the Circuit Plan, handbills, hymns, and religious tracts, etc., in both Dutch and English, I was enabled to do good in various ways without expense to the Society's funds.

One of the most pleasing incidents, which occurred at an early period of my labours in South Africa, was the erection and presentation to the Wesleyan Missionary Society of a beautiful chapel at Wynberg, by James Mortimer Maynard, Esq., at a cost of about £1,000. Having accepted this noble offering on behalf of the Society, I was requested to preach the first sermon at the opening on Tuesday, November 4th, 1851; and it was an occasion never to be forgotten. This was not the only gift of Mr. Maynard to our Church. The munificent and repeated contributions of my friend in aid of our Mission were the more valuable inasmuch as what he did in this way was done in testimony of his high appreciation of the Missionaries and their work, having personally witnessed the good which they had been doing for nearly half a century.

In the year 1853 we were favoured with a very pleasant visit from the Rev. Robert Young, who called at the Cape of Good Hope when on his deputation visit to Australasia. We had the pleasure of entertaining him for a few days at our house in Rondebosch, and very much enjoyed his company. It was at Easter, when the anniversary of the Cape Town Wesleyan Sunday School Union is held. He accompanied me to the city on Good Friday to witness the demonstration, and to take part in the proceedings in Burg Street Chapel. As we walked along the street with the procession, which extended nearly half a mile, and comprised about 1,000 scholars and teachers, with their banners flying, Mr. Young was delighted with the sight, and expressed his admiration and gratitude that Methodism had taken such a hold of the young people of the capital of the colony. He also predicted a

glorious and prosperous future for our Mission in South Africa, a prediction which is being fulfilled on a grand scale by the blessing of God upon the united labours of His faithful servants.

A few years afterwards, in 1857, we were honoured with a visit from the Rev. William Shaw, when on his way from Graham's Town to England. I had corresponded largely and constantly with Mr. Shaw for several years, and from my residence in the capital of the colony had done much business for him and the Missionaries in his District, but I had never seen him before. We esteemed it a great privilege to have him for our guest at Rondebosch for two or three weeks previous to his final embarkation for England. He was in poor health, and unable to minister to our people as he had done when he called at the Cape several years before ; but we very much enjoyed his company.

But the most impressive event which occurred towards the close of our period of service at the Cape of Good Hope was the death of my dear friend and brother, the venerable Barnabas Shaw. He had been my colleague and neighbour at Rondebosch for several years, and we had learned to esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake and for his many excellences of character. He had been declining in health for a long time, during which I visited him frequently, and witnessed his patience under suffering and his calm resignation to the will of God as the end drew near. He peacefully passed away, to be for ever with the Lord, on June 21st, 1857, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. Since then there have passed away to the better country the Rev. Edward Edwards, Richard Haddy, James Cameron, Joseph Jackson, Benjamin Ridsdale,

Joseph Tindall, John A. Bailie, and George Parsonson, who were happily associated with us for several years in the Cape of Good Hope District. The pleasant intercourse which I had with these dear brethren and their families, both on their respective stations and on the occasion of our Annual District Meetings, is very touching in the retrospect ; and I look forward with a blessed hope of meeting them, and many others of my fellow-labourers in the Mission field, where parting and death will be known no more.

It will not be surprising to any one acquainted with our foreign work, and the influence of tropical climates on the constitution of Europeans, that after nearly thirty years of continuous labour in Africa and the West Indies, our health at length began to give way. In my own case, as well as in that of my dear wife, the failure of health might be traced to over-exertion as much as to the influence of foreign climates. On every Station we had occupied our strength had been exerted to the very utmost to meet the pressing demands of the work ; and during most of the time we were in Southern Africa I had been doing the work of two men, having had the charge of an important Circuit for ten years, ministering to the same congregations, chiefly in English, but occasionally in Dutch, to say nothing of pastoral visitation and frequent meetings of committees, trustees, leaders, and teachers. This was in addition to the duties of Chairman of the District and General Superintendent, which involved the periodical visitation and inspection of the Stations and schools in the Colony and in the interior ; extensive correspondence with the Committee in London, the Missionaries of the District, and Government authori-

ties ; and the transaction of various kinds of business for the Missionaries in the Cape Colony and Natal, for which I had to keep and render accounts periodically to the parties concerned. The continual strain both on the physical and mental powers involved in carrying on this complicated work resulted in the failure of health alluded to, and I was obliged to have recourse to medical advice. Dr. Abercrombie gave it as his decided opinion that no considerable improvement could be expected without relaxation and a change to a more bracing climate ; and as Mrs. Moister was also in a very weak state, he recommended us to return to England with as little delay as possible.

This decision of our medical attendant took us quite by surprise, as we had relinquished all thoughts of ever leaving South Africa. On due consideration and after prayer for Divine direction we made up our minds to act according to medical advice, and, with the sanction of the Missionary Committee in London, we began to prepare for our return once more to our native land. At the last Annual District Meeting over which I presided before leaving South Africa, I was so graciously sustained both in body and mind in the discharge of my duties, that hopes were cherished and warmly expressed by the brethren that my health might be so far restored as to admit of my remaining at my post a little longer. These hopes I entertained myself also for a short time ; but after the excitement of the meeting was over, I experienced a relapse, with such entire prostration of strength that I was induced to avail myself of the permission of the Committee to return to England, feeling strongly averse to the holding of a position nominally the duties of which I

could no longer efficiently fulfil. We therefore settled our affairs, and prepared for our departure.

On Sunday, May 13th, 1860, I preached at Wesley Chapel, Burg Street, Cape Town, for the last time, and at Rondebosch on the following Sabbath, to crowded and attentive congregations. These duties were performed under much bodily weakness ; but I was thankful to be able to lift up my warning voice once more in the sanctuaries where I had so long ministered, and thus publicly to take leave of a people in whose spiritual welfare I felt deeply interested.

The following days were spent in receiving the farewell visits of friends, and in completing the preparations for our homeward voyage. On Tuesday morning, the 22nd, 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 at Rondebosch who had assembled to take leave of us, and then took our departure. As we drove off, the Mission school children, with Mr. John Thorne their teacher at their head, lined the path, and struck up a beautiful parting hymn ; and the last sound we heard on our last Station in Africa was that of sweet infant voices singing the praises of God. On reaching the city it was already time to go on board the Royal Mail Steamer *Dane*, by which our passage was taken to England. We therefore drove to the wharf at once, where we found the Rev. Messrs. Edwards, Cameron, Tindall, Godman, and Barber, with Messrs. Smithers, Davison, Tonkin, Marsh, and other friends, waiting to take leave of us, and to present a written address full of kindness, affection, and good wishes. Some of these accompanied us on board and

remained with us till the anchor was weighed and we steamed away.

On the morning of Friday, June 1st, we made the Island of St. Helena, the bold, rocky, and barren appearance of which quite harmonised with the idea which I had formed of it from my boyhood. After skirting the south-eastern shore for a short distance, we rounded the point and came to anchor off James Town. Most of the passengers went on shore, and a few of us united in hiring a conveyance for a trip to Longwood, the place of Napoleon's exile. We viewed his empty grave, his remains having been taken to France, and rambled over the mansion and grounds where he spent the closing years of his restless life, and then returned to join our ship. On Monday morning, the 4th, we came to the barren, rocky island of Ascension, where we anchored for a few hours. Here several of the passengers landed to inspect the place. I visited the barracks and military hospital, and returned to the ship about noon.

On Wednesday, the 27th, all was bustle and commotion on board, as it was expected from the ship's reckoning that we should see land in a few hours. We entered the chops of the English Channel, however, without sighting the Lizard, and about three o'clock P.M. Eddystone Lighthouse burst suddenly upon our view. Having communicated with Plymouth, where some of the passengers landed, we proceeded up the Channel during the night, and next morning landed at Southampton, truly thankful to God for the privilege of once more setting our feet upon the shores of our native land.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

1860-1877.

“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.”—ACTS x. 7.

ON returning from our third foreign Mission, as stated in the last chapter, both Mrs. Moister and I found our health so seriously impaired that we deemed it necessary to rest awhile; and, being unable to attend the Conference, which was that year held in London, I wrote to the Missionary Secretaries, requesting that I might, for the present, be exempt from regular Circuit work, and that my name might be entered upon the list of Supernumeraries. My request being kindly granted by my ministerial brethren, we arranged to reside at Sunny Bank, near Staveley, in the Kendal Circuit, no dwelling-house being at that time available in my native place.

When the fatigue of travel and making arrangements for settling in our English home had been in a measure overcome, our health gradually improved, and I soon found myself able to do a little work for the Master in Whose service I had been so long engaged. I commenced by taking occasional services

at Staveley, Kendal, and other places; and when it became known that I was thus able to work, calls came from various places, earnestly requesting me to go and preach anniversary sermons, attend Missionary Meetings, or lecture. Wishing to help forward the work of God in every possible way, I gladly complied with these requests so far as health and strength would permit. In this way I visited Ambleside, Bowness, Ulverstone, Barrow, Dalton, Penrith, Carlisle, Kirkby Lonsdale, Burton, Holme, Tewitfield, Sedbergh, Dent, Cautley, Garsdale, Hawes, Appleby, Kirkby Stephen, Bishop Auckland, Arnside, Orton, Keighley, Bradford, Manchester, Burslem, and many other places, where the people were much interested in my statements of what I had witnessed of the triumphs of the Gospel in foreign lands, and where I trust good impressions were made in the interests of the Missionary enterprise.

When I had laboured in this way for about three years, chiefly in the Lake Districts of Westmoreland and Cumberland, I paid a pleasant visit to my friends in the Isle of Wight, which resulted in our removal thither on September 23rd, 1863, as we thought that the climate would be more favourable to health than the cold regions of the north. Here we found ourselves in the midst of kind friends with whom we had been happily associated several years before. As health and strength would permit, I had pleasure in preaching and attending Missionary Meetings, not only in Newport, Cowes, Ryde, and Ventnor; but also at Wooton, Merston, Shalfleet, Yarmouth, Freshwater, Chale, Godshill, and other places. We had for our neighbour in Elm Grove, Newport, the Rev. Joseph Milner, an eminent retired Wesleyan Minister, with

whom I had much pleasant and profitable intercourse, till he sickened and died in the faith and hope of the Gospel, a few months after our arrival.

In the following year the Jubilee of our foreign Missions was celebrated; and, at the request of the Rev. Dr. Osborn, President of the Conference, I accompanied him and Messrs. Squance and Champness to several public meetings which were held in the Portsmouth District. The week which I spent in the company of these devoted servants of Christ in profitable conversation from day to day, and in pleading the cause of Missions, will never be forgotten by me. Our first meeting was at Portsmouth, on Monday, February 22nd, where a Missionary Lovefeast was held, when a gracious influence rested upon us. On the following day the President preached the Jubilee sermon, and in the evening a public meeting was held, at which £325 was promised to the fund. On the 24th the Jubilee Meeting was held at Southampton, when there was good speaking, and a collection amounting to £200. On Thursday, the 25th, we proceeded to Chichester, where we held a Missionary Lovefeast in the afternoon and a public meeting at night, both of which were occasions of rich spiritual blessing. These were followed by meetings at Newport, Cowes, and Ryde, all of which were happy and prosperous.

In the course of the following month I was requested by the President to go as Missionary deputation to several places in the Manchester, Bolton, and Macclesfield Districts. On Sunday, March 20th, I preached missionary sermons morning and evening in the two chapels at Macclesfield, and in the afternoon I addressed a large Sunday School. On the following

evening the public meeting was held. On the 25th (Good Friday) I proceeded to Leek, where the venerable William Naylor preached an impressive sermon in the afternoon, and I and others addressed the public meeting in the evening. On Sunday, the 27th, I preached morning and afternoon at Bridge Street Chapel, Bolton. On the following day I took part in Missionary Meetings at Oldham Street Chapel in Manchester in the morning, and Bolton in the evening. On the evening of Tuesday the great Missionary Meeting was held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, which was crowded in every part. In this wonderful anniversary I was honoured to take a part along with Dr. Punshon, the President of the Conference, the Rev. William Butters, and others; and on the following evening I attended the Missionary Meeting at Burnley along with the Rev. W. L. Thornton, in company with whom I travelled next day to London, having fulfilled my engagements in the north.

By this time my health had so much improved that I began to entertain the hope that I might be able ere long to return to the full work of the ministry by once more taking charge of a Circuit at home or abroad. This was rendered unnecessary, however, by the opening out, in the order of Divine Providence, of a sphere of labour more congenial to my tastes and wishes, and every way adapted to my circumstances. On several of my Stations in the Mission field I had been brought into contact with British soldiers, and gladly availed myself of every opportunity of promoting their spiritual welfare. In some instances my humble efforts had been crowned with a pleasing measure of success, as may be inferred from some

remarks in the preceding narrative. Hence I was not surprised nor displeased when I was requested to give myself wholly to this work, and when, at the Conference of 1865, I received an appointment as Army Chaplain to

#### PARKHURST GARRISON.

This noted military establishment is situated about a mile from Newport, Isle of Wight, where I then resided, and stands in close proximity to the Parkhurst Convict Prison. It was at that time a "Depôt Battalion," or place of training for young recruits, who were constantly coming up from various parts of the kingdom to be drilled and instructed previous to being drafted off to join their respective regiments, serving chiefly in distant lands. These inexperienced youths, who had just enlisted and entered the army from various motives and under different circumstances, were fresh from their homes; and many of them were the sons of Methodist parents, and had been scholars in our Sabbath schools. Religious liberty had now been fully secured for all denominations in the British army, and the right of "declared Wesleyans" to the services of their own Ministers was fully recognised, as the result of the persevering efforts of the Rev. Dr. Rule, Rev. Charles Prest, and others.

Hence my appointment to Parkhurst Garrison, as already mentioned, and my designation to a sphere of labour in which I served for several years, according to my ability, with a cheering measure of success. A brief description of my method of proceeding, and the results of my labours in this important and interesting department of Christian work, may, perhaps,

be acceptable to the reader, and tend to increase his zeal and sympathy for the social and spiritual welfare of a worthy, but sometimes despised and neglected, class of our fellow-men. My experience as a Missionary, and frequent intercourse with government officers and military men, helped to fit me in some measure for my new sphere of labour, and I entered upon it with courage and humble dependence upon God, and with entire confidence in His presence and blessing. On calling upon Colonel Jeffery, the commanding officer, I was received with great cordiality, and assured that, so soon as the notification of my appointment as Wesleyan Chaplain to Parkhurst Garrison came from the War Office, every needful facility would be afforded for the carrying on of my work. At length the expected notification arrived, and was duly announced to the assembled troops on the parade-ground; and, having obtained the use of the infant schoolroom at the barracks for my meetings, and made other arrangements, I entered upon my duties as Army Chaplain.

#### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Every recruit in the British army on arriving at his station is asked his religious profession; and if he declares himself a Wesleyan by training, conviction, or preference, he is duly marched, along with others of the same denomination, to the "Parade service" when one is provided for them, as was the case at Parkhurst Garrison from the commencement of my labours. My congregation varied from a dozen to one hundred, and the service was conducted just the same as in the Methodist chapels in the provinces, from which most

of the recruits came. The singing was sometimes remarkably good and lively, many of the young men having been trained in our Sunday Schools and in godly homes; and the effects of a plain and faithfully preached Gospel, adapted as far as possible to the character of the audience, were sometimes striking and permanent. I had also generally a few soldiers' children belonging to the married men on the staff, whom I formed into a little Sabbath School, which met every Sunday morning for an hour before the public service. These sometimes induced their mothers to come, and altogether, our Parade service was often both interesting and profitable. In addition to this attendance on public worship once on the Sabbath, which was obligatory on all soldiers not on duty, according to the Queen's Regulations, I encouraged the men to attend our chapel in Newport on Sabbath evenings voluntarily; and for their convenience I arranged with the Superintendent Minister and trustees for a sufficient number of pews to be reserved for the military, and had often the pleasure, when occupying the pulpit, and on other occasions, of seeing them well filled by my men in their brilliant uniforms.

The evenings of the week were generally occupied with meetings of various kinds for the benefit of my interesting charge. On Monday and Tuesday nights I held my soldiers' Class and prayer-meeting, in a vestry behind our Newport chapel, kindly placed at our disposal, so that we might be more quiet and private than we could be at our preaching room at the barracks. In consideration of this privilege we invariably sent our soldiers' Class and ticket money to the Newport Circuit Quarterly Meeting. On Wednesday

night we generally held our Band of Hope, Penny Savings Bank, and Temperance meetings. The attendance at some of these was frequently too large for the infant schoolroom, which was our usual place of meeting, and by the kindness of the Colonel commanding we had the use of the spacious garrison Recreation Room. On Thursday night I met my Soldiers' Bible Class, which I regarded as the most important and useful of all my meetings. When seated in the centre of a group of intelligent young recruits, with their Bibles in hand, reading verse for verse, and hearing and answering questions; and when engaged in deep and serious conversation on the meaning of the Word of God and the "one thing needful," a way was opened to their minds and hearts which I never failed to turn to the best advantage. It was there that I could best discover who was under serious impressions, and might with propriety be invited to the soldiers' prayer-meeting or Class-meeting, as sincere inquirers after the way of salvation. By the careful employment of these and other means, many precious souls were won for Christ, and the aggregate results will only be known in the last great day.

As auxiliaries to the services already mentioned I may briefly notice the attention paid to systematic visitation of the military hospital, the prison, the barrack-rooms, and the married men's quarters. To the hospital I went every Sabbath immediately after the Parade service, and on week-days when my visits were required. On the arrival of new detachments I visited the barrack-rooms to inquire for Wesleyans, and to inform the men of the services held for their benefit,



as well as to correct any mistake which might have been made in the entry of religious denominations, etc. I also kept myself in constant communication with the orderly-room in the interests of the men committed to my care. In all my intercourse with the military authorities at Parkhurst Garrison, the utmost harmony and good feeling were preserved; and if any misunderstanding with subordinates occurred, which was not often the case, it was immediately rectified on appeal to the officers in command, who always treated me and my work with the kindest consideration. Many pages might be filled with interesting incidents which came under my notice, illustrative of the benefit of our work in the British army, during my connection with Parkhurst Garrison, but a few cases as specimens must suffice.

#### VARIETY OF CHARACTER.

Any one who has had to do with military men at home or abroad must have been forcibly struck with the variety of character to be found in the British army. This arises, no doubt, from the different classes from which the recruits are drawn, and from the diversity of motives by which they are actuated in joining the service. One young man is induced to enlist by a spirit of enterprise, and an anxious desire to see more of the world than he is favoured to behold in his humble home; another is led to accept the shilling from stress of circumstances, disappointment in business, and actual want; whilst a third rushes carelessly into the ranks of the army from intemperance and dissipation, neither knowing nor caring what becomes of him, so long as he can indulge his craving

for the accursed drink. There are instances, however, of men who enter the army from higher motives than any of these. I met with one instance, and only *one*, of an intelligent youth who declared to me that having himself found the Saviour, he was induced to enlist from a desire to be made useful to his comrades, and with the hope of winning souls for Christ. This young man proved himself to be one of the best workers I ever had, and was the honoured instrument in the hands of God in bringing many under the influence of the truth and into the fold of the Redeemer.

This variety of character among British soldiers was very marked at Parkhurst Garrison; and I was forcibly struck with it in my intercourse with men under my charge. When seated in my Bible Class, I have found myself surrounded by youths differing much in their appearance as well as in their ideas and attainments, having been accustomed to various professions, as labourers, mechanics, clerks, and teachers. These different types of character required careful study and appropriate treatment. In some instances, where education had been neglected and youths were scarcely able to read their verses in turn, I met them separately for preparatory instruction, by which means, and the help they received in the military school, they were soon able to join the rest in the weekly exercises of the Bible Class, and in the responses and hymns of the Parade service. And when I met with young men of superior ability and scholastic acquirements, as was sometimes the case, I gladly availed myself of their help in teaching the newly-arrived recruits who were less informed. In all our exercises, we constantly kept

in view, not only the social and moral improvement of the men, but their direct spiritual welfare also, and the results, by the blessing of God, were in some instances very remarkable, as will be seen by the following brief sketches.

### MY FIRST RECRUITS.

As already intimated, on the arrival of the recruits for training in the *Depôt Battalion* at Parkhurst Garrison, I immediately visited the barrack-rooms to inquire for declared Wesleyans, to enter their names in my book, and to give them information as to the order of our services. The register of Wesleyan soldiers, now before me, contains the names of more than a thousand young men whom I thus received, and who passed through my Bible Classes and other services held for their benefit during the ten years that I laboured on that station. This carefully-kept record was of great service to me, as it showed, at a glance, the name of each man, the date of his arrival and departure, and the regiment to which he belonged, with notes of interesting particulars of his character and career. Even now, after the lapse of so many years, I look upon these memoranda with peculiar feelings, as they recall to my memory many interesting youths whom I endeavoured to instruct in the knowledge of Divine truth, and to point to Christ, the only Saviour of perishing sinners.

In the first party of recruits who came up after my appointment as Chaplain were a few young men of more than ordinary intelligence and promise. Among these a blessed work of grace commenced soon after their arrival, and I have reason to believe that some

of them were savingly converted. Our soldiers' prayer-meetings, Class-meetings, and Bible-readings, as well as our public Parade services, were seasons of special blessing from the presence of the Lord, and I trust the results will be seen after many days.

The first name that I entered was that of J. M., an interesting youth who joined the 22nd regiment in the month of September, 1865. Being of an ardent, restless, and enterprising temperament, he had enlisted contrary to his parents' wishes; and almost simultaneously with his arrival at Parkhurst, I received a letter from his father, requesting me to look after him. When I called at his barrack-room and inquired for him by name, he was not a little surprised that any person should know anything about him in his new position. On my taking him out for private conversation, to prevent his coming under evil influences at the commencement of his military career, he wept bitterly, and told me at once that he had been a scholar in a Wesleyan Sunday School, and trained up in the knowledge of Divine things from his infancy, his father being chapel-keeper of the place of worship which he had attended when at home. I invited him to come to my house for further conversation, and to avail himself of the privilege of attending my Bible Class and other soldiers' meetings. This he did in a manner which gave me much pleasure, and, what was better still, he yielded his youthful heart to the Lord, and henceforth associated with other young recruits who had been recently converted and who attended our meetings regularly.

In the course of a few weeks his father came to Parkhurst to make arrangements for the purchase of his

discharge from the army, a measure which I considered unwise and untimely. Whilst I would always avoid saying or doing anything which might induce a young man to enlist, I would never discourage him when he had actually joined the service, but rather prompt him to a careful discharge of his duties, and to set a good example to his comrades. I told the father that, in my opinion it would be best to let his son have a thorough taste of soldiering before he bought him off, or otherwise he might continue restless and dissatisfied, and give him further trouble. Notwithstanding my counsel, the discharge of the young recruit was purchased; and some time afterwards I was informed that on returning home to his friends he had again become dissatisfied with what he considered the monotony of civil life, and that he had enlisted again, despite his father's entreaties. The last time that I heard of him he was at Gibraltar, and I could only hope that he had not lost the religious impressions which he received at Parkhurst.

The case of J. M., another of my early recruits, was somewhat different, and yet it is illustrative of the various phases of military life, and of the character of our work in the British army. He was a youth who had occupied the humble position of a farm-labourer, and his education had been totally neglected. When he came to Parkhurst, he could neither read nor write, and was as awkward and clownish in his manners and attitudes as can be conceived. By the time he had learned his drill he was much changed for the better in his personal appearance, and gave promise of becoming a smart and active soldier. When he joined my Bible Class he was unable to read the verse in his turn, but he listened with attention to the instruction given. With

a view to help him as far as was in my power, I taught him and two or three others separately for an hour before the Bible Class commenced, and he soon learned to read, and henceforth read his verse in his turn. At the same time he attended the military school, where he learned to write, and rapidly advanced in general knowledge. Meanwhile he was regular in his attendance at all our services, and ere long he gave his heart to God, and became a decided and consistent follower of Christ. In common with several other zealous young men who were brought to God about the same time, he rendered me good service in inviting his comrades to the soldiers' meetings, and setting an example worthy of being imitated.

After a while J. M. was drafted off to India, and when he had reached his destination he wrote me some interesting letters, informing me that he was still on his way to heaven, and was doing his best to induce others to give themselves to the service of the Lord. In every communication he expressed, in the most affectionate manner, his obligation to me for my attention to his temporal and spiritual interests, and his gratitude to God that he was ever led by His providence to Parkhurst Garrison, where he found the Saviour. We had other instances of conversion among our young recruits, some of which are deserving of separate notice.

#### THE PRODIGAL SON.

I had been labouring for some time at Parkhurst, when, one Sunday morning during the Parade service, a remarkable scene presented itself. I was preaching from the parable of the Prodigal Son; and whilst I was

describing the misery and wretchedness of wandering away from home and from God, a gracious influence accompanied the word spoken, and many tears were shed. One young man, named J. W., was so powerfully wrought upon by the Holy Ghost that he could scarcely restrain himself from giving expression to his emotion. Indeed, at several points in the description of the poor prodigal, he did whisper to those sitting near him, "That's me! that's me!" As soon as the service was over, the weeping penitent rushed out of the place and went into an outbuilding behind the barracks, and threw himself down upon his knees to pray for mercy, unobserved by his comrades. It appeared from his statement afterwards that he failed to find comfort, and continued to feel very unhappy all that day, having no pious friend at hand to point him to the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

On the following evening he came to my residence at Newport, that he might inquire what he must do to be saved. I set before him as clearly as I could the simple way of salvation as taught in the sacred Scriptures; and, as he seemed truly penitent, I urged him to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with all his heart, and lean not to his own understanding. We knelt in prayer, and pleaded earnestly with God for His pardoning mercy, calling to mind the precious promises left upon record for the encouragement of all who seek the Lord in sincerity and in truth. The poor penitent received a measure of comfort, but he still lacked a clear sense of his acceptance with God as his reconciled Father. As the time for the soldiers' prayer-meeting had come, I invited J. W. to accompany me to it.

When we entered the vestry of Pyle Street Chapel, where it was held, we found a number of pious young men already assembled, to whom I made known the case of my weeping companion, and urged them all to fervent prayer and unwavering faith on his behalf. It was a memorable season. Before the close of the meeting, whilst we were singing the second verse of the 346th hymn, he was enabled to cast his helpless soul by faith on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, and received the witness of the Spirit to his adoption into the Divine family. He could now rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. He broke out audibly into prayer and praise, in which he was joined by his believing comrades, and the meeting was one of those refreshing seasons which were by no means uncommon in those days of grace with which we were favoured at Parkhurst.

From that time J. W. became an earnest and consistent disciple of Christ; and, in common with many other converted soldiers, he rendered me good service in inviting young recruits to our meetings and laying himself out in every possible way to do good. In our Class-meetings and other social gatherings for Christian fellowship and mutual improvement, the young convert was ever ready to give his experience, dwelling with deep feeling on his sufferings when wandering from his home and from God as a poor prodigal, and on his happiness on his penitent return and gracious reception by his heavenly Father.

On completing his appointed period of military service, J. W. received an honourable discharge from the army, and went to reside with his friends and relatives in a distant part of the kingdom. There he



continued steadfast in his Christian profession, and in his attachment to the Wesleyan-Methodist Church, of which he was a worthy and consistent member. He moreover exerted himself in the most praiseworthy manner for the spiritual benefit of others, and occupied different positions of trust, both in the Church and in the world, with credit to himself and advantage to those in whose service he was engaged. After he left Parkhurst I received several interesting letters from him, which are now before me. From these many touching extracts might be made, if space permitted, as he frequently referred to the memorable event of his conversion; to the parable of the Prodigal Son, which was the means of arousing him to a sense of his danger; and to his gratitude to God for having brought him to his Father's house in peace and safety. The last time I heard from him, he was labouring happily and usefully as a Wesleyan Local Preacher, and I trust he will prove faithful unto death.

#### THE BACKSLIDER.

I was often struck with the diversity of characters with whom I had to do at Parkhurst, but never more so than when I came in contact with a poor backslider. W. A. arrived at the station as a recruit at an early period, and from his first appearance among us he attracted my notice by the hearty manner in which he engaged in singing at the public services, and by his ready and intelligent answers to the questions proposed in the Bible Class. I paid special attention to him, thinking that, from his intelligence and respectable appearance, he would be a great help to me in my work, if brought under the influence of Divine grace.

In the good providence of God, my highest wishes were soon realised, but it was in a manner which I little expected.

The intelligent recruit had not been long at Parkhurst when he was taken sick and ordered to the hospital. On the occasion of my next visit to the invalids I came to him in due course in the ward he occupied, and recognised him at once. I gladly embraced the opportunity thus presented of engaging with him in close conversation in reference to his spiritual state, and, whilst I was kneeling by his cot, he turned to me with a look which I shall never forget, and said, "Perhaps, Sir, you have never been a backslider?" I replied, "No, and by the grace of God I hope I never shall be one. I set out for heaven in my youth, and I intend to go the whole way, and 'never stand still till the Master appear.'" "Then," said the poor sufferer; "you can form but a faint idea of the misery and wretchedness of those who wickedly forsake God, and wilfully sin against light and knowledge." Then followed his humble confession of a course of sin and folly most affecting and appalling. From this it appeared that he had been trained up under religious influences in a godly home. He had been first a scholar and then a teacher in a Wesleyan Sunday School; had enjoyed the favour of God in his youth; had been a Local Preacher and candidate for the Christian ministry. From this respectable position he had fallen through the accursed drink, had sunk into the lowest depths of degradation, lost his character and his money, and, with the last shilling in his pocket, found his way to a northern seaport, half disposed to throw himself into the sea; but on reflection he resolved to

make one more effort for life. With his remaining shilling he paid for a deck passage to Liverpool. There he met with a recruiting party, and enlisted into the 22nd regiment, the depôt of which was at Parkhurst Garrison, where he arrived in due course. Great was his surprise when, on the first Sunday morning, he heard the call to "fall in" for the Wesleyan Parade service. He was much moved by the first hymns that were sung and with the first sermon he heard at Parkhurst, as well as with the exercises of the soldiers' Bible Class, and he had become once more a true penitent.

On his partial recovery and discharge from the hospital, W. A. showed his concern for salvation by attending all our religious services, but for a long time he failed to find peace. With a view to help him to the utmost of my power I invited him one day to my house to take tea and spend the evening with us. After tea Mrs. Moister talked with him most touchingly, and he was deeply moved. In the course of our conversation, alluding to his difficulty in finding pardon and peace with God through Christ Jesus, I said, "There must be some special hindrance in the way. Do your mother and your friends know where you are?" He replied, with evident emotion, that there were those who were nearer and dearer to him than mother or friends. "Then," said I, "are you a married man?" I will not attempt to describe the scene which followed. It must suffice to say that he confessed with streaming eyes that he had, in his intemperate fury, abandoned a faithful wife and two lovely children, and that they were totally ignorant as to where he was, or whether he was dead or alive. We bowed our knees in humble confession and prayer for

pardon ; and when we rose to our feet, I frankly told the penitent seeker that he need not expect to find peace till he had divulged the secret of his position to his family and friends. I entreated him to write at once. He pleaded that he could not after his base conduct. I asked him if he would allow me to write. After some hesitation he consented ; and on placing before him pen, ink, and paper, to my utter amazement, he wrote in a beautiful hand the address of his wife at a town in the north of England not far from my own home. He then hastened to his quarters in the barracks, his time being up, and I wrote to his wife that night, who, strange to say, proved to be the niece of a dear missionary colleague of mine, whom I had received in Africa many years before, and who had recently passed away to his eternal rest.

I may not divulge the secrets of this touching story in all its mournful details. It must suffice to say that the letters now before me, which I received from the deserted, stricken, and afflicted but courageous soldier's wife, reveal a measure of patient endurance and trust in God, affecting to contemplate ; and that her penitent husband soon found peace through faith in Christ, to the great joy of the forsaken one, however painful the process ; and that the restored backslider became once more a humble disciple of Christ, and helped me much in my work among the soldiers.

Soon after this I had occasion, in the course of a missionary deputation tour in the north, to pass through the town where the forsaken soldier's wife resided, and I made it my business to call upon her, that I might speak to her and her children words of comfort and encouragement. She received me with

gratitude and joy, and thanked me, with many tears, for the pains I had taken to bring back the unhappy wanderer to a sense of his duty to God and to his mourning family.

I need only add that W. A. ultimately succeeded, with the help of his friends, in purchasing his discharge from the army; was restored to his wife and children, "a new creature" in Christ Jesus; continued for a few years to exemplify the reality of his conversion by a consistent walk and conversation, and then peacefully passed away to the "better country," where there is no danger of falling, and where all is joy and calm and peace. A touching letter now before me describes the happy death of the recovered backslider, and suggests to me the exclamation, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" and that by means of Methodist Mission work in the British army.

#### LITTLE FRANK.

Among the recruits I met with several from time to time who were mere boys, and, being fresh from home and no longer favoured with parental oversight, called forth my tenderest sympathy, as well as the motherly care of my dear wife. Some of them were soon brought under gracious influences, and became beautiful specimens of early piety, notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances in which they were placed. One of these was an interesting lad known as "Little Frank," who arrived at Parkhurst in the month of August, 1863; and, having declared himself a Wesleyan, was marched with others to our Parade service. He struck me from the beginning as a bright and intelligent youth, and cheerfully accepted my invitation to our soldiers' Bible

Class, where, by the manner in which he read the portions of Scripture which fell to his lot, and by the promptitude and intelligence of his answers, he showed that he had enjoyed superior advantages in his early days before he joined the army. This was explained when he confessed that he had been a scholar in a Sabbath School, and that he was blessed with a pious, praying mother.

When I had fully gained his confidence, he opened his heart to me without reserve. He told me how wild and wayward he had been, and how he had almost broken his widowed mother's heart; first by disregarding her pious counsel, and then by enlisting as a soldier. Sometimes, when conversing with him on the things belonging to his peace, and when alluding to his mother's prayers, tears would start in his eyes, and he gave me reason to hope for his thorough penitence and reformation. Meanwhile he was regular in his attendance on the means of grace, and was seldom absent from the Bible Class and prayer-meetings. He also signed the total abstinence pledge, became a member of our Band of Hope, and began to deposit money in the Penny Savings Bank. Yet he lacked one thing,—the enjoyment of true religion. Encouraged by the example and influence of other young recruits who had been recently brought to God, as well as by the instruction which he constantly received both in public and private, he was led to seek the Lord till he found Him; and ere long he was enabled to rejoice in the God of his salvation.

From this time Little Frank became a happy, consistent Christian, as well as a devoted member of our Church. Great was the joy of his pious mother when

she heard of the conversion of her son. At first she was somewhat incredulous on the subject, saying, "We must wait to see the fruits. Frank could always write a nice religious letter from his early training; I hope it may prove true that he is actually converted." One day he came to me requesting me to advance him five shillings of the money he had deposited in the Soldiers' Penny Savings Bank. Fearing that he might be going to spend the money foolishly, if not in drink, I questioned him on the subject. I was greatly relieved when he assured me that he was going to send the amount in stamps as a present to his little sister, who was sick. When his mother opened the next letter which her son sent home, out dropped the stamps, and before she had perused its contents she exclaimed, "Now I believe Frank is converted; for he never would have had five shillings, unless he had experienced a change of heart."

After this Little Frank's mother frequently wrote to me, expressing her gratitude to God for what He had done for her once wild and wayward son. Nor did she fail to thank me for my attention to him. Her obligation to the instrument of her son's conversion was repeated in a most touching manner when, some time afterwards, I called to see her and some other members of her family as I passed through the town where they lived. At length Little Frank was drafted off with others and sent out to join his regiment in India. From his distant station he sent me several beautiful letters, in which he assured me of his Christian steadfastness and happiness in God. He moreover informed me of his successful attempts to benefit his comrades and others by establishing a Bible Class and

soldiers' prayer-meetings, as he had seen them at Parkhurst.

After the lapse of several years Little Frank was invalided, sent home, and honourably discharged. On being restored to his friends and his home, he was not long in coming down to the Isle of Wight to see his "beloved pastor," and to my surprise I met him one Sunday morning when on my way to conduct the Parade service as usual. He was "little" Frank no longer, but a fine tall young man, and so changed that I did not recognise him till he brought himself to my recollection. He accompanied me to the barracks and greatly enjoyed the service, testifying his undying obligations for the blessings which he had received there, when attached to the station.

After spending a few days very pleasantly with us, my young friend returned to his home, entered into business, was happily married, and continued faithful to his religious profession; and in numerous letters which I received from him in subsequent years, he frequently expressed his gratitude to God that he was ever led to Parkhurst Garrison, where he found the "pearl of great price."

#### LITTLE CHARLIE.

Another young recruit, of more than ordinary promise, joined us on April 5th, 1868, having recently enlisted in the 64th regiment. To distinguish him from several others on my list of a similar name, I remember him as "Little Charlie." His military career was brief and admonitory. Soon after his arrival, and when he was just beginning to impress us all by his serious demeanour in the Bible Class, and at



the other meetings which he attended, he was taken sick and sent to the hospital. On the occasion of my first visit I found him busily engaged in writing. I expressed a hope that he was writing to his mother, of whom he had previously spoken to me with much emotion. In reply he stated that he had already written home to inform his friends of his sickness, and that he was now writing notes from memory of the last sermon he heard me preach, which had made a deep impression upon his mind. He allowed me to look at what he had written, and I was forcibly struck with the points he had noted down, as well as with the manner in which the work was done. This led to a serious conversation on practical and experimental religion—a subject which was often resumed in the course of my future visits, during the two months that he was ill in the hospital. Believing that he was not long for this world, I spent as much time as possible with him in reading, conversation, and prayer, and at length he was led to trust entirely in Christ for pardon and peace, and experienced a comfortable sense of his acceptance with God; and it was very pleasant to converse with him as he gradually wasted away under the influence of that fatal malady which carries off so many young people.

At length it became evident to all that Little Charlie was sinking, and a telegram was sent to his mother to inform her of his perilous condition. She set out at once for Parkhurst Garrison, where she arrived just in time to witness her son's peaceful death. My first interview with her was at the military hospital; and when all was over, she accompanied me home to Newport to partake of such hospitality as we could

offer, and during the evening Mrs. Moister and I did our best to comfort her in her sorrow. The chief consolation was derived from the thought that her poor soldier son was led to Christ in his last illness, and that he had landed safely in heaven. Fearing that she could not bear the sight of a military funeral under the circumstances, she left everything to me and the Garrison authorities, and on the following day departed for her distant home. Wishing to mark the spot where her son was interred in the military cemetery, she commissioned me to get a neat stone put up at the head of his grave. Not long ago I paid a visit to the scene of my former labours at Parkhurst, and to Little Charlie's grave. I found the stone in a state of perfect preservation, on the right-hand side, just within the gate of the cemetery opposite the Garrison hospital, and I copied from it the following inscription: "In memory of Charles C. Fairey, eldest son of Charles Fairey of St. Neots, who died at Parkhurst, July 13th, 1868, in the 19th year of his age. *'It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good.'*"

#### SEDBERGH CIRCUIT.

When I had laboured among the soldiers at Parkhurst in the manner described for about five years, in 1870 a change was made in the Garrison, which led to my removal for a time to a new sphere. The station was no longer a Depôt Battalion for the training of recruits, but a place for the location of regular regiments on their return from foreign service. Hence the materials to work upon for religious purposes were very different from what they had been, and the appearance of the place was entirely altered. The

first regiment quartered at Parkhurst under the new arrangement was the 99th, in which there were comparatively few declared Wesleyans, and the attendance of the soldiers' Bible Class and other services held for their benefit fell off considerably.

Under these circumstances I felt at liberty to comply with the oft-repeated wish of the friends at Sedbergh, that I should remove thither for the purpose of rendering such ministerial service as I might be able to give in a place where it was much required, there being no resident Minister within a distance of sixteen miles. We accordingly removed to Sedbergh in the month of April, and from that time I preached in the town chapel once a fortnight, and occasionally in the country, at Dent, Garsdale, Cautley, and other places. I also visited the people, and endeavoured to build up the cause of God to the utmost of my ability. With a view to improve the singing in the town chapel we purchased a new organ, and, as the result of the means employed, the congregations improved, and everything began to assume a more hopeful aspect.

As Sedbergh was at that time connected with Hawes, it was placed at a great disadvantage by the distance of the Superintendent Minister, and ere long the idea was suggested of making it the head of a new and independent Circuit. For this purpose it was geographically well adapted, but the financial resources were considered inadequate, and for some time the matter seemed hopeless. At length a scheme was devised, chiefly by my dear wife, who had often been deeply affected at seeing the Minister come in from Hawes, a distance of sixteen miles, through all kinds of weather, to fulfil his appointments. She generously proposed

that she and I should unitedly build and present to the Society a Minister's house, as a thank-offering to God for His watchful care over us for many years in distant lands. This she was able to do in consequence of a legacy which she had received from a friend some time before, and which she believed she could not more suitably appropriate. She moreover induced our friend Mr. Christopher Taylor to give £250, to be invested for the benefit of the newly-formed Circuit. In due course the house was built, and the money invested, and thus the Circuit secured a small income, and was relieved from the annual expense of house-rent for a resident Minister.

At the Conference of 1871 I was appointed to the superintendence of the Sedbergh Circuit, with the Rev. Thomas Hargreaves as my colleague. I gave my services gratuitously, and my colleague received the salary provided by the Circuit. We laboured together in much harmony and love, and were favoured to witness a pleasing measure of prosperity. We had a flourishing Band of Hope, a prosperous Sunday School, and a considerable number of promising young people were gathered into the fold of Christ as the result of our united labours. The many happy meetings which we held at that period left upon my mind a lasting impression.

Towards the close of the following year I paid a visit to the Isle of Wight to see my friends, and to preach at the opening of a new chapel at Parkhurst. Seeing the need of ministerial labour among the soldiers, a regiment having come in with a considerable number of declared Wesleyans, I was led to yield to the request of Captain Thomson and other friends, that I would

resume my labours among the military. This I could the more readily do as the Sedbergh Circuit was now well organised, and I had got my colleague appointed as Superintendent at the preceding Conference. Great was the regret of our friends at Sedbergh when they were made acquainted with our intended return to the Isle of Wight. They held a large meeting to take leave of us once more, and, as a testimonial of their esteem, they presented us with a beautiful Bible and Hymn Book suitably inscribed, together with a handsome davenport desk for my own use, and a portable one for Mrs. Moister; and thus we concluded a very pleasant residence at Sedbergh of nearly three years.

#### RETURN TO PARKHURST.

Our return to Newport, Isle of Wight, was attended by many interesting circumstances. Through the kindness of our friends it was arranged that we should occupy the same house at Woodbine in which we had previously lived, with its pleasant grounds and garden which we had laid out with our own hands several years before; so that we were soon quite at home. I felt much pleasure in rendering all the aid in my power to the Ministers and people in the Circuit, as I had done before, so far as my strength and military duties would permit: and we strove to make ourselves both agreeable and useful to all classes of the community among whom our lot was once more cast.

My work at the Garrison was similar in many respects to what it had been before, with the slight difference that we had not so many young recruits coming up to join the service, but had a larger proportion of men who had spent several years abroad. The

meetings held for their benefit were similar to those already described, and we were favoured with cheering evidences that our labour was not in vain in the Lord. Many pages might be filled with facts and incidents illustrative of the necessity and importance of our work in the British army; but as these would be similar in many respects to those already given, it must suffice to make a few general remarks in reference to what took place during the five years that I laboured among the soldiers on this occasion.

Our Parade services, Bible Classes, Temperance Meetings, Class and prayer-meetings, etc., were fairly well attended, and the opportunities of usefulness in visiting the cells and hospital were carefully utilized with encouraging results. I also visited the barrack-rooms and married men's quarters at stated periods, with a view to benefit the soldiers' wives and children; and as the result I had soon a prosperous little Sunday School, with a fair sprinkling of children and their mothers at the Parade service every Sabbath morning.

Nor were Wesleyan soldiers alone benefited by my labours at this period. During the years now under review, I had the honour of acting as Chaplain for the Presbyterians as well as the Wesleyans, by arrangement with the Army and Navy Committee of the Church of Scotland, and the authorities of the War Office. The number of Presbyterian soldiers at that time quartered at Parkhurst being too few to warrant the appointment of a separate Chaplain, I was requested by the Rev. Dr. Phyn, the Convener of the Committee, to minister to their men in common with our own. This I did for several years with satisfaction to all parties concerned, rendering regular quarterly returns

to the authorities of the respective Churches of the Wesleyans and Presbyterians under my pastoral care, with a statement of the number of men in attendance at Parade services, Bible Classes, and Temperance Meetings, etc., each week, and reports of marriages, baptisms, and funerals. For the services thus rendered to another branch of the Christian Church, with the knowledge and sanction of the authorities of my own, I repeatedly received pecuniary acknowledgments, which added to the means at my disposal for doing good in various ways. And when Dr. Phyn paid his periodical visits to the Presbyterian Chaplains stationed at Portsmouth, Gosport, and other places in the south of England, he generally came over to the Isle of Wight to inspect my work at Parkhurst, when our intercourse and conversation were of the most pleasing character. I look back with pleasurable feelings to these occasions of Christian fellowship and hallowed toil in the service of the Master.

#### PRESENTATION OF COLOURS.

The presentation of new colours to a regiment of British soldiers is always an interesting ceremony ; but on Thursday, April 17th, 1873, it was rendered more than usually imposing by the presence of royalty, and the religious observances which characterised the proceedings. On the occasion alluded to, the highest honour which the Queen can bestow on a regiment was conferred upon the 79th Cameron Highlanders, at Parkhurst Garrison, when Her Majesty presented with her own hands new colours to that renowned and gallant corps. Some of the circumstances connected with that event are worthy of a passing notice.

The Queen's intention was conveyed to Colonel Miller on Monday, April 14th ; and the Mayor of Newport having been promptly apprised 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. Triumphal arches of noble proportions spanned the High Street and other thoroughfares along which the Queen was expected to pass, whilst flags and banners were seen floating in every direction. The interest taken by the people of Newport in the auspicious event was further attested by the general suspension of business during the time fixed for the ceremony. The arrangements were carefully made, and all the regulations were observed with the strictest order, the result being that the vast concourse of spectators generally obtained an excellent view of the proceedings. A considerable 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 beautiful greys ; the royal standard was unfurled and hoisted to the top of the towering flagstaff on the parade ground ; 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 attending Her Majesty occupied a second carriage. The equerries were Colonel Ponsonby and Colonel Du Plat. The royal party drove along the line, the band and pipers playing lively airs, and the order of presentation was then proceeded with. The old colours were in front of the left of the line, in charge of the colour party and double sentries, and the new colours were in the rear of the centre in charge of two colour-sergeants. The old colours were then "trooped," the band and pipers playing appropriate national selections, and the honoured and cherished standard, 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 with deep emotion upon 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 proper 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 formerly Chaplain to 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 hands of their Queen, they would say, 'O Lord, in Thy Name would we set up our banners.' May those colours never be unfurled in an unrighteous cause; may the hand of the enemy never touch them; may they never be tarnished by defeat; may they ever be borne by men leal and faithful, and ever be defended by the God of battles!" etc. 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. 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 the Highlanders, preserve the honour and reputation of your regiment, which have been so brilliantly earned and so nobly maintained by the 79th 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 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 appeared in excellent health, and she was

evidently gratified with her reception, as well as with the interesting ceremony in which she took such a conspicuous part.

The 79th Cameron Highlanders remained at Parkhurst Garrison about five months after the event which I have described. Most of the men were Presbyterians, to whom I ministered with great pleasure, as well as to the Wesleyans, according to an arrangement already mentioned. The last time I preached to the 79th was on September 14th, 1873, the last Sabbath they spent at Parkhurst. Soon afterwards a portion of the regiment were 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 the Saviour Who was affectionately presented to their view in the last sermon they heard at Parkhurst.

#### NETLEY HOSPITAL.

Every traveller who has passed up or down the Southampton Waters by steamer must have noticed the splendid range of buildings known as Netley Military Hospital. The principal erection is nearly a quarter of a mile long; and, with its lofty wards and spacious corridors, affords ample accommodation for hundreds of sick or wounded soldiers who are brought thither, from time to time, from various parts of the world. There has always been a considerable number of declared Wesleyans in this Hospital, and at an early period of our mission to British soldiers it was proposed to give them pastoral attention in some way. Nothing had been done for them, however, when on September

8th I paid my first visit on my way home from Winchester, whither I had been to preach chapel anniversary sermons, etc. On introducing myself to the Governor as Wesleyan Chaplain at Parkhurst Garrison, and as wishing to visit and minister to Wesleyan soldiers in Netley Hospital, I was received most courteously, and every facility was afforded for the carrying out of my object. An orderly was "told off" to conduct me through the establishment, where I found several patients belonging to our Church, who rejoiced to have a visit from one of their own Ministers.

The prospect of good appeared so promising, that I was induced to visit Netley from the Isle of Wight, once a fortnight, at the request of Mr. Prest and the Army and Navy Committee, till some more permanent arrangement could be made. This I did for about two years with encouraging results, and I have a very pleasant recollection of hours spent in efforts to do good to the men, and of individual cases of hopeful conversion to God. At length the station became sufficiently important to warrant the appointment of a separate Chaplain, and at my recommendation my friend the Rev. George Ranyell was designated to the office. On the 5th of September I went over to introduce Mr. Ranyell to the Governor of the Hospital, and to show him the wards and my methods of working among the men. Mr. Ranyell was cordially received by all parties, and continued to labour on the station faithfully and successfully for about five years, during which I had pleasure in visiting him occasionally and in rendering him all the aid in my power. On the failure of his health and retirement to Weymouth,

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where he soon afterwards finished his course with joy, the Rev. C. J. Barton was appointed to succeed him, and has since laboured with acceptance and success.

After labouring among the soldiers at Parkhurst and Netley in the manner already described for about ten years, and at the same time frequently supplying the pulpits of our own and other chapels in Newport, my health again failed, and I felt that the time was come when I ought to retire more fully from active labour and responsibility. Accordingly I resigned my office as Army Chaplain, and in the month of June, 1878, I and my dear wife returned once more to Sedbergh, to end our days amid the scenes of our childhood and youth. We met with a cordial reception from many dear friends who had always taken a lively interest in us and our work, and who cherished a hope that in our declining years we might still, by our influence and efforts, be of some service to the cause of God in their midst—a hope which was realized to a considerable extent, as will appear in the sequel.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE EVENING OF LIFE.

1878—1886.

“He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him : I will be with him in trouble ; I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him My salvation.”—PSALM xci. 15, 16.

GR<sup>E</sup>AT was the joy of our friends at Sedbergh when I and my dear wife returned once more to pitch our tent among them, and they earnestly expressed their hope that this would be a final arrangement and that we would never leave them again. Nor was this idea unwelcome to ourselves. After many changes in many lands, whilst prosecuting the Master’s work for nearly half-a-century, it appeared every way fitting that we should finish our course where it began, and end our days among a people endeared to us by so many tender ties. This appeared the more desirable in consequence of the field which presented itself for such labour as I might be able to give in the evening of life ; for I had still “a mind to work,” as health and strength might permit. With a view to give us a suitable reception, a tea and public meeting were held in the schoolroom and chapel, when earnest and enthusiastic assurances were given, both by the Rev. T. J. Desprès, the Superintendent Minister, and by the lead-

ing friends in the Circuit, of a cordial welcome ; and our arrival was marked by other pleasing circumstances.

It is somewhat remarkable, when we consider the respective climates of the Isle of Wight and the north of England, that my health should have considerably improved after our return to Sedbergh, and that the attacks of asthma and rheumatism from which I had previously suffered, should have been less frequent and less severe than formerly. But it was even so. Indeed, for a length of time I was almost entirely free from these and other ailments incidental to advancing years, which had frequently interfered with my comfort as well as with my work. Consequently I was henceforth able to perform an amount of labour in various ways which surprised my friends as well as myself.

#### IN THE CIRCUIT.

With a view to help the Circuit Minister to the utmost of my power, I engaged at once to preach in the town chapel on every alternate Sabbath, that he might be at liberty to give a larger amount of labour to the country places, where it was much required. I also attended and took a part in most of the public meetings which were held from time to time in the interests of Christian Missions, the Bible Society, Sabbath schools, the Temperance Reformation, and other philanthropic objects. I also succeeded, with the kind co-operation of warm-hearted friends, in organizing and working a successful Band of Hope in connection with the Sunday school. To these engagements I added a weekly select Bible-class of young people, and a monthly service at the Union Workhouse, where many of the



inmates were aged and afflicted. Nor did I neglect pastoral visitation. I kept a carefully prepared pocket register of the members of our Society in the town and neighbourhood, and visited them in rotation as opportunities offered, and as necessity required. I was often requested to visit persons not belonging to our own Church when they came to sicken and to die; and I call to mind some touching cases in which I have reason to hope that my humble efforts, in reading, prayer, and exhortation, were not in vain in the Lord.

These duties, with a fair share of sacramental services, lovefeasts, meetings of Classes, marriages, baptisms, and funerals, with other duties that devolved upon me, occupied my time and attention profitably for several years, and I was very happy in my work. A friend in Sedbergh having generously given £500 to the Society, the interest of which was to be devoted to the remuneration of a Supernumerary Minister for his services in the town chapel, I was for some time, by request of the trustee, Superintendent Minister, and Leaders' Meeting, in receipt of this small allowance in acknowledgment of my services. This gratuity, with other sums at my disposal, I cheerfully gave to different charitable objects in the Circuit, which claimed help from time to time. I made a point of visiting and making presents to the inmates of the workhouse, the widows in the almshouses, and others, at Christmas, invariably availing myself of every opportunity which presented itself of imparting spiritual instruction and consolation, in connection with the temporal relief which I was thus enabled to administer. By these and other means, the way was opened for the promotion of the temporal and spiritual welfare of the

people; and the results of these efforts in connection with the faithful preaching of the Gospel will no doubt appear in the last great day.

#### DEPUTATION WORK.

From the time of my return from the foreign field, I had often been called upon to engage in missionary deputation work, both by appointment of Conference, and by private arrangements, as occasionally mentioned in the preceding pages. In this way I had visited many of the most important Circuits in the United Kingdom; but when it became generally known that by my retirement I was relieved from Circuit and other obligations, and that my health would admit of my going from home, invitations reached me in rapid succession, with earnest requests for my services in various parts of the country. As far as practicable I responded to these calls; for I always felt great pleasure in pleading the cause of Missions, to the interests of which the best part of my life had been devoted.

In this department of Christian labour I never attempted to make eloquent speeches, or to deliver elaborate discourses. I discovered at an early period that the friends of the enterprise desired and expected from returned Missionaries, above everything else, simple statements of facts and incidents which had come under their personal observation. I therefore turned my attention to these things, and culled from my journals and note-books such items in reference to the countries and peoples among whom I had laboured, the effects of the Gospel upon them as communities and individuals, and instances of remarkable conversions, Christian liberality, and happy deaths, etc., as

appeared most likely to interest my hearers. In this way I was fairly successful in my efforts to serve the good cause, and on some occasions I was favoured to witness a display of enthusiasm truly cheering, apparently as the result of my narrations of what I had seen and heard in other lands.

I have had the honour and happiness of being associated in deputation work with some of the best men who have adorned the ranks of the Methodist Ministry. I record with gratitude and joy the names of Dr. Bunting, Dr. Newton, Dr. Beaumont, Dr. Dixon, Dr. Waddy, Dr. Jobson, Dr. Punshon, and Dr. Gervase Smith, who have long since rested from their labours; also of Dr. Osborn, Dr. Pope, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Stephenson, Dr. James, and others who still remain among us. I have also a pleasing recollection of happy times with the Revs. John Rattenbury, William L. Thornton, W. O. Simpson, Walter O. Croggon, Samuel Leigh, Barnabas Shaw, William Butters, James Bickford, Theophilus Woolmer, Thomas McCullagh, and a host of others, many of whom have passed away to their reward in heaven, whilst a few still remain to adorn and bless the Church of their choice.

Nor should I omit to mention the fact that I still cherish a grateful remembrance of the dear Christian families with whom I found a comfortable and happy home from time to time, when travelling in different parts of the kingdom on my Master's errands. The dear friends who kindly entertain Missionaries and other Ministers, when on deputation work, render important service to the cause, and are worthy of all honour, as well as of the thanks of the Society and all concerned. When kindly received and hospitably

entertained as the servant of our common Master, I have been brought into happy contact with some choice spirits, and have formed lifelong friendships, some of which have been severed for a time by death, but which I trust will be renewed ere long in a brighter world.

Complaints have sometimes been made of the waning of public interest in Missionary Meetings, and of the general decline of the missionary spirit in our Churches. But if our Church members attain to a higher state of religious experience, and the appropriate means be adopted, we shall yet see a revival in this as well as in other respects among professing Christians, and the old enthusiasm in the interests of the glorious missionary enterprise will be witnessed in all our Churches.

#### LITERARY LABOURS.

When I first engaged in the service of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, I was given to understand that the Committee expected and required its agents to send home frequent communications, in the form of letters and extracts from their journals, in reference to their work, and illustrative of the character of the countries and peoples amongst which their lot was cast. In compliance with this regulation I made notes of passing events; natural scenery; the manners, customs, and superstitions of the people among whom I laboured, and other matters which I thought likely to interest the friends of Missions, and my communications were frequently published in the *Missionary Notices* and *Reports* of the Society. At the same time I read and studied all the books which came within my reach,

bearing on the work in which I was engaged, as well as works on theology, history, science, and general literature. In this way I gradually acquired a taste for composition, and at length I became a frequent contributor to our periodicals and papers, as the pages of our *Missionary Notices*, *Juvenile Offering*, *At Home and Abroad*, *Quarterly Papers*, *Wesleyan Magazine*, *Christian Miscellany*, *Watchman*, and *Recorder*, during the past half century, abundantly testify.

On returning from my second Mission, in 1848, encouraged by many friends, I ventured to publish a separate volume entitled *Memorials of Missionary Labours*. This was so kindly received and reviewed, that I henceforward devoted all the spare time at my command to literary pursuits, bearing chiefly on the great and glorious Missionary enterprise, with a view to imbue the minds of our young people and the community generally with the true missionary spirit, and to prompt all whom I could influence to deeds of self-denial, zeal, and benevolence in the cause of the Redeemer. When, in the course of years, failing health obliged me to retire partially from the work of the ministry, and I had only the lighter work of Army Chaplain on my hands, I was able to indulge my taste for reading and writing more fully, without interfering with other duties. Hence in subsequent years I brought out twenty separate volumes in the interests of the noble cause to which the best part of my life had been devoted. Among these were, *Africa, Past and Present*; *The West Indies, Enslaved and Free*; *The Missionary World*; *A History of Wesleyan Missions*; *Missionary Stories*; *Missionary Anecdotes*; *Missionary Pioneers*; *Missionary Martyrs*;

*Missionary Worthies*, and others which need not be specified here, as a complete list is given at the end of the present volume, with selections from reviews which have appeared from time to time.

Some of these works have quickly passed into a second, third, or fourth edition; and it is believed that they have all done good service in the interests of the missionary enterprise, handsome contributions having at different times been given to the funds in testimony of the good received from their perusal, to say nothing about their influence in the diffusion of useful missionary information. It is the settled opinion and conviction of many of the best friends of Missions that if reliable missionary intelligence were more widely circulated, and more carefully studied, we should soon witness a measure of zeal, self-sacrifice, and benevolence commensurate with the importance of the enterprise.

Nor must it be supposed that in the prosecution of my literary labours I had an eye to personal pecuniary gain. My wants being otherwise provided for, I have from the beginning made a point of giving all I acquired by the use of my pen to the Mission fund for the spread of the Gospel throughout the world. For the MS. and copyright of one book I received from a London publisher £50, for another £40, and for others smaller sums; but in every instance I sent what I received at once to the Mission House, to help forward the good work. In this way I have been able to contribute, in addition to my personal labour, several hundreds of pounds, as appears in the Annual Reports from time to time. And when I have offered the MS. and copyright of books for publication at the Book

Room, it has been invariably a *free gift* for the benefit of the Connexion, without any remuneration whatever. In thus endeavouring to serve my generation I have already had a rich reward, proving the truth of the words of the Lord Jesus, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

#### MY GREAT LOSS.

During my long and eventful missionary career, at home and abroad, by sea and by land, in joy and in sorrow, I had been nobly aided, encouraged, and comforted by my heroic and devoted wife; but, after nearly fifty-five years of happy union, the time came when we were to be separated by death. Being fully aware of my obligation to her, in every land where our lot was cast, and under all circumstances, for any success which attended my labours, and being conscious that I owe everything, even life itself, to her pious, patient, persevering, and watchful care over me and my work; it is with deep emotion that I pen this testimony to her sterling worth. Much might be added to what has been already recorded, illustrative of her Christian character and entire devotedness to the service of God, but I have been restrained by the remembrance of her oft-repeated wish that little or nothing should be said about her when she had passed away. But I may briefly state the time and manner of her departure.

The physical strength and general health of Mrs. Moister had been perceptibly failing for some time, and the deafness from which she had suffered for several years had been increasing; but her mental vigour and cheerfulness remained unabated. Her increasing infirmities prevented her from going into company or

attending public worship for a length of time; but when friends called to see her she seemed to forget her weakness, and appeared as lively and cheerful as ever. Her lack of the public means of grace and the advantages of social intercourse was in a measure made up by private reading, meditation, and prayer, to which she was devotedly attached; her favourite books being the Bible and the Hymn Book, Jay's *Sermons*, Wesley's *Christian Library*, and the Magazines. Some of these she read over and over again, and for a long time before her departure she was evidently ripening for heaven. Almost every utterance was accompanied by expressions of gratitude to God for having spared us so long to each other, and for His goodness and mercy, which had marked every period of our lives.

At length the end came, under circumstances truly affecting, but in a manner calculated to call forth renewed expressions of gratitude to God. She continued to rise early and come down to breakfast as usual every morning till the last day of her life. On Sunday, June 14th, 1885, she was obliged to keep her bed for the first time from sheer exhaustion. When Dr. Thorburn called to see her, she spoke to him most sweetly of her trust in God and of the end of her long, laborious, but happy journey, which she felt was near at hand. The doctor responded in a most pleasant and encouraging manner, stating that there was no disease, consequently no pain or suffering; and that life was gently ebbing out as the result of old age and incessant toil in the Master's service. I was anticipating a lengthened lingering, and many happy conversations on the border land; but the doctor undeceived me, assuring me that the approaching end was a question



not of weeks or months, but of days or hours. This intelligence came upon me with crushing effect, and I awoke to the fact that I was spending the last earthly Sabbath, and perhaps the last day, with one who had been my faithful companion and helper for so many years. It was a day never to be forgotten. To the friends who came to see her the dear patient spoke most sweetly of her hopes and prospects beyond the grave, and responded with all the strength she possessed to the prayers which were offered. The night wore away in anxious watching, and just as the morning began to dawn, and when we had both resolved to try to take a little rest, she closed her eyes, and without a sigh or a groan passed away, as in sleep. When I found that all was over, I knelt by the side of the bed, and, under such a crushing sense of loneliness as I never felt before, I endeavoured to cast myself afresh upon God, Who has promised never to leave nor forsake those who put their trust in Him.

The funeral service both in our own chapel and in the churchyard, as conducted by the Rev. James Shearman, the Superintendent Minister, was truly solemn and impressive, and the large concourse of people present, including the Vicar of the parish, and other Ministers, appeared much moved. Indeed, the kindness and sympathy of all classes of the community were truly affecting, and far beyond what I could have expected. On the following Sabbath Mr. Shearman preached the funeral sermon to a crowded congregation from the Apostle's noble declaration, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," when he portrayed the character and course of the dear departed one in a just and touching manner. "Blessed are the dead which

die in the Lord. . . . They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

#### AMONG MY FRIENDS.

Not only at Sedbergh, but also at a distance, my friends showed me great kindness and sympathy. Letters of condolence came from my ministerial brethren and others both at home and abroad, and the testimonies which they contained with reference to the character and career of the dear departed one were both numerous and affecting. Friends from Orton kindly remained with me for a week or two after the funeral, and did everything in their power to minister to my comfort, as did also the Circuit Minister and his devoted wife, who had recently been bereaved of a lovely daughter, and who consequently knew how to sympathise with the afflicted.

As I had been for some time in a poor state of health, I accepted a pressing invitation to visit my friends in the Isle of Wight. I accordingly left home on Wednesday, July 1st, and travelled all the way to London in company with my friend and neighbour, the Vicar of Sedbergh, with whom I had much pleasant and profitable conversation. On the following day I reached Newport, where I was kindly received and hospitably entertained by my friends Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dore. Under their kind care my health rapidly improved, and on Sunday morning, the 5th, with the assistance of the Rev. George Wood, I preached once more to my old friends in Pyle Street Chapel, when we had a rich season of spiritual blessing from the presence of the Lord. During the week I had the pleasure of seeing many dear friends, and on the following Sunday even-

ing I preached at Shorwell to a large and attentive congregation, when the presence of the Lord was again manifested in our midst.

On Monday morning, the 13th, I went to Bournemouth by steamer, where I was met by Mr. James Morris, my friend and travelling companion in Africa, as mentioned in a previous chapter. He came to England a few years ago, and this was the first time we had met in the "old country." It was very pleasant to spend an afternoon with him and his devoted wife, and to talk over the incidents of former years. In the evening I proceeded to Wimborne on a visit to my friends Mr. and Mrs. Symmonds at the Shrubbery. Mr. Symmonds was waiting for me at the station with the carriage, and I soon felt at home with them in their hospitable mansion. The few days I spent there were both pleasant and profitable, and my health continued to improve daily. On Wednesday, the 15th, I attended a Temperance demonstration of the united Bands of Hope of different denominations in Wimborne. After marching through the town with bands of music and singing at intervals, the procession proceeded to Dean's Court, the residence of Lady Craig-Gibson, where tea was provided in the park, and where I was requested to address the vast concourse of people assembled. I was afterwards introduced to her ladyship, who occupied an easy chair on the lawn, and with whom I had an interesting conversation. She expressed her deep sympathy with me in my recent great loss, having herself passed through a similar trial a few years before. She also made many inquiries about our foreign Missions, and afterwards wrote me a kind and sympathetic letter, enclosing a cheque, with a

request that I would send her some of my Missionary books, which I did with great pleasure. On the following evening I preached at Wimborne for my friend the Rev. T. Rising, and I afterwards baptized an infant.

On Friday, the 17th, I took leave of my friends at Wimborne and travelled by train to Birmingham, accompanied by my friend Mr. James Morris. On parting from him I proceeded to Stoke-upon-Trent, to see a lady who was housekeeper to a ministerial friend of mine and who was soon to be at liberty. I was so well pleased with all that I saw and heard that I engaged her at once to come to me in the same capacity and on the same terms; an arrangement for which I have had abundant cause to be thankful.

On returning to Sedbergh I felt my loneliness most keenly, and being kindly invited by my friends at Orton to spend a few weeks there, I gladly went, especially as there was a prospect of doing a little work for the Master. On Sunday, August 9th, I preached at Orton morning and evening to good congregations. On Sunday, the 16th, I preached anniversary sermons, afternoon and evening, for the Primitive Methodists at Tebay. On Thursday, the 20th, I delivered a Temperance lecture at Orton, the Vicar occupying the chair. We had a large attendance and a good meeting. On Sunday, the 23rd, I preached afternoon and evening at Crosby-Ravensworth, and on the following day I returned home to Sedbergh.

The remaining months of the year were spent as usual in reading, writing, and study, and in such ministerial labour as fell to my lot, till the 27th of December, when I preached my annual memorial sermon with a

view to improve the death of friends who had passed away to their eternal rest during the year. This was a very solemn and impressive service, as others of the same kind had been in former years.

My friends at Arnside having repeatedly expressed their wish that I would, if possible, give a portion of my labours to that village, on January 11th, 1886, we went thither, a gentleman having kindly offered us the use of a furnished house rent free. The three months we spent there were both pleasant and profitable. I preached morning and evening every alternate Sabbath at Arnside, and met a Bible Class and held other meetings during the week. The intervening Sundays were given to Kendal, Silverdale, Tewitfield, Grange, and Barrow; so that I was fully employed, and, I trust, not in vain.

On April 13th, we returned to Sedbergh, and I preached in the town chapel every alternate Sabbath, and visited the people as before. Having suffered from repeated attacks of asthma during the early part of the summer, in the month of July I paid a visit to the Isle of Wight, and spent a pleasant week with my friends at Newport, which proved very beneficial to my health. On returning to London I spent another week at Conference, when I had an opportunity of seeing many dear friends whom I had not seen for several years, and whom I shall probably never see again till we meet above. I also very much enjoyed the public services which I was able to attend, as well as the speeches and discussions which I heard during the time I was there. I left London for the north on Saturday, the 24th, and, after preaching and addressing the Sunday School at Bilston on the Sabbath,

I returned home to Sedbergh on Monday, the 26th, where for a short time I worked on as before.

#### VISIT TO SHETLAND.

Among other friends whom I met at Conference was the Rev. John Priestley, Chairman of the Shetland Islands District, with whom I was happily associated in Mission work in South Africa thirty years ago. He urgently renewed an invitation which he had previously given me to pay him a visit in his interesting sphere of labour. Thinking that a short sea voyage might prove beneficial to health, whilst at the same time it afforded an opportunity of helping a beloved Minister in his work, and of doing good to a needy and deserving people, I consented to accompany him on his return to his distant northern home.

So on Friday, August 6th, I joined Mr. Priestley at Carlisle on his way home from Conference, and we proceeded together to Edinburgh and Leith, where we arrived late at night, and were kindly received and hospitably entertained at the Wesleyan manse, occupied by the Rev. H. S. B. Yates and his amiable and devoted wife. The following day we spent in visiting the grand Exhibition recently opened, and in viewing Edinburgh, with its ancient Castle, public buildings, numerous churches, splendid streets, John Knox's house, and other attractions.

On Sunday, the 8th, I preached in the Wesleyan Church at Leith in the morning, and Mr. Priestley in the evening, and at the close of the evening service we each gave a brief account of our Missionary experience in foreign lands, with which the people appeared much interested. The congregations were large and atten-

tive, and I received a very favourable impression of the good work which is being carried on at Leith by the zealous pastor.

On the following morning, at ten o'clock, we embarked on board the good steamship *Queen*, bound for Lerwick, the capital of the Shetland Isles. We had about forty passengers on board, with some of whom we had pleasant and profitable conversation during the voyage. I was afterwards told that a young man who accompanied his two sisters on board, pointed to the old Missionary at a distance, and said, "Take heart, my dears, you will be safe enough in this ship; you have got Paul on board." After calling at Aberdeen and Stromness, where we spent a few hours on shore, we threaded our way among the Orkneys, amid scenery of the most romantic and charming description. Passing Fair Isle, mid-way between the Orkneys and Shetland proper, we reached Lerwick early on the morning of Wednesday, the 11th. As the day dawned we obtained a clear view of the town and its splendid harbour. On landing we proceeded at once to the home of my friend and companion, where Mrs. Priestley received us joyfully.

The two weeks which I spent in Shetland were occupied with religious services, tours of observation, and conversations with the people of a most interesting character, resulting in a very favourable impression with reference both to the place and the inhabitants. If time and space permitted, I might enter into particulars which ought to go far to neutralise the prejudices which I have found to prevail in some quarters with reference to these northern regions of the British Empire. But I must confine myself to a brief statement of facts

illustrative of the extent to which Methodism has taken hold of the minds of the people.

I found the Wesleyan church and manse at Lerwick respectable, substantial, and commodious buildings, every way superior to what I expected. On Sunday, the 18th, I preached morning and evening to large and attentive congregations; and after the public service at night I held one of the most delightful lovefeasts I ever attended. Nearly two hundred persons were present, thirty or forty of whom testified to the saving power of Divine grace in the most clear, explicit, and touching manner; and altogether this was a day long to be remembered.

The following Sabbath was, if possible, still more remarkable and interesting. I again consented to take the whole of the services of the day at Lerwick, to enable the Superintendent Minister to give his labours to distant needy places, as he had done the Sunday before. In the morning the church was fairly filled, but in the evening it was crowded, every pew being occupied, as well as the forms that were brought into the aisles. In connection with this service I gave an account of my missionary experience and labours abroad, which seemed greatly to interest the people. At the close I held a prayer-meeting, when the body of the church was completely filled, and the prayers were short, earnest, and lively, a gracious influence pervading the whole. The church is furnished with a good organ and an efficient choir, and the singing was everything that could be desired. In the afternoon I addressed the Sunday School, and was much pleased with the evident intelligence of both scholars and teachers.



The Class-meetings, prayer-meetings, and other services held on week-nights were also occasions of great interest, and afforded me a favourable view of the Methodist people, as did also my visits to some of the leading members and officers at their homes, where I was received with joy as a "dear old Missionary."

But the most interesting incident was a trip to Fair Isle, about fifty miles to the south of Lerwick, which is seldom honoured with the presence of a Minister. A neat little Wesleyan chapel having been recently erected there, an excursion was arranged for Thursday, the 19th, the day appointed for the opening services. At seven o'clock in the morning, I went on board the *Earl of Zetland*, accompanied by the Rev. Messrs. Priestley and Yates, Mrs. and Miss Priestley, and about one hundred friends. Captain Nicolson and Mr. Scott, his first officer, did all in their power to make us comfortable, and we had a very pleasant voyage, calling at Sandlodge and Grutness, where we were joined by John Bruce, Esq., the owner of Fair Isle, and others.

Arriving at the south end of the island, half-a-dozen boats were in readiness, manned by stalwart natives, to convey all on shore with the utmost despatch. As soon as we landed we proceeded to the new chapel, which stands on an eminence in the midst of the people's cottages, many of which have been recently erected and are of a kind superior to Shetland tenements generally. After we had partaken of refreshment kindly provided by Mrs. Priestley, the first service commenced, when I was honoured to preach the first sermon in the new sanctuary, Messrs.

Priestley and Yates following with short addresses. The second service was, if possible, still more interesting, as I was requested to unite two couples of young natives in holy matrimony, the chapel being filled with people to witness the ceremony and to hear the admonitory counsels given to the newly married couples.

After about five hours spent on the island in the religious services mentioned, and in viewing the splendid scenery, we re-embarked on our return voyage, and arrived in safety at Lerwick at 11 o'clock P.M., having spent a very pleasant and profitable day.

Having in a measure accomplished the object of my visit to Shetland, and spent a very pleasant fortnight with my friends Mr. and Mrs. Priestley, trying to do all the good in my power, and rejoicing with them in the prosperity of the work in which they are engaged, I embarked on my homeward voyage on board the splendid steamer *St. Nicholas*, on Monday evening, the 23rd. We were again favoured with fine weather, and after calling at Kirkwall in the Orkneys, and Wick, Aberdeen, Leith, and Edinburgh, I arrived in safety at my home in Sedbergh on Wednesday, August 25th, 1886, having thoroughly enjoyed my trip and benefited by it both in body and mind.

#### MISCELLANEOUS ENGAGEMENTS.

On my return from Shetland I resumed my usual employment in the Sedbergh Circuit, preaching every alternate Sabbath in the town chapel, conducting a monthly service in the Union Workhouse, and visiting the sick and others as I had done for several years before. I also devoted a considerable portion of time

to reading, writing, and study, in which I felt as much delight as ever. And although not able to go from home on missionary deputation work, and for special services, so much as formerly, I did what I could in this way, in response to the kind and urgent requests of friends, in our own and other Circuits, as will be seen from the following brief notes.

On Sunday, September 5th, I preached one of the Chapel Anniversary sermons at Sedbergh, and on the following day I went to Armley near Leeds, to attend a Missionary Meeting. There I met the Rev. Messrs. Simpson, Wain, and Avery, the ministers of the Circuit, together with Councillor Moody, who presided, and Messrs. R. Moody and S. Nichols, all of whom addressed the meeting very effectively, and we had an interesting and successful anniversary. On Sunday, the 12th, I preached one of the school sermons at Garsdale; and on Thursday evening, the 23rd, I took part in a public meeting at Frostrow, in connection with the opening of the new chapel, after the Rev. Charles Garrett had preached in the afternoon. I had occasion in my address to allude to the fact of my having preached my first sermon in a farmhouse near to that place fifty-nine years ago—as mentioned in a previous chapter—with which the people seemed much interested. On Sunday, the 26th, I preached school sermons at Carlisle. There I was kindly entertained by my friend Mrs. Parry, the respected widow of the Rev. John Parry, one of my colleagues in the Isle of Wight nearly forty years ago. I also took tea with my friends Messrs. Parker and James, with whom I had much pleasant and profitable conversation.

At the earnest request of our esteemed Superintendent,

the Rev. John Watson, and other friends, on Thursday evening, October 14th, I presided at the Annual Missionary Meeting at Sedbergh, when we were favoured with the presence and efficient help of the Rev. Dr. Nicholson of Manchester, as deputation. We had an interesting and successful Meeting, and on the following Sabbath I preached one of the Missionary sermons in the same place, to a large and deeply attentive congregation.

On the evening of Thursday, the 28th, I was favoured to take part in the Ordination of the Rev. J. H. Bateson, at Kendal, previous to his embarkation as a missionary to Upper Burmah. The service was ably conducted by the Rev. Dr. Osborn, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Abbott, Dunstan, and Robson, and was of a very solemn and impressive character. I greatly enjoyed the intercourse I had with these dear brethren, especially with the venerable Doctor, and my friendly host, William Thomson, Esq.

On Sunday, the 31st, I preached missionary sermons at Bowness, Windermere, and on the following evening a public meeting was held, when the chair was taken by Mr. Rothwell, and the Rev. E. J. Robinson and I addressed the audience. On Tuesday evening, November 2nd, I attended a Missionary Meeting at Staveley, where I met the Rev. Messrs. Dunstan, Lang, Robson, and others, who took part in the proceedings; and on the following day I returned home.

At the special request of the Rev. Henry Marchbank and other friends in the Birstal Circuit, on Thursday, the 11th, I travelled, *viâ* Leeds, to Gomersal, to attend the Annual Missionary Meeting, which was held in our

beautiful chapel at that place. Here I was associated with Messrs. Rhodes, Jackson, and Brook, in addition to the Rev. Messrs. Marchbank, Bellamy, Lowther, and Burns, Circuit Ministers, and the Rev. Mr. Rea (Moravian), whose addresses and company I very much enjoyed both in the meeting, which was a very successful one, and at the social gathering at West House, where I was kindly entertained. On the following day Mr. Marchbank kindly accompanied me to Birstal, where we called upon the daughters of the late Rev. Hodgson Casson, whom I had known in my youth, and on Miss Stamp, and her amiable companion Miss Keeling. We also went to see John Nelson's study and tomb, as well as the graves of the Rev. Messrs. Bramwell and W. J. Shrewsbury, which brought to my mind many touching recollections of these devoted servants of God.

Here I may briefly notice two little incidents which occurred a short time ago, which appeared worthy of record; as they may serve to illustrate the terms of amity and goodwill in which I have been favoured to live with all classes at home and abroad. One has reference to the condescending Christian kindness of a Government official of high rank, and the other to the generous liberality of a worthy clergyman.

Shortly before his lamented death, Sir Bartle Frere, late Governor, etc., in India and Africa, paid a visit to Sedbergh, and spent a week or two with his nephew, H. G. Hart, Esq., the respected Head Master of the Free Grammar School. On ascertaining that an old Wesleyan Missionary, formerly Chairman and General Superintendent of the Cape of Good Hope District,

lived there in comparative retirement, Sir Bartle showed him and his wife all manner of attention. We were not only invited to meet him and a select party of friends at the school-house previous to his delivering a lecture on Dr. Livingstone; but, finding that Mrs. Moister was too feeble to accompany me on the occasion, he drove to New Street with Miss Mary, his daughter, and paid us a friendly visit at our humble home, where they took tea with us, conversed freely about Africa, inspected my library and our chapel premises, and, on taking leave, he begged me to assure my missionary associates in South Africa of his abiding interest in them and their work.

The other incident had reference to our worthy Vicar. Wishing to place a stone in the Sedbergh churchyard to mark the grave of my dear departed wife, I sent to the Vicar the usual fee enclosed in a respectful note, to which I received the following answer:—

“DEAR MR. MOISTER,—The sexton handed me your letter concerning the tombstone. I herewith return the fee, as I could not think of receiving a fee from a brother Minister of the Gospel. We serve in the same army, if not in the same regiment. It is pleasant for me to think that our bodies will probably rest in the same ground here below, as I trust our redeemed spirits will meet and dwell in the same heaven above.

“With kind regards and sincere sympathy,

“I remain,

“Yours affectionately,

“R. H. QUICK, M.A.”

These are specimens of a large number of truly liberal-minded and Christian gentlemen and Ministers

of different denominations whom I have met with in the course of my long and eventful life.

#### RETROSPECT.

Having been spared by the good providence of God to enter upon my 79th year, December 4th, 1886, and feeling that my earthly course must soon terminate, I look back upon my long, laborious, and chequered life with mingled feelings of profound humility and devout gratitude to the Almighty. I contemplate with deep self-abasement my manifold imperfections and shortcomings; and I am sometimes disposed to wish that I were young again, that I might go over the same ground of hallowed toil, and try to do my life-work much better than I have done it in time past. On the other hand, as I call to mind the fact that my labours have not been altogether in vain in the Lord, and that upwards of fifty-six years since I entered the Ministry I have lived and laboured with my missionary associates and the people of my charge in many lands in harmony and love, without ever having had any serious misunderstanding or difference with any one, to mar our peace or hinder the progress of the work of God,—I have fully proved “how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.”

Nor have my relations with the officials of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in whose service I have been engaged, been less amicable or pleasing. The letters I received at different times whilst toiling in the Mission field, from Richard Watson, John James, and Thomas Edwards, as well as from Dr. Bunting, Dr. Townley, Dr. Beecham, Dr. Hoole, and Dr. Osborn,

in their capacity of Missionary Secretaries, bear ample testimony to the interest with which the writers regarded me and my work, and to the amicable spirit in which we laboured in the service of our common Master. It is to me an affecting thought that all these honoured servants of Christ, as well as most of my fellow-labourers in the Gospel, have long since passed away to their eternal rest, with the exception of the one last named, who, thank God! still lives to bless the Church of which he is an honoured Minister. In times of special difficulty and trial, the correspondence of my friend Dr. Osborn has often been to me a source of spiritual help and blessing, for which I feel as thankful to-day as I did when his encouraging letters reached me at my distant stations in the Dark Continent.

In concluding this brief narrative of my life and missionary labours I would further express my gratitude to my heavenly Father for the general good health which I have been favoured to enjoy, notwithstanding my frequent exposure to the wasting influence of unhealthy climates, the dangers arising from shipwrecks, earthquakes, and hurricanes, and the discomfort of extensive travel by sea and by land. This I attribute, under God, to abstemious habits formed in early life, as well as to a naturally good constitution, and especially to the circumstance of my having, for nearly half a century, totally abstained from all kinds of intoxicating drinks, as well as from the use of tobacco and every other narcotic stimulant, believing them to be not only *useless* but absolutely *injurious* to health and comfort, and in various ways calculated to retard the progress of the Gospel.



And now, having humbly endeavoured to serve God in my day and generation according to His will, and the ability which He has given, I calmly wait for His call, in His own good time and way, to rest from my labours, firmly trusting in the merits of Christ for full salvation, and with a blessed hope of heaven and a happy meeting with those who have "gone before." The prevailing feelings of my heart in closing this imperfect record are those with which I commenced; namely, sincere gratitude and love to God, and unbounded confidence in His never-failing goodness and truth. I can indeed "praise Him for all that is past, and trust Him for all that's to come," and I hope, through His infinite mercy in Christ, to praise Him for ever in heaven.

"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 !"

# WORKS

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