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MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

ANTHONY NORRIS GROVES,

CONTAINING

Extracts from his Letters and Journals.

COMPILED BY HIS WIDOW.

"Biography is the history of what *God* has done; and its *faithfulness* is its profit." (Page 524.)

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PREFACE.

It has been the editor's aim, to give as much as possible the history of this dear servant of God in his own words; interspersing only a few notices, in order to make the records left in his own writing more intelligible to strangers. The journal of his residence in Bagdad, published in 1831, having been some time out of print and often enquired for, it has been thought desirable to introduce into this memoir an abstract of the less interesting parts and copious extracts from the remainder. In the present divided state of the Church, it may be found useful to review the life of one, whose whole history illustrates the possibility, amidst every division, of remaining a witness to the *true* unity of the one family of God, of rejoicing in every display of the grace of God, and of joyfully acknowledging His work, wherever it was manifested.

Throughout his whole course, Mr. Groves fully acted out what he often delighted to express, that he felt more united with Christians for what he saw the Spirit of God had wrought in them, than separated from them on account of differences of judgment.

An extract from a letter from Dr. Duff, a well known missionary, may take the place of any prefatory remarks on the part of the editor:—

"I rejoice to learn that there is to be a memoir of so

devoted a man as my late revered friend, Mr. Groves; and right glad should I be to contribute the humblest mite towards it. Speaking for myself, I can simply say, that my feelings of esteem, and reverence, and love for him, were only enhanced by increased converse and more familiar fellowship with him. Apart altogether from his peculiar views, or even in spite of some of them, I could not help regarding him as one of the most loving and loveable of all Christian men; while the singular fervency of his spirit made it quite contagious, diffusing all around the savour of unearthly sanctity and self-consuming devotedness. O, that a double portion of his spirit would descend upon all our drowsy and sleeping Churches throughout christendom! The Lord grant that professing disciples, in this luxurious age of self-pleasing and self-indulgence, may, at least, learn from his example the lesson which they preeminently need, and which he was honoured of God preeminently to teach, and that is, the lesson of real scriptural self denial, the divine lesson of taking up the cross, forsaking all, and following the Lord!

"I remain, dear Mrs. Groves,

"Yours sincerely in the Lord,

"ALEXANDER DUFF."

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MEMOIR

OF

ANTHONY NORRIS GROVES.

CHAPTER I.

HIS BIRTH AND FAMILY CIRCUMSTANCES — HIS EDUCATION AND PROFESSIONAL ESTABLISHMENT — HIS RESIDENCE AT EXETER — EARLY HISTORY OF HIS PROTÉGÉ, DR. KITTO — EXERTIONS FOR MR. ALEXANDER AND OTHER CONVERTED JEWS — LETTERS TO MR. CALDICOTT — SKETCH OF THAT MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND.

ANTHONY NORRIS GROVES was born at Newton, in Hants, 1795. He was one of six children. His father, who was originally in a very prosperous business in Lymington, had a very generous disposition; was fond of giving liberally to others; but being of a speculative turn, he engaged in many things which lost him the riches his business had gained. One undertaking was the cultivation, by a new system of draining, of a property, called Normandy, near the sea, on which he expended many thousands; but although the plan proved eventually successful, the benefit was lost to his family. This resulted from his finding himself under the necessity of disposing of the property in the time of the war, for lack of funds to carry on the improvements. Previous to this, a share he had in a large ship, called the *Royal George*, was also lost, as the ship went down; and, lastly, he had a factory for refining salts, which, with his

son's help, succeeded well; but, through the treachery of a servant, who revealed the chemical secret to those able from circumstances to produce the article more cheaply, its profits were eventually lost. These trials early associated his son with loss and discipline, as also three surviving daughters, who, being unmarried at the time, were made to feel with their brother the vanity of human expectations; and are still spared to witness to the blessing of those higher possessions, which have many years enabled them to account the glory of the world as dung and loss, that they may win Christ. Two elder sisters married and died some years before the death of their brother.

Mr. Groves's mother seems to have been a most remarkable woman, and her character left a deep impression on the hearts of all her children. Her patience under reverses of fortune; her uncomplaining gentleness, combined with unusual energy, and talents which enabled her to make the best of everything; her ability to bear without a word of complaint, or reflection on others, the trials which various undertakings had brought upon her, were the prominent features in her character. She died, after an illness of six months, July 24th, 1823. Being an only son, Mr. Groves was greatly beloved by his parents and sisters; and his character, which was full of affection, made him all a brother and a son could be; so he was happy in his family relations. His father spared no expense in his education. He was first placed at a school in Lymington, and afterwards with a Dr. Ray, at Fulham, where his aunt, Mrs. Thompson, resided. It is at this time his own narrative begins.

On leaving Fulham, he learnt chemistry in London, with Messrs. Savory and Moore; and, in after life, this science proved very useful to him. He then availed himself of the offer of Mr. Thompson, his uncle, an eminent dentist, practising in George Street, Hanover Square, to learn that profession; and, at the same time, walked the hospitals with a son of Mr. Thompson, and acquired considerable surgical skill. This was afterwards of much service to him, both in England and in foreign lands. He was ever ready, at any hour of the night or day, to afford his aid in cases of distress, and was very

successful in many branches of surgery, as well as in his own profession. He was so skilful as a dentist, that, at the age of nineteen, he was able to support himself, besides being of use to others. Plymouth was the place he first fixed on for practice; and, though his time was much occupied in professional pursuits, he was able to devote himself to many scientific objects; and was a leading member of the Athæneum, a literary society, in which his talents were much appreciated. It was here, also, he was able to profess himself a disciple of Christ, having owed much to the ministry of Mr. Joseph Richards and Mr. Hitchins; but his entrance into the full liberty of gospel light did not take place till some time after, in Exeter, where he was greatly indebted to a Christian lady, Miss Paget, to whom, he says, he ever looked up as his mother in the things of God. His clear mind, and his readiness in expressing his thoughts, made him a universal favourite; and his society was much sought after. Among his many christian friends may be mentioned Mr. Whitlock Gandy, and Mr. Lampen, besides the two other clergymen, Messrs. Richards and Hitchins, before alluded to. One who knew him well at this time, writes to his sister, on hearing of his removal: "How fondly do my thoughts turn to the memory of those days, when the loving ways and acts of your beloved brother, now resting in the peaceful bosom of the Lamb, made us look upon him as the most interesting of human beings. The years that have separated us from him, have had no power in making us cease to love the memory of one we so unfeignedly esteemed, and affectionately remember,—one so peculiarly attractive in all his Christian ways, towards every being to whom he could do good, and lead onward, in the safe and narrow path, to the heavenly fold of Jesus Christ."

In the year 1816, Mr. Groves was married to his cousin, Mary Bethia Thompson, to whom he had formed a very early attachment, which he represents in his own narrative as having had a very marked influence upon his history. Soon after his marriage, he removed from Plymouth to Exeter, which it was thought would afford a wider field for his practice. It pleased the Lord greatly to bless and prosper him there, in every way.

He grew rapidly in the knowledge of God, having, as his own narrative will show, a desire to fulfil *all* the will of God, as soon as it was revealed to him. The energy with which he helped forward every undertaking, which could benefit others, and his extensive liberality, made him an object of general interest.

The warmth of his family affections may be judged of by the following anecdote, related by his sisters.—While fully engaged in his professional practice in Exeter, and in many public objects, he was in the habit, during the months of his beloved mother's last illness, of setting off, every Saturday afternoon, for Hampshire, where he arrived in the middle of the night, so as to take his turn in watching her, and returning early on Monday. "Norris, you have only done too much for us," were her last words to him. This remembrance of a beloved parent was treasured by him to the day of his death. Many were those who for years experienced under his own roof a father's and a brother's care. One distant relative he brought up as a younger brother; taught him his profession; and ultimately gave him his practice. He provided, also, for another son of the same family, and the sister he adopted from the age of three years, and afterwards took her with him to India. But his Christian benevolence was by no means confined to his relatives; many strangers experienced the same friendly aid, and heartfelt sympathy. An interesting instance of this occurred at Plymouth.—When visiting the work-house, he became acquainted with a mason's boy, who, from an injury received in falling from a ladder, had become completely deaf. This individual was afterwards the well known Dr. Kitto, author of the Pictorial Bible, and other works connected with biblical literature. Some writings of the poor boy's, found on scraps of paper, convinced Mr. Groves that he was gifted with a mind superior to his circumstances; and, with the aid of several gentlemen, belonging to the literary society before alluded to, he succeeded in getting him educated; and, during the years in which he could do nothing for himself, maintained him, as if he had been a member of his own family. Afterwards Mr. Groves had him taught printing, and paid a considerable sum to get

him employment. He had for a time the charge of the mission press at Malta; and when, not liking the employment, he returned to England, Mr. Groves again received him into his house; and, not finding any suitable provision for him, took him with him to Bagdad.

Many are still spared who can bear witness to Mr. Groves's activity, even in these early days, in that which had more immediately to do with the work of God, and helping forward *His* kingdom. Among those of most public interest, who owed much to his Christian love and help, may be mentioned Mr. Alexander, at first a teacher of Hebrew in Exeter, afterwards Bishop of Jerusalem. In him, Mr. Groves took the deepest interest; and after encouraging him in every way to confess Christ, he sent for his friend Mr. Hatchard, of Plymouth, who came and baptized Mr. Alexander, in Exeter. Mr. Groves was also very instrumental in establishing in the knowledge of Christ two other Jews, Belsom and Abraham by name, who were led to Exeter to enquire about Mr. Alexander's baptism. Both of them, in the end, were baptized, and became teachers of the gospel.* One more individual remains to be noticed, as among those on whom his intercourse had a very marked effect. This was his beloved friend, the Rev. Mr. Caldicott, formerly curate of Claybrook, the nephew of one for whom Mr. Groves had a great regard, the Rev. John Marriott, of Broad Clyst, near Exeter. Mr. Caldicott attributed to his intercourse with Mr. Groves much of that devotedness of spirit, which so characterized his whole Christian course, and made him a bright and shining light: they were men of the same mind; greatly united in spirit; and remarkable both for their devotedness to the Lord and that catholicity of spirit, which made them desire union and intercourse with every part of the family of God. The character of their intercourse, and his own progress, at this time, may be judged of by extracts of letters, kindly supplied by Mrs. Caldicott, which throw much light on the state of Mr. Groves's mind, during many years of his residence

* For further particulars see Appendix A.

in Exeter, embracing that period specially dwelt on in this short sketch. He writes, June 2nd, 1825, to Mr. Caldicott, who was then about to enter the Church of England :—

"I know no circumstance that can occur to a pilgrim on this earth half so important as being prepared by God Himself for the ministry of His word. That you are thus preparing I feel the fullest persuasion; and that God will bear witness to your ministry, if you follow on to know the Lord. If I might be allowed to rejoice in one thing more than another, it is in the singleness of heart and eye, which I trace growing within you. I say this, not because it accords with my views of Christian duty, but because I am sure it is the way to find the largest measure of happiness even earthly things can yield; besides, and above all, being the key that unlocks those things in the Divine word, which are hard to understand, and for this reason, that we come to the consideration of them with hearts pre-occupied by a ready made decision, more in union with the worldly systems, by which we are pressed on every side. And, against all this overwhelming influence, there is but one remedy, to read the word of God with a single view to know His will, by whom it was inspired; and then the baseless nature of all systems but the one that has a single and undivided reference to the glory of God, and the advancement of His kingdom, appears as clearly as if it were the subject of material vision. I believe the delusions of Satan in this matter are more numerous and subtle than in any other; because he knows if he can but poison the fountains of life, so that those who drink with the appetite of the sick, seeking to be healed, find that which should have been an instrument of their health turned into a means of destruction, he has gained a momentous victory, and so much the more as it is over those he always dreads, the Bible readers. I do most heartily rejoice to see you lie so humbly at the foot of our dear Lord's cross; for whilst I know it to be the only true exaltation, my foolish wicked heart, at times, despises those waters of Siloa which run softly. O, that I could feel my heart like a weaned child, mourning after Him who should be all its desire! . . . . . I will not deny the

pleasure it affords me to know that you esteem me instrumental, in however small a degree, to your spiritual improvement, by scattering God's heavenly seed on the rich soil of your heart; for it is indeed a higher honour than to be the medium of all earthly blessings. Oh, that you may bear fruit to His praise! For, I trust, that however diverse our situation and circumstances may be here, in eternity we shall be glorifying together Him from whom all blessings flow."

Another letter, dated Exeter, June 22nd, 1825, commences with similar expressions of thankfulness, and continues thus :—

"Kitto is accepted by the Society, as a Printer, and is going on Friday week to town, for two years, to learn his business; after which he goes whithersoever they may think it right to send him. I thank God for this proof of His love to me: I have engaged to pay £50 a year, for the two years, which I hope to raise with the help of my friends.

"Our missionary meeting is to be on the 18th or 19th of next month, and Mr. Bickersteth is to be my guest, when much that relates to my future history will probably be put in train. Ah! my dear friend, it is a glorious cause, and one much at variance with the snares, temptations and allurements of this world. It has, doubtless, its own peculiar trials, but they are spiritual.—I know no state where such close communion with God is necessarily kept up, as where you are almost placed, like the ravens, to be fed day by day from your Father's hands.

"To-morrow, two very interesting individuals are coming to spend some time with me; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander.—He is, or rather was, the Jewish Rabbi at Plymouth; he is a most respectable and highly estimable young man, of about twenty-five; he has long been anxiously searching the New Testament, for the truth as it is in Jesus, and has at length fully embraced it, giving up all worldly possessions and prospects, and casting himself on his and our dear Master's bounty, who will, I have no doubt, feed him with the fulness of His house. His baptism is to be administered to-day, by Mr. Hatchard, after which he returns to our house, away from the persecutions and trials of Plymouth. His Jewish connections there, were the day before

yesterday, thronging his house to persuade him to draw back; but, I trust, by God's grace, he has stood firm, and will become a bright and shining light to his brethren."

A day or two later, he adds :—

"The individuals alluded to above are now staying with me, and indicate sincere and affectionate devotedness to the Lord, in whom we have righteousness and peace. They have very strong missionary feelings, especially Mrs. A., and these, by God's blessing, will, I hope, be deepened during their stay with us, which we, at present, imagine may be some three or four months."

"*June 26th.*—Since we parted, I have had, on many occasions, to stand in defence of those views which I feel to be so essentially connected with that great characteristic of the gospel dispensation, love and simple *reliance* on God. Every review of the word of God, as well as the steps by which I have arrived at my present conclusions from that word, convince me, that self-devotion, in the largest sense, is the indisputable claim of Christ from His members; and, as a corollary, that, therefore, it is the highest happiness of a Christian, and the instrumentality by which God will most essentially bless His Church.

"The soul that, in very deed, casts all cares for the future on Him who careth for us, and has told us that our Heavenly Father knows our necessary wants, so that He would not have us careful or anxious about them, is of all created beings the happiest upon earth..... The state of mind most to be avoided by a searcher after truth is, deciding with the understanding that a course is right, but with the will and affections determining against pursuing it: it destroys all honest dealing with God.

"May our Heavenly Father bless you with all spiritual blessings; giving you light to see His truth, and grace to follow it with all your heart!"

"*Exeter, July 28th.*

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"'Grace unto you and peace be multiplied from God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ,'—and may this grace prove sufficient for you, in every trial to which you may

be exposed; and may the holy, lovely image of our dear Lord and Master, shine so brightly in you, that you may be in your generation as a 'light set on a hill!'

"We have been peculiarly privileged, during the last week, by having dear Mr. Bickersteth with us for three days. A more holy, single hearted man, I do not recollect having ever met with, and I trust his visit will be blessed to us both. I found him, in many respects, a counsellor peculiarly adapted to my circumstances, because he himself gave up, as an attorney, a situation of a thousand or twelve hundred a year, and that which he now fills produces only three or four hundred; and he assures me that he has never once regretted it, on the contrary, he looks on it with peculiar thankfulness.

"Mr. and Mrs. Alexander have just left my house for lodgings, after a stay of five weeks. I am learning Hebrew, and just going to commence German with him. I have the fullest conviction, that, with the cross of baptism, he has taken up the real cross that his Master has left, as a legacy, to all those who are really His disciples. May they both be enabled to hold their professions firm unto the end, that they may receive a crown in the great day of their Lord's appearing.

"Every day convinces me more and more that there is but 'one thing needful,' and that is, being heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ; and may our eyes and hearts be so singly set on this great object, that it may absorb every other, and, by the grace of God, lead us to choose, in truth, that 'good part' which shall not be taken from us.

"May every blessing, my very dear friend, attend you!

"Yours affectionately,

"A. N. GROVES."

"*January* 21*st*, 1826.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"I feel greatly delighted, when I peruse the contents of your letters, to find that the Spirit of truth is still with you, and the love of that dear Saviour, who is the ground of hope and rejoicing to all them who love His appearing.

Miss Paget tells me your missionary ardour is not abated: may God bless you, and lead you in the way in which you should go! You know this cause is very near my heart, and I have learnt to bless God for every heart which He has separated, as He did Barnabas and Saul, for this most holy and noble work. Should it please our great Captain to send you forth in such a service, how I should rejoice to bear my burthens with you. I rejoice at your holy zeal and boldness, and pray that the weeds that seek the same soil to thrive in, may, by watchfulness and prayer, be kept under."

In reference to a little work on Christian devotedness which he had published the year before, he writes to the same friend:—

"I believe the case made out is a very strong one: its success, however, must depend on the measure of blessing God pours down upon it; for I cannot but feel, if the declarations in the word of God, which are so numerous and so clear, that a 'wayfaring man, though a fool, could not err therein;' if it be true, that 'he who runneth may read;' and if all these have been passed by, my hope can be but small of rousing the dormant sensibilities of the christian world; but should it reach but one heart in its full power, much, very much may be the result. It has been, in some respects, painful to me to publish it; as I fear it may involve me in dispute, and subject me to much obloquy; but I hope, by the grace of God, I have been enabled to count the cost, and to cast my cares and anxieties respecting the result on Him who will assuredly sustain those who repose in faith, nothing doubting.

"I believe I mentioned the baptism of Mr. Alexander and his wife, in some of my preceding letters. On Christmas day, were baptized two other Jews, not Rabbis, whom we are now keeping, with the hope of their finally becoming ambassadors to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Belsom has more of intelligence and natural acuteness than any Jew I have met with, and presents up to this time a most unspotted character; he came here to enquire into the reasons of Alexander's baptism,

set to work, in earnest, to enquire whether or not the things spoken to him were so, and having found and believed that they were, he embraced Christianity publicly. We have one or two more coming on, of whom I cannot as yet write anything very decided.

"Let us, my dear friend, labour with all our might, for the accomplishment of *that* day; let us learn to esteem all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Preaching Christ crucified, 'to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness,' is the great instrument of pulling down Satan's kingdom, and establishing that which shall never be moved."

"*February 16th*, 1826.—May you be enabled to proclaim that there is but one thing needful wheresoever you go, and evidence the power of that constraining love, which makes us more than conquerors over the world.

"In looking within me, and around me, how much I am struck with the want of, and yet the value of consistency; how much we are all disposed to make some one or two points, that run more naturally into the constituted habitude of our hearts and affections, stand for others to which we bend with more difficulty, but which are no less the rule which God has laid down. I feel it necessary very earnestly to pray against this caricature of Christianity being the exhibition which my life presents; and that all who name the name of Christ may have a beautiful symmetry in all the parts of their Christian character, so that they may neither cause the enemies of the Lord to triumph, nor the weak among the flock to stumble. I feel sometimes so much the want of that holy proportion in myself, that I almost feel tempted to despair of ever exhibiting at all that character which our profession demands.

The partial communication which has so far been made of the sentiments contained in my little pamphlet, called 'Christian Devotedness' has had much more effect than I ever anticipated; and, if God's blessing rests upon it, it will have much more yet. .. . . .

"That you may be supported through your career of trial,

and, I trust, of conquest over the world, the flesh and the devil, I shall always sincerely pray, and that you may be a bright and shining light, which 'shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'"

In reference to some who insist that the children of those who act on the scripture principles of devotedness to God are likely to suffer, Mr. Groves writes to the same friend, on May 11th, 1826.

"I think I am justified in taking it for granted, that God has made a promise that all the events which happen to His servants, in consequence of such a course, shall be for their good. Let us imagine, for a moment, that whilst all the males of some little family, on the borders of Syria, were on the point of setting off for one of the solemnities at Jerusalem, one of the residue had said, 'suppose the Syrians come and take us into captivity, whilst you are gone:' would you not think the answer valid, that 'the Lord hath said, Whilst you are away *they shall not desire* thy land'? So we, when any would stagger our faith, may say, the Lord hath said that 'there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this *present* time, and in the world to come life everlasting.'

"I hope to remember you continually before a throne of grace, that the life-giving Spirit may anoint you from above, and make you an able minister of the New Testament; not of the letter, but of the Spirit; that you may be the joyful parent of thousands of souls, born unto God under your ministry."

A few particulars concerning the much esteemed friend to whom these letters are addressed may be interesting to the reader.

Mr. Caldicott became acquainted with Mr. Groves in 1823, about the time that he was converted to God through the ministry of his uncle, Mr. Marriot, well known as the author of a little poem, beginning

> "A saint, O, would that I could claim
> That privileged, that honoured name!" &c.

The interest Mr. Groves took in Mr. C.'s progress in the things of God, may be judged of by his letters. He had the joy of seeing him grow

rapidly in the knowledge of Christ, and in devotedness of heart and life to their common Lord. Mr. Caldicott continued curate of Claybrook for two years after Mr. Groves's departure for Bagdad; his last sermon there had for its text, "Christ is all and in all." On the 31st September 1831, he left the Establishment from conscientious scruples; and at first he proposed joining Mr. Groves, afterwards accompanying Mr. Start as a missionary; but he became very ill; and when, on reviving for a time, he began again to make preparations for joining his dear friend Mr. Start at Patna, the same illness returned. He laboured for a time at Collaton and other villages near Sidmouth, and in other parts of England, and was made very useful in helping forward many in Bristol, who sought to follow the Lord fully, being a man of singular holiness. All who had the privilege of intercourse with him, felt it to be a blessing. He had a long and trying illness, during which his joy and peace in the Lord, and love to all saints abounded; his great delight was to dwell on the sufficiency of Christ, and the security of the everlasting covenant. Among his last words, were expressions of the comfort he derived from meditating on God's "I will," and "*they shall*," as distinguishing the new covenant from the old, which demanded something from man, its terms being "thou shalt," &c. See Heb. viii, 10, 11. He fell asleep in Jesus at Torquay, January 9th, 1840, at the age of thirty-eight.

CHAPTER II.

INTRODUCTION — MR. GROVES'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, COMMENCING WITH HIS EARLIEST MISSIONARY IMPRESSIONS, AND EXTENDING TO THE PERIOD WHEN HE DETERMINED TO GO TO PERSIA — OBSERVATIONS ON HIS INFLUENCE OVER OTHERS.

It will be interesting now to trace those steps by which Mr. Groves was led to spend his energies and means for the good of others, and the promotion of Christ's Gospel. We have, happily, in his own words, the history of his early life: it was written after he quitted Bagdad in 1834; and forms a most instructive and interesting narrative of the Lord's dealings with him, and with the one whose privilege it was to share his earliest trials; first in a life of self-sacrifice and devotedness to God, and then in the missionary field. Thus he became the biographer, both of her entrance into the life and service of God, and of her quiet and peaceful departure to be with Christ.

The autobiography which follows, was written expressly for the Editor.

"This will be the *first* time I ever put to paper the following remarks: I commit them simply to your charge. I have to many mentioned them "vivâ voce," but this is altogether different from a *written* narrative. I will begin with my earliest connection with missionary objects. When I was between thirteen and fourteen, I used to attend Fulham church with the school to which I was sent, and all I recollect of my general religious state then was, that it was a common practice with us, to take the smaller novels, such as Fielding's and Smollett's, *within* our prayer-books, to read at church; and yet it was during this state of open rebellion against God, and while walking in open defiance of His holy will, that the first permanent impression was made on my mind relative to missions. It was after a

sermon preached by John O——. I recollect the thought arising in my dark soul, "surely it would be a worthy object to die for, to go to India, to win but one idolater from hopeless death to life and peace." Little did I then think that I was ten times worse than he, as great a sinner and with none of his excuses. The impression soon wore away, yet I never was free from recurring convictions, and I recollect from a hundred little circumstances too minute to mention, that these thoughts still dwelt in my heart, though buried under a load of ignorance and love of sin. Yet the Lord dealt with me most indulgently, and kept me out of sin in the midst of which I was moving, and into personal intercourse with which, I was fast sinking, by the sweetest, and at the same time the most powerful constraint that could hold a natural mind, the growing attachment between dearest Mary and myself. Her mind, like my own, had a *certain tincture* of religious feeling, which even at that time endeared us to each other; and as we walked to church, or round the garden at Fulham, the subject of religion often engaged our thoughts, and one of the very few presents I recollect ever making her, was a bible. From the time I was about sixteen till I was nineteen, was to both of us a period of peculiar trial; but it is now needless to mention from what causes. I felt my dear aunt was not opposed to our union; and I did not think my uncle would be, had I ever the means of supporting her in that affluence to which she had been accustomed; my hopes were young, and my prospects bright, and with a sad, yet hoping heart, I left London, towards the conclusion of my nineteenth year, and commenced my professional career at Plymouth, the 1st February, my nineteeth birthday. My success soon surpassed my hopes, and although I had felt it would be useless to make an offer when I knew not how I was going to live, yet now things were changed, and I had £400 a year, I wrote to dearest Mary to tell her my happy circumstances, and asked leave to speak to her father; but she, without sending me a reply, spoke to him herself, and met with so strong and decided a refusal, that, knowing his character, all

hope was for ever extinguished, and on grounds that nothing could remove, that of our being *first cousins*. To me the blow was as complete as it was unexpected. I knew my uncle loved me, and had been very kind to me. I did all I could—I wrote to him to say that I felt how much I owed him, and that therefore I never would renew the intercourse with my dearest M. without his consent. I now became supremely miserable, and the more so because I could not help hearing of her, and that she was silently but uncomplainingly sinking. My slight thoughts about religion now became my solace. I made the acquaintance of dear Mr. Joseph Richards and Mr. Hitchins, at Plymouth. They did all they could for me; yet my soul had much and deep sorrow to go through before it knew either the peace or the *power* of Jesus' blood."

This was evidently the great turning-point in his spiritual history: he does not enter on any particulars of the "much and deep sorrow" he had to go through, ere he found peace in the blood of the Lamb; but, in comparison of the light he gained through the ministry of Mr. Joseph Richards, he looked on his former *thoughts* about religion, as having had no real foundation: he now speaks, after a season of much conflict, of "the peace and power of Jesus' blood," and labouring, as he then did, under a deep natural disappointment, doubtless, the gospel of glad tidings must have been, from the relief it brings, a pleasant sound; but it is evident, by his own account, it was at this time more the burthen of natural sorrow, than a sense of sin, which made him seek peace out of himself in Jesus. The *full* gospel was not yet known by him, as it was a few years after, through the instrumentality of a dear friend in Exeter: at first his views were decidedly Arminian. He thought more of what he was to do for the Lord, than of what the Lord had done for him: this accounts for his fixing at once on missionary work as that which would involve the greatest amount of personal labour and self-sacrifice, and even this, it would seem, was at *first* more from the relief he sought from the trial of his circumstances, than, as it afterwards became, the

result of deep experience of the love of Christ. He had been, from the testimony of those still alive, a strictly moral character from his youth, and a great observer of external *forms* of religion, and so absorbed was he in plans of service for the Lord, that it was not till a late period of his history that he attained that remarkable self-loathing and deep knowledge of the evil of sin which characterized his later years.

To return to his narrative, he says, "However, these new views about the religion of Christ strengthened my almost extinguished thought of being a missionary. It was some consolation to feel that a life which was become useless to myself, might yet bless others. I, then, after consulting these good men, in perfect good faith, *gave myself to the Lord and missionary work abroad,* and though I for many years turned back, I ever felt myself a renegade, in fact, like Jonah, shut up in the belly of the whale. I wrote to the present Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry; he was then Dean of Wells; and he wrote me a kind letter and referred me to Mr. ———, of the Church Missionary Society. To him I also wrote, offering my services to the Society, and received an encouraging and kind answer. I then instantly began to prepare for my future work.

"During this time my dearest Mary had been nursing a sick sister, very dear to us both; when she died, Mary's health had become so alarmingly undermined, that her dear father, who loved her much, having lost one daughter, felt unable longer to refuse his consent, and became as willing that we should be married, as he had before been anxious that we should not. When the communication was made to me, I did just like Joshua with respect to the Gibeonites—accept what came, I am sure of the Lord, but without consulting Him. We soon were married, before I was twenty-two, and in the joy of possessing one who had so truly loved me, and after five years of trial, I for a moment quite forgot all my promises to the Lord and His work abroad; but this could not last long. I do not think I was wrong in marrying my dearest Mary, for I had fully felt we were married in the sight of God years before; but I did a right thing in a wrong spirit. I ought to have asked Him, (my

Lord,) and told Him my difficulties, and He would, I know, have eased my way, and still have let me had all I sought. After we were married, and the first joy of surmounted difficulties had passed away, our religious judgments could not long remain uncontrasted, and I soon powerfully felt they were awfully different, either from her having gone back through sorrow, or from my having got forward, or partly perhaps from both. But it now became the *settled bent of her life*, to root out my desire to go out as a missionary, and to reduce me to the same state of religious feeling as herself. She found those whom she loved not agreeable to *me*, and I did not wish to press on her those whom *she* did not love, so we lived almost alone after we arrived at Exeter; sometimes, for a month, we did not go outside our garden gates, and for four months, sometimes, we did not take a cup of tea from home; having me and the little children, with the cultivation of a few flowers and painting from nature, of which she was very fond, she was happy. We were greatly prospering in the world, her family were delighted and happy, and these things embraced all she ever knew or thought of happiness; but *it was not so with me, I had given myself to the Lord*, and to a work that I had not fulfilled, and there seemed nothing but daily increasing difficulties. We were prospering more and more, so that renunciation became doubly difficult, and by six years' opposition her mind had settled down into a fixed resistance, and her only care was, (besides making me happy in every way which love and watchful care could devise,) to provide for the dear little ones. Often did I, with every earthly thing that man could desire, feel most miserable. I had a wife who loved me, dear little children, and a most lucrative profession, yet I had not the Lord's presence as in days past, and therefore I was miserable.

"About this time I was led to see that the plan I had been pursuing of making myself acquainted with *general literature*, in order to gain influence over those I came in contact with, *was founded in error*, and I was led to believe, that if I laid aside these false grounds of Christian influence, and gave myself

up to the study of His holy word, the Lord would lead me to learn such principles from it, that I should *see* its sufficiency. From this moment, the Lord began to bless me, and was about to commence that great work of stripping off from our united hearts the thick clog with which we had been cumbering ourselves so many years, and to show us that nothing is too hard for Him.

"Soon after this, my mind became exercised about the right use of *property*, from the study of God's word, and I soon saw that we had been greatly to blame, and as I was walking round the garden at E—— one day, underneath that great elm tree near the gate, I said to Mary, 'my love, I think we ought to lay by something regularly for the Lord, for you recollect when we commenced our career we often said, if we ever possessed a thousand a year, it would be the height of our wishes; now, we have much more than this, therefore, let us begin to give some.' She replied, 'well, my dear, do as you like,' and I fixed that it should be a tenth. It then became the question, *who* should give it, and how? Personally I could not, from my engagements, and therefore she consented to go and distribute it, as opportunities presented themselves. Besides the poor in our own parish, Mary Walker, in the college near the cathedral, was one about whom she became most deeply interested; she was in every way a sufferer; she had a bad husband, great poverty, and a most *agonizing, slow mortification* of the *feet and hands*, to contend with, yet faith, and love, and praise mounted over all. Her intercourse with this poor saint soon taught dearest M—— there was something in religion of which she *knew* nothing, a sustaining power of which she *felt* nothing. Her mind became deeply affected under the trials of her own soul, and her bodily health soon gave way; yet, from the dread lest the idea of *missionary labour* should rise in my mind again, she gave me not the least hint of what was passing within. Her throat became so much affected, that Dr. B——, and Mr. B——, forbade her reading, so that being obliged to give up the education of her dear little boys, I got a tutor for them. Just about the time of her confinement with the dear little girl we lost in

Exeter, her mind was in the lowest state of despondency; she was soon obliged to go to Dawlish for change of air; but she had not been there many days, beforeI received a letter, written in the deepest distress, saying, that both she and the baby were dying. I hastened down, and found the dear little baby hardly alive, and I hurried back immediately to Exeter. Mr. B. told me instantly to get a wet nurse for my baby, and the Lord sent me such an one, that my heart could have desired no more, and I soon saw my sweet little one thriving, and was at rest as to her. Dear M. took to her bed, told me she felt she was dying, and gave me directions what to do, in the event of her death. I was almost distracted, yet knew not where to look but to the Lord for her. After some weeks she again recovered a little, and went out again among the poor, but, as she often used to say to me afterwards, feeling that hell was yawning for her; she felt she was keeping me back, *yet so fixed and determined was her opposition*, that *long after she got light and peace it remained.* But on those days, when there was service at the penitentiary, she was accustomed to go and hear Mr Marriott, and one day he expounded the concluding verses of the 1 Cor. i, 'God hath chosen the weak things, &c.' This was the first thing that gave her a ray of hope, for she said, 'if this be the plan of God's government, then there is hope that he may for *His* NAME'S SAKE *glorify Himself* IN ME, the vilest, the most worthless of His creatures;' but yet she dreaded so much the *reviving my missionary hopes*, that she still buried all these thoughts; but on the next Tuesday or Friday, we were invited to dearest B——'s, and Mr. Marriott expounded the same chapter, and the Holy Ghost seemed to say to her, 'that's for you, poor troubled soul, take it and go in peace.' Her soul was overwhelmed, she returned and told me all her heart, and from that day, the Lord began to let light shine into our dwelling, the days of our mourning were ended, as we thought, and the days became too short to tell of the Lord's goodness, and think of our happiness.

I did not yet feel able to *touch the subject of missions*, but I said to her, 'Dearest M., since the Lord has so graciously

received our little dedication of a tenth, and made it the means of so blessing us, perhaps He would graciously also receive more at our hands.' 'Well,' she said, 'it shall be so; we have now three little children, let it stand as one, and be a fourth:' the more we gave the more we were blessed. My dearest M. threw aside all superfluous articles of dress, and put by all the things we had in our, or rather her, worldly days. In visiting the poor, no weather hindered her; she soon joined the prison committee, but took, I think, the treasurer's office, feeling, from the state of her health, and her throat, quite unable to do more; and for the last year, she had been but little off her sofa; yet the more she did, the more the Lord strengthened her, and the most timid, nervous vessel, that the Lord ever let His strength be manifested in, and, I may add, the most dependent, became at once active, decided, and, with a strong independent judgment, which, though she would yield it, *no* private affection could change. With respect to property, we had only yet gone a certain way; some may think it far enough, others too far; but my heart, which had been so blessed that it could not contain its blessing, felt that so long as anything was kept back from so gracious a Lord who had dealt so bountifully by us, it was as though nothing were given; and this led me to propose one day to my dearest M., that as the Lord had blessed us more and more, in all that we had given up for Him, perhaps He would accept all from our loving grateful hearts, which at that time at least, they were; but I recollect the tear coming into her eye, when she said, 'My dear, I think it would be most wicked, consider the dear little children.'

"I saw the time was not come, and I only added, that I thought not so, but that the Lord would receive it. The thought rested on her mind, and I think she proposed that Kitto, who was then staying with us, should search out the mind of the Lord from the New Testament, and say what he thought, and then, if we, on examination, found the Lord would graciously accept it, we would thankfully use these base things to testify our sense of the value of the true riches He had given us. The result

was, as might be expected, seeing Kitto had no interest in the question, and he said, he felt we were more than free. After the deepest thought and most earnest prayer, M., without reserve, gave it all up; and till the day of her death, only rejoiced in it more and more. When this great burden was once got rid of, we began to feel other than before; we had no object now in life, but living to the Lord and the church, and in thus doing we were really living for our dear little ones ten times more effectually than in laying up poisonous heaps of gold.

"I had never yet spoken to M. about missions, yet seeing the Lord had done so much, I saw no reason to doubt He could do all that remained. Just at this time, Bishop Chase came over from Ohio, and we were deeply interested in him, from hearing he had *given up all* for the Lord's cause in Ohio. Sir T. A. brought him to us, or rather to me, and said, 'here is a man after your own heart' I can only say, I was confirmed and strengthened by my intercourse with him. He asked me, if I would go out to B——, and spend Sunday with him. During Sunday, he conversed much with me on going out with him, and all my hopes of going and my ardour revived; and I thought that it was of the Lord, and would appear more easy as a first step, than going to the south of India, where my heart was first set. On Monday, he came in and lunched with us, and when we were sitting at table, he said, turning to my two dear little boys, 'Well, my little men, will you go to Ohio? there are plenty of peaches in Ohio.' I turned round to poor M., and said, 'Well dear, will you go?' It was too soon; her heart could not bear it; she burst into a flood of tears, and said, 'I expected this would come out of your visit yesterday, and, therefore, was so reluctant you should go.' I replied, 'well my love, I have waited now ten years, and whatever burdens of soul or body I have brought on myself, I will not bring them on you; you had no share in them, nor will I urge you.' Thus it continued about four months, when one day she came to me and said, 'well N., you may write to Bishop Chase, and say we will come.' I wrote, and waited long for an answer, and at length, when none came, I concluded all that had passed in

England amounted to nothing, and I gave up the thought; she then said, 'well N., now you had better write again to the Church Missionary Society, and say, we are ready to go anywhere.' I accordingly wrote, and they accepted my offer, and begged me to change from India to Persia.

"Now I recollect, I did not write; Mr. Bickersteth came down, and, in our dining-parlour at E., I related to him my circumstances. I told him, I had offered myself to the Society ten years ago; and that my whole desire was to do the Lord's will, and the greatest good to the church at large, but more especially to that object, to whose interests I had pledged myself—the *cause of missions*. 'But this,' I said 'may be done in two ways, *first, by giving one's means, secondly, by personal exertions.* In the *first* point of view, I have an increasing professional income, and have this year received nearly £1500, and dear Mrs. G., on the death of her father, will most probably have £10,000 or £12,000 more, the whole of which, with my present income, will, of course, vanish, the moment we take the contemplated step.' Mr. Bickersteth's answer was, 'If you are called of the Lord to the work, *money cannot* be set against it; it is men whom the Lord sends, and He stands in need of men more than money.' I thought his judgment a wise and holy one, and I do to this day. He added, 'if you could give to the work as many thousands as you could hundreds, still, I would say, Go:'—for we had told him, if we remained, we intended simply living on a minimum, and devoting all besides to God. Hitherto, all our way had been together, and much in the retirement of our own souls with God; the sacrifices we had made were properly *our own*, and the loving reception of our most gracious Lord, even of the least, and His quick return of blessing, prepared us, by the experience of His love, to bear the loss of much beside, when we were called upon so to act as to involve the happiness of others, peculiarly dear to us. We were to the heart of a natural parent, *indeed* prospering; we had a little circle of natural blessings seldom equalled, and rarely surpassed, and we knew them, and we were peculiarly capable of enjoying them; but we had found something better—to *suffer with Christ.*

"We had come to the point when it became necessary to communicate this strange, this heart-rending choice, to those we loved, especially to dear M.'s family, whose wounded affections and disappointed hopes, after all their love and kindness, were naturally shown to us. My heart bleeds, even to this day, while I am writing, to think of what I know her dear father suffered. At first everything that kindness and love could do to induce us to stop, was done; when this failed, less kind, but equally well-intentioned efforts, were made to deter us; besides our being cut off from the sweets of family intercourse, dear M.'s father alluded to a mortgage of £1000 he had lent, out of kindness, to my father. I was deeply wounded by the way he alluded to it, for I had never asked it of him, and I wrote back to say, I would never leave England till I had paid it. *Here again* my hands were tied; I felt it, after I had done it, but the promise was made; and, purely from love, I knew he would exact the fulfilment of it. I now saw many years of trouble before me again, for, from the moment it was known that I proposed leaving, my income decreased, and I had closed my connection with Trinity College, Dublin, as a fellow commoner: my reason for doing this was, it saved six months, and the constant journeys there and back increased my expenses.

"This, and many arrangements I had to make for others before I left, set me almost as far as ever from the hope of leaving, except that dear M. was on my side; and by so much as she had hindered me in the first years after our marriage, by so much the more did she now encourage me, and keep up my heart, which was almost bowed down. For months, I was in such a state that I ate every mouthful of food with disrelish; but the Lord comforted her, in making her my comfort; and it was said of her at last, that she was worse than me; and indeed she was just so much the better, as she appeared to the natural eye worse.

"I soon made up my first £100 towards the £1000, and sent it off, and not many months after, dear M.'s father died suddenly. She was instantly sent for; and, as I was not particularly mentioned, I did not go, thinking they might still feel

displeased with me ; but on her arrival they sent me word to come. I went, and when I arrived found that dear Mr. T. had made a new will, and signed it only two or three days before his death : with respect to property, it was all divided *as before*, equally ; and as to the mortgage for £1000, it was *given to me*, and the £100 I had paid *given back*, so that I now became ten times freer than I had ever been ; in fact, nothing comparatively remained but one trial ; all our dear family gathered round us on that day, and offered all that love could offer to induce us to stay. The Lord gave us strength, and we overcame this last trial, simply saying, that if there had been a human being living to whom we could have yielded when the Lord said 'go,' it would have been to him who was gone. They felt its force, and kindly desisted. We then felt that the Lord had indeed not only rolled difficulties out of our way, but had turned those very difficulties into the means of enabling us to go more happily. I might just add here, that the delicacy of my dear little girl's health had at this time become a great trial ; we went to Exmouth for change of air ; she came back not better. Some doubted if we ought to go in the state she was. The Lord decided this also ; He ripened her, as the first ripe fruit, and took her to 'wait in hope of a better resurrection.'" [Appendix B.]

This event happened in 1829, at Hill's Court, in Exeter. This was the residence of their friends the Misses Paget, where Mr. and Mrs. Groves, having quitted their own residence, lived above a year before their departure for Bagdad. It was a time of much blessing ; he had, after quitting his profession, given himself to prayer and the reading of the word. At an early hour, at the sound of a bell, many assembled daily at his family expositions, in which he was greatly helped in setting forth the truth. Seven Christian families, who lived in small cottages, then belonging to Miss Paget, were among the number ; and all remember it as a season of especial blessing. The loss of their only daughter was used of God, as a means by which they became yet more separate from earth, and while it made their path clear, it strengthened them to devote themselves to God.

It was at this period the Editor first became acquainted with Mr. Groves; and the happy state of his mind was such, that all who came in contact with him received a blessing. Very many trace to this period the beginning of undertakings for the Lord, which to this day are monuments of the blessedness still found in trusting in God, and in unreserved surrender of our all to Him. The Editor will not easily forget the effect of his visit to her mother's house, near Sidmouth, or the lasting impression made through it on many minds. It was in 1829, the year she had lost her beloved father; the hatchment, encircled with dark ivy, was on the house; and as they walked in the grounds, this outward symbol of death added weight to what he said of the vanity of human life, and the importance of *working* while it is day. But it was his own happy testimony of the enjoyment of giving up all for His sake, which so impressed her with the reality of that truth, "His service is perfect freedom;" so that, could she have obtained the consent of her only remaining parent, she would gladly have formed one of their missionary party—so precious and glorious a thing did it seem to forsake all for Jesus. Every one bore witness to the power with which he pleaded for devotedness to Christ. One of the young people, who at this time had assembled round him, to ask his counsel, was questioning him, as to what she might safely give up or keep. He seemed unable, at first, to realize that it was simply certain externals, such as dress, or anything so trifling, which perplexed this young Christian. He replied, with his usual energy, "O, of all *such* things I should say, 'The daughter of Zion hath despised thee.'" This answer was never forgotten, and often helped the individual to whom it was spoken, and others with her, to count all such things "but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ."

Mr. Groves's very vivid way of illustrating what he meant made a *deep* impression. One of his conversations opened the writer's mind to the relation in which the people of God should stand to each other. It was at the house of a very kind mutual friend, the late Sir John Kennaway, of Escot. Mr.

Groves had recently been baptized in Exeter, a circumstance which naturally became the topic of conversation, it being noticed in the newspaper, as having produced a great sensation. He mentioned, incidentally, that it quite humbled him when, the day after, a Baptist minister crossed the street to salute him as a brother. The writer said, "Of course you must be a Baptist now you are baptized." He replied, "No! I desire to follow all in those things in which they follow Christ; but I would not, by joining one party, cut myself off from others." Then taking up the ring on which his keys hung, he said, "If these keys were to hold by one another, all would go, if one fell; but as each of them is attached to this strong ring, so should we each take hold of Christ, not of any of the systems of men, and then we shall be safe and united: we should keep together, not because of any human system, but because Jesus is *one*."

The sense Mr. Groves had of the unity of God's family, from the beginning of his Christian course, guided him in his judgment of others; and helped him to dwell in love, and seek ever the peace and prosperity of those he felt belonged to Christ. He thought it important, as a means of judging righteously, to seek to look at *everything* as the Lord looks upon it, and not as men speak or judge. Though not himself connected with any society, he could not bear sweeping condemnations of religious institutions, believing they had answered important ends, and were, in many cases, owned of God. He looked on the Established Church as a system containing many and various congregations, some of which, he owned, verged towards popery; while in others, he rejoiced to feel, were many of a different character, enjoying God's blessing and presence, both as regards the people and the minister. With such he felt quite at liberty, under certain circumstances, to unite in worship; and when asked why he had, at times, heard a faithful minister preach in the Establishment, which he himself had left, he often said, he felt it *a higher* and more important duty to own a true servant of God in the office that *God* had given him, for the edifying of His people, than to witness against

forms which, it was well known, he had personally relinquished. He was also wont to say, "people must come to my house if they wish to know the kind of discipline I adopt in my own family. No one would make another responsible for the evils in a house, in which he was only a visitor." The principles he taught, and the devotedness he pressed on all, led one to whom he spoke, to establish a kind of home mission at Kingston, near Sidmouth, which continues to this day a means of blessing to many; although most of those who first worked there are fallen asleep, or engaged in other spheres of labour.

Mr. Müller, of Bristol, in his Narrative, p. 44, speaks of the example of Mr. Groves, as making a great "impression" on him, and "delighting him much;" and when he himself decided to look to the Lord *alone*, for the supply of his wants, he says, after alluding to the promises of God, as the "stay" of his soul, "in addition to this, the example of brother Groves was a great encouragement to me." p. 52.

These are but a few instances of the results springing from the converse and example of one truly in earnest in following Christ. Others might be given; and many more will, doubtless, be known only at the coming of the Lord.

CHAPTER III.

CONTINUATION OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY, WITH A SKETCH OF HIS RELIGIOUS VIEWS, AND THE ORIGIN OF THOSE CONVICTIONS WHICH ORIGINALLY DISTINGUISHED THE CHRISTIANS CALLED "PLYMOUTH BRETHREN" — LETTERS TO MR. CALDICOTT.

"SINCE I have begun to write about myself, perhaps you will forgive my finishing the chapter by telling you how it happened that I fell, step by step, into my present position, after being so high a churchman that I never went to a dissenting place of worship, nor intimately knew a dissenter, except Bessy and Charlotte.*

"As I was pursuing my course in Dublin, preparatory to taking orders, I constantly went over, from time to time, as the terms occurred; and once, dearest B. accompanied me. From my first going to Dublin, many of my deep-rooted prejudices gave way. I saw those strongly marked distinctions that exist in England little regarded; the prevalence of the common enemy, Popery, joined all hands together."

The details of many of the interesting events, which took place during this visit, have been supplied by Miss Paget. It was a very remarkable period in his history, and led to many important results. In the first place, he became acquainted with many sincere Christians, chiefly members of the Establishment, who, with him, desired to see more devotedness to Christ, and union among all the people of God. To promote these objects, they met contiuually for prayer and reading the word. Miss Paget remembers the occasion on which one of the party,

* These were the Misses Paget, of Exeter, two sisters, long known as eminent and devoted Christians: one has fallen asleep; the elder, who still lives, had, as it will be seen, a most powerful influence over Mr. Groves's history, and continued to the end of his life his attached friend, and one to whom he was much indebted for spiritual counsel.

Mr. Bellett, a dear friend of Mr. Groves, said to her, "Groves has just been telling me, that it appeared to him from Scripture, that believers, meeting together as disciples of Christ, were free to break bread together, as their Lord had admonished them; and that, in as far as the practice of the apostles could be a guide, every Lord's day should be set apart for thus remembering the Lord's death, and obeying His parting command."

This suggestion of Mr. Groves's was immediately carried out by himself and his friends in Dublin; and how many, who have since followed their example, can speak of the peace and joy they have experienced in thus obeying the Lord's will! This was the beginning of what has been erroneously termed, "Plymouth Brethrenism." With one of the party, who had met together in Dublin, originated a meeting of a similar kind in Plymouth; and among the Christians who took part in it were clergymen, still officiating in the Church of England. The *original* principles of this happy communion are fully detailed, and largely dwelt upon, in Mr. Groves's letters and journals; they tended to nothing less than the enjoyment of union and communion *among all* who possess the common life of the family of God. The realization of these principles enabled Mr. Groves, whether in Ireland, England, Russia, or the presidencies of India, to go in and out among God's people, everywhere, both conveying and receiving refreshment; and, up to the time of his removal, his stedfast adherence to the same blessed principles, made him know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

It will be seen, by his own narrative, how he first found for himself, and mentioned to his dear friend, Mr. B., the liberty they had in Christ, to minister the word of God to others, without any warrant beyond the scripture rule, "If any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth." 1 Pet. iv, 2. On this ground it was that Mr. B., as well as others, have spoken of Mr. Groves as the father of these principles to their minds. The views that he, to his death, so *strongly* held, both of the entire unity of the family of God, and their liberty to unite together in worship, were, he often

said, first opened to him, while searching the Scriptures in Dublin. After one of their happy prayer-meetings, already mentioned, it was asked by one of the party, "Are there no principles in the word of God, which would unite all believers in worship, whatever might be their various views or attainments in the Divine life?" Mr. Groves replied, "Yes, there are: we are evidently called to know nothing among our fellow-Christians, but this one fact—Do they belong to Christ? Has Christ received them? then may we receive them, to the glory of God." To what happy results would these simple truths lead, among God's people. Even where they did not overthrow any mere human systems, they would help forward fellowship and intercourse among all Christians.

"On my return with our dearest B., she proposed to me to take charge, on Sundays, of her little flock, at Poltimore. I cannot, perhaps, convey to you the repugnance that I had; first, because I really disapproved on principle; and, secondly, because I saw that it would stand in the way of my procuring ordination; yet it worked in my mind till I could not but go; and I went. Dearest B. had, for some time, sunk the keen controversialist * in the tender and kind friend. She felt how ignorant I was, and treated me accordingly; yet so sweetened it by a lively and real interest, that I never could doubt she loved me; and the more I saw into her holy, unselfish soul, the more I regretted I ever felt alienated from her; and, by a natural sort of revulsion of feeling, now drew to her so much the more. She kept instructing me, as my obstinacy and self-will would allow, yet always bore most gently and lovingly with me; and I look up to her, and love her now, as my mother in the things of God; and to this day, when others have disappointed me, her love has never failed. . . . . Yet I only allowed this going to Poltimore as a particular exception, in consequence of the notorious inadequacy of the clergyman there. I had never yet gone near a dissenting place of worship. During this time, dear

* This refers merely to his Arminian views, from which she was at last the means of delivering him.

Hake* came and consulted me about certain difficulties which involved his leaving his wife and children pennyless, so far as he knew, or following a course that his conscience disapproved. I gave my opinion clearly; and he, with that holy simplicity which has ever characterized him, acted out what his conscience dictated. Shortly after this, he called on me, and asked me if I did not hold war to be unlawful. I replied, 'Yes.' He then further asked, how I could subscribe that article which declares 'It is lawful for Christian men to take up arms at the command of the civil magistrate.' It had, till that moment, never occurred to me. I read it; and replied 'I never would sign it;' and thus ended my connection with the Church of England, as one about to be ordained in her communion.

"But shortly before that, my connection with Dublin was broken off in a most remarkable way, just when it had answered the purpose of breaking down the high church feelings which I had carried there. Mr. T., of Calcutta, asked me, 'Why are you wasting your time, in going through college, if you intend going to the East?' My reply was, that if I returned disabled, I should be able to minister in England; and here the matter ended. As we walked home, Mary said, 'Don't you think there is great force in Mr. T.'s question?' I said, 'I thought there was; but not so great as to prevent my going that time, for I had got my examination ready; and, moreover, if I did not go that term, then the last three would be as nothing; and it would look so unsettled to break off my course suddenly. It would, moreover, give additional pain to those whom we had already so deeply tried; and as I had my money laid by for the journey, I determined to go this time, and then I need not go again for nine months; and I thought this would allow me ample time to consider.' She did not concur, but thought the reasons savouring more of this world than the next. However, I had made up my mind, and went to take my place on Saturday, to go on Monday morning. On Sunday morning, about three o'clock, we were awoke by the noise of something

* Mr. Hake is known as the master of a school, near Bideford, called Tusculum.

falling . . . . . On proceeding into the dining-room, I found the candles lit, as they had been left the preceding evening, and my little drawers broken open, all my papers scattered about the room, and my money gone.* As I was returning up stairs, I met dearest M. in the hall, and said, 'Well, my love, the thieves have been here, and taken all the money.' 'And now,' she said, 'you won't go to Dublin.' 'No, I replied, 'that I won't,'—and we spent one of the happiest Sundays I ever recollect, in thinking on the Lord's goodness, in so caring for us as to stop our way up, when He does not wish us to go. Some thought it right; others thought it foolish; it mattered not to us, we had not a doubt it was of the Lord. Yet, after my connection with college had been thus broken off—for I was to have taken my degree the following Easter, and I was unable, subsequently, to enter the church at all, from not being able to subscribe the Articles, or rather that one relative to war—I was still so far attached to the Church of England, that I went to London, to arrange my going out as a layman, for the Church Missionary Society; but as they would not allow me to celebrate the Lord's Supper, when no other minister was near, it came to nothing. My mind was then in great straits; for I saw not yet my liberty of ministry to be from Christ alone, and felt some ordination to be necessary, but hated the thought of being made a sectarian. But, one day the thought was brought to my mind, that ordination of any kind to preach the gospel is no requirement of Scripture. To me it was the removal of a mountain. I told dearest M. my discovery and my joy; she received it as a very little thing—indeed she had received the truth in such power, that she seemed only to desire to know the mind of God, that she might fulfil it; and I may add that, after the question about property was agreed on between us, we never had a difference of judgment, that I

* It is a remarkable fact that there were *two* packets of money, one containing £40 for the Irish trip, and *one*, £16, in another drawer, for taxes; the former was *taken*, the other left. This circumstance was often noticed as most remarkable by Mr. Groves.

know of, even for a moment, on any important measure. She soon fully learnt to value the liberty I had to minister in the things of Christ, and felt its importance. From that moment, I have myself never had a doubt of my own liberty in Christ to minister the word; and, in my last visit to Dublin, I mentioned my views to dear Mr. Bellett and others.

"This is a short sketch of some eventful changes in my views, as well as those of dear Mary, who, to the day of her death, had not a misgiving as to their truth. I cannot doubt the Lord's most gracious direction during the period to which the preceding remarks refer; nor can I doubt His guidance since, which, I think, has been as fully marked."

In allusion to the changes here noticed, he thus writes to his friend Mr. Caldicott:—

"What little leisure I have for reading is confined to God's word, the book of our Father's wisdom. I have very little confidence in man; my great desire has been to cast myself on the word of God, that every judgment of my soul, concerning all things, may be right, by being, in all, the mind of God. For exactly in proportion as this is the case, shall we be a blessing to others. Oh, for a heart to love as He loved! Oh, for such meekness, gentleness, and devotion, as shone in every thing He did, who is our Great Exemplar. I assure you, my dear friend, the very circumstance that you are so near my heart makes me fear to meet you; for in those things which, whilst they have no place in heaven, have great influence here in separating 'chief friends,' my mind has undergone a very great revolution. Do not think that I allude to those things which have essentially to do with the lineaments of our dear Lord's character; for although I can report little advance, yet I hope my soul has not declined in its love to Him, His services, or His servants. O, for more and more of that vital acquaintance with the love of Christ to a perishing world, which enables the soul in *truth* to say, 'the love of Christ constraineth me!' The Lord blesses me with intervals of sweet communion with Himself; yet, on the whole, I wonder at my indifference

as to spiritual and eternal things, after the many mercies we have received, especially the mercy of knowing and believing; these are the only things to afford solid comfort in time and in eternity."

"*January 7th*, 1826.

"I delight in hearing from you, and finding the fountains of God's blessing are not dried up. Whilst my dear wife seems daily advancing, so that I can almost perceive her progress, I never felt so much trembling as lately; I feel myself to be a poor creature, so faulty, so unfit for the path I have been led to choose. How delightful it is, under such a consciousness of weakness, to know, it is 'not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord,' shall all things be accomplished, that are for *His* glory; it makes the feeble knees strong, raises the hands that hang down, and comforts the drooping heart. However, I have had an abiding consolation, and, amidst all the varieties of my feelings, a uniform conviction, that the path I purpose pursuing, is according to His will; in fact, I believe these very droopings of heart have been sent to try me, and to convince me that the objects of my pursuit do not depend for their magnitude upon the medium through which they are seen, but are in themselves of immeasurable magnitude.

"May the great Shepherd of the sheep bless your ministrations, and enable you to walk unblameably, and in all godliness. My determination is now very generally known, and this exposes me to many trials, and makes it, indeed, needful to walk warily; for many are waiting for my halting. Pray, therefore, for me that my faith fail not; that my dear Lord's name be not blasphemed through me."

"*August 8th*, 1827.

"Your last letter, excepting the account of your own health, was in every respect comforting and delightful to me, which was more than I was prepared to expect; but still, my dear friend, how consolatory it is to feel, that holiness is the only influence in the church of God worthy the ambition of a child of God, and that that influence is as much within the reach of a bed-ridden member of the family, as of those who are flourishing

in the zenith of their popularity; and that the prayers of the holy bedew the church with as many blessings as the labours of the active, if prayers are all that the providence and fatherly dispensations of the most High allow them to offer. May this privilege be richly enjoyed by you during the period of your being laid by. Since I last wrote to you, our dear friend Miss Paget has taken a little cottage at Poltimore, to which I go every Sunday evening, to read and explain the scriptures to the poor people, and have, therefore, obtained the title of the Methodist preacher. The decision was a great struggle with my prejudices; but I thought the Lord preferred mercy to sacrifice, so I decided that notwithstanding church order is a very excellent thing, preaching Christ is a better. I fear you may condemn me, but my heart does not: on the contrary, the service has become sweetly soothing to me; and promises, I think, to continue so, provided the Spirit of truth enables me to persevere in love and single-heartedness. . . . . Let it be our prayer, my very dear friend, that we may fulfil the meaning of our solemn *vow* at the holy commemoration of our Saviour's death, 'to offer and present to Him, our *body*, *soul* and *spirit*, to be a *reasonable*, *holy* and *lively* sacrifice.' For He is, indeed, our Lord God, and let us worship *Him*."

"*May 20th*, 1828.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"I hope to be with you on the second or third of June. May the Lord give us grace to meet in the spirit of love, and of a sound mind. I trust our expectations of profit will be altogether from the blessed guidance of His Spirit, leading us by His word into all truth, and making us willing to glorify Him at all hazards. As to the opinions of men, I feel they have their place and value in the things of the world, but, in the things of Christ, they are of no value but in proportion to their accordance with that word, and to that they must be brought as to the scales in which they are to be weighed. As to difficulties connected with the canon of scripture, it is a subject little understood, and, blessed be God's holy name, not at all

needed for those whose only objects are, to be saved by Christ and led to glory; for God's Holy Spirit will take of these things, and reveal them to the thirsting soul; and the soul that wants an external demonstration, as well as an internal, will assuredly go, as those did who wanted signs, empty: for our Lord said, had they been the children of God, they would have heard Him; and we may say, if they are now the children of God, they will have a spiritual discernment given them, to separate the chaff from the wheat; whereas, the ungodly, from want of spiritual discernment, turn even the wheat itself into chaff. For myself, I wish no man living to show the least regard for my opinion for any other reason than its being the same as the mind of God, and I wish myself, and all others to think, that it is at our peril we reject the poorest member of Christ's body who speaks according to that mind; it will be the same sin as rejecting Christ. May the Lord Jesus, my very dear friend, be your satisfying portion, and His Spirit your comforter and instructor in all the journey that lies before you! With every wish for your blessing,

"Your attached friend, and unworthy brother,

"A. N. GROVES."

CHAPTER IV.

PREPARATION FOR DEPARTURE FOR PERSIA.— THE MISSIONARY PARTY — UNEXPECTED PROVISION FOR THE VOYAGE — STAY AT PETERSBURGH — JOURNEY THROUGH RUSSIA — ARRIVAL AT BAGDAD.

THOUGH Mr. Groves's connection with the Church Missionary Society terminated in the way he has described, he did not give up, as has been seen, the idea either of missions, or of going to Bagdad, for which place his sympathies had been enlisted by Mr. Bickersteth's telling him, they had for *years* endeavoured, but without success, to obtain a missionary. Mrs. Caldicott has kindly furnished a letter addressed to her husband by Mrs. Groves, just before their departure, which, while it confirms all Mr. Groves had said, both of her, and of the way God had led them, forms an interesting link between the period at which his autobiography terminates, and his journal as a missionary begins.

"50, *Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.*
May 15th, 1829.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"As you have kindly expressed a wish to hear from us, and my dear husband is very busy, I have much pleasure in sending you some information of our proceedings. Since we had the happiness of seeing you, we seem to have been led *various* ways; but I feel quite persuaded, that the Lord has led us in a *straight path.* He has made our hearts *willing* to be *guided* by Him, and will, therefore, accomplish His own designs in us. Many have offered to accompany us, and we have sometimes felt we should have a large party: a few days afterwards, we have found ourselves standing alone; but our God has been

very good in enabling us to feel, that, in the end, we shall have those whom He himself had chosen for us. Our present party consists of our own little family, (two boys of nine and ten, and Kitto,) Mr. Groves's sister Lydia, Miss Taylor, and Mr. Bothie, a young man who offered to go with us, when in Ireland. A day often makes great changes in our affairs; for instance, since I began this, Mr. Groves has been to call on Mrs. Taylor, wife of the British resident at Bagdad, and a native of the country, as her brother-in-law wishes Mr. Groves to take care of her and her party, on their return home, which, though a great charge, he feels happy in doing, hoping that the Lord has set up His candle in her heart. Thus we have been led, not knowing what the Lord designs for us; but having the comfortable assurance, that He is leading us, although by paths we know not of, to a city of habitation. We greatly desire to hear how your heavenly Father is dealing with you; whether you are still in the furnace of affliction, or whether you have received deliverance at His hands. I trust and pray, whatever may be your case, that the Lord Jesus is shining on your soul with His bright beams; and thus, although the body may almost *faint*, you will still be happy in the portion He has allotted you. Dear Miss Paget is in town with us.

"Believe me, very sincerely, yours

"In the bonds of the gospel of peace,

"M. B. GROVES."

It was on Friday, June the 12th, 1829, that Mr. Groves, accompanied by the party mentioned in his wife's letter, sailed in the yacht of a private gentleman for Petersburgh. This mode of conveyance was furnished for them through one of those providential interpositions, by which things seemingly adverse are over-ruled for the good of God's people, and the development of the grace given to them. Whilst in London making enquiries about a ship, Mr. Groves happened to meet, at the breakfast-table of a friend, Mr. Parnell, now Lord Congleton. The voyage to Petersburgh was naturally the subject of conversation, when Mr. Parnell related, that he had engaged to go down to

Portsmouth, with his friend Mr. Puget, to dispose of a yacht, the property of that gentleman; but mistaking the day, he was not ready when Mr. Puget called for him. Had it not been for this circumstance, he should not have been with them that morning; and it now occurred to him, that, before Mr. Puget sold his yacht, it would be a delightful thing to let it carry the missionary party to Petersburgh, and he was sure, if circumstances would allow of Mr. Puget's going, he would be most happy to take them. With this object in view, Mr. Parnell set off the same afternoon to Portsmouth, to consult Mr. Puget, who, with great inconvenience to himself, most kindly entered into the proposed plan, and, after having made the necessary preparations, brought the yacht round to Gravesend, to take in Mr. Groves and his party.

The weather being unfavourable for several days, they made little progress, but Mr. Groves was enabled to have two services daily on deck, at which the sailors attended.

After encountering a heavy storm in the Categat, in which the yacht sustained some damages, they arrived, on Saturday June 20th, at Copenhagen, where some Christian friends, Mr. and Mrs. Browne, (the former, Mr. Puget's brother-in-law,) entertained them for several days, while the yacht was undergoing repair, and showed them much kindness.

A letter from Mr. Groves, referring to this part of the voyage, contains some interesting particulars. It was addressed to Mr. Caldicott.

"*Gulf of Finland.*
"*June 29th.*"

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,

"Not knowing what opportunities, or time, may be afforded me in Petersburgh, I avail myself of the present moment to write you a line or two, when within about two hundred miles of the completion of our first voyage, and to tell you how very gracious the Lord has been to us, since we left England. With His good hand upon us, we reached the Christian and most hospitable habitation of Mr. Peter Browne, his country house midway between Elsinore and Copenhagen.

"We know not how long we may be on the water, but our Lord does, and may His will be done, and His purposes stand. Hitherto the voyage has been most delightful, as far as the weather is concerned, but much more so as it relates to our internal comfort. Nothing can surpass the kindness of Mr. Puget and Mr. Parnell; their watchfulness, their kind consideration, has exceeded all we could have hoped. May the Lord stir you up to think much of us, and pray much for us, and to send us your pledge of counsel and love. Should you have anything to send me, the Church Missionary Society will forward it by the first ship, if it be not larger than an octavo volume. I take this most kindly at their hands.

"After many years of reflection about the work of a missionary, I am now actually on my way. Home has been left, friends who were as one's own soul have been parted from, and we shall soon now have everything new to seek; but still the hand of the Lord is strong upon us all, enabling us to hope in His mercy, and believe in His promises. I never had very strong expectations of what we were to do being *manifestly* very great, but that we shall answer a purpose in God's plans I have no doubt. My source of enjoyment and happiness, therefore, for the future I expect to arise much more out of the realization of Christ in my own soul to be my Christ, than from anything in my external prospects. Elijah fully fulfilled God's purpose; yet he does not appear to have made more than one convert (Elisha) to the Lord his God, though there were some he knew not who had not bowed the knee to Baal. Nor did Noah make one convert; yet he fulfilled the Lord's purpose in his preaching; so before the Lord comes again, 'as in the days of Noah,' we shall, I expect, have to stretch forth our hands without many regarding; but let it be our concern, that we do, as individuals, and as a mission, preach Christ faithfully, and love Him truly. May the Lord, of His great mercy, keep among us the spirit of love and brotherly union; this is a very earnest prayer of mine, for it is so lovely to see brethren dwell together in unity."

When at last they sailed from Copenhagen, the light winds

which prevailed prevented their reaching Petersburgh as soon as they had anticipated. During this time, however, they had the happiness of Christian fellowship with Mr. Puget and Mr. Parnell, of whose kind attention Mr. Groves thus writes in his journal :—

"The kindness of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Puget can only be of the Lord ; it is so true, so unaffected, so adequate to all our present wants from man. Ah, what return can we make to the Lord for this His great kindness to us! May He bless these friends out of His treasures, and make even this voyage a sensible blessing to them. We have nothing to give them ; but thou Lord hast : therefore, to Thee we come, who art our Father, for their recompense."

At Petersburgh also they met with help and Christian hospitality, from those of the Lord's children with whom they had communion. On the evening of their arrival, Mr. Knill, minister of the Congregational Church, called ; and Mr. Groves, remarks, "He is really a true person. His congregation love him and each other, and there seems a sweet harmony among them, unaffected, I think I may say, by those lesser differences of opinion which so much try the Church of God in England."

Another person whom they met was a young officer of the name of D——. Mr. Groves speaks of him, as "devoted to the cause of God, and willing to help in every good work." He would have gone with them as "interpreter and guide," but, the Emperor being away, could not ask leave. They also made the acquaintance of Dr. Wilkie, formerly in the Indian army, and of a Mr. and Mrs. V——, connected with the Bible Society, who were very kind to them. Of General Papoff, on whom Mr. Groves called to obtain passports, he says, "I found him to be a simple, affectionate Christian. He dwelt very strongly on the importance of being indifferent to what men think, and on the importance of what Christ thinks ; also on the expediency of not pouring out faster than we take in, which he expressed in these words, 'if we do much for Christ, we must live much upon Him.' He also made some sweet remarks on the sovereignty of the Spirit's operations."

July 9th, being the day appointed by Mr. Puget to sail for England, Mr. Groves accompanied his friends to the yacht, where they met together for prayer; and when they were under weigh, Mr. Groves writes: "We returned, committing them to the shadow of Jehovah's wings." In the journal of this day, he adds, "I cannot but rejoice in the sensation which the coming of this little yacht on such an errand has excited in the minds of many! It has stirred them up to desires, and, I trust, actions, of which they had not thought before. I bless God the little vessel came, as I think it may prove a stimulus to many others, who hitherto have been satisfied in contributing a yearly guinea to the cause of God among the heathen."

The time was now drawing nigh for Mr. Groves and his missionary band to pursue their journey, and the Lord followed them with blessing. A kind Christian ordered the landlord not to send in any bill, when they left the town. Another brought from some Christian friends sufficient money to meet the expense of the conveyance, for which they otherwise would have paid two hundred roubles. A bag of biscuits was sent by Miss Kilham, a member of the Society of Friends, who came into Russia to establish schools, and who offered to assist Mr. Groves should he need her services; other friends sent sugar, coffee, cakes, and a quantity of lemons.

Their sojourn in Petersburgh was indeed a season of blessing. They not only received consolation, but comforted their brethren by "the comfort wherewith they themselves were comforted of God;" and Mr. Groves, after many acknowledgments of what he owed to the Lord and to His saints, observes, a day or two before his departure: "My heart is really overwhelmed when I think of all the Lord's kindness towards us, in supplying our need abundantly. I trust this will make us doubly careful to spend all for His glory, and as little as possible for ourselves." And, again, "I have not only had all my expenses at Petersburgh paid for me, but have been greatly helped for my journey."

From Petersburgh, his sister, Miss Groves, who had hitherto accompanied them, went back to England, by the advice of Dr.

Wilkie, her health having suffered materially from her voyage. Mr. Groves then determined to say farewell to their friends at S. Kilham's; and, after prayer, started at four in the afternoon. The incidents which occurred on their journey we shall give in the words of the journal:—

"We left Petersburgh with feelings of the deepest thankfulness that we had been there; and with a prayer, that the love of the dear Christians we had met with might be upon us as an anointing oil of gladness for the rest of our journey.

"*July* 23.—From the Thursday that we left Petersburgh to the Thursday following we were on our way from that city to Moscow, resting only one day and two nights. The journey itself was marked by little that could give pleasure to the mind of a child of God, whose eyes had been delivered from all care for mere external religion, and had I not seen one and heard of some others in the Greek church who love the truth as it is in Jesus, I should have thought the land covered by an impenetrable cloud of error and superstition. At Limogeye, where we spent the Lord's day, we gave a Russian Testament to a little girl, who read it very well; she seemed rejoiced to receive it. We also gave away two Armenian Testaments; the one to our courier who is an Armenian, and the other to Mrs. T.'s servant who had been for a long time desirous of getting one. The most interesting circumstances of our journey were connected with the Lord's merciful preservation of us through various dangers."

Mr. Groves then mentions that their carriage wheel broke several times, and once the axle was on fire; but "the Lord allowed them to undergo no other inconvenience than a few hours' delay, the accidents always happening where help was immediately at hand."

On July 24th, they arrived at Moscow; there were very few English there, and no other English place of worship than one chapel connected with the Established Church. Mr. Groves remarks, "After the Christian love I had met with at Petersburgh, I at first felt my lonely position much. Neither to know any individual who would care about helping us, nor a

word of the language, is rather irksome; but, just as I was occupied with these thoughts, I met on the stairs the clerk of Mr. Marrilers who was very kind to us at Petersburgh. So the Lord has again supplied us with a medium of communication." He was very helpful in getting their carriages put in order.

The following remarks, as showing the peculiar state of abstractedness of mind from everything in the world, even the beauties of nature, which, at this time, characterized Mr. Groves, are worthy of notice.

"*Aug.* 8.—My only design in keeping a journal was to record such circumstances of God's dealings with ourselves, or others, as might be useful to myself, or possibly to the church of God. The mere physical beauty, or barrenness, of any country have little interest to my own mind, because they have ceased to be, and perhaps never were, expressive of the degree of His favour or displeasure, or the means of converting souls to Himself. The Jews, however, in their dispensation, which was casual, temporal, and typical, might derive pleasure from the contemplation; but in the Christian dispensation we cannot; for none of *these things* are promised as our portion; but Christ Himself is: neither are they set up as a criterion of God's favour and acceptance. I know that in these feelings many believers will differ from me; but I cannot but feel the truth of this view as most perfectly corresponding with the character of a sojourner and traveller. *Why spend our* thoughts and praises on that which is the great instrument of Satan in deluding and enslaving our fallen race, and which, being under the curse, is to be burnt up; instead of on the beauties of Christ, and of His world, moral and spiritual, which shall endure for ever. Let the natural man dwell with delight on natural objects; let the spiritual dwell with delight on spiritual, that his spiritual life may be manifested, and let him use natural things merely as illustrations to those who, being natural, can only understand natural things. I know there is no sentimental beauty in this; but what is sentimental Christianity at best, but a thing to talk about on silken sofas, with all the refine-

ments of this pampered and luxurious age? I have felt that the monuments of human pride, vanity, and earthly mindedness, however grand in themselves, should be looked on by the Christian observer, not abstractedly, but in their object and origin; and if our moral and spiritual affections were as acute as our natural, this would be the spring of our judgments. Surely could Babel be exhibited to me in vision, I should only desire the sight, that I might loathe the pride of heart which led to its erection, and brought that curse of diversities of tongues upon us the effects of which I now feel every moment.

Mr. Groves and his party left Moscow on Monday, August 9th. They had then to experience the difficulties and inconveniences attending a journey towards Eastern countries; the roads were often so bad that they were almost impassable. At some places, the scantiness of their accommodation obliged them to procure mattrasses for themselves. "At Tamboff, where we expected," says Mr. Groves, "to find a comfortable lodging, it being the principal city between Moscow and Astrakhan, we could only obtain a very uncomfortable and dirty one. We therefore had to go two stages further, understanding we should there find a good post house; but, as the people were asleep when we arrived, the driver carried us on another twenty versts, where no accommodation whatever was to be had; so we were obliged again to go on another stage to reach Vesavaya, a neat village, eighty-eight versts from Tamboff."

Even here, though their accommodation was good, they had everything to do for themselves. The back spring of their carriage was broken; and, though quite unacquainted with such matters, they were obliged to mend it. In travelling through Russia, Mr. Groves seems to have been much struck with the external comfort and the courteous manners of the peasantry: he remarks on "their kindness and civility towards each other; even the lowest of the people constantly taking off their hats to one another when they met." He did not then agree with the efforts some would have made to educate the lower classes: his mind seemed to be absorbed in the one

thought of evangelization. "Education," he observes, "is one thing, which may or may not be a blessing; the knowledge of God's word is another: to forward the one, separated from the other, I would not put forth my little finger; to the latter, all my strength. The one leads to pride, rebellion, infidelity, and discontent; the other is at least a check where it operates no further; but where it does, you obtain a valuable subject."

After the spring of their carriage had been mended, they continued travelling from four o'clock on Monday afternoon till the following Saturday, when they reached Sarepta, a colony of Moravians. "We were much fatigued," says Mr. Groves, "but not so much as might have been expected, considering we had travelled five successive nights, without taking off our clothes."

"The Moravian pastor, Mr. Niluhmoun, was," says Mr. Groves, "a pleasing man, and spoke French freely." Their conversation, and Mr. Groves's reflections upon it, we extract from his journal.

"*Aug.* 10.—Mr. Niluhmoun called and sat some time with us. From him I learn that the Calmucs who were detached from their hordes by the missionaries, and about whom they had so much trouble, are now living at Fairtzeria, after having been baptized into the Russian church; but they are declining from the want of that religious instruction which the Moravians are not allowed to supply. All missionary character is now lost here; they are a simple colony of artificers, who, for the sake of the preservation of *this* character, have relinquished that of the missionary. I see here the great evil of having anything mercantile connected with missionaries, unless as a simple accident of support, and not as an essential part of the constitution. Mr. N. said, a missionary, if prevented from preaching the truth or exercising his ministry, might take up his hat and say, '*Bon jour, Messieurs,*' and walk off. But a colony, he added, is '*un autre chose,*' your hands are tied. However, the missionaries might go on as long as they could, and when the alternative came of leaving, or restricting their ministry, those who preferred gain would stay, and those who

preferred Christ would go. The present pastor's father was the founder of the mission, about sixty-three years since. He has been pastor twelve years, and was born here, though educated in Germany. He says, keeping the young people separate from the Russians and others about them, constitutes a very difficult part of the system of regulation. They do not live from a common stock, but each one on the proceeds of his labour. The unmarried live together, but each supplies his or her quota. They occupy two large houses, and the widows another, who, like their poor, are supported by joint contribution: those who marry live where they please. It was six years yesterday that this little settlement was burnt down, and 350 persons left houseless. The whole population consists of about 1,200, including Russians and Calmucs. Little or nothing in the way of Christian instruction is doing amongst the Tartars, who, as distinguished from the Calmucs, the Mongolians, and Mantchoos, are a mixture of other tribes and races. They profess the Mahometanism, but the Mongolians and Calmucs are heathens.

"In observing the external order and regularity, so manifest in the religious exercises of the Moravians, my mind has been strongly impressed with the danger of the soul being deceived by this into an entirely false estimate of its real state. Perhaps the absence of all regularity may be esteemed a greater danger by many; but the absence of that *fixed* regularity might allow the soul, by leaving it free and unshackled, an opportunity of watching its real movements, and might lead it to detect real indifference and coldness, whereas it now flatters itself with the sense of regular and orderly service. Where affection really exists in a family, every child shews its attachment, and thinks on those little personal and individual occasions of so doing, which arise neither all at one time nor in one way, nor for one thing, nor in the same words. Perhaps, then, as we have in a family some regular expressions of attachment, such as the morning and evening salutation, but the greater part irregular, so, in every Christian society, the points of public controul had better be few, and the great majority of cases left free, as every man is disposed in his heart,

otherwise you have only a subtle, self-deceiving hypocrisy spreading through your community, appearing like order, but in reality having nothing of real order at all—of that order which consists in unity of hearts, not of bodies, in similar forms. In contending for the importance of forms for the sake of order in public worship, this must never be lost sight of, that the order which attracts the eye of man and that which meets God's approval, are very different: take, for the sake of illustration, the case of the best ordered cathedral service, every part of which is regulated to the nicest point of time and order. This looks very imposing to the common observer, but how does it appear to Him who looketh on the heart? First, there are the choristers who keep all in time, but are the annoyance of all about them by their disorderly indifference;—then the congregation, if accustomed to the service, follow the recitative with their voices, led by the ear, whilst their hearts may be occupied with their various objects of interest, whether pleasure or profit; and, lastly, there is the spectator, unaccustomed to the service, who considers only the music, but understands not a word of what is said; so that, in fact, if we consider that the only order of any value is that which proceeds from the unity of the hearts of the worshippers, from the truth and spirit of the petitions offered up, it may, perhaps, be affirmed with truth, that, in the sight of God, the most externally disorderly set of jumpers that ever met together, may and often have more real unity of spirit than is really existing under all the shew and semblance of decency. I do not wish to advocate external disorder, but I am, if possible, more anxious not to be deceived by the existence of external order into the supposition of there being any essential connection between it and unity of soul in the service of God."

Sunday, 9th August, was a peaceful and happy day. They were much refreshed by lying on their beds, though, from the number of mosquitos, and other vermin, they had but little sleep. They were also interested in observing the parties of Calmucs, which marked their approach to Asia. Mr. Groves remarks, "There is much less of heaviness about their ap-

pearance than I had expected to find; and I never saw more vivacity of manner." On Tuesday, 12th August, they left Sarepta, and proceeded on their way to Astrakhan. "For two hundred miles the roads were tolerable, but for the remainder of the way very bad, owing to deep soft sand;" and, from the delays in procuring horses, they did not reach the side of the river opposite Astrakhan till late on Friday night. Here, too, they had to recount the Lord's goodness and mercy to them, in having brought them in safety a distance of 1,400 miles from Petersburgh very little fatigued, and even in better health than when they set out. Rooms had been provided for the whole party in the missionary house, and they were most kindly received by Mr. Glen, the missionary. Thus the Lord did more for them than they could think.

Mr. Glen was, at that time, deeply engaged in translating the Bible into Persian, and had proceeded as far as Ezekiel, with the help of a Moonshee. The next day, Mr. Groves and Mr. Glen spent much time in visiting several Armenians, "who were very easy of access and kind, but still given up to the world, and having an external religion, in which they had no heart."

On the 23rd, they left Astrakhan, "deeply impressed," says Mr. Groves, "with all the kindness and Christian love which had been manifested to us by the dear Glens, and with a hope that we may meet again, if it be Lord's will, to renew many of those communications we had together, when experience will have either confirmed or corrected them."

On this journey, as in the previous one, the Lord blessed them with many facilities. They were in want of a courier at Teflis, as the one they brought from Petersburgh had only been engaged as far as Astrakhan; and while they were staying with Mr. Glen, an Armenian merchant, a relation of one of the priests whom they visited, offered to go with them as a companion, and to provide for them on the way, accepting nothing for his trouble. He had been several times that way, and knew every place on the road. They gladly accepted his offer; and, at Mozdok, Mr. Groves says of him, "We have found the

Armenian merchant kind and obliging; he managed affairs on the road very well; he helps us in the Armenian language, and we help him in English." The circumstances of their journey onwards to Mozdok were similar to those already recorded, and once their carriages stuck in the mud for five hours; they had also greater difficulties than before in obtaining horses, which obliged the party to separate, some of them going three or four stages alone; and though at Mozdok there was no sort of post house or inn, their Armenian friend obtained a comfortable house for them to rest in for three or four days, while they waited for the post. Indeed, here they were made more sensible of the kindness of their heavenly Father, as the account of Dr. Henderson had led them to expect many dangers and difficulties.

On Sept. 3rd, they left Mozdok for Catherinegrad, where they remained till the 5th, when the post arrived. Hearing that travellers ought not to travel on this road without an escort, they went on in company with three hundred Tartar carts, which carried merchandize, and a carriage belonging to a Russian Bishop. The way in which the Lord's preserving care was shown in this most dangerous part of their journey is told in a very interesting way by Mr. Groves.

"A fire broke out on the second night of our stay at Catherinegrad, which, however, by the mercy of God, did not extend far among the wooden buildings of that place, the wind being low, and the people quickly pulling down the adjoining buildings. Our journey through Caucasus, though slow, was yet, by the good hand of God upon us, safe; and, on the whole, presented few of the formidable difficulties which I had anticipated. The roads, though unusually bad, were not dangerous, till we reached the descent of 'the Mountain of the Cross,' where, in consequence of the tongue breaking to which the drag chain of Mrs. T.'s carriage was attached, the carriage and horses flew like lightning down the hill. The coach upset, and we feared was dashed in pieces, but we found, though broken, it was still capable of continuing the journey. The descent, for heavy carriages like ours, on this side Mount Cau-

casus was truly formidable; but on horseback, or in light carriages, perhaps, would hardly have been felt. In consequence of being obliged to go in company with many others, we found the scanty accommodations at the resting places insufficient for us, there being generally but one room; at last, we obtained permission to remain one day behind at Kobi, which indeed we were obliged to do, not only for this reason, but because Barrown Yacub John, the Armenian merchant who accompanied us, had taken a severe cold, and his fever running high rendered rest necessary for him; we were therefore ten days on our journey, and, during this time, passed through a great variety of scenery, all beautiful in various ways. The entrance to the Caucasus was through a narrow defile, the rocky, woody heights, almost overhanging us on both sides, bold and rich. As we advanced we came to a more elevated, open and barren scenery, in the midst of mountains, whose tops were covered with snow; but there was not that rocky boldness which I had expected. The mountains are covered with a scanty pasture almost to their summits. The exit from the Caucasus is still more beautiful: from the descent of the Krestovaia Gori down into the valley Aragoi, nothing can exceed the beauty and richness of the scene: it surpasses all description—Azalias, Rhododendrons, with a great variety of shrubs, covering the low elevations, and the most beautiful kind of bushes the lofty summits of the higher range. A painter would walk many, many miles to see such scenery. The clear and bright foreground standing out from the rocky back ground, by the intervention of that slight air tint which distance gives, added to a thousand other beauties, gave it, perhaps, as much of the beautiful as could well be combined with majestic boldness."

At Teflis, Mr. Groves writes, "When I look back on the mercies of the past journey from Mozdok to this place, the following seem the most prominent; first, on the morning of the day on which Mrs. Taylor's carriage was overturned, our friend Yakub John had had his bed made up in *our* carriage, and not in Mrs. T.'s as before, and thus he was preserved from the danger to which the violence of the overthrow must have ex-

posed him: secondly, although when we reached Teflis, one of the wheels of our carriage was found to be in such a state that even the coach-maker could not conceive how it had been kept on, for it actually came off in our hands, and it was the fore wheel next the river Kur, yet it never did come off on our journey; had it done so, we must have fallen over the precipice into the river: and thirdly, that though none of our party had had their clothes off for thirteen nights, we all arrived at Teflis in good health and spirits, and after having rested for a day or two, we now feel ready to prosecute the journey."

Here Mr. Groves parted with the carriages, and hired German waggons to take them on. He remarks, "The constant bustle, fatigue, and many cares, which rested on me, as the head of a large party, rendered it very difficult to collect the thoughts so as to fix them with any permanency on better things; but all this springs from that want of realization of God as our dear Father, one on whom we may cast all our care, which is at once our duty and privilege, and which it should be our constant endeavour to attain."

Excepting for the affection of a dear Christian brother, named Saltet, the pastor of a German colony in the neighbourhood, who often came to see them, they found Teflis "a very disagreeable place." Mr. Groves describes Mr. Saltet "as one whose bodily health was weak, but his soul was near his Lord; one of those who are hastening unto the coming of the Lord; and the thought of that cheers him amidst all the darkness and gloominess he sees in the church, and is the polar star of his hopes." Though he had relinquished the missionary office, and become a settled pastor, he had still a missionary spirit, and longed to be away with the Nestorian, or Chaldean Christians. His situation among his own people was gloomy: some objected to his principles, and he was thus placed in the midst of a divided little body."

The waggons in which they left Teflis shook them terribly, and Mrs. Groves and Miss T. suffered much, until they became, in a measure, accustomed to them.

On their arrival at Shushee, they were much refreshed by

meeting five German brethren, who had since 1821 been labouring in that place for the Lord most diligently. Some of them gave their attention to the Armenian population, others to the Mohammedans; they had schools for children, and were employing themselves in fixing the vulgar language, which was unwritten, and in translating books and selections of Scripture into it. Mr. Groves's intercourse with them, and part of the journey onward, we give in his own words :—

"The road on the whole was very good, though in wet weather it must be nearly impassable; we have much to thank the Lord for in giving us such constant good weather from Petersburgh to this place (Shushee); during so many weeks we have only two or three times suffered from wet. We passed two German colonies, at one of which we spent our Lord's-day most happily among some dear people, who did indeed receive us in the name of disciples, and to whom, therefore, the Lord will give disciples' rewards; they seemed to distinguish between spiritual and nominal religion. They brought us little gifts of grapes, peaches, cabbages, potatoes, and pointed to heaven as the fountain from which their love flowed.

"On our arrival at Shushee, we received the most affectionate and brotherly welcome from the missionaries. Five dearer brethren I never met; and here the Lord seems to have given to us light as to our journey onwards. Almost as soon as we arrived, we heard of a caravan in quarantine, which was going to Tebriz in a few days; and after tea, dear Zaremba and Pfander walked up with me to see if we could make any agreement with the head of it for our journey, thinking that this would be cheaper than hiring animals for ourselves. As we walked along, I was telling Zaremba that I had been praying that the Lord would not allow me to go alone, but would let him or one of the brethren go with me. I observed this intimation created a great emotion in both their minds, and they then told me, that about ten days since they had both intended going to Baku, where Pfander was to remain a year to study Persian and Arabic; but that as soon as Mr. Dittrick received a letter from Mr. Saltet, saying that we were coming,

it was then proposed, that dear Pfander should accompany us, instead of going to Baku. Thus the Lord has most graciously answered my prayer, and given me a dear brother who has the same views and the same objects with myself, and who also understands Turkish, one who will be a great comfort and a medium of communication with the people around us. So wonderfully does the Lord seem to have met our wants that my heart is overwhelmed. O may my confidence in Him be daily more and more confirmed! The brotherly love of the missionaries has provided us with a resting place during our stay with themselves, to our great comfort, for they are truly dear brethren, and from communion with them I have derived the greatest joy and satisfaction. That perfect unity of sentiment which subsists between us as to the importance of laying aside every thing of this world's greatness, and descending to the level of the people, is most grateful to me; and this is not the sentiment of one of these dear brethren, but of all. They have now the best house in Shushee, and although nothing can be more plain, simple, and frugal than the interior arrangements, still the exterior is striking, where every thing else is so despicable and mean as in this town. The consequence is, that the people continually taunt them with having renounced the world, and yet living in so grand a house, and for saying that a little room a few feet square would do for them. All these five disciples feel the point of this, and wish to be free from the burthen.

"*Sept. 29th.*—After having arranged every thing at Shushee, we departed. All the dear brethren went one stage with us, and Zaremba accompanied us to the Araxes. The evening before we parted, we held a little meeting, and broke bread together. Never had I enjoyed more brotherly affection and counsel than with this dear missionary family, never did I feel more in the spirit of that precept of the Apostle, to exhort one another, than with them. May a sweet savour rest on all our hearts, and an increased desire to serve and glorify our common Lord.

"The first few days of our journey, the female travellers of our party suffered much fatigue from riding on horseback; but it gradually wore off. Dear Zaremba had his horse stolen

almost from our tent-door, and was at first greatly troubled, thinking it might prevent his accompanying us; however, this being arranged, we all went on happily, and the weary travellers were much refreshed by the delay the loss of the horse occasioned. Zaremba was soon reconciled to the loss, by thinking it might be of the Lord to prevent the Armenian Mirza, whom he had intended taking, and about whom he has many doubts, from accompanying him to Baku, having now no horse for him. Zaremba accompanied us to the other side of the Araxes, and thus entered with us on Persian ground, and we had a little evening service together, and offered up a hymn of praise, where perhaps it had never been heard before. We expected to set off by three the next morning; but during the night some thieves stole two horses from our caravan, and thus delayed us, and so after our tents and all our baggage was packed up, we had our song and prayer, at parting with dear Zaremba, in the open air, in presence of the people of the caravan, who looked on without molestation. We all loved dear Zaremba most truly, and parted from him with deep emotions of heart. He returned to Shushee, and we proceeded to Tabreez. Our route lay partly over almost impassable roads, in some parts of which a slip of the horse's foot would have precipitated the riders headlong into some yawning abyss. But though we had nearly twenty horses, the Lord so preserved us, that not one of them fell. After seven days we all arrived at Tabreez safe, and found that the ambassador (Colonel Macdonald) had provided rooms for Mrs. T. in his own house; but as he had not room for us, we obtained lodgings in the house of Mahomed Ali Khan, a Mahometan, married to an English lady. Nothing can exceed their kindness to us; they will not allow us to provide any thing for ourselves, but we live with them. The apartment we occupy was that of Sadik Khan, which he kindly vacated for our use, so graciously has the Lord provided for us, without our care or forethought."

At Tabreez, some important changes took place in the missionary party. Mr. Nisbet, of the East India Company's service, and deputy store-keeper there, married Miss Taylor. He was a Christian man, and willing to help forward the labours of others

among the children of Europeans and natives. He gave a handsome donation to be applied to the cause of God in such a manner as Mr. Groves thought most desirable.

Mr. Groves writes :—

"*Nov.* 11*th.*—I have been thinking much to-day of the Lord's goodness to us. I have calculated that the money we brought from England would not have carried us through our journey, had not the Lord helped us on the road by the hands of dear friends who never knew that such help would be desirable to us. In fact, when I accepted the first supply, I did not myself know that we should want it, and therefore at Petersburgh we refused much that was most kindly offered to us."

As to his position, he adds :—

"I feel I am happy in having no system to support, in moving among either professing Christians or Mahometans : to the one, a person so situated can truly say, I do not desire to bring you over to any church, but to the simple truth of God's Word, and to the others, we wish you to read the New Testament that you may learn to judge of God's truth, not by what you see in the churches around you, but by the Word of God itself."

After a few days, the travellers set off from Tabreez towards Kourdistan. They were very much inconvenienced by the rain, which continued all day, and which very sensibly reminded them of the Lord's many mercies on their long journey, during which time they had only been twice exposed to a few hours of rain, and not at all since they had begun to ride on horseback.

On reaching their resting place for the night, a quarrel arose to their no small discomfort. It proved the difference of character between the Kourds and the Persians, the former being ferocious and violent, while the latter were mild and inoffensive.—It appears that their Armenian friends, who had gone before to prepare rooms for the party, used violence which so roused the indignation of the master of the house, a Kourd, that he, assisted by his companions, drove them from his house, and beat their horses out of the yard ; an old woman mounted on the wall then set the dogs at them, and one of the Kourds was on the point of running his dagger into a fine horse belong-

ing to Mrs. Taylor's servant. Indeed a most serious contest might have taken place had not Mr. Pfander separated the Armenians and the Kourds. They afterwards heard that one of the reasons of their meeting such a bad reception was because they were in company with some Persian Sheahs, (an opposite sect of Mohammedans to the Kourds,) who were carrying some dead bodies in order to inter them at some of their sacred places.

When the affray had ceased, another Kourd took the party into his house; and though the accommodation was wretched, their hearts were made thankful by the Lord's kindness, in allowing the quarrel to terminate so much better than they expected, and "thus delivering them from their fears." The wife of the Kourd who took them in, was also very kind; she dried their clothes, and did all she could for them.

Mr. Groves remarks, "Their conduct in resisting the plan adopted to provide room for travellers, I cannot wonder at, for in our case being so many, it was in fact to turn the whole family out to put us in; nor do I think it a sufficient reason for concluding they would be ferocious towards a missionary who came among them, trusting to their hospitality, and having nothing to bestow upon them, unless the benefit the Lord might grant to the exercise of a little medical knowledge."

The remainder of the journal, till they reached Bagdad, we give in Mr. Groves's own words.

"We met on the road the detachment of Abbas Meerza's troops, which had been stationed at Saggas to keep up a communication with Suleimania One of the officers was an Englishman in the service of Abbas Meerza, who advised us not to proceed on the road we were then going, on account of the unsettled state of the country. However, the Lord preserves us, and in this country one road appears as safe as another. He wondered at our being unarmed, and said it was a thing he hardly ventured to be with two battalions of soldiers. We told him our confidence was from a higher power than such weapons. We were strongly advised by Mr. Burgess not to go by Bannah, on account of the ruined state of the villages, the generally disturbed condition of the country, and the impossibility of getting

food for the horses. But the charvadar, or head of the caravan, thought it best to go on, and as Pfander was of the same opinion, we proceeded direct, *in firm reliance on our Lord*, and therefore, *with perfect happiness*. The night before we reached Bannah, we lodged at one of those villages which had been burned by the Persians, and from which the Kourds had fled. We were told we were in danger of a midnight attack, and for some time a man, who was suspected to be a Kourdish spy, was detained, but he afterwards proved to be an Arab proceeding to Tabreez. To see poor people thus driven from their dwellings to the mountains was truly distressing; it seems to arise from this principle, that if one of their number commits an offence, the village will not give up the offender. From thence we proceeded to Bannah; our road was quite frightful; in fact, almost every stage till we reached Suleimania was over such roads as, till I arrived in Kourdistan, I could hardly have imagined, especially the mountain by which we descended to the capital of the Pashalik. It is, at least in appearance, the most tremendous mountain we had passed in direct height, and seemed to be composed of white lias. I mention this as it may be useful for lithographic purposes. Before we descended to Bannah, we met the head-men of the village, accompanying some cannon belonging to Abbas Meerza, which were with infinite difficulty conducted back to Tabreez. Here, again, we saw a frightful scene for strangers to witness, who knew nothing of the cause; swords were drawn, the Kourds began beating our Mehmander, and a sword even did graze him on the back of his neck. On enquiring into the reason of their conduct, we found it was about a horse which the Mehmander was to obtain here, instead of the one he had ridden thus far, but which they now refused to give him. However, this being settled, we went on to Bannah, and spent a quiet night there. Our horses were very much fatigued, and being in a bad condition besides, not having had any care at the deserted village the night before, and but a partial supply here, which was sent by the head-men as a pesh-kesh, or present, for which they expect twice its value, we were much troubled with them the rest of the way; and in

fact, we were unable to go on to the proposed resting-place, (at which we were at the time much disappointed,) and were obliged to turn aside to a little Kourdish village out of the road ; but we had afterwards cause to rejoice, for here the people were very kind, and gave us such things as we wanted, and on passing the next day we found the village deserted, to which we had been desirous of going. A Persian Meerza who travelled in company with us, and who had actually gone on to this village the day before, told us he could neither get straw nor barley there, nor any victuals but what he had brought with him.

"Before entering Suleimania, it had all day threatened rain, the clouds looking tremendously heavy ; but the Lord allowed us all to pass the formidable mountain before the rain set in, which poured down in torrents immediately after we had housed our baggage. We gave thanks for this mercy, as we had from experience found it very trying, to come to our resting-place drenched with rain.

"The Lord has again graciously cleared up the weather, so as to enable us to proceed on our journey, and a new song is thus put into our mouths.

"After having passed one difficult range of mountains, we were detained by the doubts of our new Mehmander and his followers, relative to the state of the country beyond us, as the Pasha is expecting his brother against him ; and ever these men, of whom the Pasha of Suleimania has sent not less than six to accompany us, are fearful for their own safety. Therefore, instead of being any help, they detain us to take care of themselves, and expose us to danger where there would be none but for them. The contention of these two brothers indicates the spirit of these petty governments. The younger came and gave Daoud Pasha of Bagdad 10,000 Tomauns, who thereupon nominated him to the Pashalik of Suleimania ; then the other brother came and gave 12,000, and the Pasha has now sent to depose he former governor. 'Cursed be the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm ; he shall be like the heath of the desert.'

"Mr. Pfander had some conversation with one of these

Kourds, on the subject of religion. He became very angry, and showed much of his natural ferocity, though he did not appear to be an ill-disposed man: this awakened a thought in our hearts that should we labour among them, our lives must be little valued in our sight, for this man, during the conversation, laid his hand on his dagger, and reiterating a curse, said, 'Stop, say not another word, for I must become an infidel if I listen to what you say.'—May the Lord give us wisdom and prudence. The night before we left Suleimania we had a Catholic Nestorian Priest and another Nestorian to visit us. They seemed willing to receive books, especially the New Testament. They told us that Mr. Rich, when he was here, interceded with the Pasha to allow them to have a place of worship built, which was granted. They said that in Suleimania there were about thirty-five families of Nestorians, that the villages about the town of Kerkook were full of them, and that at Senna, in Kourdistan, there were sixty families. The Priest said they had a service every day, and that the Scriptures were read in a language they did not understand; so far as we could make out, this language is Syriac, though the language spoken is the vulgar Chaldean. We hope to pass the first and worst ridge of mountains to-morrow, after which we have a fine road to Bagdad.

"*Nov.* 30*th.*—We this day crossed the last mountain pass: it was very grand and formidable; but the Lord's goodness brought us over in safety. We were, however, alarmed by a cry of 'Robbers,' about half-way up the mountain, and when we came up to them, we found one of these depredators in the custody of a man who told us the whole body consisted of twenty. If this man be a specimen of the general state of clothing among these banditti, it would be difficult for a missionary to go clad, however simply, without at least in this respect furnishing an object of temptation. And generally nothing can be more truly wretched than the clothing of these poor people; since we left Suleimania, we observed great boys and men all but naked, and even girls and women. It is not improbable that the Gospel might find more free access among these poor people than among those Kourds, who, from the

Pasha to his lowest servant, depend for honour and wealth on the present system. Yet, truly, a missionary must be strong in the Lord who would come among them to preach 'the unsearchable riches of Christ's kingdom.' The Kourd with whom Pfander had some conversation the other day, stated that the Old Testament was superseded by the New, and the New by the Koran. One of them, on seeing my belt without a dagger, at the foot of the mountain defile, seemed pressing on me the necessity of supplying myself with one. But I pointed to heaven as the source of my safety, which he seemed to understand.

"After having been four days on a journey which might with ease have been performed in two, but for the fears of our Kourdish guard, we afterwards proceeded more rapidly. At Kifri we were obliged to procure more mules, so miserably weak were those of our Charvadar, and from this place we came in five days to Bagdad, making our journey from Suleimania altogether *eleven* days. The Meerza who travelled with us, at a village on this side of Kifri to which he had proceeded, was disturbed by an attempt to break open the house where he lodged; and the Moolah, who had likewise preceded us two or three days, lost three horses and some of his baggage. But we can now say, having finished our long and perilous journey, that from St. Petersburgh to Bagdad we have not lost from a thread to a shoe-latchet, but we have all, with all our goods, been brought hither in safety. Major Taylor only heard of our approach the day on which we reached the last stage, about twenty miles from Bagdad. He came out immediately, and we set out at midnight, and reached Bagdad by day-break on Sunday morning, December 6th. Major T., though the notice had been so short, had already provided a house for us attached to his own, just large enough, and containing every thing we could desire; and in addition to all this he has given it to us rent free, so graciously and so abundantly does the Lord make our way both plain and easy. Major T. has also given us free access to his library, and provided for us a Moolah, so that without an effort of our own, God has put into our hands all we could desire at this point of our mission.

CHAPTER V.

MR. GROVES SEEKS ACCESS TO THE POOR OF BAGDAD THROUGH THE EXERCISE OF HIS SURGICAL SKILL — THE LANGUAGE AND POPULATION — RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE — MR. GROVES TAKES A HOUSE AND COMMENCES AN ARABIC SCHOOL — ARMENIAN SCHOOLMASTER — SATISFACTORY PROGRESS OF THE CHILDREN — THE JEWS AT BAGDAD — POLITICAL STATE OF THE PASHALIC — QUARRELS OF THE NOMINAL CHRISTIANS — DANGEROUS STATE OF THE COUNTRY — APPROACH OF PESTILENCE — MR. GROVES'S FEELINGS AT THE CLOSE OF HIS FIRST YEAR'S RESIDENCE AT BAGDAD.

Soon after his arrival in Bagdad, Mr. Groves met with Dr. Montefiore, who was about to return to Bombay, and learned from him that he might obtain free access to the poor by giving them the advantage of his medical skill. "Dr. M. had begun with twelve patients, the next day he had seventy-two, on the third day the street in which he lived was filled, and he was obliged to give it up." Mr. Groves therefore felt that general gratuitous practice in so large a city would occupy all his time, and he determined to confine himself to one branch, that of diseases of the eye, to which natives of the East seem peculiarly liable. In this undertaking he was very successful, and, by his operations in cases of cataract, many who had been blind for years were restored to sight.

After some deliberation as to the language which would be most useful to them among a mixed population, Mr. Groves determined that he and his sons should learn Arabic. He found it was spoken by five sixths of the inhabitants of Bagdad, and almost through the whole extent of country from Bussora to Diarbekir, north and south, and from Diarbekir to the Mediterranean, east and west.

As nearly as could be ascertained, at the time Mr. Groves took up his residence in Bagdad, the Christian population amounted to two thousand, of whom seven hundred were Armenians, some few Syrians, the rest Roman Catholics; the Mohammedans were about 70,000 in number, and the Jews between eight and ten thousand. A few observations in the Journal throw some light on the state of each of these classes.

"*February 14th*, 1830.—We have now been in Bagdad more than two months, and the first impression of chilling opposition to all one's natural and spiritual feelings is beginning to wear away; and that which seemed an impenetrable brazen wall, begins to afford to diligent search little fissures where hope may enter. With schools we might immediately begin with every prospect of considerable usefulness. In our intercourse with the Armenians, we should experience little obstruction; but from the Catholics much. There is in every rank a sort of sullen suspicion which seems almost an inseparable part of their system, arising from the nature of the means they themselves are led to employ in carrying on the interests of the Papal see. . . . .

"We have been much interested with our Armenian servant; he seems really interested in knowing in what real Christianity consists. He feels that the Armenian system of fasts and festivals, fasting from meat and butter, but getting drunk on arrack and wine, cannot be that which the Lord delights in; he seems very anxious to learn to read, and I trust we shall be able to get him taught. We have found much difficulty in obtaining a female servant, but at last have engaged a widow, a Syrian, who has a little boy about four years old; we find these two servants quite enough for us.

In reference to the state of the Mohammedans, he adds, "I was struck by the reply of our Effendi,* to a question from Mr. Pfander, Why he did not read the Christian books? He said, "That if he did so, his head would be turned, and he should become an infidel." How like the argument of the church of

* Effendi is a Turkish title of respect usually applied to learned men.

Rome! He added, "that much knowledge turned the heads of the people, and made them unbelievers; and for this reason not more than three or four of their own sciences are generally taught." He would not translate the Koran with Pfander; he said, 'they were not allowed to do it, unless to those whom they believed to be seriously thinking of embracing the religion of the Prophet.'

"A Jew who comes frequently to see me, brought with him another Jew of considerable wealth, who is a British subject; he has resided thirty-three years in India; he said, so great is the oppression under which his people are kept here, and so fearful are they of appearing to have any wealth, that, had he not been a British subject, he should not have dared to wear the clothes he then had on, although there was nothing in his appearance calculated to attract attention. He had some books which Mr. Wolff left, so that we may hope that all which was done by him here, was not labour in vain, but that the seed sown may, if it be the Lord's will, spring up and bear fruit. Nothing, however, can exceed the degraded state of the Jews, who seem utterly destitute of every moral principle. It is the constant practice of the Jews here, when they hear our blessed Lord's name, or mention it themselves, to curse Him; so awful is their present state of opposition. Mohammedans will not hear, and the Christians do not care for any of these things,—such is the present state here; but, if the Lord prosper our labour, we shall see what the end will be, when the Almighty word of God is understood."

Aga Minas, an Armenian, who had been the East India Company's agent at Bagdad for many years, was visited early in March by Mr. Groves, who found him willing to give every assistance he could in the establishment of a school for the children of his countrymen. Mr. Groves presented him with the latest edition of the New Testament in vulgar Armenian, and when he had read it, he gave a very favourable judgment as to the clearness of the translation, and the ease with which it would be understood by the Armenians of Bagdad. This same Aga Minas procured a house for Mr. Groves in the

Christian quarter of the city, in order to be near the children he wished to place under instruction. This house was large enough to contain the school-rooms, and to accommodate the schoolmaster and his family, and had many conveniences for Europeans, such as *sirdaubs*, or cool cellars for the hot season, and a large open court for the children. The rent was to be £34 a year, but a house sufficient for the missionary family by themselves might have been procured for twelve or fourteen pounds.

On March 16, an Armenian *wartabiet*, or priest, offered himself as schoolmaster, and as he was quite willing the children should be taught the Scriptures, Mr. Groves, for want of better aid, accepted his services, hoping that his place might afterwards be supplied by some brother who should learn the language.

Mr. Groves remarks :—

"As he seems to be one in whom the people have confidence, it would be very desirable to commence with him ; he does not seem obstinate in any opinions he has as to the excellence of the present system ; but, on the contrary, appears sensible that much more is to be learnt than he already knows, and he said, that had he not been so poor, he would have sent his son to India to receive a better education than he could obtain here ; or, to use his own expression, to sit at the door of some wise man, to learn wisdom. He is anxious that his son should be with us to learn English, or any thing else ; he mentioned, also, having two little girls to teach to read Armenian ; this greatly interested us, and with a little girl of his own, about five years old, would form a nucleus for future exertions among them. Thus the Lord seems, by little and little, to open ways for us. The schoolmaster has been in the habit of receiving about ninety piastres a month from his boys, about forty in number ; this amounts to about £12 a year ; we shall perhaps give him about £18, as he will have more boys, and gives up being his own master. We heard from our Moolah,* that about two years since, the present Roman Catholic bishop had intended to open

* A Moolah is a teacher, generally connected with the Mosque.

schools, but as the Mohammedans could not clearly distinguish between schools and churches, they would not permit the undertaking to be carried into effect. The Pasha said, that as for himself he should have no objection, but the people could not or would not distinguish between the two; we may therefore expect that even on our simple plan obstructions will be placed in our way; but as ours is not a new school, but only the removal of an old one from one place to another, it may go on; and if it be the Lord's pleasure, it *will*, and if not, we must carry on our work in some other way which the Lord will shew us. The little insight we have obtained into the state of feeling in these countries, convinces us that Wolff's proposal of a college at Aleppo would be attended with more difficulties than at first sight are apparent; certainly, the bigotry of Aleppo exceeds that of Bagdad. At any rate, whatever plans are proposed for these countries, let them have *as little* of the world and *as much of Christ in them* as possible; and whatever there be, let it be without pretension or parade.

On April 3rd, they left the hospitable roof of the Resident, Major Taylor, for their own dwelling, and occupied the inner rooms, leaving the outer part of the house for the schoolmaster. To avoid unnecessary offence, they also refrained from occupying a room over the street under which the Mohammedans had to walk, though the most airy one they had.

The changes that had taken place previous to Mr. Groves's arrival, smoothed the way for his settlement in Bagdad. The fierceness of Mohammedan fanaticism had very much abated, and though the hatred to Christians, and even to their very name, still existed, he could walk the streets in his European dress without molestation. "Sometimes," he says, "a boy may call us 'dog,' and manifest his ill-will by similar expressions, but this is not often, nor does it proceed further." The Pasha, indeed, had recently adopted the European military uniform for a regiment of foot, and had permitted Major Taylor to form some horse regiments on the same plan. The Divine protection vouchsafed to Mr. Groves and his party in their journey to Bagdad, was more specially felt when they heard of

the sufferings of other travellers. A Dr. Beakey, who had been travelling for five years in the East, was attacked and plundered of everything on his way to Bussorah, not by the Arabs of the desert, but by the Pasha's own officers and the men who collected tolls; yet he was in a British boat belonging to the Resident, manned by twenty-five sepoys, and carrying the English colours. And again, Mr. Schultz, a German, who had for years been making antiquarian researches in the East, was murdered in the very mountains into which Mr. Groves had proposed to accompany the German brethren in order to visit the Syrian churches.

On this melancholy event, he makes the following comment: "This unfortunate traveller was running these risks, and exposing himself to these dangers, for a reputation which perhaps will now remain only in the memory of a few who knew him; probably most of his papers perished with him, as in the case of Dr. B.; and though his reputation were to spread as widely as the confines of the world, where is he gone who should enjoy it?—where honour and reproach are alike. Oh, if they do this for a name, if they labour thus to collect that which is of little or no use when it is collected, what ought we not to venture in serving our Lord, who has redeemed us from eternal death and made us co-heirs with Himself, so that death hath no more dominion over us, but is only a passage to glory,—a messenger of heaven to bear our spirit to our Father's bosom; and besides this, the wings of the Lord are extended over all those who are His, and who take shelter under His power, hoping in His mercy."

At his new abode, Mr. Groves soon received some interesting callers; and good tidings from distant friends refreshed his affectionate spirit.

"*April* 12*th*.—A Mohammedan who has been with us once or twice for medicine, has been here again to-day, and has interested us much. He says his father was a Christian, and became a Mohammedan, but his own mind was never convinced, and after the death of his father he determined to go to India, and throw off his Moslem profession, but he reached Bussorah

at the time the Arabs attacked it, and was stripped of every thing and wounded, which induced him to return to Bagdad. He tells us he has a brother and sister at Mosul, who are Christians, and when they come here, he goes to their church with them. He says, he is convinced Christianity is true, and that he recollects some of his Christian prayers, and says them still; he hopes still for an opportunity of going to India, there to relinquish a profession which is evidently a yoke he knows not how to bear, or, for fear of his life, how to throw off. There is this one value in medical practice which I never so fully felt before—that it affords to Mohammedans an unsuspected excuse for coming to us. This man's father was a Roman Catholic; he cannot read.

"*April 13th.*—Gaspar Khan has been with us this day; he is a Roman Catholic Armenian, and conversed very freely about religion, admitting that paying any kind of reverence to images was idolatry, and that the word of God was the only sure rule. There does not appear to be at all that bigotry among the Roman Catholics here which I had anticipated; almost all the Roman Catholic Armenians have called on us, and apparently in a very friendly spirit. In fact, we daily perceive that opportunities of preaching the gospel are most abundant in the friendly conversational interviews which these people afford us; but our ignorance of the language still remains a formidable obstacle, though, I trust, a little diminishing; however, the Lord's great goodness in giving us our dear brother Pfander relieves our difficulties, and enables us to undertake much which otherwise we could not.

"Though now but the beginning of April, the weather is becoming very warm. To-day the thermometer stood at 80° in the shade. The nights and days seem much more equal in temperature than in Persia or in Kourdistan; it may not be so pleasant to the feelings, but adds greatly to the health of the inhabitants, by preventing those chills so common when the relaxing heat of the day is followed by the piercing cold night air. In India and Persia, the range of the thermometer is often from 40 to 50°, between 2 P.M. and 2 A.M.

"We have this day (April 16) received a packet of letters, containing some from England, and others from Petersburgh, Shushee, and Tabreez; all bringing good tidings of our Lord's doings in England and elsewhere. I received a letter from my dear sister Mary, containing very full details concerning many whom we dearly love; in fact, it seemed for a moment to place us in the midst of them; and this being the first news we have heard, greatly rejoiced us and encouraged our hearts in the work to which the Lord has introduced us. 'As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country,' Prov. xxv, 25. When I think of all the love of the dear children of God, with whom so many of the happiest moments of my life have been spent, I cannot help feeling the power of the gospel principle, which I desire more fully to proclaim, in opposition to that slavish fear which destroys all loving relationship between God and His own children. If ever I feel this desire more ardently at one time than another, it is when I can thus see my Lord's love, and feel its power in the love of His own elect who cry unto Him continually for us; and at the same time, if ever I feel real humiliation of soul, it is in contrasting what I am with what they desire me to be."

And now, just as their money was running a little low, they heard that the carriages left at Teflis were sold, and the proceeds were enough to supply their wants for many months. Other news from Persia, as to the success of the German missionaries of Shushee, afforded much spiritual joy.

Mr. Groves had written to Mr. Jowett, of Malta, for such Arabic tracts and school-books as he had printed, but before they could arrive he began his work.

"*April* 19.—The school has commenced to-day, with forty-three boys and two girls, as many as we shall well know how to manage. The system of tuition is so entirely defective, that it must be thoroughly changed; the Armenians, in the first place, learn to read only old Armenian, which neither they nor their teachers understand. Each boy learns and says his lesson alone, and sings it out as loud as he can shout, the louder the better; so that the moment they see any one coming, and wish to ap-

pear to advantage, they cry out so much the more loudly. We intend immediately to begin with our Arabic class, as they all more or less understand this, and it is the colloquial language here; by this means, as I get on in Arabic, I hope to be of use to them by taking a Scripture class in Arabic. I see so much to be reformed, and such a want of materials to work with, that but for having such a Head as we have, I should altogether give up in despair; but He strengthens my heart. We have sent to Sheerauz for a person who is said to understand the English system, which he learnt in India, and also a little English.

"There appears no doubt at all of our having a girls' school, as soon as sufficient female help can be procured; and from all that I can learn of the internal state of the families of the people, nothing can be more important than to raise the moral feeling of their females; their whole domestic state would thus be easily and entirely reformed, and by bringing them in contact with God's word, they would have a standard they never could lay aside, or obliterate from their memories."

Notwithstanding this fair commencement and his own sanguine hopes, Mr. Groves was not unprepared for disappointment, and in sending off this portion of his Journal to friends in England, he writes:—

"Since the conclusion of my Journal, three months have elapsed, and I can truly say that in every respect my hopes rise daily higher; yet I desire never to forget that all depends on the will and purpose of our Lord. I see about me every moment the elements of destruction to any system of Christian instruction; and we are only not devoured, because the Lord our King breaks their teeth, yea, the teeth of the young lions, therefore all we can speak of is the present, and that *now* we have all plain apparently before us. As for the future, we know nothing, neither are we careful; it is sufficient for us to know, that all things shall work together for the glory of our Elder Brother, as all things shall work together for our good; all we have to do is simply to go on trusting in the Lord, and then we shall be like Mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but standeth for ever.

The progress of the school, as seen under various dates in the Journal of the next few months, was very satisfactory, and Mr. Groves's own industry as a learner and teacher is worthy of observation :—

"*June 2nd.*—We begin to find that our school-room is not large enough to contain the children, and we have been obliged to add another, We have now fifty-eight boys and nine girls, and might have many more girls had we the means for instructing them ; but we have as yet no other help than the schoolmaster's wife, who knows very little of any thing.

"*June 3rd.*—We have received from Shushee a parcel of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, in vulgar Armenian. We were very much rejoiced at this, as it enabled us to supersede, in some little degree, the old language ; but, in determining that every boy sufficiently advanced should learn a verse a day, we met with some opposition from two or three of the elder boys ; and I think two will leave the school in consequence, but the Lord, I have no doubt, will enable us to triumph over all ; at all events I see my way clear, come what will.

"I cannot sufficiently thank God for giving me dear brother Pfander, for had it not been for him, I could not have attempted any thing, so that all that has now been done, must rather be considered his than mine, as I have only been able to look on and approve. But if the Lord's work is advanced, I can praise Him by whomsoever it may be promoted.

"*June 12th.*—Among the boys who come to me to learn English, I have the son of a rich Roman Catholic jeweller of this place. So important has the commercial relation between this place and India become, that the number who wish to learn English is much greater than I can possibly take charge of, as this is not with me a primary object ; but it is a most important field of labour, and one that might have, I think, very interesting results, for people will bear opposition to their own views more easily in another language than in their own : it does not come to them like a book written to oppose them, and thus truth may slide gently in. My Moolah, who is teaching me Arabic, and whose son I teach English, told me, that in two or three years

he would send his son to England to complete his knowledge of English. Now to those who know nothing of the Turks this may not appear remarkable, but to those who do, it will exhibit a striking breaking down of prejudice in this individual.

"There is a famous man here, a Mohammedan by profession, but in reality an infidel,—the head of a pantheistic sect who believe God to be every thing and every thing to be God, so that he readily admits, on this notion, the divinity of our blessed Lord. Infidelity is extending on every side in these countries. My Moolah said that now a-days, if you asked a Christian whether he were a Christian, he would say, Yes; but if you asked him who Christ was, or why he was attached to Him, he did not know. And, in the same manner, he said, if you asked a Mohammedan about his faith he would also say, he did not know, but that he went as others went; but, he added, now all the *Sultans* are sending out men to teach, —the Sultan of England, the Sultan of Stamboul, &c. By this, I imagine his impresion is, that we are sent out by the king of England.

"Our school is on the whole going on very well. We have introduced classes, and a general table of good and bad behaviour, of lessons, of absence, and of attendance; and they all learn a portion of Scripture every day in the vulgar dialect. This is something.

"I am beginning to feel my acquaintance with Arabic increase under the plan which I pursue with the boys who learn English. They bring me Arabic phrases, and, as far as my knowledge extends, I give them the meaning in English; and when that fails, I write it down for inquiry from the Moolah next day, and then by asking words in Arabic every day for the boys to give me the English, I at last get the expressions so impressed on my memory, that when I want them they arise almost without thought. Another advantage from the boys bringing phrases and words, is that they bring such as they use in the spoken Arabic, which is very different from the written. This is a plan I would recommend, whenever it can be adopted, to every missionary; for in having the questions to ask every day, and

only the English written down, there is a stimulus to the memory which nothing else gives.

"*June 26th.*—From the Bible Society at Bombay (to which an application was sent by Dr. Montefiore) I have received accounts of their having sent me two English Bibles, fifty Testaments, twenty Arabic Bibles, fifty Syriac Gospels, fifty Syriac Testaments, fifty Armenian Bibles, one hundred Persian Psalters, seventy-five Persian Genesis, and six Hebrew Testaments. In this are omitted those which are most important to us, the Chaldean, the Persian, and the Arabic Testament; but perhaps when they receive a supply from the Parent Society, they will then forward these likewise.

"Mr. Pfander learnt from some Armenians yesterday, that they were much pleased with the children learning the Scriptures in the vulgar dialect; that they were unable to understand the ancient language still read in their churches, and they expressed a wish that they might have a complete translation in the vulgar tongue. Those Bibles we now have from the Bible Society are in the dialect of Constantinople, which is by no means generally or well understood here, where the Erivan dialect prevails, which they use in the Karabagh, in the north of Persia, and in all these countries. The missionaries at Shushee are going on with the New Testament: Mr. Dittrich has finished the translation of the four Gospels, and we hope it will be printed for the Bible Society this year, for we greatly need Armenian books in the vulgar dialect, by which we may, step by step, supersede the old altogether. We also greatly want Arabic schoolbooks; but these we shall hope to get from Malta, through the labours of Mr. Jowett. We cannot be sufficiently thankful for having these precursors in labour, who have provided to our hands materials that would have cost much labour and time to obtain; I now begin to appreciate the labours of these dear servants of the Lord, who are silently spending their strength for the use of others.

"*July 12th.*—We have been interested by some inquiries made by our schoolmaster and his father, relative to our morning and evening prayers; he wanted to know what they were, and Mr.

Pfander had the greatest difficulty in making him understand that we prayed from a sense of our present wants. They said, they had heard from their books, that in the time of the apostles men were without form of prayer, and were enabled to pray from their hearts; but that it was not so now. They also asked some questions about the Lord's Supper, whether we used wine mixed with water or unmixed, bread leavened or unleavened. They seem anxious to know more, and may the Lord give them an open door.

"We cannot help feeling that the difficulties among the Mohammedans, and apostate Christian churches, are great beyond any thing that can be imagined previous to experience. The difficulties of absolute falsehood are as nothing to those of perverted truth, as we see in the confounding of infant baptism with the renewing of the Holy Ghost. In every thing it is the same—prayer, praise, love—all is perverted, and yet the name retained.

"The office of a missionary in these countries is, to *live* the Gospel before them in the power of the Holy Ghost, and to drop line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, till God gives the increase of his labours; but it must be by patient continuance in well doing against every discouraging circumstance, remembering what we ourselves once were.

"We have been to-day in hopes of obtaining another Moolah, for teaching the children in the school to read and write Arabic. For two months we have been trying without success to obtain one, so great is their prejudice against teaching Christians at all, but especially themselves to read the New Testament; but as our Lord does every thing for us, we doubt not He will do this also, if it be best.

"I am much led to think on those of my dear missionary brethren who look for the kingdom of Christ to come in by a gradual extension of the exertions now making. This view seems to me very discouraging; for surely after labouring for years and so little having been done, we may all naturally be led to doubt if we are in our places; but those who know it is their place to preach Jesus and to publish the new testament

in His blood, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear, have nothing to discourage them, knowing they are a sweet savour of Christ. I daily feel more and more that, till the Lord come, our service will be chiefly to gather out the few grapes that belong to the Lord's vine, and publish His testimony in all nations; there may be here and there a fruitful field on some pleasant hill, but as a whole the cry will be, 'Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?'

"*Aug.* 15*th.*—The thermometer this day has been the highest hitherto for the year; 117° in the shade, and 155° in the sun. (It was afterwards 118° and 158°.) This is the time when the dates ripen, and the most oppressive in the year; but, by the Lord's great mercy, we are all in health and strength, though sometimes we feel a little disposed to think it is so hot we may be excused from doing anything; but my English scholars keep me employed six hours a-day, which prevents me from thinking much about the heat, though not from feeling it. I can truly say, it is far more tolerable than I expected, and yet there are few hotter places on the face of the earth. The temperature of India is not nearly so high; and I question if there is any place that for the year through would average so high.

"*Aug.* 17*th.*—We have this day a new Moolah, the best we could get, but not altogether such as we could have desired.

"*Aug.* 19*th.*—Our new Moolah has expressed his surprise at the contents of the New Testament, and wonders how Mohammedans can speak against it as they do. He intends coming to our Armenian schoolmaster on Sundays to read it with him. May the Lord most graciously send down His Spirit upon them, that the one who undertakes to teach what he does not know, may, by discovering his ignorance, be led to the fountain of all wisdom; and may the other learn to love Him whose holy, heavenly, and divine name he has blasphemed.

"*Sept* 29*th.*—When the Syrians in Mousul received an account of our school here they were much interested, and all their principal persons have written a letter to invite us to come and establish schools among them, and to desire that we should send

them some Arabic Testaments and Psalms. All this is most encouraging, and I plainly see, that were there twenty servants of Christ, faithful men who would be content to work for the Lord in every way, there might soon be found abundant work for them. Mousul seems especially open to Christian influence. Many of those immediately connected with the Pasha are Christians, and many even among the Mohammedans have still Christian recollections. The letter from Mousul, we are told, will come in about three days ; if so, Mr. Pfander proposes sending back a present of Arabic Testaments and Psalms, with the expression of our hope that the Lord may strengthen our hands, as He has made willing our hearts, to extend our labours unto them.

"Marteroos, the schoolmaster, who we hear is on his way from Sheeraz, will, I trust, be a great comfort to us, and a help to the school. From his understanding English we hope he may not only be able to take the higher Armenian classes, but have time to translate such books as we need for the use of the school, and also little tracts for circulation.

"Our Mohammedan Moolah still continues to read the New Testament with the Armenian schoolmaster, who seems very sanguine that he will become a Christian. At all events I bless God that he sees the record of God with his own eyes, so that if he now rejects the testimony, it will be God's that he rejects, and not the solemn mockery of Christ's most simple and most holy truth, which they have before seen.

"We were much delighted to find that those of the little boys who had been exercised in translating their own language into the vulgar, had retained such a clear knowledge of it that though they were called upon quite unexpectedly they understood it ; whereas the bigger boys, who come to me for English, and to the Moolah for Arabic, and who are considered to have finished their Armenian education, were not able to translate one word, at which they were not a little ashamed, though the fault was not theirs, but the plan of education. We are greatly encouraged by this, and hope, with the Lord's blessing, we shall see, instead of a system of education which after immense labour terminates

in nothing but *sound*, without *sense* or instruction, a system that will at least bring God's word before them in a form intelligible and clear; yea, the very truth that God's Spirit has promised to bless, and which He has declared shall not return unto Him void. Our schoolmaster fully enters into these plans for improvement, and really desires to do whatever we wish. Our Arabic Moolah also enters much into our wishes, and the boys are making double the progress they did under the old system. This is all of the Lord; and, in fact, when I think of the doubts expressed before we commenced of our being allowed to work at all, and consider the quietness and peace the Lord has permitted us to enjoy in the prosecution of our work, I desire more entirely to cast my whole soul, with all its purposes and plans, on the Lord, and not to move but as He guides.

"The two great objects of the Church in the latter days, independent of growing up herself into the stature of the fulness of Christ, seem to me to be the publication of the testimony of Jesus in all lands, and the calling out the sheep of Christ who may be imprisoned in all the Babylonish systems that are in the world. In both these, may the Lord of His infinite mercy grant success! Oh, how consoling it is, under an overwhelming sense of powerless inefficiency to one's work, to know that God has chosen to put the most precious gift in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of man; so that we may glory in our very weakness and ignorance, and natural insufficiency, knowing that the Lord's strength is made perfect in this very weakness. Dear and blessed Lord, make every one of us willing to be nothing, that thou mayest in all things be glorified.

"*Oct. 2nd.*—I have just seen a sight that interests me much; the Mohammedan Moolah sitting at one window of the schoolroom reading the Arabic New Testament, and the Armenian *wartabiet* (or schoolmaster) sitting at a table explaining to the son of the priest of this place the New Testament. This young man is just going to Ispahan to be ordained. It is certainly something gained, that the word of eternal truth is brought before them.

"*Oct.* 10*th.*—The Lord has blessed us with a little girl, and every thing has been ordered by Him most happily, so that we have wanted nothing that the luxury or wealth of England could supply. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name; for indeed He daily loadeth us with benefits.

"*Oct.* 17.—Mr. Pfander's Persian Moolah has altogether refused to translate Persian with him. He says he will read and converse with him, but not translate; so great is their contempt of Christians, that though it is only the Gulistan of Sadi, and therefore no religious book, they will not teach it. In fact the difficulty of getting teachers here is very great. The Christians know nothing,—the Mohammedans very little, and what they do know they will not communicate to a Christian.

"*Oct.* 18*th.*—Our hearts have been deeply affected by a conversation which Mr. Pfander has had with the Mohammedan Moolah who teaches our boys Arabic. He was telling Mr. P. that he was greatly struck by our Lord's precept, when you make a feast, not to invite the rich or those who can invite you again, but the poor who cannot; and that from these considerations he had been led to invite to an entertainment he had provided all the poor persons he knew, to the surprise of his friends, to whom he explained his reasons. He also told Mr. Pfander he had often wished he were an animal rather than a man. There appears altogether a degree of uneasiness in his mind that may lead farther. Thus God is making His holy and blessed word a testimony to the hearts of some; oh! may every success here be such as bears only the mark of God's workmanship by His word and His Spirit. That there are many souls here which will feel the power of God's omnipotent word, when it comes fully and clearly before them, I can never doubt.

"Our schoolmaster has come to a full understanding of the principles on which we intend to conduct the school, *to have nothing that is contrary to God's word admitted,* and I think he very fully and heartily enters into this plan. But he informs us that the parents of many of the children are dissatisfied with our superseding the church prayers, called the Shanakirke, by

the New Testament, and ask, 'Who are these people? Are they wiser than our bishops and ancient fathers that we should reject what they introduced?' This is what we must expect. But we can, with a quiet heart, leave all to the Lord to order as He will. That the schoolmaster is truly on our side I feel very thankful, and I hope we have the hearts of many of the children."

A few particulars concerning the state of the Jews, we may now extract from the journal.

"*July 12th.*—We have heard of two Jews, who have bought two Hebrew New Testaments, and a very respectable Jewish banker has been to see Mr. Pfander, with the German Jew I mentioned before, who is still desirous to leave the broad road, though without heart to trust in Him who is the way, the truth and the life. He is endeavouring to obtain a livelihood by teaching Hebrew, and comes here to read the book of Job in German with Mr. Pfander, without Jewish explanations, one of which respecting Job is as follows. Every individual of the human race, they say, actually existed in Adam, some in his nails, some in his toes, some in his eyes, mouth, &c., and they think, in proportion to the proximity of any person to the parts concerned in eating and digesting the forbidden fruit, will be their degree of guilt and measure of punishment here; so they consider that Job had his place near the mouth. Such are the follies which now occupy the minds of this interesting people, instead of the Lord of life and glory.

"The Jewish Rabbi whom I formerly mentioned still continues to come, and on the whole is increasing in interest. He is almost come to the determination of quitting his lying though lucrative and honourable profession, and obtaining a living by learning some trade, he thinks that of a shoe-maker. This gives me much hope that he has at least honest feelings. During his stay here, he has been residing in the house of the chief Jew, who has now offered him 1,000 piastres to leave Bagdad; but he does not seem disposed to do so, as Mr. Pfander is here with whom he can speak German.

"We hear of several Jews who have Arabic New Testaments,

left here by Wolff; and we trust there may be many more that we have not heard of.

"The poor German Jew still holds on; he has too much honesty to live by writing lying amulets, and too little faith to cast himself on the Lord; but his constant cry is, 'What shall I do to live?' The insight he gives us into the state of the Jews here is most awful, but notwithstanding, there appears to me a most abundant field of labour among them. Yesterday he called me suddenly, while at breakfast, to see a poor young Jewess who had only been married two months, and had fallen over the bridge with her little brother in her arms. The scene was awfully interesting. Not less perhaps than 300 Jews with their wives were in the house, but tumultuous as the waves of the sea, without hope and without God in the world. There was no hope of recovering her. She had been in the water an hour and a half, and had there been life, they were acting so as to extinguish every spark. She was lying in a close room crowded to suffocation, with the windows shut, and they were burning under her nose charcoal and wool.

"*August* 14*th*.—A young Jew was here to day, and bought three Arabic Bibles of Mr. Pfander, at 25 piastres each, *i. e.* about 5s. sterling. This is almost the beginning. Many perhaps might have been given away; but as we find that those given by Mr. Wolff were generally burnt, we wished them to buy them, at least at such a price that they would not burn them. He took away a Hebrew New Testament, but returned it again. I should feel deeply interested in some one coming to take charge of a Jewish school, in which the Old Testament, Hebrew and Arabic, might be the basis of instruction. I make no doubt, that a most interesting school might be established here at once on a very large scale, for they have but one school of about 150 poor boys at their synagogue, or rather synagogues, for they have six, but all in one place, and forming one building; they have also three rabbis, and, besides the boys which are taught at the above school, many others are educated at home. Nothing can be more distinct than their wish for a school, and their promise of supporting it, the Old Testament being used as

a school-book, which certainly, as a primary step, is most important, as it may cause them to see, by the Lord's blessing, that the book which they now disfigure by monstrous interpretations, has in itself, by the illumination of God's Spirit, a clear, simple, and, in all essential points, an intelligible meaning, without the aid of man's exposition. But should they finally turn round and oppose the school, which as soon as the power of it is felt they most assuredly would do, some might remain in it, and if not, there is still a most abundant field of labour in circulating the Scriptures, and in conversation with the Jews not only in this city, but throughout Mesopotamia, where they abound almost in every town.

"We have heard from a Jew, that Sakies, the Armenian Agent of the East India Company, had given the Jews directions to treat Mr. Wolff when here with attention, and to invite him to their houses. The Jews here are closely connected with the English, at least many of them who are under English protection.

"The Jews here cannot believe that Christians know any thing of Hebrew, and are therefore surprised to see Hebrew books with us. Should the Lord allow us to be of any use to this people, 'terrible from their beginning hitherto' whether in the favour or the indignation of Jehovah, we should esteem it a very great blessing; yet surely they ought to have one missionary here, whose whole soul might be drawn out towards this especial work.

"*Sept.* 14*th.*—We have lately heard some interesting details of the numbers of the Jews in the places north-east of Persia. A Jew who has travelled in those countries states, that there are,

IN	LANGUAGE SPOKEN.	FAMILIES.
Samarcand	Turkish	500
Bokhaura	Turkish and Persian	5,000
Mished	Turkish and Persian	10,000
Heerat	Turkish and Persian	8,000
Caubul	Pashtoo, but Persian generally understood	300
Bulkh-(Caubul)	Pashtoo, but Persian generally understood	300

There are also in the villages around from twenty to a hundred families of Jews. Their knowledge of Hebrew is very confined;

very few understand it at all; they have also very little knowledge of the Talmud. We hope from time to time to collect more particulars, to correct, confirm, or cancel these, and all other accounts of a similar nature, for in these countries it is not one account that can stand, and when confronted by fifty more, it can still only be considered as an approximation to truth.

"A Jew of Yezd has been with us, and told us that there are 300 families of Jews in that city, and the same number at Ispahan."

It will throw light on various notices hereafter to be selected from the Journal, if the political state of the country be here described, and the causes of those internal commotions which formed part of the trial of faith, appointed by the Lord for His dear servant.

We shall quote Mr. Groves's own words:—

"The elements of disorder do not arise from the state of the Ottoman empire alone, but from the vicinity of Persia, daily encroaching on this side, both from religious and political motives; and this spirit is encouraged by the constant weakening of the pashalic.

"About fifty or sixty years ago, commenced the government of Suliman Pasha, the elder, who raised Bagdad from a place of little mercantile consideration to be one of the most important places of traffic in the East; and allured merchants from all parts by the equity and firmness of his rule. He strengthened the Georgian interest in this pashalic prodigiously, by purchasing an immense number of Georgian slaves whom he manumitted at his death. He reigned twenty-three years, and (a rare event in his situation) died in his bed. Ali Pasha, a freed Georgian slave, who had married his daughter, succeeded him, and was murdered at prayers, after reigning about five years. His successor was Suliman Pasha, who had also married a daughter of Suliman the elder; he governed about three years, and was put to death. To him succeeded Abdallah Pasha, the treasurer of Ali Pasha, who reigned as short a time, and died in like manner. His successor was Said Pasha, son of Suliman the elder, whose history was precisely the same.

Daoud, the present Pasha, to avoid the fate of his predecessors cut off every man about him who could possibly afford him any umbrage; but while thus, on the one hand, he secured himself for a time, on the other, he so weakened the Georgian interest, that there were none to help him when he fell into difficulty."

When Mr. Groves first entered Bagdad, the country was comparatively quiet, but, as early as April 1830, the scene changed. The scattered tribes of Arabs were at war with one another, and were trying to raise insurrection against the Pasha; the Mohammedans, on account of his oppressions, were in a state of insubjection; the Syrian Jacobites and Catholics were at variance, and both cholera and plague had begun their destructive ravages in the places around Bagdad.

From the unsettled state of the Arabs, no one could travel safely; and out of a party of five English gentlemen, who were going by way of Mosul and Merdin to Constantinople, to examine into the practicability of navigating the Euphrates, three were murdered, besides a Maltese servant, and the others escaped, with the loss of all their baggage and papers. And again, Mr. Groves writes, "We have heard that a caravan from Damascus was plundered, and also another from Kerkook; and a traveller from Tabreez was stopped by the Arabs, but suffered to pass on, when they found he had nothing but papers." Through these same plundering Arabs, Mr. Groves lost a second parcel of letters from England, a loss particularly painful in that strange land. His observations on some of these circumstances are worthy of notice.

"*August 19th.*—Things here seem most unsettled, and require us to live in very simple faith as to what a day may bring forth. It is stated, that between twenty and thirty thousand Arabs are close to the gates of the city. The Pasha has an army about twenty-four miles from hence; but unable to move, except all together, and there is another regiment under an English officer, Mr. Littlejohn, about twelve miles distant. The deposition of this Pasha seems to be the principal object of these Arabs, in which it is not impossible that they may be fully supported by the Porte. What will be the result of all this we are

not careful to know, for the Lord will be to us a hiding-place from the storm, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall.

"A caravan consisting of 300 camels has just come across the desert from Aleppo, with a guard of 500 men. Letters brought by a Tartar from Constantinople have all been detained by the Pasha, except a few on mercantile concerns. I have no other hope of letters than what my most gracious Lord's proved love gives me. All which He really desires me to have I shall receive, and more I would desire not to wish for.

"The Pasha has made up his differences with the Arab tribe, and all the troops have returned, except those under Mr. Littlejohn, which still remain out, for fear of an attack before the harvest is thrashed and brought in.

"There are symptoms of great fear on the part of the Pasha that a struggle is actually going on among those around him for superseding him in his Pashalic, and in this they have much probability of success, as the Porte has been greatly injured by his unwillingness to meet her necessities and afford her pecuniary help. Our security, however, is that the Lord knoweth them that are His, and will defend them amidst all turmoils, and in the most troublous times; in this we find peace and quietness."

The dissatisfaction arising from the Pasha's mode of government could not but affect a kind, sympathising heart. Mr. Groves writes:—

"*June 26th.*—We find the general feeling here, not only among Christians but Mohammedans, is a wish that the English power might prevail, for although the Pasha does not directly tax them high, yet from a bunch of grapes to a barrel of gunpowder, he has the skimming of the cream, and leaves the milk to his subjects to do with as they can. And hearing, as they now universally do, that our government in India is mild and equitable, most of them would gladly exchange their present condition, and be subject to the British government. Once a month at least the money is changed. When the Pasha has a great deal of a certain base money that he issues, he fixes the value of it higher and higher by degrees, on pain of mutilation, and when he

has paid it all away, or has any great sums to receive, he lowers the value by as many degrees as he has before raised it. This conduct on the part of the Pasha begets an universal system of smuggling and fraud among all classes, so that the state of these people is indeed very, very bad. I never felt more powerfully than now, the joy of having nothing to do with these things; so that let men govern as they will, I feel my path is to live in subjection to the powers that be, and to exhort others to the same, even though it be such oppressive despotism as this. We have to show them by this, that our kingdom is not of this world, and that these are not things about which we contend. But our life being hid where no storms can assail, "with Christ in God"—and our wealth being where no moth or rust doth corrupt, we leave those who are of this world to manage its concerns as they list, and we submit to them in every thing as far as a good conscience will admit."

At a later date, he gives another example of the Pasha's misconduct:—

"*October* 21*st.*—There has just been acted here a scene of duplicity and bloodshed which appears strange to us, but is not uncommon in this land of misrule and cruelty. A Capidji (or Ambassador) from the Porte to the Pasha has long been expected, and by him and those immediately about him, with evident anxiety, which was increased to the highest pitch, when by a messenger from Aleppo, the Pasha received intelligence that this Capidji's intention was to supersede, and of course to destroy him. It then became the object of the Pasha to get him into his hands, which was the more difficult as it is usual for the Capidji to read his firman publicly and to proclaim the Pasha's successor at Mousul, or some place near, who, collecting the Arabs, marches to lay siege to this place till the head of the reigning Pasha is delivered to him. To prevent this, the Pasha made the Imrahor, or Master of the Horse, who has the whole arrangement of the military force, write a letter to the Capidji, begging him to come here at once, promising that he would, without a struggle, give the head of Daoud Pasha into his hand, whereas if he remained at Mousul, there must be open contention about it.

"By this, he was allured to approach the city, and the Pasha sent out seven or eight hundred men, under pretence of showing him honour, to meet him, and in case any accounts of the true state of the case should reach him, to cut off from him the possibility of flight. Thus he was brought into the city, and his quarters appointed in the house of the Musruff (or treasurer); when, after the Pasha had obtained from him the declaration of his object, a Divan was called, and it was determined to put him to death. This event has thrown the city into great consternation, and every one who can, is buying corn in expectation of what is to follow. For the tragedy will not end here, as a friend of the Capidji is left behind at Mousul, and another Capidji is at Diarbekr, waiting the result of this negotiation. So it appears that the Sultan is determined to act at once and decidedly against this Pasha. We are now therefore to expect a siege, and a state of anxiety and fear for some months; but the Lord who sitteth in the heavens is ordering all for His own glory, and for our safety, and He will provide for us."

Mr. Groves took some interest in the quarrel between the Roman Catholics and the Syrians, because he had it in his heart to go among the latter to establish schools, and distribute tracts, and was only hindered, at last, from visiting them in their own mountains by having so large a school, and so many objects needing his attention in Bagdad. In June he writes:—

"We have just had some conversation with a poor Jacobite, who is come from Merdin, with a letter from his *matran*, or bishop, about two churches which the Roman Catholics have taken from the Jacobites. He says the Pasha of Merdin cares neither for this Pasha, who is his immediate superior, nor for the Sultan, and encourages disputes among the Christians that he may get money from both parties, who bribe him by turns. He spoke of the Roman Catholics as behaving worse to them than the Yezidees, or even the Kourds; yet he mentioned that the Catholic bishop had a school of fifty girls, learning to read Arabic and to work at their needle."

Afterwards, Mr. G. writes, "The poor men who came to endeavour to obtain from the Pasha here, the re-institution of

the Syrian patriarch in those churches in Merdin, from which he had been ejected by the Roman Catholic bishop, are returning without success, but are carrying back with them, to the patriarch, two boxes of Arabic and Syrian New Testaments. May the Lord water them by His most Holy Spirit, so that they may become the ground of living churches, in the place of those of stone, which they have lost."* The Yezidees, Mr. Groves elsewhere observes, are declared enemies of the Mohammedans, whom they hate; but, on the whole, unless their cupidity is excited, they are not unfriendly towards Christians. They seem with the Sabeans and some others, such as the Druzes, to be descendants of the believers in the two principles who have blown their pestiferous breath at different times into every system of religion that has prevailed in these countries."

Mr. Groves afterwards procured still further information respecting the Syrian churches, and says,

"*Aug. 7th.*—There is another person come from Merdin, with the view of settling the affair between the Syrians and the Roman Catholics at Merdin. He is a weaver of Diarbekr; and from him Mr. Pfander learns, that in the last census taken by the Pasha, the Syrians were 700 families, and the Armenians 6700: this certainly opens a most interesting field for Christian inquiry: he also said, that the Syrians in the mountains were perfectly independent of the Mohammedans, and divided

* It may be well to inform the general reader, that the Jacobites here mentioned were so called after Jacob, a monk, who, at the commencement of the seventh century, advocated the views of a sect called Monophysites, who had existed from the year 458, but were then, after much persecution, sunk to the lowest point. The Monophysites, (i. e., *believers in one nature,*) originated in the opposition of a certain bishop to the views of Nestorius, whose distinguishing dogma was, "that the union of the divine and human nature in Christ, was not one of nature and person, but only of will and affection, and that Christ was to be distinguished from God, who resided in Him as in a temple." Both Jacobites and Nestorians were wrong, while the Roman Catholics retained the truth about the person of Christ; but through their early separation from the Church of Rome, they escaped many of its corruptions, and in purity of doctrine on other points, as well as in manners, they have usually risen above it.

into little clans under their respective bishops. He also stated that reading and writing were much more cultivated among the independent Syrians than by those in the plains. He told us, there would be no difficulty in going among the Yezidees with a Syrian guide. The language which the independent Syrians speak is Syriac, which nearly resembles the ancient Syriac, and they fully understand the Syriac Scriptures read in their churches. We hope, therefore, should the Lord spare our lives, to have an opportunity of circulating some of the many copies of the Scriptures in Syriac, which Mr. Pfander has brought from Shushee, and others which I expect from Bombay.

"It is impossible to consider such an immense Christian population as that in Diarbekr, without feeling a wish to pour upon it the fountains of living waters, with which we are so abundantly blessed."

While Mr. Groves was busily engaged in establishing his school, and in planning various modes of usefulness among the natives, the subject of steam communication between India and England, by means of the Euphrates and Tigris, was brought before him by the arrival of Mr. James Taylor from Bombay.

This gentleman had been for some time engaged in undertaking to effect steam communication by way of the Red Sea, and had nearly completed his arrangements when he heard of the advantage of this fresh route. If possible, he saw it would be preferable, as being at least ten days shorter to Bombay, and of those which remained, several would be spent on two beautiful rivers, with opportunities of obtaining from its banks vegetables and fruits; and instead of the Red Sea, which is rocky and stormy, and was at that time little known, there would be the Persian Gulf, which had been surveyed in every part, and is peculiarly free from storms. Mr. Groves entered into the subject with a lively interest, as he hoped the proposed plan would facilitate the coming of missionaries and the evangelization of the East. But difficulties arose, and the plan has never yet been carried into effect. Mr. J. Taylor, who was engaged in the necessary investigations, was one of the party already mentioned as being treacherously robbed and murdered.

When the establishment of this new route was as yet a matter of hope and expectation, Mr. Groves writes, "Mr. J. Taylor thinks that travellers from England would reach this place in twenty-three days, and that we might get to Bombay in twelve: should this ever take place, steam-boats will be passing twice a month up and down this river with passengers from India and England; the effects of such a change, both moral, spiritual and political, none can tell, but everyone may see they must be great. . . . . We are in the Lord's hands and He will bring to pass what concerns His own honour."

Mr. Groves's circumstances and feelings at the close of his first year's residence in this strange land will best be described in his own words:—

"My dear brother Pfander and myself having come to the conclusion, that it would be impossible for me to go with him into the mountains, he determined to return to Shushee, first spending a few months at Ispahan, to complete his knowledge of Persian. I, of course, was not prepared to be left quite alone, but still my heart was fully sustained with the confident hope that the Lord would not only do what was right, but exceeding abundantly above all I could ask! On all sides nothing but silence prevailed:—three packets of letters had been lost between Constantinople and this, one between Tabreez and this, and all the letters from India had been detained, by the Arabs on the river, being at war with the Pasha for four or five months. Therefore I knew nothing of the movements of any of my dear friends, and all was left to conjecture; sometimes, when faith was in full exercise, I felt assured that the Lord was doing all things well; at others, I hardly knew what to think. Things were in this state, when suddenly there came in three Tartars bringing us three packets so full of Christian love and sympathy, and with such good tidings, that it almost overcame our hearts, weak from long abstinence from similar entertainment; and even on this day, the third from their arrival, they fill my heart till it runs over. To hear and see that those one most loves are indeed joying and rejoicing in their holy, most holy relation to God in Christ,—

the relationship of sons and daughters, to see them anxious to walk blameless in all the ordinances their Lord has left them, while they glory in being free from the law of condemnation, and desire to know no freedom from the law of loving obedience: moreover, to see them becoming more and more sensible to the great truth that inestimable as knowledge is, it is what devils may share, but that the love of Jesus, and a tenderness of conscience as to His will, is infinitely higher, and that therefore His command to the members of His church to love one another as He loves them, can never be slighted by them :—oh, to see this does indeed rejoice my heart, and I pray that it may abound more and more among us all, particularly among us who have been so graciously and so kindly led into all the holy freedom of the Gospel. Let us see we use it not as a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of Christ, loving and serving one another, not returning evil for evil, nor reviling for reviling, but contrariwise blessing. The path God's children have to take when they are determined, in the name of the Lord, not to give the name of God's truth to any thing merely human, knowing that it is a vain thing to teach for doctrines the commandments of men, is so naturally offensive, that our zeal for the truth should lead us to pray for such especial graces of the Spirit as may prevent any unloveliness in our walk from hindering the Lord's dear children in coming to and drinking of that well-spring in Christ by which we have been so refreshed and invigorated. Whilst we profess, my very dear friends, absolute freedom from man's controul in the things relating to God, we only acknowledge in a tenfold degree the absoluteness of our subjection to the whole mind and will of Christ in all things. As He is our *life*, which is hid with Him in God, so let Him be our *way* and our *truth*, both in doctrine and conversation. How many, from the neglect of this lovely union, have almost forgotten to care about adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things. Let us, my dear brethren and sisters, pray that we may be united in all the will of Christ. This is a basis not for time only but for eternity, and for that glorious day especially, when the Lord shall come to be glorified in all His

saints, and admired in all them that believe. Not only did my packets bring me joyful tidings of the Lord's doings among those whom I especially know and love, they also brought me intelligence that He had prepared for me help from among those who had been known and approved, and whom I especially loved. How I felt reproved for every doubt; and indeed the Lord has let His goodness so fully pass before me that I am overwhelmed, and feel I can only lay my hand upon my mouth, and whilst overwhelmed with my own vileness, and my unworthiness of the least of all my most gracious Lord's loving kindness to me, glory in that dispensation of grace which ministers to us, not according to our deserts, but the unbought, unbounded love of God. My letters tell me that my very dear brethren and friends, Mr. P., Mr. C., his sister and mother and little babe, and Mr. N., are coming to join us, with possibly a fourth. Now this does seem altogether wonderful, and whilst not at all more than what I ought to have expected, it was more than I had faith to expect. Yet while I have nothing to say for myself, I desire to say all for God: it is like Him, all whose ways are wonderful, and, towards His church, full of mercy, goodness, and truth. Oh, how happy shall we be to await the Lord's coming on the banks of these rivers, which have been the scene of all the sacred history of the old church of God, and are destined still, I believe, to be the scene of doings of yet deeper interest at the coming of the Lord; and whilst I should not hesitate to go to the farthest corner of the habitable earth, were my dear Lord to send me, yet I feel much pleasure in having my post appointed here, though perhaps the most unsettled and insecure country beneath the sun. Without, are lawless robbers, and within, unprincipled extortioners; but it is in the midst of these, that the Almighty arm of our Father delights to display His preserving mercy, and while the flesh would shrink, the spirit desires to wing its way to the very foremost ranks of danger in the battles of the Lord. O, that we may more and more press on this sluggish, timid, earthly constitution, that is always wanting its native ease among the delights of an earthly happiness! O, may my very

loving, zealous brethren stir up my timid, languid spirit to the mild yet life-renouncing love of my dear Lord, which, whilst it was silent, was so strong, yea, stronger than death.

"My dear friend and brother P—— and his wife have been baptized too; to see this conformity to Christ's mind is very delightful, and how wonderful, so strong a current of prejudice is there against this simple, intelligible, and blessed ordinance.

"The Pasha has just sent to the Factory to say that the cholera has extended its ravages to Kerkook, and to ask for advice, and what is to be done should it reach this place. Mr. Montefiore is going to write directions, and Major T. will get them translated into Arabic, for the use of the people here. Blessed be the Lord's holy name, our charter runs, that in the pestilence, "though ten thousand fall at thy right hand, it shall not come nigh thee;" on this, therefore, we repose our hearts. The Pasha seems perplexed to know, in the event of its reaching Bagdad, where he shall go with his family for safety. It is certainly an awful thing to look at Tabreez, where, they say, eight or nine thousand have died out of 60,000; and two years ago at Bussorah, 1,500 out of 6,000, so that the houses were left desolate, and the boats were floating up and down the creek without owners, and when persons died in a house, the rest went away, and left the bodies locked up. But in these days we have in our dwellings a light of which they know nothing, who know not our God either in His power or His love, so that our hearts are enabled to cast all, even the dearest, on the exceeding abundance of His mercy.

"Oh, who would not live a life of faith in preference to one of daily, hourly satiety—I mean as to earthly things; how very many instances of happiness should we have been deprived of, had we not trusted to, and left it to His love to fill us with good things as He pleased, and to spread our table as He has done, year after year, and will do, even here in this wilderness.

"From Shushee we have heard that our dear brother Zaremba and an Armenian had been travelling, and selling Bibles and Testaments. They went to Teflis; from thence to Erzeroum,

Erivan, Ech Miazin, and back again to Shushee. There are also in the letters of our brethren most pleasing accounts of a young Armenian, the son-in-law of the richest Armenian merchant in Baku, supposed to be worth half a million. This young man was much interested by the conversation of the missionaries about the New Testament, and they went away, leaving him an interesting inquirer. He, however, still pursued his way alone, and attained a perfect understanding of the Armenian Testament, which at first he was able to read but indifferently. He then felt himself unable to proceed in mercantile transactions as before, so that his father-in-law told him, that much as he regretted separating from him, if he became so pious, they must part. 'Well,' he said, 'he could not give up his convictions, and he was sure his Lord would not allow him to want;' so he left his father-in-law, and learnt the trade of a tailor. From the very first, he began to teach his wife, and she takes part with him; and he is now selling Bibles and Testaments, and circulating tracts among the Russian soldiers. This is a sight indeed! for centuries perhaps they have not seen one of their own body rising up, and choosing to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; and the sight is as strange to Mohammedans as to Christians. May the Lord sustain, comfort, and bless him out of His heavenly treasure.

"From Tabreez our tidings are heavy, or rather would be, but that the Lord of love directs and orders all, and sees the end from the beginning, yet they have also good tidings too. I have already mentioned that the cholera had been raging at Tabreez; but we learn, that not only this but the plague is there also, to a most frightful extent. I will just copy the account our dear sister, Mrs. W., has given us; and for whose safety we desire to bless the Lord; she says,—

"'Before this reaches you, you may have heard of the sorrow and desolation that have befallen this city within these last two months. Thousands around us have been cut off by the cholera and the plague. The former raged so furiously for the first month, that two or three hundred died daily. Symptoms of

the plague were first discovered among the Russian soldiers, which manifested itself by large boils breaking out over the body, the person attacked feeling himself overcome by stupor; many died before it was thought what it was; precautions were taken, and they were sent out to camp at some distance from the town. The disorder has not raged there so much as it has in the town. I cannot tell you how great was the fear that struck into the minds of the people. Many were taken ill through fear and died. Previous to the city being quite deserted, men, women and children, of all denominations, collected together in large bodies, crying and beseeching God to turn away His judgments from them: this they did bareheaded and without shoes, humbling themselves, they said, because they knew they were great sinners. The air resounded with their cries day and night, particularly during the night, and often through the whole of it. O, did they but know the truth as it is in Jesus! At length all classes fled to the mountains, leaving the town quite deserted. Alexander told me, on his return one day from the city, that he had not met a person. All the shops in the bazaar were forsaken, so that from this you may derive some idea of the terror that has possessed this people.'

"Our Moolah is dreadfully depressed to-day, at the prospect of the cholera and plague coming here, and he said to me, he thought the end of the world must be near, because of these wars and pestilences. Nothing can show the stupid carelessness of these people more than that although they are almost frightened out of their reason at the prospect of the plague and cholera, they have actually allowed a whole caravan from Tabreez to come into the city without quarantine, or any kind of precaution.

"O, how joyful the promises in the Revelation for 'those who are written in the Lamb's book of life.' Yea, He will for His great name's sake, hide us in the secret of His pavillion so that He will put a song into our mouths, yea, He will encompass us with songs of deliverance. We feel that it now indeed especially becomes us neither to 'fear their fear nor be afraid.'

"*Nov. 10th.*—We are now fast approaching the termination of our first year's residence in Bagdad, and the Lord's mercies

towards us have been exceedingly great. We have been surrounded by many things that would have been dangerous, had not the Lord checked them by bringing them to nothing, both from disease and enemies; but, as He promised, they have not come nigh us. We have borne the heat without any diminution of natural strength. We are altogether standing on a more advanced position than on entering Bagdad we could have hoped. Things are in preparation for the knowledge of God's holy word being extended, and thus one great object of missionary labour is in the way of attainment. But still, while I feel assured of there being some choice fruit from here and there a fruitful bough, I at the same time feel no less assured that the great harvest will be of wickedness, and that the pestilence of infidelity is the great spreading evil to be expected, not the spreading of Millennial blessedness. As it was in the days of Noah, so do I believe it will be at the coming of the Son of Man; and as it was in the days of Lot, the great mass of mankind will be taunting the Church with, 'Where is the promise of His coming?' which shews plainly enough that this will be a doctrine of the Church in the latter days, or how should it be reviled? so that our Lord, in contemplating the general apostasy said, 'When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?' O, then, how happy is it to be among those who love His appearing, who long for the termination of that dispensation which has witnessed the humiliation of the Church under the world, and for the rise of that glorious kingdom which shall not be dissolved, and into which no sorrow or sighing can enter.

"I feel the diversity of languages to be a great barrier. Whether the Lord will pour down this among the other gifts of the latter days, I do not know, but at present it is a great exercise of a missionary's patience, to ask even for the common necessaries of life; but to speak out the fulness of a full heart, so as to be understood and felt, is very, very difficult. The difficulties in the way of a literary acquaintance with these languages are by no means so great, as the study may be pursued alone, but the colloquial language can only be learned by

intercourse with men, and this is far more difficult to attain, so that an European may have a very good knowledge of the language of books, and still be little understood in speaking. But the time spent in learning a language, among a people, every thought, and purpose, and habit of whose lives are diverse from your own, has this advantage, that you become in some measure acquainted with their peculiarities before you are in a situation to offend against them.

"Things are beginning to look unsettled in Persia. Contentions have already arisen between the Prince of Kermanshah and the Prince of Hamadan, which seem to be but the precursors of a general state of confusion on the death of the Shah; and doubtless amidst all these commotions the Lord will move on His way, and the day of His coming advance. O, may we all, labouring abundantly in patience, wait for that day, that when it does come we may be found watching!

"I shall conclude this portion of our little history, by assuring those we love, that the Lord has been better than all our fears and all our hopes. The more we have proved Him, the more we have found Him to be faithful and gracious, and that not one of the good things He has promised to faith has been wanting; but His love has abounded far beyond our faith, yea, and it will yet abound more and more. Let us then encourage one another to prove Him more, that we may have deeper experience of His faithfulness. We find the prospect of the coming of our Lord a corrective of the allurements of the world, and an encouragement to a simple surrender of all we as His stewards possess, to Him who has redeemed us from death with His own precious blood, making us a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, that we might shew forth His praises. O, may the Holy Spirit dwell in us more powerfully, that we may be ever fulfilling His great and glorious purpose!

"By letters from Tabreez, we learn that the plague has been ravaging that devoted city, and that 23,000 of the inhabitants have fallen victims to it and the cholera. When this letter came off (Oct. 28) they were still dying at the rate of eighteen

a day; the villages of the surrounding country have suffered equally; half the inhabitants have been swept away, the corn has never been reaped, and the cattle were wandering about without owners. The missionaries from America had not then arrived; most probably they are deterred by the intelligence of the state of Tabreez. Our dear friends the N——'s had never enjoyed better health—thus preserved of the Lord in the midst of the general devastation: they had thought of going to India, but are, for the present, at the request of the Prince, detained till an answer from the Indian government is received respecting them. A famine seems the inevitable consequence of the plague and pestilence at Tabreez. Surely these are among the signs of the times; but the Lord's command to us is, 'Let not your hearts be troubled.'

"I may just add, that we have finally arranged with Marteeros, our new schoolmaster from Sheerauz. He speaks English imperfectly, but thoroughly understands Armenian, and will teach the elder boys grammar and translating. He will also superintend the girls' school for one or two hours in the morning, and teach Mrs. G. Armenian. We also hope, as soon as may be, to get some tracts and little school-books translated into vulgar Armenian, but all this must depend on the blessing of the Lord on our undertaking. Marteeros joined the Church of England in Calcutta, but still remains a strict Armenian, though I hope not bigoted. But all our past experience has led us to look to the Lord alone for all profitable help. Those whom we think promise everything, often occasion us nothing but anxiety, and those from whom we expect the least, we have reason abundantly to bless God for having sent us:—so wisely, so graciously, and yet in so sovereign a way does the Lord bring to pass His purposes, and bless His servants, that every thought of confidence in any creature may be destroyed, and that the soul, by a thousand disappointments, when it has reposed elsewhere, may at last be compelled to learn only to repose on the bosom of its Father, where love and faithfulness eternally dwell, and may be convinced of the vanity of its past expectations from any other source.

CHAPTER VI.

SUPPLY OF THEIR TEMPORAL WANTS — FULL PEACE IN THE PROSPECT OF PESTILENCE — OPPORTUNITIES OF USEFULNESS — PROMISING STATE OF THE SCHOOL — ACTUAL APPEARANCE OF THE PLAGUE — DISSOLUTION OF THE SCHOOL — RESOLUTION OF MR. AND MRS. GROVES TO ABIDE AT THEIR POST — AWFUL MORTALITY — FEELINGS OF THE PEOPLE — DANGER OF INUNDATION — MR. GROVES EXERTS HIMSELF TO SAVE THE PROPERTY OF THE RESIDENT — DIFFICULTIES AS TO THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD — FOUR THOUSAND DYING DAILY — MULTITUDES OF ORPHANS — INUNDATION OF THE CITY — PRESERVATION OF THE MISSIONARY FAMILY TILL NEARLY THE END OF THE PLAGUE — MORE THAN HALF THE POPULATION SWEPT AWAY IN TWO MONTHS — DESCRIPTION OF THE DISEASE —ILLNESS OF MRS. GROVES — HER CALMNESS AND FAITH — HER SUFFERING AND PEACEFUL DEPARTURE — OTHERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD ATTACKED — MR. GROVES'S ARRANGEMENTS AND FEELINGS IN PROSPECT OF HIS OWN REMOVAL — HIS HAPPY CONFIDENCE WHEN ATTACKED BY THE PLAGUE — HIS SPEEDY RECOVERY — DECREASE OF THE PESTILENCE — PRESERVATION OF MR. GROVES'S CHILDREN — HIS REVIEW OF THEIR WORK, AND OF HIS BELOVED WIFE'S PREPAREDNESS FOR HER HEAVENLY REST.

THE first entry Mr. Groves makes in the Journal for 1831, the second year of his residence in Bagdad, is about the Lord's goodness in providing for their wants, he says, "I have this day settled all my accounts, and find, after everything is paid, including the expenses of my baggage from Bushire, and of the house and school for another year, that our little stock will last us, with the Lord's blessing, two months longer, and then we know not whence we are to be supplied, but the Lord does not

allow us to be anxious; He has so wonderfully provided for us hitherto, that it would be most ungrateful to have an anxious thought. Even for my baggage, Major Taylor only allowed me to pay half the charge, and he has, moreover, told me, that should I at any time want money, only to let him know and he will lend it me. Now, really to find such kind and generous friends, is more than we could have hoped, but thus the Lord deals with us, and takes away our fears. That we may many times be in straits I have no doubt, but the time of our necessity will be the time for the manifestation of our Lord's providential love and munificence."

Surrounded as he was by evils, and with the prospect of plague and famine, which were daily on the increase, his mind was enjoying full peace resting on his Lord, and the following striking passages belong to his Journal at this period.—

"*Feb.* 16*th.*—I was much struck by a remark of our Moolah yesterday, when speaking of the horror he felt at the prospect of the plague coming here. He said, 'the sword he did not mind, but the plague he did; for one was the work of man, the other of God.' I replied, 'that feeling the God who directs the plague to be my Father who loved me, I knew He would not suffer it to come nigh me, unless He had no longer any thing for me to do, and then it would come as a summons from a scene of labour and many trials to one of endless joy.' He said, 'Yes! it is very well for you not to fear death who believe in Christ as having atoned for you; but I fear to die.'

"*March* 4*th.*—I read this morning, with peculiar pleasure, Hawker's Evening Portion; 'How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?' The pleasure seemed heightened by our situation, but above all by the unity of our experience with the words of the Psalm, for we have indeed found the love of our Father, the pastoral care of our Shepherd and elder brother, with the consolations and visits of our Comforter, that which has enabled us to sing our Lord's song in a strange land." Speaking of the comfort he felt at the prospect of seeing his dear friends, Mr. Parnell and Mr. Cronin, &c., he says,

"*Feb.* 28*th.*—This day brought us news of the safe arrival of

our very dear and long expected friends and fellow-labourers at Aleppo, on the 11th of January, after many delays and many trials. We had never been allowed to doubt our Lord's most gracious dealings with us, but yet this overwhelmed us with joy and praise; and this welcome news reaches us just as our dear brother Pfander is on the point of leaving us alone. We received, at the same time, letters from most of our dearest friends in England, which tell us, at the very moment when our little all was within a month of coming to a conclusion, that the Lord had provided us with supplies for at least four months to come, for which we might draw. Surely the Lord has most graciously seen fit to dry up those sources from whence we anticipated supply, that we might know we depend on Him alone, and see how He can supply us even here; we were ashamed of every little anxious feeling we had ever had, and were much encouraged to trust him more and more. My soul is led to abhor more and more that love of independence which still clings to it, when I see how it would shut me out from these manifestations of my Father's loving care. O! how hard it is to persuade the rebellious will and proud heart, that to depend on our Father's love for our constant support is more for the soul's health than to be clothed in purple and fare sumptuously every day from what we call our own resources; and yet how plain it is to spiritual vision!

"We met together in the evening to bless the Lord for the past, and supplicate His continued blessing for the future—that He would accomplish what He had begun, that our hearts may never cease to praise and bless him. My soul was much comforted, especially by a text to which one of our dear correspondents called my attention, Zeph. iii. 17. 'The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty, He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy, He will rest in His love; He will joy over thee with singing.' All the letters amounted to twenty-six, which, after so long an interruption of all intelligence, was an especial source of joy. And now we can think of our dear friends as absolutely at Alleppo, only waiting for the termination of disturbances to join us."

Mr. Groves appears to have had many opportunities of giving and lending copies of the Scriptures to people around him, as also of sending them to adjacent villages: he writes, "A Mohammedan Effendi was with us to-day; a very amiable young man, who sees many evil things in the customs of his people, arising out of the Mohammedan laws. He said he came to borrow an Arabic Bible for a poor schoolmaster, which I gladly lent; whether it be really for a schoolmaster or for himself I do not know.

"*March 13th.*—A Jew came to borrow an Arabic Bible from me which I let him have. Another Jew was with me yesterday who translated the Hebrew into Arabic very tolerably; but generally they only learn to read, without understanding the language.

"An Armenian Priest has just come to ask for four or five Armenian Bibles, to send to some villages between Hamadan and Teheraun. This is a plan we like better than sending many to one place, not only as spreading knowledge further, but also from the greater probability of their being read."

Of the goodness of the Lord in appearing for them, and providing beforehand for their wants, Mr. Groves writes:

"God our Father has most marvellously eased our way, and so great has been the kindness of our friend here, that he would do any thing he could for us. He even told me the other day never to let our work stand still for want of funds, for should I want any he would gladly supply me, and lend me for my personal wants whatever I might need. Now when we consider there is but one English family now resident in Bagdad besides our own, how like the Lord's acting it is to make them willing to supply the necessary help. Not only does the Lord give us the necessary means, He does not even allow us, when our little fund gets low, to know the anxiety of expecting, or thinking what we should do. And surrounded as we have been these many months, by the alarm of war, and the fear of plague or cholera, even our dear native islands have not been without their anxieties; but I have been much struck of late with the peculiar dealings of God towards His chosen; as of old the pillar that was all darkness to the enemy was light to the church in the

wilderness, so now this dark cloud, the darkness of which may be felt, which is spreading from one end of the Christian and Mohammedan world to the other, has towards the church in her pilgrimage its full, steady, bright light surmounted by 'Behold he cometh!' Blessed assurance! But a little day of toil, and then we shall come with Him, or rise to join His assembled saints, dressed all anew with our house from heaven, that spiritual clothing meet for the new creature in Christ Jesus. O, what glorious liberty we are heirs to, as children of God, one day to love the Eternal Father, Son, and Spirit, with unalloyed affections, when our whole nature shall be again on the side of God, and not a place left for the enemy to put his foot to harass the heir of glory."

Referring to a letter from Mr. Pfander, telling him of two very interesting converts, and the persecutions they suffered from their own people, he says:

"The two dear and most interesting deacons, of whom one is mentioned as having died in the faith in his way to suffer for the truth, and the other as gone to witness alone before his enemies and persecutors at Echmiazin, were both in the school at Shushee, and in the study and translation of the word of God had been led step by step to see through the errors of the system by which they were bound.

"A proof of the progress of the same spirit manifested itself in our infant beginnings. The two little Armenian boys who live with us, eat and live as we do; on being asked by the boys without, why they did not fast, as their nation did, for fifty days; they without my knowledge or any direction from me, set about selecting from the New Testament, in conjunction with my own little boys, those passages which bear on the question, and which shew that if we eat not we are none the better, and if we do eat none the worse. Remarks of a similar kind have many times occurred in the course of our translations from the Testament. At all events, there is a growing tendency in the minds of the children, to feel that God's word is the one rule by which all that is imposed on them must be justified, and thence the necessity of understanding it; and this principle upsets at once the

whole system of ignorant mummery which is now called, or thought to be, the religion of Jesus here. If it be the Lord's pleasure to spare our lives, and to grant us the ability and opportunity to publish His truth, results will follow to rejoice our hearts, I have no doubt: God has declared it shall not return unto Him void, nor shall it. And to the Mohammedans also these converts from among the fallen churches become invaluable preachers, from their facility in the vernacular language; and from their being continually exposed to the question, why they do not do so and so, they are called upon by the very necessity of their position to defend themselves with meekness and wisdom, whereas, in our case, they are satisfied with simply making up their minds that their religion is the best for them, and ours best for us."

Another striking proof of the quietness and peace in which the minds of the little missionary band were kept, when fear was on every side, is shown by the following entry :—

"*March 20th.*—Two tribes of Arabs, whom the Pasha has brought up to help him in the approaching contest, in consequence of some feud between them, came to blows, and all last night and this morning were firing at one another in that quarter of the city, on the other side of the river, where they are stationed.—It caused much alarm, and may be but a precursor to general confusion and greater trials; but the Lord Jehovah, who sitteth on the everlasting hills, is our shield and defence. The firing has since ceased, and one of the tribes has been driven out of Bagdad."

On *March 21st,* Mr. Groves received a packet of letters, sent by way of Bombay, which had been eighteen months on the road: he writes :—

"How strikingly do these letters prove the truth of our Lord's declaration, that those who leave father or mother, &c., for His sake and the gospel's, shall find a hundredfold, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, houses, lands, with persecutions. Surely we are rich indeed, in the love of the saints, and in their prayers for us. These letters prove, that our weak, childish faith has not been without the Lord's blessing on His own work. Oh, then,

what might be expected if we had been strong in the Lord and in the power of His might! Perhaps, however, He who has led us hitherto, insignificant as we are, may lead us onward still to magnify His grace in our weakness. Surely no missionaries, with so few pretensions to the love and confidence of the church of God, ever received more solid proofs of deep and hearty interest than we have during these ten months; this is no small point gained, and I think we may go further, and add, that many have been led by this weak effort of faith in us to take steps they might not otherwise venture upon. I do not desire for one moment to set myself in opposition to those blessed institutions whose labours roused us from our lethargy; but this I may say, that I do not think their plan is the best, or the only good one. Notwithstanding, I desire to bless God for them, and co-operate with them, whenever I can. I do rejoice with most unfeigned joy at any honour God bestows upon them, and I should rejoice to see them multiplied a hundredfold; for whosoever brings a stone to the temple of our Lord and King, whatever different means he may have laboured with from ourselves, shall be our father, mother, sister, brother. The only end we know of existence is the manifestation of that temple, and may the King's blessing and favour rest on the head of every one who labours for it at home or abroad, under established institutions, or in any other way. By all, Christ is preached, God the Father glorified, and the power of the Holy Ghost manifested. Unprofitable servants as we are, weak in faith, and infirm in purpose, except as the Lord day by day lift us up, as it were, with one hand, and cover us with the other, and enable us to stagger on our way, still we cannot but feel that the Lord's goodness and care, which our weakness has elicited, may have moved in some small degree the hearts of the little band who are coming to join us; and I hear that their simplicity and faith has yet further stirred up the spiritual affections of others to go and do likewise.—but these are early days; if it be of the Lord, he will bless it; if not, we desire to be the first to lay our hands on our lips, and our faces in the dust, saying, we were deceived; the cause is the Lord's, not our's; with Him we will leave its prosperity and defence."

Up to the time of the appearance of the plague in Bagdad, the shoool continued to be a source of great pleasure and occupation to Mr. and Mrs. Groves; the latest entry before it was broken up describes the children's interest in some little tracts printed in the vulgar Armenian. It is as follows :—

"I believe I have many times mentioned the deep-rooted opposition which exists among the clergy and literary men in the East, to having any thing translated into the vulgar dialect : they are worse than the literati of Europe used to be with their Latin, many among whom but lately came to see that it was no disgrace to communicate their ideas in a vernacular tongue : as the common sense of mankind has triumphed over the literary pride of the learned in Europe, so may babes one day overthrow the literary pride of these orientals. I obtained the other day, for the little girls, a translation of one of Carus Wilson's little stories into the vulgar Armenian of this place. The contrast between the effect produced by reading this in an intelligible language, and their usual lessons, was most striking : in the latter there is of necessity a perfect indifference ; but on reading this they begged and entreated they might have it to carry home, which is promised them for next week. Of this I had no doubt before ; but the experiment has been most gratifying and encouraging.

"*March 28th.*—The plague has now, we believe, absolutely entered this unhappy city. Major T. and all connected with the Residency, are preparing to leave for the mountains of Kourdistan ; he has most kindly invited us to go with them and form part of his family ; this is most truly kind, and there are many things to recommend it—the opportunities it would afford M. for learning Armenian, and me Arabic, and for observation on the country and people, besides our being delivered from all apparent danger either from the sword which threatens us from without, or the pestilence within ;—the absence of all these friends, and of so many of the principal Christian families who are going with them, which leaves us exposed to the bigotry of the people in any tumults that may arise—all these things presented themselves to our minds. But there are considerations that outweigh these : in the first place, we feel

that while we have the Lord's work on our hands we ought not to fly and leave it; again, if we go, it is likely that for many months we cannot return to our work, whereas the plague may cease in a month; opportunities of usefulness may arise during the plague which a more unembarrassed time may not present; and our dear friends from Aleppo may come and find no asylum. The Lord gives us great peace and quietness of mind in resting under His most gracious and loving care, and as the great object of our lives is to illustrate His love to us, we believe that in the midst of these awful circumstances He will fill our tongues with praise as He now fills our hearts with peace.

"Yesterday Dr. B. and Mr. M. went and saw several patients they thought afflicted with the plague; but their minds were not perfectly made up. To-day, there is no longer any doubt. I accompanied Mr. M. in his visits, and now there are about twenty cases, and the number is increasing. Thus, then, this long expected scourge has visited this city, and our Father only knows when the awful visitation may cease. We can only cast ourselves into His holy and loving hands for safety and peace, and there do we cast ourselves, with all that is dearest to us in this world. We have proved our Jesus to be the Captain and Author of our hopes, and always found that in the power of His name we have obtained the victory. Nothing but the Lord's loving pity can prevent the most awful extension of the disease; not only are the people crowded together, two or three dying in one room, but the intercourse is perfectly unrestricted in all parts of the city, so that I fear what is now confined to one quarter, and might possibly by a vigilant government be kept there, will spread in all directions. We have, therefore, been forced to take the most painful step of breaking up our school, for it would have been quite impossible to collect eighty children together, from different parts of the city, without exposing all to danger. May the Lord enable us profitably to avail ourselves of our retirement to cultivate a more extended communion with Him who is our life. Dear M. is much staid on her God, and feels that as He has been, so He will be to us a hiding-place in every storm.

"*April 1st.*—The plague is still increasing, but apparently not rapidly. We wait the Lord's pleasure in our own house. The only inconvenience is want of water, which can only be had from without; and they say, when the plague becomes intense, all the water-carriers cease to ply; but the Lord hath said, in the time of famine ye shall be satisfied; on this promise we rest in peace."

At a later date, (Sept. 12th,) during the famine, Mr. Groves describes the manner in which they were provided with food throughout the whole of this awful period:—

"The deaths at present from the plague are confined to the Mohammedans and the Jews. To avoid it, many of the Jews have gone to Bussorah, and the Kourds who brought it here have fled from the city; a large caravan of Christians are now thinking of returning to Mosul, who were driven from thence three or four years ago by plague and its attendant famine. . . .

"The poor Jews have been robbed of every thing by the Arabs and sent back naked, and there seems little better prospect for those who are going to Mosul: they have the Arabs on the one side the road, and the Kourds on the other.

"It is striking how fully and simply the Mohammedans admit the expected coming of our Lord and the end of the world. The end of our Lord's coming they conceive to be to set His seal to Mohammed's mission, and that all Christians will become Mohammedans. Still these fundamental errors in their views do not prevent a clear and distinct expectation, similar to that of the Gentiles at the time of our Lord's first coming. Certainly no people can have a worse opinion of the state of the professors of their religion than the Mohammedans have; still, with the loss of zeal for their own religion, their heart seems full of strong delusion to believe a lie, and to hate the way of life, and above all the Lord who is the true God and eternal life.

"How blessed is the 91st Psalm at such moments as these; in looking round on one's little family, to know that every arrow that flies winged with death is no random shot, but that the Lord who is your life, and with whom your life is hid in God, directs them all. 'Call upon me,' says the Lord, 'in the

day of trouble, I will deliver *thee*, and thou shalt *glorify me*.' Blessed Lord, when thou hast (as thou most assuredly wilt do) delivered us, may we never forget to glorify and bless thee. Oh! what a blessed feeling it is to know that you are not under the general, but the especial and particular government of Jehovah—that He has redeemed you, and you are His—that He has engraven you on the palms of His hands, and that day and night He is watching to preserve you.

"*April 3rd.*—An immense crowd of poor Jews left the city this morning, to escape the destruction of the plague. The Christians also are leaving in every direction they can find open. I fear these poor creatures in their flight can hardly fail to carry the plague with them.

"*April 4th.*—We were last night alarmed by the voices of apparently thousands of persons on the other side of the river, and discharges of guns mingled with the cries, which gradually extended also to this side the river. We concluded it must be from a tribe of Arabs having broken into the city, the noise being exactly similar to that of the two tribes of Arabs who were contending the other day, only much more violent. But, after an hour's suspense, we heard it was a concourse of Arabs met to supplicate from God the removal of the plague.

"The deaths from the plague do not seem to increase with any rapidity these two or three days; 150 perhaps is the highest any day. On a former occasion, about sixty years ago, they amounted to nearly 2000 a day. There is with us the father of our schoolmaster who had the plague at that time, and he says, you might have walked from one gate of the city to the other, and hardly have met a person or heard a sound. We trust it may be the Lord's gracious purpose to take off the heaviness of His judgment, and spare yet a little longer this sinful city.

"The news from Europe also—how strange—how anxious; surely the Lord seems sifting the nations, and showing their rulers that, without His blessing, their confidences, plans, and speculations, can never stand. That they should have discovered also that the spiritual and temporal character of the Pope's

government are incompatible;—surely these are signs of the times that may make the most sceptical enquire. O, how joyful a thought it is that the Lord is at hand, and our pilgrimage nearly ending!

"*April 7th.*—We thought the Lord had removed the sword from us, but we hear it is now near at hand; and the plague seems extending, or every one is running away. Sometimes, on looking round on our dear little circle, the old, heavy, faithless flesh would seek its quiet, sheltered retreat under the lofty elms at Exeter, but the Lord never allows the spirit for one moment to desire otherwise than to wait and see the salvation of our God, who will for His name's sake do wonderfully for us that our hearts may rejoice in Him. We hear the enemy is within three days of the city, and the Pasha is going out with all his Harem, whether to contend or fly we do not know, but we think from his character, the latter; but where will he fly? If he flies with gold, there are those who will plunder him; if he flies without, he cannot stir a step. In fact, in the moment his affairs are actually sinking, all the miserable elements of his present comparative strength turn against him.

"*April 9th.*—Stillness continues to prevail over the city, like the calm which precedes a convulsion; our neighbours are preparing for defence, by getting armed men into their houses, but we sit down under the shadow of the Almighty's wings, fully assured that in His name we shall boast ourselves. The Pasha, however, has not gone out as he intended yesterday. We have just heard that the reports of the plague have stopped for a little the approach of his enemies; still every thing is exceedingly unsettled. He is going to shut himself up in the citadel till the answer to his overtures comes from Constantinople, but all those about him are against him, and wishing for the arrival of his enemies. About fifty went out the other day and seized on Hillah,* but they were driven out.

* Hillah is a small town on the river Euphrates, a little below the ruins of Babylon. It was built in the year 495 of the Hegira, or 1115 of the Christian era, in a district called by the natives El Aredh Babel; its

"*April* 10*th.*—The Lord has in many respects this day altered our position here. One of Major Taylor's sepoys has died of the plague, and now four of the servants are attacked. This has so alarmed Major T. and the family, that they are immediately going off to a country house, built by order of the Government of Bombay, for the Resident, in the neighbourhood of Bussorah, and they may or may not return to this place. They have kindly offered us an asylum with them, and a passage in their boat. Having no immediate occupation here at present, I feel quite free to accept it, but there are considerations that prevent us. Hitherto the Lord has kept us safe, and no symptom of plague has appeared in our dwelling, though it is all around us. We cannot move without coming in contact with numbers of people for many days, and being shut up in a small boat with the Arab sailors;* and even the very plague we may leave this city to avoid may have reached Bussorah before we could arrive there, as thousands have already set off from hence for that place; besides which, should it be the Lord's pleasure that the plague terminate soon, and we then wish to return, it may be many months before we may meet with an opportunity. The only advantage seems to be, that we should thus be apparently further removed from those troubles which seem likely to arise in the threatened attempt to depose this Pasha; yet, on the whole, we feel we may hold on with the Lord's blessing; but if we were once to leave our present post, it might be very difficult to regain it.

"As to the numbers of those who have died of the plague, on this side of the river alone, in little more than one fortnight, all agree in making it about 7,000. The poor inhabitants know

population does not exceed six or seven thousand, and consists of Arabs and Jews, there being no Christians, and only such Turks as are employed in the Government. The inhabitants bear a very bad character. The air is salubrious, and the soil extremely fertile, producing great quantities of rice, dates, and grain of different kinds, though it is not cultivated to above half the degree of which it is susceptible.—See Mr. Rich's Memoirs on the Ruins of Babylon.

* The whole of those who took down the boats died.

not what to do: if they remain in the city, they die of the plague; if they leave it, they fall into the hands of the Arabs, who strip them of every thing, or they are exposed to the effects of the inundation of the Tigris, which has now overflown the whole country around Bagdad, and destroyed, they say, 2000 houses on the other side of the river, but I think this must be exaggerated: the misery of this place, however, is now beyond expression, and may yet be expected to be much greater. Dreadful as the outward circumstances of this people are, their moral condition is infinitely worse; nor does there seem to be a ray of light amidst it all. The Mohammedans look on those who die of the plague as martyrs, and no wailing is made for them, so that amidst all these desolations there is a stillness which, when one knows the cause, is very frightful. The Lord enables us to feel the blessedness of the 91st Psalm, at least of the portion of those to whom that Psalm pertains; and we have, amidst all these very trying circumstances, a peace that passeth understanding. We feel indeed that we owe it to our Lord's love to be careful for nothing, neither to run or make haste as others, but to stand still and see the salvation of our God.

"There was a curious conversation going on last night among some Mohammedans outside our window relative to the plague, which they said was an especial judgment on them and the Jews, but from which Christ would deliver the Nazarenes; and in all these calamities, it is remarkable how doubly heavy they fall on these two classes. Feelings like these, and others that we know exist, make us clear to stay where we are, in the midst of these judgments, trying as they are to the natural feelings. That which comes to the ungodly as judgment, comes to the child of God like the chariot of fire to Elijah. From these visitations *as judgments*, we have an especial promise of protection, and we trust in the midst of them some good may spring up; at all events, we feel that we shall have quite met our dear Lord's mind in giving this people a last opportunity of hearing, ere their house is left unto them desolate.

"*April 12th.*—I have just taken leave of the kind T.'s. The accounts of the deaths are truly terrific; they say, the day

before yesterday 1200 died ; and yesterday, Major T.'s man of business obtained a statement that they amounted to 1040 on this side of the river. If this can be relied on, the mortality within and without the city must be truly appalling, and should it not please the Lord soon to stay the destroying angel's hand, the whole country must become one wide waste. Some very kind Armenians* have offered to provide what is necessary for our journey to Damascus, if we will go with them. The possibility of meeting our dear brethren is a great temptation, but still we do not see clearly our permission to go, and the Lord has given us all such perfect peace in staying, and such perfect health, that we are even unwilling to go ; we remain therefore and rest upon our Lord's love, which we feel assured will be manifested towards us amidst this scene of death ; and afterwards we shall see why we remained more clearly perhaps than now.

"*April 13th.*—The plague has just entered our neighbour's dwelling, where they have collected together nearly thirty persons, not simply their own family. It seems as if a spirit of infatuation had seized them, for instead of making their number as small as possible, they seem to congregate as many as they can.

"O, what a blessed portion is ours, to have the God of Israel and His unchangeable promises for our sure and abiding place of rest—our little sanctuary unto which we may always resort ! Yea, in the secret of His pavillion He will hide us.

"*April 14th.*—This is a day of awful visitation. The accounts of deaths yesterday vary from 1000 to 1500 ; and to-day, they say, is worse than any, and the increase in the numbers of deaths does not include the immense multitudes who are dying without the city. One of our schoolmasters† is gone to Damascus, and has taken with him his little nephew who was

* The caravan they went by suffered the most complicated misery both from the flood and the plague, and never succeeded in prosecuting the journey.

† He died afterwards—he was the one mentioned in my former Journal as having come from Shiraz.

boarding with us, so we are indeed now quite alone. In fact, nothing prevents the entire desertion of the city but the dangers of the way, and the poverty of the inhabitants.

"*April 15th.*—The accounts of the mortality yesterday are still more alarming—1800 deaths in the city. There was great danger of the bodies being left in the houses, and the inhabitants flying and leaving them unburied, but by great exertions on the part of some young men in one quarter of the town to bury the dead there, others have been stimulated in other quarters to similar exertions, and last night all were buried. Our Moolah has just been here; he says he has bought winding-sheets for himself, his brother, and his mother.* He says that yesterday he was in the Jews' quarter and only met one person, and that was a woman who when she saw him ran in and locked the door. Meat, for some days, or anything else from without, we have been unable to get. Water alone we have obtained. But, to-day, even that we cannot get at any price; every water-man you stop answers, he is carrying it to wash the bodies of the dead.

"*April 16th.*—The accounts of yesterday are worse than any day, and an Armenian girl who has been here this morning said she saw, in a distance of about 600 yards, fifty dead bodies carrying to burial. The son of Gaspar Khan, our next neighbour, is dead. Two have been carried out from a little passage opposite our house to-day, where two more are ill. All you see passing have a little bunch of herbs, or a rose, or an onion to smell to, and yet as to real measures of precaution there has not been one step taken, not even contact avoided, and the most unrestrained intercourse goes on in every direction, so that nothing but the Lord's arm can prevent the entire desolation of the whole province. The population of Bagdad cannot exceed 80,000, and of this number more than half have fled† so that the mortality of two thousand a-day is going on among considerably less than 40,000 people. But the Lord tells us, when

* Both he and his brother died.

† Most of them were driven back by the increase of the waters without.

we hear or see these things, not to have our hearts troubled, for our redemption draweth nigh ; and we believe it, and accept it as a sweet drop in the bitter cup that is now being drunk to the very dregs by so many about us, and which, but for this expectation, would bow down the stoutest heart.

" One of Major T.'s servants who has just been here says, the city is a perfect desert, only peopled by the dead, the bearers of the dead, and the water-carriers. Our household are all in perfect health, thanks be to our loving Shepherd's care.

" *April 17th.*—To-day, as yesterday, we have heard nothing as to numbers. The accounts are very contradictory ; some saying, there is very little plague, others, that it is heavier than any day ; so that probably in some parts of the city it is very severe and in others lighter.

" An Armenian told the schoolmaster that almost every one you meet is carrying cotton and other things for the interment of the dead. We are left almost alone in our own neighbourhood, all having fled in one direction or another ; we have been, however, all preserved in health, to the praise of the Keeper of Israel.

" Surely every principle of dissolution is operating in the midst of the Ottoman and Persian empires. Plagues, earthquakes, and civil wars, all mark that the day of the Lord's coming is at hand ; and this is our hope ; on this our eyes and hearts rest as the time of repose, when all these trials shall cease, and the saints shall possess the kingdom.

" *April 18th.*—To- day the accounts are truly distressing. In the family of one of our little boys, consisting of six, four are laid down with the plague, father, mother, one son, and one daughter—only one son and a daughter remaining. Immense numbers of families will be altogether swept away, and many thousands of fatherless and motherless children will be left when this heavy judgment ceases. It is now become useless to attempt to obtain accurate accounts about numbers.

"*April 19th.*—Still heavy, heavy news. The Moolah has called to give us an account of the city. He says it now stands stationary at between 1,500 and 2,000 a-day, and has been so for a

fortnight. What a mass of mortality! Among the Pasha's soldiers, he says, they have lost in some regiments above 500 out of 700.—And in the towns and villages without, the report is that it is as bad or worse than within the city.

"*April* 20*th.*—The plague much the same. Among the Armenians nine were buried yesterday, and seven to day. There are not left in the city more than 400, and now there is the plague in every third or fourth house. The water also is increasing, so that a little more will inundate the whole city on this side of the river, as it has on the other, to the inexpressible additional misery of the poor people. The caravan which left for Damascus can neither advance nor return on account of the water. Yesterday four dead were carried out from the little passage opposite our house, making in all fourteen dead from eight houses, and there are others now lying ill.

"*April* 21*st.*—To-day the accounts of the plague are rather more favourable, though another has been carried out from the passage opposite us, and there are some ill in three houses adjoining ours. The river has burst into the cellars of the Residency, and is within a foot of inundating the whole city.

"*April* 22*nd.*—Having had occasion to-day to go to the Residency, to endeavour to save some things from the water, which has come into all the cellars, I was in every way overwhelmed with the awful state of the city, and at the difficulty of obtaining help of any kind at any price. The servant of Major T——, who is left in charge of the house, told me he had applied in every direction, but could get no one to help him; one had a wife dead or dying, another a mother, another was employed in carrying water for the dead; and on our way, we saw the court of the Meshid or Mosque full of graves; and no longer finding room there, they were burying the dead in the public road. When in want of water, I think we shall be obliged to go to the river and fetch it for ourselves, as a water-carrier is hardly now to be seen, except when followed by a man forcing him to carry water to some house where there is death. Amidst all, the Lord lets not His destroying angel enter our dwelling; though tens of thousands are falling around us, we

are all, by His grace and holy keeping, well. The business of death is now come to that height that people seem to take their nearest relations, and bring them for interment, with as much indifference as they would transact the most ordinary business.

"*April* 23*rd.*—The plague not decreasing; two more were brought out to-day from the passage opposite to us, making seventeen from eight houses near us. The mother of the Seyd,* who owns our house, has been buried in her house, as no one could be found to bury her. Another most affecting case has just occurred. A little girl of about twelve years old was seen carrying an infant in her arms, and being asked whose it was, she said, she did know, but had found it in the road, having heard that both its parents were dead. Water now is not to be had for money; yet even in these times Israel's pillar has its bright side to Israel; and the Lord will be a little sanctuary for us, whatever sore judgments He may send on the earth.

"*April.* 24*th.*—The plague still raging with most destructive violence; the two servants in our next neighbour's house are both dead, and two horses are left, I fear, to starve. A poor Armenian woman has just been here, to beg a little sugar for a little infant she picked up in the street this morning; and she says, a neighbour of her's picked up two more. They have just been digging graves beside our house. Almost all the cotton is consumed, so that persons are wandering all over the city to find some, for burying their dead. Water not to be had at any price, nor a water-carrier to be seen. O, what heart-rending scenes sin has introduced into the world! O, when will the Lord come to put an end to these scenes of disorder, physical as well as moral! In one short month, not less than 30,000 souls have passed from time to eternity in this city, and yet, even now, no diminution apparently of deaths. Surely, the judgment of the Lord is on this land! One more taken from the little passage opposite, making nineteen from the eight houses.

"*April* 25*th.*—To-day, three more from the same passage,

* Seyd is a name given to the descendants of Mohammed.

making twenty-one from these houses. Such a disease I never heard of or witnessed; certainly not more than one in twenty recovers.

"This has been a heart-rending day. The accounts from the Residency, and the falling of a wall, undermined by the water, obliged me to go out, and I saw nothing but death and desolation; hardly a soul in the streets, unless such as were carrying the dead, or themselves affected with plague; and at a number of doors, and in the lanes, were bundles of clothes that had been taken from the dead, and put out. The Court of the Mosque was shut, having no place left for burying, and graves were digging in every direction in the roads, and in the unoccupied stables about the city. The water also has increased so much as to be within a few inches of inundating the city. Should this further calamity come on this side, as it has on the other, human misery will be near its climax, for where they will then bury their dead I know not. There seems no diminution in the plague yet that we can discern. Two of the men we had to help to take Major T——'s things from the water are attacked: one of them is the fourth from a household, consisting of six. The remaining servant of Mr. T—— had intelligence brought while I was there, that his aunt was dead, which, he says, is the eighth near relation he has lost.

"Some of the Mohammedans, our neighbours, were sitting under our windows last evening, and were observing, that while two or three had been taken from every house, we only had remained free. And this is of the Lord's marvellous love. We consist of thirteen, including the schoolmaster's family, and the Lord has given His destroying angel charge to pass over our door.

"The Pasha has sent to desire that he might have Major T——'s yacht drawn up near the Seroy or Palace to go into, in case the water should increase; and when the man was sent for who had the charge of the vessel, he with another had run away, three were dead, and only one remained. These are surely the days of visitation for the pride of Edom. The man who sold cotton for burying the dead, the price of which he

raised from forty-five to ninety-five piastres, and who lived only two doors from us, died yesterday. There is no more cotton left in the city, and they now bury the dead in their clothes. The price of soap is raised four times higher than usual. I have been enabled, by the Lord's goodness, to get all our water-jars filled, though at twenty times the usual price. The bodies of persons of considerable wealth are now just put on the back of a donkey, or a mule, and carried away to be buried, accompanied by one servant. We have also much anxiety about the people of the Damascus-caravan; we can hear no tidings as to whether they have been swallowed up by the inundation or not. Whether they have been able to retreat to some eminence, or what is become of them, we know not. The poor women who have taken charge of the two poor little infants have sent to us for food for them, as in these countries they have no idea of bringing up children by hand. It may be, to be instrumental in saving some of these poor little infants, and in helping the orphans that remain, that the Lord has allowed us to stay here. They are all Mohammedan children.

"*April 26th*—For many days we have been unable to obtain any account of the number of deaths; but the *Chaoosh* of Major T—— has been with the Pasha this morning, who is in the greatest possible state of alarm, wishing to go, but not knowing how. One of his officers, whose business it is to inquire about the number of deaths daily, reported that it had reached 5,000, but yesterday it was 3,000 and to-day less. Enormous as the mortality has been, I cannot but think this beyond the truth; yet it must be remembered, that the inundation kept immense masses of poor thronged together in the city, who, but for this, would have all fled in one direction or another.

"The accounts are heartrending of little children left in the streets; five were left yesterday, a poor woman told us, near the Residency, and others in different directions. If the wrath of God is pouring out on the mystic Babylon, as it is on this province of the literal Babylon, the two antichrists are beginning to draw near their end. But for the presence of the

Lord in our dwelling, as its light and joy, what a place would this be to be alone in now; but with Him, even this is better than the garden of Eden. These are invaluable situations for the experience of God's loving, distinguishing care, and here we realize our pilgrim-state much better than in the quiet of England, with all its apparent external security.

"The utmost number of daily deaths I heard of at Tabrecz was 400, and here it is said to be 4,000, and yet the population certainly is not double. In going out to speak with a servant of Major T——, I saw a very decently dressed female lying in a dying state of plague at our door, quite senseless; it is almost more than the heart can bear. Yet that the Lord will even from these scenes prepare ways for the establishment of His truth, I feel fully assured, and this supports us. A north wind has regularly blown for these four days past, so that we hope the water will not again increase. O, may our Father of His infinite mercy take away these heavy, heavy judgments, and make their present measure instrumental to the advancement of His kingdom! The Soochee Bashee, an officer of police, has just been here, and tells us, that the Pasha proposes removing to near Coote, a village on the Tigris, half way between this and Bussorah. At any other time, this would tend to most fearful convulsions within the city; but in the present state of things, perhaps, all may remain quiet, without a governor. When the plague which now desolates the city ceases, we know not what may happen; but this we do know, that the love of our Father, and His gracious providence, will be magnified by all events, and that we shall yet praise Him more and more. It seems to me more than probable that the Pasha does not intend to return. By the plague he has lost half his soldiers, and a great number of his Georgian slaves, who are his personal, attached friends; he may now remove without obstruction, perhaps, from any one, or the possibility of any communication being made to his enemies to intercept him; but time only will show; however this may be, it is certain that should the plague cease to-morrow, the city is in such a state that no resistance could be made for one moment to any enemy. How invaluable the

past proofs of the Lord's loving kindness and tender mercies are at such times, the remembrance of Him from the hill Mizar and the land of the Hermonites. In going along the streets to-day, I saw several poor sufferers labouring under the plague; and a number of places where clothes had been brought out and burnt.

"Our anxieties have been greatly increased by the illness of our dear little baby; but our unerring Physician has restored her to us to-day, we trust in a measure which promises amendment.

"*April 27th.*—To-day all thoughts are turned from the plague to the inundation which, from the falling of a portion of the wall on the north-west side last night, let the water in full stream into the city. The Jews' quarter is inundated, and 200 houses fell there last night: we are hourly expecting to hear that every part of the city is overflowed. A part also of the wall of the citadel is fallen. And, in fact, such is the structure of the houses that, if the water remains near the foundations long, the city must become a mass of ruins. The mortar they use in building is very like plaister of Paris, which sets very hard, and does very well when all is dry; but as soon as ever water is applied, it all crumbles to powder; and in building walls of four or five feet thick, they have only an outside casing of brick work thus cemented, and within, it is filled up with dust and rubbish, so that what seems strong enough in appearance to bear any thing, soon moulders away, and by its own weight accelerates its ruin. It must be many, many years, if ever, before the city can recover. But it seems to me, that this seat of Mohammedan glory, and of its proudest recollections, has received its death-warrant from the hand of the Lord. This inundation has not only ruined an immense number of houses in the city, and been the cause of tens of thousands dying of the plague, but the whole harvest is destroyed. The barley, which was just ready to be reaped, is utterly gone, and every other kind of corn must likewise be ruined, so that for thirty miles all round Bagdad, not a grain of corn can be collected this year; and perhaps, if all was quiet this might be of no consequence, for from Mosul and Kourdistan it might easily come; but this will be prevented by the enemies of the Pasha who surround us.

The poor are beginning to feel immense difficulties, for all the shops are shut, and there is a great scarcity of wood for firing; and should the water now cause a general inundation of the whole city, the heart sickens at the contemplation of the scenes that must follow; for the houses of the poor are nothing but mud, scarcely one of which will be left standing.

"For ourselves personally, the Lord has allowed us great peace, and assured confidence in His loving care, and in the truth of His promise, that our bread and our water shall be sure; but certainly nothing but the service of such a Lord as He is would keep me in the scenes which these countries do exhibit, and I feel assured will, till the Lord has finished His judgments on them for the contempt of the name, nature, and offices of the Son of God; yet I linger in the hope that He has a remnant even among them, for whose return these convulsions are preparing the way.

"*April 28th.*—News more and more disastrous. The inundation has swept away 7,000 houses from one end of the city to the other, burying the sick, the dying, and the dead, with many of those in health, in one common grave.* Those who have escaped, have brought their goods and the relics of their families to the houses the plague has desolated, or desertion left unoccupied, and houses are yet falling in every direction.

"The Lord has stopped the water just at the top of our street by a little ledge of high ground, so that as yet we are dry; and all free from the sword of the destroying angel. Scarcity of provision is beginning to be sensibly felt, so that very respectable persons are coming to the door to beg a little bread, or a little butter, or some other simple necessary of life. To-day, the number dying in the road was much greater than I have before seen, and the number unburied in the streets daily and hourly increases. The Seroy of the Pasha is a heap of

* I have heard of eight thus buried in one house, or rather belonging to one family, the remains of which are come to reside next us in a house, where those who had the charge of it are dead.

ruins, and though he is most anxious to go, he cannot collect forty men to man the yacht, for all fear of him is now past, and love for him they have none; his distress beggars all description, for not a single native vessel is left in Bagdad, every one having been employed to take down the crowds to Bussorah at the commencement of this dreadful calamity. I have from day to day mentioned the dead taken from the eight houses opposite to ours; that number has to-day reached twenty-four; in one of these, out of nine, one only survives; and I mention twenty-four, not as all, but as those which have been seen carried out by some of the schoolmaster's family, who were however very little in that room which overlooks this passage. Of another family near the Meidan, out of thirteen, one only remains, and I have no doubt there are hundreds of families similarly swept away; yet amidst all these trials to the servants of God, my heart does not despair for the work of the Lord, for no ordinary judgments seem necessary to break the pride and hatred of this most proud and contemptuous people. We have taken one poor little Mohammedan child, about three or four years old, from the streets, and are supplying a poor Armenian woman with pap for another; but what is this among so many? We know not what to do. It makes passing the streets most painful and affecting, thus to see little children from a month or six weeks to two or four years old, crying for a home; hungry, and naked, and wretched, and knowing not what to do nor where to go. Thank God, however, to-day the water is a little abated, about a span lower. O, may the Lord's mercy spare yet a little longer this wretched, wretched city! O, how does the glory of the Chalifat lie in ashes; she seems within a step of falling like her elder sister Babylon, the glory of the Chaldean's excellency, and in how many things has her spirit towards the church of God been as bad, yea worse than hers! Missionaries in these countries have need of a very simple faith, which can glory in God's will being done, though all their plans come to nothing. It was but the other day we were surrounded by as interesting a school of boys, and a commencing one of thirteen girls, as the heart could desire; and now if the plague

and desolation were to terminate to-morrow, and our scattered numbers were assembled, perhaps not more than half would remain to us. Yet dark as all the labours of the Lord's servants in these countries appear, I feel assured that prophecy points them out as specially connected with many of the great events of the latter days. Yet it requires great confidence in God's love, and much experience of it, for the soul to remain in peace, stayed on Him, in a land of such changes, without even one of our own nation near us, without means of escape in any direction; surrounded with the most desolating plague and destructive flood, with scenes of misery forced upon the attention which harrow up the feelings, and to which you can administer no relief. Even in this scene however the Lord has kept us of His infinite mercy in personal quiet and peace, trusting under the shadow of His Almighty wing, and has enabled us daily to offer up to His holy name praise for suffering us to assemble in undiminished numbers, when tens of thousands have been falling around us. Neither is this all, for He has made us know why we stayed in this place, and why we were never allowed to feel it to be our path of duty to leave the post we were in.

"*April 29th.*—Our situation is becoming daily still more extraordinary, and in many respects more trying, except that our Lord is our hiding-place, who will preserve us from trouble, and will compass us about with songs of deliverance. The Pasha has fled, accompanied by his master of the horse, and his immediate family. His palace is left open, without a soul to take care of any thing. His stud of beautiful Arab horses are running about the streets, and are caught by those who care to take the trouble, and offered for sale, for from £10 to £100 each; his stores also of corn are left open, and every one takes what he wants, or what he can carry away, which is a great relief to the poor, for the quantities are enormous, in expectation of a siege.

"The plague is working its destructive way, apparently with no other mitigation than that arising from the decreasing number in the city; the inundation however has prevented this having its full weight, for it has thronged the remaining popu-

lation into a compass unnaturally disproportionate. The house next us, which belongs to a Seyd, who left it at the beginning of the plague in charge of two servants who are dead, is now filled by twenty persons from different directions. The unburied dead and the dying are fearfully accumulated in the streets. So difficult is it now to find persons to bury, that even the priest of the Armenian church who died two days since remains yet unburied.

"The water, thank God, is a little lower, but there seems now every prospect that the moment the waters decrease the surrounding Arabs will come in and plunder the city; yet even this is in the Lord's hands—our wisdom has ever been to sit still, and see the salvation of our God, and until we see His cloudy pillar arise from off our tabernacle, where we feel it has hitherto rested, and move forward, we shall yet judge our safety to be to sit still. We have in several instances seen that there was reason to bless God for remaining quiet. We once thought of removing to the Residency, as a change to the dear children, and as being nearer to the water; but still on the whole we felt it best to remain here; and had we gone, we should have been in the midst of the plague; or had we gone, when the T—s went to Bussorah, what a state should we now be in, without the possibility of removing, and in danger of our lives from the inundation and falling of the walls, if we stayed.

"We had again considered, whether it would be right to leave this with the caravan for Damascus and Aleppo, which seemed to be the only opening there might possibly be for us, so that if we let that pass by, we must stay whether we would or not; still the Lord made us feel it was our path to stay, looking to Him. And had we gone, what a state should we have been in; For nearly three weeks they have been surrounded with water, continually increasing around them, so that now we know not what their situation may be, whether they are swept away, or remain; but at all events we bless God for having inclined our minds to stay. Why we did not join our dear and kind friends the T——s, in going to Bussorah, we do not yet so clearly see the reason of, because we have received no accounts thence, but

it would have cut up alike our connection with our work here, and with our dear friends at Aleppo, with whom we feel it daily of more and more importance to have as speedy a meeting as possible for advice and counsel.

"We have just heard of the caravan already mentioned, as going to Damascus and Aleppo. The plague has taken off eight of the Armenians, and four have been drowned. The head of the caravan is dead of the plague also, besides many others; they must therefore return to Bagdad, instead of advancing on their journey; so in this instance at least we see great reason to bless God for keeping us back. Yea, the Lord will instruct us and teach us the way in which we should go, and will guide us with His eye; this is our confidence and comfort; and in such a time of unheard of perplexity as this, what a source of abiding peace. *We feel it well to know our God in such circumstances as ours.* Among the Armenians, thirteen died to-day, the largest number yet in one day.

"*April 30th.*—The report of the flight of the Pasha, it appears, is not true, and arose from the two circumstances I have mentioned, of his horses having been seen running about the streets, and his supplies being open to the people. He has been for several days endeavouring to get away, and had drawn up for that purpose some boats under the Seroy. All his stables were levelled to the ground, and the place flooded with water. When the distress of the people was mentioned to him, he ordered one of his corn-stores to be opened to them. However, to-day, blessed be God's holy name, *the waters have sunk more than a yard,* so we trust the great danger is over.

"To-day, one more was brought out dead from the eight opposite houses, making twenty-five, and we know there are four more lying ill there. Our poor schoolmaster who went in the caravan is dead, and was buried in his tent.

"*May 1st.*—The Lord has brought us all in safety to the beginning of another month, through the most trying period of my life; yet the Lord has every day filled our mouth with praise, and enabled us to see His preserving hand.

"To-day, as I passed along the street, I saw numbers of dead

bodies lying unburied, and the dogs eating with avidity the loathsome food. O, it made my very heart sink! The numbers of the dead can now no longer be ascertained, for most of the bodies are buried either in the houses or in the roads.

"*May 2nd.*—We have heard nothing to-day to vary the general scene of our calamities; the intensity of this most desolating disease surpasses all thought. Numbers of families are altogether swept away; in numerous others, out of ten or twelve, only one, two, or three remain; but I hear of none, save our own, where death has not entered. Yet, while I bless and praise the holy name of our Lord, under whose wing alone we came here, and under whose wing alone we have trusted, the things my eyes have seen and my ears heard press upon my heart and make me at times very sad; neither can I chase them from my mind. I can only look forward for comfort to that day, when the Lord Himself will come to put an end to this dispensation of desolation, and introduce His own peace. Yea, come Lord Jesus, come quickly!

"We have just heard melancholy tidings of another caravan which endeavoured to escape into Persia from the plague, but has been forced back again by the Arabs, the floods, and the scarcity of provisions, and besides numbers among them have died daily of the plague, so we still can bless God we did not leave our present position by this last opportunity. Let us then again bless Him for not allowing us to make haste.

"*May 3rd.*—To-day we trust the Lord has a little alleviated the virulence of the plague; many attacked yesterday and the day before have been rapidly recovering, and fewer deaths have taken place to-day a great deal so far as we can ascertain. May God's holy name be praised, who is a hiding-place from every storm. We had our water-jars filled again to-day, when many, even of the rich who have connections in every direction, find the greatest difficulty. 'Your water shall be sure.' We who are alone, and without a friend within hundreds of miles in any direction, have been supplied by our Lord's gracious ordering; thus He puts a new song into our mouths, even a song of

thanksgiving. To-day all are well, even our dear little baby is quite recovered.

"*May 4th.*—The weather has for these two or three days past been beautifully fine, and clear, and hot, by which our God seems to have mitigated the symptoms of the plague. All accounts to-day are encouraging; the number of new cases few, and the number of those recovering many. Our eyes have also been rejoiced by the sight of three or four water-carriers passing again, after an interval of ten days; many more people have also been passing and repassing than before; so we trust the Lord is now taking away this desolating judgment, which, in less than two months, has carried away more than half the population of this city; for, allowing that it had been silently making its deadly course three weeks before it was discovered, it does not exceed eight weeks, and by far the greatest portion of deaths have been within the last four weeks.

"*May 5th.*—In my journal yesterday, I mention more than half the population as having been swept away in the inconceivably short space of two months, but every account I have received convinces me that this is within the number; certainly not less than two-thirds have been swept away, and this seems to have arisen from a complication of causes. At the time when the great mass of the population would have fled, and thus have thinned the city, the waters rose so high that they could move only with great difficulty; they waited in the hopes of the water subsiding, instead of which it so increased that those who had left the town and could get back were compelled to return; those who could not were driven to seek some high ground where they might remain safe from the water, but in all cases they were crowded together without the power of changing their position.—Again, in the city, when by the death of immense multitudes the population became greatly thinned, the inundation of the water laid more than half the town level with the ground, and drove the remaining people to congregate together wherever they could find a dry place or an open house, so that often twenty or thirty came to reside together in the same house, as was the case next door to us;

thus again the deaths became awfully great. Enquire where you will, the answer is, 'The city is desolate:' around the Pasha, four Georgians alone remain alive out of more than one hundred. The son of our Moolah, who is dead, told me to-day, that in the quarter where he lives, not one human being is left:—they are all dead. Out of about eighteen servants and sepoys that Major T. left, fourteen are dead, two now have the plague,* and two remain well. Of the Armenians, more than half are dead. An Armenian, who was with us to-day, tells us, there are not more than twenty-seven men left in one hundred and thirty houses. I, however, think that this is exaggerated.

"At Hillah, the modern Babylon, (population 10,000,) there is, Seyd Ibrahim told me to-day, scarcely a soul left, and the dogs and the wild beasts alone are there, feeding on the dead bodies. This Seyd Ibrahim is one of the surviving servants of Major T.; and is the only one of a family of fourteen who remains alive.—His four brothers, their wives, his own wife, their children, and his own are all dead.

"For digging a grave they ask a sum equal in England to three pounds, in consequence of which numbers have remained unburied about the streets, so that the Pasha has been obliged to engage men, paying them at the same rate for each body they will throw into the river.

"In all the villages the desolation seems as complete as it is here. When day by day I rise and see our numbers complete, and all in health, my soul is indeed made to feel, what cannot the Lord do? I do not yet see what effect all this is likely to have on our labours here—whether it will break down or build up barriers; yet we expect it will break down, for the Lord seems thus breaking to pieces the power, if not the pride, of this haughty people. I have been struck two or three times lately, in going out, with the intense hatred that lurks at the bottom of the hearts of this people against Christians; my dress manifested me to be one, and some Arabs I met, particularly the women, cursed me with the most savage ferocity as I passed,

* Those two died.

two or three calling out at me as though I were the cause of all their calamities ; and the people who are come to live next door to us are bitter against us, especially one man among them who seems to have his heart quite corroded, because they are dying and we are preserved by our Lord's love ; he sits and talks under our window, saying, 'These Christians and Jews alone remain, but in the whole of Bagdad you will hardly find a hundred Mohammedans.' This is altogether false, for though in proportion as many Christians may not have died, yet the deaths among them have been enormous, as the preceding accounts will have shown.

"Medicine I have found of no use. If you attack the fever, they die of prostration of strength ; if you endeavour to support the constitution, they die of oppression on the brain. Those cases which first affected the head with delirium, have been the most fatal ; next, those with carbuncles, which did not appear, however, for a fortnight after the commencement of the disease. Among those who have recovered, almost the whole have had large glandular swellings, speedily separating, and thus relieving the constitution.

"This night, the first time for three weeks, I have heard again the Muzzim's call to prayers, from the minarets of the Mosques.

"*May 6th.*—The water to-day is much decreased. I saw a man also with fresh meat in his hand. I likewise saw many recovering from the plague walking about, leaning on sticks, and sitting by the way-side. The number of deaths among the Armenians to-day amounted to eleven, which, considering that their whole remaining numbers cannot now exceed 300, is an enormous mortality, and has a little damped our hopes of a speedy conclusion to this awful visitation.

"*May 7th.*—Of the plague nothing satisfactory to-day. Thieves are multiplying in every direction ; and news has come from Mosul that a new Pasha has arrived there, who only waited for the cessation of the plague to advance against Bagdad. Great part of his work of destruction is already done for him, as hardly a Georgian is left, and he will find money

enough left without owners, to supply his own utmost rapacity, or the demands of the Sultan. The Lord is our only secure resting place, and we know that He who delivers us out of six troubles, can and will deliver us out of seven.

"The water is decreasing most rapidly, so that rice is beginning to be brought from the other side of the river; and as those who monopolised the sale of wood, and not only asked enormous prices, but cheated in the weight, are all dead, everyone now that needs wood takes it, so that the situation of the poor seems in this respect a little improved.

"There has not been among all the circumstances of this scene of complicated suffering, any one that has more painfully affected my own mind than the increasing number of infants and little children that have been left exposed in the streets, and the absolute impossibility of meeting such a state of things. We greatly desired to take one or two; but our own little baby was ill so that by night Mary had hardly any rest, and at best, not being strong in such a climate, we came reluctantly to the decision that we were not able to undertake such an additional charge.

"This is an anxious evening. Dear Mary is taken ill—nothing that would at any other time alarm me, but now a very little creates anxiety; yet her heart is reposing on her Lord with perfect peace, and waiting His will. A few hours, perhaps may show us that it is but a little trial of our faith to draw us nearer the fountain of our life. To nature it seems fearful to think of the plague entering our dwelling; in our present situation, nothing but the Lord's especial love could sustain the soul in the contemplation of a young family left in such a land at such a time, and in such circumstances; but we feel we came out under the shadow of the Almighty's wing, and we know that His pavillion will be our sanctuary, let His gracious providence prescribe what it may. On His love, therefore, we cast ourselves with all our personal interests.

"*May 8th.*—The Lord has this day manifested that the attack of my dear wife is the plague, and of a very dangerous and malignant kind, so that our hearts are prostrate in the Lord's

hand. As I think the infection can only have come through me, I have little hope of escaping, unless by the Lord's special intervention. It is is indeed an awful moment,—the prospect of leaving a little family in such a country at such a time. Yet, my dearest wife's faith triumphs over these circumstances, as she sweetly said to me to-day, 'The difference between a child of God and a worldling is not in death, but in the hope the one has in Jesus, while the other is without hope and without God in the world.' She says, 'I marvel at the Lord's dealings, but not more than at my own peace in such circumstances.' She is now continually sleeping, and when roused feels it difficult to keep her dear mind fixed on any subject for a minute. These are indeed the floods of deep waters, but in the midst of them the Lord is working His mysterious way, yet, that way however bitter to nature is for the everlasting consolation of His chosen ones. She said to me, a few minutes since, 'What does the Lord say concerning me?' I said, that you are a dear child of His. 'Yes,' she said, 'of that I have no doubt.' May the Lord of His infinite mercy sustain my poor weak soul amidst these heavy visitations, that at least we may magnify Him, whether by life or by death; what a relief it is now to my mind to think that hers was so much set against moving, whenever I proposed it, and she often said in reply, 'The Lord has given me no desire nor sense of the desirableness of moving, which I feel assured He would have done had He seen it best.

"*May 9th.*—My dearest, dearest wife still alive, and not apparently worse than yesterday. O, if it were the Lord's holy, blessed will to spare her, it would indeed rejoice my poor foolish heart, but He has enabled me to cast my wife, myself, and my dear, dear, children on His holy love, and to await the issue! O, what wrath there must be against these lands, if not only the inhabitants are swept away, but the Lord transplants also His own, who would teach them, to His own Garden of peace! My soul has just been refreshed by these two verses of Psalm 116. 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.' He has taken one of thy olive-

branches to glory, and is now perhaps about to take another, for precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints, for He only takes them from the evil to come. O, but for Jesus, the never-setting star of our heavenly way, what would our situation now be! Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever, and our heavenly Father's love we have too often proved to doubt it now. But poor nature is bowed very, very low; when I look at my dear boys and little babe, and see only poor little Kitto to be left for their care for hundreds of miles around, it needs all those consolations of God's Spirit to keep the soul from sinking with the body; but the Lord has said, 'Leave your fatherless children,' and to Him we desire to leave them.

"We did feel assured that the Lord would spare our dear little united, happy family; but His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. Dear little Kitto, I feel for his situation also from my heart.

"All the conversation of my dear dying wife, for these twelve months past, but especially as our difficulties and trials increased, was on the peace she enjoyed in the Lord. Often and often she has said to me, 'notwithstanding the disparity of every thing external, I never in England enjoyed that sweet sense of my Lord's loving care, that I have enjoyed in Bagdad.' And her assurance of her Lord's love never forsook her, even after she felt herself attacked by the plague. While contemplating the mysteriousnes of the providence, her mind was overwhelmed; but when she thought on her Lord's love, she was confident in His graciousness. From almost the first, her brain has been so oppressed that with difficulty she opens her eyes, and though she can answer a question of two or three words, 'Yes,' or 'No;' yet, if it involves the slightest exercise of thought, she always replies, 'I do not know what you say.' When I consider all I and the dear children lose, should we survive her, it is almost more than my heart can contemplate. On any essential point, for some years, we have never had divided judgment on any material point; in every work of faith, or labour of love, her desire was to animate not to hinder. Such simple truth of purpose, and unaffected love, and confidence in her Lord, as dwelt in her dear spirit, I

have seldom seen, and those who knew her intimately will not think I say too much. She has been to me in the relation of Christian wife, and missionary wife, just what I felt I so much needed. And yet the Lord sees fit to take her to Himself, and add one more from my little family to the chosen, faithful, and true company that surround His throne. Lord, then, though it cuts nature to the quick, makes me feel its deepest suffering, and meets me under the most complicated forms of trial, yet if it be for thy glory, and her glory, do, dear Lord, thine Almighty will, and we know thou wilt to thy chosen make light spring up out of darkness.

"*May* 10*th.*—Last evening my dearest wife was more herself than she had been till with a few hours of her being taken ill, which was manifested by her asking to see her dear little baby, the first thing she had voluntarily asked for, since her illness. She again mentioned her confidence in her Lord, and acquiescence in His will. She asked me what I thought of her situation. I said I had committed her to the Lord, who I knew, would deal graciously by her. She replied, 'Yes, that He will.' She continued in this state of improvement till to-day at about nine o'clock, when her mind again began to wander. When I quoted to her, that to the Lord's servants light should spring up in darkness. she said, 'Yes, that it shall.' She said, 'I feel much better than yesterday—don't you see that I am. In fact, my hopes of her being really improving would have been complete, but from that peculiar look of the eyes which authors who have written on this subject all denote as most fatal; from this, therefore, my hopes never were very high, yet though I had yesterday been enabled, through the Lord's grace, to lie in His hands like a weaned child, to-day the disappointment of the dear hope, slight as it was, of having her restored to us, has brought my soul again into very deep waters. She also this morning expressed her anxiety about the dear children, and her fear, lest, in attending her, I should take the plague, and they be left orphans here.

"In every respect, certainly the Lord has been most gracious to her. She is about to be transplanted to her native soil, where tears and sorrows shall never enter, and in the way of

her removal, since the Lord's time is come, nothing can be more compassionate to her peculiar weakness of heart than not allowing her anxiety to dwell on the dear children, and their probable situation here. To have been happy in quitting them, amidst such a scene as now surrounds us, and in such a country, perhaps no mortal faith could have been equal to; the Lord, therefore, suffered not her mind to possess its usual sensibilities; but took them from her, and left her only to return to His bosom in peace.

"I feel the Holy Ghost again sustaining my poor weak heart in the prospect of losing such a wife, and remaining solitary here with three dear motherless children; but I know the Lord in whom I have believed, and He will not fail His chosen in one of all those good things He has promised Our trials are very, very great; but the Lord, the Comforter, is greater even than they. My dearest wife now (two o'clock) is quite delirious. Dear spirit! I have attended her night and day since the evening of the seventh, on which she was taken ill, and I allow no one else to approach her. The Lord is my only stay, my only support, and He is a support indeed.

"*May* 11*th.*—This night has been the most trying of my life. How hard for the soul to see the object of its longest and best grounded earthly affections suffering without the power of affording relief, knowing too that a heavenly Father who has sent it can relieve it and yet seems to turn a deaf ear to one's cries; at the same time, I felt, in the depth of my soul's affections, that ,notwithstanding all, He is a God of infinite love. Satan has sorely tried me, but the Lord has shown me, in the 22nd Psalm, a more wonderful cry *apparently* unheeded, and the Holy Ghost has given me the victory, and enabled me to acquiesce in my Father's will, though I now see not the end of His holy and blessed ways. Dear, dear spirit! she will soon wing her way to where her heart has long been; and if I am spared, I shall perhaps have reason to bless God for having removed her thus early.

"The plague has attacked two more of our household,—the schoolmaster's wife and our maid-servant, and how far it will go now, no one knows but He who guides it with His sovereign will.

My dearest Mary's sufferings, for four or five hours last night, were very great; she was quite delirious, and her dear voice was so affected, that I could not make out two words connectedly. How mysterious are God's ways! O, my soul, learn the lesson of patient submission to His holy will! I have cast myself upon Him, and He will guide me. Dear Mary, to-day, has been quite insensible. It has indeed been a very painful day, but it is the condition of this world. Dear spirit! she has been so set on her Lord's coming of late, that it seemed quite to absorb her thought and heart. And now she will quickly join the holy assembly who are waiting to come with Him. Surely such times as these, when the Lord is taking a ripe shock of corn from your field, are seasons to rejoice that your prayer for the speedy accomplishment of the number of God's elect has been heard, and yet how hard it is for nature not to feel deep sorrow that a message has come for one of yours.

"Poor dear Kitto and the little boys are now become the sole nurses of the dear baby by night and by day. O, may the Lord watch over them and bless them! My last night's attendance on my dear wife leaves me little hope of escaping the plague, unless it be our Father's special will to preserve me, for in her delirium she required so many times to be lifted from place to place, and to have all her clothes changed, that I can now only cry to the Lord to preserve me, if it may be, a little while, for the dear children's sake.

"The Lord has graciously provided us with a servant of Mrs. T.'s to come and attend my dear Mary. Oh may my soul bless Him for this timely help, just when our own servant was taken ill. This woman has been in the midst of all the contagion, and has never taken it; so it may be the Lord's will to show how He can work even in the midst of the darkest trials. She sits down beside the dear sufferer, keeps the flies from her face, and does everything for her the fondest heart could desire. She came out with us from England, having gone there with Mrs. T.; is a native of these countries, knows all that is required in sickness, and how to perform the duties of a nurse, with the most unwearied patience, tenderness, and watchfulness. She also

knows something of English, and having been with dear Mrs. T. in England, is acquainted with English customs. Surely the Lord heard my cry in the day of my deep distress, for such a person perhaps could not be got again within a thousand miles. That she should have been left too when all the rest went away. She has made dear Mary look so comfortable ; she washes her and changes her, and though insensible, she lies so quiet, and looks so composed. She said she knew the Lord would be very gracious, and He has been so indeed ; He sees it right to take His sheep home to His fold ; but He has so overwhelmed me by this proof of His loving-kindness, this ray of light arising in the midst of my darkness, that it seems to have led my heart yet more and more to love Him and to confide in Him, that He may yet stay His rough wind in the day of His east wind. This kind friend, Mrs. T.'s servant, proposes to remain with us until all our family are either well or dead.

"*May 12th.*—Up to this day I am well, thank God, but seeing the ways of the Lord are so marvellous, I have arranged all my little concerns, and put them into the hands of dear Kitto, for the little boys and our dear little baby, till they arrive at some of those places where there may be some one to take care of them, and carry them to their guardians or my trustees. But as poor Kitto is so little able to provide even for himself, much less for the little boys, I shall now endeavour, the Lord enabling me, to arrange with this woman, Marian by name, to undertake every thing for them till she can give them over to Major T., to whose family she is going, unless they return here. She has consented to undertake this charge, and is to remain with the dear, dear children. She knows enough of English to make herself understood by the dear children, and she thoroughly understands the language, manners, and habits of this people.—Whether it may ever be the Lord's will to call into exercise the arrangements of this plan or not, I trust I never shall forget the Lord's unspeakable mercy in showing me that when I saw no earthly protector for my poor children, His holy, loving, and fatherly hand could provide one if it were necessary. O, may my faith in Him

in the darkest day never fail, for it is a light that springeth up in darkness.

"Dearest Mary is gradually sinking into the bosom of the Lord, and to join in the society her soul has so long and so truly loved, of the lovers of the Lamb of God. Though the Lord has taken away the desire of my eyes, as it were with a stroke, and left me a few hours to cry unto Him in the midst of deep, deep waters, yet these visions of His love have so revived me, that my whole soul is brought to acquiesce in His holy and fatherly arrangements with respect to her who was once the joy, the help, and the companion of all in which I was engaged. I sit down now to wait, and see the salvation of my God, for doubtless He will reveal, in His own good time, the reason why He has acted so contrary not only to mine but especially to my dear wife's strongest convictions, which were, that He would preserve us all safe through this calamity.

"When I now contemplate the spiritual state of dear Mary's mind for the last twelve months, I am not at all surprised that the Lord has taken her as a ripe shock of corn, but my expectation while watching her spiritual progress was so different. I saw her daily growing in the simple assurance of her Lord's love, and desiring under heaven neither to know nor serve any other than Him. Her heart was panting for the Lord's coming, that the mystery of iniquity might be finished, and the mystery of godliness be fully established; but I thought not of all this being preparatory to her joining her Lord, but for the strengthening of my poor weak hands here. It never entered my heart that I was to be left alone, as far as earth is concerned, most alone. Those friends for whom this journal is alone designed, know how much she was to me, and how deservedly so: this, however, the Lord saw had its great, great dangers too, and in His infinite mercy to us both, may have ripened her so rapidly for glory, and left me here to serve and praise; for I have felt it was very, very hard, as the Apostle says, to have a wife as though I had none. Now, when I go and look upon her as having reached within one short step, the habitation of all her hopes, I have not a spiritual affection within my soul that

would call her back; but poor nature reluctantly bows its head.

"The dear little baby also is but poorly. Her dear little cry of 'mamma, mamma,' cuts my poor heart like a knife;—to think, that from to-day, or probably to-morrow, she must cease to know that endearing name, and such a mother too! However, the Lord tells His children to leave their fatherless, and doubtless their motherless, ones to Him. I desire so to do; for He is a dear and kind Father, though *nature* cannot always see it, and indeed how could this be? for that which is *natural* in us is not only in its will opposed to God, but even in its best affections tainted from the fall. Were it not that the Lord whom we love and serve is as infinite in His compassions, as He is mysterious in His ways, the days that must come, when the excitement of present suffering will be past, and my soul begin to look round and see the extent of its desolations, in a country, too, where there is nothing to comfort or cheer me, would appear to me too dark to be borne; but I know the Lord hath said, 'I will not leave you orphans, I will come unto you; so if He does come and dwell more sensibly within me, even my poor, dull, and slow-growing spirit may soon be ripened and gathered into His kingdom, there to join my dear departing one in the realms of light.

"*May* 13*th.*—My dearest wife has reached the light of another day, still quietly sinking without a sigh and without a groan. This my prayer for her in the night of my darkness the Lord has mercifully heard. At present all the remaining ones of the family are well. I have separated the dear little boys and Kitto, and allow them to hold intercourse with none. The dear baby, and myself, and the maid, and the little boy of our sick servant, are also much separated, and this nurse whom the Lord sent us, alone attends the sick; but yet so contagious is this fearful disease, that when it has once entered your dwelling, you can know no other safety than in your Lord's preserving care. These are indeed days of trial, but doubtless they will have their precious fruit in all God's children; for the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto

their cry—for the Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants, therefore none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate—no, not even I, poor and worthless as I am, I shall yet praise Him who is the Lord of my life, and my God.

"The dear boys also keep up their spirits much better than the first two or three days after their dear mamma was taken ill. The magnitude of present danger to themselves, and to all, in some measure divides their thoughts, and prevents them from resting alone on the deeply affecting prospect before them, for they loved her most truly, and, O how much reason had they to love her!

"I have just heard that the streets begin again to be crowded, shops here and there to be opened, and the gardeners are bringing things from without into the city. To think that so near the end we should have been thus visited, how mysterious! Yet my soul says, What thou seest not, thou shalt see. If it does but lead to my Lord's glory, I am sure it will lead to my dear sufferer's; then why should I repine?

"Water is also reduced to 1*s.* 3*d.* the skin, the price it was at before. For these proofs of mercy to the people, we will bless God in the midst of our own personal sorrows.

"*May* 14*th.*—This day dearest Mary's ransomed spirit took its seat among those dressed in white, and her body was consigned to the earth that gave it birth—a dark heavy day to poor nature, but still the Lord was the light and stay of it.

"I cannot help exceedingly blessing my heavenly Father, however these calamities (for to nature they are such, though not to the heirs of glory) may end, that He has allowed me to continue in health so long as to see everything done I could have desired and infinitely more than I could have expected for her whom I have so much reason to love.

"*May* 15*th*, 16*th.*—I have heard to-day that the French Roman Catholic Archbishop of Babylon has been dead a long time, and two of his priests, and the remaining two are fled. The poor schoolmaster's wife is dying, and our servant, I trust, recovering: the rest of our household within and without, thank God, all continue in good health—even dear little baby,

though rather cross from want of amusement, and from her teeth.

"They say, new cases of plague have almost entirely disappeared; may the Lord grant its speedy disappearance altogether. We have had no information from the Taylors since their departure, which makes us very anxious. As the waters are decreasing, the relics of those families which fled are returning; and, in numberless cases, out of eighteen in a family who left only one or two return. The others died in the greatest misery and destitution of all things, distressed by the plague, the water, and scarcity, and the air in all the roads was tainted from the immense number of dead bodies lying by the way.

"I feel to-day many symptoms similar to those with which my dearest Mary's illness commenced;—pains in the head and heaviness, pains in the back, and shooting pains through the glands and the arms. At another time, I should only think of them as the result of a common cold; but now I know not how to discriminate, the beginnings are so similar. Should these be my last lines in this journal, I desire to ascribe all praise to the sovereign grace and unspeakable love of my heavenly Father, who from the foundation of the world set His eye of redeeming love on me in the person of His dear and well-beloved Son. I bless God for all the way He has led me; and vile and wretched sinner as I feel I am—unworthily as I have in all my life served Him—yet I feel He has translated the affections of my inmost soul from earth to heaven, from the creature to Himself. As to the dear, dear helpless children, I have committed them to His love, with the full assurance that if He transplants me from hence to Himself, to join the partner of my earthly history, He will provide for them much, yea, very much better than I, or ten thousand fathers could do. To His love and promises, then, in Christ Jesus, I leave them; and strange and wonderful as His dealings appear, He has made my soul to acquiesce in them. To all the family of the redeemed of the Lord, especially those I know, I entreat you let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ; always abound in His most holy work, for you know your labour is not in vain

in the Lord. Be as those who wait for their Lord with your lamps trimmed, for shortly He who shall come will come, and will not tarry. My soul embraces those I especially knew with all its powers, and desires for them that Christ may exceedingly be glorified in them, and by them, amen, and amen.

"*May* 17*th.*—To-day the fever has almost entirely left me, so that I feel very little, except weakness, but never can I sufficiently praise God for the experience of yesterday. I certainly never expected again to have written in this journal, and few circumstances could have apparently presented themselves more trying to the heart than to have the prospect of soon leaving in a city like Bagdad, at this time, three helpless children; and the impossibility of making those provisions for them which at another time might have been comparatively easy seemed altogether more than the heart could support; yet so abundantly did the Lord allow His love to pass before me, so fully did He assure me of His loving care, that I felt no doubt for them—and, for myself, the prospect of soon joining Him was specially exhilarating. He allowed me to see my free and full forgiveness and acceptance, and I never felt more the preciousness of such a salvation as the Gospel of Jesus provides for the sinner, than when I was, as I thought, just entering eternity, to plead it as the ground of my hope before God. There seemed such simplicity in having only to believe you were redeemed by His love, and should be eternally preserved by the same, instead of having to do with weighing the sum of your beggarly services, all of which one hates now, and oh, how shall we hate them when we see Him face to face. May our dear Lord make the promise He made to His disciples, good to my poor bereaved heart, and come Himself and fill it with His fulness, that having Him I may indeed feel I have all things.

"*May* 18*th.*—Our poor servant died last night, notwithstanding our hopes of her recovery, and has left one little orphan boy of seven years old with us. O that I could think of her transition from hence to eternity, and contemplate her, as the Lord to my unspeakable comfort allows me to contemplate my

dear, dear wife, dwelling in the light of her Lord's countenance where there is fulness of joy for ever.

"The schoolmaster has just told me, that out of forty relations, he has now only four—the rest have all been swept away. The accounts we have of the misery in which many of those died who endeavoured to fly is truly heart-rending; with the water nearly half a yard high in their tents, without victuals or the means of seeking or buying any, they suffered every privation and misery that can be imagined, and one poor family which has now returned describe the intense desire they had to come back and die quietly in their houses. But return they could not, for the waters had so risen that there was no road, and no boats could be obtained, but at an immense price, which a few only could pay, and very few obtain at any price.

"O! how many alleviations to the trials of parting with those we loved, the Lord allowed us, in permitting us to see them surrounded by every comfort they could want, and with every attendance that could alleviate a moment's uneasiness.

"From the Taylors at Bussorah we have yet heard no accounts and are therefore most anxious to know how the Lord has been moving among them. I have just heard that orders have come from Stamboul,* to the Pashas marching against this Pasha, to return, and that another messenger is on his way from Stamboul to bring his annual dress of investiture. Should it be really thus, our dear friends may soon be here from Aleppo; it would indeed be a great comfort; but the Lord regards, in His dispensations, our real advantage more than our sensible comfort; we therefore desire to leave all to His holy, gracious ordering, who, though He orders all things after the counsel of His own free will, has no will towards us, but that we should be filled with the fulness of Christ, and be conformed to His image.

"*May* 19*th*.—The water to-day has again fallen considerably in price, and as far as we can judge, God has mercifully nearly extinguished this desolating plague. I now feel quite satisfied

* Constantinople.

the attack I had the other day was of the plague, though very slight. The schoolmaster, yesterday, was attacked in the same way with a pain in his back and head, and a pain in his glands, one of which is decidedly enlarged, but still it is very slight, and I trust to-morrow, with the Lord's blessing, to see him, with the exception of weakness, well again. We are, thank God, all well; the only thing I now suffer from is weakness and pain in the glands and under the arm, but there is no enlargement, and I trust in a day or two it will go entirely away. I heard, to-day, the Pasha had been ill of the plague this week; it is now reported he is dead; but we know nothing certain. One of his sons is also dead.

"This has been a heavy day with my poor heart, so slow a scholar am I under my dear Master's teaching. Yet I feel He will fill me with His own most blessed presence, and then I shall be able to bear easily all other bereavements. How strange it is that feeling should rule with so much more power than principle over the happiness of the soul, even when the spirit imparts strength to direct the conduct aright. The feelings seize on the slightest recollection; and oh, what fuel have they when everything in the minutest daily occurrences, every thing in the events passing around us, at once comes directly on the heart and presses upon it; and when there is not a soul near, not only not to supply all that is lost, but not even a portion of it; and yet notwithstanding all this that now weighs on me, I feel the Lord Himself will be yet more to me than all I have lost. I feel I have been skimming too much on the surface of Christianity instead of being clothed with Christ. O! what a child am I in the life of faith, but I feel the Lord has my poor soul in His training, and though the discipline may seem severe, it is only the severity of uncompromising love.

"*May 20th.*—This has been a day of mercies at the hand of the most High. For a day or two past, I had observed a little dust falling through a creak in the wall, and although on any other occasion it would have excited no anxiety, yet knowing the cellars were full of water, I thought it better this morning early to take out all our things from this room; it was our own,

mine and dear Mary's, and therefore contained all we had of clothing, &c.; the dear little boys and the servants were helping me, and we had not finished taking out our last things above ten minutes, when the whole arch on which the room was built gave way—our little stock of things and ourselves being all safe. O, my soul, bless the Lord who watcheth over the ways of His children!

"O how easy it is to kiss our dear and loving Father's hand when He turns bright providences towards us! How easy, then, it is to praise! but I feel my dearest Teacher is teaching me the hardest lesson, to kiss the hand that wounds, to bless the hand that pours out sorrow, and to submit with all my soul, though I see not a ray of light. O, thou holy and blessed Spirit, come and help thy poor wayward scholar, who indeed would not entertain a hard thought of his dear and loving Father. Through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom; therefore, blessed Lord, prepare me for thy service. I am a poor inexperienced soldier; clothe me with the whole armour of God, that my soul may praise in the darkest day. All but myself are quite well, and my indisposition seems only at present a little weakness, which perhaps the exertion of removing the things from our room to-day, and all the painful associations connected with it, have this evening a little increased; but the Lord is very pitiful, and says, Ask what you will of my Father, and He will give it you. Dear Lord, fill me with thyself, that there may be no more room for the grief of any creature. Thou, and thy Father, and the blessed Spirit, one eternal God alone, art eternally a satisfying portion.

"I am very anxious about the poor schoolmaster: should he die, he will be the last of our teachers; *three* are already dead and he alone remains.—O, my Lord, my soul desires to wait on thee for light, and to remember Mizar and Hermon—days when the sun shone upon our path; but the frost may be as necessary to bring the corn to full perfection as the genial sun and showers. Dear Husbandman, do thine own will, only make us bear much fruit, that thou mayest be glorified.

"*May* 21*st.*—Last night, thieves endeavoured three times to

force an outer door, but did not succeed;—the whole city is swarming with them.

"To-day the Pasha of Mosul is come to Bagdad; what it portends we know not; but the Lord reigneth, therefore let the saints rejoice: they can only accomplish His will who is our Father and our God.

"I have to-day sent off a messenger to Major T. to Bussorah; may he quickly return with good tidings of them all. To-day I have also heard of a caravan proposing to go to Aleppo. Every account we have of the plague confirms its almost entire disappearance. Our walking now is altogether by faith; we see not a ray of light for the future, but the Lord will let light spring out of darkness, so that His servants who wait upon Him shall not always mourn. O, how different a thing faith is in a cloudy and dark day, and when all things smile around! I had intentionally renounced the world, yet the Lord saw that I held more of it than I knew in the dear object He has removed. In England, where I had many dear Christian friends, she was my constant companion; but *here* she was on earth all I had left—my sorrows, my hopes, my fears, she shared and bore them all. I feel Christ my Lord has in store for me in Himself some great and special good in exchange for all this, but my poor weak faithless heart does not yet see the way of His going forth.

"Hannai is most kind to my sweet little helpless babe.

"*May 22nd.*—Our dear Lord said to His sorrowing disciples, You have heard how I said unto you, I go away and come again unto you. *If ye loved me ye would rejoice, because I said I go unto the Father,* that is, if you loved me above the enjoyment of my society and help, ye would rejoice; how hard this is: as it was true of the departing Head, so it is true of every member, and yet I feel my selfish heart constantly forgetting that true love which under the crucifixion of all one's own feelings can truly rejoice at the happiness of an object beloved.

"This has again been an anxious day. Dear Henry complained this morning of a swelling under his ear, or rather under the angle of the jaw, where there was, on feeling it, an evidently enlarged gland; however, to the praise of the Lord's

great grace, it is evidently passing away without any general attack on the constitution. I really believe the Holy Ghost is making these events instrumental in working a deep sense on the minds of the dearest boys of the importance of their souls; there is a concern about religion, a willingness to talk about it, I have not before observed. O, may the Lord's blessed Spirit water these seeds, and make them plants of renown, to the glory of our own Lord's great name.

"*May 23rd.*—O, my poor heart flutters like a bird when it contemplates the extent of its bereavement as a husband, a father, a missionary! O, what have I not lost! Dear Lord, sustain my poor weak faith. Thy gracious visits sometimes comfort my soul; yet my days move heavily on; but the Lord who redeemeth the souls of His servants has declared, that none of those who trust in Him shall be desolate. Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief. I do indeed desire with my whole soul to cast myself into the ocean of thy love, and never to let Satan have one advantage over me, by instilling into my heart hard thoughts of thy ways. Surely we expect trials, and if so, and thou sendest one other than we expected, should it surprise us when we see but a point in the circle of thy providence, and thou seest the end from the beginning?

"*May 24th.*—To-day Kitto has been very unwell.

"*May 25th.*—To-day the dear baby is very unwell, but Kitto better. Thus the Lord interchanges His merciful trials and merciful reliefs. I feel one great want, 'To be filled with all the fulness of Christ,' that there may be no room for those fluctuations, which from short intervals of sweet peace plunge me into depths of sorrow and astonishment; yet I know the Lord will heal, He will bind up what He has broken. O my soul, wait patiently on Him to learn all I know He would teach thee: let patience have her perfect work, for the trial of our faith is much more precious than of gold that perisheth. My eyes are daily, hourly looking unto the Lord for a little ray of light, but as yet I see none: yet we know that they that trust on the Lord shall not walk in darkness, but mercies shall compass them about.

"*May 26th.*—To-day, thank God, all our household are tolerably well.—All accounts from without say the plague is ended. May the Lord grant it!

"*May 27th.*—My dear baby still very poorly. Dear Lord, I commit this tender, delicate flower to thy loving gracious keeping. O my God, my soul has been much cast down within me; but thou hast enabled me to remember thee from the land of Jordan, and the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar. O Lord, only let thy love appear shining through the clouds that surround me, and my soul will rejoice; it is only when the adversary prevails so far as to say, He loves thee not, that my soul is overwhelmed within me; for if I have not the Lord, whom have I? for vile and worthless as all my manifestations of love have been, cold and dead as all my worship, low and doubting as all my confidence has been, yet Lord, all my desire is to love thee better and serve thee more singly, who art infinitely worthy of all love and all service. How strong our tower seems till the Lord blow upon its foundations, and then much that looked so fair flies like the chaff of the summer threshing floor, and meet it is, if the immoveable parts of Christ's own building be found to connect the poor fluttering soul with the Rock of Ages. Oh may my soul drink daily more and more deeply into that spirit of adoption and love, and assurance of the Lord's favour, that gilded the last year of my dear, dear Mary's life.—Lord, I feel I am a very child; but Lord, lead, lead thou me by thine own right hand. Oh my heart longs for Christian communion—some one to whom I can talk of Jesus and His ways, and with whom I may take counsel; yet it now seems as though many months must elapse before our dear friends can come from Aleppo; but the Lord knows what is best, and to Him we leave all our cares, and the providing for all our necessities. I pray the Lord to pour down His Holy Spirit upon my poor heart, and strengthen it for trials. It was one of my dearest Mary's greatest comforts, as it has been mine, to know so many of those who were dear to the Lord, and had purposed wholly to follow Him, were praying for our guidance and welfare;—this used to be, in our evening walks

on the roof of our house, a theme of thanksgiving, and used daily to draw out our hearts to the Lord for the continual dew of His blessing upon them. Oh when they hear of all the Lord's dealing, may their spirits be stirred up within them to pray that I may be filled with Him who filleth all in all. I long to love my Eternal God—Father, Son, and Spirit, more with all my undivided heart; the coldness of my love—the lowness of my desires is my abiding sorrow.

"*May* 28*th.*—To-day came letters from England, but O, how strangely altered! Those very letters which would have animated anew all our endeavours and led us to praise God together, had dearest Mary been here to share them, came winged with passages that wrung my heart. But still the love of the saints of God, of those we love, has much sweetness in it; and then again to hear of our dear sister's thoughtful love towards our tender little babe in providing her clothes, which, while they are doing, my heart heaves with the prospect of losing the sweet little flower—so tender—so needing more than a mother's care. But the Lord is most compassionately gracious, and what He does not reveal now He will hereafter.

"I have also had intelligence to-day that my dear brothers and sisters had been two months ago on the point of setting off from Aleppo; but whether they received news of the plague and returned, or are waiting at Anah, I know not, but I greatly need them—yet still the Lord knows best how much I need them, and when.

"When I think of my lowness in the attainments of the divine life, my little knowledge, and my less love of my dear Lord, I wonder how He has so graciously allowed me a place in the hearts of His chosen, and that He should allow our weak, tottering, and faithless walk, to encourage those who seemed as the young and lusty eagles, to take their higher flight is wonderful; but it is that the glory might be His.

"In concluding this portion of my Journal, I shall just take a little view of the last two years, as it is now within a few days of two years since I left my dear, dear friends and native shore.

"From the day my dearest Mary and myself deliberately prepared to set out on the work in which we finally embarked, the Lord never allowed us to doubt that it was *His* work, and that the result to the church of God would be greater than our remaining quietly at home. All our subsequent intercourse with His dear children in England, and in our journey, had a confirmatory tendency, and all communications with the dear circle to whom we were known, insignificant as we were, convinced us that the cause of the Lord had suffered no detriment —that many had been led to act with more decision, and some to pursue measures which possibly might not otherwise have been undertaken.

"Again, the Lord's great care over us in His abundant provision for all our necessities, although every one of those sources failed that we had calculated upon naturally when we left England, enabled us yet further to sing of His goodness.

"Then, as to our work; when we left England, schools entered not into our plan; but when we arrived here, the Lord so completely put the school of the Armenians into our hands, that on consultation both my dearest Mary, myself, and Mr. Pfander thought that the Lord's children and saints must take the work the Lord gives, particularly as there appeared no immediate prospect of other work. We entered on it, and by dear Mr. Pfander's most efficient help, the children were soon brought to translate God's word with understanding, and the school increased from thirty-five to nearly eighty. My dearest Mary had long desired to undertake the girls' school exclusively; but previous to her confinement she did not feel able; but as soon as she got about, she undertook it heartily, and the dear little children were so attached to their employments that they used to come on their holidays. She had got so far on in Armenian as to be able to prepare for them in large characters some little pieces of Carus Wilson's, which I got translated into the Armenian of this place, and the dear little children were so interested by them, that they exceedingly desired to take them home, and read them to their mothers, which in two or three days they were to have done. For our own instruction in Arabic and

Armenian, and for the school, we had five most competent teachers. Thus things went on up to the end of March, when the appearance of the plague obliged us to break up the school. But now two months have passed, and O! how changed! Half the children or more are dead; many have left the place; the five teachers are dead, and my dear, dear Mary. When I think on this, my heart is overwhelmed within me, and I remain in absolute darkness as to the meaning of my Lord and Father; but shall I therefore doubt Him now, after so many proofs of love, because He acts inscrutably to me? God forbid! That the Lord made the coming of my dearest wife and her multiplied trials and blessings, the instruments of her soul's rapid preparation for His presence, I have no doubt. I never heard a soul breathe a more simple, firm, and unostentatious faith in God. She never had a doubt but that it was for the Lord she left all that was naturally dear to her to expose herself to dangers from which with a constitutional timidity she shrank.

Her soul was most especially drawn out towards her Lord's coming, and this spread a gilded halo round every trial. She constantly exclaimed, as we walked on the roof of our house* of an evening, 'When will He come?' Often she would say to me, 'I never enjoyed such spiritual peace as since I have been in Bagdad—such an unvarying sense of nearness to Christ, and assurance of His love and care; we came out trusting only under His wing, and He will never forsake us.' Her strong assurance certainly was, that the Lord would not allow the plague to enter our dwelling; but when she saw that He let it rest even on her, it never disturbed her peace, as I have mentioned before. She said to me, 'I know not which is to me most mysterious, that the Lord should have laid His hand upon me, or having done so, that I should enjoy such peace as I do.' And in this peace and confidence, every subsequent moment of sensibility was passed. Her constant exclamation was, 'I know

* It is on account of the great heat in the summer that the houses in Bagdad are built with flat roofs, to which the inhabitants all move up at sunset and dine and spend the night.

He will do most graciously by me.' Yet notwithstanding all the happiness I have in contemplating her among the redeemed clothed in white; and notwithstanding the triumphant conviction I have, in spite of the temptations of Satan, and the darkness that envelops my present position, that all springs from infinite love; yet at times the loss I have sustained, in every possible way, as a husband, a father, a missionary, so affects me, that but for my Lord's loving presence I should be overwhelmed.

"I now wait the arrival of my dear friends, to consult with them as to our future plans. May the Lord, if it be His pleasure, quickly send them hither, and direct us in all our plans and purposes, so that we may be led to fulfil His will.

"*May 30th.*—A messenger has arrived from Bussorah, bringing intelligence of the kind Taylors; but the letters he brought were all taken from him, and he stripped to his shirt, a few miles from Bagdad. However, by word of mouth, he brings, on the whole, good accounts. All their immediate family are well; some have died among those that accompanied them, and nearly all the Arab sailors, but as the letters are lost, we know not the particulars.

"*May 31st.*—I have had another proof of my heavenly Father's care. An Armenian merchant has sent his servant to me to say, he proposes sending him every day to buy for me what I want from the bazaar, and also to offer me any money I may want. The latter I had no occasion to accept, for when the Jew left the city who was to supply me, and the man died who was to obtain it for me, and I seemed left without remedy, an Armenian offered to supply whatever I might want, without any application on my part, and from him I have had what I needed.

"Thus I finish this melancholy portion of my journal—one of those dark pages in the history of one's life, that whenever the thoughts stray towards it, chills to the very centre of one's being; and when we trace all its sources, and see they terminate in sin, O, how hateful must that thing be, which is fraught with such deadly consequences! O, what a blessedness it is, amidst all these lights and shades of life, to know that the rock

on which we rest is the same, and does not vary; and that whether He administers to us the bitter portion or the sweet, His banner over us is love!

"*June 5th.*—Reports are again spreading that the Pasha of Aleppo is within a few days of this place. But we sit down and patiently wait the event.

"*June 7th.*—To-day a letter has reached me from Major Taylor, being the first I have received since he removed his family from this place to Bussorah.

"The more I contemplate the circumstances in which I have of late been placed, the more I see of the trials and anxieties of the missionary life, and of the mysteriousness of God's dealings, the more I feel overwhelmed with the importance of the soul having a deep sense of the love of God in Christ, before it ventures upon such an undertaking. Our dear Father very often, in love, explains to us His reasons; at other times, He gives no account of His matters; in the one case to excite love and confidence, in the other to exercise faith. It does seem to me, that no doctrines but those of the sovereign grace of God, and His love entertained towards the soul before the foundation of the world, and the revelation by the Holy Ghost of the love and fellowship of Christ, and through Him with the Father, so that we have thereby our life hid with Him where no evil can reach us, can happily sustain the soul. There is something so filthy, so worthless in all our services, when events render it probable to the soul that it will soon appear before God, that the new creature cannot endure the deformity and defilement, and turns away its distressed sight to the love of the Lord, and the garment He has provided without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. The experience of my dear, dear Mary on this head was most striking. She often said to me, 'They often talked to me, and I often read of the happiness of religion, but I can truly say I never knew what misery was till I was concerned about religion, and endeavoured to frame my life according to its rules,—the manifest, powerless inadequacy of my efforts to attain my standard, left me always farther removed from

hope and peace than when I never knew or thought of the likeness of Christ, as a thing to be aimed after; and it was not till the Holy Ghost was pleased of His infinite mercy to reveal the love of my heavenly Father in Christ as existing in *Himself* before all ages, contemplating me with pity, and purposing to save me by His grace, and to conform me to the image of Him whom my soul loves, that I really had peace, or confidence, or strength. And if in any measure I have been able to walk on with joy in the ways of the Lord, it has been from the manifestation of *His* love, and not from the abstract sense of what is right, nor from the fear of punishment.' This was the theme of her daily praise—the love and graciousness of her Lord; and I can set my seal, though with a comparatively feeble impression, to the same truths, that the sense of the love of Christ is the high road to walk according to the law of Christ.

"*June 9th.*—I have heard from a German merchant, Mr. Swoboda, that above 15,000 persons, many sick with the plague, and others, were buried under the ruins of the houses that fell in the night the water burst into the city. Nothing can give a more awful impression of the mass of misery then in the city, than that such an event, which at another time would have called forth every exertion to remove the sufferers, and have been the universal conversation and lamentation of the city, passed by without any effort to relieve them, and almost without a word of remark, but from those immediately connected with the sufferers. I hear that those who have closed their houses intend opening them on the 18th inst. I bless God for the intelligence; and trust the plague has quite left us. Mr. Swoboda tells me he does not expect to open his khan again for twelve months.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MAN OF FAITH AMIDST SCENES OF TERROR AND DESOLATION — COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIEGE OF BAGDAD — CONFLICTING REPORTS — MR. GROVES'S NEW TRIALS — HIS CONVERSATIONS WITH HIS PATIENTS — HIS DANGER FROM THE BALLS AND SHELLS OF THE BESIEGERS — OBSERVATIONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS — MISERY OF THE BESIEGED — LAWLESSNESS OF THOSE WITHIN — MR. GROVES LOSES HIS BELOVED INFANT — HIS VISIT TO THE PASHA — PROVISION IN TIME OF FAMINE — ENTRANCE OF THE NEW PASHA — MR. GROVES'S ILLNESS — RESTORATION OF TRANQUILLITY IN BAGDAD — MR. GROVES'S LETTERS.

WHAT a contrast do the preceding pages present to us between the holy, quiet confidence of the man of faith and the dismay of the unbelieving masses around him. In the midst of death and desolation, we find him committing himself and his household to God, to the living God; and having done so, he was ready, as circumstances required, to help others. All in authority flee away; the British Resident is gone; the Pasha is either fled, or has secreted himself,—at all events he is unable to act; his attendants are dispersed, and even his horses uncared for, going about the streets; but the man of faith remains quietly at his post; he is in the sanctuary with God, pleading for the devoted city; and having received help from Him, with what holy courage does he go forth to the help of others. We find him at one time visiting those who were smitten with the plague; at another time in the midst of falling houses, rescuing the property of the Resident from destruction; again, caring for the poor outcast children; and at all times speaking of the things of the kingdom to those who visited him: he seemed, as some one has remarked, "the only man alive, in the midst of the awe-struck inhabitants." And when, at last,

the plague reached his own house, and took from him his greatest earthly support, the wife of his bosom, we trace the same unshaken trust in God,—in the kindness of His purposes, in the wisdom of His ways, dark though they seemed; and when he himself is touched with this fearful disease, he is in no wise moved; he knows *whom* he has believed, and is persuaded He will keep that which he has committed to Him against that day. While we glorify God as the alone source of all this grace, how should such an example encourage the heart of the faithful to trust God at *all* times—to trust and not be afraid. The same arm on which Mr. Groves had leaned amidst all the horrors of a plague-stricken city, and when the pestilence deprived him of his precious wife, and threatened his own life, supported him, we shall now see, when surrounded by the awful sights and sounds of civil war, and when again touched to the quick by domestic bereavement.

From June 10th to the 16th, the report of war without, and robberies within, kept the inhabitants in constant alarm.

Mr. Groves says :—

"*June 11th.*—This day has made manifest that more judgments are coming upon this city; and instead of a *Firman* in favour of Daoud Pasha bringing peace, we can already hear the sound of the cannon of the new Pasha. The enemy is within six miles, and the whole city is in a state of commotion that cannot be described ;—every one armed with swords, pistols, and guns, preparing for the expected contest. All the bazaars are closed, and we are taking in water again at an advanced price. Shortly after we ascended to the roof of our house, for our evening walk, we heard the cannons and small arms begin to fire, which informed us that the contest had begun in the city. About eight o'clock we heard multitudes crying out and shouting before the palace, and the account was soon brought us, that the inhabitants had broken in, and seized the Pasha. After this, all was quiet, except the firing of guns from the tops of houses to frighten off the thieves, and the cry of the watchmen, whom all who can afford it in these trying times, keep to protect them. The Lord has hitherto extended His sheltering

wing over us, though without sword, pistol, gun, or powder in the house, and the only men, besides myself, are, Kitto, who is deaf, and the schoolmaster's father, who is blind, but the Lord is our hope and our exceeding great reward.

"*June* 12*th.*—The day dawned quietly, but our house has just been attacked by a band of lawless depredators, asking for powder and offensive weapons, but I told them I had none, and seeing a carpenter whom I knew, I told him I would let him in, if they promised that no more should come in. They entered, were very civil, and when I forbade their passing over the roof of my house to enter that of a rich neighbour, they did not press it, but took the money I gave them and went away. The Pasha of Mosul and an Arab chief are gone into the palace. The crier has been publishing the determination of those now acting for the new Pasha, till he enters, to punish all who commit depredations, and desiring the bazaars may be opened, and every one go about his own work. Should this be the end, we cannot but bless God, that so great a storm has passed over so lightly. But the fact is, the plague has destroyed all the powers of resistance. All Daoud Pasha's soldiers were dead, as well as his public servants, and he, though recovering from the plague, unable to take any active part himself. When he passed our house this morning, he was supported on his horse by six men.

"*June* 14*th.*—The people at the head of affairs have now begun to quarrel among themselves; some are for killing Daoud Pasha, others are for saving him; and the opposite parties are fighting in all directions. The Pasha of Mosul, who had come to act for the Pasha of Aleppo, the successor of Daoud Pasha, said to be appointed by the Porte, is made prisoner; part of the palace has been burnt and plundered, and the soldiers killed. The crier has again proclaimed Daoud Pasha, and Saleh Bes his representative, until he recovers, as they suppose Ali Pasha to be dead of the plague. What is true, and what is false, it is now utterly impossible to tell, but should Ali Pasha be sufficiently powerful to attempt to dispossess this man, we

may expect dreadful scenes. Our only resting place is in Him who is the Shepherd of the fold of Israel.

"*June 15th.*—The account has just reached us, that the Pasha of Mosul was put to death last night. The reason assigned is that he attacked Bagdad without any warrant, and had detained the Tartars who were bringing the firman for Daoud Pasha. Oh! what a country! and what a government! but I feel that the Lord is by these trials disciplining the poor weak faith of His servant, to lay hold on His strength. These scenes of anxiety and trouble strongly urge the heart forward to desire the day of the Lord; so wretched, so comfortless, does all appear."

Mr. Groves peculiarly felt at this time his deficiency in the language; he says,—

"Amidst this turmoil and interminable contention, a missionary with a family has much to try his faith, particularly in the early years of his missionary course, when he has no power in the language to take advantage of those opportunities which accidentally present themselves; for I am daily more and more convinced of the difficulty of speaking so as to be felt; at least in the first Eastern language one learns. The association of ideas and the images of illustration are almost entirely different in many cases. The organs of pronunciation require a perfectly new modelling, and perhaps not the least difficulty is to prevent one's heart from sinking at the little apparent progress made in understanding and being understood out of the common routine of daily life; the feeling will often arise, 'Surely I never shall learn.' The difficulty is not, however, merely in words; you have generally to converse in the East, with persons who have either no ideas on subjects of the deepest interest, or have attached some entirely different meaning to the terms you use to express those ideas; and which of the two occasions the most trouble, it is difficult to say. Notwithstanding all difficulties, and all discouragements, and we seem now in the very centre of all, my soul was never more assured of the value of missionary labours among any people, it matters not whom, than now. There is, I am sure, what our blessed Lord declares,

a testimony, in whatever measure we can proclaim His truth, or manifest His love."

July 16th was the first quiet day; all within the city seemed to have for a short period the prospect of respite from suffering, but Mr. Groves was undergoing fresh trial. He writes:—

"*June 17th.*—For some weeks past, hope and fear have alternated for my sweet little baby; but to-day hope finds not a place for her foot to rest on. I see the Lord has sent His message for her also; this comes very, very heavy; for from some days previous to dear Mary's death till now, I have been her constant nurse, and solicitude about her has in some measure served to distract my attention from dwelling undividedly on my heavier loss, and she has become so accustomed to my nursing that, as soon as ever she sees me, she stretches out her little supplicating hands for me to take her. All this has served to beguile my heart, and keep it in some degree occupied. But when the Lord takes from me this sweet little flower, I shall indeed be desolate. Why the Lord thus strips me, I do not now see; yet He does not allow me to doubt His love, amidst all my sorrows, and I know that light is sown for me, though it does not yet spring up. O, may my soul never cease to feel assured of my heavenly Father's unchangeable love; for with a doubt on this head *now,* what would my circumstances be? We know that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed. O, may such a result spring from all my suffering!"

And again, after she had seemed to be getting better, he says, "My dear little baby has had an attack of purulent opthalmia, which gives me much anxiety. . . . . .

"In reading Mrs. Judson's Journal of the trials of the Burman Mission, how deeply I now enter into them, how truly I can sympathize with them! It is wonderful how the Lord does sustain the heart when the time of trial comes. When I heard the struggle at the palace, then saw it on fire, and heard the balls whizzing over our heads, and shortly after the screams of the poor Jews, whom they were plundering a

little way from the end of our street, my heart felt a repo[se] God that I cannot describe, and a peace that nothing [but] confidence in His loving care could give me, I feel assured."

The troubles of war which had ceased for a little whi[le] were again begun on July 1st.—Every day brought some fr[esh] sorrow, and the Journal is full of painful scenes, and of t[he] alternations of hope and fear; but our object is only to gi[ve] such extracts as personally concerned Mr. Groves, and to tell of external troubles only so far as they affected his own natural and spiritual life, his labours, and those who were immediately connected with him.

"*July 2nd. Saturday.*—Dear baby has suffered so much from her eyes to-day, that it tried my heart to the very bottom. And, in addition to all this, the state of things here is assuming an alarming aspect. Without the city walls, the numbers of those who wish to plunder the city are increasing; and within, the same tendency is manifested among those who are intended for its protection, so that my heart has been at times very much pressed down; yet the Lord has sustained me. In the evening, as I was looking out, I saw the man come into the court-yard, who brings and collects letters for Aleppo, and in his hand a letter for me. With what eagerness did I seize it, and anticipate its contents. Yet though good tidings, because it told of the Lord's blessing them, and being in the midst of them, it contained tidings peculiarly heavy for me to receive at this moment, as it not only gave me no present prospect of seeing my dear brethren from Aleppo, but made it very doubtful if it would be their path to come at all; at least if they did, it would be purely to join me, and this surely would not be the path of duty. I, however, receive this last trying providence at my loving Father's hands, adoring His love whilst I know not the modes of His going forth. It has not weighed me down so much as I thought it would; and the Lord allows me to feel assured He will yet do something for me. They seem to wish me to join them, but I do not yet see my way clear to leave the place to which the Lord has brought me. I feel daily more and more that my place in the church is very

low, and it matters very little where I am for any good that is in me: yet by remaining, I keep the way open for those who are more able, and whose establishment is more important. I know my Lord will not cut me off from personal improvement by all His dark but gracious dealing, and perhaps I am now learning another part of that hard lesson, neither to glory in nor trust in man. But still I bless God for giving my dear brethren a door of utterance, and prospects of usefulness, where they are, and may my joy ever be in proportion to the glory that is brought to His blessed name, and the prosperity of His kingdom. Until the Lord, therefore, raises His fiery, cloudy pillar, and bids me go forth, I shall pursue my plan of endeavouring to converse in Arabic, till the Lord is pleased to open my mouth by degrees to publish His whole truth. Should He send me some dear brother to help and comfort me, may He give me grace to praise Him; if not, to hope in Him and find in Himself all I need. To the dear boys it has been a great disappointment, for it was the constant theme of their conversation, and a cheering expectation, to see friends from England. However, our dear Father will order all things well, and I bless Him exceedingly for sending out to Aleppo our dear brethren and sisters. The Lord may use this event, which now seems so weakening and trying, for the furthering of the gospel in these lands: in fact, I should be almost sorry for *all* of the brethren to leave Aleppo."

That the expected party had not attempted to come at this time, he had reason to bless God. He afterwards writes,—

"The Pasha of Aleppo, hearing of dear Edward Cronin as an English doctor who proposed coming to Bagdad, wished to engage him to accompany him as his physician, and offered him 1500 piastres a month; but, anxious as they were to come, the circumstances of their party did not, on mature deliberation, allow them to separate, and Ali Pasha was unwilling to undertake the responsibility of the females with his camp. And, O, how my soul blesses the Lord, now I think on it, that these obstacles were so graciously interposed; disease, delay, and

trouble would have accompanied them, and till now, they would have been detained in the desert, with little prospect of speedy admission into the city, for its defenders are still firing against the camp, and the besiegers against them. They would also have been exposed to the full power of a sun, which no one can tell how to estimate, but by actual exposure to it.

"*July* 12*th.*—Some of the lawless depredators came again into our house, and wanted arrack, but they went away quietly, and only talked about cutting off my head, but all this is mere bravado. The Lord graciously takes care of us. They look on me as a sort of Dervish, because I do not drink arrack, nor use weapons of war, nor take men to guard my house. It is reported that the camp of those without the city is within half an hour's march of us. Nothing can exceed the fear and want of confidence that prevail throughout the city; every man's heart failing him for fear of those things which are coming upon us. O, what a resting-place is the Lord's experienced love, and the assurance that all shall work together for good to those that love Him; yet, living thus in the midst of constant alarm, makes my heart long sometimes for that sweet Christian communion which I left in England; I have now none to commune with. When dear Mary was with me, we had an unceasing source of happiness in conversing on our common hopes, and rejoicing in our Lord. Our communion with our dear friends was rendered vivid by the help of correspondence and conversation, but letters have almost ceased to come. Our Lord's days too are solitary, none to tune Zion's harps! O, how this makes the soul long for the courts of the Lord, where we may go up with the crowds that keep holy-day!

"The dear little boys are very anxious to leave Bagdad, yet they do not complain, nor appear on the whole otherwise than happy, which is indeed a great mercy. My poor dear little nursling, the object of ceaseless care, seems rather gaining than losing ground, yet is still so frail that a blast of wind seems enough to extinguish the little fire that burns; but, if the Lord will, even this little fire shall yet burn brighter and brighter, and defy in His name the rudest blast.

"Sometimes when I think on the complete stop the Lord has in His infinite wisdom seen fit to put to my little work here, I am astonished. Among those who are dead, is one who was translating the New Testament into the vulgar Armenian of this place, and had gone as far as Luke; and another gentleman who was educated in Bombay, and was writing an English and Armenian dictionary for me, in which he had proceeded about half-way (10,000 words). In this dictionary there were not only the ancient and modern parallel words, but an explanation in vulgar Armenian, with examples. The probability of my again meeting with one similarly qualified and equally willing, is very small indeed; but with this as with all the rest, it is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good. I wait to see His future pleasure, and though I am now under a cloud, through sorrow, and separation from His service, may He sanctify it, and advance His glory by whomsoever He pleases, only giving me a heart to rejoice in their labours, and to love my Lord fervently; and then I hope I shall not complain. I never felt fit for much, and I now feel fit for less than I once thought I was, yet the Lord will not deny me a place in His body, and oh, may He give me a heart willing to take the lowest—that of washing the disciples' feet. O, for the spirit of our dear humble Lord in that wonderful transaction so calculated to stain human pride with the name of madness, but especially the pride of those who call themselves His."

He says, "A letter has reached me from the Bible Society, dated 27th July last year, mentioning the sending of three cases of Arabic and Persian Scriptures to my dear brother Pfander. When I consider how God, in His infinite and unsearchable providence, has seen fit to bring to nought all our plans by the disorganization of this, at all times, lawless land, I cannot but feel it a strong call to form very few plans for the future, and just to work by the day. Our hope was, when we came to Bagdad, to have been able to travel pretty extensively both in the mountains of Kourdistan and in Persia; but the state of the country, and other considerations, brought all these plans to nothing, so my dear friend and kind brother left me for Shu-

shee, having been able to obtain much of the information he desired, without the journey. And I, instead of having a large present field of useful employment, and one prospectively increasing, am now without employment, or the prospect of any, and if it were not that I feel getting on a little in the colloquial language of the country, I should be almost without hope of remaining with advantage here: but while I feel this, my heart does not sink. The Lord will yet let His light shine out of the darkness, and will one day enable me to speak of His promises. I daily feel more assured that the colloquial use of the language is the very instrument of an evangelist's labour. And let such a missionary feel infinitely happier to hear it said he speaks very low Arabic, but that everybody understands him, than very pure, but which is unintelligible, except to the Moolahs. If he speak not in a very mixed dialect of Turkish, Persian, and Arabic, he will not be understood here; there is, however, an immense preponderance of Arabic over the others.

"The British and Foreign School Society have also very kindly offered to afford what assistance their limited means will allow to the furtherance of Scripture instruction in the East. I shall endeavour to repay this free kindness by obtaining the best information I can, before I call in their aid, for nothing is so discouraging as failures from precipitate attempts; for so variable is the state of affairs in these countries, that previous to your judgment being matured by experience, you may be led, with the best intentions possible, to undertake, on a bright day, plans which, before they can be executed, prove as baseless as a vision, and which will leave nothing behind, but the remembrance of useless expense and unproductive labour."

But though shut out from public labour, he was not without private work. He speaks often of his "patients," which shows that he still continued to practice medicine; and in this way he had opportunity, even in the most trying times, and while confined to the house, of seeing and speaking to many about his Lord.

July 8th.—He says :—

"I had some interesting conversations with three poor people from Karakoosh, a town about five hours from Mosul, composed of Roman Catholic Syrians. Every information I receive from that quarter convinces me, that Erzeroum, Diabekir and Mosul would be interesting head-quarters for a missionary.

"*July 10th, Sunday.*—In conversation to-day with some Armenians and a Jacobite, on the subject of invoking the Virgin Mary, I was struck with the readiness with which they all submit to Scripture; and this seems universal among those who are not ecclesiastics by profession, or Roman Catholics. The curse of obstinate blindness seems to be left to those who join that apostate church, for truly it may be said of them, they come not to the light, because their deeds are evil—not their deeds as members of society, but as professed members of the mystical body of Christ.

"*July 21st.*—In some conversation I have just had with the old father of our late schoolmaster, I have been encouraged to feel that it is almost impossible for a missionary, even of the humblest pretensions, and in the lowest degree qualified for his calling, which I can, I think, with unaffected truth, say I feel to be my own case—to live among these people, and not to lead them to some most important principles. This old man is not only theoretically persuaded of the sufficiency of the Scriptures, but in his understanding fully convinced. His acquaintance with scripture is very extensive and accurate, and on my servant coming to ask him the explanation of words in the translation lately sent forth by the Bible Society, it led to a conversation on the importance of having a translation that every woman and child can understand. He said, 'Yes, and it is only the pride of the learned and of the bishops which prevents it: if books were once published in the dialects of the people, the old language would cease to be cultivated.' This would doubtless be an infinite benefit to the people, not only to the Armenians, but to the Syrians and Chaldeans, and to every Church of the East; a few learned men may, and most likely will, be found to extract what is valuable from the old

language, if they have only enlightened judgment enough to leave the mass of rubbish behind. He mentioned the sermon on the Mount, which we received from Shushee, and said, that it opened the eyes of the children—yet even this dialect is very different from the one used here. I think this aged man understands and feels, there is but one Church in the world.

"*July* 22*nd.*—I had with me to-day, for the last time as a patient, an officer of the Pasha's household who had the plague, and a large wound from a carbuncle, but who is now quite well; he was talking of the state of the city and country, and said, 'Why do we wish to give our country into the hands of the Ghiaours,* and not to the Persians? It is because we know they will neither take our wives or daughters from us, nor rob us of our money, nor cut off our heads, but in Islaam there is no mercy, no pity.' He added, 'Did you ever see me before I came about my leg?' I said, 'No.' 'Yet,' he said, 'you had mercy upon me and cured me and my daughter (who also had had the plague), and why? It was from your heart—there was mercy there.' I took this opportunity to explain the reason, as emanating from the command of Christ, and not the goodness of my heart; and how truly could I say it; for the Lord knows how, but for this, it would be a weariness to me. This dissatisfaction with their own government is not the feeling of a few discontented men, but is, I am persuaded, very general —how can such a kingdom stand?

Yesterday and to-day I have had two Roman Catholic merchants with me, and in quoting Scripture to them, I found them ready with the context; but the deadly evil is the separation of religion and its principles from the government and rule of every day and every moment. In these countries, where religious expressions are in every one's mouth, a missionary has most valuable employment, as he is able to bring their minds

* This word Ghiaour, or infidel, is applied by Mohammedans to Christians without the least intention of personal offence; and what is still more extraordinary, the Christians commonly designate themselves by the same appellation.

back to their own expressions, and their import and power, as we might do to those who heartlessly use that beautiful form of dedication in the communion service of the Church of England, 'We here present unto thee our bodies, souls, and spirits, to be unto thee a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice.' O, that all who use these blessed words felt their power, and lived under it! Christ's name would soon be magnified from land to land."

The circumstances of the ex-Pasha, at this time, are thus alluded to by Mr. Groves.—

"*July 23rd.*—The Pasha has just sent me a fish, with his compliments, and a request that I will dress it for him. This is the way he collects the daily provisions for his household; one person sends him a dish of rice, another a dish of kebaub, another bread; at other times all this takes place because of custom, but now from necessity, for he has scarcely any servants to attend him. This is the first time I have been so honoured, and when the fish was cooked aud sent, he desired the servant to come back, and bring him a few kustawee dates to eat with it: that you may not think these any extravagant luxury, I may add, their value is somewhat less than a penny a pound. I note this as a little trait of manners that one would hardly credit, had not the fact come under one's own observation."

The heat of the weather being intense, and the *sirdaubs* uninhabitable from the dampness left by the inundation, Mr. Groves and his family were obliged to sleep on the roof of their house. This brought them into new dangers.

"*July 28th.*—Two shells have just passed over us. The one fell on the roof of the house of an Arab family, at a little distance from us, who were all asleep, and on bursting killed three. One cannon ball has just passed over us, besides innumerable musket balls, only two of which I felt so near as to endanger us. One just passed by me and struck the wall, the other I escaped by bending my head as it passed over me; yet dangerous as it seems in such circumstances to sleep on the roof, the suffocating heat of the rooms is insupportable."

A little later, he writes, "Last night, whilst lying on my bed on the roof of the house, five balls passed over my head in about as many seconds, so close, that I threw myself off the bed, in expectation that the next might hit it, or me: at times I almost determined to go down, but the danger of being shot did not appear so dreadful as the suffocating heat down stairs." The following extracts shew that Mr. Groves had a wonderful capacity for abstracting his thoughts from scenes around him, whether painful or pleasing. Thus amidst all the troubles of siege and famine, and notwithstanding his own trials in the continued illness of his child, he had full liberty for reflection on all he heard, and on the various instructive books which he read in his solitude.

"I was struck with the quickness with which the mind apprehends the simple truth of God when unprejudiced by interest. Without ever speaking contemptuously to the Christians here about their fasting, I have taken various opportunities of expressing the liberty of a Christian to fast in such a way, and at such times, as he believes most conducive to his soul's advantage; and have pointed out to them, that to lay the stress on it they do, was quite perverting the very end and design of fasting; for that they are manifestly less afraid of violating Christ's commands than their own regulations, which, as they used them, were purely human. To-day, a question arose between two of them in my presence, about their fasts; and the one stated, as clearly as could be wished, the uselessness of burdening their consciences about eating a little butter instead of oil, or such like, instead of seeking to flee from their lies, and drunkenness, and robbery, and cheating. There seems to me such a glorious moral power in God's word, that my heart never doubts of its producing marked effects, where it can be clearly and fully delivered; but O, the language, what a mountainous barrier!

"*August 4th, Thursday.*—We have received accounts to-day of another messenger from Bussorah, with letters for us, having been stript. How trying these dispensations are—how necessary for our peace that our eye should *rest only on God*, ordering

in love every event concerning us, even to the arrival of a letter, so that He will allow nothing to fail us that is for our good. I have to-day finished reading, for the second time, Martyn's Memoir, by Sargent. How my soul admires and loves his zeal, self-denial and devotion ; how brilliant, how transient his career ; what spiritual and mental power amidst bodily weakness and disease ! O, may I be encouraged by his example to press on to a higher mark. When I think of my own spiritual weakness, contrasted with his spiritual power, it brings a striking warning home to my heart to seek a fuller and more abiding union with Jesus, from whom alone flows the living waters that make the branches fruitful. I am not now troubled about that intellectual difference between us, which might seem to make it impossible for me to do what he did : the Lord has made me, blessed be His holy name, contented in this respect with any difference I may feel between myself and His more exalted members ; but my sorrow is caused by my want of that likeness to Him who is my Lord and King, which is the common inheritance of all the members of His mystical body. May I, however, henceforth make the most of my talent, that I be not numbered among the slothful servants at my dear Lord's most glorious and blessed appearing. The mild seriousness that pervades dear H. M.'s soul has for my heart a great charm. There is not a trait of eccentricity—all is like his Lord in its measure—he was solemn and serious as became his work, yet full of zeal and affection, which showed itself, however, rather in the steady power of a course of action than in expression. It is astonishing what the world will endure from a child of God, whose manner gives them an excuse for calling him an interesting, eccentric madman ; because all he says they feel at liberty to laugh at ; whereas, if the very same truths were declared to them in the calm seriousness of our Lord's manner, it would make them gnash on him with their teeth."

Turning again to the subject of the infant, he says,—

"*August 7th. Lord's-day.*—This has been a day of trials and tears. The visions of the night were filled with her I have lost,

and the day has been spent in weeping over her, I am soon, very soon, to lose; but this is only nature, my soul rests happily in my Lord. I had given up a little for His dear service! but He knew where the heart's reserves were, and has put His hand on them; yet, blessed hope that gilds these darkest days—the day of the Lord is at hand, when we shall meet to part no more. O, may my heart live with this blessed prospect ever before it, and labour each day for the Lord, as though it were to be the waking vision of the morning's dawn. My heart is very sad to think how profitless a servant I have been; but I do purpose, the Lord enabling me, to be more diligent, more devoted in future.

"My mind has been much exercised as to the desirableness of keeping a journal of the soul's inmost workings; but after reading and thanking God for those of others, I feel I never could write one without the fear of its publication, and this would keep my soul in a continual struggle, either by tempting me to say too much or too little, more or less than the truth; for, if any but my most gracious and loving Lord knew me as I am, I should hide myself for ever from the face of man. Yet I pray the Lord, that He will by His Spirit write a journal on my soul, that I may truly feel how very meek and lowly it becomes me to be when I think of all His forgiveness, notwithstanding my trangressions against Him. I feel there was something peculiarly gracious in my Lord's not sending me away to my sufferings and trials, till he had given me a cordial, in the assurance of His unchanging love. O, but for this, what would my past trials have been; had I not felt assured my Lord's love did not fluctuate with my feelings, nor depend upon my worthiness. O, what a blessed passage is that in Rom. v, 'If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, *much more* being reconciled we shall be saved by His life.' Yet the more I feel of this assurance of such unmerited love, the more hateful sin appears in all its shapes, and the more my soul desires entire devotedness to the whole will of God, and conformity to my gracious Lord."

From the 9th of August till the 15th of September, the

Journal contains nothing but details of misery. From the Pasha to the meanest of his subjects, all suffered.

"*Aug. 9th.*—A contest has sprung up between the troops and the inhabitants of the city. Our neighbours are also making barricades across the street near our door. I have put such things as I should be sorry to lose in a hole made in the wall by the falling of a room, in the hourly expectation of being plundered. Yet I trust, I am quite content, the Lord should do as He sees best, even in respect to these things."

"*Aug. 13th.*—Another messenger from Bussorah is arrived, but stript and plundered; he had letters for us; he was detained four days a prisoner by the Arabs.

"*Aug. 19th.*—Every thing seems darkening in this wretched city; numbers of the poor are crying at the gates to be let out, that they may not be starved. All the necessaries of life have risen to five times their usual prices; all trade has ceased; the Arabs are breaking into every house where they expect to find corn, or rice, so that it is a difficult choice, either to be without provisions, and thus in danger of starving, or having them, to be broken in upon, and plundered.

"We intend to bury a box, containing some dates, rice, and flour, under ground, that in the event of their breaking in, we may secure some food for a few days, which may give us time to look about. The Lord, however, is very gracious, and will not try us above our strength. The care of my dear little dying baby, has much taken my mind from dwelling on the distressing position in which we are. We are sure the Lord rides and reigns in this whirlwind, and no part of the mystical body of Christ, however humble, will be forgotten.

"*Aug. 23rd.*—On Saturday last, those within the city made a sally against a tribe of Arabs, friends of Ali Pasha, and after putting them to flight and killing 100, they cut off the heads of 150, who were taken prisoners, in cold blood! . . . . . A letter came from Ali Pasha's physician to Mr. Swoboda, an Austrian merchant, in which he was desired to communicate to all the Franks, that Ali Pasha had given strict orders to his

soldiers not to molest one of them. Though this manifests good intentions, we have had too much experience of the powerlessness of generals to restrain their soldiers at such times to have much confidence in man. Our confidence is in Him who will and does watch over us for good."

It was not till August 24th that Mr. Groves had the heavy trial of losing his little girl. He says :—

"Three months and ten days have now passed since the Lord took from me her, who was on earth the supreme consolation of my life ; and now, this day, He has taken from me my sweet little baby without a sigh, without the expression of pain during the whole of her illness ; for this my heart can, even at this moment, bless the Lord ; but it has left a void that has more than ever made the world appear a waste. Her incessantly returning wants made even these times appear to wing a rapid flight ; but now all is still as death, except the weeping of the poor nurse Hannai, who truly loved her, and watched over her night and day with unremitting care. [See Appendix D.] Oh, what a time would these three months have been for dear Mary, had she lived, and what a day would this have been ; but the Lord took her from the evil to come, and has now taken the dear little object of her love to her, to join her little sainted sister and dear little brother ; four of us are gone, and three are left. May the Lord quickly prepare us all, and hasten His coming kingdom, that we may meet to part no more. And, O, may He make the remnant of the worthless life He grants me, as a living sacrifice to His service. Notwithstanding I acquiesce, I trust, in the Lord's will from the bottom of my heart, yet I feel a desolation and loneliness of heart, in this last dispensation, that surpasses all I have felt in my last six months of trial. My sweet little baby remained an object for those affections, which, however disciplined, will exist while life lasts, however the power of grace may prevail ; but in one so weak in faith, so earthly as I am, they have had much, too much power, and therefore the Lord, in mercy to my soul, has swept them away, that I may have nothing in this world left but His service. If this be His holy purpose, may my whole soul

second so gracious an intention; and I pray the spiritual family, which the Lord, according to His promise, has given me, fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers, that their love and patience towards me may abound, that my spirit may be refreshed thereby, and my weakness encouraged to proceed—though faint, yet pursuing.

"*Aug. 25th, Friday.*—This day has taught me, that if I would not be entirely miserable, I must give up my whole time, and soul, and thoughts to my Lord; for if I look off Him, I feel bordering on a gulph, the depth of which I cannot fathom. O, may the Holy, blessed Spirit give me such views of the graciousness and exceeding riches of my Lord, that I may really feel, in having Him, I have all things! He alone is the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever. All created things, the nearest, the dearest, the most beloved, in the moment of greatest need and greatest felicity, elude the grasp, and flee away; but He abides always. I desire, therefore, the Lord enabling me, to give myself to preparation for my future labours more diligently than I have ever yet done; that though desolate on earth, I may hold the freest and sweetest communion with heaven; for, of all preparation, I feel the greatest, the most needful to be, that of the heart; in order to the constant sensible entertainment of Christ, from whose nearness all the spiritual faculties derive the sap, and the fruit-bearing strength.

"*Aug. 28th.*—To-day I feel the Lord has given me a victory, by turning my thoughts from my miserable self and temporary circumstances, to the contemplation of the happiness of those who are gone before me, and by enabling me to feel I am on my journey to meet them, and drawing every day one day's journey nearer, while I endeavoured to forget I had ever been happy in domestic life, or ever possessed those dear objects; but nature was often too strong for me, as I dwelt on their felicity, and my journeying towards them daily, whether the Lord brings them with Him, or I go before He comes. This hope does comfort me, for it is a real abiding truth, whether I drink the sweets of the consolation from it

or not. I therefore now purpose, the Lord enabling me, after nearly six months' interruption, to return to the studies, preparatory to my future duties as an itinerating missionary. To this service I ever thought the Lord had called me, and for this I now see all His trials have been fitting me, for I am without a home and without a tie in the world, but my dear Lord's service. These trials have made me ready for entering on my work to any extent; as my dear little boys will no longer confine me to one place, but will soon be of an age to move about with me; or should their choice render other arrangements necessary, the Lord will open a way for them likewise.

"The internal state of the city is daily becoming more and more critical; the necessaries of life are now ten times their common prices, and are even then obtained with difficulty. The abominations that are now committed in the face of day make the city appear ripe for the judgments of the cities of the plain, and the poor Christians suffer principally in the persons of their children. In these abominable acts of violence it is now utterly useless to seek a remedy, for all the power in the city is in the hands of the lawless mob, who are the perpetrators of all the wickedness.

"*Aug. 29th.*—Last night, while we were all asleep on the roof, some of the depredators broke into our house; they have taken away to the amount of £10, from Kitto and myself. The Lord caused them to be disturbed somehow, for though they took my clothes out of a box, they dropped them near the window through which they entered; and they never opened the box which contained my money; in fact, they went away without accomplishing the purpose for which they came; and it so happened that from the constant fear of the assault of the city, we had put away every thing of particular value. From daylight this morning till near noon, there was a pretty sharp contest between those within the city and those without, in which the latter got the advantage. My feeling is that we are very fast approaching a crisis, and in that crisis our eyes are unto the everlasting hills, to Him who says, 'I will never

leave thee nor forsake thee.' O, what a relief a little time of peace and free communication with our dear friends would be! The latest letters I have had are dated eleven months ago. My dear boys have not set their feet without the door of the house for five months; but it is a great mercy of the Lord that they are so happy and contented. I have never heard during all this time *one word* of complaint from them.

"*September 2nd.*—I was sent for to-day to see the Pasha, who has, from the effects of a carbuncle on his toe, lost one of the joints, and they have so treated it that he will, I think, now certainly lose another. He was particularly kind and civil, and is, without any comparison, the most gentlemanly person I have met with in the East. There is an unaffected simplicity of manners, and a benevolence of countenance, which makes one wonder how all the accounts of his actions, which we may, I think, say we know to be true, could possibly be so. He made me a present of three small cucumbers, at this time the greatest rarity; and this may convey some idea to what extent the privations of the poor have gone, when the Pasha can hardly command a cucumber, which, with leguminous fruits of a similar kind, constitute a great portion of the food of the poor in ordinary times. As I returned from the Pasha, a man levelled a gun at me, not with any intention to fire, I believe, but just to show that independant boldness which fears no one, but dares to do what it chooses.

"*September 6th.*—There is nothing new; but the uninterrupted stream of misery is still swelling with its bitter waters: depredation and scarcity increasing and advancing with pretty equal steps. There seem to be signs of money beginning to fail from the treasury of the Pasha, as his kanjaar (a dagger), richly studded with diamonds, was offered for sale the other day. The palace of the Pasha, which is in ruins, is filled with Arnaouts, a mercenary band of soldiers, who employ their time in making and drinking arrack, and knocking down the walls of the palace, wherever they yield a hollow sound, in search of the hidden treasures of the Pasha. In these coun-

tries it is an universal custom for people to bury or build up in the walls of houses their treasures, from the insecurity in which they always live.

"Mr. Swoboda has received a letter from a friend of his in the Pasha's camp, stating that there was a large pile of letters and parcels for Europeans within the city, in the possession of the Pasha. This is trying to us, but still it brings the hope that we may soon receive intelligence of our friends.

"It seems as if the angel of destruction were resting on this city, to sweep it from the earth. They are pulling down the roofs of the bazaars to sell the wood for fuel, and filling the roads with rubbish. The state of anarchy must be witnessed to be understood. Everything continues increasing in price, and even the dates, upon which the inhabitants and cattle have fed for six weeks, have come to an end. The Pasha has this day taken the jewels of his wives to sell.

"*Sept.* 10*th.*—Last evening, the thieves broke into the house of one of the sons of the Pasha, and killed three of the servants; the most valuable articles known to belong to the Pasha, are openly sold in the streets, without the least notice being taken; and thus also the armed rabble shoot individuals when they please, without the *least* provocation. They are continually drunk, and do whatever they choose. I think, if it did please the Lord to put an end to these sorrows, my heart would be very thankful; yet perhaps in this I deceive myself, and all my gratitude would be as a morning cloud. I know the Lord will not suffer me to be tried above what He will enable me to bear.

"*Sept.* 12*th.*—The poor are permitted to leave the city. Five or six hundred go out every day and suffer no molestation. This is a great mercy, for within the city every article of food has disappeared, except buffaloes' and camels' flesh, and this is about twenty times the usual price. Things within the city are come to such a pass, that I hear the Turks determine to wait five days more; and if some efficient aid does not arrive, they will cut off the heads of Daoud Pasha and Saleh Beg, his Lieutenant Governor, and send them to Ali Pasha, for they can bear no more."

During all this time of actual and anticipated misery, Mr. Groves's heart was cheered by the growing interest of the father of the Armenian schoolmaster in the word of God; Mr. Groves says, "He was speaking to me on the difficulty of that text, 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau I have hated.' He said he just felt as though God had said to him 'I will not receive you.' I longed to preach to him fully, Him who saith, 'Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;' but I have many difficulties; he is very deaf; and Armenian and Turkish, and not Arabic, are the languages he understands."

Speaking of the way the Lord had provided for himself and household through the great famine, Mr. Groves says, "The Lord is very gracious, and suffers us to have quite enough for our health and strength, and as for money a Roman Catholic merchant was with me yesterday begging that if I wanted any more I would take it from him, for they seem all to have that kind of confidence even in our national character, that they will generally without hesitation let you have money. When I consider all the misery in the city, and the privations not only among the poor, but the rich, and consider how we have been provided for, it does seem to me most marvellous, strangers as we were, and without a friend. Before the plague, in our ignorance of the probable time of its continuance, and with the certain knowledge that in the midst of the greatest want there was not a soul that could help us, we took in enough of wheat, rice, soap, and candles, to last till within a very few weeks. When dear Mr. Pfander was about to leave us, we made him some sausages, called in this country *pastourma:* he however, took but a few, and the rest remained with us, and have served, both during the plague, and now in the famine, to vary our food a little, though somewhat dry, and as hard as wood, and still one or two of them remain. The dear boys also had some pigeons, which served us for many days. We then had two goats for my poor dear little baby, and to give us milk; but provisions became so dear that we were obliged to kill one; this we divided among the poor: at last we also

killed the second, and potted it in its fat. This, by little and little, we are consuming. We have also got four or five hens which lay two or three eggs a-day. Thus the Lord has provided for us till now; and if we have not had abundance, we have never suffered from want. And now, when wheat and rice are not to be bought, and if possessed in quantities would expose the possessors to inevitable pillage, the Lord has so graciously supplied us, that we avoid both want, and the danger of possessing provisions in the house; for before the kind Taylors left, they gave me permission to take from the Residency whatever I might want, and this I now do by little and little as I need; and the house of the Resident is so far respected in public opinion, that, disorganized as things are, I do not think they would commit any violence upon it.

"I am sure there are many who, in reading this, will bless God for His goodness to us, so utterly unworthy as we are; but, oh! if they could be witnesses of the misery that others suffer, and from which His mercies have freed us, they would indeed praise Him. For, even when provisions were to be had, had we been obliged to purchase at the price things then were and are now, we must inevitably have run into debt; but as it is we have enough money for more that a month to come. Therefore, bereaved as I am, and incapable as I yet feel of all enjoyment, I desire to bless the Lord for all His great goodness and care over us, of the least of whose mercies I feel infinitely unworthy."

Brighter days were about to dawn upon the people and upon Mr. Groves, who so largely participated in all the sorrows and judgments with which it had pleased the Lord to visit them.

"*Sept. 15th.*—After a night of anxious suspense, the day has dawned in comparative peace; the cry that Ali Pasha's troops were entering the city, began soon after we had retired to rest, and continued till near morning. Now we hear that Daoud Pasha fled from the house of Saleh Beg during the night and endeavoured to enter the citadel, but the soldiers would not admit him. He is now in the hands of the people of the Meidan. The Chaoush Kiahya of Ali Pasha has entered the

city, and every one is in an awful state of suspense as to the future fate of the inhabitants, at least of the higher classes. I have just set up the English flag, that they may know the inhabitant of the house is a stranger here, who has nothing to do with the strife of the city. If, after this, the Lord allows them to enter our habitation, may His holy and blessed will be done. I think the Lord has allowed my mind to be in perfect peace as to the result.

"The poor wives of the Pasha are kissing the hands of passers-by, begging that they will give them an asylum. Poor sufferers! all are afraid to interfere so as to afford them that which they want. At present, words and appearances are peaceable. May the Lord of His mercy grant that they may continue so.

"To-day we killed two fowls to have a little fresh meat. Thus the Lord has kept us through all this time of trial, and we have enough remaining for five or six days, blessed be His holy name. This day has ended in perfect peace, no disturbance, not an individual molested. The principal thieves, who, at the head of various gangs, were robbing the city in every direction, are now doing all they can to escape, for they are perfectly known. Thus the gracious hand of the Lord has removod in one day the siege and famine, with the fear and terror from the lawless within, and the undefined terrors from those without, so that all seems joy and gladness to the poor inhabitants. In the conclusion of this affair, Ali Pasha has conducted himself, amidst numberless provocations, with a moderation and prudence that does him the highest honour: bless the Lord for all His mercies! This will be the first night for months that we shall retire to rest without the hateful sounds of civil strife saluting our ears, or disturbing our rest.

"*Sept. 16th.* — Another peaceful day. Ali Pasha has collected all the principal Georgians together in his camp. When the late Pasha went out to his camp, he rose from his seat and embraced him, and told him not to fear; that the Sultan had ordered his life to be spared; to Saleh Beg also assurances of safety were given, and in fact up to this time not one

individual has been put to death. It remains yet to be seen whether this be a cloak, or real moderation. However, from the great body of the citizens all fear is removed, and both animals and inhabitants alike rejoice in returning abundance. The wheat that was sold on Wednesday for 250 piastres, was sold on Thursday for 40, and other things in proportion; besides which, vegetables have re-appeared, which, for five months, were not to be procured, at any price.

"To-day I sent out *the chaoush* of Major Taylor to Ali Pasha, to enquire if there were any letters or packets for the Residency or for me; but to my great disappointment I found there were none. However, Ali Pasha was very civil; enquired after the Resident, hoped there would be perpetual and increasing affection between them, etc., etc. We have now to wait and see how these fair beginnings will end. I have just seen the Hakeem Bashee or chief physician of Ali Pasha, who is an Italian, and to my great joy found he had locked up in his box for me many letters and newspapers, which he from time to time collected in the camp; whenever any messenger was brought in, and his packets examined, all that were for Europeans he took out, and put in his box; to-morrow he promises to let me have those that are addressed to me. He tells me that Ali Pasha has two interpreters, natives of Cyprus, who speak Turkish, Italian, and Romaic. It appears that a great change is contemplated in the government of this Pashalic.

"One of the two gentlemen whom Major Taylor sent to examine the Euphrates from Beles to Anah, has arrived at Aleppo on his way to Beles. From Anah to Bussorah there is no insurmountable impediment in the way of steam navigation. The part that now remains to be examined is from Beer to Anah.

"*Sept.* 18*th. Lord's day.* — To-day I have received a long missing letter from the dear Taylors, in which Major Taylor most kindly and generously offers, should anything happen to me, to consider my dear boys as his own, till he has an opportunity of sending them safely to the hands of their friends

in England. Thus the Lord provides, thus He orders for us. This kind offer of Major T. was quite unsolicited, for, though when I felt attacked by the plague, I had written a letter making this request, yet, on my recovery, I destroyed it.

"I hear that all these provinces, from Bussorah to Bagdad, are to be under the government of Ali Pasha; under Daoud, the people, were oppressed by monopolies in every article of consumption. Ali has determined to put an end to this system. The crier yesterday proclaimed that meat was to be sold for no more that two piastres an oke, i. e. about five pence a pound, and if any man took more he should be hanged on the spot to his own crooks. A butcher, who was afterwards detected selling meat for three piastres, was instantly hanged.

"*Sept. 21st.*—Nothing can exceed the attention and respect that are paid to Daoud by Ali Pasha; for his life, he said, he had nothing to fear; the Sultan had pardoned him, and sent a firman to that effect; but he wished him to go to Constantinople. Consequently he leaves this place with his wives and his eldest son, Kassan Bey, who has had all his property made a present to him by Ali Pasha, and every thing they may choose to select for the convenience of their journey, is to be provided for them. There is something in this treatment so utterly unlike any thing that has been ever witnessed before, that people know not what to make of it; the Turks cannot be brought to believe but that there must be some treachery beneath; for my own part, I believe that so far as Ali Pasha is concerned, this is not true.

"The Turks here are also much startled at seeing their long robes and turbans thrown away for an European military uniform, with epaulets and other decorations; and they say that Ali Pasha himself has quite adopted the European dress; so what changes we may expect I know not, but certainly great ones are contemplated; any change approximating to this has not been introduced from the days of the Patriarchs till now. Drinking is no longer a covert offence which they practise in secret; but wine and spirits are brought in their trays as regular articles of consumption."

With respect to one who afterwards gave him comfort, he

"I had yesterday a long and most interesting conversation with a very respectable Armenian Roman Catholic merchant of this place, most timidly fearful of having his faith touched; yet the Lord opened the way to the introduction of some very interesting topics—such as the duty of reading God's Word for ourselves, the worship of the virgin, &c., on all of which, little by little, he conversed freely.—He seemed well acquainted with the Scriptures I quoted, but had never thought about these questions. The great preparatory work in this country is to get men to think of the soul's everlasting interests, and to feel that religion has to do with the various relations of life. In all countries custom has much power, but in the East it is despotic.

"*Sept. 24th.*—Nothing of any striking moment relative to our situation has occurred since the last date: all is quiet. Yet circumstances have taken place of the deepest interest, which make my soul rejoice in God. In a packet of letters I received the other day from India and Bussorah, was one from a person whom I met here, a gay thoughtless officer in the army, who seems now really seeking for light and life. Of this I am sure, that with that soul, it never can be again as in times past; the name of Christ will either be a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death. Oh! how strange a thing does a consciousness of divine life in the soul appear, and how affecting is it to receive that news fresh from the heart of one who, in spiritual things, has seen men as trees walking. May the Lord complete what He has begun, and make His recovered child a burning and shining light in that land of darkness, where he sojourns! This intelligence comes, too, at a very acceptable time, for I have had a slight attack of fever for these last ten days, which, though it is not worth mentioning, has, like all fevers, left me weak, and with a tendency to depression. Nor is this all the good the Lord has done me. The Roman Catholic merchant, whom I mentioned before, has been with me again. He reminded me that when I came from England I

brought a letter for him, from a very dear friend; in that letter, he was requested to come every day to see me, and talk with me, for I was neither a Roman Catholic, a Greek, an Armenian, nor belonging to any other denomination, but a Christian. He, however, never came. Shortly after my arrival I met him at the house of another merchant, and as I could not talk with him, my dear brother Pfander did; but nothing could exceed the timid reserve and coldness with which he answered all questions respecting religion. But yesterday he told me, 'Now I do not fear to converse with you.' Surely here is something gained. May the Lord grant me grace to pour in the sincere milk of the Word! At present I see nothing more than a willingness to hear and consider; but this is almost like finding a spring in the desert, when you are parched with thirst.

"I have also received from Mr. Brandram, the Secretary of the Bible Society, a kind and generous letter, in the name of that noble institution, which enables me to enter on their work with all my heart, leaving the question of money free, and only seeking the soul's profit of those on whom their benefits are bestowed: if I obtain money, well—if not, I am only to seek a fair guarantee that the people will read and take care of the books I have, without money, full liberty to give. These books are arrived at Bussorah, and when they reach me, what with those I already have, and those coming from Constantinople or Smyrna, I shall have quite a depository. All these circumstances at present make me determine to stay here, the Lord enabling me, though we again hear the Persians are in Suleimania.

"*October 9th. Lord's day.*—It is just one fortnight since the Lord has laid me on the bed of sickness and suffering; for nearly a fortnight previous an attack of typhus fever had been making its steady advances. I had lost all appetite, strength, and ability to sleep, accompanied by that strange overwhelming depression of mind which inclines one to weep, one knows not why. But this day fortnight I was completely laid by, and this is the first day I have had my clothes on since.

"*Oct. 11th.*—The Lord still allows me to feel convalescent

and I cannot but think of His mercies to me in my solitary and lonely situation, with all those tendencies to depression which are concomitants of the disease. He sent me from time to time such cheering intelligence as made me hope His cause would prosper, and that all these turmoils were only preparing the way for it.

"*Oct.* 14*th.*—All in the city is quiet yet. There is no apparent confidence: men seem waiting to see how things will turn out. Every thing is very dear, as it must necessarily be for some time. The greatest part of the inhabitants are dead, and many of the survivors have become rich, either by the death of relations or by robbery, and no one will do any thing without an exorbitant remuneration. I have just had a quantity of rice cleaned, for doing which, previous to the plague, I gave a piastre and a half, and now I have given six piastres.

"We have an Armenian bishop coming here in the room of the priests who are dead. I know not what his plan of operation will be; but the Lord is on our side.

"I had a visit yesterday from the Abbé Troche, who has the superintendence of the Catholic mission here; he was very pleasant; but nothing particular passed, as many others were present. My conversations with the Roman Catholic merchant I have before mentioned, are still very open and free. O, may the Lord water and bless them.

"*Oct.* 17*th.*—Several of the elder boys, who had fled from the plague with their parents, have been with me since their return. My heart feels deeply interested about them; yet I see not plainly my way. I certainly never felt teaching in a school to be my proper work, and now much less than ever; yet they need instruction and desire it, and I think they are attached to me. May the Lord give me a wise and understanding heart, that I may rightly see the service He requires of me. I much wish for the counsel of my dear brethren at Aleppo; and perhaps the Lord may soon send some of them to me.

"*Oct.* 18*th.*—I have heard to-day we are to have no other Roman Catholic bishop in the room of him who is dead; nor

any French Consul, but only an Agent; this may take off many restraints; for the late bishop had given out we were worse than either the Mohammedans or Jews, and this had made a great impression on his flock; for he was a very liberal man, and therefore influential among them. However, I very much question if things will now be kept under the same restraint; so that should the Lord lead me to open the school again, I should not be surprised if many Roman Catholics came; for they all acknowledge that our boys learned more in three months than theirs in two years. The new Pasha is likewise exceedingly desirous of cultivating the closest friendship with our Resident, who has most kindly offered me any aid he can possibly lend me; and besides all this, the letters I have this day received from England and Ireland, show me that my very dear friends have been making provision for my school; so that altogether, it seems to me the Lord's will I should try again; and in due time, when I am fit for other service, He may raise up help that will take this out of my hands. I desire to be ready to do any work, however humble and contrary to my nature, that I think the Lord appoints for me. I hear also, that at Aleppo the French intend having an Agent instead of a Consul; whereas, our government has just sent a Consul to Damascus, and one to Aleppo, and last year we had a Consul established at Trebizond. I think Ali Pasha will do all in his power to promote the steam navigation of these rivers; and he is evidently a man of a very different character from the Georgians who preceded him. They cherished most of all the pride and pomp of Turkish power, with all its inveterate prejudices, ignorance, and narrowness of mind, so that if you had any business of the least difficulty, you could never get them to attend five minutes to it. But not so Ali Pasha; he apprehends with facility; and you at least have the satisfaction of knowing you are understood. He has been at Trieste, and in Hungary, and seems acquainted, to a limited extent, with several of the public journals of Europe. He dresses nearly as an European, and his brother-in-law quite so, with the exception of the hat: this is as

yet very trying to the genuine Asiatics, who look on their own dress as that which it would be a sin to change. The Pasha seems perfectly indifferent to hoarding money.

"Things in the city are still very dear, arising from the harvest of last year not having been reaped, and various other causes. We have to pay three times the usual price for most things; but after such tremendous visitations as we have suffered, we cannot expect that things can return to their usual course in a day.

"*Oct.* 22*nd.*—I have had with me to-day a gentleman, who was formerly attached to Mr. Morier's mission in Persia. He fled from the plague at Tabreez, and arrived at Kermanshah, four days after it had been left by dear brother Pfander. He tells me, that Pfander, by his conversations in the caravan, had left so distinct an impression that he thought Mohammed a liar, that when he reached Kermanshah, he found his situation very difficult and even dangerous, and was obliged hastily to quit it. He then went to Hamadan, and remained there three days in the house of a priest, from whence he proceeded to Ispahan. All the villages between Hamadan and Ispahan are Armenian. The journey takes about ten days. When he arrived at Ispahan, he heard that Abbas Meerza was at Yezd, and therefore went on there. He was treated with great honour and respect, and a firman was given him to go where he liked: he returned to Ispahan, and from thence went to Tabreez, which place he reached before the plague broke out the second time. This account makes me long to hear from his own pen the Lord's dealings with him. The same gentleman told me that the plague in Tabreez was much worse the second time than the first. Kermanshah is absolutely destroyed, and the governor, a grandson of the king, is reported to have collected from the property of the dead five lacs of piastres. In Kourdistan also, they say it has been dreadful. In Saggas, Banah, and Suleimania, he says the desolation is shocking. How wonderful God's visitations on these nations are; they make one whom the Lord has appointed to be in the midst of them often say, 'Lord, let

thy kingdom come; yea, speedily, that thy people may know peace and safety.'

"I have sent to enquire the number of the poor little boys of my school yet alive, and I find there are twenty-five out of the eighty, and that I may expect nearly thirty pupils, should I get a master for them. I shall, therefore, endeavour to accomplish this, the Lord enabling me, when I feel strong enough to begin again.

"I am very anxious about the dear N———'s at Tabreez, from whom I have not received a line. Abbas Meerza ordered large pits to be dug for those who died of the plague, and when they were full to have them covered in. The Ambassador, and the English, Russian, and other public functionaries had fled.

"*Oct. 26th.*—I already hear of one or two Roman Catholic boys, who will now come to the school, who, during the life of the bishop, were afraid. My health I also feel daily establishing; and that I shall soon be able to enter on real labour again, with the Lord's blessing, I sincerely trust.

"*Oct. 27th.*—The affairs of the city appear daily more and more settling again; provisions are coming in in abundance, and the price is gradually lowering. The roads also are becoming more open and safe: for all these signs of tranquillity we bless the Lord and take courage, and trust we may yet serve Him in this land of our pilgrimage. Also across the desert we hear the road is tranquil.

"*Oct. 28th.*—To-day the Jew called whom I mentioned in my journal of last year, as having come to Mr. Pfander: he is a Jewish Rabbi, who, disbelieving Judaism, and possibly preferring Christianity, seems to be without heart or principle as to either. He brought with him a Polish Jew, who is Ali Pasha's tailor. He saw Mr. Wolff at Jerusalem, and speaks of him with high admiration. The Rabbi told me he was reading with him the German New Testament. May the Lord send His holy fire on the altar of their hearts, that they may really, heartily, and zealously enter into His truth. If there is any gift my soul longs for, it is to be able to speak to every one in

his own tongue wherein he was born, the wonderful works of God: for want of this, in countries like this, where you are surrounded by many different languages, the heart gets overwhelmed with difficulties; as, for instance, with these Jews, they know little Arabic, and I do not know German, and thus we are incapable of any such conversation as is likely to search the heart.

"*Nov. 4th.*—We have now at the head of affairs, under the Pasha, one of those extraordinary men who are capable of any thing good or bad. Under Daoud Pasha he, for a long time, cruelly oppressed the people, but more especially the Jews, till at last a conspiracy was formed against him, and by the influence of the father of the Serof Bashee of the Pasha, who is one of the serofs, or bankers,* of the Sultan at Constantinople, an order was procured for his being put to death. Daoud Pasha did not execute this order, but imprisoned him, for as he had been the instrument of extorting money for him, he concluded he had not failed at the same time to enrich himself. In their endeavours to extort his money from him, they drew the bow-sting so tight that they nearly strangled him: however he recovered: he told them he had a certain sum of money, and where it was: Daoud Pasha had previously agreed he should collect this for himself, but he had the meanness to take from him. He had some friends, who exerted themselves to save his life, but only a few days before the entrance of Ali Pasha, orders were again issued to put him to death, as he was detected holding communication with those without the city; but again intercession was made for him, and he was again spared. Ali Pasha, on his entrance into the town, instantly took him into favour, and has made him his treasurer and accountant-general; (Musruff and Deftarder;) and in fact, the whole business of the Pashalic is in his hands. He is at work day and night;—till after midnight he is engaged in business,

* The bankers in Turkey are generally Jews, and possessed of great wealth.

and long before dawn he is to be seen on horseback. He never sleeps at home, but each night at a different friend's house, though the Pasha gave him the best house (taken with all its accompaniments) in Bagdad. When the Pasha heard that Major Taylor's house, which is on the river, had suffered by the flood, he instantly gave it to this man, and he now intends occupying it. He is acquainted with all the internal affairs of the city, and is connected with all the tribes of Arabs from Bussorah to Merdin; knows all their relationships, enmities, friendships, and divisions, external as well as internal, and has ability and tact to take advantage of them. He is also acquainted with the agriculture of the country between the two rivers, and greatly desires to advance and improve it. What two such men as Ali Pasha and he may effect, should the Lord allow them to remain, it is impossible to conceive; certainly great changes. He has now his old enemy, the Serof Bashee, in prison, and is bastinadoing him to get money out of him. But his general carriage to the inhabitants is much changed, though he has now twice the authority, which clearly, I think, manifests the altered temper of the government. To the English he is a most devoted friend, and especially to the Resident, to whom he feels he owes his life, for he is at once a firm friend, and, I fear, an implacable enemy: one of those men from whom if you can once extort the assurance that you are safe, you may be at ease; whereas, in general, from the Pasha downwards, the more they assure a man of his safety, the more reason he felt he had to fear.

"*Nov. 7th.*—I have to-day been calling on several of the most respectable Roman Catholic merchants of this place, who have, some of them, repeatedly called on me; but, partly from want of health, and partly from want of spirits, I have not hitherto returned their visits. They received me with the greatest kindness, and the opportunities these visits afforded of bringing in God's word as the only standard of truth, I feel to be very valuable. It seems perfectly new to them to have the sentiments or conduct of themselves or others measured by this holy and blessed book; they never in their lives heard such a use

made of it, so that it strikes them exceedingly; and the Spirit of the Lord may make something here or there rest on their hearts. I feel that the door for my particular line of usefulness is opening, and as I advance in the practical use of the language, I have confidence the Lord will yet show me greater things than these.

"I shall here then conclude my Journal for the present, and most humbly and heartily pray, that all the trials, public and private, recorded in it, may redound to the glory of Him who is the Lord of lords, and King of kings; and that my soul may not lose its portion of profit."

The following letters are added, because they contain some interesting details of the Lord's dealings with His dear servant, which are not contained in the Journal. And the reader will observe the last letter is of a later date that the conclusion of the Journal.

"*Bagdad, Oct. 15th,* 1831.

"The Lord has just raised me up from a typhus fever, which, for the last month, has been pressing a little hard on my strength, but more on my spirits. The loss of my dearest Mary was so deeply felt by my poor desolate heart, that, at times, I bore up with difficulty; but the Lord showed me that my sorrow was so selfish, so earthly, so unworthy of His love, and poured in besides such hopes and prospects as to my future work, that sustained and comforted me.

"I send with this a Journal of four months, from which you will see what has been passing amongst us.

"I have lately received many letters from my dear brethren at Aleppo, and I think either Mr. Cronin or Mr. and Mrs. Parnel will come to me the first opportunity, which will be an unspeakable relief to my mind; for I long for some one to whom I may unburthen my soul; for although my Lord is always near, yet, as I see in Paul, so I find in myself, that the society of Christian brethren and sisters, so long as we are in the flesh, will always afford a sweet consolation.

"I feel that Jesus meant His Church to be a body, not isolated members. We have each a little ministry essential to the happiness and building up of the mystical body—that there should be no schism, but that all the members might love and care one for the other.

"This place has been governed by Georgians, Apostate Christians, just as the Mamelukes, another race of Apostate Christians, formerly governed Egypt. The Sultan has extirpated the first, and now the second, and the Janissaries, who had a somewhat similar origin, have, at Stamboul, experienced a similar fate. Those of the Georgians who have had their lives spared will be sent to Stamboul. It is certainly the design of Ali Pasha and the Sultan to make many changes here, and I wait the Lord's goings. It appears to me probable that most important openings may be afforded by these changes to our operations in these quarters; but I have seen such things these last twelve months, that my soul rests only upon God, to see how He will move. His ways are so deep, so out of sight, that what we think likely, He, in a month, brings to nothing, and yet in His own good time, will bring the most wonderful and unexpected things to pass. I have never ceased to bless God for the sweet assurance of His unchanging love, for the sake of Him who is our life, our dear and blessed Jesus. He has supplied me, I know not how, in the midst of famine, pestilence, and war; and though I have heard from none in England for more than a year, especially from those that supply my wants, the Lord has not suffered me to want, or to be in debt, and though the necessaries of life have amounted to almost twenty times their value during our late trials, He has not suffered me personally to be much affected by it. His loving-kindness and care have been wonderful.

"Of all the political and religious agitations of England, I have heard only whispers; but I am very anxious to receive a full account. For many months all communication has been entirely cut off; not a message has come though the road has now been open a month.

"The Lord has graciously allowed me to see the signs of

spiritual life in three souls of late, through my instrumentality; and as the Lord gives me utterance, I trust I shall be able to speak to many others. The difficulties of the language are fading away one by one. I had occasion to translate a public document from the new Pasha to the Resident at Bussorah, concerning business of the utmost importance and secrecy, in which the Resident, who is a most competent judge, tells me I succeeded fully.

"I often think my dear friends in England will be sadly discouraged at the Lord's dealings with our mission: so difficult is it to act faith in dark seasons. However, should their faith and hope fail, the Lord will either raise up others, or find me some little occupation by which I may live. His goodness in the way of provision has been so wonderfully manifested, that my heart feels quite easy that He will find a way for the support of His servant.

"*Oct. 24th.*—Since writing the above, I have received your letter of March last, by Bombay. O, how welcome it came! Oh, how it refreshed me! Surely there exists not in the world a more loving little Church than those dear believers with whom the Lord has brought us into fellowship. I assure you, widely as I am separated from this beloved family in body, I am truly one of them in spirit, and greatly refreshed by the springs of the Lord's grace that run amongst them.

"I received several letters with yours, from England and Ireland; and the zeal of those dear friends who had provided for my school, made me finally determine, the Lord willing, and supplying me masters, to try again. I have sent one of the bigger boys round, and I trust, with new boys, I shall begin with thirty.

"The Bible Society have sent me a number of books with a generous letter, nobly generous as to the principles of distribution. And there appears a prospect of great changes which may open a much wider door of usefulness here than I now have: I had thoughts of leaving this place, but the Resident entreats me not to go, and promises, should anything happen to me, that he will be a father to my dear boys, till he can send

them by an unexceptional opportunity to England. All these things make me feel that the Lord still means me to stay here, and see His salvation.—Infidelity is making open and manifest strides amongst the Mohammedans on the other side of the desert, and in Persia, and we shall soon see the same spirit that is working in Europe working here: amidst these tempests, I sometimes think 'tis hard to live. Yet, my dear friend, it is sweet to live hardly for Jesus.

"After all my sufferings and all my sorrows, my heart is not discouraged. We have first the clods of the language to break up, then to prepare the ground, then to sow the seed, and through all to look for the precious showers from on high, and lastly for the fruit. Let us, then, like the husbandman patiently wait.

"The evil of the pressure of the world on the soul I feel as fully as you can do; not the luxurious worldliness of Europe; yet the pursuit of the language, and the absolute uncongeniality of all around, disorders the soul greatly. During Mary's life, or rather pilgrimage, I never wanted spiritual refreshment; I sometimes used to fear it stole away those hours that the language and other calls demanded; but now whilst I am sensibly proceeding in the language, my soul knows not that animated joy of heavenly communion with the saints on earth which I once enjoyed. Jesus still is near, still comforts and supports; but yet I feel He meant His Church to be a body. The miserable substitute of man's arrangements for the Holy Ghost's, has destroyed the true unison and order of the Church of Christ, by substituting that which is artificial for that which is of God; by appointing man to be the artificer of a work God alone can accomplish. Now the Church presents a disunited aspect; the unity being marred, among other things, by the unscriptural distinction of clergy and laity, which confines ministry to a few, leaving the many without due office or service: this is not of the Spirit. How blessed it is among all these disorders to know that the Lord cares for His own, and will keep them as the apple of His eye, watching day and night lest any hurt them. Thus were we preserved, when we little thought it, by

our Shepherd's care. There is something, I think, in this view of the body being composed of members of various orders, various services, from the most minute to the most important, all tending to the one great end, the glory of the only Head, and the Church's glory in Him, that greatly comforts the weak. When the Lord first led me to feel interested in His cause abroad, I framed to myself some *beau-ideal* of a missionary, which, if I now entertained it, would destroy all happiness. Since the Lord has led me to see how truly low my place is in His holy blessed body, amidst all this humiliation He makes me feel happy in the thought I am a member, though embracing little that pride would lead one to aim at. If I am but allowed to minister to my dear and holy brethren on the other side of the desert I shall feel happy and thankful. Sometimes I am overwhelmed with the condescension that He should allow me to feel part of His mystical body, though so weak, so useless.

"On the subject of baptism all the dear brethren at Aleppo have finally agreed, and been baptized; thus the last little difference that I knew of between us is closed. How gracious the Lord is.

"Mrs. Cronin is daily getting weaker and weaker, so they are prevented joining me now from ill health, as before from the disturbances, and in a short time Mrs. Parnel expects to be confined, which will still delay them, as well as the expectation of a friend or two from England and Ireland.

"I would have you pray for me, especially that Christ may be in me daily, my glorious loving Lord and satisfying portion, whose presence can make even this waste howling wilderness like the garden of Eden. Little did I think how poor I was in the anointed Lamb of God till He stripped me bare, and left me here to stand months alone with Himself, and then I saw how much of the apparent love and zeal I felt flowed from human fountains. I bless His name, He left me yet a little while to cheer, support, and comfort me, but my stature, my dear friends, I pray I may not again mistake, nor think I am approaching towards manhood when a very child in spiritual growth. When surrounded by all the love and kindness I experienced

amongst you, encouraged by your sympathy and prayers, those thousand weaknesses I since have felt I hardly knew the smart of. Amidst dangers, sorrows, and death, I have walked for many months ; and these scenes have tried the very foundation, yet it was most gracious of the Lord, when He let the plague reach me, and laid me on my couch, to give me the sweetest comfort from a full assurance of His favour and forgiveness, when there was, as I thought, but a step between me and death. Yet whilst He has never left me without the sense of being His, He has shown me how much I have to aim at, how earnestly to desire to be filled with all His fulness."

"*Bagdad, Dec. 25th,* 1831.

"Your most kind and welcome letter arrived this day, together with several others from my beloved friends in England, all by Bombay. It does, indeed, truly refresh my heart, to hear of the Lord's love to you all. Do you not praise God for these dear brothers and sisters he has given us? How rich are we in our sweet little church ; a more loving, holy, and blessed little family cannot surely be found upon earth. Unworthy as I am to be one of you, yet I bless God that I am one. My heart is running over with thankfulness at the Lord's goodness to you all, and to me through you ; and be not discouraged because I am blasted, and my bough no longer green, as it once was ; the Lord has yet dealt most bountifully with me. In all but my dear Mary's place my path is opening again. I have hired one schoolmaster, and expect another. My English boys are most zealous and attached : my prospects of Bible circulation in Persia much opening. To the Jews here I have sold all my Hebrew Bibles, at about 3*s.* 6*d.* each : this is more to them than 12*s.* would be in England, and though it seems little, it answers the end of getting God's word amongst them. I had an Armenian bishop with me the other day, asking for Persian Testaments to send to Ispahan ; and a Roman Catholic merchant has promised to take a parcel for me to Teheran, and to distribute them there. Besides these, there are others

whom I hope to find subservient to this end. For some days I had been making preparations to cross the desert, in order to consult with my dear brethren there about our future measures: but when I came to put together all the items of expense, I found I had not money enough, so I gave up the plan of going with my dear boys, and proposed waiting till Major Taylor came, and leaving them in the Residency, under his and dear Mrs. Taylor's kind care, to go alone. Your letter, however, has relieved all my pecuniary difficulties, and we shall now go all together or remain together. The love of you all in thinking of and caring for me quite overwhelms me, as I see it to be the Lord's love in and through you all. He not only feeds us in this wilderness, but also provides for the school, so as to overwhelm me with a sense of His care over the most unworthy of His servants.

"*Dec. 29th.*—How gracious it was of the Lord to send me your letter, just before expense became inevitable, for either for the journey, or for shutting up, you must expend money, as during the time of the raging of the plague, you can obtain nothing, not even bread, and if you could, you would be afraid to use it. What unspeakable peace it brings to the soul to have Jesus to look to, and to know that His eye is not averted, though all seems dark! Blessed doctrines of grace! how they comfort when the soul would sink under sin: to know that for Christ's sake we are pardoned. Yea, though we have played the harlot with many lovers, the Lord has restored us, and decked us for His bride against the day of His espousals. O, what a day the day of the marriage supper of the Lamb will be; may our hearts be waiting for it, with holy expectation! Pray for me that my faith fail not, nor my Lord's love even appear little in my eyes; but that I may always be enabled to say, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' If it be that all my hopes come to an end, may His holy blessed will be done. I often wonder how He keeps up my hope as He does; but still I do hope even against hope; and I would call upon you, and all my dear friends, brethren, and sisters in Christ, to

rejoice with me at the prospect of that blessed day which is dawning upon us, when we shall see our Beloved as He is, and dwell with Him for ever, when our vile bodies will be changed and made like unto His glorious body, when the whole number of His elect family will be completed, and we shall reign with Him in glory."

CHAPTER VIII.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF MR. GROVES'S DEPARTURE FROM BAGDAD. — HIS ARRIVAL IN BOMBAY. — HIS VOYAGE ALONG THE WESTERN COAST OF INDIA. — HIS VISITS TO MISSIONARY STATIONS. — NOTES OF HIS DAILY MEDITATIONS ON THE SCRIPTURES.

MR. GROVES remained about a year with the friends whose expected arrival in Bagdad was mentioned in the concluding part of his journal. During this time Mr. F. Newman kindly instructed his sons, and laboured in the compilation of an Arabic dictionary; the others were employed in learning the language; and Mr. Cronin exerted his medical skill in assisting Mr. Groves at the hospital which had been established for the sick. Of their manner of life, Mr. Groves, when on his way to India, writes as follows: "Besides our family prayer, morning and evening, we had two meetings, to which all came whose souls were attuned for prayer, and none else; we ever found such meetings particularly blessed to us; they have enabled us in so many ways, to be too hard for Satan. We also had special prayer-meetings, arising out of sympathy with one another in particular troubles, trials, or wishes, believing the promise, 'if two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.' No common intercourse enables you to unbosom your soul's secret troubles; therefore mine remain intrenched, nor can I hope it will be otherwise until I return to them."

In April, 1833, Colonel Cotton, (then a Captain in the Madras Engineers,) arrived at Bagdad, and staid with the missionary party a fortnight. He brought with him, Mokayel, (*i. e.* Michael,) a young Syrian of the Greek Church, who acted as his interpreter, and a converted Jew named Calman, who

remained in Bagdad nearly two years, and was zealous for the conversion of his brethren.

Captain Cotton's visit was the means of bringing before Mr. Groves and his companions the great facilities for preaching the gospel all over India, and as they were feeling their way much shut up as to Gospel testimony in Bagdad, it was agreed that Mr. Groves should accompany Captain Cotton, who was about to return to India, in order to decide whether the openings in that country were such as would justify them in quitting Persia for this new field of labour.

A number of passages in Mr. Groves's Journals, which it is not necessary to publish, clearly prove that he did not hastily quit a position which he had taken up so prayerfully, and occupied in the face of danger and difficulties before the Lord. It is equally clear that for many months he had it in his heart to return to Bagdad, and was only prevented from doing so by those providential leadings which an obedient child of God must ever follow, when in unison with the revealed will of his Father. · Some of Mr. Groves's friends in England, on hearing of his trials in Bagdad, wished him, on various grounds, to give up missionary work and come home. His answer is worthy of the motives and spirit by which he had thus far been guided.—"A line of practice and experience, advancing step by step through the conflicts of many years, cannot be laid aside through any of the theories of the day, or without the marked hand of God;—but what is more than all, my soul has no inward testimony that to turn back would please the Lord. I know what it is to turn back from my missionary purposes, and therefore dread it; I have felt its sadness, the constant effort to be happy under it, and being miserable. I was fully persuaded, when we set forth, our resolution was a wise and holy one, blessed of the Lord, and being blessed to many; at all events, 'my reward is with the Lord, and my judgment with my God.'

"(If ever I knew what prayer was,) the long continued and earnest praying of my soul, first, to glorify my most gracious Lord, and to follow His will; secondly, that I may not hinder others: and I feel assured that, weak, and wavering, and

irresolute, as I have become, it is only that the Lord's strength may be more fully magnified, and that He will hold me up, though alone; I feel therefore strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.

"It may be said, but you have not succeeded; I say, that is begging the question. *If we have done the Lord's will, we have succeeded;* the angels that went to Sodom succeeded, as well as Jonah who went to Nineveh, though the former destroyed, the latter preserved the city. Things may have followed in our own souls, things may have affected the souls of others, from these steps, which those who have benefited by them might have forgotten. I could prove to you, as far as appearances which are so deceitful can prove anything, that my visit to India, and I think our going to Petersburgh, has been of more importance than I feel our lives to be if anywhere; and I think I could show to you, that, had I not been a sufferer for the cause, I never should have been received among my brethren as I have been, and still am; and if I have lost anything at home I am more than content. I have ten times more influence than I deserve anywhere, yet even at home there was a time when some felt our coming out had not damped their souls, and I think there are a few who think so still. It, at least, served to illustrate to my soul the unfailing love of the Church, which I never, practically, felt before; though some crude theories are, for a time, beclouding or damping its manifestation, on one hand, it bursts out with renewed vigour, on another. I am sure these fluctuations of judgment all arise from not taking a FULL view of God's word, nor an equal view of all its precepts, nor a discriminating view of the various services to be performed in and by the Church, the enablings and appointments of the Holy Ghost, in order thereto, which are as various as the members in the body, 'dividing to every man severally as He will.' By keeping a man *at home* who *ought to be seeking His Lord's glory abroad,* you as much weaken the Church at home, as by sending abroad one who ought to stay; *the Church of the redeemed should shine as a constellation of heavenly principles, which need every conceivable variety of circumstance and*

situation to bring them into full play, and to do full honour to the grace of Christ. So that the hand cannot say to the foot, I have no need of thee; nor the eye to the ear, I have no need of thee: in their places, and discharging their own functions, all are lovely: displace, and' disarrange them, and all is confusion."

In this extract, we are anticipating, as it was written some months after he had enjoyed the fellowship of saints in India. At the end of April, Captain Cotton and Mr. Groves, accompanied by Mokayel, set out for the shores of the Persian Gulf, on their way to Bombay, but at Bushire they were detained by the dangerous illness of Captain C. Mr. Groves nursed him day and night, as a brother beloved, and his being with him was most providential, as his life, humanly speaking, depended on the care taken of him; and Mokayel, though most faithful, was at times quite overpowered by the circumstances of his beloved master and friend. [See Appendix C.]

The travellers did not reach Bombay till July, and the next three months were spent by Mr. Groves among dear Christian friends whom he now met for the first time. He staid alternately at the houses of Mr. Young, of the Civil Service, Mr Menzies, of Liverpool, and Major Jacobs. Of these, in connection with Captain Cotton, he afterwards wrote, "Many, many months have passed since I met friends with whom my soul had sweeter communion than with those whom I have now left." While in Bombay, he was also cheered by happy news from Bagdad: "They are," he writes, "in great joy and love among themselves, continuing, I do think, instant in prayer. Dear Calman has been preaching Jesus to the Jews in Bagdad, but they reject him, and he knows not whether to continue there or go on farther." Of his sons, and of Serkies Davids, a young Persian who was with them, he adds, "They are growing in grace, to the great joy of the brethren, and all seem to wish to serve the Lord." And again, "They give most hopeful accounts of that dear Hannai, for whom we have all prayed so much. I esteem this a great favour at the Lord's hands. [See Appendix D.]

During the time that Mr. Groves was in Bombay, his sympathies were enlisted in the Tinnevelly mission, about which his friends were then very anxious. It was feared that Mr. Rhenius would be constrained to desert a post in which he had been eminently honoured of God to the conversion of souls, and Mr. Groves needed little persuasion to go and see if anything could be done to encourage him to remain. In the matter at issue—whether Mr. Rhenius and his German Lutheran companions should retain the privilege they had long exercised of ordaining to the ministry such of their catechists as they approved, or whether it should belong to the bishop of Calcutta, he had, according to his particular views, little interest, but, in the consequences which it involved, he, in the desire for the welfare of the whole Church, and the blessing of the heathen, was deeply concerned. He was therefore ready to comply with the earnest solicitations of his friends at Bombay, all of them members of the Church of England; and, in the month of October, set sail in the native boat in which he was to navigate the whole of the western coast of India.

We can here again make extracts from a Journal of his own; and it will be instructive to observe, how, amid the innumerable difficulties and distractions of such an expedition, he regularly pursued the study of the Word of God, and how it talked with him, as it were, by the way. Prov. vi, 20—22.

"*Oct. 18th.*—I am now sailing down the western coast of India in a native boat, (a Pattamar,) not able to do much. I am hasting to Palamcottah, in consequence of the mission there being thought nearly on the point of dissolution; at least as to its spiritual power. Mr. Rhenius and his colleague Mr. Schmidt had been always accustomed to ordain their own catechists until Bishop Heber's time, when the necessity of episcopal ordination was insisted on. Since then there has been a *continual* discussion. The Society are now endeavouring to get Mr. Rhenius home, and Mr. Schmidt is away, and thus their native flocks, amounting to nearly 11,000 persons, will be left without their spiritual fathers. I cannot tell you how all these circumstances excite me, and I fear lest in taking care of

others' vineyards I may neglect my own: do not cease to pray for me.

"To my great surprise and joy, I find my dear brother Start, who was coming out with Caldecott, has arrived in the Bengal Residency, and is gone up the country with his wife. Mr. Nisbet, the collector of Darwar, was much interested in him, and wanted them to take up their quarters in his district, where there are above 500,000 souls, to whom you may have unlimited access to preach the Gospel: he has been for three years looking out for some one to labour there, for whose temporal wants he would entirely provide, but he has not been able to find any one. I feel the deepest interest in India, not only as to missionary operations, but as to Christians generally, among whom there is a great disposition to make Christ all in all, and should the Lord allow me a field of labour here I should greatly rejoice."

In reference to his tract on "Christian Influence," a copy of which he sent to the friend to whom the Journal was addressed, he says:—

"I do feel so sure that we have lost our true power by decking ourselves out, and prosecuting our plans, according to the spirit and principles of the world, whereas *I am sure* we ought to stand in *contrast* with it at *every point*. *Wherever I can* literally follow Scripture, I feel easy as to the act; where I cannot, or fancy I cannot, I feel weak in proportion to my distance from it.

"*Oct. 19th.*—During my stay at Bombay, I ventured to suggest to some of the missionaries privately, that certain expensive, and apparently self-indulgent habits might be avoided, but all resisted the idea. If even good and devoted servants of God are deceived as to what constitutes their true influence in the Church of Christ, namely, *being like Christ*, can we be surprised that the world at large go altogether wrong? The more I think of the *principles of Christ's kingdom*, as revealed in His Word, and witnessed to, inwardly, by the Spirit; the more I reflect on the character of our Lord's life on earth; the more I feel sure we cannot, *if we desire to know God's will*, be

deceived, as to the general course we ought to pursue, nor in what our true power consists, which really is in being *earthen vessels*.

"*Sunday, Oct. 20th.*—At times I understand what it is to be one in whose mouth there are 'no reproofs.' I have been led to think much of the suitableness and tenderness of the trials sent by our Father. It is very happy when we receive them in the spirit of the passage to which I have alluded: when the soul feels it has no power of reproof, but is as a weaned child. In Bombay I generally met with kindness, but there was evidently a fear that prevented their wishing me to minister; they would have had me preach about ourselves, and our work, and I had no heart for either; all I could say of ourselves was, that we *desired* to follow Christ; and of our work, it was waiting the Lord's pleasure. They therefore only once asked me to preach, so I used to go on board a ship and preach to some sailors. But although they set me aside, I do not feel my Lord did; I exercised my little ministry without preaching publicly, and if the Lord allow the truth I placed before His people in private, to have free course, it may do more to prepare the way of the *unfettered* gospel in India, than any preaching they could allow among any sect. What is the work of a minister of truth? Surely we have not so much to do with attacking false systems, as with simply publishing the truth our own hearts feel; and we may expect, the Lord will make their Dagons do honour and obeisance to the Ark of His Covenant. I think there is among us a strange coldness and indifference to sin, its true nature, and its hateful character; and does not this mainly arise from the small degree in which our souls are really conformed to God, by which this contrariety and hatred are manifested?

"There is a strong tendency among Christians at Bombay to simplify the missionary plan, but there appeared little or no apprehension that the conformity to the world, which they allow lowers the missionary's spiritual power, lowers theirs also; that the renunciation of the pleasures of the world which they might enjoy, and the partaking for others' good of

the sorrows they might have escaped, tells for the unearthly character of the kingdom of Christ, in one as well as the other.

"Mr. D. urged me years ago, not to preach on baptism, saying, I should thereby become a sectarian; as well might our dear brother H. have been told not to publish his tract against war, lest he should be identified with the Society of Friends. Surely, if we are not free to follow all, where they follow Christ and His will, we have only changed one kind of bondage for another. I do not think we ought to propose to be modelled *unlike* every sect, but simply to be like Christ; let us neither seek nor fear a name. I wish rather to have from every sect what every sect may have from Christ. I think we need to pray for each other, that we may be kept in simplicity in handling the Word of God.

"I have been much delighted with some passages in 'Tyndale's Life.' They seem to have lived in great power of the Holy Ghost, in such things as they saw in that day. It made me ashamed of the little troubles which affect me; I have desired to hide my head in my Lord's bosom, and forget them: they had deep trials, the very thought of which makes the heart weep. The sun is just setting, and I am going on deck to enjoy the freshness of the evening air. So, for to-day farewell.

"*Oct.* 21*st.* — We were not long suffered to enjoy our repose; lightning, thunder and rain drove us below; they then lowered sail and cast anchor, and it was well they did so, for at daylight we saw we were close on a reef of rocks; thus the Lord takes care of us. This is, in some respects, a disagreeable day, as our boat is not water-tight. We are just going into Vingola, a little above Goa.

"It has been a point of deep interest to me, during my short stay in India, and will be till I return, to impress on the Lord's servants, that He has not sent them here to get the poor people's money, to return to England and spend: but that if He has sent them, it is for the interest of His *own* kingdom, and to live and die by it. You cannot think how this view alters the whole feeling of a man towards India, and its poor inhabitants. I

first saw it strikingly displayed in dear brother C., whom I mentioned to you, and I have seen it in one or two others since; it snaps at once the strings of hoarding, and opens the heart to the last rupee: they look on the interests of India as pre-eminent to them, and every advance they make in the language of the people, they regard as something for future more direct work. Will you pray for me, that I may not run in vain, nor spend my strength for nought; that I may be wise in the things I select for the thoughts of others to dwell on? My time is often very short with any, and unless I improve it wisely, it is lost, and yet the devil often attempts, by some little hitch, to carry off the thoughts and the heart from deep and profitable things.

"Have you ever collected from the Word of God, the history of Satan and his kingdom, so as to have as it were a full length portrait of him before the mind? If the Holy Ghost brings it home with power it is awful. The devil is little thought of, but O! how he is round about our paths!

"*Oct.* 22*nd.* — We have been anchoring in a beautiful little bay, with the small Indian village of Vingola, at the bottom, buried in trees; a few canoes are scattered about, fishing, and the banks, as it is after the monsoon, are covered with verdure. Amidst it all, there is this sad, sad thought—man has not here become the temple of God. Satan reigns over him with uncontrolled dominion.

"In reading Rom. iv and v, my soul feels the sweetness, the simplicity, the suitableness of faith for justification. I do so see how it brings peace and joy in God. He is so gracious, enabling my heart to rest only on Christ's acts of love, and not on its melancholy services. It is the faith which worketh by *love* that justifies God's elect, but this faith is surely the fruit of a sense of gratuitous mercy, of contemplating 'the abundance of the grace and gift of righteousness:' 'we love Him because He first loved us;' as a work, I renounce my faith and works alike, and place no confidence in them; and if I desire to serve Christ and His most lovely Bride, with all my powers day and night, it is not that I may be higher here or hereafter, but that

the Lord may be glorified, and the Church helped on to seek her true enjoyment, in fulfilling all the will of Christ: this is my reward, and rich indeed it is. A natural mind seeks natural rewards, which are *selfish*, a spiritual mind seeks spiritual rewards, which are *unselfish*, and spring from being allowed to contribute to the glory and blessing of others. I do not deny the doctrine of rewards, but only wish to change the motive. As when men say, are not all things given us richly to enjoy? certainly; but a *natural man* enjoys, in spending on his *selfishness;* a *saint*, in spending for the Lord, the Church, and the world; both *enjoy*, but according to their *natures*. This view has eased my heart of many a sad thought, and enabled me to feel reconciled, nay, *encouraged*, to a life of labour, and suffering, and sacrifice, with the full expectation of the *sweetest rewards*. Before the Spirit taught me this from the Word of God all was darkness. I always thought on rewards as something *directly personal*, instead of *corporate*, and coming through that sweet consideration that all my brother's glories, and blessings, and happinesses are my own, as all his humiliations and sorrows are; so that we seem to live only as our brethren stand fast in the faith. I feel that *our* blessings, glory, and exaltation, were our dear and blessed Lord's reward, in union with His Father's glory. This reward was with Him, bringing many sons to glory, and that through suffering.

"Do not you think that Rom. vi, 3, 4 shows why the form of immersion in baptism was chosen, being the fittest to shadow forth our death and resurrection with Christ? I lay no great stress on *forms*, but I love the *spirit* of *obedience*. The loveliest part of a *child's* character, and the most marred by the fall, is simple, *unquestioning* obedience, and *willing dependence*. O, indeed, we would be as gods, even after all our sad experience! May we be *willing* to *sit* at our dear Lord's feet, and learn of Him, for He was meek and lowly inheart; then, and not *till then*, we shall find *rest to our souls*.

"I have with me a young Arab of Syria, named Mokayel, in whom I am very deeply interested; he was originally a Greek Christian, and has been in England and France and various

places. He has nearly renounced the errors of the Greek Church, and I constantly hope has really apprehended his interest in Jesus; he has just been saying to me, 'my desire of the Lord is, to be promoted to be a preacher of the Gospel among my people, travelling from city to city.' This has been my secret prayer for him; how encouraging, then, that the Lord has put it in *his* heart to desire it. We purpose spending the next five or six months together at Jaffna in Ceylon, prosecuting an Arabic work which I have in hand, and, if it may be, at the same time help him to find the way to the Shepherd's tents. There are, I think, at Jaffna twelve missionaries of all kinds and their wives, and most powerful awakenings have taken place, extending even among the children, much as in America; but you shall, the Lord sparing me, hear more from thence. Will you let this dear youth, Mokayel, occupy a place in your prayers? Dear Cotton brought him from Syria, and wished him to perfect himself in English among the brethren at Jaffna, who are, I hear, very dear devoted servants of God.

"What an instructive chapter the vith of Rom. is; how it points out that there is to be a holy employment of those members that once served sin. I could not help desiring to be perfect, not purely because I cannot be content to be unhappy,—and *every measure of sin is a measure of unhappiness*,—but because I cannot endure the thought of cherishing what dishonours my Father, and wounds Christ. If I seek perfection, it is only in and by Christ, by seeing in the depths of my soul, and feeling in all the affections of my heart, all those things to be lovely and beautiful in Christ, which God the Father sees to be so. It is by the Spirit's taking of the things of Jesus, and revealing them unto us, that we are changed from glory to glory. Christ says, 'herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit,' and if we abide in Him, we shall. Is it not a sweet fruit of unconditional salvation, that it has taught the soul *to esteem God's will concerning all things to be right?* Imperfect obedience to the divine will can only be, I conceive, the fruit of *imperfect love*. Does not our dear Lord say, 'he that hath my command-

ments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me.' Not merely that one commandment to *believe* in Him, the greatest and most blessed fountain of the rest, but *every one* that He has uttered? We cannot be mistaken in the meaning, because, as if the Lord thought it could not be too *often*, or too *clearly* expressed, He says in the *next* chapter, 'If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love.' *How He* kept His Father's, all agree, why then should we doubt in what sense we are to *endeavour* to keep His? Our Lord says He told them these things that *His joy* might remain in them, and that their *joy* might be FULL. And if I know anything of a converted sinner's soul feeling the power of love, and only desiring to express it, and to be near the object of his love, the possibility of *such* enjoyment being revealed by Christ was indeed a subject of joy. But in the way most people seem to look at service and obedience, it could only be a burthen and source of sorrow. How true it is in natural love that labour loses its character when the object is beloved. Let any one but feel that any plan brings an object beloved, yet distant, nearer, and the very thing, which would have been in other circumstances a trouble, becomes the instrument of happiness and a positive source of joy. I feel what we want is PERSONAL ATTACHMENT to our dear Lord, and all thoughts of trouble in His service would fly like the mists upon the mountain tops, before the rising sun.

"*Oct.* 23*rd.*—After beating about for many hours, we at last anchored again astern of where we were the preceding day: (how many a time has my soul known a similar experience.) On the springing up of the land breeze we again set sail, and are now, at 5 A. M., pursuing our course. The sun is just rising over the Ghauts in splendid majesty, gilding the few clouds that are visible, yet it rather offends than comforts me, because I cannot bear its heat or brightness: how like our reception of the true light; we seek a shelter from its brightness.

"Do you not feel you have a *precious preeminence* as one of the *elect* of God, and some *especial* reason for adoring love and gratitude? it is so sweet to me to think that to my ***Father's***

love in Christ I owe *my all*, a wanderer without a wish to love Him. He *sought* me, *found* me, *adopted* me and made me His. By our union with the world, we have altogether lost that testimony of God being on our side, which Rahab speaks of to the spies, (Josh. ii, 9—11,) the 'fear of us' being put into the hearts of our *enemies*, because God is among us. (See also Judges vii, 14, and a number of similar passages.) He has now no faithful witness in us; we have sown the ground with mixed seed, and are everywhere ploughing with an ox and an ass, which the Lord abhors, and how can we be blessed? Who now fears the church because God is in the midst of her? she is now just feared in proportion to her wealth and riches, numbers and power, as the political unions are. How strong we should be if we felt as the two spies did; (Josh. ii, 24;) but we have sown to the wind, and are reaping the whirlwind.

"I spent three or four very happy days at Poonah, (near Bombay,) with a dear sister whom I knew in Ireland; she has been studying Mahrhatta since her arrival, for the Lord's service; the day I left she went with her husband, who is also a Christian, into the jungle to visit the districts over which he is acting collector, and they will be moving about without hardly the sight of a European for six months. The missionary there also, a Mr. S—, is I trust a true man, but I have heard he is about to accept a chaplaincy which he refused when he came out. O let us pray that we may stand fast unto the end; it is easy to run a few years, but hard to *continue faithful* unto death. Unceasingly pray that I may be so: I see such things that my heart has no peace or confidence but in cleaving to Jesus. My heart was much knit to him, I went with him into the Bazaar to preach, so it was a great blow to me to hear after my return to Bombay that he had given up the heathen. I intend writing to him. May the Lord bless a word sent in weakness with His power.

"Does not the constant recurrence of the words in our dear Lord's history 'that the scripture might be fulfilled' and in reference to such *very minute* particulars, lead you to expect an *amazing* particularity of fulfilment in the final development of God's plans?

"*Oct 24th.*—After finishing a letter to dear M., I came up on deck, to my little dormitory, to enjoy the fresh air and lovely sunset. I do not often allow my heart to dwell on these beauties of nature, except when I am in the midst of them. I mean I do not go after them, but whether after being shut up all day in a little cabin, very hot and busily occupied, the cool air and the contemplation of God's wonderful works give a peculiar spring and relief to the spirits, I do not know; but I never recollect being more struck with the beauty of any scenes than those on this coast. We are now passing a succession of beautiful bays, surrounded by mountains, of all height and shapes, clothed with verdure, and large masses of clouds are rolling along the base of the highest, and over the heads of the lowest, so that if the ground were blessed instead of cursed, and the Lord and all His saints, glorious in beauty and perfect in love, were together, we could be inconceivably happy in a scene where we have now no resting place.

"Do you not think Rom. xii a sweet little epitome of the saint's service to his Father, to the church, and to the world? He is to be a living sacrifice to God; serving according to the Spirit's gift in the church with brotherly love, preferring all the members' honour to his own, and giving to the world blessings for their cursings, besides many little special injunctions so profitable to remember. *That* good and acceptable and perfect will of God we are, I think, to prove, by *abandoning conformity* to the world, being transformed by the renewing of our minds.

"We have had a hot day, and a squally evening, yet magnificently fearful; the gathering hurricane in the Ghauts was terribly grand, and descended on us so suddenly that with great difficulty we gathered in our mainsail; but it has now passed away, and all is calm again, and the moon bright. O how little a creature man feels in the midst of such scenes! May the Lord preserve us all under the shadow of His wings.

"*Oct. 25th.*—I feel bodily self-denial much easier than that which touches the heart; one feels nothing at giving up all that one could eat or drink, or be clothed with, for another's

happiness; but to give up the objects of the heart's affections to the Lord, and rejoice, is *much more difficult*, even where you see the *reason*, and where you do *not*, it is very, very hard; yet *I am sure the Lord greatly delights in our trusting Him, and lying at peace in His hands*, where we see nothing, nay many things against His plan, in the same spirit He would have had Thomas with very little light content."

Every day Mr. Groves wrote some meditation on the Scriptures, which he was in the habit of reading consecutively. At this point he remarks, "My poor Arab companion is thoroughly tired of our voyage. He says he thinks it would be a sin against God to travel again in this manner if he can help it, for he can neither pray nor read; it is a great mercy to be able to do ever so little, which, thank God, I every day can: our boat is small, therefore he feels the least motion, yet, though I am very thankful, I would not choose this mode of life.

"*Oct. 26th.*—Refreshed and invigorated by a cool night's rest, I feel the very reverse of yesterday. I do not think I ever knew till I came to India the effect of want of rest; wearied and exhausted by the day, if you have hot and sleepless nights, you feel utterly useless.

"By letters from Bagdad I perceive they seem all given up to the study of Persian; this I think more absolutely determines me to go on with Arabic, and should the Lord preserve my health in Ceylon, I purpose for some months sitting down regularly to study. For making progress I have never been so favourably circumstanced since I came out as now; I talk nothing but Arabic from morning to night. At Bagdad, except during the hour or two the Moollah is with me, I have little opportunity of hearing it spoken, unless in circumstances in which I cannot demand an explanation, or by people who cannot give one. The young Arab, who not only reads and writes his own language, but knows a good deal of English, and is learning to parse it, is with me by night as well as by day, for our dormitories are very simply managed; the little carpet I sit on by day serves as my bed by night, and a cloak covers me. *I cannot tell you how comfortable it is to be independent*

of everything but the sunshine of the Lord's countenance. We are now just passing Mangalore.

"The portion of God's word that first gave me a clear idea of influence was 1 Cor. i and ii, and upon passages contained in these two chapters and others similar to them much of the argument of my tract is founded. I do not think I have any jealousy about preserving it as it stands, but am ready to modify or change it as God's word, under the interpretation of the Spirit, shall seem to require. If God has determined to use the base things, none need be discouraged nor seek after great things; if He has determined to pass by the great things, no Christian need desire to retain them, or fear lest his usefulness be impaired by parting with them.

"My conviction from these passages, and from our dear humiliated Lord's history in life and in death, is that God has determined to put shame upon all human glory, that the Lord alone may be exalted; and if we will not serve the Lord on these terms, we shall sow to the wind and reap the whirlwind. I think this simple fact condemns all our present plans, that God declares by His apostle that the wisdom of the spiritual man's ways cannot be discerned by the natural man, whereas our confidence is in proportion to the natural suitableness of the means to the end: for instance, if two men go out to preach the gospel, the one accomplished, cultivated, and talented, and bringing the whole of this to bear on his ministry; the other of equal spiritual power, but destitute of those outward things, are we not almost instinctively led to expect that the first will be much more successful than the second; yet, if we do so believe, it is in the face of scripture and of facts. God declares He has put the treasure into earthern vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of Him and not of man. If those human things were needed, what could justify Paul in determining not to come with enticing words of man's wisdom? Particularly consider, with reference to this, 1 Cor. iii, from verse 18 to the end. Deeply as I am convinced of all this, the very same thing that staggers your heart staggers ours: *feeeling* opposes *principle.* I see before me, if I pursue this path, nothing

but self-denial; the imputation of false motives by the church and of madness by the world. Among us our beloved J. P. has realized most of that conformity which I desire. He has done things, simply and solely because he thought it the Lord's pleasure, which have made my heart sink, while I have praised and blessed God for giving me such a brother; indeed, weak as I am, I do feel most honoured in seeing those the Lord has given me. Dear Calman is most humble; willing to do and be anything: yea I do praise God from the ground of my heart as I ought.

"*Oct. 27th.—Lord's day.*—We are now fast approaching Cannanore, where I hope to see two or three Christians and be refreshed by them.

"How little the apostle, in 1 Cor. iv, seems to desire to set himself up as a Pope; he had apparently so many grounds on which he might have exalted himself at the expense of Apollos, for, as far as appears, Apollos was ordained by no man, nor in any way appointed to his work, save by God's Spirit; neither does it appear he had the power to confer gifts which Paul had, yet Paul places himself and Apollos side by side, and says, we are nothing but servants; do not think of men above what is written.

"Do you not think the vith chapter of 1 Cor. is clear on the subject of law? As soon as ever we live really in the *spirit* of our dispensation, and in the letter of it, there will be little left to go to law about, and still less the wish to do so. But we first determine we must be rich, and then require the strong arm of the law to protect our property. We make use of one false principle to establish another, and both contradict God's word; yet this thought does not alarm us. I have found many consciences unduly troubled, or unwarrantably at ease, from the 20th verse of 1 Cor. vii, 'Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he is called.' Now do you think the apostle has in view anything like a general direction in all cases, or only to lead Christians to remain content under relations that could not be forcibly broken through, without offending against the gospel? I think the apostle's saying "if thou mayest be made free use it rather,' implies that the cases he is considering are those

wherein another person's authority interfered; in such a case the believer is to look on his very servitude to man, to be a freedom in Christ, whose freeman he is.

"What springs of comfort there are in Ps. xxxii, from ver. 6 to the end of Ps. xxxiii. How plainly it is shewn that God *never* intended His people to speak great things of any help but His!

"4 *o'clock* P.M.—We have just anchored in the bay of Cannanore: the Lord's mercies have brought us hitherto in safety. Mr. Street, the chaplain, has received me most kindly; he was one whom Mr. Simeon appointed; he knows Exeter, and has, comparatively lately, seen many whom I remember with much interest. We are going together to-morrow to Tillicherry, which he is most anxious to see filled by a missionary.

"Wolff left Cannonore a week ago for Bombay, so I just missed him. By a letter from Capt. E. I learn there are 1,100,000 souls in this district, and *not one* missionary, yet there is a most willing ear. At the place we purpose visiting to-morrow, there were three hundred converts, when there was a resident chaplain interested about them, but since his departure all except forty have gone over to the Roman Catholics, and Mr. S. can only get permission to go there once a month. Does it not furnish an overpowering claim—1,100,000 and not a soul to teach them? Surely the Lord will have pity on their destitution and move the hearts of some to come and help.

"*Oct. 28th.*—I have been to Tillicherry, about fifteen miles hence, where there is a most important field of labour wholly unoccupied; a church, and everything, and forty converts, without any shepherd. O, this country is wonderfully destitute! I do not feel a doubt that it would be most holy and right to come and serve this poor people; may the Lord give willing hearts and true.*

"*Oct. 29th.*—The whole day I have been seeing one Christian

* It is an interesting fact that both Cannanore and Tillicherry have been occupied for *years* by valued labourers who came out with Mr. Groves in 1836. Dr. and Mrs. Gundert, after leaving Chittoor, first lived some time at Tillicherry and then went to Cannanore, where they still labour under the Basle Society.

family or another, and, exhausted by the constant excitement, I feel a relief I cannot express in retiring to my room. The Lord is most gracious to me, yet I feel a constant fear for my own vineyard. I do trust that the Lord is preparing men to serve Him most truly. O, may I be able to serve the church during my short pilgrimage, and in no case be a hindrance. I am going, the Lord willing, to preach at the soldiers' chapel every night during my stay. There is much excitement here in consequence of Wolff's visit: many are enquiring, and they who love the Lord here think that it would be well to drop the word into the ear now open: may the Lord be with me.

"Mr. S. has preached a very harsh sermon against W., which has wounded many, and done no good, and the whole of this day I have been employed in endeavouring to restore peace and harmony. It seems to me, with all W.'s eccentricities that he has preached Christ and does so still, and is owned of the Spirit; so I do and will rejoice. I was almost in despair of any good being done, yet I am satisfied souls have been edified, and some converted, so I will pray that the good may remain and the evil be done away.

"*Oct.* 30*th.*—This evening I addressed a considerable number of soldiers and others. I chose Col iii, which I think disappointed many, as they expected me to give an account of my travels, &c., like my brother Wolff: this, however right in him, I felt I could not do: that the Lord had given me no such commission I was fully persuaded; therefore I spoke to those who loved Him, and endeavoured to lead them to death to the world and life in God. My effort to effect reconciliation between the dear friend with whom I am staying, and other dear brethren, is, I fully hope, proceeding happily: the Lord grant it a prosperous issue, for I am sure everything of strife is of Satan.

"*Nov.* 1*st.*—After a day of incessant occupation, and rather a long lecture, I write to give you the little news of the day. The reconciliation has been effected, and the parties met here to-day to dine, to our great joy.*

* An officer, speaking of Mr. G.'s visit to this place, said, "he found all in confusion and left all in peace."

"It has been much my prayer, that the Lord would lead me to those He chose; pray that He may still guide me, so that I may have much reason to rejoice in all the way He leads me. My lecture this evening led me to consider the right apprehension of Christ's blessing to us, as much connected with a right apprehension of the nature of Satan's kingdom, and his works and ways.

"*Nov. 2nd.*—I feel the Lord is most kind to me, giving me access to the hearts and ears of many.

"*Nov. 3rd.*—I have preached twice to-day, and was for some time engaged with a most interesting young man, who came to me desiring to know how he might be a helper to the truth.

"I have this evening been preaching on the Lord's coming. I trust this truth is gaining ground here, where it is quite new. Mr. Wolff, during his visit, agitated the question. I hope to deepen the impression, and to shew the practical bearing of the question. I have almost determined to remain here a few days longer, as the Lord gives me an open door to disseminate those principles which I feel so precious to the church. There is another dear christian family here who live on as little as they can, and give the remainder to the poor. May the Lord give us strength to finish our course ten times more devotedly than we began it, and may our Lord's will become increasingly precious to us.

"*Nov. 4th.*—With regard to the reign of the Lord, what a wonderful chapter is Jer. xxiii, 4—8. O, blessed, holy, happy, day; then we shall meet, if not before. I should be most unhappy if the Lord's love did not overwhelm me, but I cannot think of His ways without praise.

"I have heard to-day that the effect of Mr. Wolff's preaching here among the soldiers was wonderful; he spared none and especially not the Pope, yet even the Roman Catholics in the regiment offered with the rest to give him a day's pay, should he want it: this is nice, yet there are extraordinary things mixed up with all this apparent power.

"*Nov. 5th.*—I have to-day seen a heathen who has just come to the knowledge of the truth, and who desires baptism; his

attention was first awakened to the folly of idolatry by a tract given him by Mr. S.'s schoolmaster, a native. He became uneasy about his soul, and has been praying with his schoolmaster every day. The dear brother whom I have mentioned before, has determined to join our little party, and thus he leaves the army; you would love and value him much. I have been much edified to day by meditation on 1 Cor. xv, 23—28: the order of the first resurrection, the reign of Christ and subjection of all opposition, and then the surrender of the kingdom seems so clear.

"*Cannanore Bay, Nov. 6th.*—I am now just leaving, and I cannot tell you how much reason I have to be thankful for this visit, more especially with respect to those views which I am so anxious to see extending in the church of God. I do think all those who really love the prosperity of that church would be satisfied, that one of their members, so weak and worthless as myself, should be employed as I have been. I cannot have a doubt that I had better be labouring here than in England, whether the object be the helping the church, or, under the Lord's most gracious guidance and blessing, providing for the publication of the precious name of Jesus, to ears that never yet have heard it.

"Do you not think it very encouraging in suffering to feel as in the first chap. 2 Cor.? We are thereby fitted to comfort others in their trials, besides the happy thought, that we are not merely to be sufferers with Christ, but also to reign with Him.

"*Nov. 7th.*—After a long and very tedious voyage, we arrived at Calicut. Instead of being twelve hours, as we expected, we were thirty-two, and during the night we had very heavy thunder and lightning and rain; thus I feel a little disabled today. I have met with a kind reception from the judge here, a Mr. Nelson, and his wife. They are anxious about missionary labours, and have now sent for a catechist to go through the district preaching and distributing tracts. I never feel more deeply interested than when I see any hope for this wretched country.

"More than twenty years ago, when I was a school boy, attending Mr. Owen's preaching at Fulham, India (I know not

how or why) occupied my wishes, for I knew not Christ. I have often desired to go to Tinnevelly, but circumstances directed my course elsewhere; how strange that, without any design or thought about it when I left Bagdad, I should find myself most deeply engaged in seeking to help on the spiritual prosperity of this country. And as I desire to break down caste among the Hindoos, to pave the way for the reception of truth, so do I desire to break down caste in the Christian church, to prepare the way for publishing it.

"I am in hopes that Mr. Rhenius is not positively determined to leave, and I write to him this day (D. V.) to let him know I am hastening to see him.

"*Nov. 8th.*—Did it ever strike you that Paul, (2 Cor. ii, 12,) though *he had a door opened to him of the Lord* at Troas, had no rest because he found not Titus, but took leave of them and went into Macedonia? How few would have sympathy with any one now in stating a similar reason for quitting a position, where he had work to do. When I read God's word I always feel relief. I see man as he is, a poor, weak being, and have no thought of contemplating him in another point of view. But it seems to me often, that Christians now often endeavour to shew their christianity by the unearthly rules they propose for others, considering a missionary as a mere spiritual existence, rather than by the holiness and devotedness of their own walk. Do you not think we are generally very ignorant of Satan's devices? I cannot but think we are, and that very few think them a subject of study.

"How wonderful the connection between the humiliation of the minister, as the *instrument* by which God's Spirit works, and the life of those ministered to. (2 Cor. iv, 7—12.) O, how little my soul knows of bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, how then should His holy, heavenly life be manifested! What would I give to know more what it is to die daily!

"*Nov. 9th.*—The Lord has brought me to another day, happy in having been allowed to gain so much ground on my host and hostess that we part, I believe, with deep regret on both sides. I should be but too happy, if the Lord had not poured sorrow

into my cup. Mr. Nelson said at parting, 'May the Lord preserve and bless you on your way; and though I cannot yet agree with many views you entertain, I regret we so soon part, and trust we shall soon meet again.' He said many other kind things which I did not deserve; and thus I leave a place, which promised so little, with gratitude and thankfulness.* Pray for *all* who love the Lord in India, and for me especially, that I may be the instrument in the Lord's hands to promote *the liberty and love of the church.*

"How very gracious are the terms of reconciliation: (2 Cor. v, 18—21:) the non-imputation of our sin, and the laying it on Christ that we may have the *righteousness of God as ours:* it is so perfect an act of grace, in order that we may love God.

"What a wonderful encouragement to the Lord's children, to a holy separation to their Father's service, to think that God will dwell in them and walk in them, and they shall be His sons and daughters. (2 Cor. vi, 16—18; xii, 1.) How *royally* we ought to walk! The world's greatest concerns ought really to be considered ignoble occupations, except as they are necessary to the end we have in view.

"*Nov.* 10*th.*—After a quiet night, we have risen to a beautiful day, and are sailing close to a shore covered with cocoa nut trees, and thickly studded with cottages. Our next point is Cochin, a famous place for Jews, and where a church missionary, a Mr. R——, resides: the distance from Calicut is about a hundred miles.

"I think the principle laid down for the guidance of the saints in 2 Cor. viii, 14, is most beautiful. As it was with Israel and the manna, so it should be with us; no man should look on his abundance otherwise than as given that he might have the joy of contributing to a brother's need, so that the care of the body for all its members might be fully seen. And the design of God, in the generous liberality of the saints, is so strikingly shewn in the concluding part of chap. ix, that thanksgiving may abound unto God; and the apostle shews

* Mr. Nelson afterwards became of one mind with Mr. Groves.

that it is a vain thought that our means will be limited by giving; for in the 8th verse he says, 'God is able to make *all* grace abound towards you; that ye, *always* having ALL sufficiency in ALL things, may abound to every good work.' This has been *my experience:* never had I so much in my hands to give as at this moment, when I have not a shilling in the world of my own.

"We have spent anything but a quiet afternoon. We arrived at Chawyhaut, with the hope of going gently down the back water, which is like a river; but when we arrived, we found nothing prepared, as we had expected. To avoid expense I had taken no servant who could interpret, but by the help of the little Hindostannee I knew, I arranged for the same boat to put to sea again, and go down the coast; and I am now writing this wet through from passing over the surf at the mouth of the back water.

"To-day I have been reading the account of missionary exertions in India, and am much struck by our want of power. The independents as a body seem to reject the Millennium, and trust to an extension of the present plans for success; but truer views are daily gaining ground among those who are not banded together against increased light.

"O, may the Lord this night watch over you all, and increase in all our hearts that spirit of watchfulness and anxious expectation which He loves.

"*Nov.* 11*th.*—What a strange picture the 2nd Epistle to the Corinthians gives us of the state even of Apostolic churches; surely, if in the early ages of the church, allowed by all to be the purest, it was so defiled, what ground have we to expect greater power and greater purity. I feel unable to write, partly from my head, which will not let me sit up, and partly from the boat, which is rolling for want of wind.

"*Nov.* 12*th.*—My arrival at Cochin last evening separated me from my paper and pen, so I could not finish my last line to you: we were struck on the sands, and had some difficulty in reaching our resting place at Mr. R.'s., where we met with a kind reception. To-day I have been much struck with the

stress the apostle, in his epistle to the Galatians, lays on his commission not being in any measure human; and that the way in which the apostles were led to give him and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship was that they *saw the grace* that was given to them. Perhaps you may think I am proud in not submitting to human authority, but of this, indeed, my heart does not accuse me: in all civil matters I will *willingly* be subject, but the *liberty* of the church is *not mine* to *yield*.

"Here Mr. Wolff was received very kindly by the Jews, and they wished he had remained longer. I trust the Lord has owned him.

"When you come in contact with the Syrian churches of Malabar, and see them as they really are, resisting every effort for their spiritual good, and loving darkness rather than light, your sympathy with the early hopes of Buchanan are much damped. Their leaders, like those of the fallen churches I have seen, are blind leaders of the blind.

"*Nov.* 13*th*.—I hear there are about 60,000 Syrian Christians in these parts, but their character is said to resemble that of all their brethren, a mixture of ignorance and pride. There is a nice young woman who was a Mohammedan, a Jewess, and some six or seven others, concerning whom the missionaries feel full assurance, and of many others they have hopes. About forty children have been given up to them by their parents, many of whom are Roman Catholics. For seven or eight, who are the children of heathens, they entirely care: they cost about £2 each yearly. Of all kinds of schools this most meets my desires. Mrs. R—— seems, in many respects, a very superior woman, and I think the mission owes more than half its blessing to her, not only from the greater simplicity and happiness of her own views of Christ, but from her keeping up her husband's heart; however, both seem devoted to the work in which they are engaged, and seem to have no wish to return. They have every morning an exposition in Malayálam to about 200 boys and girls, heathen men and women, besides Portuguese. They ask questions; and Mr. R.'s facility in the language seems great. I think his great trial is the want of the spirit of

adoption. He has not that filial freedom in his intercourse with God which he desires, and which he must have to be happy.

"I purpose leaving this evening for Cotyam. Travelling by night saves my days, besides being cooler; for the Lord generally enables me to sleep any where on my little carpet, at least enough for all useful purposes. If I do not sleep, my thoughts keep me awake, not the hardness of my bed. From the view I have taken of this station—the first I have seen—my heart blesses God; thinking what has been attained, and will be, should the Lord's blessing continue, well worthy leaving country and home for. Indeed, you cannot imagine the darkness, profligacy, and spiritual death that reigns, where there is *no one* to minister of the things of Christ, and how many blessings even the *feeblest* ministry of the truth brings. There the way to the city of refuge is disclosed, and every soul that is burdened may know the way of peace; does not this thought comfort you? It comforts me greatly. There is, I consider, much want of *spiritual power*, much *misapprehension* of the genius and character of Christianity, in relation to the position it was to occupy in the world, yet with all this, all around the Christian testimony there is in comparison of it as the sun in his brightness, to midnight darkness.

"A Swedish Baron, on whom I have been calling, who has been brought to the knowledge of the truth, says, that after the taking of Cochin by the English, there being no Protestant ministers, numbers, even of the more respectable inhabitants, became Roman Catholics. Many of these show forth a very lovely charity, taking ten or twelve orphans and rearing them with kindness and care.

"I have just been into the Jews' Town, and seen the synagogue; the white and black Jews are divided into separate castes, and worship in separate synagogues.

"*Nov. 13th.*—At eleven last evening, we entered our boat, and are now proceeding along the back water to Cotyam, the seat of the Syrian College, and the residence of the Bishop. The late Bishop lived on less than a penny a day. Here you may buy ten or twelve fowls, or eighteen ducks, for about 1*s.* 8*d.*

"How beautiful is Eph. i, 4! how it shows that our Father meant to make us *happy by* a LOVING HOLINESS; and surely this is SALVATION, to be delivered from a *hating disobedience*, into a holy service, the *fruit of love*. And what a *beautiful prayer* Eph. i. 15—21: do not forget to present this prayer for me.

"I have been seeing all about Cotyam, the celebrated centre of the labours of the Syrian Christians: it is in a very low state, but, I trust, through the exertions of Mr. Pent, who has only been here three months, it may yet arise. Certainly, he has much sounder views than many who have gone before him here, and is, I think, in the main aiming right; he seems to possess energy and decision, and other traits of character suited to the management of a depraved and deceitful people. There is, however, "faithful among the faithless," one preacher of righteousness, who goes about proclaiming Christ to his benighted, deluded countrymen; and I hear he gains a most welcome reception among them.

"*Nov. 15th.*—I have just arrived at Allissic, the station of the Rev. N., whom I knew when he first left England: he is here alone, and what with translating, schools, and a hundred other things, his hands are so full, that though he seems most anxious to go about preaching among the people, he is not able to do it. I do think the plan of locating missionaries singly is most pernicious. The American plan of sending three or four together is far, far better. Mr. N. is very kind and very candid. We have had much communication respecting the coming of the Lord, and are not far from being of one mind. How wonderful is the opposition of the independents to these glorious and ennobling views: to a man they conspire against them. There is no European here except occasionally a Resident, who cares for none of these things. Consider what it must have been to live seventeen years in such circumstances, and with very little success. Even among the two or three hundred who have come over from heathenism, there is such weakness, to say the least, in spiritual things, that the utmost stretch of hope barely allows one to think they have any part or lot in the matter. Yet after all, as to the weakest and worst of the works I see, I would

infinitely rather they remained and were added to than discontinued.

"*Nov.* 16*th.*—Do you think we are at all as careful as it becomes us, seeing our own great infirmities, to preserve the *unity of the Spirit* in the bond of peace, by *forbearing one another* in love? (Eph. iv, 23.) Those *exceeding hard* names which we are in the habit of hearing applied to men, who in their views, right or wrong, are as much changed from themselves as others who differ from them, warn us at least to be *careful* about speaking of persons, however bold we are as to truth. Railing accusations were not allowed even against Satan; should they be against those who profess to be *brothers, many, very many* of *whom* are *living as holily* (as far as external holiness goes) as those who condemn them; and as to its spring, union with the holy God, by Christ, the great day must disclose that?

"For my own part, I do not feel a doubt that the union of church and state, and ecclesiastical establishments on carnal principles, are the hot-bed of all those corruptions into which many are plunged at this day; yet the very persons who condemn the fruit nourish the root and water it with every care.

"What a beautiful little sketch of the Holy Ghost's plan for edifying the church in love, we have in Eph. iv, 11—14. What a beautiful exhortation to us, to forgive, as God for Christ's sake has forgiven us; to love as Christ has loved; to be followers of such a God, walkers in the footsteps of such a love. Let us try, as dear children, so to walk; let us help each other on in this most blessed way. I have just read a nice little tract, or rather sermon, by Mr. Marsh, of Colchester, on the 'Bright and Morning Star.'

"I am just entering Quilon by the back water. I have never seen such lovely scenery, 'yet man,' as Heber says, is 'vile.' I have been kindly received here by Mr. T——, of the London Missionary Society. He has a boarding school for girls; but since his wife's death they have wanted a mother's care, yet many of them are very promising: they read, write, work, and know at least the truths of the gospel. There are six native readers who go about publishing the gospel; about sixty or seventy have been turned from idolatry this year.

"Even the *Independents* are getting much more enlightened views, relative to the order of events in the latter days; my present host, though stout in his opposition to the personal reign and the first resurrection, considers that the gospel will not be universally accepted by the Gentiles, till the Jews are gathered in: this breaking down gives me hope: I recollect the time when the literal ingathering of the Jews was looked upon as a fable.

"This night, the Lord willing, I go on to Travandram, the residence of the Rajah of Travancore, the chief seat of idolatry in the south of India; from thence I proceed to two missionary stations, Nayoor and Najercoil, and after that to Palamcottah."

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNEY INLAND TO PALAMCOTTAH — THE TINNEVELLY MISSION — THE JOURNEY WITH MR. RHENIUS — VISITS TO MISSIONARY STATIONS UP THE COUNTRY — FIRST VISIT TO THE NILGHERRY HILLS.

AFTER completing his voyage down the western coast, which had occupied exactly a month, we find Mr. Groves journeying inland to visit all the stations connected with the Tinnevelly mission. We see him, under all circumstances, pursuing his daily study of the scriptures; and it was doubtless because he had the word of Christ dwelling in him richly, that he was able to admonish others, so as, in fact, to become a missionary to missionaries.

"*Nov.* 19*th*—What a comforting thought to the saints who suffer in this dispensation is Phil. i, 29, to feel that it is a gift and *favour*. How *slow* we are to learn really to suffer, and to be *abased* with our dear Lord. (Phil. ii, 3—10.) However, I think we are generally much more able to take up cheerfully any measure of bodily or mental trial than that which degrades us before the world. To see that *our abasement is our glory*, and *our weakness our strength*, requires extraordinary faith: wherever I go, I perceive the evil influence of contrary principles. I am persuaded that not following our Lord, and going down among the people we wish to serve, destroys all our real power; by remaining above them, we have power, but it is earthly. O that the Lord would raise up some to shew us the way!

"When the truth is impressed upon a person's mind in India, it seems to seize it with a more powerful and tenacious grasp, than generally in England; people are often left with God's word alone, the professedly religious circle being very small, and thus the views they entertain are much more scriptural. Never was there a time when it was more important than now,

to make every effort that they do not rivet on this land the evils of ecclesiastical dominion, viz. the pride and earthliness under which the established churches in Europe have groaned. While in civil things we obey them beyond the bounds, as it is thought, of human sufferance, patiently and meekly, let us stand up for the Church's liberty, and not be again brought under the yoke of bondage.

"We are now going along a canal to Travandram, where we hope to arrive to breakfast.

"The heathen Rajah of Travancore has freed all Christians from attending at heathen processions, to draw the cars, &c.; but the English government obliges its public officers to attend, bow to the idol, make presents of shawls, gold, &c. Are not these crying abominations? When I consider that professing Christians, and some who are, I trust, real ones, have the appointing of the band and the dancing women of the pagodas, and can dismiss them for want of due attention to the abominations of their calling, the providing decorations, repairs, and cars for the idol, I cannot but exclaim, Will not the Lord visit for such iniquities as these? No Mohammedans will do it, nor are they required.

"*Nov.* 21*st.*—I am constrained to write irregularly now, for being up all day and travelling all night, only stopping a day in a place, I am unfit to do much, without losing the few hours for getting information which a tropical day allows. I spent yesterday at Nayoor, a missionary station, where there is much deeply to interest. Nearly 4,000 persons have cast off heathenism, and are most open to, and most delighted with instruction, and if there were any who had the heart to live among them in their villages, they might be much improved; there is a nice girls' school, boarding about twenty-five, but wanting a mother's care. They have also fifteen native readers constantly at work, and about twenty-two who assist them. Mr. M. himself goes also frequently among them, but what can one do? a dozen are needed. O, that there were willing helpers! Never did I feel so deep an interest in missions; never did I see a place where twenty such as those I know, might labour and reap richly.

"The scenery is magnificently beautiful. I cannot but be struck with its variety, richness and grandeur. I could write on this, but must not. We are now in a district where cholera is raging; many have died, but it is much more among the heathen than the Christians.

"Last night a Christian brother, by pointing out to us a short way home, sent us by such a road, that we were obliged to walk half way over rocks and through paddy fields. The Lord keeps me wonderfully in health. I think that missionaries would not only be more useful, but in much better health if they were to move about more. Sometimes for many days and nights I know not what it is to enjoy what I should once have called rest, yet my heart, and, I think, my body, does not fail: the work in which I am engaged repays me richly, and the Lord's hand appears clearer and clearer, as I advance in my journey. At Najercoil there is a most interesting mission; from three to four thousand gathered from among the heathen, and most interesting schools, particularly a girls' school of about sixty-five. I hope, after seeing Mr. Rhenius, to return, and see more of Najercoil. After to-night's run, which is nearly fifty miles, I hope to have a little rest and leisure.

"*Pallamcottah, Nov. 22nd.*—We arrived here safely, and are in a very different country from the one we have left; that was mountainous and magnificent, full of wild elephants, tigers, leopards and hyænas; here, in the Carnatic, all is as flat as your hand. The passage of the Ghauts is very beautiful; we did not see it, as we should have done by day; but it was a beautiful moonlight night.

"I have great hope of succeeding in the object for which I came; the Lord grant us grace to do right things in a right spirit.

"*Nov. 23rd.*—Here I am a prisoner for want of a passport; this is the Lord's pleasure, and it may be at least twelve days before I can go on my way; however, it is all well; I have much to hear and see that is truly interesting. There is a deeply interesting work going on here, one that I would strain my last nerve to prevent from falling to the ground.

"We are to have a general consultation on the affairs of the mission on Monday, the Lord willing.

"I have seen the first man who embraced christianity under Mr. Rhenius' teaching; a toothless, venerable old patriarch, and others deeply interesting.

"I received the other day an interesting letter from Hernaul, above Delhi, from Capt. S——, who has no very strong feelings about religion, but came to Bagdad, and feels kindly towards us. He tells me the change he sees in India since he left, four years ago, is immense; prejudices that were once thought impregnable are giving way to the astonishment of all. I fully think, before the Lord comes, there will be an election out of all these countries; yet I know not the day of His coming, therefore endeavour to keep my garments, that it may not overtake me by surprise. Two of the missionaries here quite agree with our view of the Lord's personal advent.

"*Dec.* 1*st.*—I have been travelling many days about on horseback. I set out from this place (Palamcottah) on the 27th, after having brought the great object of my coming to a happy issue, that of preventing my dear brother Rhenius from going to England, which would, I fear, occasion the separating, or, at least as far as we can see, the scattering of this most affectingly interesting mission. I think he will now stand by the work, should the Lord preserve him, let the Society decide as it may, relative to those points in which they differ. He has the most unsectarian spirit I have met with for many days.

"I have been again at Najercoil, and was truly delighted. It is not that there is not an immense load of chaff with the wheat, but there are really some gathered out, an election of grace, to await the Lord's appearing; and here also I see the true features of the Spirit's work, and clear evidence that the Lord has gathered a people to Himself. I rode nearly a hundred miles on horseback, and though sometimes with great fatigue, and even danger from rain and the flooding of the rivers, I felt well repaid.

"On Tuesday we are to have a meeting of all the catechists, numbering 115, and to break bread together: they all assemble

here once a month, to give an account of their work. A heathen village, a hundred miles distant, sent for a catechist the other day, and two were selected; one was taken ill of cholera on the road and the other went on with the messengers.

"O, for the day when the Lord shall come with power and great glory: my heart is weary and my hopes for the church at times very low.

"*Dec. 6th.*—On Wednesday last I went round to several of the congregations belonging to the mission, and my heart was truly delighted at the sweet simplicity which prevailed in their religious exercises. Daily my desire is strengthening to see the church free in the use of God's word, and in His modes of ministry, every one being free to exercise the gift the Spirit has given.

"I have seen so much of the blessing christianity brings with it, that my whole heart desires to spend its little remaining strength in publishing or promoting the publication of its precious hopes. The heathen women fly before one like a flock of sheep, running anywhere to hide themselves; if you speak they will not answer, and they give no salutation; but, in the Christian villages, you see cleanliness and quiet, the mother with her little children, and the grandmother standing at the wicket gate of their little hut, to bid you welcome, and with an expression of countenance that you cannot doubt they are glad to see you. The other evening, when we had a little meeting at a village, eight families of the Maravers or *thief caste* came desiring Christian instruction; and in the village which sent for a teacher there were twenty-five families ready to submit to Christian instruction; in fact, in every direction, they are anxious to hear.

"Though often faint, I trust we are pursuing: but I have a deep and lasting sorrow that I make so little use of those holy and blessed principles which I sometimes think I feel, and which the Lord allows, in my little ministry, to be so evidently His word to others and therefore powerful; yet I feel constantly ashamed to deliver to others the message the Lord has given me, lest they should say 'Physician, heal thyself.'

"The Lord is so good to me in many, many ways that I am ashamed and confounded. I should be afraid to tell of all His kindness towards me, lest you should think I was boasting myself in His goodness; but I do so feel that He is with me, and that I am in my proper work.

"*Dec. 8th.*—How encouraging is James i, 5—7 to those who can realize God's love and faithfulness, and can indeed ask in faith nothing wavering, which I often feel very difficult.

"How wonderful our disobedience to such precepts as those relative to the poor and rich. (James ii.) In these poor Christian churches, all sit on the ground together, and none are greater or less than the other: this makes my visit the happier. I have just been spending an hour or two with a most dear *native* brother, and the account he has given me of the simple faith and the prayers of the poor people in these congregations is wonderful, and puts me to shame. I have collected a number of these little evidences which let you more into the real work than the most lengthened general accounts. I am so suspicious of my own deceitful heart; I think I mean to serve my most gracious Lord, but I fear lest some selfishness twine itself round the purpose. I take with me from hence a dear Christian youth. [This was Aroolappen, who will often be referred to in the narrative.]

"*Dec. 11th.*—We are now preparing to leave this place, and I do it with much regret. I have the strongest conviction of the power of religion among this poor people. When Mr. Schmidt left the mission, owing to some difficulties he had with the Society, and was in great straits, the poor converts, quite unknown to Mr. Rhenius, subscribed among themselves 200 rupees. The value of this testimony can only be estimated by one who knows the *extreme* poverty of these people, and their fondness, as heathen, for money.

"I am now going to give my mind to learning Tamil, and having with me an incomparable teacher, for a few days, I shall have little opportunity of writing in my Journal.

"*Dec. 13th.*—After a short night's run to Satoor and Verdoopathy, I sit down again to write. Is it not strange

that at so early a period, as when James wrote, they should have begun to separate the faith from the obedience of the Gospel; and if it required to be watched against, when they had such living epistles around them, how much more have we need to watch, who scarcely see a ray of that self-sacrificing devotedness, in which the primitive Church abounded.

"There is much in this simple people that would delight you; their faith on the Word of God is *so simple:* if they are sick, or even their *cattle,* to Him they go, if they have any trouble in their families, to Him they go; should their wives run away, (which on their becoming Christians is very common,) still they go to the Lord; they seem to think nothing above or beneath His care. I often wish I had the simplicity, or the firmness, that some of them manifest. Really, I think, Mr. Rhenius could put by the thought that was nearest his heart, to consider it again on the morrow, as easily as I could a book; to this I feel perfectly unequal; the Lord enables me with patience, and even at times with much profit, to *bear* the *most painful* disappointments, yet as for getting rid of the weight, I cannot; and I have the impression that I should lose more than I should gain, if I could, for I think I have deep enjoyments, that he does not know, and communion with hearts, from which he would feel estranged, by want of sympathy. I often think I would not have gone through one trial less than I have, for I feel they were all necessary to make me able to minister at all to His Church's edification, and to say in the end, the *Lord is very pitiful.* I consider the *testimony* of Jesus is to be published through every land, before the Bridegroom comes; this makes my heart feel an interest in heathens, that we may hasten the coming of the Lord. I feel desolate in this world, so perfectly a houseless stranger in *fact,* whilst in *spirit* I am often as happy as in the days that are past, when the Lord's candle shone in my dwelling; the Lord has won by His love my whole confidence, and my soul reposes in Him. I see by all the goodness He is showing me, that all the happiness He can allow me, even here, He will. He gives me, wherever I go, brothers and sisters, houses and lands, all and more than I want; but of

brothers and sisters I can never have enough till my heart is filled with all the redeemed of the Lord. I cannot tell you how kindly the Lord disposes all towards me, yet the consciousness we must part destroys the possibility of the heart's repose among brethren here, even while we are together, and fixes all our hopes on that day when the holy family shall be complete with their *exalted Head.*

"*Dec.* 14*th.*—I have just arrived at Madura, the point towards which I think we should bend our steps, if the Lord lead us to labour in India.

"I was almost forgetting, till a letter from Mr. Bellett of Dublin reminded me, that I was the first to propose that simple principle of union, the love of Jesus, instead of *oneness* of judgment in minor things, things that may consist with a true love to Jesus. Little did I then think to see that dear brother, and many others, as united in a holy, loving fellowship on these blessed principles, and that they are extending; here the Lord allows me blessed encouragement. I see a most gracious opening in India for your unworthy brother.

"I had the other day a letter from a dear young civilian, in which he tells me his purpose of devoting all he has to God. The little tract on 'Christian Devotedness' has been once published in India, and there is to be another edition; a dear *native* minister of Christ, as black as jet, offered ten rupees towards it, and he is a poor man.

"Much enquiry has arisen here in consequence of a sermon I preached, on the neglect of the due consideration of the Fatherly character of God, one of the peculiar prerogatives of which is, that He should provide for His children as He likes; and that they should never seek even the shadow of independence of Him, the desire for which was the first great sin of Satan. One of the sweetest proofs of our return to God, as dear children, is, that we have learnt to rest on Him with *unlimited trust,* and do not care for those things on which the hearts of the Gentiles are set. My Lord seems to assure me He will uphold His poor servant, notwithstanding all his unimaginable weakness, because He knows I have told Him He shall do as he lists with me,

and I will not rebel, though it should involve ten times more unhappiness in this world than I have ever yet felt, and that I am fully prepared, by His grace, to follow His way and not my own. I know I have been very unsubdued to that will, and the Lord therefore dealt with me as a Father, who knew where my disease was and the remedy.

"Is there not something very gracious in the constant recurrence of the assurance that we are God's *dear children*, in order to stimulate us to aim after the holy likeness of our heavenly Father. See 1 Pet. i, 14; also Eph. v, 1, and we are also incited by the preciousness of the price of our redemption, that we might no longer live unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us, and rose again. 1 Pet. ii, 9 shows why we should be so exalted; a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, that we may be able to show forth the wondrous *virtues* (see margin) of Him who was the true Light. May the Lord abundantly anoint us with the anointing of the Spirit, that we may fulfil our exalted office worthily. How often the character of strangers and pilgrims, 1 Pet. ii, 2, is pressed upon us in Scripture. To think that our Father should so prize this character in us that He should say, *therefore* He is not ashamed to be called their God, the *pilgrim's God*, but has prepared for them a city.

"Heb. xi, 13—16. How beautiful that expression is, 'Love one another with a *pure heart fervently*'! how essential in order to bear each other's burthens. 1 Pet. i, 22. I long to enter into all the spiritual power of the concluding verses of chap. ii, and for the same reason our perfect Example did, 'committing Himself to Him that judgeth righteously.'

"I am so happy to-day; quite alone in a little bungalow near the house of the judge of the district at which I am staying; I seem for a moment quite to revive, and my spirit seems full of peace; O, that it may continue, that I may be able to speak of Him, who doeth all things well, as I ought!

"*Dec. 15th.*—There was a time when I thought less of the importance of being 'living epistles' than I do now, and yet

even then I thought much of the force of example as the means of spreading God's word.

"*Dec.* 16.—After a forty mile run, we are now arrived at Dindegal. Wherever you go in this country you see relics of former greatness, fortifications that to these people must have been impregnable, strongholds now sinking into ruins, and palaces of former kings falling to decay. O, when will the earth see violence no more, and righteousness and peace and love dwell in the habitations that are now full of cruelty!

"I am sitting in a little native choultry for travelling, with Mr. and Mrs. Rhenius and the little baby by me.*

"My poor Arab has gone to join Captain Cotton, full of impressions as to our true state in the world, that of houseless strangers.

"Do you not think from 2 Peter i, 16; that in making known the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Apostle showed that it would be such as they had seen in the Mount, conjoined with what was revealed by the more sure word of prophecy: so that those two united together, were the foundation of their confidence, as to what the humiliated Jesus should become? and only think, we are to be like Him! yes, such children as we, who now, if our hearts be but rent a little, know not where to find a resting-place, shall,lin that day, be acknowledged as having loved and served Him, and sought His glory. I do very earnestly pray that I may have every selfish feeling swallowed up more and more, by desires for my Lord's exaltation. And of any desires that do not agree with it, first, that I may see their discordance, and then have grace to present all the springs of my anxiety to Him to heal the bitterness of their waters, that I may be able to serve Him with more meekness and quietness of heart.

"Does not 2 Peter ii, 9—12, show that we ought to have much more fear of speaking against the powers that be, than many Christians seem to imagine?

* It seems that Mr. and Mrs. Rhenius, with their child, went some way with Mr. Groves, when he left Tinnevelly.

"*Dec.* 18*th.*—We have had a very interesting morning. Mr. Rhenius has been preaching to the people, and distributing tracts, which they all most anxiously care after, and some of them said they wanted books about Christ. This is the district from whence, about six months ago, messengers were sent to Palamcottah for Christian teachers; to these teachers twenty-five families immediately joined themselves, but five of them went back. However, many stand firm, and we trust this will be a place where ere long we shall see a mission of peace, beseeching men to be reconciled to God. We have now the Tassildar on his visit of ceremony to us, and Mr. Rhenius is preaching to him that truth which may save him; he sent him to-day a little packet of tracts; there is something in this that does revive my heart, and makes me hope I shall yet one day be a helper, however humble, in this blessed work.

"There is something very simple in the house afforded by a palanquin; it is at once your library, your sitting-room, your bed, though only six feet long, two and a half wide, and two and a half high.

"I feel more and more determined, the Lord enabling me, to labour in this country, for reasons which are, I think, known to you. I cannot remain at Bagdad, and this is an additional inducement. I feel it was most kind of the Lord thus to deal with me, and to prepare me a place in the wilderness, so that my heart has not a doubt where it should be.

"I have to-day a quiet room in a quiet bungalow, in the midst of the jungle. You do not know how sweet the rest is to one harassed by being continually in public, or, I rather should say, with others. For many months I have hardly known, save in the night watches, when others were asleep, that no eye saw me save His that never slumbers. The bustle and excitement to which I have been continually exposed in India, have often had power to expel thoughts that pained me, but they never brought peace to my soul, or power to suffer meekly or patiently. There is more strength acquired to the soul by tears in *retirement*, than by any transitory joy, though it be true from excitement, *that is if Jesus be with you.*

"I feel I have liberty of the Lord to go to England long since, but I would not use my liberty, till, in His service, I could simply and happily go, and this He has now more than given me.

"*Dec. 19th.*—Mr. Rhenius has been out again among the people, and though this is but twenty-five miles from a very important and long established mission station, nothing has been done here. O, there is much wanting in India! the thought of interesting you all in this most interesting country, greatly delights me. There is already here a goodly little band whom the Lord has made willing to seek His glory and their graves, and that of all they possess, that they may find the fruit of their labour in the day of the resurrection of the saints of God.

"I do not think our Lord is looked on in Scripture, as the second Adam in relation to His *humanity simply*, but as the *Spiritual Head* of a *Spiritual family*, in contradistinction to the natural head of a natural family. He put Himself into the circumstances of the *bond-slaves* of death to lead them to the kingdom of light. I enter with my whole heart into the practical use you make of the Lord's life and character: surely it is the great book for our education in divine knowledge; and it is because we have been so disposed to look off this blessed manifestation of God to wretched sinners like ourselves, that we have sunk from generation to generation; and we can only rise by going back to that feeling, that the character and person of Jesus alone are to be traced and followed after in the reading of God's word.

"*Dec. 20th.*—The place the prayers of saints occupy (Rev. v, 8) as the incense wherewith the golden vials of the elders are full, is very comforting to me. I have sometimes a deep conviction I know little of what prayer is as a *state;* it is not that I never pray, but I often think I pray when I do not; yet how wonderful it is we are made kings and priests unto God, and shall reign on the earth; *yes, though our path be strewed with thorns, this is the end:* let us then *encourage one another* to follow the footsteps of the great Shepherd of the sheep, that we

may at His appearing be found of Him without spot and blameless.

"We are this morning arrived at Coimbetoor; the thermometer was down to 74° during the night, which I now feel very cool. How strangely we are constituted! this is summer heat in England, and here the cold of winter. Mr. Addis, the missionary, has been six years in India, and three years at this place; he has about thirty converts, and is evidently making progress; but in this district, which contains 800,000 souls, there is only himself. His labours extend about thirty miles round, but how little can *one* man do! O, that the Lord may provide more, at least, to publish the testimony of Jesus. Mr. A. is very free and open as to the truth, and would, I think, be delighted to act with us in brotherly union, as I believe he is beginning to see and appreciate something of the blessedness of those principles on which we act. This is another little encouragement from the Lord.

"I have just heard that bishop Wilson has received from some native princess 150,000 rupees; 100,000 for missionary objects, and the remaining 50,000 for the liberation of poor debtors, and for other benevolent objects. The Lord lets even the heathen put the parsimony of professing Christians to shame.

"We have a long run to-night—55 miles, to the top of the Nilgherries.

"*Dec.* 22*nd.*—Here at Ootacamund, on the top of the Nilgherries, there is quite an English scene. O, how many things reminded me of places, persons and things that are past! Whilst ascending the beautiful Ghaut, we were delighted by the wild magnificence of nature. Had righteousness and peace dwelt there, it would have been a lovely scene, but almost every face we saw, bore the very stamp of idolatry. Towards the top, I saw some common fern, wild bramble, arbutus, wild strawberries, raspberries, and I thought on the days when I saw them last. On arriving at the summit, I was so cold that I laid aside my white clothing, and I am now clothed from head to foot as in England, and not at all too warm. The dear

brother and sister with whom I am staying, are such as my soul truly loves and delights in, so simple, so true, so full of faith. He, many years ago, entertained those views of property that we do, and therefore determined never to marry till he found one who agreed with him on this point, knowing it was one which must affect the whole plan of life; thus he had to wait till he was six and thirty, and now he has a very choice partner. They are longing to see the Church of God unite on the simple ground of the love of Jesus. As the objects of love become more numerous, may our hearts be enlarged and the intensity of our love towards each increase. The dear Schmidts left the Church Missionary Society, and cast themselves simply on the Lord, and their hearts seem now to overflow when they recount the Lord's goodness to them in their extremities; they have, however, been induced to join the Society again, my whole soul feels, with a *diminution* of *moral power*. His mind has been in such a state of excitement, that I am afraid to say to him all I think; let us pray that we may not turn back even in the smallest matters.

"*Dec. 23rd.*—I have again another evidence of the Lord's goodness. I had a letter last evening from a young officer in the artillery, whom I mentioned having met at Quilon; he has made up his mind, if he can get leave, to go with me to Bagdad; and then to think over and pray with us on the path the Lord would have him follow. I think he will quit that wretched profession of learning to destroy his species, and enter on the ministration of the word of life. Yet it requires *great* faith to give up a provision, however uncongenial the profession, and to cast oneself in simple dependance on the Lord. How this reveals the hidden springs of infidelity that are in the heart.

"*Dec. 24th.*—Is there not wonderful instruction in Rev. xii, 11; the saints' *source* of victory, the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony, and their fearlessness of death! Sometimes I think I am getting a little light on the book of the Revelation, then again all seems darkness.

"*Christmas-Day.*—May the remembrance of the coming of

the Lord of life to tabernacle in this land of darkness and death, be sweet and comforting to us all, and lead our hearts more earnestly to look out for *His* glorious appearing.

"*Dec.* 27th.—Do you not think the circumstances that surround the second verse of Rev. xx, and those that surround the first verse of Isaiah xxvii, point out strikingly their common object and time? When shall we enter the pearly gates and walk the golden streets? May it not be better to join the first verse of the xxist chapter, to the last of the xxth, and then consider the description of the New Jerusalem that follows, as a detached prophecy? for we can hardly conceive that after the final judgment spoken of in chapter xx, there will be any state into which the nations bring their glory: this clearly seems to refer, does it not, to the millennial kingdom? yet I confess the new heaven and the new earth are so introduced, that they seem to refer rather to the millennial than the final state, about which, indeed, very, very little is said.

"*Dec.* 28*th.*—As I move among Christians, the thought often strikes me, how exceedingly they mar their own peace. Husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, are continually ruining each other's happiness about things that are not worth a second thought; and though you can *put your finger* upon the diseased spot in the soul from whence *the discord arises*, those whom you love and wish to make happy will not see it. O, how much must the whole Church grieve our dear, and gracious, and most long-suffering Lord! Yesterday was to me a very sad day; it might arise from unconscious rebellion in my own heart; but I do not really know that I rebel, for if I feel the Lord has dealt hardly with me as a man, I am sure He has dealt with me most graciously, yea, most gently and compassionately, as a saint; and I think I have truly submitted to the Lord: my impression is that it arose from contemplating the weakness of those I wish to see perfect, and then all my thoughts began to be tinctured with sadness, and I said in my heart, if we are all always to remain thus, how can the Church prosper? what is the use of going from land to land, and from people to people, desiring to

promote love and joy and peace in the Holy Ghost? and at last I could have almost said, like Elijah, 'it is enough.'

"In reading to-day the third of Matthew, verse 15, I am much struck with the humility of our great Exemplar. He does not say, what can baptism do? or what can it not do? but, if it be His Father's appointment, the least thing is as much an act of 'righteousness' as the greatest. Indeed, it is these things that very much manifest a child-like spirit. To obey, when you see a plain and palpable reason, is nothing; but to obey, because He hath enjoined it, though we see nothing to issue from it, is true obedience.

"I often feel how blessed that simple faith is that realises all His will as a sufficient source of joy, and accepts *all* His ways with *thankfulness*. I feel I have only yet attained *submission*. O, that my selfish soul knew that only abiding source of peace! I am not happy to think of any will but His prevailing, but I cannot yet bear that my heart's secret settled wishes should be destroyed.

"The natives of the hills have no idols, and were a very simple race when first discovered, but the coming of Europeans has destroyed their simplicity, and introduced many vices; they knew nothing of money, originally, but now they are most importunate beggars; they knew not the use of intoxicating drink, now they eagerly seek it.

"*Dec. 29th.*—I have this morning been reading two or three times Matt. v, and really, the more I read, the more I feel our incalculable lowness, not only of attainment, but of aim: we do not even strive after those great and glorious things that seem promised so clearly to faith, and which are pressed upon us in order that we may be perfect as our Father which is in heaven is perfect. There is in this chapter a depth of humiliation, a reality of self-denial, an extent of forbearance, that the poor weak heart stands appalled before, and how hard to manifest the love it commands!

"*Dec. 30th.*— I received yesterday a letter, at once affecting and delightful, from dear Start, with whom Caldecott was to have gone out had his health permitted. Start has just lost his

dear wife. He says, 'Yes, the Lord has taken from me my dear partner; but, blessed be His holy name, He did not take her till He had enabled her, who had been all her Christian life a trembling, downcast believer, to see her interest in the blood of Jesus. *Rich, rich* were the consolations which were poured into her soul. . . I will not say more till we meet, then we shall find it a topic to dwell on with thankfulness and prayer.'

"How full of instruction, how full of warning, is Matt. vii, and how full of encouragement to those who knock and seek to press forward on the heavenly road!

"I have just met another gentleman, a civilian, who seemed quite delighted at the thought of supporting a missionary at his own expense.

"Mr. Schmidt tells me there are numbers of Mohammedans, who come up to the hills for traffic, who seem willing to hear and to receive books; certainly, bad as Mohammedans are here, they are incalculably more accessible than those in Bagdad, which is now, with respect to Mohammedanism, what Rome is with respect to popery—the strong tower and chief fortress of their abominations.

"I am now just concluding a year that has been to me a very eventful one, with a deep sense of God's goodness in allowing me at all to serve Him. I do not feel that I stand yet where I ought to, or would; yet, on reviewing my whole spiritual life, I am not sensible that I have declined.

"To-day, Heb. xii, 10, 11 much comforted me, seeing the end of God's chastening hand. When I think on the kindness of some to me, it is wonderful, so infinitely undeserved. I seek about for kindred hearts, and find a few that do so richly repay me. May you, during the coming year, be full of joy and peace in believing; and may the choicest blessings the Lord bestows be yours!"

CHAPTER X.

COIMBATORE—PALANQUIN JOURNEY TO TRICHINOPOLY — VISIT TO SCHWARTZ'S SUCCESSOR, AND OTHER MISSIONARIES — ARRIVAL ON THE EASTERN COAST — VISIT TO JAFFNA — MR. GROVES'S GREAT INTEREST IN THAT MISSION — RETURN TO THE CONTINENT OF INDIA — JOURNEY ALONG THE EASTERN COAST TO MADRAS.

WITHOUT consulting the map, the reader will hardly have an idea of the extent of country traversed by Mr. Groves in this interesting journey. Let us first trace his course from Bombay all along the western coast to Quilon; thence, inland to Tinnevelly; then, up the country to Coimbatore, and straight across it, by way of Trichinopoly, to Point Calamere on the south-eastern coast. We shall then follow him across the strait to the coral islands which skirt the northern shores of Ceylon, and see him, at the close of his interesting visit to Jaffna, return to the continent, and pursue his journey northwards as far as Madras. Fatigue was nothing to him in the service of the Master whom he loved; and the reader cannot but admire the grace given to him to exercise that self-denial which he was continually, on the highest motives, pressing on his fellow servants, and not without success.

"1834, *Jan. 4th.*—Since finishing my last month's Journal to you, I have descended the hills, and am now again at Coimbatore, from whence I hope to proceed to Trichinopoly. I wrote to dear M. from Conoor, at the top of the Ghaut. I told her that we had hoped that it was arranged that one, if not two, simple but devoted servants of Christ should preach the Gospel among that simple but interesting race of people, who have inhabited these mountains from time immemorial,

certainly before the Brahminical religion came into India, for there is not a trace of it among them.*

"*Jan. 5th.*—I am now sitting contemplating the magnificent scenery around this place; one range of mountains behind another, in a semicircular form, renders Coimbatore peculiarly beautiful. There are about 130 villages just around here; the people are on the whole well off, and therefore proportionately proud.

"Mr. Addies, who was many years at Rangoon with Mr. Judson, tells me that in Borneo, the females are not at all as degraded as here; the husband and wife eat off the same dish, and this, in fact, is one part of the marriage ceremony. I have all along had a strong desire to see that mission, yet I do not, at present, see my way clear to do so; as yet I have only a clear view of going up to Benares and returning to Belgaum. Some natives come to call on me, but they know too little English to benefit by conversation, yet they show such willingness to hear of the things of the kingdom, that I cannot but feel encouraged in comparing the state of things here and in Bagdad; for in that seat of the Mohammedan apostacy they stop their ears and shut their eyes, lest they should see and hear and be saved.

"*Jan. 6th.*—After travelling through the night, I am now, in the evening of the day, resting a little, while the bearers prepare their supper, and I spend the time in writing you a few lines. The scenery of the country has generally been flat and barren, yet the blue mountains in the distance, and occasionally hills of considerable elevation, crowned at the tops by pagodas walled round, have a picturesque and interesting appearance; but it is with these, as with all the beauties of nature, they bring no joy; for man, the great moral agent for whom they were designed as blessings, turns them into instruments of destruction, by worshipping and serving the creature more than the Creator.

"I stand now from day to day, and for the future see no rest,

* A German mission is now established there.

but *on His promises*, who has begun and will finish. I feel myself in a waste wilderness here; for nearly seventy miles in any direction there is not one European, yet the Lord reigns, and where He is, there is safety to His children.

"*Jan. 7th.*—After passing Caroor, I have now arrived at Veravully, about twenty-five miles from Trichinopoly, where I hope to be this evening again among Christian friends.

"This is a most rich and fertile district, but the people seem wholly given to idolatry. There are Brahmins by swarms. I hear there is a good chaplain here, whom I hope to know.

"O, may the Lord exceedingly bless you with light and life; they are such precious gifts; I feel I often have light without life, or life without light, but their *union in power is the glory of a saint;* how we ought to be continually praising the God of love who hath redeemed us, and from the dust exalted us to glory and honour. O, let us help each other to crucify self, and exalt Him who is our life and in whom we have liberty and life.

"*Jan. 8th.*—The more I dwell on the first chapter of Malachi, the more I am persuaded, that in ceasing to realize the fatherly character of God, we fall into all those sins of which God accuses His people: we provide for ourselves instead of leaving our Father to provide for us; we will not in any wise serve Him for nought; we look on Him as a master who is to pay his servants their hire, rather than as a father, all whose inheritance we are to share.

"I have had with me to-day, one of the Christians of this place, the chief man among those who are standing up for caste; and he says plainly that he does not care what Christ or the Apostles did, he never will eat with Pariahs, nor receive the Lord's Supper with them, nor after them, but only before them, neither would those of his views receive it after their ministers. I have just been with Mr. Shortland, the chaplain, and he says there is no hope but in beginning again. In this I think he is quite right.

"There are many here, who, I trust, fear God. At the chapel we had a nice little meeting last night; and as far as I

can see, in every part of India, there is, among Christians a real desire for unity.

"*Jan. 9th.*—I dined yesterday with General Dalrymple, whose wife is a sweet Christian, and I spent the evening with some relatives and friends of my dearest Irish friends, Mr. Bellett and Mr. Brookes. This quite brought me back to Ireland, and placed me down in the midst of those I so much love, and I have paid the price of a sleepless night. I have not a moment of my own but before breakfast, as I do not feel able to refuse to see people, because I really think it is as Christians they come, and they very kindly allow me great freedom of saying what I think I ought.

"This evening, about ten o'clock, I think of going to Tanjore to visit Mr. K., who is the principal collector of Tanjore. Then also I hope to meet my dear friend Cotton again.

"*Jan. 13th.*—I am now sitting down in the neighbourhood of Tanjore, in the tent of my dear, dear brother Cotton, discussing together the hopes and fears connected with our proposed labours for India.

"Yesterday, I dined with Mr. Kholoff, an aged saint, who was a pupil of Schwartz, and is his successor in the mission, though only brought under the influence of the truth within the last ten years. He is nearly seventy-two. There are three other missionaries besides him at Tanjore, in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the gospel. There is truth among them, but little power of the Holy Ghost, as far as I could see or hear. I go to-morrow to dine with them. Mr. Kholoff's last days are gilded by the hope of the coming of his King in glory; he is a venerable looking man, the hair of his yet unsilvered head hanging down to his shoulders; he has a sweet simplicity of manner, and most humbly loves his Lord. I saw the house where Schwartz and many others resigned their breath into His hands who gave it. All here are in confusion about the Bishop's letter concerning caste, to which they will not submit. Dear Cotton is full of zeal and devotion to the Lord's work. May the Lord direct all our counsels for His work.

"The Rajah of Tanjore is an independent prince within a very limited district. He has no real power but that of life and death over a few subjects in Tanjore; in fact he is like many, many of his compeers, a mere puppet.

"The American missionaries from Jaffna will, I hope, come over to the continent to settle, or at least some of them. They are anxious to come to the large cities; but I am satisfied that the most eligible situations by far are the large and populous villages, of which there are numbers, in the rich and cultivated delta of Coleroon and its neighbourhood. I have every reason to hope that the elements of union, which the Lord allows to exist among us, will lead to a missionary combination and service, that, to some extent at least, will resemble what there was in the days of the Apostles.

"*Jan. 14th.*—The Lord has brought me to the beginning of another day, when, from the arrival of my long expected packet, my heart is filled with other thoughts than those that occupied it during a sleepless night. One of my letters is from the gentleman I mentioned to you from Bushire, Captain Hennel, to whom I hoped the Lord had allowed me to be of some little service; he seems still pressing on, and offers me 500 rupees a year for the Lord's work in India.*

"I have letters from England pressing, on various grounds, our return, and one of these contains an opinion, gathered from the 'Morning Watch,' that none should go to the heathen till they be baptized with power from high. Such theorising on God's Word can never satisfy a soul that has seen numbers converted by the ministry of the Word, feeble as it is. I allow and mourn over this feebleness, yet still numbers are truly converted, bowing to the commands of the gospel and weeping under its grace: this is to my mind a practical refutation of all such considerations. We might as well deny that there should be any more ministry to the Church,

* This sum was given by him for many years for this purpose.

till the various gifts for its edification, mentioned in the New Testament, are manifest.

"The accounts from Bagdad are trying. They are now besieged by the Arabs and threatened by the Persians: poor devoted city! O, that they knew the meaning of these days of visitation from on high!

"The Armenian boys, who once were so entirely separated from us, begin again to come; I mean those whose souls we had hoped were touched with holy fire: this is comforting. The spirit of prayer still seems to rest on the brethren.

"*Jan. 15th.*—My poor dear boys, in writing about the siege and their prospects in Bagdad, express themselves more like old soldiers than children, they have been so inured to trials and dangers.

"I cannot convey to you any adequate idea of the death that reigns in the Tanjore Mission. The missionaries who have lately come, are almost determined to give it all up and begin anew. Poor Mr. Kohloff has so much facility of character, that he knows not how to say 'no;' so that whenever the congregations want anything, they terrify him into submission.

"West, from Palamcottah, has finally determined to join our little party, and is going through the length and breadth of the Tamil country, to preach the gospel and circulate tracts.

"*Jan. 16th,* Combaconum.—There is a missionary here, a Mr. Crisp, a nice man, who has a congregation of about a hundred and twelve communicants. I am, however, staying with the judge, a Mr. John Thomas, who is a warm-hearted Christian, and with his dear wife, much in earnest about the advance of His kingdom who is to come.

"I found this evening, in my room, a cobra capella. When I struck him, he turned round, spread abroad his hood, and threatened to attack me; but as it was a small one, not above two feet long, I soon killed him: these snakes are most dangerous creatures: it is often so difficult to see them.

"*Jan. 18th.*—I arrived before daylight at Negapatam, after a

pleasant day at Combaconum. I came with a hope of getting across from this to Jaffna, but I find no one will venture yet, so I must go down to point Calimere, from whence, with a fair wind, they may reach Ceylon in a few hours; but if they do not reach the opposite shore before noon, they always turn back, so that they may sometimes go out and return seven or eight days following, before they succeed.

"This is a Wesleyan Mission, and not prospering; Mr. L., however, has bad health, and is only of two years standing here; there are about thirty professing Christians.

"The farther I go, the more I am convinced that the missionary labour of India, as carried on by Europeans, is altogether *above* the *natives;* nor do I see how any abiding impression can possibly be made, till they mix with them in a way that is not now attempted. When I think of this subject of caste, in connection with the humiliation of the Son of God, I see in it something most unseemly, most peculiarly unlike Christ. If He who is one with the Father in glory emptied Himself, and was sent in the likeness of sinful flesh, and became the friend of publicans and sinners, that He might raise them, it is truly hateful that one worm should refuse to eat with, or touch another worm, lest he become polluted. How strikingly the Lord's revelation to Peter reproves it all, 'what God hath cleansed that call thou not common.' Acts x, 15.

"*Jan.* 20*th,* Point Calamere.—To-day we are waiting at this desolate spot alone.

"*Jan.* 21*st.*—With regard to the objections newly raised to missionary work, the want of 'the baptism of power,' I fully admit the deep necessity there is for power from on high for an effectual ministry among the heathen; but *is not the same thing needed in the professing church of Christ?* Is there not a manifest want of practical power in the Christianity of the present day? but shall we, on that account, leave each man to shift for himself? I see not this doctrine in Scripture. The waiting of the apostles for the baptism of the Holy Ghost was peculiar; it was not merely for the Pentecostal gifts, but that the doctrine

taught them by the Lord might be brought to their remembrance. This doctrine we have in the revealed Word; and as it is the power of God unto salvation to the unconverted in England, I see not why it should not be as effectual to the unconverted anywhere. I see in Scripture but two classes, converted and unconverted; and as to the means of conversion, I see no distinction between the unconverted where Christianity is known and where Christianity is not known.

"*Jan.* 22*nd.*—We set sail at midnight, and are now just entering a port in Ceylon. (9 o'clock P.M.) The country is rich and covered with trees; it brings most powerfully to my mind Heber's lines :—

> 'Where every prospect pleases,
> 'But only man is vile.'

O, how hard it is to hope for such a people, when the power of the divine life in your own soul is like a flickering taper!

"On arriving at the Custom House, we found a gentleman in charge as judge, etc., who knew many dear friends of mine at Plymouth. Just opposite where we landed, was a stage erected for shipping elephants for the continent of India. Ceylon abounds with them. The whole of Jaffna seems one extended coral reef. I hear the collector is a Devonshire man; you cannot think how even such a circumstance attracts one, so far away from home. I am just writing this while the bearers rest. I have not yet seen any of the missionaries, to one of whom, Mr. Poor, an American, I am on my way.

"The post is brought every day from Point Calamere to Jaffna, a distance of forty miles, in a Catamaran, which is made of three pieces of timber, about the size of your body, and twelve feet long, tied together. It is anything but a smooth sea, yet they say this mode of conveyance is most safe.

"On my arrival at the Mission House at Jaffna, I found all the brethren assembled at their quarterly meeting. There were nine or ten, and their wives; but at present I can say

no more of them than that they are very interesting people, and received me most affectionately.

"*Jan.* 23*rd.*—To-day we all meet to break bread with the native catechists and schoolmasters. My heart has been much affected by considering the Lord's works. He has here formed an island, or rather a collection of islands, of considerable extent, by the accumulated labours of insects, each one so minute that the eye cannot behold it, and out of their labours all the most massive structures are constructed.

"One of the brethren has left for the continent on an exploratory tour, and another is just about to go to the hills for health. Mr. Poor, who is the senior missionary, is a simple, affectionate, and good man, and has been for twenty years labouring among this people; he is expecting the coming of the Lord, and is the *first American* I have met with who holds this view. We have broken bread together; ten missionaries and their wives, and about 200 natives. Of their spiritual state, I have as yet no means of judging: there is no caste among them.

"On surveying the way in which the Lord has led me, I am often struck with the apparently trivial events on which the most important events in our history hang.—Mr. Poor met Captain Cotton at Allepic, and gave him a copy of the little tract I wrote on 'Devotedness;' this led Captain Cotton to come to Bagdad; and his coming to Bagdad brought me to India. We have had much conversation on the subject of coming down to the level with the natives; O, it is a hard battle with the proud heart of man! Mr. P. says to me, 'It is easy for you, who have only yourself to think of, to do as you like.' The Lord grant that some at least may be blessed with wives who shall not lay their husbands under this necessity.

"*Jan.* 25*th.*—After an interval of two days, I again write a few remarks. From my arrival in Bombay, to the day I reached Jaffna, I had been continually hoping to find missionary institutions carried on with that simplicity which, I think, so highly becomes us, but I have been deeply disappointed.

Wherever I have been, the system of the world and its character of influence have been adopted, instead of the moral power of the self-denial of the gospel. I trust the Lord has allowed my coming here to be of some little use in eradicating this baneful system. The missionaries have generally been willing to change their style of living for a simpler, but their wives have been more difficult to vanquish.

"I am now going to Oodaville, a station about four miles distant, to spend to-morrow, the Lord's day. There is an interesting boarding-school of girls there, which I am most anxious to see.

"This country abounds in palm trees, and is on the whole well cultivated, but the people are very, very poor and destitute. In Jaffna they speak the same language as on the continent of India, from above Madras to Cape Comorin, that is Tamil, which is different from the Cingalese which is spoken on the island of Ceylon. Dr. Scudder, with whom I spent yesterday, is a simple-hearted devoted man. He is on the point of leaving his present station to a newly arrived brother, in order to go and break up new ground about twenty miles off.

"If I can possibly go as far as Burmah, I shall do so. I hear so interesting an account of the simplicity, adaptation to the natives, and devotion of the Baptist missionaries there. I long to see some one Mission, carried on in unison with the principles I feel to be right.

"*Jan. 26th.*—I have not ceased from seriously conversing with my dear brother and sister, on the subject of personal self-denial, and the lessening the appearance we make before the heathen, pointing out, that all influence derived from such things is purely worldly, and such as the Lord cannot bless. Since I have seen them in their ordinary family routine, I am much better pleased. I told them that I always estimate persons' view of my spiritual character, by the way they receive me; if they put out the best things, and put one or two extra dishes on the table, I know they look on my renunciation of the world as a mere profession; but if I see they treat me with the utmost simplicity, I then feel they give me credit for what I profess.

This has obtained for me such a reception among them, as I desire. They are a dear interesting people, and most willing to hear instruction on points that few like to be told of; I am, I hope, making a little way with them on the subject so dear to us, the coming of our Immanuel in the glory of His Father. At present, however, the deep subject of interest with me is the uprooting the whole class of feelings connected with the natives, that missionaries may do by them as the Lord did by the publicans and harlots. However the Lord may dispose of you, let this be your firm abiding purpose, to share in the humiliations of the gospel.

"*Jan. 26th.*—I have since yesterday been rather an invalid, and from the extreme excitement of the two or three preceding days, I am like an unstrung instrument; on the whole, very happy, yet my joints a little shaking. The Lord has given me a most gracious reception among these brethren; indeed I am humbled to the earth by their kindness to one so very, very unworthy. I was yesterday staying with two dear missionary families at Oodaville, where there were about 55 native girls; several, they suppose, really Christians and members of the church, the others heathen. It was a lovely sight: I preached to the congregation by an interpreter, which is my only way. I felt constrained to give them a word of exhortation.

"*Jan. 27th.*—We have been to-day much engaged with examining the two lowest classes of the seminary here, which contains a mixture of heathen and christian boys; really they are very well informed, and I do expect much that will deeply interest me in the other two classes, which are much farther advanced. There are two or three here who are much interested about the coming of our Lord, and one or two whose minds are just opening, with whom I have been spending all my leisure hours to-day.

"I could tell you a hundred things that would interest you, but I am so occupied. A poor man has been brought here, who has been very badly torn by a tiger in the jungle, yet I trust not dangerously."

"I cannot tell you how finding this 'hope' among the bre-

thren here, endears them to me, and makes me expect much union and love between us and them. I have also had many encouragements to day by post, from some whom I have, and others whom I have not seen in the flesh. I am very, very thankful for my visit here, and I do trust I realize my gracious Lord's hand, in guiding me.

"*Jan.* 28*th.*—We are on very brotherly terms here, and even in those things in which they differ from me in judgment, they bear all lovingly; and there are three or four very dear sisters among them, who are a little more open than their husbands to some truths, the seeds of which I am anxious to leave behind me.

"*Jan.* 29*th.*—I am now at Jaffna, with a Wesleyan missionary, Mr. George. The whole evening, I have been bringing out all the Lord has given me wisdom to collect on the expected advent of our Lord, and it appears the Lord's pleasure that many here should receive this important and comforting truth. Perhaps the details of my intercourse with the brethren here would little interest you, but I feel they have been among the most important since I left home.

"*Jan.* 31*st.*—I am now staying with two *church missionaries*, with whom I have *very happy intercourse* on many very important subjects, and on the importance of a lively and a correct view of the advent rapidly approaching. I feel wonderfully helped of the Lord, and more and more deeply interested as I go on. Comparing 2 Peter iii. 13., (according to his promise) with Isa. lxv. 17; and lxvi., and the whole of these two chapters with Rev. xxi, carries to my mind an overwhelming conviction as to when the event shall take place.

"*Feb.* 1*st.*—I have been spending a day in a district where there are schools for about 156 girls, and five or six hundred boys, almost all heathens. They are under the charge of two dear brothers and sisters, whom, with the whole missionary circle here of all denominations, with one or two exceptions, I truly love. The whole of this country was once subject to Roman Catholic influence, and all the missionary stations are supplied at least with the outer walls of large churches, and some of them with the walls of dwelling houses also.

To-morrow we have a meeting of all the missionaries of all denominations, for prayer and general communication, which takes place every month. I am much interested in the general state of mind of the missionaries here; there is a *desire of advancement* in *conformity to Christ*, which I pray the Lord greatly to bless, to prevent the wicked one from extinguishing by his devices. I feel I am gaining an immense deal of information, but my heart trembles lest it should remain nothing more than knowledge. I do not at all feel sure that my soul has faith and spiritual power adequate to act on what it sees to be right and feels to be wanting; but, in returning among you, I hope to be strengthened of the Lord. I fully purpose now to go to Burmah, in search of some features of missionary service such as I have not yet seen.

"*Feb. 3rd.*—I am on the point of leaving Jaffna, and I go with a consciousness of mercy and goodness having accompanied me in all my intercourse with these dear brothers and sisters. I leave enriched also by the *love and prayers of many* whom I have been enabled truly to love; our communion has been *most sweet*, and I feel we shall be in no ordinary degree culpable if it should not lead to very important results. I have long felt there are *two kinds* of self-denial that we, as missionaries, need great grace to carry out fully. The first is, *personal*, touching all that is connected with the honour of this poor body, whether in food, raiment, or in the appendages of external respectability; the other is the self-denial involved in really coming down to the natives; and this it needs personal intercourse fully to explain to you.

"I trust the nature and the time of the Lord's Advent are beginning to be much better here understood, and I leave with the very fervent hope that the truth connected with it will win its way. One missionary told me yesterday that he felt he had acquired new eyes since a little conversation we had together; another has written to me to desire another interview, expressing the deep interest these views had excited; and a dear sister, the wife of one of the missionaries, has advanced very far towards a full assurance of the truth of all the great points.

"We had yesterday a very delightful meeting of ten missionaries and their wives, four being absent. The subjects of discussion were *most interesting*, and promised to have a happy influence on all present.

"I have just read a letter from a Mrs. Ward, of the Burmah Mission, which deeply interests me: it is written in a fine devoted spirit; she says:—

"'When we went out we were treated with a great deal of respect by all kinds of natives, but it was the kind of respect that the poor pay the rich, rather than the respect which is felt for eminent piety. And when I tried to impress the minds of the native sisters with the importance of modesty, cleanliness, &c., they would say, that they should very much like to live as we did, if they had money enough to do so. Thus I felt deeply the necessity of trying to exert a *different kind of influence*, or of trying in some way to be an example to the native Christians. And our reformed plans have not been without a beneficial result. The Christians now think, and what is of more consequence *we feel*, we are consistent.'

"*Feb. 7th.*—I have now a little leisure to add another line or two relative to my visit to Jaffna, before I land again on the continent of India, as I am now kept at anchor, much against my will, off its shores. I have mentioned that during my stay at Jaffna, the Lord was in many ways very graciously in the midst of us, and gave me favour and acceptance in the sight of my brethren. I am assured this was not an unfounded impression, as the members of the Church Mission, both personally and by letter, desired me to stay, that we might have farther communication on the coming of our Lord, and devotedness to His service; and to this the two Wesleyans also added their own wishes. I say not this to commend myself, but to encourage you to pray for me, should you be tempted to lose all hope. I do not mean I have not had abundant reason to bless God for every visit I have made, but none so much as this brought my mind to a decision on the question of *personal self-denial*, its importance and its *character*.

"There were some dear sisters at Jaffna I *never can forget*:

their love and kindness, for a moment, brought back to my heart the feeling of a home: I left my Syrian companion there. I believe we parted with very deep regret; yet I think it important that he should thoroughly learn English, that he may be useful to his own people. I yet look forward to having him for a travelling companion over many a weary mile in Egypt, Syria, Arabia and Mesopotamia.

"You may perhaps wonder why I did not comply with the invitation to remain at Jaffna, but I was in a hired boat which must go back; and I thought enough had been said for the present, and that the working of God's word would be more profitable than too much persuasion.

"*Feb. 8th.* — How good the Lord is in ordering my affairs for me! I landed at this little place, Rajah Pumbam, belonging to the Rajah of Tanjore, hoping to find bearers to carry me on, but none were to be had; so I am quietly set down here for two days, till they can be obtained from Tanjore. Thus I have a little season of refreshing solitude, and time to look into the secret recesses of the heart, and to see how things stand after the excitement of the last fortnight.

"I think I very clearly see that whatever others may do, believing as I do that *self-denial*, or rather the spirit of love from which it flows, is *essential to our individual and collective prosperity*, and hoping by the Lord's *gracious help* to get a *body of men like-minded* to work with me, I must *first act* myself; for I could not desire any brother to live more *simply than I did.* In all these cases I feel it infinitely better to say 'let *us*,' than 'do *you*,' and yet I feel assured, without inconceivable crucifixion of self, the work that is to be done in these lands cannot be accomplished; for the material you have to work on is so very low, that close and real contact, so as to leave a lively impression, involves an abasement so great, that none yet have had the heart to attempt it. To be generous with a thousand pounds a year is one thing, with a hundred another, with ten another; but if we expect self-denial or a generous self-sacrifice from these poor people, whose subsistence is of the barest and most precarious kind, we who have clearer views and brighter hopes

must lead the way. It must be some who, like us, are free to act thus; those who act under societies are in so many ways fettered.

"*Feb. 9th.* — I have had to-day a season of sweet enjoyment in my Lord. I had set it apart as a day of holy remembrance of those I love, that by fasting and prayer I might have an opportunity of bringing them and their circumstances all distinctly before the Lord; for the numbers are now so increasing that I feel it essential to do so; even those the Lord writes on my heart to be daily remembered are very many, so that it seems as if my prayers were almost lists of names presented before the Lord.

"My heart has particularly brought before it to-day the importance of the office of an evangelist. I long to see immense additions to the blessed little band. I shall be very thankful to be the servant of such the remainder of my worthless life. I have had my soul much affected by what the Lord said after the never to be forgotten scene of washing His disciples' feet, 'know ye what I have done unto you? ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am, &c. I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. If ye *know* these things, happy are ye *if ye do them.*'

"I have been greatly exercised relative to the best way of bringing forward the native ministers of Christ in these countries, and I have finally rested on our dear Lord's plan; that is, to get from two to twelve, and to go about constantly with them, eating what they eat, and sleeping where they sleep, and labouring, whether in a Choultry at night, or by the way, to impress on their souls a living exhibition of Jesus. . . . .

"*Feb. 11th, Combaconum.* — Sometimes my heart seems bewildered in the labyrinth of thoughts and difficulties that lie before me; it does seem so hard simply and fully to follow the word of the living God. Most persons you meet will hardly look at even the picture of it; and if we will not, how can God fully bless us? for it must be His *own* ways, His *own* plans, His *own* principles, that He will honour, and not ours.

"I leave this night for Madras, by way of Myaveram, Cudda-

dore, and Pondicherry. My heart is daily more and more overwhelmed by the 25th and 26th verses of the xiith of John, and the first seventeen verses of the xiiith.

"*Feb.* 13*th.*—Yesterday I spent an interesting day at Myaveram, with a Mr. Tucker, who has lately arrived in India to take charge of the missions of the Church Missionary Society. He appears a sincere and holy man, though strong in his prejudices, as I think them.

"I feel so interested in this country that instead of being wearied by all the failures I see of various kinds, they stir up my heart more than ever to desire to put forth all the little latent energy it has, to help to extricate those who are entangled in false principles, and in the false positions resulting from them.

"An admirable paper is come out from the Court of Directors on the subject of pilgrimages, and on the general interference of the British Government in the religious transactions of the natives, giving countenance, as they say, to a 'base and degrading superstition.' Such a document as this greatly delights us all here; it so strengthens the hands of those who wish to do well, yet feel it difficult to act against the whole weight of Government.

"*Cuddalore, Feb.* 15*th.*—I am here staying with a Colonel F., a single-hearted devoted man in his attachment to his Lord, yet one who feels that to urge voluntary self-denial and crucifixion of the flesh is quite a strange application of the fact of this being a state of humiliation and the time of the Church's sorrow. I am daily more struck with the power the flesh has in blinding the judgment; how, in one or another of its thousand aspects, it leads us captive. Col. F. is full of animated hope, waiting for the manifestation of the Lord in His glory. Yet, whilst these are the aspirations of the spirit, the body bears no testimony for the glorious hope. . . . Col. F. has just been telling me of a Roman Catholic Bishop, who lately paid him a visit, an humble simple man, a Frenchman, who would not leave his people, but went out under the trees, where they were, and sat on his little mat, saying, they would

be unhappy if he remained all the day away from them at Col. F.'s house. O, may we be willing to learn these lessons, even from a Roman Catholic! Surely they will rise up against us in the great day, if we disregard the glorious light given to us. What is the use of God's word to us, if it be not a lamp to our feet and a light to our path?

"*Sunday, Feb. 16th.* — I am now spending the day at Sadras, in a small tavern, an unusual thing in India; it is the first I have been in, yet quite quiet, no one but myself.

"I have been thinking how delightful and encouraging it must be to have an appointment like that of Jeremiah, so distinct, so unequivocal; and then he had Jehovah's promise to make him, in His work, like an iron pillar, and a brazen wall. (Jer. i, 18, 19.) I cannot tell you how I am encouraged from day to day in my course. I am surprised at the numbers who seem ready to pursue a course of self-denial which has long been thought impracticable in India.

"How wonderful is the pleading of our God with Israel, in the 3rd of Jer., 1st verse: it seems to me, if our hearts were not harder than adamant, the love and tenderness, yea, entreaty therein manifested, must subdue them.

"I met with a curious illustration of the prevailing feelings of missionaries. Immediately after my bearers had put down my palanquin at the end of the station, another handsome palanquin came and was put down. I found from the bearers that it belonged to a Padré, and I was getting out to see him, when I met him on his way to my palanquin. During a short conversation, I found he was a converted Jew, sent out principally by Mr. J. E., of Edinburgh: he was on his way to Cochin, the place where more Jews reside than in any other part of India. During our conversation I said, that if he would really stamp upon the minds of his brethren the impress of a soul alive in Christ, he must go and live among them at Jews' Town. He instantly replied, this was the very thing he would not do; for he was convinced by experience, that nothing was to be done with the Jews, without keeping them at a distance, and not making yourself too

cheap, and keeping a certain degree of external respectability. If those who teach take such views of the source of power in Christianity, can we be surprised that the taught are led wrong.

"*Feb.* 18*th*, 1834. — I have only just arrived at Madras, and have only time, before I send this off, to commend it, with all its faults, to your charity and forgiveness."

CHAPTER XI.

VOYAGE FROM MADRAS TO CALCUTTA IN A LITTLE FRENCH BRIG — MR. GROVES'S OBJECTS AND THOUGHTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE LORD'S WORK IN INDIA — STRIKING APPEARANCE OF CALCUTTA — INTERCOURSE WITH ARCHDEACON CORRIE AND OTHER SERVANTS OF GOD IN THAT CITY — HAPPY VISIT TO SERAMPORE — VISITS TO OTHER MISSIONARY STATIONS — JOURNEY ALONG THE BANKS OF THE GANGES — SATISFACTORY VISIT TO MONGHEIR.

MR. GROVES resumed his journal, addressed to the same friend, on board a little French brig, commanded by Captain M. T., of Bordeaux. He had chosen this mode of conveyance from Madras to Calcutta, because it was less expensive by half than the English vessel proposed to him by his friends, and offered him that freedom from society which he needed, after all the fatigue and excitement he had for so many months undergone. His experience proved the wisdom of his selection. He found the captain very obliging, and everything very quiet; and though he could not help remarking the "mixture of niceness and filthiness to be found among the French, when you live with them," he cheerfully submitted to it as one of the many little trials in which his self-denying course involved him; and after all, he says, "the Lord has blessed the voyage to the recovery of my health and spirits, so that I arrive at Calcutta happier than I have ever been since I reached India. May the Lord so help me," he adds, with his usual panting after holiness, "that I may leave it holier than I enter it; I mean not as to my standing in Christ, but in conformity to His blessed will; that the fruits, which I hoped were preparing in the yet unopened bud in time of winter, may blossom in this time of spring, and come to perfection in some distant summer."

Soon after Mr. Groves began this voyage, the servant whom he had brought with him, said, "Sir, I wished at Madras, to speak to you about changing my religion, for who that can read cannot see that yours is the truth?" Mr. Groves describes him as a poor but kind Roman Catholic, and says, "I had never said one word to him about changing his religion, but only endeavoured to wean his heart from confidence *in man, always mixing myself with the rest,* and directing him simply to Jesus. When he first came he would not join us at prayers. I have not bribed him, at least by money; I have, I hope, dealt gently with him, as I ought, but nothing more. There is something so precious in seeing a soul in these benighted lands feeling after Christ, that I am very happy in looking at this bursting flower."

A few days after, Mr. Groves relates that this poor servant was learning to read. "He is rather dull, but very patient;" and towards the close of the voyage, he writes, "my poor Roman Catholic servant is getting on in his reading most promisingly: the Lord be praised! Indeed, I hope he loves the Word, that precious Word, which made the psalmist wiser than his teachers, and of more understanding than the ancients."

In the Journal of this voyage, some extracts from which are subjoined, Mr. Groves placed before his friend his own objects, and his thoughts in connection with the Lord's work. His favourite idea at this time was to select a band of devoted men, ready not only to preach Christ fully, but to follow Him in a self-sacrificing course, and if need be to labour with their hands for their own support; and the sphere of service which he had in view was an immense district on the Eastern coast, then entirely without a missionary. He found some in India who seemed ready to assist him; he expected the willing services of his fellow-workers at Bagdad, and he had heard of others in Europe, whom he resolved to go in search of; therefore after a stay of only two days in Calcutta, he went to Patna to enlist the services, or at least the sympathies, of Mr. Start, visiting the Serampore mission and sundry others by the way; and shortly after his return to Calcutta, he set out on his voyage homeward.

"I found the dear family in which I resided for a time during my stay at Madras, very dear people. They had certain suspicions as to my views, which did not immediately give way; but step by step, the Lord gave me access to them, and allowed me to state what appears to me to be true Christian liberty, with regard to ministry, &c. A little tract of mine on this subject, is about to be published.

"I saw very few persons during my stay at Madras, partly from my engagement about my little tract, partly from disinclination for general society, but still more from a deep sense that the Lord has appointed me to speak to the heart *alone*, rather than to many. The dear Clulows, while I was with them, began to alter their expensive style of living; and a dear Independent minister and his wife parted with their superfluities in a very sweet spirit. Two of the missionaries at Tinnevelly have adopted the simple manner of living I approve. I learn from Mr. Blumhardt's letters, there are many dear German missionaries waiting to come out, willing to do the humblest work with their hands. I purpose to go to Basle and Elbersfeldt, to see these men. I should like to send one or two pious mechanics to Bagdad: they might get more access to the people than we could.

"Never was there a more important moment than the present for India; up to this time everything in the Church has been as free as our hearts could wish. Persons have been converted, either by reading God's word, or through one another, and have drank the living waters wherever they could find them full and clear; but now the Church of England is seeking to extend its power, and the Independents and Methodists are seeking to enclose their little flocks. My object in India is two-fold, to try to check the operation of these exclusive systems, by showing the Christian Church they are not necessary for all that is *holy* and *moral;* and to try and impress upon every member of Christ's body that he has some ministry given him for the body's edification, and instead of depressing, encouraging each one to come forward and serve the Lord. I have it much at heart, should the Lord spare me, to form a

Church on these principles; and my earnest desire is to re-model the whole plan of Missionary operations, so as to bring them to the simple standard of God's word. The encouragement the Lord has given me is great, beyond all I could have hoped; I cannot tell you how lovingly I have been received, not by one party only, but by all. I cannot but believe I am called to service in this country. I have encouraged others to remain faithful to the Lord in their work, and shall I run away? I have wished them to live on little, and shall I retire from the scene, and not share their burden with them and show them how? I have desired the dear Church in India to love each other, and to know no distinctions, and shall I not dwell here, and practise what I preach? My full conviction is, that the testimony of Jesus is being published in these lands, and will be, and that the *first fruits* will be gathered.

"I heard the other day by a letter from Tavoy, of a church of about 150 gathered out from among the Karcus, a people of a peculiar race and descent, inhabiting the mountains. Major F., who visited them with the missionary, says, they are a most interesting people. Mr. Boardman, one of Dr. Judson's fellow labourers, who first preached the gospel among them, after he became very ill, was *entreated* by some Karcus higher up in the mountains, to visit them, but, from his ill state of health, many thought he should not venture. He said to the messengers, It is necessary for you that I go; it is not necessary for *me* that I live; and went up, and found forty true converts. I know not how they had become instructed, but, I suppose, by visiting the other stations. Mr. Boardman conducted these forty to a river, being himself conveyed in his litter, and when they had been baptized, the good man said, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation:' the next day, he died.*

"*April 5th.*—I got on board, expecting my usual share of comfort, but till this morning have been unable to take my

* The reader will find an account of this interesting mission in connection with the life of Dr. Judson, recently published.

head off my pillow; but now I feel better than for many weeks past; I am so very happy and thankful for the Lord's very great kindness to me.

"Dear ——'s letter, which left on my mind the impression of a Jehu-like zeal which neither pitied nor spared, led me to write the brief letter which will, I hope, accompany this: some wished to have copies of it, and therefore I had it printed. [See Appendix E.] Surely it does become us, surrounded and eaten up with errors as we are, to touch those of our brother gently. I have to a certain extent found the Lord leading me in the way you so much desire, that is, to all Christians; and this, I think, without sacrificing the truth to any, though, of course, bearing in a measure with their infirmities. Look to the word of the living God and all will be well; seek the guidance of His Spirit and light will spring out of darkness. In India the circumstances and principles of our proposed mission would, I think, be *inestimably precious* at this time, and would practically shew many their liberty, especially in the army, who are now only waiting to see it. I am sure it is of no use to preach, without acting according to the gospel before men. We purpose that our domestic arrangements should all be very simple and *very inexpensive*, and our plan strictly evangelical. One great object will be to break down the odious barriers that pride has raised between natives and Europeans; to this end, it would be desirable for every evangelist to take with him wherever he went from two to six native catechists, with whom he might eat, drink and sleep on his journeys, and to whom he might speak of the things of the kingdom, as he sat down and as he rose up, that they might be in short prepared for ministry, in the way that our dear Master prepared His diciples, by line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little, as they could bear it. Feeling from beginning to end, that our place is not to set others to do what we do not do ourselves, or to act on principles on which we do not, but that we are rather to be ensamples of every thing we wish to see in our dear brethren. And I do not yet despair of seeing in India a church arise that shall be a little sanctuary in the cloudy and dark day that is coming on Christendom.

"In the whole extent of my missionary tours, Germans and Americans have been the most to my taste; the *most laborious, most simple, and least sectarian* by far. And I assure you, I am sick of theoretic perfection; I long to unite with the *constraining love of Jesus,* wherever I see it lodged in a true heart, with a a tender conscience; for we must never forget that *knowledge puffeth up,* but *love buildeth up. Faith* is a thing that we are to have to *ourselves before God,* but love is to be poured on the church in rivers and seas.

"*April 8th.*—I am to-day finishing my packet for Bagdad, and that is a great concern, for all expect letters, down to my servant Hannai. There is something in these Eastern servants, when they are attached to one, that greatly delights the heart: that difference you see and feel in England quite ceases. The poor man whom I have now, takes as much care of me as though I were part of himself; he is tailor, and cook, and every thing by turns, as circumstances require; and my poor dear servant H. has been all she could be to my dear little boys, and indeed to all of us; naturally, I never saw anything more lovely than her character, and the dear boys tell me, since I left, she really has embraced the truth, to the great joy and comfort of them all.

"Has your heart ever been exercised by the consideration of our want of *personal love* to Christ? mine has for many months; and the other day I was led to feel how manifest was the difference between our affections for human objects and divine. I have often felt that there were many things unlovely, unchristian, ungrateful to the Lord, contrary to His will, and to that holy allegiance that I owe Him, and therefore I did not do them, knowing *I* could not be happy whilst living in any measure of estrangement from Him; but as it regards a beloved human object, there might be many things unlovely, unchristian, ungrateful, inconsistent with love, but my inmost soul feels that it is not any one, nor all of these reasons put together, that prevent my wounding him, but simply an *ever present consciousness* that to give *him pain* would *give me deeper,* merely because I love him. Now why is it not so with the Lord? why in the one case do we *reason up* to obedience, and in the other *obey by*

an intuitive impulse independently *of reasoning altogether?* do you not think the difference real? I think my own heart tells me so most constantly. I do most anxiously desire to feel for my dear Lord those quick promptings of love, whereby I might be prevented ever wounding Him, from *feeling myself the pain, not from reasoning* at all about its unfitness. My desire is to feel for Him with more *acuteness* than for the *most loved earthly treasure,* even the sweetest and dearest saint. I feel there is something in love so *hallowing*; it kills that hateful selfishness which twines round all that is human. Even in nature's love, in all the varied relations of husband and wife, parents and children, &c., it is the sweetest relic of the fall even if it ascends not up to God.

"*April 9th.*—After a stormy night the wind is all against us again; what a picture of human life; a little way fine and then foul, but, like the saints of God, we still make way, though slowly and sadly.

"I am on the point of writing a little tract on *Christian Liberty,* should the Lord spare me, and give me wisdom. I would endeavour to show how much that liberty consists, in all the relations in which we can be placed, *in giving up our own will.* The liberty of man in the millennial glory, or in the final dispensation when the risen saints are with their Lord, will consist in doing what they like; but in the dispensation of suffering, it appears to me, he enjoys the *greatest liberty* who has the *greatest freedom in sacrificing the largest of his own desires to the least of his brethren* in all things possible. 'Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty, only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, *but by love serve one another.*'

"Had I seen years ago, as the Lord has given me now to see, I think I should, by His grace, have suffered in many cases much more patiently than I did. I might have pursued courses I did not, and avoided some which I chose, and I should not have given advice in all cases as I have done. I feel my Lord has passsed it over, but this only makes me more than ever desirous to enter into the true nature of His kingdom at present in the world. How much do I owe to the light imparted

to me in that one truth, that this is a dispensation of *suffering* and *sorrow*, and *will remain such* till the Lord come; it leads me to look on the thousand trials incident to my path, and possibly, yea certainly, to my future course, as *no strange* things, but as fiery trials appointed to try and purify.

"We are now just running in towards Juggernaut in Orissa, but are making to the north very little way. A sea voyage with contrary winds is a fine exercise of patience to an indifferent sailor; yet I have, by the Lord's grace, gained so much during my voyage, that I ought not to complain. Our good-natured captain has been complimenting me on my improved appearance since I came under his care; indeed the change is wonderful, and I shall, if the Lord preserves me so long, arrive at Calcutta, in appearance at least, like one newly arrived from England, instead of like a piece of tanned leather.

"*April 10th.*—Never did I feel more than now thatI needed a single eye and a guileless soul before God. I see so many rocks in my course, yet it shall be the object of my most earnest prayers to have my soul *so satisfied*, if *Christ* be *but glorified*, that I think not, nor care, by whom or where; and to have my heart so affected towards every saint, that my joy in him, or her, shall not be in proportion to my own delight in them derived from personal intercourse, but in seeing each one in the place the Lord would have him.

"The dear Arab who came with us to India is, I trust, prospering in his soul. I had a letter from him the other day: he is now gone to the Nilgherries, with a sick American missionary, who has undertaken to improve him in English. I hope to find him a great blessing and comfort to me on my return, for I am full of hope that the intercourse between India and Bagdad, instead of being three months as now, will soon be no more than fifteen days, and we quite hope to take a missionary journey through Egypt and Syria, and to return by way of Bagdad to India. I believe Mokayel, dear fellow, is very much attached to both Cotton and me. He preaches the gospel very fearlessly, and all his remaining prejudices are fast wearing away.

"Juggernaut is at the termination of a long chain of hills, and

has three kinds of minarets visible from the sea; beyond it is the Black Pagoda, which we have now just passed, and now we have nothing more than low sand hills, till we reach the mouth of the Hoogly, when we hope to take in our Pilot.

"I have heard there is a most interesting Hindoo convert in Calcutta, who has been deprived of his wife and little child by heathen relatives: he is the editor of the 'Enquirer' Newspaper. A note of his to dear Clulow has made me feel a deep interest in him. May the Lord help me, and give me favour with him, for his good to edification.

"I had a great desire to return with our dear Arab, through Egypt and Syria this time, but dear Cotton thought, and I quite concurred in it, that his own soul yet needed much, and in such a course one must *feed much on the food one has gathered.*

"I think you will agree with me that personal religion is generally at a very low ebb among us; that *deep holiness*, that following after Christ in all the beauty and purity of His beautiful and perfect character. All these things lead me to pray that we may have such a measure of love and forbearance given us, that we may be able to use our *precious liberty* so holily and unblameably, that the Lord may take pleasure in it and preserve it to us. Do you think that the full measure of that out-pouring of the Spirit, promised in Joel, will be sent down to prepare the harvest of the Lord before the sounding of the 7th trumpet? Is it to be as the latter rain to ripen the harvest, as the former rain at Pentecost was to soften and prepare the soil to receive the seed? O, how sweet these hopes of the church are! indeed I think my *heart* is getting much more into the enjoyment of the thought of that bright morning, when the Lord shall wipe away all tears from our eyes!

"Do you feel clear that the saints will be in their little sanctuary with Christ, till the calamities of the last awful judgments shall have past by? My heart is more and more reposing in this happy hope, for myself and those I love. O, let us then strive to be holy in all manner of conversation and godliness, that neither the cares of the world nor the deceitfulness of riches may entangle us!

"I have been thinking that the wise virgins slumbering, having oil with their lamps, are our brethren in the Church of Christ who will slumber on till the time of their Lord's approach, and who, though overtaken thus slumbering, will go in, having in their hearts the true oil of gladness that fits them for the feast, love to their Lord. It comforts me much to think so; for indeed I see among many who do not as yet receive this truth, such a tender love to Jesus, such a real desire for His honour, and something so meek and lowly in their walk, that I dare not doubt the Lord's love is set upon them; and it may be, that those who are awake and give the cry that awakes these true yet slumbering saints, are the very, very few, who, in *heart and soul*, receive this precious truth, and who are appointed to watch for the Church, as the Bethlehemite shepherds their flocks, when the Lord first came. For while the number of those who theoretically believe the coming of our blessed Lord is daily increasing, the number of those who really are hastening unto that glorious day, with a confiding and preparing faith, is very small. We have just seen one of those awful manifestations of God's power which the ocean sometimes presents. The sea, from a calm, became in about a quarter of an hour covered with white foam; the heavens became as black as ink; and we are now sailing under bare poles, except one reefed top sail. The French sailors managed better than I expected; but the Lord is my confidence and strength: we are just getting into dangerous ground at the mouth of the Hoogly, but the Lord can deliver and make it as safe as Milford Haven. A storm at sea is magnificently grand, though very awful; it makes the heart shake, as it comes on, but then the soul seeks repose and finds it.

"*Friday, April 11th.*—We are brought in health and safety to another day. The pilot is on board; and, on Monday, should the Lord prosper our voyage, we shall be at Calcutta.

"*I feel sure the Lord will direct me.* 'Tis such a comfort to feel that 'he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust;' and, therefore, he will not suffer us to be tempted above what we can bear.

"We are now with fair wind and tide running up this ancient

mighty river. May the Lord keep me in all my goings out and comings in among this people!—After a lovely sail, from the light floating at the mouth of the Hoogly, we are in prospect of anchoring in Diamond Harbour, about thirty miles from Calcutta by water and eighteen by land. At Kugaree I sent up my letter of introduction to a Mr. Beatie, with whom I am going to stay. The dear Archdeacon Corrie has most kindly invited me, but I was already engaged.

"*Sunday, April 13th.*—I have felt much comfort in Ps. cxix, 80, 'Let those that fear thee turn unto me, and those that know thy testimonies. Let my heart be sound in thy testimonies.' For these two things I have a great, and, I believe, a holy desire.

"We this day made a rapid and delightful voyage up the Hoogly to the city of palaces. The beautiful mansions that adorn the banks, the verdure that relieves the eye, with the variety of foliage which the trees exhibit, created a feeling that I had not been sensible of since I left my native shores. The multitude of shipping that lies on the borders of the water, purely and simply English, gives at once a *home* impression, that the thousand minute differences which strike you, if you enter into detail, do not destroy. The trees, in their variety of forms and richness of blossoms, are not English; the little boats that glide on the river are not English, nor those who so dexterously manage them; still this does not destroy the continual effect of the houses, the gardens, and the shipping. After passing up Garden Reach, where Calcutta first breaks upon the view, it is very, very grand; but when the Christian mind begins to analyze the nature of its glory, and the principles to which it owed its birth, the gilded splendour soon vanishes, and the only feeling is, that you are entering a mighty city where God is not known, either in her palaces, or by the myriads over which she bears sway.

"We anchored opposite the quays about half-past five in the evening. Shortly after, I went on shore and heard Mr. Boswell (the chaplain of Chinsurah,) preach a simple and true sermon, and returned home with him. I cannot tell you the love with which he received me, but it was great.

"*April 14th.*—To-day has been entirely employed in making

up, and sending off, packages for England and Bagdad, and in writing various other letters, preparatory to leaving for Patna.

"*April 15th.*—The dear Archdeacon Corrie breakfasted here this morning. He is a dear, dear old man, a lovely Christian; and his fine and interesting face, beams with the love that yet glows in his aged heart. He much wished me and dear Mr. Boswell to call on the Bishop, and for reasons that appeared to me of so much weight, that, after prayer, I went, and he received me most kindly; afterwards we called on two chaplains, good men, and we spent the evening at the arch-deacon's, where I saw Henry Martyn's bible, with the manuscript notes in his hand.

"One of the independent Rajahs has sent for a tutor for his son, giving free permission to Christian teachers to labour among his people. A letter has also been received from China, from Mr. Gutzlaff, which mentions the most extensive openings for publishing the gospel. That the day for doing this universally is hastening; that it is the duty of some actively to engage in it; of others, nay of all, to help it on by their prayers and by the offerings which their own immediate work for the Lord does not demand, I feel every hour more assured.

"I have received a most kind note from Dr. Marshman; indeed so kindly was it expressed that it quite overwhelmed me, inviting me to Serampore. A Mr. Mackey, who was tutor in Mr. McVicar's school, has called, and he seems deeply in earnest. There is also a dear young officer and his wife staying with Mr. Boswell, whose heart the Lord had quite prepared to listen to His blessed word concerning the liberty the Lord has taught us; and I have met with a Capt. B. who is equally willing to hear. Indeed there seems opening on me a sphere of most abundant usefulness, to which I hope to return. I received to-day a very interesting account of a young man whose soul was affected by a little intercourse we had in a brig of war.

"I have this evening heard Arch-deacon Corrie preach: it was a simple *statement of the truth.*

"*April 16th.*—I am now on the river going to Serampore on my way to Patna.

"*Serampore.*—Here I have met with a large party of, I trust,

devoted men: I shall be very thankful to get my prejudices against this station removed. May the Lord prepare my heart not to expect too much from man, but to be very thankful for all that I see is according to His will. I had a nice note yesterday from dear Dr. Duff, who seems a man of a fine spirit; he speaks of his first glow of devotedness, as having arisen from my little tract on "Christian Devotedness."

"The banks of the Hoogly beyond Serampore are very beautiful; the houses are very handsome, the lawns beautifully verdant and shaded with magnificent trees.

"I have just seen poor old Dr. Carey, who is sinking into the grave, after more than forty years' service, leaving the world as poor, as to temporal things, as when he entered it. He leaves his widow and children without a shilling, to the loving care of their brethren. May the Lord give them grace to administer support to them, with such love, that it may be like a balm from the Lord's hands, making the broken heart to rejoice. Never, I think, were men more overwhelmingly belied than these; not, perhaps, that they have done all things well, but they are certainly, in every respect, as far above those who censure them, as the blue vault of heaven is above the clouds.

"The thermometer was about 96° yesterday and to-day in the shade; it is nothing to be compared to the heat at Bagdad, yet still hot.

"Every one seems to feel that we are sadly in want of a more powerful manifestation of the life of Christ; this gives me great hopes that the Lord has much blessing yet before me.

"*April 16th, Chinsurah.*—I arrived here last night somewhat late, from Serampore, and have to-day been calling on two missionaries; Mr. M. of the Church Missionary Society, and Mr. Mundy of the London Missionary Society; the latter a mild, amiable, and liberal minded man, the former is not so happy in the constitution of his mind, yet, I hope, a good man. This station seems a most unpromising one. I know not how many years of labour have been expended, (I think seventeen,) and there is not so much as a blade of vegetation! How wonderful the Lord's ways are! O, that my soul had faith only to

rest on God; and never to think of what is likely, or unlikely, but simply on Him and His promises. I purpose going on to Burdwan, in the prospect of seeing a few dear brethren there. Dear Capt. Bell assured me this morning, that our conversation had greatly tended to free his mind from difficulties, which had greatly troubled him relative to the establishment and to his own freedom in Christ.

"20*th, Burdwan.*—Yesterday, Capt. Vetch, with whom I am staying, took me out to see some German missionaries, and I spent the day quietly with them. Weitbreicht, who is married, is a dear man, but the missionary establishment altogether is anything but happy, I mean as to spiritual power. It makes one very sad to see the powerlessness of the converts; may it only stir us up to seek to show them an example of unselfish devotion to our dear Lord, and to them for His sake. I trust the second advent of our Lord will become a strong hope in the hearts of His servants here before I leave, and that some prejudices will be removed.

"Last night, to my unutterable astonishment, I met with an old school fellow of mine, and a friend of the Thompsons. He is a large sugar planter, on the banks of the Hoogly, and, on my return, I hope to visit him and his wife, as I hear there is some good thing in them, especially in her, and he was so glad to see me, that I hope the Lord means to use me for their good.

"I have had a happy day, and one in which the Lord has, I believe, helped me to set forth the glories of the first resurrection. I think I have found to-day some light on Phil. iii. 10, 15. I think that the glory of the resurrection from among the dead is the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, about which, though there might be some who were otherwise minded, he knew God would reveal even this unto them. This seems very much to comfort me concerning those who do not yet rejoice in the glory that awaits them: the Lord, before that day, will arouse them from that slumber.

"Capt. Vetch tells me that when he came to India, in 1806, there was but one pious man, a Col. Bronte, between Calcutta and Delhi; and now, I trust, there are some hundreds.

"*April 22nd, Burbhoom.*—When I think of this station and

all the love, and kindness, and most unmerited regard, I have here experienced, I feel I cannot detail to you all that passed, lest I should thereby remember what I ought to forget as entirely undeserved.

"The Lord enabled me to make great way on the question of His coming, and the notion of the Church militant. I left Mrs. V. with the feeling of her being a very dear sister whom I never can and never ought to forget, and Captain Vetch is a dear brother.

"I have just been with Mr. W., a Baptist missionary, to the bazaar, where he preached about an hour. He and his wife are very much to my taste as missionaries—very devoted, living most simply, and returning not a little of their salary to the Society. I find all who are interested in religion anxious to see me, when I arrive at a new station; and I cannot refuse to have intercourse with those who are so undeservedly kind. I am beginning again to feel a little revived under the Lord's loving mercies. For many months before I left Bagdad, I was like a tree in winter. I then thought I should never revive; but I now see and feel the Lord has not forgotten to be gracious, and having begun, I know not what He may not do. O, may I ever know how to possess the dearest of my heart's treasures, so that the Lord may be glorified in my enjoyment of it.

"When I think of all that must be submitted to, in order to carry out the work of the Lord effectually in these lands, my heart is comforted in knowing that spiritual happiness is not diminished by such things.

"The more I see of the dear C.s, the more I love them. Has not your heart deep sympathy with that character of piety one meets with in spiritual members of the Church of England? I acknowledge the system to be wrong, very wrong, yet my heart finds great repose in those fair pearls which lie within, what seems to me, so naughty a shell.

"It is now getting a little hot in Bengal, but it is nothing like the heat of Bagdad. The season of sorrow is like the sowing time of winter, when the cold blasts and sharp frosts seem to check all progress towards vegetation; but dark and

unpromising as the soil looks, without one green blade to relieve the eye or comfort the heart, yet underneath there is a preparation going on for the harvest.

"*April 26th.* — The soldiers have sent to request I would go to their Chapel this evening, to give them any information I thought would be useful to them: this I purpose to do with the Lord's blessing.

"*April 27th, Sunday.* — We had a nice sermon from dear Mr. C. Indeed there is in him a holy earnestness which much delights me. I do think that both Mr. and Mrs. C. and myself parted with the truest Christian love; he had little prejudices, but they soon fled, and there was the sweetest harmony and love. Seldom, indeed, have I enjoyed more delightful Christian intercourse. It has, I trust, laid the foundation of a brotherly relation that never will be broken.

"I often fear lest the soul should be more disquieted about the want of external conformity to Christ than internal; you know I feel them to be parts of one whole, and that I would desire the one to follow the other, as simply and naturally as cause and effect: the heart dwelling in the one and the life following, without carefulness, in the other; for I think external conformity, unsupported by a deep divinely wrought spiritual conformity within, would be very likely to lead to pride. I cannot at all account for the impression the Lord allows to follow my visits. I do feel so unworthy, unless it be that they look upon me with kindly disposed hearts, because I have been a sufferer for Christ; for it is not merely that they hear, but the Lord gives me such favour in their sight, that had I been a brother, they could not have received me with more tenderness and love: pray for me, that I may only think of the *Lord's* glory and the edification of His saints. I am almost afraid lest my heart should be puffed up, yet I pray that the graciousness of my Lord in thus comforting me, in this wandering through the wilderness, may work more powerfully by gratitude than before by sorrow, in keeping my heart humble and tender.

"O, may the Lord preserve our souls from error, or self-delusion! indeed I would desire to follow God's word most simply!

I can only add, farewell. I am now solitary in a native boat, among a strange people, whose language I do not understand, and who will go their own way. However, the Lord is here, and His presence comforts all hearts and smooths all difficulties to those who trust in Him.

"The Ganges looked very beautiful when we came down on it to-day, but while it delights the eye, it brings with it a thousand associations that chill the heart, running, as it does, through such an extent of country, wholly given up to a most debasing idolatry.

"*April 29th.* — We are again winding along the banks of the Ganges, amidst low jungles, which, however, are very interesting from the variety and beauty of the foliage. I have seen both yesterday and to-day a kind of fern and a hollyhock, which always revive English feelings. We are skirting a low range of hills, which a little varies the scene. You would be surprised at the effect of a vertical sun on the head; it is not nearly so hot as in Bagdad, yet it has much greater effect; but, thank God, I am well now, and able to bear it.

"Every one owns it is needful to give up views contrary to Christ, and yet how few are enabled to sacrifice on this altar! I do not mean we can or ought to give up what we hold to be truth; but we may bear, as Christ does, with many errors in our brother: the preciousness of this liberty in Christ, I daily feel, and I do trust, by earnest and anxious prayer, we shall be preserved in this way unto the end.

"*April 30th.* — We have been winding round the Banglipore hills, amidst low jungles, interspersed with a number of old decayed temples, and small forts, indicating the great changes that have taken place in the political and religious state of the country. My eye was delighted with the magnificent foliage of a variety of trees quite new to me; the woods swarm with peacocks. I saw some miserable date trees, which made one think of Bagdad, but the fern which reminded me of home was the most interesting to me.

"In our intercourse with Christians, we must remember there is often very little light where there is much grace: in

these cases, a *little* knowledge wonderfully warms and sanctifies the heart, and this is the end of all truth.

"There is apparently much more attachment to idolatry here, than in the south of India. When the bearers pass any pagoda or shrine, they call out, "Râm, Râm," the name of their god; and in meeting their friends they use the same salutation.

"I saw about two hundred eagles devouring a carcase. How it illustrates scripture; when by their numbers, by the direction in which they fly, and by the prey on which they alight; that which would otherwise be unobserved, becomes distinctly pointed out: 'so shall the coming of the Son of man be,' as to the *place* of His manifestation, see Mat. xxiv, 23—28.

"I have been reading some of Pascal's thoughts, and am struck with their originality and depth; yet how he sacrifices truth to antithesis! how hard it is to be simply true!

"*May 2nd, Monghier.* — This is a pleasant place on the banks of the Ganges. I find Mr. L. a very interesting missionary, his views about preaching are simple, to my heart's content. Between one and two hundred attend his preaching in the bazaar, and he has about thirty converts. He is under the Baptist Missionary Society, but they are not exclusive. Yesterday I spent with his fellow-labourer Mr. M., who has been about thirty years in India; I found him quite open to the truth of the Lord's Advent; and on numberless other points our hearts so entirely agreed, that it was a very happy day: he is a simple humble man, and has supported himself almost entirely the whole thirty years: from time to time the Lord has supplied him, and once, when he was pressed for means, he found a pot of treasure in his godown, which brought him 4000 rupees, about £400.* I saw a peach tree which reminded me of many I love in the land of my natural affection. Mr. L., in many respects, gains much on me; he does not receive

* A godown is a sort of out-house; it is no uncommon thing to find treasure in the ground in India, it was once hidden by those who in former years were under Mohammedan rule.

half the allowance that he might have from the society; his expenses last year, and he has a wife, amounted to £200. Both you and I would say this was rather more instead of less than necessary; but *the fact* is a great encouragement to me. He has a house and a little carriage, and an abundance of servants. Last year, during his missionary tour into the mountains, he went the whole journey on foot. There is one of the people now reading, whom Mr. L. thinks a true convert, and whom he is preparing to send back among his own people.

"The Baptist missionaries seem to be good men, particularly when they are not sectarian about communion.

"There is a comfort in feeling that you are one of those who desire to hasten the coming of the day of God. (2 Pet. iii, 12.) Truly it is a very blessed work. Wherever I go, I find that the reverence of the people for the brahmins is almost gone, and that the way is preparing for the publication of the testimony of Jesus, as the witness. Last Tuesday, while Mr. L. was in the bazaar, he saw one of the 'Holy men' singing his disgusting songs, and undressing himself in a most shameful way, and when Mr. L. pushed him away and made him dress himself, all the people applauded the act; and a mere boy came up to Mr. L., and said, 'Sahib, this man comes here and fills our minds with wickedness, and therefore, not only is it no charity to give him anything, but it is good to drive him away.' A few years ago the putting one's hand on a so-called holy man, would not have been tolerated for a moment. I was at the prayer-meeting of the church here, and found it very interesting. It is so delightful to hear how the Spirit teaches the poor to pray, and to see the honour that God puts on them. In seasons of retirement and prayer, the heart seems more tried than at any time. It often appears to me as if Satan were then especially let loose to trouble, pollute, or perplex the soul; perhaps, however, we ought rather to take these trials as encouragements to prayer, than dissuasives from it, for did he not see we were warring against his kingdom, he would not trouble us. The inhabitants of the Rajmahal and Bhanglipoor hills seem most anxious for instruction. They have no caste, and

their language is peculiar: the hills abound with wild elephants, tigers, and other beasts of prey; but the jungle fever is yet more deadly. A Mr. C., his wife, and thirteen servants, went up to the Rajmahal hills, and all of them died except two of the servants. Another devoted young man, a Mr. M., went and died at the foot of the hills; yet it is only at certain times of the year this fever prevails.

"*May 6th.* — We have been winding along the banks of the Ganges, and I am now resting for a moment under the shade of a tree. This is by far the hottest day I have felt in India; the thermometer is now standing at 105° in the shade, and for the first time I thought I should be unable to endure it, but I am quite well now, the pain in my head gone, and I feel as though I could bear it, were it twenty degrees hotter. On the whole, I am as pleased with the mission at Monghier, as anywhere. There is a reality about the religion both of pastor and people, that gives me great comfort: there is such an entire breaking down of caste, so that Hindoo converts handle and bring their own dead; a service that, as heathen, they assign to the very lowest castes, or to servants. I met yesterday, at breakfast, rather a strange person, a Captain B., a most learned and extremely well informed man. He has been a great sceptic, and a great professor, and now I know not what he is; but we had a most interesting conversation; may the Lord bless it! With regard to the second coming of the Lord, I fully believe the Lord is making way for His truth. All feel that their former vague interpretations will never stand. Some concede one point, some another, but all, I feel, are shaking; and finally, I believe, they will concede so many points, that they will see the remainder untenable."

CHAPTER XII.

VISIT TO PATNA — INTERCOURSE WITH MR. START — VISITS TO BENARES, CHUNA AND JAUNPORE — SECOND VISIT TO BURDWAN AND ITS RESULTS — SECOND VISIT TO CALCUTTA — LETTER TO MRS. C., ON THE ONLY WAY OF LEADING A HOLY LIFE — INTERCOURSE WITH CHRISTIANS IN CALCUTTA — MRS. WILSON'S SCHOOL — DR. DUFF'S INSTITUTION — MOTIVES OF MR. GROVES'S RETURN TO ENGLAND — DR. DUFF'S ILLNESS.

MR. GROVES left Calcutta on the 16th of April, and his rapid journey was only broken by his visits to missionary stations by the way. One of his objects in going to Patna was to invite Mr. Start to accompany him to Burmah, as he thought it might be of great advantage to them to see how that very successful mission was conducted. But it appears from the Journal, that he found Mr. S. so fully and so usefully occupied, that he could neither ask him to undertake this journey, nor leave his own sphere of labour for any other. Refreshed and encouraged by communion with this dear brother, he proceeded to visit other missionaries as far north as Jaunpore and Benares, and from that city returned by a shorter route to Burdwan.

"*Patna, May 9th.* — I arrived here on the night of the 7th, a little tired, and yet much less so than could have been imagined, considering the heat: the thermometer stood in my palanquin at 110 or 109½ for nearly four hours. When I arrived, all were asleep at my friend's house, but the noisy native population of this immense city seems never to sleep. All night you hear their contentions and strifes. As we passed through the streets we saw before their doors their simple little bedsteads; on these some were sleeping, whilst others were lying on the ground. How very, very little the body

seems to need; but it is the soul's desolation that distresses you. There are here, perhaps, about 250,000 souls, and all mad upon their idols. Dear Start is very different from what I had expected. He has a keen, clear, active mind, and a deep acquaintance with heart religion; he is very argumentative, and disposed to *prove* things before he receives them. We are quite of one heart and one mind, in all things connected with the kingdom, and he has wonderfully advanced in his preparation for labour.

"At this place numbers are dying of cholera. Within a few days, about five or six hundred. How happy are we in having such a refuge; so sufficient, so present. May we be taught to place all our confidence in the Lord whom we love; He never disappoints, but gives more than we can ask or think. O, may He bless you, and increase your spiritual treasures. Press on towards the prize set before you in Jesus, that you may attain to the resurrection from among the dead. My soul now returns to her rest: I am full of praise and thanksgiving for all the Lord's goodness to me.

"S. searches a little into the corners of my heart, and I find that many weeds which I thought dead, still have living roots; this it is very profitable to know. He is a most sterling character; and after the pain I have known of late, in finding that the moment one leans on any, even of the dear children of God, they too often prove a moving quicksand, it is a great comfort to find one man fixed in the Lord, and resolved to stand by the plough to which he has put his hand. He has made great progress in the languages, and preaches in the bazaar. He has also several schools; five, I think, in the province of Bahar. There are two objects for which I desire the prayers of the saints; first, the peace and prosperity ef the Church of Christ, —that all her divisions may be healed, and the love of all the members to one another be fervent and pure; secondly, that we, especially, who feel our liberty, and love it, may so use it, as to honour the Lord, that we may live in Christ, and do all things as in His presence.

"The openings in the upper provinces of India, among the

independent sheiks, in the neighbourhood of Agra and Dellhi, are wonderful.

"I cannot describe to you the comfort I feel in having such a brother as dear S—— in India; one in whose integrity, and simplicity, and devotedness, I can so entirely confide. Yet while I am learning from him, he treats me as though he were learning from me; and while my heart is comforted and my hands strengthened by him, it seems as though I were ministering to him; indeed I feel the hand of the Lord is on us, and with us, and He means us, though far asunder, to be fellow-helpers in the truth. My heart is touched with the Lord's goodness in bringing us together.

"I cannot help feeling I occupy a higher place than I deserve in the regard of those around me: there is something in my circumstances, giving me a publicity from which I shrink. Pray that my soul may be so full of the love of Christ, that all my joy may be His glory.

"I spoke this evening at the collector's on those words, 'if the Lord be God, follow Him, but if Baal, then follow him.' All in this station, poor and rich, were there: my heart was sad from a sense of its own unworthiness. How wonderful that the Lord should use such poor creatures as we are.

"Last night, at the commissioner's, the chaplain requested me to lecture on the prophets of the Church of God. I did so, and the Lord helped me, as He usually does, in these public ministrations, which are so real a trial to me. Sometimes, however, He seems to let me feel my weakness, doubtless to crucify that hateful flesh, which, without these humiliations, might be led to look complacently on its own performances.

"The Lord is in so many ways giving me acceptance with many, and in a *degree* so entirely above my deserts, that I feel I must be humbled before the world some day, I sometimes fear lest I should be like Absalom kissing the people, and stealing away their hearts from the King to myself; not that I desire this in my conscience before God; for I *hate* the thought, and wish that the *Lord alone* should be glorified. I think I was never more conscious of a desire to be *in all things* conformed

to the death of Christ, that His life might be manifested in me, in its power; yet I feel nothing can give this but letting the roots of the divine life within me run deep into the love of Christ; then, I know, trials, sufferings, or death, would be easy.

"This is in many respects an interesting station. There are numbers of inquirers who really seem anxious to know about the things of the kingdom.

"*Sunday* 10*th*.—I am now just on the point of leaving Patna for Ghausipoor, after preaching. I have very much to thank God for since my arrival—I do indeed trust it has been for good. I have this day had a dear young civilian with me, who has heard much which he cannot, and which I do not think he would wish, to forget.

"Relative to this journey, I have only one abiding anxiety, but that is a vital one. Is it for the Lord? and do I live to Him alone? or is self idolized under these fair appearances? but for this anxiety, which never leaves me, I should often be only too happy; for I cannot describe the difference I feel in my health since I left Madras; and the exposure I undergo does not at all seem to affect it. At Buxar, there was nothing doing in a missionary point of view, and there I passed over to the east branch of the Ganges.

"I met in Lord Bacon's works the other day some thoughts that interested me much. They are in his Essay on Friendship. 'Whoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily, he marshelleth them more orderly, he seeth how they look when they are turned into words, finally he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse, than a day's meditation.

"*May* 22*nd*.—I hope this evening to reach Benares, the farthest point north of my present journey. During my visit into these provinces, I have realized one hope, which, on entering India, I only indulged as a possibility, viz. that there is no insurmountable barrier to a most extensive union among all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. The tendency to sectarianism, however, is in these provinces much more marked than either

in Bombay or Madras, and this is why I feel so thankful the Lord has given me such favour with so many, in endeavouring to show them the beauty and glory of being contented with Christ as a *Head* and his word as a *guide.*

"I am told I shall have many trials on my return to Calcutta, yet the Lord can enable me, though weak and alone, to walk so unblamably and unreprovably, that they shall not have any evil thing to say justly against me; my heart is daily more and more convinced there is no cure for the innumerable temptations that throng my path, but such a realizing love of Jesus, as shall indeed and in very truth enable my soul to feel His will and honour more precious than life. How wonderful the religion of Jesus is! when you are sad, there is a spring of hope arises now and then in your path, that you may not be utterly cast down; and when things prosper, and hopes are high, a thousand little fears rise up to check the heart's buoyancy, lest haply one might be overthrown in stony places.

"How strange that exposure to heat, which others seem unable to bear, has no effect on me, and yet, a few thoughts strongly impressed on my mind quite unsettle both body and mind. O, what a blessed day will that be when all who sleep in Jesus shall rise, and no thoughts of sorrow or fear shall dim the brightness of their enjoyment. Be it our work to hasten that day!

"I have just received four letters one from Madras, another from Calcutta, a third comes from fifty miles above Delhi, a fourth from Patna. All in different ways deeply interesting, speaking of the glorious liberty of being wholly the Lord's, and that in a way that comforts me beyond expression; they are the fruits of the realization of His preciousness and completeness, as Prophet, Priest and King; many cannot yet bear the light of this glorious liberty. O, I pray we may be kept from hindering by any untowardness of temper, or want of patience, the reception of these blessed truths.

"I have just heard that the plague has been again in Bagdad. The thought, that those so dear to me should be exposed to this desolating scourge, makes my heart sick; yet it is the Lord! what can we say? may my soul find repose in Him!

"*Benares, May 24th.*—I have been here one day, but I hope to leave next week, as I am most anxious for tidings from my dear boys, which I cannot receive till I reach Calcutta.

"Benares is a most populous city; at all times a congregation may be collected in the bazaar, and generally a very attentive one. Some of the houses in Benares are very handsome; but the streets are very narrow and dirty. This I feel: the natives must be more lived amongst, if any good is to be done. There are two Germans here of the Church Missionary Society; also two of the London Society's Missionaries.

"*May 26th.*—I went on Saturday night to Chuna, a distance of about seventeen miles, and returned last night. Chuna has been the scene of missionary labours, for twenty or thirty years, and a more unfavourable situation could hardly be conceived. It is a station of invalid soldiers, whose life and conduct generally are a disgrace to any people; and well may the natives say, 'why do you not first improve your own people?' they go drunk to the Bazaar, and then commit every kind of outrage, and there are instances continually occurring of their dying from drunkenness. There is one Church Missionary, who is employed as chaplain, a Mr. B., a very valuable active man, he has eighteen orphans, whom he supports out of his own resources, with occasional help from others. He has also an interesting congregation of native women, the wives of the invalids, who seem to have more of the *real* spirit of Christianity about them, than any I have seen in India. There are sixty who subscribe about eighteen rupees a month to various objects; and one of them gave 1,000 rupees to buy a village for the employment of native Christians. The native converts, numbering between twenty or thirty, all work for their living, and every trace of caste is destroyed among them. B. quite agrees with me in two or three points; one is the necessity of bringing every translation down to the clear comprehension of the common people; the other, that missionaries ought to go from place to place, preaching the gospel, and only become stationary, when they have gathered a church; and rather than remain so, if called to the office of an evan-

gelist, they should do as the apostle did, set some over the church and go on. I value his judgment, for he has been engaged nineteen years in the work, and is a native of India. I have just returned from spending a day with the two missionaries of the London Society. They told me that whilst they were preaching the other day in the bazaar, a Brahmin exclaimed, 'Blessing, blessing on those who bring us this word,' and about thirty more cried out the same words; but an old Brahmin cried out in opposition 'Cursed, cursed.' There does seem, indeed, in India an extraordinary preparation for some great change, whatever it may be.

"There are at this place several small temples, which have been built by Europeans Solomon-like, for Mohammedan and Hindoo women. I give but little description of all I see, whether of native wonders, or the various modifications that society assumes in the regions which I visit, having determined, as a general principle, that I would confine my attention to the great objects I have in view, the benefit of the Church of God, and preparing means for publishing the testimony of Jesus, as the witness, before He comes. This principle sometimes leads me two hundred miles to see an individual, when I should not go two hundred yards to see the greatest curiosity in the world. Perhaps I carry this too far, but I feel it the safer side: the taste for these things, when it once possesses the mind, is so insidious.

"*May 30th.* — My visit to Jaunpore was in many ways interesting. There I met a daughter of Mr. James Haldane, and two or three others, about whom I shall continue to feel an interest. On my return, I spent the morning with Captain A., and heard much more of many whom I cannot cease to love and remember. I have been three days and five nights in my palanquin, and the weather is intensely hot; yet I am not the worse, nor have I had occasion to take advantage of the three hours' rest that I had allotted myself daily.

"How much all our divisions and disputes arise out of our unfaithfulness to Christ! Each one seems anxious to justify his own little selfish reserve from the Lord, rather than to seek

to be helped to employ his whole body, soul, and spirit in His most worthy and loving service. Be it our object to suffer no sin in each other, nor any *reserve*, but strive to help each other to lay a whole burnt-sacrifice, on the altar of His self-sacrificing love.

"Here I am, about 10 o'clock at night, driven by a tremendous storm, such as I never saw in our land—such lightning, such thunder, such rains! I pitied my poor bearers, and thought we should all be carried down one of the torrents which I heard rushing by. We are in the midst of mountains, or rather pretty considerable hills, which increase the reverberation of the thunder.

"My heart sometimes rises with the hope that these poor vicious, yet, in many respects, attractive people, will one day know Messiah's name, and a remnant, however small, enter with us into that glorious state belonging to the dead in Christ, who rise first.

"*Burdwan, June 3rd.*—I arrived here quite safe and well, after travelling seven nights and four days successively, in the hottest time of the year. I find all things here in a most interesting state. The chaplain, Mr. D., has been up here, very naturally and, with his views, rightly endeavouring to get things back again. He is a good man: he says, I have turned everything here upside down; but it was not I that did it, for I am as much surprised at the effect as he is. May the Lord give me great meekness and gentleness, to act in all things as becomes the gospel, that I may not hinder the glorious and blessed truths the Lord has taught. There are three or four quite unmoved by Mr. D.'s visit. I never felt so much the need of prayer, not only that I may not lead any wrong, seeing how kindly they receive me, and how willingly they listen, but that I may not even clothe truth in any other garment than the meekness and gentleness of Christ.

"*Thursday, June 5th.*—I now steal away from those dear Christian brothers and sisters who surround me, to write a few lines relative to what is passing. In going up, I mentioned the deep interest I took in this station, and now, on my return, it is

greatly increased. I see among them such a real desire to be the Lord's *wholly*, that it quite overwhelms me. One dear brother offers me 1000 rupees a year, and I have just received from another an offer of 500 more annually and yet I never hinted that I wanted; on the contrary, I assured them we had more than enough; and I do indeed hope that their liberality arises from their discerning how truly, how entirely, our adorable Lord is worthy of every dedication the heart can make of all it has. I continually tell them the feeling of a true and tender affection towards the object of its choice, is not, 'am I obliged to give up everything, may I not keep to myself some little thing, and call it mine?' but, rather, it searches through the whole extent of its possibilities, to know what is the sweetest, the fairest, the most acceptable offering; and love lays it at the feet of its object, with a delight in proportion to the value set upon it. The dear brother and sister with whom I am spending the day have just told me, that they know not yet how far they can carry out all the principles of self-sacrificing devotion to God; but this they can say, that wherever the work of the Lord or His saints are in need, they have been led to see it would be their privilege to part with that which they most value. I preach here to-night: dear D. has sent me a very kind message; indeed, I feel in some respects in such strange circumstances, that I fervently beseech your prayers that I may be kept *truly, truly* humble.

"Last night we had at chapel all the station, with the exception of two individuals. What important principles are these; first, to have Christ as your *only* Head; secondly, His word as your *only* guide.

We shall here break the thread of Mr. Groves's Journal in order to insert an extract from the memoir of Mr. Weitbreicht, missionary at Burdwan. It refers to Mr. Groves, although his name is omitted, and it proves the value of his services.

"A zealous friend arrived in the station in July, who took a deep interest in missionary work, and conversed much with the residents on the duty of self-devotedness. Under the

impressions made on their minds by this friend's conversation, Dr. Cheek and Mr. Lang, Christian men, alike liberal in spirit, engaged to support two missionaries in India, and to pay their passage out. Labourers were sent for from Germany, who were to be stationed at Sunamooky, a very populous place, midway between Burdwan and Bancoorah, where Mr. Weitbreicht had one of his large schools. This plan was actually carried into effect, and at a subsequent period, two devoted individuals, (Messrs. De Rodt and Gros,) arrived and were duly located there, to the great joy and delight of Mr. Weitbreicht, who had taken the most active interest in the matter, and very essentially aided the arrangements." (P. 112.)

The missionaries referred to in this passage, were engaged for this work by Mr. Groves, during his visit to Switzerland, and he accompanied them to Liverpool, where they embarked for India. For Mrs. Weitbrecht's school, Mr. Groves obtained forty orphans at Calcutta, children who were rescued from famine. Their arrival at Burdwan is mentioned in Memoir, (p. 120,) but again Mr. Groves's name is omitted.* It is interesting to observe that Mr. Groves accepted the offers of help made to him, not for himself, but to aid those on the spot, whom he felt were faithfully serving God.

"*June 7th.* — I am fulfilling my promise of a visit to a kind old school-fellow, who has a large sugar manufactory near Burdwan. He seems prospering in the things of this world, and, I trust, not dead to those which are eternal. I have tried to show him of how little importance are the former in comparison with the latter. On leaving Burdwan, I have reason most deeply to thank God, and yet, I know not why, my heart feels cold:

* In 1855, Mrs. Groves met Mrs. Weitbreicht in England, and in answer to her enquiries about these orphans, Mrs. W. said, that many of them turned out very satisfactorily; some had become wives of catechists, others were now helpful in the school. She also remarked, "that she had always considered Mr. Groves as the father of her school." This school was "one of the most pleasing and encouraging branches of the mission, and often helped to sustain the spirit of the missionaries, when all besides was dead and trying to their flesh." *Memoir, p.* 150.

whether it has been interested beyond the power it has to bear, I know not. O, when will that day come when no measure, either of happiness or interest, will wear down the glorious tabernacle of heavenly mould with which we shall be clothed.

"*June 8th.* — Yesterday I was led to retrace my boyish days; and I cannot help being struck with the fact, how few out of the many whose history I know, have to all appearance gone other than the broad way! What a stupendous act of grace that I am alive this day, to record the goodness of the Lord, who kept me from running headlong into iniquity.

"*June 10th.* — On Sunday night I came down the river to Chinsura, and spent the day with Captain B. Now I am near Burahpore on the banks of the Ganges, with a Major P. The rains having set in, everything is green and flourishing, and this, accompanied by the increasing activity of the boatmen, who are impelling their motley vessels on the bosom of this fine river, gives an air of great pleasantness to the scene; yet to me, perhaps less than it should, so completely does man, in his dark moral character, absorb all my mind.

"When I think how deeply the Lord has tried me, not only by every variety of affliction, personal and domestic, but by alienating the hearts of those most precious to me from our work, I stand amazed at what God means. Sometimes it seems it can only be to stretch the heart's strings to the utmost, to show what the most weak and foolish can bear, without fainting, when *He* sustains by the dew of His blessings, by the manifestation of His favour, by whispering, 'Fear not, thou worm Jacob.' O, how soothing it is to the soul, to have Jesus as our refuge, and to be able to commit our way to Him in faith!

"Great ignorance prevails as to the true nature and character of that love which flows from God. It is like the light of the sun, which is inexhaustible, and fills heights and depths without emptying the fountain from which it flows. And the same love is shed abroad in the hearts of His children.

"Many minds are still exercised about the miraculous gifts being the necessary warrant to go and preach to the heathen or

Mohammedan nations. I cannot but feel the help they might be; but that they are not *needed* is *plain;* for all who have been converted during the last 1500 years, at least, have been converted without them. I have had a kind note from an Irvingite friend, condemning us for disorderly walking; and yet, surely, those of his views are examples of the same; they should have found out this by experience, as we found before them, that whatever beauty there may be in *natural* order for *natural* purposes, the very moment you apply that kind of order to spiritual purposes, you supercede the order of the Spirit, setting up the external for the internal, confounding that which is natural, and the creation of man, with that which is spiritual, and blows like the wind, 'where it listeth.' I am not opposed to order, but I submit to man's order in man's affairs, and to God's order in God's affairs, according to our Lord's command.

"*Calcutta, June 11th.* — Here I am safe, after the completion of my journey. My heart is made very sad by a dispatch just arrived from Bagdad, stating that the plague had actually broken out. This determines me not to journey farther, but to return to Madras, and from thence I purpose to proceed through Bangalore, Derwar, and Poonah, to Bombay, that I may be ready the first moment to set sail for the gulph."

After describing a day of much controversy and excitement, he remarks,—

"I feel assured that all attempts to increase the *exclusive* spirit of the Church of England will do injury. My heart has this repose, that the truth shall prevail; and my determination is more than ever fixed, to stand and try what, in the name of the God of truth alone, one poor wretched ransomed sinner can do, to mitigate the evil which I fear will arise. I was told I was the greatest enemy the Church of England ever had in India, because no one could help loving my spirit, and thus the evil sank ten-fold deeper; but, indeed, I do not wish to injure, but to help her, by taking from her all her false confidences.

"After all the controversy of yesterday, in which, according

to my prayer, the Lord upheld me in love and meekness, I was wonderfully cast down : not unhappy, but like water spilt on the ground ; yet my soul has not a doubt, the truth is with me ; and while I weep, my soul rests on Jesus. I feel that His arm encircles me ; and that His Spirit comforts me ; and, instead of being discouraged by what I met with, the very fear which is expressed about me, convinces me, that there is a power in truth ; for otherwise, how could I gain access to the hearts of so many ? If I feel able, I go to-morrow to dine with the chaplain, with whom this controversy occurred. I believe he loves me. Whether I am weak or strong, alone or supported, I cannot give up the truth : it is that which has made me free, and by that I must and, the Lord helping me, will stand.

"I have had to-night another little testimony to God's goodness. Mrs. S., who, when I first came here, was quite afraid to leave her husband with me, came to-night, and said, that whilst they had a farthing, I should be free to share it, and that she felt able to rest on me as on her brother. On all things of moment, we are now of one mind ; so there is sunshine on one side, there is a cloud on the other.

"*June 15th.* — I have received an interesting note from a lady, requesting from me some directions how to lead a holy life. I will copy what I have written to her :

"'My dear Mrs. C.,

"'You know the old adage relative to natural affections, that love is the best casuist ; when you really love, you soon find out what will please ; and thus it is with Christ ; if your love glows towards *Him*, you will have almost an *instinctive* sense of what will please *Him*, and that will prove to be a holy life, when followed on from day to day. Yet when you think to please one whom you truly love, till death, you do not plan a life of service, but the fruits of love, in sweet and anxious service, rewarding as they flow, spring from the heart fresh and fresh, as from an exhaustless spring ; and so it is with Christ ; think not on a holy life, but on a holy moment as it flies ; the first overwhelms the heart by its immensity, the other sweetens and refreshes by its lightness and present

stimulus; and yet a succession of holy moments constitutes a holy life. I know your anxious heart will say, how is the love to be obtained, that makes the yoke so easy and the burden so light? I will endeavour to explain to you. During my first visit among you, neither to yourself nor to your dear daughter did I feel particularly drawn. I did not feel assured of your interest in the truth, nor of your kind feelings towards me; but at the conclusion of my second visit, all was changed, and I feel now that to do you a service would not be merely a duty, but a pleasure, bringing its own reward, as done to a sister and a daughter. Why? Because I have felt *your* kindness and its power. Thus it is with Christ: believe His love, and all service is sweet: and that you may know Him, and how much He deserves all your love, pay Him not hasty visits, but *dwell* with Him. The more we were together, the more we loved each other; and thus it will be in heaven, and should be always with the saints even here; but it may so happen, (for so abounding is our natural weakness,) that we fail to find love in one another; but thus it cannot be with *Him;* for whosoever finds Him finds love; for it is His *very nature* towards us, as all His holy dedication of Himself to our service proves. And I am sure you will see, if you reflect, how much more blessed such a principle is, than any *scheme* we could draw out; it takes into consideration every situation and circumstance, and allows for the ever varying relative duties, in every family. For it must never be forgotten, that we have often, (especially as wives or children,) to serve Christ through our duties to others; and we must look through all that is pleasant or sad to Him, to take away our selfishness in those we delight in, as well as our sorrow in those who oppress us. As a principle to guide the heart, I would say, such a deep acquaintance with Christ's mind, as revealed in His holy life, and life-giving word, in order that when any little circumstance arises that requires instant decision, you may have Himself, as it were, present to the memory of your heart, to give you counsel; and that you may fully understand this mind, seek above all things the guidance of that Spirit that alone can guide you into all truth, &c., &c.'

"I have no language to express the new views and feelings that have opened to my soul of late, in considering these two points, to forgive, 'even as God for Christ's sake' forgives us; and to be 'followers of God as dear children,' and to walk in love, as 'Christ also loved us, and hath given Himself for us.' In considering this view of forgiving even as God, and loving *even as Christ*, in contemplating, I say, all the repulsive circumstances under which God forgives, and the extent to which Christ's love went, my heart is overwhelmed, and I cry out, 'who is sufficient for these things?' surely we were meant to be like angels, even *here*, by looking unto Jesus, and following our God as *dear children*. O, I long to know more of the power of the resurrection of Jesus, and the fellowship of His sufferings! May the Lord guide me to know these deep things more, being made 'conformable to His death.'

"Last night I was at a party at Mr. D.'s, and he asked me to expound, which I did; yet when he prayed, he prayed directly against what I had been declaring to be the beauty of the oneness between us and Christ, and of our union one with another; because I said that love knows no reserves, but hates them, and feels degraded by the thought; for if this be true in natural love, how much more in that love which flows from God, and returns again to Him. If they do not like my words, why do they press me to speak? If I speak, it must be truth. I had the happiness of seeing that more than one felt the power of it; for I think God was with me to help me to speak the word boldly and without fear: I was glad of this, not because I wish people to agree with me, but to be happy in Christ: for I am sure love is law, and, therefore, the happiness clouded, when there are *reserves* in the heart. To desire to keep for *self* one point within the circle of the heart's affections, would be as a fly in the sweetest ointment; it would spoil the whole of the sweet intercommunion implied in these words, 'ye are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.' O! that we may know this more and more, and be no longer children but men, in the communion of Christ's mystical body.

"I received a letter from Bagdad yesterday, saying, that

everything is in the last stage of political disorganization, and that the Persians are preparing to come down against the city; yet I know 'the Lord reigneth.'

"To-day I received two nice encouraging letters from Burdwan, convincing me that whatever troubles I get into for ministering among them, some souls are seeking Jesus with a diligence and devotedness they knew nothing of before.

"*June* 18*th.* — O, how blessed is that knowledge of Jesus, which, having won the heart by its manifestations of inconceivable tenderness and love, lays the soul prostrate before the least, as well as the greatest, act of obedience, to receive the precious charge from Him, whose very charges are only renewed opportunities, given by Himself, to endear Himself to the soul by breathing into our little services the breath of His own life and love, till the very labour itself becomes a pleasure, because it is for Him whom the soul loves. I cannot tell you how precious and gracious God has been to me, in enabling me to understand the operations of divine love in the soul; I have been much, very much, exercised of late, in finding out how true love ought to act; this led me to Jesus, and in Him, indeed, I found a feast of fat things. At this moment, I cannot describe the intense feelings I have of His holy character; and at times I feel a little more, and this body could not bear the intensity of its joy; and I find myself obliged to cast away for a time even these most endeared thoughts. The view of His unselfish, self-sacrificing love, does so encourage me to beseech every heart on which love rests, to love as He did who spared not Himself, but gave Himself up *only* for the objects of His love; repaid enough if He won the confiding love of those He sought to win. I do so feel what David means when he says, 'when I speak of peace, they make ready for war;' everyday I have something or other to try me: I feel, that if the Lord were not on my side, they would swallow me up quickly. I have so few like-minded; yet, wherever I go, by God's great grace, there have been *some one or two*, who stand. At Burdwan all is strife, yet it is the strife of unholy and unsanctified tempers, resisting the idea of being the Lord's, 'body,

soul, and spirit;' and can I claim less for Him if I claim anything? is He not worthy of all? if He gave us His all, shall we reserve from Him, that which at best is not ours, but only the droppings of His love? in this I am sure I am right; and though the anxieties of my mind sink my body to the grave, I am content to die with this word; as we have received ALL from Christ, so should we yield ALL TO CHRIST, and never suffer in our hearts thoughts of the short measure, which is *abominable.*

"I have seen the editor of the Inquirer, a converted Hindoo, a most interesting young man in appearance. The numbers, he says, who are passing from idolatry to deism, are immense.

"Do you not recollect my writing to you from Madras, that my heart had been instructed as by a voice from heaven, that the reason my love to Christ was so much less sensible and happy than towards the brethren, was owing to my not having prayed for it? My present experience leads me to feel assured that this was the case; and, that if I faint not nor grow weary, I shall love Him yet much more. O, how joyful it is to hope, that the heart will bound towards Him, and towards the least intimation of His will, with the feeling of a won heart towards the object of its tenderest and truest attachment.

"*June 19th.* — I have been seeking to get forty little orphan girls, and hope I shall succeed. The poor natives between this and Cuttah, and in Bundlecund, are in a most miserable state of famine, and are selling their children for a rupee or two each. There is indeed very deep misery in this country.

"*June 21st.* — My view of God's condescension in sending Christ the whole way down to meet our misery, and not requiring us to take a step, as it were, but consequent upon the manifestation of His grace, instructs me how we are to act towards one another: the more my soul dwells on Christ as all in all, the more I see how perfectly He answers to the character of the 'wisdom of God, and the power of God.'

"*June 22nd.*—Did you ever look at Acts ii, 24 to 34, as clearly proving that the notion most people have, that the departed are glorified immediately after death, is not correct? In verse 29, it is declared, that David is not ascended into the

heavens; therefore being a prophet he could not have been speaking of himself but of Christ, whose body had not seen corruption, whose soul was not left in *Hades*, and who was ascended into heaven.

"*June 24th.*—This morning I have met with Mr. and Mrs. Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Pearce, who seem worthy of all love. I am much pleased with them. Pearce has an enormous printing establishment, the whole profits of which he bestows on the promotion of God's cause. His wife has also a school, and they seem very devoted and very happy. They seem to know more of the hidden life of Christ than most; that alone will bear much superstructure, and when the length and breadth of it is felt in the soul, it is equal to anything.

"The chaplain is most kind in many respects: he says, 'they cannot have too much of my spirit, or too little of my judgment.' I believe the Holy Spirit has given me the gift of exhortation in the Church, and to this I principally confine my ministrations; first, showing *what Christ is* in all His love, manifested in all He has done and suffered for us, and in what He is now towards us, and, therefore, how worthy He is of all love from undivided hearts. I feel it a blessed office to tell forth His praises among the saints; and I can often do it with joyful lips, from the bottom of my heart.

"I wish to know on what authority baptism is called the seal of the Christian covenant, as circumcision was of the Jewish. I see not a word about covenant in connection with baptism. It seems to me, from Scripture, nothing more than a profession of faith in that triune Jehovah, by whose acts of grace and truth the soul has been brought from death unto life. And if baptism be a sign of the covenant; of what covenant was John's baptism a sign? Of this I am quite certain, the weakest reasoner, by the same principle on which the independents establish infant baptism, could justify national communion, without reference to believers or unbelievers: for if they argue that our infants should be baptized because the Jewish infants were to be circumcised, why should not our infants partake of the Lord's Supper as theirs did of the Pass-

over? Again I would say, if baptism be the sign of a *covenant*, of what nature is the covenant? Between whom is it made? and what is its ultimate object? I see not in the New Testament the slightest allusion to a covenant in connection with baptism. No, believers' baptism and believers' communion hang together; and if you allow baptism to the unbelieving, then follows communion with the same, worldly Christianity, and every other evil. But, in this, the independents are happily inconsistent.'

"*June 25th.*—Last night I was with Mrs. Wilson; she has an orphan school of about sixty girls, and is going to increase it to a hundred. There is something to my heart so sweet in all these fruits of Christian affection. She has engaged to obtain for me forty little orphan girls, of whom a dear brother and sister in Burdwan (Mr. and Mrs. Weitbreicht) proposed to take care.

"My first great object is to promote the publication of the testimony of Jesus, far and near: and that which I feel to be of the next importance, is contending against sectarianism in the East. For the attainment of these ends, I could not be better situated than at Calcutta. I do not object to any one's enjoying the forms he holds to be most scriptural, but I do absolutely object to his imposing his yoke on the neck of his fellows.

"I am so sure of the truth of those blessed principles the Lord has taught us, that I glory in their propagation. Simple obedience to Christ alone; recognition of Christ alone in my brother, as the Alpha and Omega of terms of communion; lastly, unreserved devotion to Christ alone. On the whole, I think the Christians here feel the truth of these and other principles that I hold, but they dread them and their consequences; however, they are all discussing them; some holding with, some opposing; this discussion is at all events good. I have never before seen so much opposition, except when these principles *first* became the deliberate convictions of my own mind in Exeter. I have not a misgiving thought about the issue. I can truly say, if it be not of God, let it come to nought; but if it be, it shall stand. When I ask them what is

the difference between their principles and those of the merest worldling, they cannot tell. Pray for me much. I do think many begin to feel ashamed to keep back anything from Christ, who kept back nothing from them. I want to prove to them how little really they have as yet found a portion in Christ, at least a *satisfying* one. I would rather have these principles, with nothing but sorrow and trouble, because there is in true affection for Christ a power of distilling precious sweets out of them all.

"*June 26th.*—Yesterday, I received a letter from a very dear sister, whom I have before mentioned, the wife of a missionary in Jaffna. Her heart seems sadly cast down, because she has not all the love of Jesus, which she desires. How I pity all who are thus distressed; for indeed I have known the sorrows of this cup; and hope I shall never cease to praise God, for raising me out of the horrible pit and the miry clay, by showing me that the way to love *Him* with all my heart, was not by contemplating my want of love, but by looking at *His* unspeakable fulness, till all my heart was won; and though I feel an immeasurable deficiency of the love and service my soul desires, yet I do love, and am happy, and find all service delightful, compared with any thing I ever knew before. I feel indeed He is worthy of our whole hearts, and sometimes He enables me to state this so clearly, that those who call me the greatest enthusiast are obliged to acknowledge that the words I speak are the words of truth and soberness.

"The captain of a ship said yesterday, that when I was sick or wished to go to Singapore or Moulmein, he would be glad to take me for nothing. Another person, a determined infidel, told a friend of mine, that, true or false, those were the principles of Christianity. And surely if I can get those who are most devoted to God, and those who are most disinterested, from indifference, to declare that the views we hold are true, we must not be surprised if those who have received a bribe in any shape to blind their eyes do not see.

"*June 27th.*—I saw yesterday an interesting native, Row Kistna Row; he is the son of the first family in a province

called Sanyen near Bundlecund. Lord William Bentick found him engaged in schools at his own expense, and invited him down to the Presidency, where he is now acquiring English and general information. There is an extraordinary state of things in India, however it may issue. An uncle of the present king of Oude sent me, the other day, a book in Persian and English, a fulsome panegyric on the English government here.

"O! how happy a thing it is to think that the soul's prosperity depends on nothing external, that its own *proper life* is hid with Christ in God.

"*June 28th.*—I spent last evening with *some who* desire the truth, yet dread the price. O! that they knew the preciousness of Him whose service, to those who love Him, is perfect freedom.

"How many look at the Church as something to live by, a sort of private property, instead of the mystical body of Christ, and all 'members one of another,' having a common interest in one another. Never did I feel I needed more of the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove than now. I believe the Lord will raise up some to stand by me; yet my whole soul shrinks from the combat.

"I could bear with any form which substantially made Christ everything; but when the form disfigures and hides the light of life, how can I, how dare I, be silent?

"*June 28th.*—I have just returned from Dr. Duff's school, containing about 300 boys; certainly, I have not been so deeply interested with *any* school in India. In speaking to the first class on the internal evidence of the truths of Christianity, from its adaptation to the promotion of God's glory and man's highest happiness, they allowed it; and, with countenances *beaming* with intelligence, and some with deep feeling, pointed out the absence of all these marks in their *own* systems. Of these, some are just ready to take their leave, yet are detained by the fear of irremediable temporal ruin."

Dr. Duff writes, "It was my delight to know that Mr. Groves was struck with the work in which I happened to be engaged, when he visited Calcutta. It afforded me not a little consolation and comfort at the time."

"Singular enough, it was on the forenoon of the *very day* on which I was siezed with that terrible attack of Bengal dysentery, which brought me soon to the very edge of the grave and necessitated my return to Europe, that Mr. Groves paid his first visit, along with me, to our institution.

"Never can I forget his earnest, beaming countenance and suffused eyes, when pouring out his soul into the responding souls of a class of native youths, on the great theme of salvation! The image of it is as vividly before my mind's eye now, as if it were an occurrence of yesterday.

"In a little work of mine, '*Missions*, the chief end of the Church,' I have specially noted this visit of Mr. Groves."

Mr. Groves says, in reference to Dr. Duff's seminary, "This institution was originally set on foot in the hope of obstructing, or rather of counteracting, the pernicious tendency of the Hindoo College, where Christianity is systematically and vigilantly excluded. It has created a great opposition amongst many of our semi-Hindoo countrymen; but they are fast being put to silence by the *demonstration* of more boys coming than can be admitted. Forty were of necessity declined last month. A very large number of the pupils are Brahmins, and many of them are coming now at the peril of losing caste, after suffering every kind of persecution short of this. The Calcutta newspaper, edited by natives, says, that yellow flags ought to be hung up before Mr. Duff's school, as before a house infected by the plague, to deter men from entering."

About this time, Mr. Groves, who, as his Journal shows, had purposed going back to Bagdad, by way of Bombay, had ascertained that his friends there determined on joining him in India. It was suggested to him, that it would save much time, if, while they were on their way, he should visit Europe, in order to procure in England and in Germany the missionary help which was needed both for himself and others: he therefore decided on doing so; and, in the prospect of returning to his friends, he thus continues his Journal.

"*July* 1*st*.—O, may I arrive among you, with a sweeter savour of Jesus, and with a heart and all its will and affections more

simply identified with, and consecrated to the will of Him, whose will is at once the rule, liberty, joy, and glory of all unfallen creation.

"Dear Duff is, I fear, very ill.

"My heart is thankful and happy in the Lord, and in all His precious gifts to one so utterly unworthy."

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. GROVES SAILS FROM CALCUTTA IN COMPANY WITH DR. DUFF AND OTHER INTERESTING FELLOW-PASSENGERS — CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE VOYAGE TO MADRAS — HIS VISIT THERE, AND HAPPY PARTING PRAYER WITH MR. TUCKER — BIBLE STUDIES — SERVICES ON BOARD — LOSS OF HIS BIBLE — DISCOMFORTS OF THE VOYAGE — REFRESHING VISIT TO THE CAPE — VOYAGE HOME — OCCASIONAL SERVICES AND OBSERVATIONS ON SCRIPTURE — THOUGHTS ON COMMENDING OURSELVES TO EVERY MAN'S CONSCIENCE — A GALE OF WIND OFF THE CAPE — DESCRIPTION OF SCENERY AND OF CAPE TOWN — INTERVIEW WITH MR. AND MRS. DECK — MEDITATIONS ON MANY SUBJECTS — HE SPEAKS TO PASSENGERS ON DECISION IN GOD'S THINGS, ALSO ON THE LOVE OF GOD — FINDS NO RESTING-PLACE BUT THE ARK — DILIGENCE TO THE END IN THE STUDY OF THE WORD — THOUGHTS WHEN NEAR ENGLAND.

FOR more than three weeks Mr. Groves could not resume the Journal so suddenly broken off. He had many arrangements to make preparatory to his departure from India, and was closely occupied in attending on Dr. Duff through a very dangerous illness. He was ever ready to minister to the sick, and it is even now a comfort to reflect that he was at this season permitted to be of essential service to one whose prolonged life has been dedicated to the service of a people in whom he was himself so deeply interested.

The Journal of Mr. Groves's homeward voyage affords us the instructive example of a Christian "redeeming the time." Amidst all the discomforts of the voyage, to which he was the more exposed from resigning his cabin to his sick friend, we shall see how he gave himself continually to prayer and to the study and ministry of the Word; and, while we admire the

grace of God towards His dear servant, may we, by the same grace, overcome the difficulties in our own way.

"*July 26th. On board the John Mac Lellan.*—For twenty-five days, I have been unable to write; I have been watching by the almost dying bed of my poor friend Duff, who is now my fellow-passenger. When I had determined to leave India and go home, I sought the earliest and the cheapest opportunity; and as Duff was ordered instantly to England, we are all coming together. [See Appendix F.] In addition to the Duffs, a dear Christian brother and sister, Captain and Mrs. Sandeman, and another lady who is well disposed, constitute, with the Captain, our company at the cuddy table: the latter, though not converted, is a kind and pleasant man; thus the Lord has happily arranged our little party, and I do hope we shall terminate our voyage holier and happier, and better acquainted with the mind of God, than we commenced it.

"*July 28th.*—For a fortnight after Duff was taken ill, I put off all my intended visits; and, afterwards, I was only enabled to renew my intentions to a very limited extent. I went however to Chilpore, where Mrs. Ellis, from Exeter, resided, and felt great delight in their spirit. They have two native boarding schools, one of boys, and the other of girls; and really they are most interesting. Four of the boys have been baptized, and are walking most unblamably, and one of the eldest of the girls; they have the fullest conviction of her conversion. The Scripture knowledge and spiritual feeling of the boys, gave me great delight. They have also day schools, but these I did not see.

"My interest in boarding schools is very much increasing; not because I think it was the way in which the apostles propagated Christianity, but because I see the Lord now blessing it. I think direct preaching to the natives a much higher and more noble work; and one the aim after which my whole heart feels the overwhelming importance of; but if the *aim*, in truth, be Christ's honour, persons are often blessed of the Lord, to effect, though with labour, what, in the days of the Spirit's energy, was done by a single sentence brought home and sealed.

"I have been much struck with the deep knowledge John in the fourth chapter of his first epistle, manifests of the internal working of the divine life in the soul of the believer; of its source, its nature, and its operations.

"*July 30th.*—We have been about ten days from Calcutta. The Duffs were both brought on board in palanquins. She had only been confined that morning; and he was as unable to move as an infant: however, they have all done wonderfully well, and he is daily gaining strengh. One of our poor sailors has died, as also the lady who occupied the cabin next to mine. The poor little orphan boy of the latter is left with us: he has lost both father and mother in less than two months. O, that the heart would learn wisdom from these things! Some of the sailors seemed affected when I spoke to them on the burial of our poor companion and fellow-passenger, yet it all seems like a summer cloud, or as the early dew, so quickly do *impressions* pass away.

"The Lord is most gracious in showing me that the manifestations of Himself, seen in the choicest of His saints, are dimmed and obscured by the medium through which they shine, in order that the *Lord alone may stand revealed* the *true light* of life, and love of His people. I have been greatly blessed through the trials of the last many months. My whole happiness now consists in not looking for a *moment* aside from the *Lord*, as the giver of every good: and this knowledge, coupled with a clear abiding sense of His love, as desirous and waiting, to give all that, if I knew my true happiness, I could desire, enables me to look a little faithfully into the *inner* man, where I have much to contend against, in the strength of motives and affections.

"*Sunday, August 3rd.*—The morning after I wrote the above, we put to sea in so heavy a gale, that we brought our pilot straight away to sea with us. Since this I have been quite unable to do much; indeed the wind has scarcely at all abated, and we have been so driven out of our course that we are farther from England than when we left Calcutta: yet I feel most happy in the thought, that the Lord knows all His holy

reasons, for our delays and troubles, so that I can happily commit all my earthly and heavenly interests to Him. The Captain is thinking of casting 500 bags of rice overboard to lighten the ship, should the sea continue so boisterous. May the Lord give him wisdom to do what is right, for, I feel, He is the only *real guide*, let man think as he may. I have, thank God, got over my sea sickness, and am therefore able to help others a little. This is a great comfort, for there is something so hopeless, so helpless, in sea sickness; you feel so careless about yourself, and so selfish and indifferent to others. I miss very much the retirement of a closet, which I enjoyed on shore. To avoid expense, I allowed a Christian brother to have a third of my cabin, and I have, up to this time, slept on the floor of the cuddy. Sometimes I have felt the spiritual loss to be greater than the value of a few hundred rupees; yet I think again, it is right, and am content to hope the Lord will allow me to find all I seek in my return home, even nearness of access to Himself. My soul finds a refuge from its own weakness and ignorance in His invincible strength and infinite wisdom. May the Lord, to whom it is as easy to preserve in a storm as in a calm, preserve us all by His care, that our hearts may be abundantly thankful for all the goodness and mercy that He manifests towards us in the midst of our respective trials.

"*August 6th.*—This night, it is calm, and yesterday it was moderately so. I have been much comforted by that view of God, as the God of *all* we need. Do we need consolation? 'He is the God of *all* consolation.' Do we need patience? then 'He is the God of patience.' Is our heart bowed down with sad thoughts, so that we need hope? then, He is the 'God of hope,' in order that He may 'fill us with all joy and peace in believing, that we may abound in hope, by the power of the Holy Ghost.' I do indeed much pray that you may most richly enjoy this from the Lord. I earnestly hope I may come unto you with joy by the will of God, and may with you be refreshed.

"I will not trust my own heart, having so often proved its treachery, and the word of the Lord declares, that 'he who trusts in his own heart is a fool;' but I intend (the Lord en-

abling me) to spend my time during my voyage, chiefly in studying the word of life; with the view of applying the fruit of my labour, first in the analysis of my own heart's affections; and secondly, in obtaining guidance how to conduct myself towards the poor distracted church of God; on my return, as to the latter point, I do most fervently pray for light and a holy courage.

"*August 7th.*—Still slowly pursuing our way, in a stormy sea. How like the Christian course! I sometimes feel ready to say, with Moses, 'I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant.' How can I, then, do the service of the Lord? How clearly this shows the pride of man, who thinks, if we cannot be something, nothing can be done; whereas the Lord has declared that this very nothingness of the creature shall be the *basis* on which He, the Creator, will establish the greatness of His mighty power. It is thus the Lord calls the caterpillar, palmer worm, &c., 'my great army,' to bring to nought man's glory, and to raze to the foundation the mightiest empires. Yes! so small, so contemptible a reptile, if the Lord bid, can do such mighty deeds: and ought we then to fear? Surely at our lowest the Lord has raised us above the caterpillars; so that the very weakest might rather question if he be not yet too strong, at least in his heart, for the use of that God whose 'strength is made perfect in weakness.' My heart knows not how *not* to anticipate, till at last, I sink back on the promise 'as thy day is, so shall thy strength be;' for the Lord will not lay upon us more than He will enable us to bear; but will, with the trial of heart, either give strength, or a way of escape.

In reference to a native youth, Mr. Groves took with him to England, he writes:—"I am deeply interested in my Hindoo friend: I do hope his soul is truly bound to Jesus. He speaks English very well. My great desire is to lead him down into the valley of humiliation, if the Lord give me grace, by going hand in hand with him, to ease his path; or, if the Lord would yet give me more grace, by going before Him as I ought."

In allusion to a fortnight's delay in the bay, without progress, he writes:—"I feel inconceivable repose in the thought that they

are my *Father's* wings that are bearing us, and that we are His sons and daughters: so I desire to check every rising murmur.

"*August* 13*th.*—We are still beating about in the bay, borne by unseen currents so out of our course, that often, after having run 100 miles, we find we are little more than ten miles in *advance;* how like often the souls progress! We seem to be making way, yet *really* are not; some secret currents unobserved run us back. It often seems to me that I have journeyed a long, long way in the divine life, and yet how little I have attained! My strength, however, revives under the sunshine of the grace of Christ; and, I feel the fruitful showers of God's grace will yet make the barren bough to bear. I do not think that I have been stagnant in knowledge; I have clearer views of God's truth than I had, at least they appear to me such. I am devoting my leisure hours to the study of the word, as I am satisfied that here, and here only, is to be found the true wisdom. I feel the want of retirement and quiet, as a sick brother has the use of my cabin, but I usually get up now very early in the morning, before others are stirring, and present my morning offerings to Him who hears and answers prayer. I have been much employed of late, in examining, arranging, and comparing the preceptive codes of Moses and of the Lord. I have derived much comfort and instruction from seeing how entirely Christ is Lord, Master and Teacher; Prophet, Priest, King, Mediator, Intercessor and Advocate; all we can love, all we can need, and all we could desire: indeed all and in all; yea, 'God over all, blessed for evermore.' That He may be our 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption;' and impart to us the righteousness of God, that all who glory may glory *in Him,* and Him alone, is my fervent prayer.

"The more I trace the existing evils of the Church of Christ, the more I believe, in my inmost heart, they have originated in the natural worldliness of man, seizing on that in the Jewish dispensation which suited his carnal nature, and grafting it into the spiritual dispensation of the Lord of glory.

"*August* 20*th.*—We are drawing very slowly towards Madras, and from that point, I trust, our voyage will be more favourable

as, after running down to the line, we expect to fall in with the South East Trades, to carry us to the Cape. I feel on the whole, I trust, quite a repose of heart, and when I would sometimes urge and direct the winds, the thought sweeps across my heart, perhaps it may be only to hasten to sorrow, and my heart commits all to God.

"In thanking and praising my Father for His tender mercies and loving-kindnesses, this morning, a text refreshed me which I send for your comfort. 'Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart; for I am called by thy name, O Lord God of Hosts.' Jer. xv. 16. I think of speaking to the people to-day on Jer. x. 23, 'O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.'

"As we were looking out to sea this morning, we saw a water spout. It seemed to make a strange commotion. Excepting this, a few sharks, turtle, dolphin, and flying fish, have been the only things which have varied our voyage.

"*August 26th.*—Yesterday we went on shore at Madras. I found there had been some changes since I went away, from death and departure. I felt comforted that the little book I had published had not been able to alienate those I very truly loved in the Lord, for the truth in them; they received me truly as a brother. Rhenius of Tinnevelly has published two pamphlets, which I think are calculated to do much good. They are written in a nice spirit, exposing many objectionable things in the Church of England. I sometimes fear it may involve him in some difficulties, but the Lord will guide him; for I feel he is appointed of the Lord for the propagation and upholding the truth and liberty of the Church of Christ. The Bishop is expected in a few weeks, and when he comes, I know not how they will be able to arrange these matters; yet, I trust, he may be able to forbear, rather than to interfere. I do feel great thankfulness for having been the instrument of keeping Rhenius in his work, and may the Lord give him grace to glorify Him in all he does!

"I do hope the Lord will allow us to gather a holy little band,

who will unite in defending the liberty of the Church of God, from the supremacy, pride, and control of man; and as we are advancing, I think, most happily, may the Lord so convince us of our nothingness, that we may never move but with Him.

"I felt on leaving Madras, that we were fairly launched for England, and a thousand thoughts came crowding on my mind, melancholy on the whole, yet tinged with the hope that the Lord will yet give me favour among those I love. Freely He has given me the glory the Father gave Him, when I was cast out to the loathing of my person, unswaddled and uncared for. Why should I fear that my worthlessness should prevent His giving me the most precious treasure that He has?

"Amidst many trials, I trust I can say, it is all from the Lord; and I will praise Him for all; only praying, that I may receive every impression, whether of joy or sorrow, as from a *Father's* hand, that it may promote my transformation into His image, and the sanctification of my affections and tempers, till I have learned obedience like my Head. Dear Mr. Tucker, who has the charge of the church missions, asked me, before we parted, to join him in prayer; and we spent a holy parting moment near our uniting Lord, the savour of which so remains on my heart, that I feel how impossible it is for anything to divide when love reigns and rules."

In allusion to his habit of setting apart every Friday for prayer and fasting, Mr. Groves says—"I feel it impossible to enjoy my Fridays as I used to do. I divide all my little services of that day, for my brethren and the Church at large, into portions, and allow myself an hour or two of retirement every day, which tends to compose my spirits into a patient waiting on the mind and ordering of Christ. Just at the end of this time, before I leave my cabin, Anundoo, the Hindoo, comes in and we have a little prayer together: besides this, I do little but write, and read God's word: thus my days pass on. My Hindoo friend occupies and interests me, and I think I daily see that he apprehends more and more of the preciousness of Christ.*

* Very much is said of this young Hindoo, called Anundoo, in the

"There is in a sea voyage a peculiar monotony: the different size of the waves, and the direction or violence of the storms, are almost the only outward changes. Sometimes my heart overflows with the thought of visiting the little churches. O may I come among you with a sweet savour of Christ! I hope and pray that I may find you all such as I would, even though I be as a reprobate piece of silver among you. I think I can call God to witness, that I desire to know the whole of his holy will. I quite agree with Scott as to his having no more authority, apart from his ability to teach, than his brethren, nor do I yet see who has.

"I feel daily in looking at the stupendous grace of the gospel how it is calculated to give peace to the veriest wretch that crawls; by its exhibition of God's character in Christ, pardoning the rebellious, cleansing the defiled, justifying the guilty, enriching the disinherited, comforting the afflicted, and bringing home the outcasts of every clime and every colour to the fellow-citizenship of the saints in light; and all for His *name-sake*, that He might be glorified, and fill, through eternity, the hearts and lips of His redeemed, by the revelation of Himself, as the God of love. O, I daily feel the necessity of such a salvation! the unspeakable comfort of being heir to its promises of mercy, peace, and pardon. Do you not feel that the grace and graciousness of the gospel, the illimitable love and tenderness of God our Father, in blotting out our sins, and clothing us with the righteousness of Christ; and giving us the inheritance of sons among the holy ones, overwhelms the heart with desire to serve and love, even as it has been served and loved by our great Emmanuel, the Prince and Saviour? Sometimes, the glory of the gospel of grace bears me up in holy desires, to be practically that which I am actually in Christ, in God's

journal. He is described as one who had made great sacrifices for Christ; but as he turned out very unsatisfactorily, it is thought best to omit the passages which refer to him. They show the deep interest that Mr. Groves took in his salvation, and proportionably great was the grief his subsequent departure from the Lord occasioned.

most gracious judgment; even 'without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.' O, the wonders of that grace which sees 'no iniquity in Jacob, nor perverseness in Israel.' I do so desire to deal with my Father with that love and loyalty, that hate rebellion against the *least* intimation of His will.

"*Sunday.* — I am again drawn to rejoice in contemplating the Lord's bridal day; the day of the Church's espousals. Endeavouring to prove the right that Christ alone has to the allegiance of the Church, is, I quite feel, to be my future service; and, by the grace of God, I will willingly labour till I lay my worn-out frame in the dust in accomplishing it; so sure am I of the awful rebellion of men, in making the Lord's laws of none effect, by their own traditions. If they would only claim their alleged prerogatives, on the ground of human expediency, it would be something; but they endeavour to fix upon *God* plans and principles which would sap the very foundations of His gospel.

"*Sept. 1st.* — We have now come within one degree of the line, and are proceeding more prosperously than we could have hoped. I have begun my arrangement of Scripture from the New Testament, and I believe I shall find it a most profitable task. Indeed, I feel that there is no time more usefully employed, than in searching God's word, unless it be by living it.

"*Sept. 3rd.* — On taking an observation to-day of the sun at noon, we find we have gone back ten miles since yesterday at noon; thus varies the divine life within us,—how blessed then becomes our position in belonging to a *God* who pardons 'iniquity, transgression, and sin;' this comforts my heart, leads it to burst forth and say, 'Lord, we will praise thee from the ground of our hearts, and magnify thy glorious name, and serve thee, even if with tears, with joyful hearts, and willing feet.'

"It is in this that Satan's power consists, that he casts into my mind the most strange unimaginable possibilities, and I am so foolish, that whilst I feel they have not a shadow of truth, they trouble and perplex my mind, and destroy its tranquillity, and take up that spiritual power in

subduing their inroads, which I would spend in peaceful devotion to God.

"I cannot tell you the interest I feel in my analysis of the New Testament; this is something that steadily occupies my mind many hours a day. I find in investigating many subjects you get the whole mass of Scripture to bear on them; there is a force and clearness that delights and satisfies the mind.

"Sandeman is an unspeakable comfort to me; his mind has been deeply tried about the truth, and therefore my heart has so much interest in him. I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the Lord for this comfort; I might have been alone, and then having only my own thoughts to converse with, I should have been tried far far more than now.

"*Sept. 5th.* — I am just going to begin my daily occupations; may it be with the Lord's presence and comfort; yet it is after a sleepless, weary night. Were it not that I have slept on harder pillows more happily, I should think it was the rolling of the ship rendering the hard bed uneasy;* yet I find not my body uneasy, but my mind; for I am doubly unhappy. I am unhappy that I *am unhappy*, that I *am cast down* when I have the *Lord's love*, and so many dear brothers, and sisters, and mothers, and fathers. I feel it so ungrateful, so unthankful, not *peacefully* to pursue my happy way. Yet Paul was also so distressed in not having Titus's presence, to comfort him, that he had no rest in his spirit; and surely, the doubt about Titus's love would have been ten times more unbearable. However, I think I am prepared to stand by the work of the Lord, though my spirit may be weighed down by the thought of personal solitude. How comforting to know when the body may languish, the spirit can speed its way to Christ; and it often finds its sweetest portion in His field of spices, when all is parched on earth I cannot tell you how glorious the gospel appears to me, when I contemplate it as the means God has appointed to write His love on the fleshly tables of the heart. How suited it is by its grace, through faith, to give peace, hope, and access to, and, finally, joy in God,—the very thing that makes all burdens, all yokes, easy; and how blessed to know we are made 'free

indeed,' from the *dominion* and the very love of all that wounds and offends Him. It often appears to me, as an unexpected result of my last fourteen months in India, (when the danger that I most apprehended was that the constant contact with external things would have a tendency to draw me out of that simple living in Jesus, which is the life of all our fruit-bearing boughs,) that I know no period during my acquaintance with the truth of God that my soul has at all been so led to apprehend how entirely all life but in Him is death. My life in India has been, in many respects, one of bodily and mental excitement and bustle, and yet I have had deeper views of the heavenly glory in Christ, and felt such a power in His salvation and beauty and fitness, that it seems like a revelation to my soul. I know not that I have seen anything new, but many a truth, from being differently apprehended, seems to have a perfectly new character, and a *living* efficacy. I do so enter into some of the expressions that before I had only a shadowy view of, such as the law being written in the *heart;* how truly faith *establishes* the law; and yet, at the same time, 'where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;' but still, all these little glimpses of truth only lead me to feel and see how immeasurable are the oceans of wisdom that lie yet unexplored, in the fulness of Christ, which none but the Spirit can lead us into.

"I cannot express how strongly I feel assured this blessed book is the sum of our wisdom, and how I long to get acquainted with its treasures; the more I examine, the more I find in it.

"*Sunday, Sept. 7th.*—I have just been speaking to the people on the grace of the Gospel from the words spoken to Naaman the Syrian. How my soul, at times, glows at the remembrance of the grace of the Gospel; how tender, how overwhelming. How happy it is to feel the Lord is with me, ever comforting my own soul in ministering to others. Dr. Duff cannot yet minister, so I leave him free, and take what otherwise I might not.

"I feel to-night such a delightful sense of my heart being

melted under the glorious vision of a Saviour's love. It makes the *least* sin of the heart bitter, and my soul pants after an unrestrained union with Him, in all its affections, and in all His work.

"Do you sometimes think as I do, that it needs great spirituality of mind, and very true apprehensions of the ground of the salvation there is in Christ, to bear the superstructure of a devoted service? I cannot tell you how insignificant all service appears to me that partakes of the mere bustle of man. I would not have a faculty unconsecrated or unemployed for my dear dear Lord, but I would have it only shown forth as the breathings of a secret love, not thought upon, yet *experienced* and shining forth in every faculty the Lord hath bestowed. I mean, all activity of body and plans of service are secondary to a deep acquaintance with, and living in Jesus. As perhaps you may not understand me, I would say again, that I would not cease to serve; (nay, not a hoof should be left unconsecrated;) but that this service should arise from my loving and delighting in the will of Him, (whose will was His Father's,) and panting after, as my *proper glory* and *happiness*, an *entire conformity* to Him in *all things*, who was the brightness of His Father's glory and the express image of His person.

"*Sept.* 10*th.*—How comforting the second of Proverbs is; particularly to the 11th verse, in leading the soul simply to seek all its wisdom in Christ. The promises are so clear, so express, to those who seek for the knowledge of God, that they shall find it; for, indeed, it is the Lord that giveth wisdom, even to the simple, for 'out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.' The strange woman referred to seems the mystical harlot of Babylon, who forsook the guide of her youth, and the covenant of her God; and this includes all those principles that lead away from Christ to self-righteousness, self-confidence, and sin.

"*Sept.* 13*th.*—I have now risen to the natural and, in many respects, spiritual light of another day. O, may all the joy I have in the precious things of the kingdom, be yours, in rich abundance, this day!

"I was much struck, in reading Micah this morning, with that passage, 'The priests thereof teach for hire, and the Prophets thereof divine for money: yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us? none evil can come upon us.' How strongly this shows, that we may have a false confidence even in God; challenging His peculiar presence and blessing, when we are pursuing our own selfishness. O, may we even cherish 'the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' that these dark places may not remain in our hearts.

"When I lie at night on deck, watching the stars in their bright and noiseless courses, I cannot express to you how many strange thoughts crowd upon my mind. Associated with the rising of many of the planets, I have remembrances of seasons of the deepest sorrow and trial, though the objects themselves are only calculated to give joy and peace to the heart. How exactly is it thus with the intellectual world; how entirely is the mind the seat of joy and sorrow; the heart gilded by the blessed hope that bringeth salvation with it, can rejoice in circumstances that make him who knows not the secret spring *wonder;* and, on the other hand, without this satisfying joy, the child of ambition, standing on his own false principles of greatness and glory, though exciting the envy of all around him, feels that the possession of his newly grasped desire, is but a sad, disappointing shadow. Ah! how happy we are in having *such* a hope, that maketh not ashamed him that dwells upon it. Let all things else fail, and every other cistern of joy be broken, the 'desire of all nations shall come,' Him to whom the kingdom belongeth.

"I am now thinking of arranging my extracts from the Word of God and entitling them, 'The Rule of Life for the Gentile Church.' I cannot tell you the pleasure I have in this work; it is so delightful to draw out the beauties of Jesus from their hiding places in the garden of God's Word, and to bring them together as nosegays; I feel it requires much greater skill than I possess rightly to dispose of them. Most interest-

ing also it is to contemplate every precept as descriptive of the hidden beauties of our Immanuel, after whose similitude love leads us to aim, that we may truly be one.

"*Sunday, Sept. 14th.*—There is unspeakable comfort connected with the declarations contained in Isaiah xlv, 22—25, connected as they are by the Spirit, and by our Lord, in Phil. ii, 10, and John xvi, 10, with *Himself.* Have we not found in Him righteousness and strength? And, being justified by Him, shall not we glory? and, if it may be, let us seek to *glorify* Him, and so to *abide* in Him, that we may bear *much fruit* to His praise. Let our hearts *very meekly* bend before Him, and let our ears be attentive to His *least wish;* for He is *indeed* our Lord, and Him we will worship. Ah! is it not wonderful that the King should delight in our beauty; that He should call us 'comely' and 'fair'; that He should have clothed us with the righteousness of God, and adorned us with His *own* comeliness, that we might be a people to His praise, and the witnesses for Him in the world? May we not forget our *high* vocation; but 'exhort one another, and so much the more, as we see the day approaching.' May this day be to you a day of very sweet repose and joy in His grace!

"Last night we had a very brilliant moonlight; this seems a connecting link between us; our eyes dwell on the same brightness, and are cheered by the same rays of light, and thus it is with our souls, that centre in Jesus. How we are united, however distant! cheered and soothed, however sad; for He always seems gently to reply to the heart that knows not peace, and asks him, wherefore? 'What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter.'

"*Sept. 15th.*—My heart has been to-day overwhelmed with the fulness of meaning that is attached to the name of Jesus. Peter says, 'there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved. Paul says, 'it is a name at which 'every knee shall bow, of things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth.' My thoughts were led to contemplate the difference between what the Spirit in the Apostle saw in this name, and what is discerned in it

even by the highest saint; how much more then by the rejecting sinner, who sees no beauty in Him, that he should desire Him. But when the soul is awoke, how precious is that name, which to the dead brings life, to the condemned *pardon*, to the unholy purity, to the stranger a son's place and portion, to the soul bowed down under the dominion and condemnation of sin, freedom from its punishment and slavery, even the liberty of dear children, to be free in doing the Lord's will. Surely we may bless God for the unspeakable gift of this precious name, which gives peace to the sad soul, and feedeth the hungry with good things.

"*Sept. 17th.*—We are now running about 160 or 180 miles a day towards the Cape. This is very cheering; the weather is also very lovely, and at times, I feel quite cold; yet the thermometer is seldom lower than eighty. It would seem strange to an English ear, to hear of a person shivering with cold, when the air is so heated, yet truly one often does so: so much depends on *contrast*. In sleeping in the open air at nights, it is most beautiful to watch a splendid moonlight, and often a clear sky, or only such clouds as add to its beauty, by passing quickly over its face, and thus changing the monotony of simple brightness. I cannot tell you how it has invigorated me.

"*Sept. 20th.*—I have been thinking to *whom* it was said, when they asked 'shall we pluck up the tares?' 'Let them grow together till the harvest, lest, while ye pluck up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them.' Surely the least this means is 'judge nothing before the time,' or, that we should be very wary in the exercise of this dangerous power in which there is so much room for self-righteousness, and pride, under the garb of zeal for what really may be the truth; but there may be a spirit of error, with much truth; and a spirit of truth, with much error. Besides, the Lord has said, 'Vengeance belongeth unto me;' every kind and every degree of it. Some think this is sacrificing truth; but surely if you proclaim the truth, and condemn error by words of truth and by a life of truth, this would meet the precept, 'ye should earnestly contend for the faith.' Consider the Church at Jerusalem; consider the

Church at Corinth, how much to be questioned, how much to be condemned, yet the Apostles *bore* with and reproved, but separated not. Indeed, the more my soul searches into this matter, the more I feel I cannot *formally* separate from *any* or *openly denounce* those whom I do not feel are *separated* from Christ, and denounced by Him as His enemies. If I were to give up this principle, I know of none to guide me, but those which I have always seen fail, whilst they engender a spirit more hurtful than could arise from a readiness to endure contradiction to your *own* views: this looks more like crucifixion of self than casting out, as *evil*, those who, with whatever faults, we cannot but believe are children of the kingdom.

"My dear brother Sandeman is coming much more to my views, from being very exclusive like his progenitor Robert Sandeman, the founder of the sect which now generally goes by the name of Sandemanians or Glassites: they resemble the Walkerites in Dublin. Sometimes we hope to be at home in December, yet the Lord may have very different thoughts; we are with Him and in His hands, who will 'do all things after the counsel of His own will;' yet *gracious* is that will, in all its manifestations towards us, *full of love*, full of compassion; and I do pray that on this will I may with my *whole soul* rely in quietness and peace. We are now concluding another week: may the morrow's dawn be indeed ushered in with that rest upon the spirit that shall prove an earnest of the glorious rest that remaineth.

"I have to-day felt great delight in the Epistle to the Hebrews. I think I understand it better, and the precious efficacy of the blood of Jesus to cleanse from all sin, and to leave the soul spotless before God.

"I have had much to try me, yet I know it is to strengthen and bless me. Why then should I regret it? There is something particularly hateful in selfishness; yet, I feel, pride alone makes us resent it. A due sense of our own unutterable unworthiness, and Christ's bearing with us through it all, stir up the heart to lay the axe to the root of its pride. Perhaps we do not see it in ourselves as in others, but, sure I am, if my selfishness affects

others, as theirs does me, it must be worth every exertion to extirpate it root and branch; and this, I feel, can only be by living in Jesus, as the branch abides in the vine. I do pray I may so live in Him, that the bright light of His most perfect example may put to flight and everlasting confusion every thought that belongs to the kingdom of darkness. In a voyage of some length you see much of human nature, not always in its most pleasing forms, yet always instructive; and how hard a thing it is not to seek or care for your own glory, but His that sent you!

"I believe when I left England I had little tendency to trust man in the things of God, nor have I more now. There are a few with whom the soul has communion in the secret things of the kingdom, those *hidden* enjoyments that flow directly from Jesus. I do wonder at the conversation of professing Christians when they meet together. With the world it may be different; but among themselves, you would expect that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth would speak.

"*Sept. 26th.*—We are now almost becalmed; yet it is most happy to feel, that all things are of God, and designed to draw the heart into holy dependance on Himself; therefore I would not have it otherwise; and indeed I am very happily employed, in marking the precepts of the New Testament. In the evening, after dinner, I go up into the mizen top and there enjoy the sun's descending glory, the cool evening breeze, and that quiet which is to be enjoyed no where below. Even alone in your cabin, you have so many talking in the cuddy, that your thoughts get perplexed, and your ears full of strange sounds which harmonize not with the soul that would be alone with God. I am so tried in acting towards those who are, I believe, really Christians, yet with whom every word becomes, or is in danger of becoming, a subject of controversy. With the world you know how to act, and with those you feel you can rely on, as on brothers beloved; but it is most difficult to be kind without being more intimate than many minds can *bear*, and it is difficult to be in a measure distant, without being unchristianly cold. I am reading some letters, published by Sandeman, the founder of the Sandema-

nians; they are full of the most striking thoughts, though mixed with errors.

"*Sept. 27th.*—I have to-day met with one of those losses which it is most difficult to bear. I dropped my bible into the sea, or rather it was knocked out of my hand.* Now whether I think on my attachment to it, the years of labour I have bestowed on it, in arranging and working all the subjects that particularly interested me, I know not which most tries me; I feel it will take me months now, with all the help I have, to get another ready again. I had just finished all the precepts of the New Testament; yet I know the Lord is good, even in this, and would have me dig and dig again, for more, and still richer treasures than I have yet found; and I have begun in faith again to-day, and dear Sandeman has offered his help; so before we arrive in England, I hope to have a great deal ready again. I had all the prophecies marked and divided. I had also all my Greek Testament marked. It was indeed almost the only treasure I desired to call my own, and it had been my companion and comfort, in many dark and dreary days. It is so strange, I dreamed about a fortnight ago that I dropped my Bible from the very place where I had lost it to-day; and, since then, I have taken it up less than before, but every morning my Hindoo friend comes to read with me two or three chapters, and we had just brought it up for that purpose. Well, it is gone, and I think I never shall forget the feeling I had when it fell. I saw it floating away rapidly behind us.

"*Sunday, Sept. 28th.*—To-day I have had a little service on deck as usual. I believe all who could come were present, but I know not if the Lord is making it effectual for the conversion of sinners. Some of our little company comfort me, by apprehending, I think, the *grace* wherein we stand. I took Rom. xii., always a favourite chapter with me, and in which, if I ever have any power, I seem sometimes to have a little vouchsafed me.

* This accident occurred in a sudden lurch of the ship, in saving from danger the little orphan boy, whose mother had died on board, and who, being entirely without any friend in the ship, was kindly cared for by Mr. Groves.

"*Sept. 30th.*—We have been in a gale of wind these two days and it does not seem likely to abate, so I sit down again, amidst mountains of magnificent waves. How little a creature man seems, when the waves toss their troubled heads on high! I cannot do all I would wish, yet I am not idle; and, if the Lord does but allow me to acquire that passive repose in Himself, which my restive will so much requires, I shall be a great gainer. I cannot help feeling how much better a sea voyage is for the soul than a land journey; at least than those journeys to which I have been accustomed: the constant struggles with a faithless and lying people, the bodily fatigue, the personal danger, the anticipations of renewed difficulties or delays at every stage, all tend to keep the mind unsettled, if not ruffled.

"*Oct. 1st.*—The weather to-day is a little more settled, and we are beginning to put out more sail, and are pressing on our way. I think I got a little light on the expression 'commending ourselves to every man's *conscience* in the sight of God,' as *distinguished* from commending ourselves to every man's understanding. The apostle appealed to that consciousness in the inner man, which has no relation to the strength of the understanding, but may often be strongest in those who are uninstructed, and weakest in those whose power of reasoning may be the most cultivated and the strongest. How suited this to a dispensation that preeminently had to do with the poor, by appealing to a principle that was common to all, without respect to rank, or circumstances, or natural power, rather than to one in which the learned would have had so great an advantage. And the apostle seems to keep close to the same idea, when he says, concerning some, 'their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts, the mean while, accusing, or else excusing, one another.'—A moral sense that may be corrupted, by the education of the spirit of darkness, but which man cannot plant in himself, or others, and Satan would not; and which becomes, under the enlightening teaching of the Spirit of truth, the seal of a man's instruction about the things of God; a principle, or rather power of discriminating between things that differ.

"*Oct. 2nd.*—The more my soul realizes the fulness and

completeness of the salvation there is in Christ, so that we may stand faultless and holy before the Father; and the more I enter into the peace that flows from this purifying hope, and am enabled to joy in God through the blood of Jesus, and to find access, even with boldness, into God's presence thereby, the more my soul feels free to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and my heart seems stirred by love to desire to have every thought brought into captivity to the love of Christ. It makes disobedience, or wounding Christ or our heavenly Father, doubly oppressive, in addition to the essential hatefulness of sin, as contrary to the mind and will of God. I do not know, yet I doubt not, that others besides myself, often feel that bearing down of soul when contemplating Jesus, to think how little we are like our elder brother. Indeed, I do long for *entire* conformity to Christ, as that which alone can satisfy God; for in Him alone is the Father 'well-pleased;' He is the manifestation of what *God* is, and what God loves. That expression 'the carnal mind is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be,' I sometimes feel with an intensity that almost overwhelms me; it is so hard to feel, see, and judge of all things as God does, with real truth a spirituality of judgment; to unravel the threads of pride, and the Proteus-like *forms* of selfishness; and, when discovered, to bring them out, and lay them before the King, is also very hard. It seems to me that none can use the glorious privilege of being *altogether* CHRIST'S aright, but those who live in the enjoyment of Christ, as the full and free gift of God; who, having tasted and seen that the Lord is gracious, feel that they have found the precious pearl; for, to others, it would be but the service of servants, not the homage of sons, brothers, and sisters; and the thought is daily becoming more painful to me, that Christ, who *deserves* to be so lovingly served for the *exceeding* great love wherewith He loved us, should ever have pressed into His service any who engage in it grudgingly or of necessity.

"*Sunday, Oct. 3rd.* — We have been making little progress, and have seen nothing to interest us besides a whale and a few albatrosses. Yet the *spring within* is *never* dry; it may not

always flow freely, yet the fountain opened to the house of David cleanses, and thereby consoles. Within our little circle we have not ALL the elements we could desire for joy, but *much more* than we could have *hoped;* and an extensive ground for thankfulness.

"*Oct. 4th.* — As we pass through life how many little things there are that try us! Our stock of provisions has run short; and we have had more than once fowls and sheep that have died, dressed for our dinner. Yet the dear Sandemans have agreed that we shall take patiently whatever may come; and receive it all at the Lord's hands *quietly*, feeling that *He* will take care of us; and, however the body may fare, the mind has quiet and peace: this is better than any supply of the *body's* necessities. Surely we should bear contrasting with the world in these little matters as well as in greater. I do not care so much for those who are strong, but I feel for those who are not; yet I know they are doubly dear to the Lord, in whose hand are all these matters. Last night, while I was asleep on the deck, a piece of wood was split off from the mizen top-sail yard, with a long nail in it, and the nail stuck through all the clothes I had over me, and into my *hip*. How near we often are to death; had it fallen on my head, it might have been the last blow I could receive. How it shows that the *Lord alone* can make us to sleep in safety! As to our provisions, there is every prospect of their being *worse;* but if the trial of our faith worketh *patience*, I trust the Lord will allow patience to have her *perfect* work. Are you not much struck with the doctrine of our sanctification in Jesus, as stated in Heb. x? It is from that the Apostle urges us to '*consider* one another, to provoke unto love and good works,' ver. 10.

"*Oct. 8th.* — We have been in a gale of wind off the Cape, since Monday, surrounded by all the wild magnificence of the most stupendous ocean scene; the waves, like mountains piled on mountains, sweeping before the gale with irresistible fury, curling their white heads and threatening to overwhelm us in destruction. One large wave broke over us, and set everything floating in our cabins. At twelve o'clock,

just after we had arranged our wet clothes, and were all quietly laid down, another tremendous wave broke into the cuddy. Our cooking-place was washed through; pots, pans, pigs, all floating about the deck together. Man seems, indeed, nothing in all this tremendous war of elements. I think I can never forget the scene, though it surpasses all description. I have seen many paintings of storms, but they are all tame and utterly insignificant to the grand, awful reality.

"We are within nine degrees of the Cape of storms. I do so long to turn round this stormy head-land.

"Did you ever read with attention, Jonathan Edwards 'On the Religious Affections'? I think it, with all books of its class, most truly calculated to deceive and distress the heart. Surely it is better to dwell continually on Christ, and if anybody, by contemplating Jesus in all His beauty and perfection of character, does not know whether he loves Him or not, no examination of his affections will show him. Surely, the love of Jesus is as simple an affection as the love of an earthly object, and is manifested in the same way, by seeking to please Him in the fulfilment of His will. It has always appeared to me that laboured dissertations on those matters, tend rather to perplex the mind, than clear up its difficulties; unhinging and harassing the sincere, but weak in faith, and leaving the self-confident in error. The books that are most congenial to my mind, are those which lead the soul to the word of Jesus, as the foundation of all stable peace, and the revealed will of Jesus, in all its illimitable purity and love, as the rule of life.

"*Sunday, Oct. 12th.*—We have just had a sight of Africa. It was cheering to see land after two months' tossing on the deep. My heart has been greatly tried to-day by the thought of *how small* things are allowed to divide the saints of God, and at last I was so hopeless and distressed, that I was only able to weep for my own sins and the sins of my people; praying that the day may quickly come, when these things shall be no longer; but that which is in part being done away, we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known. Yet the love the Apostle was delineating, in the previous verses of the same chapter, is

a love that our sins and weakness make necessary now; and then these exercises will be needed no longer; for we shall see 'eye to eye' then, beholding 'Him that is true,' and 'the Light' in whom is 'no darkness at all.'

"*Oct.* 13*th.*—In the 13th of Matthew, it appears to me, the parable of the tares was given especially to guide us in our conduct in the Church. You see the mixture of tares and wheat are evidently together in one common field: the enemy sowed them among the wheat, and it was relative to these tares thus springing up, that the Lord replies to those who said, shall we pluck them up? nay; in the end of the world or dispensation, I will separate them. Again in the 47th verse he introduces the Church till He comes, by the similitude of a net catching fish of every kind, but the separating act is the Lord's, and the time is the end of the world or dispensation. What then is our place and path amidst these bitter waters, and roots of bitterness? To act in grace, 'forbearing and forgiving, as God has forgiven us.' The Scriptures contemplate the *faithful* being *cast out* by ignorant or wicked brethren, not *their* casting *others* off, see Isaiah lxvi. 5. It seems more dignified and *independent* to *cast others* off, but more *like Christ* to *bear*, to *endure* and *suffer long*, looking for the day when He shall appear to *our joy*. Some try to misinterpret the parable as if it was about what was to be done with the *world* till Christ come: whereas our Lord describes it as a spot in the field or world, where He has sown GOOD seed; the children of the kingdom; AFTER which Satan comes and sows *his* children, and the question is confined *evidently* to those spots, where the servants find *good* seed. If we wanted an exhibition of the evil our Lord declares would result from *man's* assuming the power of tare pulling, we should find it in the attempts made by many to separate from *real* saints, simply because they refuse to be answerable to their self-constituted judicature. The husbandman in the parable speaks only of the children of the wicked one as tares.

"*Oct.* 17*th.*—During the latter part of yesterday, we were borne by a fair and strong breeze, till we came in sight of Cape Town. As you proceed towards Table Bay, the land is strikingly

bold, and the sense of having past one at least of the most dangerous parts of your voyage, and of having arrived at the half way station, as it were, between England and India, tends to refresh the spirits and cheer the heart. It is a lovely day, the sun shining brightly and pleasantly. As we were passing to the shore, my mind was much impressed with the repose and calmness of the bay, contrasted with the frowning boldness of the precipitous mountain that overhangs it; and the pretty town, partly composed of streets, partly of detached cottages. There was also a refreshing coolness in the breeze, so that all seemed naturally calculated, if not to exhilarate, at least to *calm* the spirit. My heart felt abiding thankfulness to my heavenly Father, and sorrow for the sins of my people. The Lord strewed the world with sources of human happiness, but sin has poisoned all, so that those very things which should have drawn our hearts in grateful adoration to the hand that formed them, draw the multitude away from our Father's worship and praise.

"*Oct.* 18*th.*—Dear Lieut. Deck called on me about noon, and in a moment I felt my heart at ease. He was just packed up for a return to India, and spending his time with a lady at Wineberg, about eight miles out. I passed a day with them, and found them truly devoted and simple. Dear Mrs. Deck is a meek, devoted, gentle Christian. Their eyes are quite turned away from the army and the world, but decided to devote themselves to the Lord's work. In riding out to Wineberg, and in a little walk in the evening, I felt irresistibly impressed with the beauty of the scenery. The distant mountains rose precipitously in the background, and all the country beneath was studded with cottages, and beautiful avenues of oaks, and the commons seemed covered with the richest variety of wild flowers, geraniums of various kinds, and heaths; the houses so completely English. In the gardens too I saw flowers I had not seen since I left England; and, indeed, every thing about the Cape was English, though many things remind you it is not England. For instance, you may meet a man, driving twelve horses in hand, as our stage coachmen drive four: or a team of twenty bullocks, driven in the same way; then, you meet at

every turn a motley population of Dutch, English, Malay, Negro, Hottentot, and *mixtures* of them all.

"There is a very handsome and extensive Library here; and a Museum, containing a large collection of beautiful stuffed birds, and a few beasts, which we went to look at while we waited for the sailing of the ship. They have here a great variety of ministers; Church of England, Church of Scotland, Independents, and Methodists, &c.

"*Oct.* 22*nd.*—At sea again, we are now fast losing sight of land; and nothing lies before us but our arrival at Greenwich, so that we now really seem on our way home. We saw yesterday an albatros, whose extended wings measured ten feet; and really his body was the size of a sheep. I never saw such a bird before, and this was not a large one. As we were sailing out of the Bay, we saw a large whale, and during the two or three glimpses we had of him as he rose above the water, he looked like a ship turned bottom upwards, and he spouted the water from his nostrils close to us.

"*Oct.* 24*th.*—We were yesterday surrounded by whales, rising, spouting water, and sinking again; they looked like floating islands. To-day we are all but becalmed. How strange are the inroads of sin! how subtle, how strong, how before the approach Satan seems to harden and deceive the heart! My soul feels it to be, in every shape, the enemy of its peace; yet often appears to cherish the bitter weed. I fear it is that God has my judgment fully, but my affections only partially. Yet the moment I have wounded my Lord, I am incapable of any enjoyment; it dries up the fountain of all my joys, and all creation assumes one dark covering of sadness. I feel I have no treasures apart from His favour and blessing; and, bereaved of the capacity to enjoy these, I feel myself bereaved indeed.

"*Oct.* 30*th.*—Our hopes of getting home early are daily diminishing: thus the anticipated happiness mocks him that hangs upon it. How blessed are we who have a hope that maketh not ashamed, and disappoints not him that rests upon it; a hope which shall be realized, and more than realized! Have we, do you think, been accustomed to make that practical

use of Scripture, for which it was designed? I have been much struck with the first epistle to the Corinthians, observing, that the reproofs of the apostle for the evils that were in the Church, are many, if not all of them, needed now; now, as then, there is the mistaking the elements of this world's greatness for the elements of Christ's kingdom; the dividing about Paul and Apollos; some walking more shamelessly still; others abusing the very gifts of the Spirit for purposes of ostentation and pride, &c.

"*Sunday, Nov. 3rd.*—Though I do not feel quite well, and am without appetite, I have the repose of this blessed day resting on my heart, and I feel able, of the Lord's goodness, to hold happy and holy converse with Him. How strikingly these fluctuations show that the saints of God can only have peace by living under the *full* dominion of the Prince of Peace! I have not a reason why I should be more at ease than I have been, and yet how changed from the stormy turmoil of a disquieted heart! how hard it is, and yet how *precious*, to be 'careful for nothing;' no, not even for those things for which you make prayer and supplication, and give thanks to God; just because you feel assured His love *transcends* in height, and out-strips in quickness, all your desires. I do now feel, in my inmost heart, reproved. I feel that much of the depth of my sorrow springs from disappointed self-righteousness. I am continually bowed down by the consciousness of individual unworthiness of what my heart desires; as if the Lord would ever give us blessings for our worthiness, and not for His *own* name sake. Yet how difficult this is practically to realize; for in my judgment I have not a doubt, that either for time or eternity, every precious gift of God is through Christ, and for His sake, that our tongues may dwell on His praise, and our hearts delight in meditating upon Him, as God's unspeakable gift.

"I have been reading in the prophets the promises to Israel and Judah concerning the land, and the denunciations to the rebels; and I do feel so confirmed in the general views the Lord has led us to entertain of the spiritual prospects of the Church and of the temporal prospects to Israel. How striking the concluding part of Zephaniah is, from verse 8th to the end.

"May the Lord be in the midst of your assemblies to-day, pouring forth the joy of His countenance upon you: yea, may He rest in His love, and rejoice over you with joy and singing.

"*Nov. 5th.*—Really when I see how many weaknesses and prejudices the apostles had to bear with, in their early converts, I am quite reconciled to bear the same in the converts of India. It would be too happy a state to have all enlightened, simple, zealous, and loving. Happy indeed must we be, in this disjointed world, if we find a few with whose thoughts we can find fellowship in the spirit: I believe I have, and ever shall have, some, and I expect not many. How few the apostles seemed to have had like-minded, and can we hope for more, in these degenerate days? Indeed I look for fewer, but, with these, a compensating extent and intensity of holy, happy, fellowship.

"*Nov. 6th.*—I have been reading Mr. Pringle's account of a few years' residence at the Cape, and it has much interested me. O, what national sins have we to answer for, if God regard the cry of the poor and destitute! As I was riding out with a dear friend of mine, at the Cape, he said every inch of the ground is soaked with the blood of its aborigines; but till I read Pringle's work, I could not have conceived that such deep cruelty dwelt in the heart of man. These poor defenceless wanderers have had their Krauls burned, their men murdered, their wives and children taken captives, and their flocks and herds driven away, to enrich their merciless oppressors. O, when will the time come that our Prince shall unfurl His banner, and introduce the reign of righteousness?

"*Nov. 8th.*—We are now about 200 miles beyond St. Helena, and are repassing the line. I believe all are feeling more and more impatient to reach the haven where we would be: for myself, nothing but constant employment and great quiet keep my heart at all in repose. I much enjoy, however, my little retirements, where, three times a day, I always meet my Lord, bearing before Him those who are engraved on my heart.

"I cannot help thinking at times of the exceeding preciousness of such expressions as 'God is faithful, who will not suffer

you to be tempted above that ye are able'. Often, when my present or prospective trials seem to threaten to engulph me altogether, I rest on the promise of Him who cannot lie, 'as thy days, so shall thy strength be.' I do so feel I am His servant, and, with all my weakness, I hope in His mercy.

"*Sunday, Nov. 9th.*—I took our little service to-day, or rather I spoke a word of exhortation on *decision* in the matters of eternity. I believe some one or two were benefitted, but I cannot expect to please many. Our first mate said, 'It is a hard saying.' O, how little can they know of the loveliness and excellence of Christ who can feel anything hard! The heart may sometimes feel it is difficult to drag such a heavy load of clay as freely as the flying affections would desire; but this begets indignation at its own *slowness*, not *regret* at God's *demand* upon it. It is delightful to think Christ demands our *whole hearts*, our *every affection*. It so proves His love that He will not be content that we should have any affection He does not sanctify.

"*Nov. 10th.*—I have only a passing word to-day. My head has for some days been uncomfortable with what I call a tropical headache. Do you think that any become really richer in the *world* by following the Gospel? It appears to me, if they do, it must be by listening to precepts by halves: for instance, when the Apostle says 'Let him that stole, steal no more: but labour working with his hands the thing which is good,' here they would stop, or say, that he may become a respectable member of society, instead of adding, 'that he *may have to give to him that needeth*.' And they would be ready to say, 'not slothful in business;' but forget, 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' Indeed, the Gospel impoverishes you in the things of earth; but overwhelms you, in return, with the things of heaven; it empties, that it may fill you with the fulness of Him who contains the treasures of God.

"*Nov. 11th.*—Is there not something touching in Luke xxii. 24—27, beginning with the strife among the apostles which of them should be accounted greatest, &c., and ending with that expression, 'but I am among you as he that serveth.'

"*Nov. 12th.*—Early this morning we passed Ascension Island.

All indicates our approach to our native land: I cannot tell you how my heart wanders through the mazes of hopes and fears that hang over my prospects: I have been much edified by God's word to-day, but have no power to dwell on it.

"*Nov.* 13*th*—Truly my whole soul has fellowship with the following passage in a friend's letter. 'A heart which has ever been taught to feel union with the body of Christ *as His body*, irrespective of the worthiness of the members individually, union merely with those who agree with you will never satisfy: it will not suffice; for it cannot rest in any thing short of where the spirit of Christ rests: that is, with the whole, not a *part* of the *body*.' If you knew how my soul has been tried by a dear, dear brother, who has been led, by the dissevered and disorganized state of the Church, to take most exclusive views of communion, you would feel how such a passage has tended to soothe my mind, when almost overcome by the pressure of sorrow.

"I have no resting place for the sole of my foot, but by going into the ark again: and I always find the door open, and the hand stretched out to take me in. You must not think that —— and I are divided; indeed my difficulty is not to conciliate his love and forbearance towards myself: for I fear he loves me but too well, but I would win it for the Church of God; yes, in the midst of its Babylonish appendages, for all these I once bore: and the Lord most gently brought me out. I often feel deeply thankful for all I have passed through: it has so taught me to pity and bear, from the remembrance of my own deep transgressions in the same way.

"*Nov.* 17*th*—We have in the last twenty-four hours run three degrees towards home. How truly the soul, at times, realizes that Christ is its life: indeed, that all is death, but in those moments of exquisite enjoyment, when love and liberty in His blessed will rule in the soul; so that one's real life seems like a short or long line, studded with bright spots, and the intervals more or less shaded with the dusky elements of this world.

"*Nov.* 19*th*.—We are now becalmed between the two trade

winds: it feels very oppressive. We perhaps all feel a little impatient of our detention, yet it is well. I have been these two days comparing Beg on the Second Advent with my Bible; and I find that we quite agree; and that I have nearly marked every passage to which he refers. I should so like to converse with some over this deeply interesting subject.

"*Nov. 20th.*—We have just fallen in with the North East Trade, and we hope now to have no hindrance till we reach home.

"*Nov. 21st*—I have a passing remark to make, relative to the state of my mind on the subject of the Prophecies, and their bearing on the course the Lord has led me: indeed, I am doubly resolved to spend my days in spreading abroad the glory of God's testimony of love and reconciliation. I am so sure it is His holy, heavenly will. I feel it is so good of the Lord to strengthen me when I might have suffered so much from indecision of heart or purpose.

"I enjoy that peace which the undoubting conviction of the truth can alone give, but not the sweet joy and strength which extended brotherly and sisterly communion would impart: and thus my situation has become so foreign to my natural desires: yet it may be the Lord's way to show me my natural emptiness, and exceeding great weakness, and His strength in enabling one so very weak to stand. We are now in 11° North, only 40° from home: how short a distance compared with what we have passed over of the watery waste.

"How very hard the four last chapters of Ezekiel are to understand! The attempts quite made my head ache to-day; and at last, I could only say, the Lord's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts: He sees glory where we see degradation, and I cast all my soul into His hands, to be stamped with His truth as He pleases.

"*Sunday, Nov. 23rd.*—To-day I addressed the little company here on God's love; and I do not know that I ever before felt so thankful for God's great indignation against disobedience to His blessed will; seeing that, in it is wrapped up the essence of mercy. I see so much love in it; and having been able to see

how ineffably hateful sin is to God, my soul desires to loathe it in its least goings forth.

"*Nov. 25th.*—May we so live with Jesus that in aught but Him we may see no loveliness. May it be the very end of all other loves to reveal the immeasurable depth and tenderness of the love of Christ, which saves, preserves, sanctifies, and eternally blesses the ransomed family of God; may it be the model after which all other love is built,—pure, unselfish, untiring, inexhaustible, and tender.

"*Nov. 26th.*—We have to-day passed the Cape de Verd Islands, and are on our way towards the Azores. There is something so strange in the feelings that steal over my heart as the busy recollections of the past come before me. O, how many bitter hours I have passed since I last saw my native shore: hours gilded but by one hope, the glorious appearing of our God and Saviour; in other hours, lesser joys and lower hopes have dispelled the heart's sadness: but in the great waterfloods, when billows roll over the soul, that hope alone remains firm and sure, and unchangeably the same.

"What would I give really to feel 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' It is hard to be settled, yet I hope I am diligent; though for such a Lord, I would pick up the crumbs of time, for the work of studying His word. Indeed I feel so ignorant of its matchless treasures, that I study it morning, noon, and night; and truly the Lord is most gracious to me, in giving me light, and preparing me for all that lies before me. I also feel to-day all the difference of having the weather a little cooler.

"*N . 27th.*—Sometimes I am ready to be cast down, when I think how I long to see all at home. It is so much the habit now with some to say what unearthly agents the banished messengers of Christ should be, that I feel almost degraded by the very bounding of my heart; in its earthly hopes and coming prospects, however, I am comforted when I think of Paul, who, when his heart was tried, praised God who comforteth those who are cast down, comforting him by the coming of Titus, and

by the account he brought of the fervent love of the Corinthians toward him. And may I not rejoice in any measure of the love of the saints, and mourn over any measure of their alienation of heart? Even our Lord was grieved for the hardness of heart of His enemies. But how does the prophetic Psalmist point out His heart's sorrow, at finding unkindness in the very camp and among those that did on the whole love him; so much of self, that they could think of their own exaltation, when their most gracious Lord's heart was breaking at the scene before Him. Indeed, when I look back upon seasons of heart-broken desolateness, sick in body, distressed in mind, and no brother or sister near, to speak a word of comfort, or administer even the most ordinary help, I always feel the season of positive danger, and bodily pain, abstracted from these, is as a cloud to the Egyptian darkness, that might be *felt:* yet, knowing as I do what it is, I willingly, cheerfully, pursue the path that involves it, for His precious name's sake, who led me to love Himself, as the unspeakable gift of God. I am ready to suffer even from the judgment of the Church; but the arrow has a deep barb, and a sharp point, which the Lord only can extract, or heal, or it would drink up my spirits: but, I know, having made me willing to obey Him, the Lord will comfort me, though I know not how.

"*Nov.* 30*th.*—We now only expect to be two Sundays more on board; and on the third week, to reach home, should the Lord prosper us. The opposition of my dear, dear brother—— has led me to search the scriptures to an extent, and with an assiduity, I never did before; the result is the unmoveable establishment of my heart on all those great points that so much interest us; and he is, I do believe, shaken to the very foundation in all his opposition.

"*Dec.* 15*th.*—We are now in a gale which blows directly against us, so we are sailing in the direction of the Cape again. I have just been struck by an expression of the second mate's, 'We must *lay our minds down*, and be thankful it did not occur 10° farther north, when the cold would have been so difficult to

bear. I felt laying the mind down was so needful for perfect patience.

"*Dec* 16*th.*—Wind still contrary, so that we are making little or no progress, and with a tossing tempestuous sea; yet it is all well. It is a strange scene, on board ship, in a gale of wind: the difficulty of moving about; the upsetting and overturning of everything, not absolutely fixed; the difficulty of eating, drinking, or sleeping, the spilling your own things, or receiving your neighbour's; all render it a scene of no small confusion, and make me wish, in addition to the many, many, other reasons I have, to be free from my imprisonment. Yet I am more anxious for the dear Duffs than for myself; he is very unwell, and she is not strong; so they need quiet: both are dear to me, but my heart commends them to Him whose tender mercies are over all His works, how much more over those who know and love Him.

"*Dec.* 19*th.*—We have now a calm, and know not how our next wind is to blow. If it were fair, we should be thankful; yet how many unknown reasons there may be, why we should be detained a day longer. It may lead to events, even though we know them not, that would modify all our future history. I dare not therefore wish other than that the Lord may be glorified, whether by life or death, whether by a quicker or slower voyage.

"*Dec.* 20*th.*—We have now a fair wind, and hope to be in Greenwich by next Wednesday.

"*Dec.* 23*rd.*—We hope to be in sight of land to-morrow O, how wonderful are the ways of Him with whom we have to do! My heart often looks forward, and endeavours to realize what lies before me, till it is brought back again to repose, by that one precept of the word of truth, 'Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee.' Indeed, worthless as I am, I know He careth for me, and thinketh upon me. O, that I may therefore only seek His glory.

"*Dec.* 24*th.*—This morning, while we were at breakfast, we heard the joyful cry of 'land.' Thus we may now

hope, on Friday, at farthest, to quit our long imprisonment. Who can tell but those who long to see again those dear to them, after a long separation, the thrilling delight? indeed, it is such delight that it needs some cloud of doubt perhaps, to keep the heart from being borne away. A thousand times my heart has said, 'what awaits thee?' and the answer is, 'cast the burden of the future on the Lord.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. GROVES REACHES ENGLAND — VISITS GERMANY AND SWITZERLAND IN QUEST OT LABOURERS — MEETS WITH GREAT SUCCESS — RETURNS TO ENGLAND — HIS MARRIAGE — HE SAILS FOR INDIA WITH HIS MISSIONARY PARTY — RESIDENCE IN MADRAS — ARRIVAL OF THE BAGDAD BRETHREN — TRIALS IN CONNECTION WITH THE TINNEVELLY MISSION — VISIT OF MR. G. BAYNES, WHO JOINS THE MISSION — DEPARTURE OF BRETHREN FROM BAGDAD.

It is much to be regretted that, from the time of Mr. Groves's arrival in England, when the journal terminates, very little, comparatively, of his own can be inserted. He landed in Scotland, in company with Dr. Duff the missionary and his wife, who had come with him from Calcutta, and with whom he enjoyed much christian intercourse, as appears both from his own journal, and from Dr. Duff's letter. He had also with him a native called Anundo, whose brief history has been already given.

On his arrival, Mr. Groves first sought to accomplish the chief object of his return, and went to Germany and Switzerland in quest of missionaries for his own work and that of others. He was accompanied in this journey by his brother-in-law, Mr. Müller.* Among the first whom he sent out were Messrs. Gros and De Rhot, whose names occur in Mr. Weitbreicht's Memoir, p. 114. Both these devoted servants of God are now fallen asleep. Mr. G. also obtained two missionaries,—Brice, from Devonshire, and Kalberer, a German, for Mr.

* Mary, Mr. G.'s eldest surviving sister, was married, Oct. 7th, 1830, to Mr. Müller, well known in connection with the Orphan houses, on Ashly Down, Bristol.

Start, of Patna, who, like himself, had laboured for many years unconnected with any Society. Other missionaries were raised up to help him in the Lord's work in India, both from Switzerland and from the North of Devonshire.

On his return from the continent, Mr. Groves was married to Harriet, the third daughter of Gen. Baynes, late of Woolbrook, Sidmouth. She had been greatly indebted to him, both for Christian instruction and help in the things of God, before he went out to Bagdad. The event took place at Malvern, on the 25th of April, 1835. The hand of the Lord was very apparent in overcoming, in answer to his prayer, many obstacles and ordering circumstances so as to bring about this union in a very remarkable manner.

The year he spent at home was a checquered one. He had great sympathy and communion with the people of God in Bristol, and in the North of Devon, and thankfully ministered among them; and he visited, for a short time, the brethren at Plymouth. Here he found less comfort, feeling that their original bond of union in the truth as it is in Jesus, had been *changed* for a united testimony against all who differed from them. What this change amounted to in his mind may be gathered from a letter he wrote on leaving England to a brother whom he highly esteemed and loved, and who had formed one of their original number in Dublin, and had been mainly instrumental in organizing a meeting of a similar kind in Plymouth.* This letter was written at Milford Haven, where Mr. Groves and his wife were detained a whole month by contrary winds, when waiting to embark in "the Perfect" for India.

The Missionary party, who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Groves, consisted of Dr. Gundert, two Swiss ladies, Miss Groves, a cousin of Mr. G.'s whom he brought up from childhood,

* It seems but justice to the departed to give his views as they were. Those who read this letter [See appendix G.] must judge for themselves whether he or his friend knew best in what the true unity of believers consists. To many who have lived to see the result of the evils he speaks of, the letter in question seems almost prophetic.

Messrs. Bowden and Beer, with their wives, and the two brethren who were going out to Mr. Start. The period of detention at Milford Haven was enlivened by the love and fellowship of dear friends who accompanied them thither; and the time on board was profitably spent in Christian intercourse. The two Swiss ladies learned English with Mrs. Groves, during the voyage; and all were landed safely July 1836. In the following month, Aug. 11, Mr. Groves's third son, Edward Kennaway, was born.

Soon after his arrival in Madras, Mr. Groves was joined by his elder sons, and the brethren he had left at Bagdad. Mr. Parnell (now Lord Congleton) went with Messrs. Bowden and Beer to the scene of their future labours, and left them at Mesullipatam, where they remained a year.*

The year Mr. Groves spent in Madras was a very trying one, in many respects. It was decided that he should take the general superintendence of the mission, and minister in English, while his brethren learned the native languages.

He the more readily fell into this plan, as he had made up his mind that the best way to meet the tendency he had noticed all over India to complain of any thing like ease or indulgence enjoyed by a missionary, was at once to follow the Apostle's example, and work for his own support, and to encourage those with him to do the same. This led him to practise in Madras, as a dentist, which he did with great success; and one of the Swiss ladies, by employing a few hours a day in teaching French, was able to contribute to the Boarding School Department; but he had very great trials from those who had before received him with much affection. The independent position into which Mr. Rhenius seemed to be forced, for the sake of the converts God had given him in Tinnevelly, was much attributed to Mr. Groves's visit, and the counsel he gave him to remain *by his work*, and serve God, according to his conscience, though the Church Mission were unable, by their rules, to maintain him in his

* The narrative of their work in India may be seen in the "Missionary Reporter" of last July, p. 158.

former position.* The unkind and often untrue reflections cast on him in reference to this matter — for he greatly valued the labours of the Church Missionary Society in India — deeply wounded him ; and so trying did things become in India, that his fellow labourers, Messrs. Parnell and Cronin, left him and returned to England at the end of the following year, taking with them a valuable young christian, called Serkies, a convert from the Armenian Church in Bagdad.† He was induced to accompany them for the purpose of perfecting himself in the study of medicine. Thus Mr. Groves was bereft, on the one hand, of those who had proved so great a comfort to him in Bagdad ; while, on the other hand, he lost the sympathy he so enjoyed from other Christians, and, as he felt, without any just ground.

It is interesting, however, to notice that God, who comforteth those who are cast down, greatly refreshed him, at this time, by the arrival of one of Mrs. Groves's brothers, Mr. G. Baynes, a young artillery officer, lately awakened to the truth. He came from Bombay to visit them, and soon after made up his mind to retire from the army and join them in missionary work. He is often mentioned, in the following pages, by his christian name, ' George.'

We shall fill up this outline of Mr. Groves's life at Madras, with extracts from his journal and letters.

* In Mr. Groves's journal we have already seen the difficulty (after Bishops were sent to India) of maintaining Lutheran Missionaries, who appointed their own catechists ; and Rhenius's position was rendered more trying to the committee by the publication by him of a reply to a bigotted pamphlet, entitled ' The church and her handmaids,' written by Archdeacon Harper. The latter had invited a reply, and promised to print it in a periodical of which he was the Editor : this he never did.

† Serkies was afterwards well known as Dr. Davids, in Manchester, where he practised successfully as a physician. He was a Christian of no ordinary stamp, and died rejoicing in the faith of Christ. This young Persian is remembered as among the most interesting fruits of their Bagdad Mission ; his activity while in Madras will be found noticed in Mr. G.'s Journal.

"*July 7th.* 1836. — In the evening of this day, we anchored at Madras, after a quick and pleasant voyage of three months. Soon after our landing we had letters from Mysore, stating that with all speed the dear brethren from Bagdad would come down and join us.

"My first fortnight was much occupied in making arrangements for carrying on my profession, for which the house we are now in is most convenient; as well as for receiving the dear brethren.

On hearing of all the strife and contention going on in Tinnevelly, he writes:—

"*July 24th.*—My own impression, relative to the affair of Rhenius, is far less comfortable than when I first undertook to care for it.

"Every day my soul feels more and more that the way of strife and contention is the way of moral weakness, even as the way of returning blessing for cursing is one of power.

"My boys joined us in good health and greatly grown. May the Lord establish their goings, and bless them in their service.

"*July 25th.* — This morning we had a most pleasant meeting with our dear boys, Gundert and the rest. I expounded Numb. xviii. showing the nature of the true priesthood in God's family; and dwelling particularly on v. 20, also on 26 to 29; pointing out how the best of the best (comp. v. 18, 19) was appointed as the offering to be rendered to God, who had given Himself (v. 20.) for *their portion.* I heard from Capt. Cotton a nice account of Mokhayel, who had gone to Mocha, and was returning to Syria to preach the Gospel in his own country. We also think that Aratoon, who was the companion and relative of Serkies, will return to Persia to preach the Gospel there to his own people, as his wife and family are left at Ispahan. The account of this convert is very pleasing; and he does truly seem to have given himself to the Lord.

"*July 30th.* — We have just heard that dear Serkies, during his stay here, went to every Armenian house, and *ceased not* to visit them till he was actually turned out. May the Lord abundantly bless the lad! This one fruit of the Bagdad mis-

sion, at all events, is most comforting. He is now living by selling medicines and preaching.

"*Aug.* 1*st.* — I went to-day to Poonamalee to see Capt.——, a young convert, but truly anxious to devote himself to God's work as far as he knows, and he is most diligent in the various ways his situation affords. On returning, I went into Madras to arrange about the brethren, Bowden and Beer, going to Madepollum, and we hope they may be able to depart in about a week. Their stay here has been quite as long as I think is for their good. They have met with great encouragement and brotherly help among the Christians here, and at the Mount, seven miles distant. At the latter place, the converted soldiers and their wives are formed into a little church, all baptized, and, including two native converts, there are nearly forty members. They have contributed about 300 rupees towards the expenses of these brethren. I cannot but rejoice in this expression of love, but its permanence and benefit must depend on the way they use this bounty, which I feel they are disposed to do very holily.

"I received a letter from Calcutta which greatly comforted me. The Langs are much delighted with De Rhot and Gros, They have arranged for their expenses. I rejoice in the Lord's gracious ordering of all these matters; the more so, because I know from experience, how difficult they are to arrange; it is a proof also of the Lord's standing up for me, against all the evil surmisings made and circulated in Germany and Switzerland, both as to the truth of my undertaking and my capability of accomplishing it. But, above all, I am thankful that they themselves are happy, and rejoicing in their work. The two new brethren, our dear companions, Brice and Keelberer, are most happy, and their employers are greatly pleased with them

The following extract will show the pains he took to ascertain the exact state of things in Tinnevelly, and hisdesire to promote *peace* there while carrying on the work of God.

"*Aug.* 6*th.* — Dr. Gundert went down yesterday to Palemcottah to converse with Rhenius and his brethren on their affairs, reports about them being very contradictory. May the Lord

bless this journey to the *peace* of the mission, and the prosperity of His kingdom. I consider Gundert particularly suited to make enquiry, because of his patience and impartiality.

"*Aug.* 11*th.* — To-night, in the very joy of my heart, I must write that my beloved wife has been safely confined of a dear little boy. I seem quite overwhelmed at the Lord's goodness in thus bringing her so happily through her time of trial, and to feel that what I have looked forward to with anxiety these many months, has hardly been other than a season of joy.

"*Aug.* 13*th.* — The Barnstaple party (brethren Bowden and Beer and their wives) left this for Masullipatam, and dear Mr. Parnell took charge of them.

"I think it probable that I may go in two or three months to Bangalore; I can have all my expenses paid, and am promised that the visit shall be made valuable in a professional way. I have also an opening there for carrying on the work of God among dear Christian friends, who have invited us to stay with them.

"*Aug.* 22*nd.* — Since I last wrote, our Barnstaple brethren and sisters have reached Masullipatam, and are preparing for their future labour. Our brother Parnell goes on to Bengal from Coringa, and hopes to be back in three months.

"*Aug.* 24*th.*—I have received a most interesting letter to-day, from Masullipatam. Dear Mr. Parnell writes that Mr. P——, the judge, sent him 200 rupees for the use of his brethren; others were increasing their stock of household furniture; and Dr. Morton, of the 47th, offered them his medical assistance.

"*Aug.* 29*th.* — My profession has every promise of success, and I have determined, the Lord willing, to remain here about three months and then proceed to Bangalore.

"We have, by God's grace, begun the Native Female Boarding School, with some prospect of success. I find every one weary of the contention between Rhenius and the Church Missionary Society, wishing to have quietness and peace restored. That the Lord may make G.'s visit, and my strong letters, subservient *to this end* is my earnest prayer.

"*Sept.* 3*rd.* — I hope everything connected with Tinnevelly

will be soon arranged ; but it will not be without much difficulty. Gundert is still there, and will help forward every arrangement for *peace* and love, which is all I desire.

" *Sept. 5th.* — We have innumerable trials here of one sort or another, but I do so feel they are to sanctify and prove us, and to keep us *looking only* unto Jesus. The independence that my profession gives me, and the access that I have had to many souls by means of it, is very valuable.

" *Oct 7th.* — The affairs of Rhenius deeply interest and much occupy me. Things in Tinnevelly may have been very defective, but there is freedom for the truth there, and the more I examine it, the more I am persuaded it is a field of usefulness no where to be equalled in India. For myself, so long as the brethren act in holiness and devotedness, I purpose devoting my undivided energies to them and their many wants, in men and means ; it encourages the working of my hands, to think that the Lord has accepted it for their help. All the accounts I receive from Tinnevelly are most happy, and all the trials have only been God's way of purifying them, and bringing them down to that simplicity which is so very desirable. O, may the Lord give us grace to strive after *His will* as our meat and drink ! We are much blest in our own little company, who are truly seeking to serve the Lord.

" *Oct. 24th.* — Much that passes around tries me. Our love seems to give a sharpness to the sword that some, of whom we had hoped better things, wield against us ; but its tendency, in the end, is to harden ; still the process which the heart passes in attaining this insensibility is often its being steeped in sorrow. Yet it is not healthy to feel indifferent to those acts which displease God. If they merely charged you with what was true, you would bear it, though they made a crime of what you felt honourable ; but there is an eagerness to circulate the most unfounded calumnies and no willingness to contradict them in those who *know* them to be false. They seem to think, at all events, if it does nothing else, it will tend to sink me ; but it is far otherwise : for by stopping up my path in many ways, they leave my time unmolested for that *very object* they would

most desire to obstruct. It is not agreement of *opinion* that my heart so much seeks, sweet as that is; but it is that *fellowship* of *love* which delights not to make a brother an offender for a word. Truly unsanctified light is as likely to become the destruction of the body of Christ as uninstructed darkness. The affairs of Rhenius and his three colleagues are now come to a close, as far as any hope of *reconciling* matters is concerned. They are willing to submit to any arbitration of Christian men, but the Committee will enter into no consideration of any question that has not for its *basis* the *departure* of the brethren from Tinnevelly, and to this my whole soul daily feels more and more opposed. They are, with all their faults, *dear* brethren; open to truth and capable of improvement; and, I trust, they will show that Societies are not *needed* to *carry on* very extensive missionary work, any more than to begin it. They are receiving money from Germany, and God has, hitherto, wonderfully supported them. And now the Lord will decide where and with whom His blessing shall abide.

"*Nov. 12th. Visit to Bangalore.*—When I arrived on the high land of Mysore, covered with lofty rocky hills on every side, there was an elasticity in the air which made me feel so capable of enjoying all around me, that I regretted I had not brought my wife with me. Here it is so cold at five o'clock in the morning, that I am writing wrapped up in my cloak with a fur collar.

"*Nov. 15th.*—At Bangalore the barriers to intercourse with the saints, as such, are not so strong as at Madras. Still the effects of centuries of traditionary thought are visible every where; and hardly any one seems able, on certain subjects, to trust himself simply with God's Word. Yet the thing that damps my heart, as to myself, is, that I believe that many of these, surrounded as they are by the principles of error, love Jesus more fervently, and more simply, than I do; and this I consider the *end* of all knowledge, and all other things only the *means* to it; so I have no heart to condemn.

"May we all endeavour to feed together on the dainty things

of the King's table, and together have our conversation in heaven! The world is very low, both in its glory and in its aims; let us press forward, so as to live in the anticipated glories of the kingdom; and, when clouds gather, let us remember, we are the King's children, and it is but for a *moment* that any dishonour can reach us, and that only for the sake of our true glory; for it is appointed unto us to be 'as He is,' who is our Husband and Head."

Relative to his plans for serving God in India, he writes:—"I find such doubt infused into almost all minds, that nothing but *God's grace*, in quietly walking in holiness before them, can allow one to hope to eradicate it: yet, 'when a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.' My soul at times feels that if we were lodged in some vast wilderness, only seeking nearness to God, we could be so happy: it seems so hard to be conscious of desiring only the blessing of others, and their liberty in Christ, and yet to be esteemed a disturber of their peace. But I find daily, that men would rather suffer any measure of bondage in the things of religion, than dwell in individual responsibility before God for every action, thought and affection. Sectarian exclusiveness, and the fondness of man to make his own knowledge the measure of another man's liberty, are deeply rooted, bitter weeds.

"My profession helps me here as in Madras, not only supplying me with means, but giving me an ostensible calling wherever I go; so that no man can set up a cry against me, as having no object but to unsettle the minds of others. Indeed my whole design is to enlarge the narrow cells of the hearts of the saints of God, to receive all whom Christ has received, to the glory of God the Father. And if they will stay in their own little enclosures, I desire they may arrive at a stature which may enable them to look with complacency and love over the walls they have built around themselves, into the gardens of others. There is evidently an enlargement of thought about the things of God growing up among Christians here, which I feel will have a mighty result. The number of those who are looking

to the glorious appearing of the Lord of glory increases continually. I have written home for 300 copies of the Oxford Bible, as the soldiers are so anxious to possess copies with references.

"1837, *Jan.* 1*st. Madras.*—May the Lord make this a happy year! I know not what lies before me, but I feel rest will not be found here. I should feel at times most desolate but for the fellowship of those in my own house. The sense of a happy home always cheers me. Our Swiss sisters give us uninterrupted comfort; Julie is quite an *example* to us all, most firm in principle and constant in practice. Hannai is a greater comfort to us than we could have anticipated, and a watchful guardian to the dear little boy. We have now in Madras twelve who were with us in Bagdad. What an assemblage in such a distant spot!

"*Feb.* 3*rd.*—We have to-day come to the determination to seek a settlement out of Madras. Mr. Parnell and Henry are gone out in search of one. I could in many ways content myself with being away from this presidency. There is much to wound the heart in it. With *our* principles we cannot hope to escape hard thoughts. May the Lord Himself be ever our satisfying portion; and, if we twine round one another, may it be to strengthen each other in the simple purpose of living and dying the Lord's. The earth has such a tendency to drag down the soul, that nothing but living in Jesus can bear us above the sphere of its evil influences.

"The dear old bishop (Corrie) is dead, and was buried yesterday. A man with a kinder, sweeter spirit we could not have, and he was untarnished by his elevation. We went to his funeral. I loved him much, and wish I could feel the system with which he was connected right, but I cannot. Every day my heart is more and more convinced we must stand by the truth the Lord has revealed to us, and for which the Lord has made us responsible to Himself and to the Church. We shall all go out among the heathen in two or three weeks.

"*Feb.* 21*st.*—I am going to-day to preach to the soldiers at Poonamalee, and hope to return in the evening.

"*Feb. 26th.* — To-day we had a happy little meeting, and dedicated our little boy to God, on the warrant of Mark x, 13—16. For, if it be true that where two or three are met together in the name of Christ, there He is, and that His arm is not shortened that it cannot save, nor His ear heavy that it cannot hear; we have as full a warrant to bring our little ones to Him, to take them in His arms and lay His hands upon them and bless them, as though He were visible to our eye of sense, and I feel assured He would rebuke with displeasure those who forbad them, and would again say, 'Suffer little children to come unto me'."

At this time, Mr. Groves wrote to his wife's sister :—

"George is daily more valuable to us, and his presence with us makes our life here much happier. He, like others, has been cautioned against us, but his fears are fast passing away. We were, in many ways, anxious about his coming to us, thinking, that having had his views of Christianity formed on models so different from ours, he would feel something like a revulsion against the simplicity that marked our external worship. But, from the day he came among us, he acknowledged what he saw to be scriptural, and submitted to it. Thus he was introduced into a new world of thought, and he, evidently, was very happy. Henry and Frank were very fond of him, and he of them, and they pursued their studies together. Before he came, Harriet begged I would say nothing to him about the army; and, for many reasons, I did not; nor did his conversation show the least thought passing in his mind about it. He went with me and Captain Walker, the aide-de-camp of the Commander in Chief, to Poonamalee, to preach. I chose the Laodicean church as my subject; his mind became impressed, and he lingered behind us all the way home; and the next day he told Harriet he had made up his mind to quit the army. So strong was his impression, that it was not the place of the Christian's *greatest* usefulness, that he would have applied for leave to retire at once, not thinking it right to receive pay, after he had determined to quit; but I persuaded him to let all remain quiet for five or six months, and during that time, to write to all who

were interested in his welfare, in order to give them at least an opportunity of saying all they had to say. He could also, if he liked, till the expiration of his leave, study the language; and then, before he took any irrevocable step, and after he had become acquainted with the work, on which he has proposed entering, go to Bombay and settle all his affairs; for I feel it would take away much from the real moral power of his testimony, if he were either to act precipitately, or under the influence of exclusive association with us.

"*March 14th.* — Mr. Day, a missionary from America, who has been staying at Chichacole near Vizagapatam, was telling me last evening of an interesting conversion. A man residing between that place and Ganjam had received a tract from some one wearing a hat, who came into his village. He carried the tract home, and put it into a chest. Four or five years after, he saw in the village Mr. Russel, who was engaged in the Goonsoor war; and the circumstance of his wearing a hat brought to his remembrance the tract he had received. He went home, took it out of his chest, perused it, and was so deeply interested in it, that he wrote to Mr. Russel enquiring about Christianity. Mr. R. replied, that he would see him on the subject of his enquiry; but he went away without doing so. The man was then directed to go to Chickacole, where a lady gave him some instruction; and from thence he proceeded to Ganjam, where he was baptized; and he is now faithfully preaching the truth. At Chickacole, he was shown into a Roman Catholic chapel; but when he saw the images and the paraphernalia of Romish Christianity, he rejected them, as being of the things he had left behind in quitting heathenism.

"*April.* — We have much to be thankful for, amidst the many trials which have not ceased to press upon us since we reached this place. On our arrival in India, I looked forward to a severe struggle with the opponents of Mr. Rhenius, but my anticipations were nothing in comparison with my experience, either as to its spirit or its extent. I thought, too, in fighting this battle, I should have had my companions in labour fully with me, and indeed we are of one mind in the matter. Dear

Mr. Parnell, after having opposed Mr. Cronin's intended return to England, determined to begin learning Tamil, though, evidently, he did not feel sure he was called to missionary work. It is not therefore surprising that he gave up the study after his Monshee had been with him a few days, intending to return to Western Asia, Syria, or Palestine, by way of England.* His departure greatly alters my circumstances; but I must thankfully receive it at the Lord's hands, as obliging me to act simply to Him, and I do feel my soul so much more happy in this state of dependence upon God. The Lord, I know, will be with me in it, and, through it, make me triumph.

"With all who came out with us, we are most happy. The Swiss sisters are most steady; Gundert is devoted to missionary work; Henry and George are studying together most diligently. The latter is most humble and self-denying, and thirsting for the truth. My whole heart blesses God for what Gundert tells me is going on in Tinnevelly."

In April Mr. Groves visited Bangalore a second time: from thence he writes:—

"I have abundance of work for the Lord here, and I look to Him to accept and bless me in my service. My profession gives me access to many I should not otherwise see; and the Lord blesses me by allowing me to bring very many of the people of God, to contemplate subjection to Jesus, as a very different thing to attachment to a system. I have just heard the Commandant has been to the Commissioner to know what he could do with me, and was told he had nothing to do with me at all; I was answerable to the civil, not to the military authorities. I cannot but think this is at the instigation of one of the chaplains; a man who knows not the truth, a great part of whose congregation came to me on a Sunday morning. Once before he got me into trouble, but here the Lord has stopped him.

* Family circumstances hindered the carrying out of these intentions. The reason assigned by Mr. Cronin for going home was the care of his little girl, then between nine and ten years of age.

"*April 15th.* — I find dear Lady Powerscourt has gone to her sweet rest. The thought greatly refreshes me; for it is an evil world, and now the Lord is sure to keep her till the day of glory.—Ah! how blessed a day! May we be faithful till death, that the crown of life may be ours. I preach here Sundays and Fridays, and sometimes to a goodly company. The Lord has been very good to me: but a 'little while,' and what a scene lies before us! when the happy list of sanctified ones, who have 'washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb,' and whom we knew and loved, will be with us. What a set off against the toil and strife of this selfish world is the day of manifestation yet to come! As I came out to Bagdad alone, so I am likely to remain in India alone. Of Mr. Cronin's leaving you have already heard, and also of Mr. Parnell's plans for Syria and England.

"*April 18th.* — Dearest John Parnell is come down from Pulicot to minister to the little Church in our house, while I am away. Thirteen of us generally break bread together. There has not been an unkind word between us, and we part perfectly happy.

"Again, as at the commencement, eight years ago, I am become, with all my dear party, dependent on the Lord, and I do feel it so sweet to look only to Him, and to have my daily wants supplied by His dear hand. May the Lord Himself bless us, and lift up the light of His countenance upon us, and give us peace! I have long felt the spiritual joy found in communion with Him—the only true and abiding source of happiness. What I pray for is the mind of Christ, and the faith which enables me to commit to Him that which is too hard for us. I feel the Lord is leading us, and if He only sanctifies all will be well, though the *flesh* may shrink from the ordeal of present trials: however rough other things may seem, if I may but glorify God in all I have to pass through, and find my happiness more in Him alone, I shall be content, and my peace will, I know, flow as a river when I can say 'all my springs are in thee.'

CHAPTER XV.

REMOVAL TO CHITTOOR — HAPPY RESULT OF HIS ENGLISH MINISTRY — PLANS FOR A SELF-SUPPORTING MISSION AMONG NATIVES — MISSIONARY TOURS — ACCESSION OF VALUABLE MISSIONARY HELP — ACCOUNT OF MACARTHY AND MACFARLAINE, ALSO MR. WALHOUSE — DEPARTURE OF DR. AND MRS. GUNDERT — DEATH OF MR. WALHOUSE.

FINDING his work greatly hindered by secret influences in Madras, and hearing that Chittoor, a civil station, ninety-six miles from the Presidency, had no missionary, Mr. Groves purchased a house there, on reasonable terms, and in July 1837 removed thither with his missionary family, which now contained only three of those who had left England with himself and his wife. One of the Swiss ladies had been obliged to return to Europe, from ill health, but the other, M^lle^ Dubois, remained, and assisted Miss Groves in the native girls' school. Her services were greatly prized by Mrs. Groves; Dr. Gundert and Mr. Baynes superintended the work among the natives, and continued for some years Mr. Groves's helpers. This was an interesting period in his missionary life. They frequently visited Arcot, which then contained two cavalry regiments, also Vellore; and they made monthly mission tours, so that tidings from the villages often refreshed the hearts of those at home. They had also two native helpers named Andrew and Aroolappen, and during these years, a hundred children were fed, clothed, and instructed, in the boys' and girls' schools. Several of the European residents at Chittoor were also awakened and turned to the Lord, through Mr. Groves's ministry.

"The subject of a self-supporting mission was at this time occupying many minds, and Mr. Groves had much correspondence on the subject: indeed, one of his objects in moving to

Chittoor was to seek a way of carrying out his plans for the benefit of the natives; for though at Madras he was able to support all the missionary party, employment was greatly needed for the native converts, who, by embracing Christianity, lost their means of support. Besides the direct example of the Apostle, in combining manual labour with work among the heathen, Mr. Groves often alluded to an observation of a Mohammedan 'Moollah,' at Bagdad, which had evidently confirmed his judgment on this question. This man had said, 'I know you are devoted men, and give much away, but I know not what your motives are, or what the extent of your riches. If I saw persons labouring from day to day, and giving the fruit of their labour to the poor, or to missions, I should then see they were making sacrifices for God.' "

In July 1839, Mr. and Mrs. Groves had the trial of parting with their fellow-labourers, Dr. Gundert and Miss Dubois, who married before their departure. They had, however, the comfort of knowing that they only changed their *place* of service. They are actively employed to this day, in the Western Coast of India, in connection with the Basle Missionary Society.

It was a peculiar feature in Mr. Groves's character, that he *cheerfully* gave up his most *valued* fellow-labourers, if they felt the Lord had led them to another sphere of service. So that the work of God was done, he was content; and, in this case, he felt it very reasonable that the ties of college friendship and national claims should be acknowledged: and he was of opinion that people worked best in the atmosphere most congenial and pleasant to themselves. He liked all with him to feel themselves the *Lord's servants*, and was careful not to obstruct their way in carrying out any new plan of labour.

The loss of Dr. Gundert seemed for a while supplied by the arrival of a dear and devoted christian man, Mr. Walhouse, who had been an officer of the Madras European Regiment. He joined the Chittoor mission in Jan. 1840, and while he remained was a great comfort; but it pleased God, the following August, to take him to Himself. He caught fever on the hills near Salem, where he had gone with Mr. Groves's second son,

whose life was also despaired of, but the Lord, who in the midst of judgment remembers mercy, graciously spared his father this greater loss: so that he had yet occasion to give thanks and speak well of His name, whose compassions fail not. It was also towards the close of this year that his fourth and youngest son, George Norris, was born at Chittoor.

The following extract from Mr. Groves's letters and journals from 1837 to 1840, are interesting in connection with the period we have been describing.

"We arrived at Chittoor on the 8th of July, after a pleasant journey of five days from Madras, and found there George Gundert and Henry, prepared to receive us with open arms. Our party consisted of Mrs. Groves, Julie, (M^lle^ Dubois,) Emma, (Miss Groves,) Hannai, seven little native children, and myself. We had also two native readers, and these, with a catechist and his wife, now constitute the body collected here.

"We have enclosed all the back of the Bungalow, occupied by the sisters and their little charge, with a nice high verandah, covered with tiles; it is about 35 yards square. We are also building a little school-room which is to be used in the morning for day scholars, and at other times as a chapel. It is beautifully situated, under the shade of some tall mangoe trees.

"Since our arrival here, we have had many proofs of love; not less than a thousand rupees have been sent in about a month towards the expenses of our mission.

"Gundert has a school at a village called Sandepett (about two miles off,) and George and Henry are thinking of having one for the Telegoo children in or near our compound.

"*July 10th.* — When I consider how long we have been without a home, I cannot sufficiently bless God for bringing us here and giving us a resting-place, which, had we thought only of natural things, might have much attracted us, surrounded as it is by hills, both near and in the distance, whilst immediately before us lies a rich and beautiful valley. The climate here is very healthy; the nights are much colder than in Madras, but for an hour or two in the middle of the day, I think it is *hotter*; we are, however, close in the neighbourhood of the higher

Ghauts, so that should we need change we could get it without forsaking our work. As to George, he is quite a treasure to us; and I do believe him to be truly happy in the work he has undertaken. I have to-day obtained a little preaching place opposite the Zillah Court. I find it does not do to meet at your own house. Many of the half-castes would not come, and many of the residents whom you do not visit would stay away. May the Lord be with us, and bless us."

After some months' residence in Chittoor, he writes:—

"Though we have been rejected, trampled on, and avoided as a plague, the Lord has given us His seal and testimony, and there is a work going on silently, which they cannot stop."

Speaking of the Chaldean servant, he says:—

"She is an inconceivable help, and does so watch over both baby and his dear mamma, that it is a great comfort while I am away."

Of the love we owe to all the Lord's people, he says:—

"I feel so deeply the load of evil our most gracious Lord must see every day in all of us, and how much, even the truest heart moves in masquerade attire, that it is most happy to be able to forgive and love all. Love to all saints is an eternal treasure, which will never find wings or fly away; but, having its root in God, will eternally bear fruit to God. I sometimes wonder that we have been separated from many that we love, yet the Lord may see that too many natural sources of happiness might clog the wheels of our sluggish chariots; and it is but a little moment, and the clouds of time will disperse, and the revelation of the glory will succeed them."

Of his position in Chittoor, he says, "I feel in every way most grateful for our prospects here. There is a quiet peace, which encourages diligence and imparts rest to the spirit: all are diligently studying the language; George and Henry make progress in Telegoo. You ask me to give you my opinion about separating from evil. I as fully admit as you can desire, that *in my own person*, it is my *bounden* duty to depart from *every* evil thing; but the judgment of *others*, and consequent separation from them, I am daily more satisfied is *not of God.*

The blessing of God rests on those who are separated *by others* from their company, and it is a mark of apostacy to be of those who 'separate themselves' from God's own redeemed ones; moreover, if ever there was a witness for God on earth, that witness was Jesus, and He never separated Himself from the synagogues; and this, if it proves nothing more, proves that *separation* is not the *only* way of witness, and yet He was emphatically, 'separate from sinners,' not from their *persons*, nor *assemblies*, but *separate from their sins*.

"*Aug.* 18th. — We seem now settling down to our work in the midst of these lands of darkness, feeling so thankful to the Lord for having afforded us such a place of shelter, till He come, who is the glory of the saint's life.

"*Sunday.* — We had to-day all the people of the station to hear the word, and my hope is, that some will hear to the saving of their souls. I have a strong impression the Lord will bless us here, and make us a help both to Europeans and natives. Our circumstances, in many ways, are very favourable; we are cast upon God, and have to seek from Him only the true light, and the guidance He has promised for every step of the way. We rejoice to hear that others are feasting on the hope that maketh not ashamed; how the remembrance that all sorrow shall cease, and all tears shall be dried, heals, even now, the bitter waters of this parched world. We shall then feel how wise have been all our Father's dealings with us. How will the darkest scenes of time burst into brightness, when seen through the unincumbered medium of the soul's divine vision.

"*Aug.* 19*th.*—Two little girls came to the native school as boarders to-day; I trust the first-fruits of a harvest. Also two brethren, whose names are Mac Carthy and Mac Farlane, who have obtained their discharge from the army, came to join our missionary party. One speaks Tamil better than English, the other has been studying Telegoo. We think of establishing them in some field of labour near us.

"*Aug.* 21*st.* — This morning, about half-past three o'clock, I went over to Arcot, a distance of thirty miles, in order to lec-

ture in the evening at the house of an officer. Many were present, but I found afterwards that most of them knew not their right hand from their left in the things of God.

"*Aug. 25th.* — I have had an invitation from the circuit judges to preach in the provincial court-house, instead of the Zillah court. I feel the Lord is opening for me here a much wider field than I had at Madras.

"*Aug. 28th* — Our catechist Andrew, sent to us from Tinnevelly, is a great comfort to us; so humble and diligent, and I do think fervent for the Lord, far above an ordinary native. This evening I walked over to Sandepett to see the school, and whilst Gundert was examining the boys, and afterwards speaking to the people assembled without, who listened, apparently, with great attention, I could not help feeling that there is at least an open door here for the publication of the gospel. Whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, still depends on the power with which the Spirit bears witness to the things of Jesus.

"*Sep. 3rd.* — At our little weekly missionary conference last evening, it was determined that dearest George should proceed to Bombay, during this week; and that Gundert should go out with the catechist to some heathen villages on the west, to find a settlement for Mac Carthy and Mac Farlane.

"*Sept. 5th.* — We have planted several coffee trees and abundance of cotton; a little rain is wanted to make them flourish. O, what a world this would be, if the Lord's spiritual garden did but flourish as His natural one does; both, if neglected, are soon overrun with weeds, and it is no little trouble to keep them under. By constantly stopping the seeding of the natural weeds, you can overcome them; but who can clear the heart of its weeds? They both blossom and seed in an hour.

"*Sept. 23rd.* — We have had many more here at the Lord's Supper than at Madras, and I cannot but feel the Lord is with us. But I long for nearer access to God, and for a more abiding realization of the nothingness of all here, and the eternal reality of all that is beyond, so that my soul may ever mount,

as with eagles' wings, in an unfailing hope of that day which is to reveal fully the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off. I also daily more and more desire to see raised up for God, discriminating witnesses, discerning between things that differ; enduring the evil for the sake of the good, rather than fleeing from the good for fear of the evil. I am so fixed in this principle, that I could never give it up, even were those I most love to oppose me in it. It is, to my conscience, the breath of God; the image of God's actings, and God's mind.

"*Oct. 10th.* — The dissensions among many dear children of God in England make one long for the Lord's coming; for if those who are confessedly walking in so much grace and singleness of eye cannot walk in 'unity and love, and by bearing one another's burthens, fulfil the law of Christ,' who can be expected to do it? More especially as *both* sides allow the very widest principles of communion, compatible with what each thinks to be for the safety of the Ark.

"*Oct. 11th.* — I have had all manner of evil said against me, but the Lord does not allow my testimony to fall unheeded to the ground; and though I have many other trials, and such as make me feel our position requires much wisdom; still in all this variety of circumstances, I find it is so *very* blessed to have the *Lord* as the bearer of our burdens; the one to *care* for us. Notwithstanding all efforts against us, we are still prospering, according to the measure of a dispensation that declares, 'strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it.' Those especial principles that take glory from the creature and put it upon Christ will never find acceptance with men; and even in the Church, they will meet, I fear, but a cold reception.

"My heart has perfect repose in the thought of being rejected. I only trust I shall always be able to bear it in meekness; neither in proud disdain turning from and scorning those who thus act, nor in self vindication retaliating; but accepting all simply as that path in which we are to have fellowship with Jesus, who was so misunderstood, and whose principles were so

little appreciated even by His apostles and brethren. It is so valuable a school to learn in; the one in which the more you love, the less you are loved, and still not to faint or be weary. At times my heart is very sick at the aspect of things, such division, such jealousies, such evil surmisings! but then I think, thus it was with Jesus; if I am called a teacher of blasphemy, so was He; if I am called a sabbath breaker, so was He; if my authority to teach is questioned, so was His; though it was the wisdom of His Father; if He was rejected by His own people, so are we; if I am accused of betraying the city of Zion into the hands of her enemies, because I would turn out those who occupy the temple as thieves, to buy and sell in it, so was Jesus: He was accused of betraying His nation to the Romans, or of so acting that they would come and take it away if he were allowed to continue: should we then be surprised, that if He was called Beelzebub His household should share the same fate?

"I feel it so important to strengthen those foundations, which rest on Jesus, though I weaken those which rest on man. It is not a popular ministry, but God has given me lessons both to learn and to teach, whether willingly or not, that destroy all thoughts of personal ambition, and in my inmost soul I accept it of the Lord's hand, as most right and necessary for me.

"*Nov. 11th.*—We have much of Joseph's portion here; (Gen. xlix. 22—26;) the archer's shoot, but the Lord defends; our brethren hate, but the Lord shows love; and the vine that runs over the wall will, I trust, extend His branches, even here, that we may rejoice in His shade, and eat of His fruit.

"The Tuesday evening meetings bring us together around God's word, and may, perhaps, yet be more useful than they have been. Most marvellous are the efforts that are made to keep up the alarm about the tendency of our doctrines."

Writing to dear relatives, he says:—

"I shall unceasingly give myself unto prayer, that you may all know experimentally the power of that faith, which, through Jesus, gives access to God, and joy in tribulation. We have all much dross and tin to be purged away, before we can really joy

in the God of our salvation, in all the aspects His providence bears towards us. Let us think that it is but a little while and the kingdom and glory will come, and all this will be at an end, and we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known. It is my joy to believe, that there is a holy pleasant company, walking even now as risen saints, whom the Lord will own as His peculiar treasure in the day of His manifestation. The Lord is very much working for us here, and, I think, clearing our way. Our desire is to walk worthy of the redeemed saints in glory, the companions and friends of Jesus."

In his journal we find the following entry.—"Gundert is gone out again on a missionary tour; he left on Monday, and we do not expect him till Saturday. I have a Brahmin coming to me every day who has a masterly knowledge of English, and the details of history, Geography, &c., &c. Yet his heart is untouched by one spark of the grace of the gospel, though he seems much struck by the sublimity of those Christian principles which I daily put before him, in contrast with those which govern the world.

"*Sunday, Nov. 10th.* — At Arcot, Gundert found every effort had been made to cast doubts into the minds of men, relative to my soundness in the faith; especially, because I consider *Christ's life* and *words* our *only rule* of *life;* but this evil speaking has less and less effect; so many have heard me now here, that they practically reject the accusation, though they may understand too little to disprove it verbally; but I feel such peace in leaving my cause with the Lord.

"I have received 300 rupees from dear H. H. for Rhenius. I would there were many like him, but the Lord still supplies him, and for His own glory, I doubt not that He will. What a blessing it is that the Lord's heart is so large, that He can help whenever He sees *some good* thing; whereas man withdraws, because he sees *some evil* thing, which is generally found to mean something that wounds his own self-love in the little scheme he has set up as perfection.

"*Nov. 14th.* — The Lord's work seems prospering in those who are really affected by the preaching of Christ. We heard

from the nurse, who has been attending the wife of the Registrar of the Zillah Court, that since she last attended that lady, under similar circumstances, a mighty change has taken place in the family: then nothing was thought of but balls and parties; now her only thought is, how soon she may be able to go out again to attend the ministry of the word. We have also very nice accounts of those who are awakened to the truth at Arcot, to which place Henry and I proceed this evening.

"The second circuit judge told me to-day that I had given them at least something to think on. I spoke from Ezekiel xxxiii. 30—33.

"*Nov. 17th.* — I have just returned from Arcot, where I found that the spirit of opposition to me had been in active operation to deter every one from coming near me; however there are a few whom these very circumstances tend to establish, and to oblige, like the Bereans of old, to search the scriptures, whether these things are so. Here I find also many minds in *deep exercise.* One person I trust is truly converted to God; but among all, I hear, there is great searching of the scriptures, and this truly comforts me; but the insinuations against me, and general charges that specify nothing, try me much at times; but I feel it so blessed to have the Lord to cast all care upon, for there is no one who bears burdens like Him. The cholera has made sad havoc here, and in various places, but we have all been mercifully preserved.

"I have it in my heart to go over once a month to Arcot, on the Lord's day, in order to have a little gathering there. May the Lord grant that, like the Israelites in Egypt, the more we are persecuted, the more we may grow. I find on every side many are inquiring about that way, and we heard from one, who is acquainted with all the private circles of this place, that there is a deep and general enquiry here. Do not cease to pray for us, that the Lord may make His arm bare in our behalf; for we are greatly spoken against, for His name's sake. Much as I am tried, I do not feel discouraged, but am more than ever determined to abide by my ministry. To that end I give up a portion of my time to preparation, which I am sure the Lord owns

"*Nov. 23rd.* — The strife is still going on here, some saying he is a good man, others, nay, but he deceiveth the people; but the Lord's work I trust is prospering, and religious subjects are now the common topics even in worldly society; some are very angry, others deeply interested.

"*Nov. 26th.* — Loyalty to Christ is what I seek in every Christian, not zeal for his own particular views, or the views of any sect, however designated. It therefore greatly comforts me that they do not even assert, much less prove against us, any rebellion towards His headship and glory, who is 'God over all, blessed for ever.'

"It has long been my opinion that the characteristic marks of Satan's active working are the traducing God's children by general charges and unsupported allusions, whereas truth is specific and clear, and rests simply on GOD'S WORD. Passively Satan's works are known by withdrawing men from the light, 'neither will they come to the light, lest their deeds should be reproved,' whereas truth is bold as a lion, and comes to the light, knowing that its words and works are wrought in God. I wish you to understand distinctly, that whilst for myself I feel every ray of light given me of God, to be a talent I dare not hide, yet I entirely disallow the right of *judging* and rejecting *others*, seeing the Lord has said, 'Judge nothing before the time,' the Lord is at hand, showing by whom, and at what time, judgment shall be administered: and again, 'who art thou that condemnest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth, yea, he shall be holden up, for God is able to make him stand.' This clearly evinces to my mind God's abhorrence of our judging one another: whilst He as strongly tells us by the apostles to judge *ourselves*, that we may not be judged of the Lord. I see on every side, nothing but a tendency to reverse this order. Men unmercifully and unsparingly judge others, and neglect to judge themselves; they are keen-sighted as eagles to see motes in others' eyes, but perceive not the beams in their own.

"1838, *Feb. 27th.*—We have a little heathen girl, an orphan, brought to-day, from a distance of about 200 miles. It

seems a long weary way as travelling is in this country. May it be to fulfil the Lord's purpose of grace towards her, in bringing her into the fellowship of Christ's kingdom! When I saw the heathen mark on her little forehead, I could not but desire she might receive the Lord's seal instead of it.

"*March 2nd.* — We hear that a Mr. W. is appointed judge here: he seems very well disposed towards the labours in which we are engaged, and will, I trust, work happily with us. This circumstance is the more pleasing because we anticipated something very different; indeed, the Lord does truly make things work for our peace."

In reference to the many who were now under his care, and the responsibilities they involved, Mr. Groves writes:—

"How sweet an example Ezra is, in passing through the wilderness to the promised land, with all his encumbrances of gold, silver, children, and women. (Ezra viii, 22, 23.) Surely we might learn *much* from his example. I would that our faith in God were more lively as respects His fatherly character, as a God whose hand is upon all those for good who seek Him, and against those who forsake Him. It was so wise, Ezra's not seeking the shortest or the easiest way, but the *right* way for the little ones, and for all their substance. Unbelief might have pleaded David's application to Hiram, as an excuse for asking help of the king, and also that there was no express prohibition against it; but Ezra's eye was single, and he saw how to find the right way, even by committing all to God, who then directed his path."

Relative to Rhenius, and those with him, Mr. Groves writes:—

"The dear brethren at Tinnevelly seem getting on nicely; their work appears extending, and the Lord's blessing rests on their labours, exactly in the proportion that man discountenances them.

"We fear the devil is at work very actively in this place, and I do not at all expect we shall go on without his doing his best to disturb the Lord's work; but this is my comfort, that the things which are of God will stand, let man do what

he may to hinder, and I desire not to wish for the establishment of anything that is not His.

"I have to-day been laying the foundation of our future little chapel, and I pray the Lord may be with us in all connected with it. To-night we heard of the death of a young half-caste, who appears to have died in the faith and hope of the gospel, and attributes his conversion to some books Mrs. A—— gave him, and some conversations of beloved George's. These things greatly delight us, and more than compensate for a thousand little trials. When my soul sees the storm again rising among us, I for a moment tremble, but my heart returns and rests on its Lord, who alone abides faithful amidst faithlessness; but truly it is as great an honour to be the cause of enmity to those who reject Jesus, as of happiness to those who love Him: but surely here our portion is one of fluctuations and tribulations, sharing present sorrow, and living in the hope of future glory.

"Did you ever consider Numb. xviii, comparing verses 12, and 26, 29? God's demanding from the people their 'best,' for the service of the sancturary, and from those who serve in the sanctuary their tenth from the best of this best; the expectation of God from the Levite was then the 'best of the best;' and if you contrast this with the spirit manifested in the time of Malachi, when the people offered the worst of the bad, and said to God, what have we done amiss? we see the true spirit of apostacy in all dispensations; how different from David's spirit, 'neither will I offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing.'

"This evening we received a parcel of tracts from home. There was one new tract on 'Open Communion and liberty of Ministry' very nice, but wanting in Scripture *order*, to make its design complete in that way. It is not enough to show the disorder of the things in the flesh, without showing the order of things in the Spirit. Do you not think that God designed Moses to be a much more perfect type of Christ than he ultimately became? I think his faithlessness about his power of speech lost him the priesthood and gave it to Aaron; by his

complaining of his inadequacy to the government of the people, he lost the full glory of the kingly character, and had associated with him seventy rulers, who were supplied by the spirit *taken from him;* and again, he lost the glory of leading the people into the promised land, by his hastiness at Meribah. Now surely this is a warning to the Church of God—to the highest and holiest—how much may be lost of God's designed goodness and love, either by impatience, or faithlessness, or murmuring. Had Moses united the priestly and kingly office, and had he led the people into the land of promise, how perfect a resemblance he would have been! His breaking down makes us realize the preciousness of having to do with one who never fails.

"*Feb. 26th.* — The Bowdens and Beers seem, by their letters, to be going on nicely, and are quite happy in their work. Each family lives on thirty rupees a month. They have just been at an idol festival, preaching the gospel and distributing tracts, which shows, at least, they have made much progress in the language. They tell me they have received from Mr. James Thomas some bread and cakes, from Mr. Jellicoe bread and wine, and from some unknown person thirty rupees: they still have enough for the present, and, I doubt not, will not have finished the old store before the new comes in.

"I went to Arcot the other day to see the little flock in the wilderness there. A mingled feeling of thankfulness and regret always accompanies these visits. There are those whom I am anxious about, not advancing at all as I could wish in the cleaving of the heart to God; they will drink in knowledge, but they love not obedience. Yet this is the lovely principle which puts everything in its proper place in God's family: an obedient ear and heart are such treasures.

"Do not you feel much instructed by Haggai i, 4—11? How truly the prophet shows the way to blessing is to mind God's things. This thought makes it very pleasant to be employed in preparing the stones and sweet-smelling cedar beams for the Lord's temple.

"We have all a most happy consciousness that our present

position is incomparably more happy, and better suited to all the ends we have ever hoped to accomplish, than any we could have attained in Madras."

After speaking of some large sums which had come for the relief of Mr. Rhenius, Mr. Groves says :—

"We feel ourselves so enriched of the Lord by that which comes to us for others : we feel more like princes than beggars ; 'as poor, yet making many rich ; as having nothing, yet possessing all things.' I do trust the Lord is taking up Rhenius's cause, and will show what He can do for them. Man's natural covetousness often finds excuses for doing nothing, in the evil he sees every where ; others are tempted to live within the narrow bounds of their own selfishness, by an idea that there is no perfection save in their own little circle. My aim for myself, and all in whom I am interested, is to cease more and more from man, and to live on the Lord's unrebuking bounty.

"*Feb. 28th.* — I am going to lecture at Vellore, and at Arcot. I never felt so humbled as now under the sense of God's undeserved goodness to us. It does so melt the heart, to feel the immeasurable overflowing of God's love subduing our coldness and indifference. I do purpose to be more and more close in my communion with God, as the only secret of real power, either in ministry or worship ; REALIZATION IS EVERY THING IN THE THINGS OF GOD."

After speaking of the encouragement he had in seeing the Lord's work among the Europeans at Chittoor, he says :—

"Some expected us to turn back when our brethren left us, but I felt if I knew anything of the Lord's mind, this was not the way to honour Him. Now my sore trial is past ; when my beloved brethren left me in search of some other service, *this was my time of trouble ;* now the Lord has spoken comfortably to me, and has given me souls for my consolation, and the duty of watching over them."

In allusion to a letter from Christians at home, who professed they were 'seeking for more zeal and practical union,' while the course they took gave rise to many divisions, he says :—

"They want to understand more of poor Job's feelings, (chap. xix, 28,) when he advised his friends to let him alone, seeing the 'root of the matter' was in him; also the meaning of Romans xv, 1—7;" and in allusion to the brethren generally, he says: "The Lord will own their Scriptural ministry; but if they have not suitable elders to rule, such as Timothy is instructed to select, let them, in earnest, cry to the Lord, that He would do that thing for them. Real subjection to God's will and Word, where there is neither rank, talent, nor any external distinction to uphold the principle of rule, is a grace rarely, very rarely, found. To those who have learnt to answer to all these remarks, 'we are now in the apostacy,' and must submit to these disorders, I answer, the apostacy has nothing to do with our duty in maintaining and exhibiting every ray of light that the Holy Ghost gives; just as to the Jews, even to the fourth verse of the last chapter of Malachi, it is said, 'Remember ye the law of Moses which I commanded unto him in Horeb for all Israel, with the statutes and judgments.' And if this be *really* the Laodicean period of the new dispensation, as I believe it is, I think if the Lord were to speak by another Malachi, before 'the great and terrible day of the Lord,' He would say to us who have 'ears to hear,' not only return in *ministry*, but return in *rule*, and give ear to EVERY WORD that having proceeded out of the mouth of God, stands recorded as *His*. Dear Caldecott well says, that the struggle now is between the Word and tradition. It ever has been, it ever was among the Jews, and is among the Gentiles. We take our stand on the Word; and in proportion to our practical inconsistency with it will our testimony be weakened; because people all see when we are *partial* in the law, magnifying the importance of that part of truth by which we are distinguished, and passing by that which is expressed with equal clearness, though not adopted into our system. You will forgive these remarks: indeed I do honour and love those brethren; yet I am jealous over them with a godly jealousy; and as I bear their reproach by sending many friends from India to receive from them the good they may so abundantly get; yet I would

say to them, especially in connection with sectarian tendencies, 'Remember from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works.' Remember, I only use the word confusion above, as expressive of any order that is *not God's* in spiritual things. Much that may *appear* order in the flesh, supplants the order of the Spirit, whether in rule or in ministry. The Spirit's order is connected ever with His *own gifts*, and these are the credentials to which those led by the Spirit look, and by which they are *guided*."

Alluding to one of the residents to whom God had blessed his ministry, he says: "B—— has a fixed purpose to renounce the world, and we have two now staying here, to whom the Lord allowed me to be useful at Bangalore. They are come here to enjoy the ministry of the Word. They were once the wildest of the wild, and were engaged to go to a ball on the very evening they decided on coming to hear me preach. They are now flourishing in the ways of the Lord.

"We all feel very happy here, in our free interchange of thought on the things of God. The friends I have spoken of above were formerly well acquainted with others whom the Lord has given me in this place. They had known each other in the days of their ungodly dissipation, and now look at each other, *wondering* at the marvellous work of God in redeeming them from a common destruction, and making them fellow-heirs of the same glory.

"How truly do I feel, in my own case, the power of that word, 'Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth. Yea, he shall be holden up.' I see that because some long to triumph over me, regardless by what means, the Lord has, in so many ways, dealt gently with me. The discussion I have occasioned is great, and will, at all events, I trust, do some good; doubtless many will be more than ever confirmed in the old paths; but many will be led to enquire."

It was the habit of Mr. Groves's mind to pass from the consideration of things without to the Word of God: his next entry is:—

"What deep instruction the first thirteen verses of the 11th of Luke afford to those who desire communion with God! Christ's description of God's character of a Father shows the apprehension that a suppliant must have, that 'he is, and that he is a rewarder of those who diligently seek him;' the parable shows the *perseverance* with which He is to be sought, even when He seems as though He heard not; and, lastly, the prayer shows the subject matter of what a saint should desire, and the spirit in which he should live, forgiving much under a consciousness of having had much forgiven. How wonderful God's Word is made by the teaching of His Spirit! Things one has often read before rise up as new: it is like the light shed on the stones of Urim and Thummim, giving an answer to the seeking soul.

"*March 2nd.* — We find our home and situation daily more and more suited to our wishes; we have little visits from so many, and, I trust, the Lord allows us, after a godly sort, to help on those who come. I feel sure that if the Lord give us grace to bear patiently all that man can do, committing our way unto the Lord, we shall finally triumph over the prejudices of those who really love the Lord; and the opposition of others, we cannot desire to overcome, so long as they continue opposed to Jesus. We must suffer with as well as reign with Him.

"I should so like you to know dear Hannai: she is a noble servant, and has a spirit of service that it is most instructive to contemplate. When Harriet asked her if she should go into mourning, on account of a funeral she was thinking of attending. 'Go into mourning?' she exclaimed, 'certainly not; so long as my master lives I shall never wear mourning.' How many lessons of loyalty and love to our true Master may we learn from this."

Writing to one who had been in deep affliction, he says:—

"If we pray to be made like Jesus, we must not choose the way. It is a sad, sad hour, and yet a happy one, if we, though in deep trial, feel the soul has *hold* on *Jesus*. May it become a sanctifying medium, bringing you nearer and closer to Him.

The world may think our fortunes wretched, but God sees not so.

"It does so dry up the fountain of this world's sorrows and cares to see *God's loving hand* ordering *every* circumstance under which nature writhes; giving us strength to *bear*, so that we seek not to get out of our trials in a way of nature rather than of grace. Nothing but a true *complacency* in the ways of God, and true allegiance to Jesus will sustain the spirit when passing through trial. Daily does my soul meet humiliation here; and it is this which leads it to long for the clothing upon with the house from heaven.

"*February*, 1838. — Truly, in looking at those who are given to us both here and at Arcot, we may say, What hath the Lord wrought! They are indeed so united and happy that I cannot tell you how much I feel the Lord's kindness and love. The change is so great in some, that all are struck by it. It prevents many from opening their mouths against me, though nothing will correct the misapprehension of some. The first judge and his wife always come now to the preaching; and I hear that he replied to those who were speaking against me at Madras, 'I do not know what errors Mr. Groves may hold, but this I know, that those who never looked into their Bibles before he came have learnt by his coming to study them.' The second judge comes both on Sundays and Thursdays. The Captain, who commands the troops here, is also a constant attendant, and I do hope is thinking about his soul. Besides those who are residents, we have others who pass through, and tarry a Sunday, and worship with us. I was this morning speaking on the Laodicean Church, in connection with the book of the Prophet Malachi. Exactly the same spirit of self-satisfaction, which we see so conspicuous in the Church of Laodicea, leads to the impudent replies of the Jews to Malachi's charges; they are descriptive of the last ages of their respective dispensations. In the evening we had the eighth of Joshua and the first and second of Judges; I was led to think much of the tendency to judge according to appearances, instead of taking counsel of the Lord. How conclusive did the old shoes and

mouldy bread appear to Joshua and the princes, so that they did not the least think of consulting God; taking counsel, but not of God's Spirit. It is just the same now, when we bring the elements of the world into league with the spiritualities of God's kingdom. We think to make them 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' to the sanctuary; but it is only the first step to the state of things described in the latter part of the first chapter of Judges and the beginning of the second. Yet there is this comfort to those who live in the worst period of apostacy, that the *faithful*, who are worthy, 'shall walk in white.' The Lord regards us not according to the iniquity that abounds, but according to our separation of ourselves from it; so that the lower the state of the visible Church, and the deeper its apostacy from God, the greater the opportunity for purification and establishment in true loyalty to Christ. To be 'faithful among the faithless' is indeed Christ-like and our true glory."

In May 5th, 1838, Mr. Groves writes to a friend :—

"We heard from dear Rhenius last night; he is reduced to a fortnight's provision of bread; but has in hand a good stock of faith and trust. I am daily more and more resolved to share my last crust with the brethren at Tinnevelly."*

In reference to trials of the same character as those before alluded to, from some who spoke against him, he writes :—

"*July 23rd.*—The heart is so tempted to *reply*, where it should bear; and to defend itself, where it should wait on the Lord. I am very nearly quiet with my God. We are so false to ourselves, when we refuse to be at rest in Jesus. It is impossible not to desire

* This is the last entry respecting Mr. Rhenius; shortly after, this honoured servant of God fell asleep in Jesus. He died in the presence of his brethren, in the midst of his work. Mr. Groves had the honour of sharing with him those trials which were the means of hastening his entrance into rest. After this Mr. Groves writes : "We know little now of the state of things in Tinnevelly, but there is a subscription set on foot for Mrs. Rhenius and her children, and I trust an interest about them is kindled among many."

for those we love the enjoyment of the truth of God ; it is such an antidote to the ills of life, and such a strengthener of all that deserves the name of good."

With regard to some of the features of the last days, Mr. Groves thus writes :—

"The reception of the second coming of the Lord, as a hope, will be much extended in the professing Church of God, as things wax worse and worse : but among the multitude who profess this hope, there will be no more *a preparation* for receiving the Bridegroom, than there was among the multitude of Jews who expected His first advent. It will be looked upon rather as a deliverance from trouble, than as the birthday of the saints' true joy ; and this will be shown by want of sympathy with the present design of Christ, who would have His bride as a mourning wanderer in the wilderness."

In reference to one who was going to England, and would be likely to see his dear relatives, he writes :—

"I hope she will give you a pleasant account of our happy valley. Indeed no language can tell the Lord's goodness to us, or speak His praises according to the multitude of His mercies. I was led to-day to speak on Num. xi, 4—9. How, in the lusting of the mixed multitude, we see the character of the Christianity of the present day. This multitude had been, evidently, induced to join the company of God, partly by the terrors of Egypt's desolation, and partly by the allurements of the land 'flowing with milk and honey ;' but they had never calculated upon the wilderness, so that when they had nothing to eat, day by day, but the sweet bread of heaven, and nothing to drink of but that spiritual rock that followed them, they rebelled against God. They would have tolerated the manna as a sort of side dish, if they might have had Egypt's portion too ; but their gross appetites could find nothing satisfying in the angel's food. They said it dried up their souls, whilst to the true Israelites, it was sweet to the taste, like honey and fresh oil. It is just the same now, when the true, unmixed, simple manna is presented to the soul that has not the life of God, if it has joined itself to the professed camp of God, and cannot

reject it altogether. Each soul endeavours to cook his Christianity after his own fashion; some add the garlick, some the onion, some the fish, some the cucumbers, some a little of all, to satisfy the senses. How few find they can feed on the sweet simple manna of God's word, and live upon Jesus unmixed with the spicery of man's thoughts and imaginations. And yet, Jesus *is* the *true bread*, and His words are spirit and life. I was much struck also by contrasting the rejection of the typical bread of God, and that of 'the *true bread* from heaven,' the spirit of the servant and that of the Son. Moses was very angry, thinking God had dealt very hardly by him. (See Num. xi, 11.)

"Now when we see Jesus, in the midst of a scene of which this was a type, how sweet His *composure* and *trust*. He complains not of the burthen to Himself, but simply says, 'murmur not among yourselves, no man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him.' Ah! if we could but see, in every hand raised up to wound us, God's permissive sanction, what peace we should enjoy! Evidently, the anger of Moses, and the peace of Jesus sprung from different realizations of God's character as a Father. Surely we ought to feel, that if our teaching be despised, or our doctrines rejected, so were those of Jesus. If we more rejoiced in *our* unspeakable gain, and felt the loss of those who reject the truth, these things would call forth pity and not anger.

"Our little farm is getting on very nicely, and the Lord's dew and rain help us to feed in that part the ninety little strangers, as well as ourselves. Indeed we all feel that it was most necessary for me to give myself to the occupation most consistent with my missionary pursuits. I feel sure the position we are in, notwithstanding all its trials and discouragements, is the one in which the Lord would have us, so that I quite look for His blessing."

We shall close these extracts with a letter written by Mr. Groves to brethren at home, in 1840, which explains the principles then occupying his mind, in connection with work among the heathen, and gives a general outline of the mission.

The native, called Aroolappen, is the same who to this day occupies the location here described, having laboured there with much success ever since. The European MacCarthy was spared for some years to labour in the way Mr. Groves speaks of. Andrew, the catechist, is still alive, and is working very diligently with those who now occupy the station at Chittoor.

"BELOVED BRETHREN,

"That which renders your bounty doubly precious is, that it proves the continuance of your love to us individually, but, above all, to the work of the Lord in these desolate and neglected lands. I think we all feel an increasing interest in that plan of missions which we are now pursuing; either labouring ourselves or being associated with those who profess some 'honest trade,' that we may have 'lack of no man;' (Tit. iii, 14;) and also set an example to others, that, by so doing, they may support the weak. We have lately heard from several missionaries, who express the deepest interest in the prospect of our success. That dear young native, by name Aroolappen, who went from us some months since, has, amidst many discouragements and many allurements, remained faithful to his purpose. He has determined to commence his labours in a populous neighbourhood, near the Pilney Hills, in the Madura district, a little south of Trichinopoly; and he has the prospect of being joined by a native brother, who is prepared to go forth to build, with the spade in one hand and the sword in the other—the way in which the wall will, I believe, be built in these troublous times. Dear Aroolappen has declined any *form* of salary, because the people, he says, would not cease to tell him that he preached because he was hired. When he left me, I wished to settle something upon him monthly, as a remuneration for his labour in translating for us; but, unlike a native, he refused any stipulated sum.

"The two others of whom I wrote, are an Englishman called MacCarthy, and a native bookbinder, who are determined to pursue the same course. MacCarthy has marvellous strength;

he is inured to the climate, and can walk forty miles a day without fatigue. He reads and writes Tamil and Telegoo freely, and gives up thirty-five rupees a month, a horse, and a house, that he may do the work of God. He goes through the Tamil and Telegoo country, in a little cart filled with books, tracts, and things for sale, preaching the gospel to the natives in their own tongues, as he passes on, and in English to all the soldiers in the military stations. He has already been blessed to the conversion of two natives ; one is James, the bookbinder, the other, a servant of ours. I assure you we all feel that, had we seen no other fruit of our labour than these two or three brethren, acting on these principles of service, we should have said, truly our labour has not been in vain in the Lord. I think, therefore, we may consider that, under God, our residence in India has been the means of setting up this mode of ministry among the native Christians and the heathen, and our continuance will be, I trust, by the grace of God, the means of establishing and extending it.

"Those who know the natives will, I am sure, feel with me, that this plan of missions, whereby the native himself is thrown *on God*, is calculated to develope that *individuality of character*, the absence of which has been so deeply deplored, and the remedy for which has so seldom been sought. The native naturally loves a provision and ease, and thereby he is kept in dependance on the creature : the European, on the other hand, loves to keep the native in subjection, and himself in the place of rule. But, it must be obvious to all, if the native Churches be not strengthened by learning to lean on the Lord instead of man, the political changes of an hour may sweep away the present form of things, so far as it depends on Europeans, and leave not a trace behind. The late visit of Aroolappen to his family in Tinnevelly has led to the discussion of these principles among the immense body of labourers there; and though he has not taken up his residence among them, he is sufficiently near for them to observe both himself and the principles on which he is acting. Indeed we would commend these early buddings of the Spirit's power—for we trust they are such—to

your very fervent prayers, that our brethren may be carried on in the spirit of real humility and dependance upon God.

"The fact that our position here puts pastoral work and fellowship on a simple Christian footing among the natives, is by no means the least important feature of our work. Until we came, no one but an ordained native was allowed to celebrate the Lord's Supper or to baptize; and when our Christian brethren, Aroolappen and Andrew, partook of the Lord's Supper with the native Christians, it caused more stir and enquiry than you can imagine. The constant reference to *God's Word* has brought, and is bringing, the questions connected with ministry and Church government into a perfectly new position in the minds of many.

"It would be difficult for me to say much of my late journey. Having passed, in about three months, over eight or nine hundred miles, and so seldom being able to remain sufficiently long in any place to know much of results; yet, in two or three places which I visited, there has since been a regular assembly of two or three for worship and the Lord's Supper; and I have heard also of one or two who were brought to the knowledge of the truth, by the ministry of the word. On the Nilgherry Hills, we met every Lord's day from twenty to twenty-five.

"Nothing could exceed the expressions of gratitude I met with from many to whom the Lord allowed me to minister, not only with acceptance, but I think with profit.*

"Now, farewell, beloved in the Lord. May His arm ever encircle you, and may a present Jesus in the midst of you ever infuse a spirit of life into all your assemblies. Our beloved Walhouse and Frank, we commend to your especial love and

* To those who have been in India, where the spiritual wants of the English, scattered in various parts, are so inadequately provided for, it proved no small boon to discover from the Word of God the liberty given to all Christians to edify one another, in public and private: and, in obedience to the command of Christ, to remember his death. (Luke xxii, 19.) There are parts of India, where, excepting at a christening or a funeral, a chaplain is not seen.

care, as bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. From them you may perhaps hear so much as to render this letter apparently out of place, but I felt we could not but acknowledge your love, and send you these few remarks.

"I remain, beloved in the Lord,
"In the joint names of my dear brethren,
"Baynes and Walhouse, Henry and myself,
"Your affectionate brother,
"A. N. GROVES."

In a part of this letter, not given above, Mr. Groves mentions a new station near Salem, commenced by Mr. Walhouse, and his second son, Frank. All the circumstances connected with this event, and with Mr. Walhouse's early removal, are very interesting and will be found in the Appendix. Mr. Walhouse continued to the end to consider himself as labouring in connection with the Chittoor mission.*

* See Appendix II.

CHAPTER XVI.

SKETCH OF EVENTS FROM 1841 TO 1845 — MR. GROVES'S PLAN FOR A SELF-SUPPORTING MISSION — FAVOURABLE COMMENCEMENT OF THE ATTEMPTS TO CULTIVATE SILK — HAPPY STATE OF THE MISSION — SOURCE OF SUBSEQUENT TRIALS — FAILURE OF THE SILK WORMS — DEATH OF MRS. H. GROVES — RUNGANOTHAM, THE BRAHMIN — MR. GROVES'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER — HIS EXPOSITIONS OF SCRIPTURE IN TIME OF TRIAL — PROGRESS OF MISSIONARY WORK AT CHITTOOR — HAPPY DEATH OF MRS. T. HULL — EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS — VISIT FROM MR. AND MRS. LECHLER — THE CHURCH NOT A WIDOW.

It was not till after the departure of Dr. and Mrs. Gundert that Mr. Groves's plans for a self-supporting mission were matured. Up to this period, and for some time after, the usual occupations of reading, sewing, knitting, &c., were pursued in the girls' school, and the education of the boys was carried on by efficient schoolmasters. Amid many trials of faith, Mr. Groves pursued his way; trusting to the Lord, and being helped, step by step, according to his need.

Observing that the Mulberry tree grew at Chittoor, Mr. Groves, after various experiments, was induced to fix on the cultivation of silk, as the most likely mode of giving employment to all. He accordingly rented land from government, and procured various kinds of mulberry trees, the very rapid growth of which seemed likely to repay the cultivator. The girls were taught to spin the silk, and the boys to pick the leaves, and feed the worms.

It was interesting to see the long row of spinning-wheels, and the little native girls all employed, and successfully too; for their silk gained the prize in Madras, in 1842, a year after the commencement of our present period. During the time this

undertaking was being carried forward, many interesting persons were gathered at Chittoor. Mr. Groves hoped to find a happy retreat for many *pious pensioners*, who came as overseers of the work, and thus had the privilege of Christian communion and instruction, joining with him in worship on Sundays and in the week.

It is much to be regretted there is no journal of this very interesting period. Some of the overseers were experienced Christians; and from time to time there were in the mission-house refreshing meetings for prayer and edification.

The happy state of things at this time may be judged of by a letter which Mr. Groves addressed to his eldest son, then in England. It is dated June, 1841. In reference to native labourers, he says:—

"Andrew is going on nicely, and Aroolappen is a great comfort: it requires the exercise of much grace to keep down the risings of self; it is so difficult in seeing the prosperity around not to have something of that spirit, 'Is not this great Babylon that I have built?' even though we change the name, and call it the City of Zion. I do so feel life is a vapour, precious only as spent in and for God."

Referring to some who attended his ministry, he says:—

"O, that the Lord would open my heart to feel for them, and so to realize the riches of His grace, that I may speak as one who tastes and *knows* how *precious* the truth is.

"*Sept.* 1*st.*— My mind in many ways is much more at ease, than for some years past: the Lord grant that it may be accompanied by a real growth in spiritual life and power. Now, at all events, I feel that whatever hindrance there is, it must be in myself, and not in circumstances; perhaps indeed it has always been so, for I am sure a vigorous faith triumphs over circumstances, and drags them behind its triumphant chariot wheels."

While referring to the many interesting circumstances which seemed to promise such happy results, gladly would we omit touching on the trials which, in the providence of God, so rapidly succeeded them. Indeed, were it not for the superabounding kindness and love of God, which made every fresh

sorrow and difficulty an occasion for manifesting His delivering hand, and perfecting his dear servants in those deeper lessons the school of affliction alone can teach, it would be more than the heart could bear to trace the heavy trials which embittered Mr. Groves's later years.

Things were in the position described above ; the object he had so near his heart appeared in a fair way of being accomplished, and nothing but funds seemed wanting to carry out his project, when there came from an unexpected quarter the unsolicited offer of a loan of thirty thousand rupees. This was regarded by himself, his wife, and brother-in-law, as an indication of the mind of God in this matter ; and, on the strength of present appearances, as of old with regard to the Gibeonites, an agreement was entered upon, and neither party had a misgiving as to its being the *very step needed* to put the whole undertaking at Chittoor on a remunerative footing, for carrying out the work of God. This first departure from the way of faith was, in the providence of God, followed by most bitter consequences. It is true that he and his brother-in-law, having reversionary property, were able to give such security as prevented injury to any but themselves, but, as will be seen in the sequel, they not only lost the money, but Mr. Groves, on whom the heavy interest, usual on capital advanced for such undertakings, exclusively fell, had, during the *years* which intervened, before it was refunded, *considerably* more to pay than the *original* outlay, and this, happening at a time when the farm cost much and yielded little, placed him in circumstances out of which none but God could have delivered him.

From the time the loan was taken up the farm was greatly enlarged ; and, to secure the supply of water, a large tank, which had been useless for many years, was obtained from government, eventually on a lease of thirty years, and was for a time the occasion of great expense.

Having ascertained that the frequent failure of cultivation in Chittoor arose from dependance on rain water, Mr. Groves constructed a channel, two miles long, connecting his tank with the river. In doing this, he acted as his own engineer, ascer-

tained all the levels, and spent months under the burning sun, taking his meals in the open air. His motive in this arduous labour may be gathered from the following extract from a letter to his eldest son : "I cannot tell you what encouragement I feel it to be to labour in the hope we shall have to give to further the Lord's work. The Bowdens have lost nearly all those who used to contribute to their support, but the Lord still provides : my desire is to pay all their expenses, should the Lord prosper me I have written to ask Bowden to meet you here."

All his arduous labour would indeed have been as nothing had his plans succeeded : but, soon after, disease of every kind began among the worms : sometimes, in the second or third stage, they refused to eat, and crawled about until they died. Some turned yellow, some black. Everything was tried to reduce the temperature of the nice capacious buildings that had been constructed for them, but without effect.

Before these trials began, the mission sustained a great loss, in the departure of Mr. Baynes. He merely intended to visit England, and then to return to his work, but, to their great disappointment, he was prevented from doing so. Mr. Groves, however, had the comfort and help of his own dear sons, who shared all his burdens, and, being truly converted to God, assisted him not only in mission work, but in other undertakings. His eldest son, Henry, who had learned Telegoo, returned to India at the close of 1841, before Mr. Baynes left. He had married a lady, in every way suited to be a helper in the work, and they resided for some time in Chittoor ; but it pleased God to take her to himself as early as August 1843, only two years after their marriage. She died on the hills, of fever, and here we must recount the loving-kindness of God, who again, as before on a similar occasion, spared Mr. Groves the greater affliction of losing his beloved son, though he appeared to be hopelessly ill of the same fever, when his wife died. It is remarkable how, in *every case*, the hand of the Lord was manifest in *deliverance* as well as in chastening ; so that in the time of the deepest trial the heart could not but set its seal to the truth of that word 'God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted

above that ye are able ; but will also with the temptation make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it. 1 Cor. x, 13. In writing to his bereaved son, on the loss of his dear wife, Mr. Groves says :—

" The Lord often fills the spiritual, as He empties the natural horn of abundance and blessing. May He enable you to realize this ; and then the loss of the *sweetest* earthly gift will be only as a passing cloud resting on the hill of time which, to the youngest will soon have disappeared, as we pass by it, into the boundless eternity that lies before. . . . She was one of those who could stand in no relation, without her loss being long and deeply felt, yet the Lord has withdrawn her from us all, and she is gone : our task now is to pass on in the discharge of our daily appointed tasks towards the grand reunion."

Besides the ministry in English, Mr. Groves was much occupied and interested in the education of intelligent natives. He and his second son spent *much time* and *labour* in teaching a Brahmin called Runganatham, now the interpreter of the Supreme Court of Madras, who seemed at one time very anxious about his soul. He was a very talented young man. Mr. F. Groves taught him Euclid, and he read many books of history with Mr. Groves, who had a peculiar way of impressing on him the true nature of Christianity in contrast with the maxims which govern the world, so that the young man said, in a *few minutes*, a subject was opened to him, in a way which hours with others could not accomplish.* Indeed, he was so powerfully impressed with the truths of Christianity as to desire baptism, but the influence of his mother, who threatened to drown herself, prevailed ; and he was sent to Madras, where he has, it is feared, imbibed infidel principles, which are ever the alternative of not confessing Christ, when the follies of Hindooism are discovered. It was ever a *deep grief* to Mr. Groves, when he visited him in Madras, to find the labour he had bestowed upon him used in the enemy's service. These are

* This remark was made by him to the Editor, in a visit which he paid her at Chittoor.

wounds which none but a missionary's heart can fully understand; and in this case, as well as in that of Anundoo, alluded to before, Mr. Groves *seemed* to have spent his strength in vain; yet still, with his divine Master, he had the comfort of knowing the labour bestowed for His sake was not *really lost.* Is. xlix, 4.

Many interesting events took place at this period. In 1841, Mr. Groves and his wife had the privilege of ministering to a dear Christian sister, Mrs. Leslie, who visited them shortly before she fell asleep in Jesus. This took place at Vellore, 1841; and she left her infant daughter in the care of Mrs. Groves, who attended her in her last illness. The many opportunities of ministering to the sick enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Groves while in India gave them much comfort. In 1842, they were led to adopt a little girl of eight years old, an orphan, who was commended to their care by her father on his *death bed.* This charge was a source of *great comfort* to them: they undertook it as unto the Lord, who truly gave them their hire. The child, being early converted to God, grew up to be a very *efficient help* in their mission work, when other labourers were withdrawn; and she became to them, in every way, as a beloved daughter.

It was not until the close of the year 1845 that the silk experiment was *finally relinquished.* It was asked by one who knew Mr. Groves well, and doubtless the same question will suggest itself to others, 'How is it that the Lord has allowed so *many* losses to be the portion of one who desires to lay the fruit of his labours at the feet of Jesus?' No doubt this was his *aim* in *all* he did, as those NEAREST to him *best* know:—whatever mistakes he may have made,—his *object* was to serve the Lord. It was those nearest to him and who knew him *best,* to whom he could with the *most confidence* say "Thou hast FULLY known my PURPOSE." But like those who went on the Niger expedition, or the more recent sufferers in Patagonia, Mr. Groves was, for the trial of his faith, not allowed to reap on earth the fruit of his labours at Chittoor; but his desires to benefit both the natives of India and the

European residents are doubtless recorded on high. A few extracts from notes of his family expositions, *at this period*, will show how the Lord was dealing with him, for his own blessing and that of those around him. When these trials were at their height, he said:—

"God can unravel the most intricate paths; can make the crooked straight. O, there is a softness in God's touch, which gives a *help* no man can minister! God sees *where* the *sore* is, and lays His hand on the *very place*, whereas man only AGGRAVATES the wound. You can do, in connection with God, what you *cannot do*, or pass through, with men; and what *pains* does God take to encourage our trust in Him, constraining us to pour out our hearts before Him, and to find *Him* a refuge—Yes! 'unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness,' be the cloud never so dense, the way never so perplexed, there will always be something in the midst of it, which will reveal a Father's love, a *Father's* care; there will be ever a *bow* in the cloud. In the midst of midnight darkness, the believer knows that 'light *is* sown for the righteous;' therefore he occupies himself, not with forbodings as to how things will turn out, but rests on the promise of God, and, above all, on His *purpose* in afflicting us, even to make us 'partakers of His holiness;' and he stays himself on his God. Again, all our care should be so to walk that we may know, in times of trial, the controversy is not one of judgment, but of love, and seek to extract out of trial the spiritual blessing for which it is sent, namely, conformity to Jesus and partaking of His holiness. Be it perplexity of circumstances, or other trials, God has in all but *one* intent,—DELIVERANCE, *not* death, is His aim. If He made Israel hunger, it was not to starve, but to *feed* them. It is the characteristic of our walking in Christ, not to be *moved* by evil tidings. The soul casts its burdens on God; and, if any say, the upright only are promised light, then the Gospel comes in, the blood which cleanses, and we feel our ground of hope is in HIS righteousness *put on us*. Satan often strives to take from us this confidence, and thereby *separates* us from God. Let our desires after

holiness be as the wood which the fire from the sacrifice kindles into a flame. When the Lord asked the blind man 'what wilt thou?' he knew what to answer; so, in trial, let the real object of the desire be the *removal* of that which makes trial *needful*. The Lord has no pleasure in the low standing of His saints; He wishes them to shine in His brightness, and when the desire of the wicked perishes, ours will be fully realized, and the wicked shall see it; but it will be as Dives saw Lazarus in the bosom of Abraham: how complete is the contrast, 'the wicked melt away,' while the righteous endure for ever."

On another occasion, when his path seemed hedged up, and to the *outward* eye the way of escape was wanting, he comforted those around him by reading Ps. xviii, and speaking as follows:—

"We learn in this Psalm one important truth; the way of man is not in himself: man is not sufficient for his own happiness, or peace, or deliverance. In time of trial, we find the creature fail us at every turn; some who would help, cannot; others, who can help, are not willing; but it matters not what the trouble is, ALL *help* is found in God. All have their various burdens: with some, it is sin, with others, care for the future, or some present trial and perplexity; but to all there is *one* remedy: 'Cast thy burden on the Lord.' God does not wish us not to care for our earthly concerns, so far as shall enable us to provide things honest in the sight of all; but we are to watch against that anxious care, which seems to rob God of His character as a Father, and does rob us of peace. We have in this Psalm many ways of deliverance, but all are consequent on prayer. Verse 6. 'In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God; he heard my voice,' &c. Is the heart troubled? God can say, 'Peace, be still.' Are circumstances perplexed? He will undertake for us, and His own words are, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord,' and in the end we shall know the power of verse 16 and 19. 'He drew me out of *many* waters.' 'He brought me forth also into a large place; he delivered me because he delighted in me.'"

At another time he thus commented on the probable object of the trials which pressed on himself and those associated with him :—

"Whatever stands in the way of holiness is as a plague-spot, as a cancer preying on the vitals of spiritual life. Are we unwilling it should be *burnt out?* We must remember it is a question of life and death with us. Affliction is the discipline for heaven's school. In it we are prepared for the inheritance, and no where else. IN GOD we find that which all men seek *out of Him,*—the *maximum* of *present* peace and happiness, with the certainty of future blessing.

"The Lord gave us the best gift, which was Himself; hence, in the offerings, the *best* is always offered. The widow who gave her *all,* in *her measure* followed Jesus, who emptied Himself. Nothing is more blessed than the connection between God's glory and the creature's true happiness, which is found in partaking of Christ's image : this is the glory of His inheritance in the saints. It is consciousness of our *emptiness* which makes us receive *much.* Pride and self-sufficiency are satisfied with little, and get little : empty hearts receive much. In our lowest moments, we have this to go back upon : 'Christ loved the Church.' Jesus gives not to us, as a great king, out of His inexhaustible treasures; but He is emptied, and *suffers* and *dies* that we might live and be filled with all the fulness of God. That which distinguishes God is His way of showing undeserved mercy : this is His peculiar prerogative, because it peculiarly shows forth *His* glory. What is it which makes us triumph? The knowledge and belief, that 'greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world.'"

The following exposition, given at this time, has evident reference to his own circumstances, which he was disposed always to attribute to having been too much engrossed with the external affairs of the mission, which had hindered his enjoying his usual hours of retirement and communion with God :—

"Hosea xii, 6. The reason the Scriptures so abound with declarations of God's love and pity for His people, and His desire they should return to Him, is, that the heart once gone

astray has much difficulty in getting back again. We have all need to be on our guard, that we do not, like Judah, go astray; and, if we do, we must hear him say, 'Turn thou to thy God.' We generally find the principles of return are *exactly* opposite to those which caused our turning away from God; thus the prophet says, 'Wait on thy God *continually*,' and the beginning of departure is found in only waiting on God *occasionally*. There is something in the heart which tells us if we are really *in fellowship* with God; the soul that has tasted it cannot be mocked by an apparent return. One cause of going astray is the preferring something to God's worship, even as Israel followed Baalim. Often are we beguiled into worldly things with an idea that we can make them *subservient* to God's glory; but the things we have thought would bend, as a bow, to shoot arrows against the enemies of God, become the means of piercing us through with many sorrows, and leading us away from God. Nothing requires more spiritual discernment than to *detect* the snares of the enemy; they are often so covered over as to appear the leadings of God."

Though his tendency ever was thus to reflect and throw blame on himself, he understood how to show *consolation* from God's way of bringing good out of evil: we see this in some remarks on Ruth i, 20, 21, which also belong to this period.

"In the history of God's dealings with man, there is nothing more striking than His way of overruling the most *ruinous events* for the blessing and prosperity of His children. We see it in Job, and in Naomi; but, above all, in looking at *Jesus*, cast out and suffering on the cross, we see the *darkest* of Satan's deeds made to accomplish his *own* overthrow, the triumph of Jesus, and the salvation of His elect. In the case of Moses, how were the ways of God the very opposite of all that man could expect! How much more likely it would seem that, by remaining at Pharoah's court, he could work out the deliverance of his people; and to look at him, cast out for forty years, feeding a stranger's sheep, all would think him lost to his people; yet, in all this, God was working in him that discipline of heart which fitted him for another forty years' probation in the wil-

derness. When God took David from the sheepfold, we are expressly told, it was to feed His people Israel; to teach him that discipline of spirit which would keep him humble when exalted in due time; but what misinterpreters are we of God's gracious dealings! How many, like Naomi, misjudge God and say, 'He hath dealt very bitterly with me.' How many think the God of love is dealing with them in judgment, when His object is only to bring light out of darkness, and prosperity out of ruin. We might learn from Naomi's history, not to complain as she did, but to believe the Lord is 'very pitiful,' and to feel satisfied with His ways, not judging by present appearances, but waiting to see the *end*, and resting ourselves on His word, and the revelation of Himself therein."

How much do these remarks, made during this time of trial, remind us of the words of the Psalmist, "I remembered thy judgments of old, O Lord: and have comforted myself." (Ps. cxix, 52.) Truly Mr. Groves was able to say, "this is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickened me." —Ps. cxix, 50.

During all the trials of this period, the mission work went on as usual. Mr. Groves, besides superintending all the affairs connected with it, was engaged in ministry in English, and in the English boys' school. He had the comfort of true Christian helpers in every department of the mission, and they showed much sympathy in his trials. The English master, though a married man, refused to receive more than fifteen rupees a month, which was *less* than half his salary, and barely enough to support his family. Mr. Groves remarked, "it was worth while to sustain losses, when we gained through them such pleasing evidence of the grace which taught others to deny themselves."

From the beginning of their residence in Chittoor, the missionaries had always, besides their boarding-schools, two vernacular schools, taught by native school-masters, and superintended by the catechist. The pupils in each of these schools were examined every week in all they had learnt, and in the Scriptures they had read. Mrs. Groves had also under instruc-

tion an interesting company of native women, *many* of whom were able to read the Bible with her. Very pleasant seasons were passed in this way, and there was evidence of blessing among them.

One who was brought to the Lord in deep affliction, has proved, for years, a valuable nurse to the children and grandchildren of Mr. Groves. Another of these poor heathen women, when her eyes were opened to see Jesus, said, "I tried before in my *spirit* to come *near* to GOD, but there seemed a *dead* wall between me and Him, now all is open : I go to Him and He comes to me." What an illustration of the promise to those who hear His voice and open the door. (See Rev. iii, 20.)

Early in the year 1845, Mr. and Mrs. Groves had the privilege of receiving into their house a beloved friend, Capt. T. Hull, and his wife, lately arrived from England. She had caught cold on the voyage, and was very ill, with every symptom of rapid decline. But as her outward man decayed, those around her had the joy of seeing her grow in the knowledge of Christ, and in the full consciousness of a finished salvation. She fell asleep in Jesus under Mr. Groves's roof, March 20th.

It was very cheering, in the midst of personal trial, to have such instances of the Lord's work brought so nigh unto them. The Lord knows, as no other friend does, how to comfort His people.

In writing to his son of the bereaved husband who had visited Mr. Groves in Bagdad, and ever remained his attached friend, Mr. Groves says :—

"I cannot tell you the joy that his turning to God so heartily gives me. I had great fear lest he should have been led by sorrow into the world, rather than into the bosom of Jesus ; but how graciously has the Lord been better than my fears. Ever since I saw him in Bagdad, my heart has wandered after him, for I did think, even then, he was approaching the mercy-seat, where the blood sprinkles the conscience and speaks peace."

We shall conclude this chapter with a few extracts from letters, addressed by Mr. Groves to his eldest son, while in

England. They refer to various subjects, then occupying the minds of many :—

"How rare a thing it is to see the mind rightly balanced. On the one hand, we see the Irvingites looking on natural relations with a species of idolatry, because they see in them the types of spiritual bonds : on the other hand, we see persons whose aim seems to be to trample them all in the dust, because by their misuse and misdirection they are found to pamper the flesh ; and yet to be 'without natural affection,' is as much a mark of unholiness, as to be without the Spirit. The one party has gone astray by endeavouring to place *the earthlies* where God never placed them, and the other party seems just in the same danger, with respect to *the heavenlies;* both fabricating a religion *not of God,* and utterly unsuited to man. Both these systems may serve to found a name of distinction among men ; both will have their day and then sink into oblivion, or live only to perpetuate the *names* of distinction, when all the grace, life, and energy associated with them in the beginning, and which drew many who were ornaments to the Church of God into their circle, have departed from them.

"I bless God, I daily feel more and more able to rejoice in all I see of Christ in any of those systems which my heart grieves over, and which my own sense of duty keeps me in a measure separated from ; but it will be the anxious endeavour of my future life, that this separation shall be *limited* by the urgent necessities of conscience. O, for a meek, lowly, and contrite spirit, that trembles at God's Word, whilst fearless of all besides ; that, leaning on the Lord, I may be enabled to perceive and embrace the truth and grace I see in all, *while* I am free from the mistakes of any. God has framed the government and constitution of His kingdom, under a *full* knowledge of all man actually is, and regardless of all abstract theories ; then let Him support His own ark, and let us not, Uzzah-like, put forth our hands to prevent it, as we think, from falling."

Of a literary friend, he says :—

"I feel much more anxious to see the Lord's power enabling him to realize those well-springs that are in our living fountain.

I always fear he is in great danger from fondness for the indolence of literary luxury, especially when, from needing the pecuniary help it may bring, he can say, 'Is there not a cause?' I know it is easier to see these things, than to rectify them in ourselves or others, but the higher and deeper our principles are, and the theories which we teach, the more it becomes us to call on Him who has laid help on one that is mighty to grant us deliverance."

Of his valued friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lechler from Salem, he says:—

"They have been with us a week and left this morning: he seemed much interested about us here, and felt how much we needed efficient missionary help, to look after, and minister to, the people; however, I feel this is with the Lord, and that He will order it in His own good time, and in His own good way. I like them much: there is an honest, hearty desire to do their work while it is day, and 'redeeming the time,' which gives one's sluggish heart a spur. I feel what we really need, both to enable us to carry out, and to suffer, all God's will, is a realization of the things we know. How searching is our Lord's word, 'If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.'"

While no one was more alive than Mr. Groves to the comfort of friendship, he was very jealous of any attachment to himself, which did not spring from love to Christ. He writes of some who were expected to reside in Chittoor:—

"They are anxious to come back; it would be a strange turn in the wheel of events if they did; they are most kind, and would, I am sure, attach themselves to me, and to us all; but I have no joy at present in the thought, because I cannot feel that their love to us is accompanied with an enlightened, loving attachment to the truth as it is in Jesus."

In reference to some who spoke of the Church of Christ as a widow, he writes:—

"I look on the Church as the expecting bride of a living and victorious, yet contending Lord, and not, as some think, a *widow*, nor can she be reduced to the feeling of widowhood, but through the dominancy of unbelief. It is our privilege to rejoice in a

loving, risen Lord of glory, and while mourning His absence, to be expecting Him as a loving bride assured of *final union*, and external happiness and glory with her Lord.

"I trust M'Cheyne's life will refresh you: it is so deeply spiritual and true, free from all those questions of doubtful disputations, which wither the soul's sweetest affections, and make every man the curser of his brother, and in reality, if not in word, say, 'stand by, for I am holier than thou.' I have also been reading a rather interesting paper on the general stagnation of Methodism in all its divisions, or rather going back from its original design. It seems as though love of refinement, love of power, and consequent love of money, were sapping its spiritual strength. How plainly we can see every where that the absence of spiritual enjoyment of God, and finding all-sufficiency in Him, is the real source of all declension: spiritual affections must be *cultivated*, for they grow not, so as to render their fruits to the careless husbandman; warm and true affections toward God, are indeed a spring of unmixed joy, yet how seldom with most are they in lively exercise. The surest way of attaining all we need is in pouring forth prayer in God's ear, under the sweet and firm assurance that Jesus *helps* our infirmities and directs our petitions; this is so wonderful a grace that nothing but grievous unbelief prevents our enjoying it—and oh! how little do I enjoy! how little do I pray with undistracted thoughts and undisturbed feelings! and yet the conviction that the Lord is with us, if truly felt, would drive away every misgiving. I believe we know little of Satan's power to hinder communion with God."

Writing to his friend, Mr. G. Walker of Teignmouth, he says:—

"One point only is fixed on my mind; to receive all as Christ receives them, to the glory of God the Father. More than twenty years this point has been deepening in my mind; and all I hear and see makes it more precious: indeed, amongst so much weakness and infirmity, with such partial and imperfect views of truth, I see no other way but committing all judgment to the Son, to whom the *Father* hath committed it.

May the Lord give us truly humbled hearts, under our great and grievous sins. How have we abused His gifts. How seldom owned Him in those we have received at His hands! How often made them the instruments of our own selfish, and often sinful, gratification! I feel sure the Lord is waiting to be gracious, and will hear when we seek Him with the whole heart. I much need your prayers that my soul may be kept stayed on Jesus; that I may abound in faith, knowledge, brotherly kindness, love, and that I may be a vessel meet for my Master's use. I am so glad to hear so pleasant an account of your brother's ministry; may he ever hate strifes, divisions, separations, and all those tendencies of the heart which make a brother an offender for a word. Instead of this being a day in which love 'THINKETH NO evil,' it seems to me a day in which man glories in paradoxes; shows how love, not only exists, but that it is an eminent proof of it, to think nothing good, but everything evil of a brother; to diminish nought but exaggerate everything; to call nothing by a gentle name, but to designate the most ordinary acts by the most vituperative appellations; and that 'separation' is God's principle of *unity*. I am sure, as man now uses it, it is the devil's main spring of confusion. We have five little churches here, and at Poonamalee, among which I am trying to establish a principle of mutual visiting in love; everything here that once was trying is gone, and at present all is harmony and love between us all. Some at home say we are common dissenters. For myself I feel there is nothing I design so little, as to be modelled after any human pattern; but I am very happy when in any matter we think like our brethren, and only wish we could do so more fully.

"*Chittoor, Jan. 9th,*"—he writes to the same friend:—

"Perhaps you may hardly know (if we meet again) the old grey headed friend of eight or nine years ago; however, if the inner man has ripened for glory, as the outer has ripened for the tomb, this will be of no consequence; nothing but the Lord's overwhelming compassions, which fail not, will enable me to return in any measure of spiritual strength; and all I have only flows from a realization of a Father's love, which

shames my coldness, deadness, and indifference into momentary enjoyment of God; and out of this comes the ability to speak to His praise."

In another letter to the same friend, he says :—

"What I feel daily more and more is, that it is the substance of the truth of God, even the revelation of the Father and Son by the Spirit, that the soul needs to *live* by. There is nothing I dread more than the systematic imputation of motives which can only be, in ordinary circumstances, known to God. The power of an union in a common life is so strong, that evils, endless in variety, and often intense in character, are not sufficient to divide, when this life is felt to exist. This, surely, is the nature of the unity of God's love with all the members of the one body; nothing should divide when Christ unites. I shall return to my native land with the very feelings I left it, eleven years ago, only strengthened tenfold by experience."

CHAPTER XVII.

SUCCESS OF VARIOUS PLANS FOR CARRYING ON THE CHITTOOR MISSION — MRS. GROVES'S RETURN TO ENGLAND — SUDDEN REVERSE IN CIRCUMSTANCES — MR. GROVES'S EXPERIENCE UNDER TRIALS DETAILED IN LETTERS TO HIS SON AND TO MRS. GROVES — VISIT TO MADRAS — MINISTRY THERE AMONG CHRISTIANS — ARRIVAL OF MR. AND MRS. F. GROVES — RETURN TO CHITTOOR — VISIT TO BANGALORE.

1846—1847.—It was ever a leading desire of Mr. Groves's heart, and one in which his sons fully participated, not to present to God that which cost him nothing; and by every means to make "the gospel of Christ without charge." (1 Cor. ix, 18.) This was the chief source of that energy in labour which was now displayed; and earnest were the efforts to retrieve the losses which had been sustained, so as to pay all their due and to carry on the work of God independently of help from others.

Rice fields and extensive cocoa-nut plantations succeeded the mulberry trees, which were no longer needed; but Mr. Groves ceased to cultivate the land himself, letting it out on favourable terms both to Christian and heathen cultivators, called ryots in India, who thus earned an honest maintenance, and were brought under Christian instruction. Mr. Groves's faithful servant, Hannai, superintended the planting of the cocoa-nut trees and other work on the farm: she also, under Mr. Groves's direction, let out the land; and when, at the close of 1845, and in 1846, the purchase and shipment of raw sugar, produced in the vicinity, seemed to offer her master an opportunity of speedily recovering his losses, it was she who acted as buyer. For a time all appeared to prosper, and in February 1847, Mrs.

Groves went home, by way of the Cape, with her youngest son then seven years old, expecting that her husband, after finishing certain business, would set out by the overland route, and arrive in England nearly as soon as herself.

Shortly after her departure the largest shipment was made; it was a year well known for sudden and unexpected depression in the sugar market, and Mr. Groves, instead of gaining as before, sustained very serious losses. Thus the Lord's hand seemed again stretched out to afflict His servant; but it is evident from his letters and journals, that God, as in former trials, was dealing with him, not in anger but in love, so that the time of difficulty became literally the time not only of blessing to his own soul, but of natural deliverance. It was in this *very year* that Mr. Groves's second son, Frank, who had ascertained in England the best way of refining sugar, arrived with his wife in India. Their losses had shown them that it would be far more profitable to refine the sugar themselves than to export it raw: and from this period may be dated the establishment of Mr. Groves's sons in an undertaking of that nature at Mysore, which has not only proved a means of help to themselves, but of benefit to others.

Yet before all was arranged, many were the trials that Mr. Groves had to endure, and the circumstance of his being detained in India a year, in separation from his wife, greatly added to his afflictions.

The trials enumerated above are but a part of those he had to bear; over the others it is well to draw a veil, as they have to do with some who are still alive, and who "helped forward his afflictions." It is enough to remember this one fact, that *all* were appointed him of God for his blessing; all were sanctified to him by prayer; all turned into the very dew and rain which caused the life of Christ to flourish; but the enemy, who ever takes advantage of these times of sorrow, tempted him to look on the past ten years, more in connection with the *much* trial and little fruit they had brought him, than in the aspect in which doubtless they stood before God, who looks ever at the *purpose* toward Himself in all; and he judged him-

self severely for any mistakes made by him in relation to the past. It was truly a "day of trouble and of rebuke" to him, but withal a time of love; a time of chastening, but also of consolation; of bringing down, and yet raising up.

His feelings at this time may be gathered from letters to his eldest son. He writes:—

"*May 3rd*, 1847. — I look on the past with the deepest and almost unmitigated sorrow, yet I bless God yesterday and to-day I feel happier and more able to cast my care on God, and find hope and peace in Him. I feel I need the whole armour of God, and may the Lord put it on that the fastenings may be secure. If the Lord chooses this way of discipline, why should I repine who have never deserved either to be loved by Him, or to hope in His mercy? And He has told us if we submit to His mighty hand, He will in due time take off the pressure and exalt us so far as He sees we can bear it. I am thankful your mother is away, and knows nothing of all that bows me down, or rather *has* done so, for it would be ungrateful to the Lord not to thank Him for my present ability to hope in Him. I often fear my letters must make you sad, but I have no power to see things as I once did; but I know if the Lord lifts up the light of His countenance upon me, all will be well, and the brightness of eternity will extinguish the darkness of time. I sometimes think God is leading me by the golden thread of His chastening grace, out of where I am, to where I ought to be. Indeed, I trust He is teaching me more to love His will, though it crosses mine. I do truly desire to bend before His gracious hand, however heavy, for I feel I have deserved it all; I have made too much of those things, and the Lord is breaking my bowl at the fountain, and destroying all my pleasant pictures, only, I know, to redeem my soul and to renew it more after His image. I feel if it were not for what God is and ever has been to me, I should be far less happy than I am, but my soul would not desire its peace on any of those things, (in outward circumstances,) but on what God is in Himself. May He guide and keep you in all your ways, and be to you

a pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night in all things, temporal and spiritual."

The following extract from his eldest son's letter, when forwarding the extracts contributed by him to this memoir, will be read with interest. He says :—

"I see great difficulties in explaining to *others* the last few years of my dear father's life; the *uprightness* of the *intention*, the complete failure of the *object* pursued, and the holy vindication of our gracious God in the failure, have to be brought *together;* above all, ever remembering this, 'let God be true though every man be a liar.' We see in the case of the Patagonian mission how little a holy *intention* and *purpose* can do away with the consequences of mistakes committed.—The individual soul finds infinite peace; grows wonderfully in grace; the Lord in love accepting the service which the heart offered; and still the work itself is brought to nought. It is an important principle ever to bear in mind, 'that the day will declare it;' and this it is not the less important for us to remember, when we think we understand, as when we feel all is clothed in mystery. There is a mystery in God's dealings with each individual which eternity alone will unravel, and then the purpose of the heart and not the success of the undertaking, will be taken into account. There is a natural shrinking from disappointed expectations; we like to see the garden flourish, but the beloved Jonathan, the faithful self-renouncing friend of David's sorrows, must fall on Mount Gilboa: we do not like to think of it, it seems so mysterious, but GOD ordered it, and Jonathan who falls on Gilboa, and David who is crowned in Bethlehem, both stand before us equally men of faith, and we must be content to judge of them, not by the accidents of their career, but by the light of that day which shall bring to light the hidden things of darkness."

He thus writes to his wife two months after her departure, hoping the letter, which, as usual, assumes a journalizing form, might find her among Christian friends and relatives.

"*Chittoor, April* 1847, *Sunday.*—I expect this will reach you at Woolbrook, with your beloved mother and sister, &c.

You will indeed be happy, but only if Jesus be there; it is His bright face that gilds even the dark places of despair with a ray of hope, how much more the dwellings of His happy saints. I felt to-day what it was to have a ray pass across my withered affections, and then how easily the swellings of Jordan dried up, and the foot pressed on boldly into the promised land. When I think on the spiritual sorrows of many past months, nay, years, I feel for a moment as one awakened from a dream, to see Jesus, as I have been wont to do, walking in His *own* temple, and the heart's doors thrown *open* to Him. It seems like a miracle of grace and condescension, at the very moment my soul was almost prepared to doubt the reality of personal joy and communion with my God. It is like a ray from heaven, illuminating and reviving me again. O, that it might not be as the visit of a wayfaring man! I had been long bordering on the depths of despair, and hardly felt able to answer for my mind's stability; yet I know, though it be but a moment's joy, that there *is peace* in believing, and that there is a preciousness in Jesus that satisfies when *all else fails*. This very ray of light is to show what Jesus *can be* in all the *emptiness* of earth. He and He *only* can fill a *desolate heart*, and satisfy a *craving* soul. How good of the Lord to allow me to feel that there is such sweetness in Him, when I was almost ceasing to feel after Him; I prayed, but I seemed to hear the Lord say, 'I will not hear, though you may make many prayers,' and 'what have you to do to take my name in your mouth?' But why do I tell you of this ray of hope, this moment's peace, to be followed, perhaps, by all the darkness and sorrow that I have so long known, and only increased by the brightness of these few happy hours? my only excuse is, that I am solitary in my present happiness, and as you have had to bear the burthen of my days of dreariness, I should let you drink with me this cup of refreshment from the Lord's good hand. How wonderful are the Lord's ways. Hours before dawn I lay in an agony of mind that knew no alleviation; and when I called on the Lord, He seemed as one deaf; yet, from very misery, I called again from the very depths, (see Ps. cxxx,) and the Lord heard me, and, for the

moment at least, in pity has restored my soul to a sense that even my heart can love Him, in whom is my life. I had almost thought that my obdurate heart, scourged by the clearness of my sense of what the Lord desired at my hands, would unseat my mind; but even this moment of comfort shows me that I can feel that wonderful and mysterious drawing, which binds the soul to Jesus; and while this lasts, with all the fear of losing it with which it is accompanied, it is truly being raised from the spirit of despair.

"Words would fail to convey what I mean, but still it is pleasant to bear testimony to the truth that *Jesus realized* is the same Prince of Peace He ever was. How sweet that passage in Isaiah sounded when Fewkes read it, 'let him that walketh in darkness and hath no light, trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God.' I felt I so *needed this;* for I have so long had more darkness than light; and I have yet to stand still and see the salvation of God: if He will yet deliver, by a great deliverance, into the joy of His house. How blessed it is to experience the truth of these words, 'in the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.' (Ps. cxxxviii, 3.) You know I have long told you that no *speculative* views of truth satisfied me; not that I loved my Lord more than those do who have been *much* occupied therein; but my judgment and former experience were against it; and I am *sure* what we want to know is *Jesus personally;* and *this* knowledge sanctifies, because it *humbles.* To be by the Spirit *really* brought into communion with the heart and thoughts of Jesus; how it makes the soul loathe itself, and wonder at His matchless grace, and cry to the Lord that this odious disparity may, by His grace, be removed, and all our thoughts and wishes made to harmonize. I often wish you were here to-day, but I believe it is well you are away, and that I am left *alone with God.*

"The steamer is in, but I suppose you will all think that I am near home, and will not have sent me letters: however, 'I will trust and not be afraid,' seeing the Lord upholdeth 'all

things by the word of His power,' and to *Him* I desire to commit all my dearest interests.

"I had a few lines from dear Mrs. O——, the night before last; she is anxious that I should go up to the Hills; what they can wish me for I know not; for I cannot endure myself except as I for a *moment* feel the *Lord's light* on my path, and His *comeliness* reflecting a ray of its beauty on that which otherwise is only a mass of deformity. I have been reading 'Gurnall's Christian Armour' with much interest, and I hope with some profit. I have not opened it for years, so that all seems new to me; it is so unlike all modern writers; Jesus and His power, His love and efficacy in accomplishing in us and for us that which concerns our safety and glory is so strongly, though often quaintly, put forth.

"How sad the public news from home; poor Ireland! truly it is a sad scene: what has sin not done to render this world a charnel house."

It appears that, besides his eldest son Henry in Mysore, and the Chaldean servant so often alluded to by him, Mr. Groves had some about him who were a comfort to him in his wife's absence. He thus writes of his English schoolmaster:—

"G. is a nice young man, and there is something in the freshness of his feelings towards Jesus, and in the tenderness of his conscience, that makes even my heart joy for him. He reads and prays so feelingly that it touches my heart greatly."

Of a dear old Christian, who occupied the office of overseer, and took part in the Sunday services, he writes:—

"Dear old Fewkes! there is in him the power of real love: Jesus is the Alpha and Omega of his thoughts upon religion: he has nothing to gratify the phantasies of the intellect, but if he does but feed and freshen the poor withered heart, truly it is a happy ministry. I do rejoice in their simplicity and love. O, that it may ever burn brightly, for surely it is a sad thing that such a Lord should have a dull flame of devotion ascending to Him; and yet how sad that seldom anything but this does ascend from hearts that should glow with love.

"I have all the boys from the schools, as well as your girls,

to come and clean the arrowroot, and we are getting on nicely. It looks like old times. Hannai allows them to choose the reward they like for work.

"The more I see of an English school among natives, the more sure am I it is the way of real access to their minds. Only think, eight little girls in Anderson's school have professed their determination to be baptized, and have left father, mother, caste, and everything, and are now living with Mrs. Anderson."

In reference to the marriage of a near relative of his wife's, he writes :—

"The description was interesting but affecting; the world is so sad a scene, that nothing but the glorious hope gives real brightness to any event."

Relative to the divisions among Christians, he writes :—

"What we all want is the Spirit's indwelling as a Spirit of grace and supplication, in each individual member; leading him 'not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, nor of others less highly; then we shall get rid of such backbitings and evil surmisings.

"I have been much struck with the book of Joel as a prophecy for a time of famine, such as this is in Ireland. God so explains the *cause* and the way of averting the judgment. We see in the first chapter the gradual increase of judgment, from the palmer worm to the locust; then follow the canker worm and the caterpillar, which God calls His 'great army:' this having been disregarded, in the second chapter, as far as verse 11, we have the sword; then God, as a Father, gives His advice and instruction, and from the 18th verse to the 27th, He shows the blessing that follows real humbling and rending of the heart among the people, and weeping between the porch and the altar among the priests. And from verse 27 of chapter ii, to the end of chapter iii, the Lord opens up the great vision of the future: I think Arnold's view of God's dealings with the ancients, considering them as *selected patterns* of the way of His dealings in *all* ages, under similar circumstances, is deeply instructive. The history of Nineveh and of Ahab teach us how He dealt with

a heathen nation, and with an apostate Israelite, even under the repentance of *fear*. The book of Joel shows how He will deal with a professing people, by afflicting and warning them; and, if they submit themselves to the mighty hand of God, finally exalting them by His dwelling in the midst of them, and restoring all and more than all that the palmer worm, locust, canker-worm, and caterpillar took away.

"I have just received a nice note from Henry; he seems to feel as I do, humbled and grieved that his soul is so little like a watered garden which the Lord has blessed. O, when will that time come that we shall see beauty nowhere but in Jesus.

"I have so many things to be grateful for, and yet I feel as if I know nothing of gratitude to the Lord, whose love has so blessed me in natural things, but much, much more in spiritual; and yet how little have I returned unto Him according to His benefits! May the Lord bless you with a full realization of a fulness without deficiency *in Himself*, so that for all I am wanting, He may give you a double, yea, a seven-fold portion.

"How discouraging it is to the soul that has light to see its sins and short-comings, to feel continually that instead of being more dead to self and alive to Him, self is still unsanctified, unsacrificed; nay, still, in one form or another, the object of supreme regard. The sense of this at times almost drives me to despair; truly nothing but grace, and grace abounding, keeps the mind balanced. When quite overcome with the oppression of useless nothingness, I have, for a moment, joy in this thought that I yet hold the hem of the garment, and that there is a power in that to give peace. I have been reading Hosea and Joel, and am struck with God's tenderness, in teaching us how to come back to Him, that He may heal all our backslidings, and love us freely. O, how wonderful is God's love! it even exceeds man's abominable ingratitude.

"*29th.* — I had a nice letter from dear Henry last night; he seems very much to walk with God, and this is my great comfort: I do feel I ought so to praise God for making him and Frank so happy in the Lord and in one another. I often feel,

in moments of despondency, when nothing for myself can give me pleasure, that those dearest to me are united by living union with the true vine. Yes! the Lord's unbounded love comforts me; and I desire to cast all my hopes, and anxieties, and wishes just there, and rest.

"Sometimes I think on Ireland and its deep destitution. O, that when the Lord's judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants thereof would learn righteousness! How strange the *national* unwillingness to acknowledge *God's hand* in the *natural* sorrows of life, whether general or particular; and in contrast with this, I am struck with the whole current of prophetic Scripture, which asserts the *great truth*, that there is *no evil* affecting the nation, the city, the family, or the individual, that *God* does not challenge Himself as the author of, either in discipline or in judgment. So true is it, that whilst God's object is to draw *us nigh, our* object is to put Him off.

"I have been occupied with the history of the periods connected with the Reformation and the time of Constantine, or rather with the events which transpired within one century of both; and in this study I hope I may learn some lessons in Church matters: the formation of new ideas and the modification of old ones, distinguished both these remarkable periods. My reading has led me to form a higher opinion of Cranmer than I had before, as also to see the sorrowful result of the maintenance of one favourite idea; as, for instance, the doctrine of consubstantiation, held by the Lutherans. They at last went so far as to feel the upholding of that absurdity the *point* without which there was *no fellowship*. No measure of grace, no measure of light, nor of general agreement, could compensate for this one diversity. How consistent human nature is with itself in all ages, how much of the same spirit do we now see around us."

The following remarks show the use Mr. Groves was enabled, by God's teaching, to make of the many trials which encompassed him; and will afford useful instruction to those who may be called to go through a similar path.

"*May 6th.* — I do so deeply realize the importance, to those whom God calls to pass through trials, of setting their hearts

with all diligence to make a sanctified use of *all* the *little* events that happen; for if this be neglected, the heart, by imperceptible yet sure degrees, departs farther and farther from God. It is the setting the *heart* to *crucify self* in *every form*, that makes all events subservient to blessing instead of grief; and I feel sure, where this is really undertaken in the fear of God, and simply to *please Him*, and because He would have us so live, we shall find a peace of soul, in nearness to Him, which flows out of this purpose, and abundantly compensates for every sorrow and self-denial. To feel ourselves the Lord's free-born children in the way of holiness, is a most privileged place, amidst all the bondage of earth's cares.

"I feel all that earth can give (if the Lord dwell not simply in the heart) is an empty name. I have more peace and quietness than I have long known, and I seem to see an open door before me for the enjoyment of a yet greater measure. I feel I have to learn more and more what it is to possess my soul in *patience* and to walk closely and humbly with God.

"*May 7th.* — I have this morning received a few lines from dear Start. He thinks I am going home this month, and his little word of warning, 'keep thy heart with all diligence,' and 'say nothing you may wish afterwards unsaid,' I send to you, as it will be never out of place or out of season. If the Lord enables us to live in Him, and wait on Him, all will be easy; but without this, it will be in vain to try to keep the city. I have been struck to-day with a remark of Gurnall's, that Satan has three straits into which he brings God's saints and entangles them: 1st, by nice questions; 2ndly, by obscure Scriptures; 3rdly, by dark providences. I think the two first have much to say to the troubles at home.

"Naturally I have no disinclination to India; but *spiritually* it is a land of drought; yet, I know, if the soul walks closely with God, and is fully occupied about the fulfilment of His will, all places are sanctified.

"Dearest Henry is very considerate and kind; he writes to me every second or third day, and so nicely, that it quite tends to cheer me to feel that I have those so very near and dear to

me, so anxious to be and to do all they can in my present trying circumstances. It is very conducive to peace to commit all to the Lord, who has all hearts in His hands, and will give just what is best. I very much desire to commend all the details of my little concerns to His loving and disposing care.

"*Sunday, May 9th.* — Dear Hannai leaves this to-morrow for two or three weeks. I shall miss her kind care, though I want little; but there is such a generous reality in her interest about all that concerns us, that there is none who can take her place.

"I am at present reading through the Memoir of Mr. Howell, by Pitcairn, styled 'Perfect Peace.' It is very interesting to see the real power of God at work in any soul; it serves to encourage the wayward to return, and the discouraged to hope; the difficulty I feel every hour is to harmonize my feelings with my judgment; my soul so often *feels* that it might enjoy peace, either if it knew less or felt more; but it is so hard to feel one has any part in that about which the affections seem so little engaged, and with which the heart feels so little *filled:* what I pant for is *realization*, and I know in this matter no one can help me but the Lord, yet they may pray that the power so to REALIZE the surpassing loveliness of Jesus, that hope and joy may *fill* the heart, may for a moment become mine, for without this the heart must ever remain most desolate.

"I am sometimes anxious about the Bowdens, and Beers, and Aroolappen; still I trust in the Lord for them; but the departure of Hull has been a great loss, for when I leave I can commit them to so few who have the means and inclination to help: however, we must wait patiently, and see what the Lord does for us in these matters.

"*12th.* — We have a return of the hot weather here, but I trust you are basking in the sunshine of a more genial clime; it is three months and seven days since we separated, and it will be more before we meet; but O, if it may be in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace, all will be well-timed and happy. Truly, there is no true peace or rest, but in Him. I shall hope to find that you are flourishing in all *these* graces,

that I may come and be refreshed with you, among God's dear people at home. Pray that my heart may abound in the love and grace of Christ. With this, I feel we shall be rich in poverty, without it, poor, even in affluence.

"*May* 13th. — How very sad the opening of the xith of the 1st of Kings is, after all the wisdom, riches, and honour of Solomon! How it teaches us that there is *no* safety in any circumstances, but only in living and walking with God. Such extreme departure from God forms a striking contrast with that beautiful prayer in the viiith chapter of the same book. Truly it is important to hear the exhortation, 'keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.'"

The following quotation shows the deep depression under which he laboured, even when his ministry was blessed to others.

"Fewkes and Gordon seem really to value my poor wretched ministry, which humbles me to the dust; if God would only command me to hold my peace, I should seem to be where I ought to be; and yet I do feel, that Gordon especially is advancing, so that I cannot be silent to them. They come to me twice a week, Tuesdays and Saturdays. If they knew what was the overwhelming heaviness of my heart, often when I minister to them of the sweet tidings of salvation, how truly might they say, 'physician heal thyself.'

"*Sunday* 16*th*. — Nothing can compensate for the absence of the conscious indwelling of Christ. Do not cease to pray that I may be 'strong in the Lord and in the power of His might,' for all our sakes. Pray that the Lord may give me *His* peace! I have great need of a Hur and Aaron at all times, that my hands grow not faint. I leave all external circumstances with the Lord; as He decides, so I shall arrange my affairs, and I know it shall be well. I am content with bread and water, if only we are flourishing in grace; without that, all the world would be to me as nothing. O, that all His will may be more and more the aim and the end of life! I sometimes think it is for this end He is ordering His ways towards me. I often hear His voice within me, saying, 'what doest thou here?' O,

that I could give Elijah's answer! But here it is that the grace of the gospel comes in, and enables me, notwithstanding all unworthiness and all unfaithfulness, to hope in the Lord, that the excellency of all power may be manifestly in Him and not in us; that whilst we loathe ourselves, we may glory *in Him*, who alone is our righteousness and strength. Pray daily for me, that I may know more of Christ, and the power of His resurrection, and be girded up, if it may be to take my place in the fellowship of His sufferings, that our Father may dwell in us and walk in us, and that we may be as His sons and daughters, so that if we meet again, we may be helpers of each other's joy in Him."

Early in June, Mr. Groves went down to Madras, to receive his son Frank and his wife, on their arrival from England, and while waiting there he visited some of the people of God; in the journal which he sent Mrs. Groves, he says:—

"*June 4th.* — I went to breakfast with Winslow, (an American missionary,) and when I think of his solitary position, I am ashamed of feeling my own so much. There seems little prospect of his wife's returning to him. After breakfast I called on Drew; (of the London Missionary Society.) He is truly rejoicing in the Lord, and spoke most sweetly of the Lord's ways, in taking away his precious wife: he says, till then, he never knew what it was to live with Jesus, but now he could rejoice in all His ways; he said, also, he never felt how much he had received of the Lord, till He took it away.

"*June 5th.* — This day four months you left me. O, how long, how very long, it has been; and still I feel what lies before me is shrouded in darkness. How happy for us that the Lord knows all our ways, and that none of our perplexities are hidden from Him."

The following quotations, in reference to religious controversies in England, are given for the benefit of many still engaged in them, and as a warning to others.

"In the carriage going *into* the Fort, Bell was reading some of W.'s papers, the language of which we both consider disgraceful to the writer alone. It is easy to accuse others of

being guided by Satan, but how difficult to see that he is urging on our *own spirits*.

"Whenever it is the Lord's pleasure that I should return, I do most fervently pray that my soul may be filled with Himself, and not with those angry questions: what seems *really* wanted is that *true humiliation* of soul before God, which makes the beam in our own eyes visible, and the mote in the eye of another comparatively disregarded. 'Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?' often recurs to me, when I read those exaggerated statements; and I often fear that if such a state of things continue, some signal mark of God's displeasure will rest upon it all. For myself I would join no Church permanently that had not some constituted rule. I have seen enough of that plan, of every one doing what is right in his own eyes, and then calling it the Spirit's order, to feel assured it is a delusion; and I consider it far more dishonouring to God, than where no pretension is made, beyond that of governing according to the best of the spiritual wisdom given us, guided by the Word and Spirit of God, which is always promised to us for asking.

"*June 6th, Sunday.* — In connection with the writings I referred to above, I have been thinking much on that striking passage, Rom. xii, 1, 'I beseech you, by the mercies of God,' &c., and I do pray that my soul may look for its judgment only from the Lord. Where is the love that 'thinketh no evil,' that 'suffereth long and is kind?' It is surely the concision, not the circumcision, that is now at work. May the Lord give you grace to take no part in those unhallowed strifes, but to let your testimony be for Jesus, and the Spirit of Christ, as that which manifests our connection with Him, not occupying yourself in those comparatively unimportant questions about the external orderings of the assemblies of God's people. It is much my desire, if the Lord clears away difficulties, to give up the rest of my short space to an uninterrupted ministry, some where, or in some form; but if I were in England, I should, as far as I now see, give any little strength I had to our friends in Bristol or Barnstaple, but especially the former. I have no question but that those whom God has called to minister should

wait on their ministry, and give themselves *wholly to it*, if their profiting is to appear in all things. I have also no doubt that this is the way appointed of the Lord for waiting on the Spirit, and in which waiting they are to expect to be taught to choose for the flock the proper pasture, and how to divide it. I cannot discern the slightest difference in the word between what is necessary to help the brethren in one form of ministry in the evening, or at the breaking of bread, although I quite feel that it would be desirable that those brethren who speak to the Church's edification should have opportunity to speak. But of this I think I can now feel practically convinced (as I ever have in theory) that recognized pastors and teachers are *essential* to the good order of all assemblies; and as such required and commanded of God; and though I should not object to unite with those who had them not, if it were the result of the Lord's providence in not *giving* them any, I should feel quite unable to join *personally* those who rejected them as unnecessary or unscriptural. If the question were put to me (as it often has been) do you consider the Spirit unequal to the task of keeping order in the way we desire to follow? my reply is simply this, show me that the Lord has promised His Spirit to *this end*, and I at once admit its obligation in the face of all practical and experienced difficulties: but if I see pastorship, eldership, and ministry recognized as a settled fixed service to the Church to this end, I cannot reject God's evidently ordained plan, and set up one of my own, because I think it more spiritual.

"D—— seems justified in rejecting all such helps as the way of obtaining proper subordination in the assembly of God's saints, by saying the 'Church is in ruins;' this is his *theory*; but neither in the *word*, nor in my own experience or judgment, do I realize that this state of the Church, even though it existed to the full extent he declares, was to be met by the overthrow of God's order, and the substitution of one so exceedingly spiritual, (if I may so use the term,) as it seemed not good to the Holy Spirit to institute, when all things were comparatively in order. I did not intend writing to you a dissertation, but my pen ran on.

"I had a nice letter from Henry, who mentions in it a sermon of mine many years ago, which he has never forgotten, on the Laodicean Church. Do you remember it? It would be very pleasant if, in this my hour of deep depression, the Lord in grace gave me to know that my stay in Chittoor had not been altogether in vain; and now, in another way, and from another quarter, He has sent me encouragement, which I tell *you only*, not as excusing my departure from my true line of service in ministry, but as showing His willingness to lift me up when I am down, and encourage me to go on in the path of ministry. I called on Macarthy yesterday, and he was saying that Fewkes and he had been talking about my giving myself up to the ministry, and he said he did not say what he did to flatter me, but that he had never known any one who had sat under my ministry in the word, without being benefited by it. He little thought what an arrow it was, or how it showed me what the Lord might have done by me, had I been subject to Paul's advice to Timothy, either to give myself wholly to my work, or wait upon it. I often seem waking out of a dream of years, and know not how to fall in with anything I see around me. I know not my proper place, or proper service, yet I feel the Lord will, step by step, show me His will and way: and O, may He give me strength to walk in it."*

On the 11th, he writes:—

"I went last evening to the meeting in Black Town, and found all the poor brethren most happy; they much wished me to visit them again, which I hope to do next Thursday. I have happily arranged among friends, an allowance of a few rupees a month, for poor Macarthy who is now quite laid aside."

He mentions here several others whom he provided for in

* Although Mr. Groves thus writes of *himself*, those about him can bear witness to the *delight* he had in ministering the word; truly he availed himself of *every open door*, whether in Madras, Chittoor, Arcot, or Bangalore; but the fact is, his way was *much* shut up through the ecclesiastical or worldly opposition of all around him.

different ways. It was his delight thus to seek the comfort of all. As "poor, yet making many rich," are words which truly applied to him.

"13*th*.—I had this morning a long visit from a nice young man, Secretary to one of the societies here, who had been led to the truth by Michael, (the native formerly mentioned in connection with Macarthy.) The thirst he has for the truth is really wonderful. He has undertaken to provide for Michael by collecting what is necessary for his support while preaching the gospel. I was much interested in the account of his success, and was glad to help him."

In reference to some who were insisting on an "impulsive ministry,"* as that which could alone honour the Spirit, Mr. Groves thus writes in his Journal:—

"I tell them it is of the same class of errors as those which characterize popery, see 1 Tim. iv, 3; being an attempt to set up a higher standard of holiness than God's, and must end, like theirs, in deeper sin. We as little deny the truth of God's promise, that our bread and water shall be sure, by going to our daily labour to earn it, as we do that of the Spirit's help, by studying God's Word in dependence on His guidance in order to minister to others. We have no more reason to expect the bread of life to be miraculously supplied to us for feeding others, than we have the natural bread; natural understanding is given us to obtain the one, and spiritual understanding to attain the other; thus Paul's exhortation to Timothy, that, in order that his profiting should appear in all things, he should *give* himself to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine, he should meditate upon those things and give himself wholly to them."

To others, who sought to sympathize with his detention in India, he says:—

"Though it has, at times, cast a deep gloom over my mind, I know I shall see why the Lord has done it. I feel thankful for my increased quietness of mind. The poor brethren in

* We know not a better term whereby to designate that kind of preaching or teaching, which, it is said, ought to be without previous preparation.

Black Town have enjoyed my ministry, and are much more subdued and happy. May the Lord increase their peace!

"It is a *real* enjoyment and taste of heavenly things, that I would indeed greatly delight to realize; still how precious it is to know that if we are every day wandering from our true joy, we are every day *brought back* to the assurance that all else is vanity.

"I am going this evening to the meeting of the poor brethren in 'Black Town.' My desire is to give them a clear view of what *Scripture* teaches, as to the workings of the Holy Spirit in the Church, in order to unity; taking John xiv as my text, in connection with the doctrine of Rom. viii, and the history and doctrine of the Corinthian Church, as illustrating the fact that *external* gifts, even when miraculous, lead to division where LOVE, the fruit of the indwelling Spirit, does not keep all *in order;* and how much less likely to preserve order are they who have only delusions, unsupported by any miraculous gifts. In conclusion, I purpose leaving with them 1 Cor. xiii, as the unerring guide as to what they are to cultivate, if they would really build up, and not pull down, the Church.

"I have had two nice letters from Bowden and Beer. The former baptized four persons last Sunday; three heathen and one Roman Catholic. I sometimes lament my poverty, but the Lord knows what is best. If He make our souls flourish, why we may well rejoice; and nothing can hinder that but our unbelief, because our Lord has pledged His own word that if we hunger and thirst after righteousness, we shall be filled."

Referring to the non-arrival of his son whom he had been daily expecting from England, Mr. G. says:—

"19*th*. — No sign of Frank: and thus I am kept waiting on the Lord for all my blessings. The Lord so supports me through dear Henry's letters, that I know not how I should feel, in my present destitution, if he were either away or otherwise than he is.

"I had a long visit from Mr. W. this evening. Adherence

to God's Word in simplicity has freed him from all the errors into which others would have led him. He brought his wife with him. My conviction is, that the effort of Satan to divide brethren here has been over-ruled for their blessing, by directing their attention to enquire what is really the nature and manner of the Spirit's present working in the Church: sounder and healthier views have been the result, and they are likely to be realized by each and all. They seem to feel that, instead of waiting for particular impulses from without, the great duty is to stir up the gift within; and to labour, by prayer and supplication, that the Holy Ghost, which dwells in them, should be neither grieved nor checked; but that He should have unhindered dominion in all things. The riches generally imparted by the Spirit flow from within, as our Lord said of every scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven, who 'bringeth forth out of his treasure, things new and old,' clearly implying, that every saint of God, as the temple of the indwelling Holy Ghost, carries about this treasure in him, and the spiritual mind, which the Spirit gives him, teaches him how and where to use it; and that, if we would admonish one another with wisdom, we must have the Word 'dwelling in us richly,' that we may be enabled so to do. In the whole of the New Testament there is not an *allusion* to waiting for an *impulse* from without, in connection with teaching, ministry, or any other service. Impromtu instruction, as I have said before, was promised on one occasion only, as a *general* promise to the Church, namely, when they were carried before kings and governors for Christ's sake, and truly it was the 'Spirit of their Father which spoke in them'—the same indwelling Spirit; but that was a case in which no previous preparation would be of any use to them, as they could not know beforehand to what they would be called to answer.

"21*st*.—We had, last night, a happy meeting. I dwelt on those three words; 'elect, holy, beloved,' in all that they included of blessing to us, and all that God expected in return from us, or in grace towards one another.

"I have just been visiting all the poor brethren, and am very

glad to say, they are in a most subdued and happy frame of mind, extremely anxious that I should remain among them and minister to them. I have no doubt the Lord has a purpose in detaining me here. We have an entire and undivided confidence and love among ourselves, which is a true comfort."

Of Macarthy and others whom he called to see, he says :—

"They are drinking in the grace of Jesus; this is always happy. I cannot tell you how I have been refreshed by my visit among them. There is a large field of usefulness here.

"24*th.* — I go this evening into Black Town to meet the brethren there. I went yesterday to the house occupied by P. C. I had not visited it before, and many thoughts of what had passed over us, since *we* were there, rushed upon me; yet I thought if we could but say that Jesus was more all in all to us, all *must* be well; yet, somehow, I felt not happy, and rose this morning with that sad oppression, as though the whole world rested on my shoulders: now, however, I feel happier; and realize, for a moment, *how precious* a thing it is to know that 'there is forgiveness' with God, for all short comings, that He might be loved and feared.

"We have not had a drop of rain at Chittoor; the tanks are all empty, and the cultivation at a stand; yet it is the Lord; for I never knew it so before during these ten years. These things I am able, more than formerly, to leave to Him in whose hands the whole matter is, and if I felt an abiding love of all the Lord loves, and an innate abhorrence of all that I know displeases Him, I could be happy in Him; but that description of Ephraim is so applicable to me—all 'his goodness is as a morning cloud;' and yet my judgment is with God. I see such beauty in His will, such a suitableness to make me happy, if I altogether loved it, that, at times, for a moment, I glow at the sight of the beauty and tenderness I feel to be in it, and with a sense of God's great personal kindness to me in so many ways.

"Dear B.'s view of our going totally unprepared to the meetings has led me into a very profitable train of thought; and I feel assured, that so far from our Father's desiring we should go

thus unprepared, or with unpremeditated petitions, He would delight in our meeting previously, and *agreeing* on any common desires for the Church or for ourselves. I think our great sin is *want* of premeditation, and deliberation on those petitions we desire to present to our Father who is in heaven. It often happens, as the petitions arose at the moment, they are forgotten in a moment, and then fulfilment is seldom waited for; whereas, if two or three were before to *agree*, seriously and devoutly, as to their requests, we have the Lord's assurance they would be heard. If the Lord were to lead my footsteps home, I trust I might find at Bristol a little shelter from questions that gender strife, and be able, according to my measure, to serve God quietly, and to minister profitably to His Church.

"25*th*. — I have been reading Mr. H.'s tracts on worship; there are some very nice thoughts in them, especially in the fifth. I perceived, however, this defect; the eye is always directed to the *public* services of some churches, and thus the argument is made too general. My full conviction is, that the Epistle to the Hebrews deals with man, not to the *exclusion* of public worship certainly, but on the ground of individual standing before God, as belonging to a covenant in which man has no more to say to his brother 'know the Lord,' for all know Him, from the least to the greatest; it is also intended to assure us of our individual access, through our great High Priest, to the throne of God; and I have no doubt that all *true* believers, either in the Establishment or out of it, *really feel* their *liberty* of *access* to the Father, their filial prerogative to 'draw near' at all times; and this is the *main* matter for them as children; they draw nigh, in the full assurance of faith, through their living Head. The passage, 'not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is,' shows plainly, that the circumstance of assembling together is only looked on as *one* of the many ways in which the sons of God draw near through the living way. Everything, however, that makes Jesus clearly seen to be the actor before God the Father, for *all* and *every* saint, and the *only* Priest over the

house of God, is a blessed ministry to the Church; these tracts, therefore, cannot but be valuable.

"*26th.* — I have had a letter from George Beer to-day, wishing me to go up and work with them. He tells me that Major Cotton and Mr. Stokes, with Mr. Fox and Mr. Noble, are going to do all they can for them.* I do love to see these brethren of the Church of England contributing to the support of poor, unordained Baptist missionaries. Truly I should hate myself, if I allowed any formal differences to rob me of their love, or them of mine.

"Dear —— accuses me of want of sincerity in my principles; but it is because he does not understand them. To make myself one in heart with *all* God's children, is one of the principles I have ever held. I love them ten times more, because they belong to Christ than I feel separated from them on any comparatively lesser ground.† My fervent desire is to be enabled to love and fear the Lord my God, to wait upon Him with a humble, lowly, and contrite heart, under the sense of my own unnumbered transgressions; yet with an unshaken sense of the love that has not only covered them, but washed them out, never to appear again. And in all my ministry here, my great wish is to produce in the brethren, especially the poor, a distaste for questions that 'gender strife rather than godly edifying,' which is in Christ Jesus.

"*June 27th.* — I was summoned to look at the flagstaff today; and was convinced it was the *Windsor*, so I went down with Lazar in the carriage, and there I found the ship just anchored. We sent off a boat to fetch Frank and his wife, and to my great joy found them both very well; thus far the Lord hath holpen us.

"We meet this evening for reading and prayer, and shall leave for Mysore in a few days. I feel truly refreshed by their

* Mr. Fox and Noble were missionaries of the Church Missionary Society: the former has long since entered his rest, the latter is still labouring faithfully at Masulipatam.

† See Appendix I.

arrival, and pray the Lord may make it an abundant source of blessing to us all. It seems to have been a great mercy that they had a nice cabin, for they were never able to stay in the cuddy after meals, for gambling, and all sorts of disagreeables were rampant.

"*28th.* — We had a nice little meeting for prayer last night; it was very refreshing to see dear Frank, and hear him pray again."

Relative to his son's undertaking in Mysore, he writes :—

"I have fully decided on having nothing more to do with any secular undertakings. The arrangements will be entirely between Henry and Frank and their employers. I have the fullest confidence in them both. Past events have been made most useful to them. All their desire is to provide things honest before all, that their communion with God be not hindered."

On Sunday he writes :—

"How blessed it is to feel that the Lord's ascension has secured us the *indwelling* of God's Holy Spirit for ever, to teach us to pray, and to assist us in our necessities. I think there is far too little realization of the truth 'it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure,' and 'without me ye can do nothing.' I should often be in despair but for the faith and feeling I have, that the Spirit's internal workings are *effectual* to make me long for and love what *naturally* I could not desire. To one who knows the natural hardness and insensibility of the human heart, how blessed it is to feel the Spirit abiding within, to breathe life into all their palsied affections, and to concentrate them in God."

After providing for a poor friend, he says :—

"If you are burthened with anxieties of your own, it is very pleasant to be the instrument of relieving those of others."

Thinking it likely that those in England, who heard of his difficulties, might attribute them to imprudence, and judge him hardly, he wrote to his wife :—

"Do not attempt to undertake my defence; it will only sadden your hours; and be sure the Lord will do for me

infinitely more than justice could claim, even more than thought can anticipate, if I humble myself under His mighty hand. The undecided state of all matters just now casts, at times, such a dark shade over the future, that I hardly know how or where to rest; and I cannot shake off that oppressed feeling, when I awake of a morning, till I get up and cast myself upon God, and weigh the littleness of all earthly things. In our own children we are truly blessed, and when I look around me, and see how few there are so blessed, I cannot endure my own want of unbounded thankfulness, and when my heart is cast down within me, I add these mercies together, and say with David, 'How great is the sum of them!' And, up to this moment, the Lord has not allowed *really* a feather to press on me, more than I could bear. Anxious *thoughts* are all I have to contend against, and yet how much grace and faith it requires to free ourselves from these by laying them on Him who alone is able to bear them!

"*July 5th.* — We have just had a meeting for Scripture reading, and read Deut. i. When and where God bids, they wont go; and where and when He forbids, they will go! What a picture of man's rebellious history!

"By the Lord's blessing there has been no schism among us: all seem more and more satisfied that the *theory of unity by separation*—for what has been put forward amounts to nothing less—is false; and so far from its being God's plan, all we see of it in operation convinces us, that the unity of God is found in the union of all who possess the common life from Jesus.

"I have been reading an interesting publication by an old friend of mine, Mourant Brock, Chaplain at the Penitentiary, Bath. It breathes a love to Christ's body, apart from all sects; this is *true* catholicity, an infinitely better test of the unity of the Spirit, than hatred of other people's systems, or 'clericalism.'—Socinian quakers may have the latter as intensely as need be; but only Christ's chosen ones can have the former."

A few days after making this entry, Mr. Groves left Madras with Mr. and Mrs. F. Groves. Speaking of the hindrances to his return to England, he says:—

"I wait on the Lord for the removal of present perplexities, as my sign for returning. Ah! may we never leave the Lord's side, or *close* communion with Him. I feel the Lord has done so much that I have earnestly prayed for, that I do not allow my heart to dwell on anything of disappointment that remains in my cup; but I expect that when His love says 'Go,' He will make it an unmingled cup of blessing, so far as He gives us grace to carry it with a steady hand. I do see so much in the Word of God to claim our confiding love. All that I feel jealous over my own heart about is that Israelitish feeling of forgetting His unmerited goodness. Truly we must stir each other up to *hold fast* by Him, and to let our praise ascend continually."

Having spoken of the comfortable settlement of his affairs, and of the part his son had taken in bringing things to a happy conclusion, he thus continues :—

"I do not say that it is more than they ought to do, but still, none but those who have seen and known sons who act on entirely different principles, can appreciate my happiness in their acting so nicely in all these matters.

"*Arcot, July 12th.* — We arrived here safely this morning. There has been no rain in Chittoor, and the tank is empty. How blessed it is to have a Rock that is higher than ourselves to go to, when anything oppresses, and indeed the Lord has so relieved me in greater matters than this, that, compared with my state when I was last at this place, I am a bird set free. I now realize the hope of having nothing but the Lord's work on hand, for the rest of my days.

"How very rich the Proverbs are in principles of Gospel truth! No character in the Old Testament is more affecting than that of Solomon. How insignificant are external advantages, even in matters of divine knowledge! He stands as a warning to walk humbly and closely with God continually.

"*Chittoor, 13th.* — I am happier than when I left this place: as far as I can see, God has answered all our prayers for dear Henry and Frank and ourselves, and has, at last,

opened a way for my complete emancipation from secular things. Everything in Mysore seems as prosperous as we could wish.—The setting up a sugar press and a water mill is sanctioned by government; and dearest Frank seems so happy in seeing all his labour crowned with success."

After coming in contact with some worldly persons, he writes:—

"O, how blessed it is to have a heart feeling after Jesus, and thoughts directed in the narrow way! We never appreciate these blessings so well as when we come into immediate contact with those who know not God."

On his journey to Mysore, his soul seemed full of praise to the Lord for all His goodness. He writes:—

"What I long for is a heart to realize all the relief and all the positive sources of enjoyment open to me, as *truly* coming to me from *God*,—it is God: I feel an unspeakable and unmerited proof of *His* love, to have not only the hope of joining you clearly before me; but also that when the Lord does allow me to do so, it will be, I trust, 'without carefulness;' but do not cease to pray that the Lord's will may be faithfully and diligently accomplished by us.

"How important in these times is the opening verse of Rom. xiv, with the marginal rendering of verse 1. Him that is weak in the faith, receive ye, but not to 'judge his doubtful thoughts.' Also Rom. xv, 5, being 'like-minded one toward another, according to, or after the example of, Christ Jesus.' How full this little clause is of meaning to those who feel the inconceivable forbearance and patience of Jesus towards themselves. Of all the wonders connected with the Lord's character *personally*, I should say nothing so exceeds all conception as His *patience* with His people. Thus in Israel, notwithstanding 'the provoking of His sons and of His daughters,' (Deut. xxxii, 19,) He promises, after all, to 'repent himself for his severity.' Ver. 36. Truly we may say, 'their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges.'

"*Colar, Sunday, 18th July.* — We did not go as far as we intended last night, and purpose spending a quiet day here."

Then, in reference to a tract on the Spirit's operations, he continues:—

"Does it seem to you that the operations of the Holy Ghost as 'in' us, and 'among' us, are capable of very definite and certain distinctions? It is said of Christians, 'Know ye not your own selves how that Jesus Christ is *in* you, except ye be reprobates.' (2 Cor. xiii, 5.) And, again, in Gal. ii, 20, 'Yet not I, but Christ liveth *in* me,' while He Himself says, 'where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' And again, 'I *in* them and thou in me,' John xvii, 23, compared with xiv, 23, 'My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode *with* him.' I confess I should feel it unsafe to draw any important doctrines from the use of these words '*in*,' '*among*,' and '*with*,' as if very distinct and important differences of relation were meant to be taught by them. I do not mean to say that distinctions may not be drawn by very acute minds, but I do not think the poor would discern or feel them, from reading the simple statements of Scripture. I think that unity and *intimacy* of relationship are conveyed by all these words, so that we may feel He is *with* us when we want external help; *in* us when we want internal help; and *among* us when we want collective help: in fact, that our own Jesus is all and in all. And as I consider this to be the moral use of the different expressions with regard to Christ, so do I understand them when referring to the Spirit. The *point* of importance to believers is, that *nothing* can be rightly or acceptably done, that *He does* not *work in* and among us; but no external regulations that we adopt in our different meetings can prove that our souls are in this state. The Spirit, emphatically, 'bloweth where it listeth,' breatheth out of whom it listeth, and for what duration it listeth. He may send Paul and Barnabas for a continued service of months, or Ananias for a particular service, or Philip to an individual.

"*Bangalore, July 19th.*—I arrived here safe this morning, and am staying with the dear R.'s in the fort.

"Should the Lord sanctify any little earthly cisterns, to minister to our joy, let us thankfully accept, and gratefully use

them, but not *depend* on them: a single burst of pride or passion may rob us of all joy in them; it is so good, yet so hard, to bear evil with spiritual profit. I feel little difficulty in despising wrongs, and those who do them; but, really, to grieve for their sin, as it regards God, is very difficult. I find no real remedy but 'looking unto Jesus,' 'holy, harmless, undefiled' as He was, and going about 'doing good,' and still 'despised and rejected of men.' When I reflect on this, every selfish feeling dies for the time, for I naturally say, 'Why should we think it hard, who are always thought but too well of by so many, that some think more evil of us than we deserve in some things?'

"*July 20th.* — How much God's Word makes of hope: 'we are saved by hope.' Truly it is a help in times of trial. David's remembrances of Hermon and Mizar led him to hope for the future, and be quiet in the present; and I am sure we may say, have we ever trusted in the Lord and been confounded? How often has our way seemed hedged up till the Lord's time for the appointed deliverance came!

"I hope you will spare no pains in making a really good collection of books and tracts, suited for India: tracts full of the real manna of God's Word, and free from anything controversial. Let all here feel it is *Jesus*—the precious, unspeakable gift of God—we are come here to preach. Should the Lord prosper us in our resources, this may very much be our future ministry in India; helping all who love Jesus in sincerity; bearing witness, in word and deed, to all that Jesus is made to us of God, and to all that the living members of His body are made to us by Christ; and that, irrespective of all their sectarianism, weakness, and error, of which the Lord is the Judge appointed of the Father, not we, who are, from the beams in our eyes, and the blunders in our heads, and often from the hardness in our hearts, quite incompetent to execute judgment graciously, so as not to wound but to heal.

"*July 24th, Biddedy.* — Before I left Bangalore, last evening, I went to call on some friends. The 15th Regiment has a great number of dear devoted Christians in it, and such as are thoroughly alive to the importance of the things of God. Do

you know Baxter's work, entitled, 'The mischief of self-ignorance, and the benefits of self-aquaintance'? it is a very valuable little work, and one from which much may be learnt by careful reading; yet, you know, I only refer to these books as *helps* to self-detection; Jesus, and Jesus only, gives peace, and truly teaches the soul to be humble; looking unto Him brings down high thoughts, and teaches the soul really to commit its way unto Him. I trust the Lord has delivered me, in some measure, from the trials of the past days, and enabled me to say, Do thou only bless, and all shall be well. Nothing comes amiss that we receive not amiss; for, if *He* allow it, though it come even from Shimei's mouth, He can turn all into blessing. I delight to dwell on the Lord's great grace and goodness to me; His unspeakable gentleness; and when He says, 'Am I not better to thee than ten of the nearest on earth?' my heart says 'Yea, Lord.' I feel He has so *gently* ordered everything for us, even our separation at this time; and to Him, and to His love, we will look for all that lies before us.

"In our morning reading we were thinking over the various symbolical characters of our Lord in the Gospel of John, such as the 'Word.' '*Way*,' '*Truth*,' '*Life*,' 'Shepherd,' 'Vine,' &c. He is indeed our all and in all.

"Do you not think there is great beauty and power in 2 Sam. xxiii, 1—5, not only prophetically, but as showing what the Lord delights that His saints should aim after *now*, i.e. to rule in the fear of God, to be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, 'a morning without clouds;' as the tender grass after rain; the idea the same as 'ye are the light of the world;' and the grass seems descriptive of the soft refreshing aspect, the even course of a saint exhibits, yet as studded with the clear shining dew drops in the morning sun, by the continually reviving brilliant acts of grace, which sparkle in the Church; and yet, after all, while this is the *aim* of the saint, because it is his *Father's will* and his *own choice* and blessed feeling, as in verse 5, our house being not so, peace with God

rests only on the *covenant*, ordered in all things and sure, and on the blood that cleanseth from all sin.

"*July 27th.* — How beautifully the exhortation in Isa. l, 10, to trust in the *name* of the Lord in times of darkness, comes from the lips of *Jesus*, who is the speaker in the preceding verses : truly it is a name into which the righteous run and are *safe*. Do you not consider that running of the saints into the name of Jehovah to be the reliance of the soul on the character of God, in those innumerable difficulties not solved in the written Word? I often feel this is my resource in times of complicated trial.

"I have felt more strongly than ever, that our true place is that of forbearance and intercession, when we see evil in God's people. God's dislike to have His anger helped on by man is so striking a feature in His character. He even charges Babylon with her cruelty towards His punished people : how much more would He feel the same spirit in His children one towards another!

"*July 30th.* — Yesterday we went out to Palhully, [this was the name of the place at which the sugar works were commenced in Mysore] to examine the depth of the water, and we find it will answer well for our works, so that every anxiety has ceased on this head.

"I daily feel that where Jesus is enjoyed the soul finds peace; but to be enabled to do this we must be actively employed about Him and His service; and it is in this, I think, we so often fail from one cause or another."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONTINUATION OF JOURNAL, 1849 — MR. GROVES VISITS OOTACAMUND — KIND RECEPTION BY HIS FRIENDS — UNION WITH ALL SAINTS — KORAH'S REBELLION — MRS. GUNDERT — HAPPY RESULT OF HIS VISIT TO AMOY — CATHOLICITY OF MESSRS. FOX AND NOBLE — SERVICES ON THE LORD'S DAY — FLUCTUATING EXPERIENCE — PILGRIM CHARACTER OF GOD'S PEOPLE — RETURN TO CHITTOOR THROUGH MYSORE AND BANGALORE — HONEY IN THE LION'S CARCASE — ENGLISH SCHOOL AT CHITTOOR — CHURCH ORDER AND DISCIPLINE — VISITS TO MANY IN MADRAS — MINISTRY IN BLACK TOWN AND OTHER PLACES — ACCOUNT OF DR. CLIGHORN — MACARTHY — NOTES OF POONAMALEE — AROOLAPPAN — UNION WITH ALL — REFLECTIONS ON GOD'S WAYS AND MANY PARTS OF SCRIPTURE — FAITH IN A DARK DAY — MADRAS CITY MISSION — VARIOUS SPIRITUAL REFLECTIONS.

In the beginning of August, Mr. Groves accepted an invitation to visit the Nilgherries, and at Ootacamund he found many Christian friends, some to whom his ministry at Chittoor, in years past, had been blessed: he also met Mrs. Groves's former associate in work, Mrs. Gundert, often mentioned by the name of "*Julie.*" She had been sent to the Hills for her health: she was one who had laboured very faithfully, but was suffering from nervous depression.

The next extract is dated from Ootacamund.

"Just before going to rest I add one line, to tell you I have arrived here safely, though such a journey for rain, rivers, and mud, I have never made in India. My friends kindly sent a palanquin to the bottom of the pass, but being wet through and covered with mud, I thought it safer to ride on into Ooty,

and just saw dear Mrs. B—— and O——, but was too wet to go in. The Millars received me most kindly, and dear Col. Tomkyns also came and gave me a warm reception : still, though all this is pleasant, nothing can heal the sadness of my heart, in not having found letters from England ; however, seeing the Lord's love has allowed it, I kiss the rod, and believe I shall yet praise Him for every disappointment and trial."

A few days after, he writes :—

" On Sunday, we had two meetings here ; one at the Brigadier's and one at the Millars', where about twelve of us took the Lord's Supper. Nothing can exceed the kindness of all whom I meet here, and unless I am compelled by circumstances to leave, I shall remain some time, as the kind of employment I have here takes the mind from its own selfishness, and directs it for others in a different channel.

" Cassamajor came in from Katy to see me, and I shall hope soon to go to the Falls to visit dear Julie and the Weigles, and on my return lunch and sleep at Katy, and the next morning proceed to Conoor.

" I could not give you an adequate idea of all that might be done here, by a devoted spiritual servant of God. I realize what is wanted, but cannot feel myself equal to it ; for I feel, as George Herbert would say, my powers are clean ' gone underground ' : a sectarian of *any* school would be worse than useless ; the carrying out of the *earliest* conceptions of that little knot of Christians, out of which the brethren grew, would alone meet the views of this place ; it requires a heart that feels it an infinitely higher thing to witness for the work of God in the redeemed family, than *against* the work of Satan ; if one bears testimony *for all* God's work and ways, those of Satan are and must be condemned, though indirectly ; while testimony against every form of evil in others, may leave the Lord's work unmanifested by ourselves. I see in the Establishment a multitude of men, who, notwithstanding sectarian institutions, have catholic hearts, ready and willing *actively* to help those from whom their systems separate them in the Lord's work : in others I see the absence of systematic sectarianism ; they have a

catholic system, but a most sectarian spirit, feeling unable to help any but those who hold their own views: for myself I have infinitely closer communion with the former than with the latter.

"What an instructive portion to the professing saints of God, is Isaiah lviii: what a holiness in *form*, what an alienation of heart in *reality*: and then the *nature* of the return the Lord really seeks, and the blessings He has in store.

"The position I have ever maintained, of union with the whole circle of God's redeemed family, without exclusive attachment to any section of it, is daily more precious in my eyes; it certainly gives one something to *bear everywhere;* but then, by becoming habituated to forego one's own will, it becomes at last easy; and we can rejoice, and praise, and love, and intimately associate with the Lord's handy-work in His saints, though they may be associated with much that the heart longs to see away.

"*Aug. 15th.*—It has occurred to me that the view generally taken of Korah's rebellion, of which the memorial was kept in the budding rod, is very incorrect; it is usually represented as though it were the people of Israel against the priesthood; but it is evidently the priestly tribe of Levi against the supremacy of the high priest Aaron, as we see Num. xvi, 8—11; the very sin of the present day; men who have been called out to minister before the congregation, not being contented to stand within the limits assigned them of God, but entrenching on the high priest's peculiar and distinct offices and ministries. It is very delightful to think that the *true* Aaron's rod is the only one that blossoms and bears fruit, and both together; and that by abiding in Him, we may all blossom and bear fruit, to our Father's glory.

"*Aug. 18th.*—I have at last received all your letters, and can truly say my heart overflows with thankfulness, in the remembrance of all the Lord's great goodness to you, and in your happiness.

"The aspect of things at home described by you, makes me feel happy. I am here as to that point, for certainly in India,

there is no closed door to the testimony of Jesus, though I trust there ever will be to the *prominence* given to any fanciful or exclusive views of man, or abstract points of doctrine, whether relating to prophecy, or the constitution of the Church. On both these subjects, I believe many have missed the Lord's mind, and lost their way. I trust we shall never differ on these broad catholic grounds, with which our happiness and usefulness for so many years have been connected.

"You cannot conceive the kindness and brotherly confidence I experience from all the Lord's own family here, of whatever natural or acquired predelictions. The Chaplain begs I will always come and stay with them if he goes to Arcot.

"I am glad you went to hear Gadsby, and were able to relish that sweet savour of the hidden manna.

"I have been to visit 'Julie' at the Falls, where she is staying, and truly glad was she to see me. She looks a little older, otherwise quite well, but suffering at times from the deepest depression, though better in that respect than she has been. I could truly sympathize with her, for though I am not free from the fear of the return of those depressing feelings, I am now so much better; seldom awaking in the morning till five o'clock, and then feeling refreshed. O, for a humble, lowly, contrite heart, that the Shepherd of Israel may guide us and let the light of His countenance shine upon us, and then all will be well. In Psalm lxxx, how often that 'turn us again,' is repeated! I feel the need of this."

After describing his visits to many on the Hills, he says:—

"When I was at Conoor I saw Dr. R. Do you not recollect when in Arcot his mind was turned from infidelity to the truth; how kindly he used to write to me? When he heard I was on the Hills, he very much wished to see me. I found him very low, but on the Rock: when I spoke to him of the peace it gives in sorrow, sickness, and disappointment, to feel it is a Father's hand preparing His children to be partakers of His holiness, that He may ultimately fill them with His happiness, He said, O yes! but there is so much to be washed and purged away. We had some prayer together, and I left him happier

than I found him. It was a great comfort to me that Julie also had been happier since my visit, for I do so value her.

"*Sunday, Aug.* 22*nd.* — I was out the whole of yesterday, paying a round of visits; the first was to a dear Christian man, who seems to live on the manna of the kingdom. He occupies himself in writing hymns or sacred poetry. I will send you one stanza from 'the Penitent Sinner's Return.'

> Oh! then return, admittance now is sure,
> Through Christ who died thy pardon to procure.
> Knock at His Father's gate, He gave the will;
> Knock loud and long, knock loud and longer still.
> If still denied, still stay and knock the more,
> Pray on and faint not, 'tis thy *father's door;*
> His ear of mercy is not slow to hear,
> But waits and waits for thee to persevere;
> 'Tis hinged on mercy, opened at my cry,
> 'A sin-convicted sinner, doomed to die,
> Who in arrest of judgment had no plea,
> But that He loved and gave Himself for me.' "

"Though attached to the Establishment, he says he believes that a grand crisis is coming, when the *true Church* of all classes will be without state protection, and have to fight the Lord's battle alone, as far as earthly powers are concerned.

"I sometimes dread going back again to Chittoor; I have been so much better here; yet I feel I ought to go and close my affairs there, so as to be free for whatever the Lord may have for me to do. I still feel daily that total want of correspondence between my head and my heart, though I sometimes get over the thought that I may never be used again of the Lord; for I have of late felt He has helped me through, as in past years, when I have gone to minister, bowed down with a weight I knew He only could lighten.

"I go on Tuesday, (D.V.,) to pay my parting visit to dear Julie, and to try and comfort her. I derive comfort from seeing

her, just by thinking, if the Lord allows one who has been so much more faithful than I to walk in darkness and have no light, and I can see it to be a holy discipline in her case, it may be so in my own.

"22*nd*. — I have such a nice letter from Messrs. Fox and Noble, a circular in behalf of Bowden and Beer, so sweetly catholic. Their system may be sectarian, but they are not so; and it is ten times better to have to do with those who are catholic in a sectarian system, than those who are sectarian with no system. Dear good men! I do so love them, and hope to write to-day to Mr. Fox, and tell them how their grace and kindness refresh me. If the time should ever come that we have more than our own immediate work required, how happy we should be to help them, even as they have helped our brethren.

"23*rd*. — We had yesterday a very happy meeting, both in the morning and evening. It is such a relief, especially when the soul is bowed down within, to feel that when we meet it is only to worship *God in truth*, and that your fellow-worshippers are with you, that you may lead their hearts to the blessed Jesus. We feel we meet to worship and to speak *good* things of our King, and all other things seem forgotten. I only wonder at the kindness of those I meet with here; they do so urge me to the undivided devotion of my remaining years to the ministry of God's word. If I remained here I think they would do anything in their power to get a public meeting-place.

"I feel the Lord is very good; yet often my heart sinks within me, and I seem like a willow bent by the wind; and yet whilst thinking on the 11th of Hebrews to-day, I was, for a moment, as one 'strong in faith, giving glory to God,' remembering all His loving-kindness and goodness towards us.

"28*th*. — I have just heard from Hannai: she has received her second letters from you, and seems delighted with them. O, that our hearts realized more the preciousness of Jesus, who is ever the same, then the fluctuations that so harass the spirit would cease.

"*Sunday*, 29*th*. — I have had a sad, yet not an unblessed

day. I feel as though God had been with me; yet I have been greatly tried with my constantly besetting burthen, the inability to feel the things of God have that power of giving peace to the soul, which they could not but do, if I loved Him as I ought. I have been clinging to the stronghold of the 14th of Hosea, like a drowning man, and I feel I have so much to be thankful for, temporally, so many, *many* blessings; yet I cannot desire to be happy, except as my heart realizes the constraining power of my Lord and Master's will, to put every unhallowed thought and word to flight. I have to-day felt overwhelmed with the thought of God's tender, gracious love, which I know so well, but cannot be subject to: one moment I desire to be His *only*, in another I seem as insensible as marble: to others the Lord allows me to be of some use, but to myself I am a walking sepulchre. There is something in Jesus so unspeakably forbearing and kind, that when faith fairly reveals Him, I can say with Job, 'I abhor myself in dust and ashes.'

"Every one meets me with a kindness that surprises me; when I leave, they let me go with reluctance, and look forward to my return; yet under all this my heart only withers the more, for I do not deserve it, and cannot deserve it. God makes me do them some good, I hope; and just whilst I am ministering the word, I often feel unusual power, but no sooner do I reach my room, than my heart returns to its impenetrable hardness. Still I ought not to say this without allowing, that for two weeks past, the Lord has made all these burthens much lighter; but now again the pressure has returned. I would ask you to pray that I may but once fully realize in my heart the power and constraining sweetness of that love, which for years my head has told me I ought to feel, and then I could desire to quit this scene of endless strife."

The following letter, from one to whom his ministry was blessed when he first went to Chittoor, gives an interesting account of this visit to the Hills; and shows, though he had such low thoughts of himself, how highly those around him esteemed both him and his ministry. The letter is addressed to his wife.

"I think you will like to hear what we all think of your beloved husband. The first day he came up, he was so wretchedly out of spirits at not having received your letters, &c., and doubtless many other things pressed on him. It was Sunday, and his speaking was with *such power!* quite that of *former years,* when I first heard him at Chittoor; quite strengthening and refreshing; it spoke to the *hearts* of all, and all were edified. Since he has come up, he is in better spirits, and great grace is upon him. He has had many trials, and is a bruised reed. I never saw such humility in any one. Really, to hear him speak, you would think he was quite useless in the Church, whereas no one is so beloved by all. Even the world can bring no reproach against him; so kind, tender, and considerate to all, except when the truth of his Master is concerned, and then he is *bold* and *earnest* in commending it. You know he came on Saturday late; and on Monday, who should ride up to meet him, but Mr. Cassamajor, who was really happy to see him, and would be glad to take him with him.*

"I dare say you hear of his state from himself—the blank, as he calls it, of his ten years at Chittoor; indeed, I do not like to hear him speak of it, he feels it so acutely; and I do not think it *right,* because he was the means of bringing many to Jesus, and a witness for the Lord in his consistent walk; so that ,should he be led to settle on these Hills, he would be fully known.

"On Fridays, the Tonkyns's have a large meeting for Scripture reading, consisting of twenty-five ladies and gentlemen: most attentive are they.

"Mr. Groves's last lecture on the 10th of Hebrews was beautiful, and with such power; the liberty of entrance at *any* time into the Holiest, even to a *Father,* by the blood, with a full sense of remission of sin; the holiness of life that should *follow* this confidence; the recompense this confidence gives, even

* Mr. Cassamajor was formerly the first provincial judge in Chittoor, and was for years a very devoted Christian: he founded a mission among the natives on the Hills, which is now supported by funds left by him, and conducted by the German missionaries.

joy and peace, amidst all the turmoil around ; the need of patience, amidst all the contrariety of events that happen to us in the day, knowing and feeling, that dwelling in the presence of God, all were of a Father's appointment, to try us as gold, perhaps, in the furnace, making us desire to wait, and long for the day of the Lord's appearing, when all things would be in their proper course. What I feel in his teaching is, that it establishes the heart in grace ; and there is something in it that touches the tender feelings of our nature, which he always seeks to have brought to His service.

"On the Sunday evenings, in the breaking of bread, we do feel the Lord is *very* near to us. It is indeed a happy time ; Mr. Groves is leaving soon ; his visit has stirred up the saints to more diligence, and to seeking the enjoyment of the truth for themselves."

The Lord graciously allowed him, at this time, much comfort from the prosperity of his sons. He writes :—

"I have most comforting letters from Mysore : they seem to be looking happily on everything ; yet, what is all to one look of recognizing love from His face, who breathes peace into the soul? I tell you this that you may not think things are more trying here than they really are. As far as I yet see, all is as promising as we could wish. No! all my difficulties are within, and had I but faith as a grain of mustard-seed, I know every trial would, in a moment, be put to flight. I feel far less able than I once did fully to participate in their worldly prospect ; the hope of having everything clear is very pleasant, but I have long ceased to trust in present appearances, and only desire to look to the Lord for deliverance or peace. I feel I deserve nothing, and whatever befell me, I could with my whole heart honestly acknowledge the Lord is righteous, and I am wicked, and never can receive the half I deserve, of correction and chastisement, at His hands.

"*Aug. 30th.* — I have been much struck of late with the pilgrim character stamped on all those who have left Egypt, and on whom the blood of the Paschal Lamb has been sprinkled ; staff in hand, loins girt, shoes on the feet, and all in

haste for the promised land. Surely, if we were always thus equipped, we should think little of the trials by the way; the land of promise beaming brightly before us, we should think much of the end, and little of the road. However unwise or thoughtless I may have been, or any of us, I feel never unable to look to the Lord to blot out the sin of our foolishness, and to grant full and perfect deliverance; indeed, if I give myself up heartily and entirely, to His service, I feel full confidence as to His love in taking care of all our concerns, little or great as they may be."

This is the last entry in his journal while on the Hills; the next is written on his way back to Chittoor, by Pallhully, where his sons resided, and where he had the comfort of finding all his hopes concerning their undertaking fully realized, and they themselves going on very happily.

Nothing of peculiar interest occurred on this journey; it was marked by incidents common to travelling in India, for instance, such as the following:—

"*Sept. 1st, Goondlepett.* — We slept last night at the Kulhutty Bungalow, and this morning came down to Tippookardoo, where we had a very primitive breakfast, as to manner, without table or chairs. I have ridden on before to this place, to prepare dinner, and, to my dismay, instead of finding my 'bandy' here, I hear the wheel is broken. They say it is being mended five miles behind, but when it will be ready I know not."

He had the comfort of being accompanied by Christian friends. Of one to whom he had been made a blessing when at Chittoor, he writes:—

"If I am none the better, but rather the worse, for my sojourn in these lands, dear E. O. *is* the better. We have been very happy in our journey: her cheerful, happy enjoyment of her Father's love makes me often feel as if water had reached my own withered roots, till something arises to dispel the charm: however, the journey down with them both has been very pleasant, and I do desire to remember it as an undeserved mercy."

On leaving Mysore, he went to Bangalore, where he enjoyed seeing many Christian friends. In reference to four native girls, brought up in Mrs. Groves's school, he writes:—

"Mr. Rice's catechist has married Vengetty, one of those we sent to Bangalore, when you left. He fixed upon her, because he thinks her really *influenced* by Christian principles."

On the whole Mr. Groves's mind seemed at this time, more occupied with things at a distance, than with those around him. He writes to his wife:—

"I do pray the Lord will keep you from entering into curious questions at home. I believe all those subjects which cause such contention, are really as the small dust of the balance, in comparison with the preservation of love and harmony in the body. May you be able to seek to establish all in grace; for God has given you a heart to feel the preciousness of His saving power and His forgiving love: and this is the class of truth that draws all hearts personally to Jesus and one another; be content to appear ignorant about many things which others think they know a great deal about, if you may but be permitted to exhibit *Jesus*, precious to all—*His* meekness, *His* tenderness, His forbearing pity in the midst of all our weakness and perverseness, dwell upon; and be assured God's Spirit will be with you: the exaltation of Jesus is the saints' proper work and true glory; and be always assured, the tree that is most loaded with God's fruit, will bend its head most lowlily towards the ground. In spiritual things humility and faithfulness always accompany each other. May you be rich in the love of the Church of God, for their profit as well as your own peace: but know nothing of Paul or Apollos.

"I often think of dear Hake's remark, 'the larger the lion, the more room for the honey;' and I am sure it is so, had I only faith to realize it; but it was not till the hand of faith had *slain* the lion, that the Lord caused honey to lodge in the carcase. If I find not honey in the many carcases of lions that often surround me, it is because I fail in faith to rend their jaws asunder; for I know it is not in the lion, living and ram-

pant, that honey is deposited, but in the carcase of the lion that faith has overcome."

In relation to plans for future service, he says :—

"I feel it hard to believe I can be of use anywhere, but I know it all hangs on the Spirit's enabling my soul to live in God. I should not say the Lord shuts me up in anything like despair of being again used by Him; if I will let Him dwell in me, and walk in me, as He, I know, desires that I should do. There are moments when I feel His power slumbering and ready to be awakened, so that I could preach the truth with comfort to myself and blessing to others; then, again, I feel like a withered stick, like a man in a famine, who is appointed to carry the bread he is never destined to taste.

"I also saw the dear G. R.'s in Bangalore; they always seem so glad to see me. Really, there is something in the open-hearted freedom of Indian hospitality that is very attractive."

On his return to Chittoor, he writes :—

"*Sunday, Sept. 12th.* — There is something peculiar in the depression I feel in this place; it is like a leaden atmosphere pressing on my heart; and I sometimes think it is the Lord's rebuke, for having enjoyed so many mercies here for so many years, so thoughtlessly; but should the Lord enable me to draw water freely out of the wells, to rejoice in the Lord, and to joy in the God of my salvation, all other things would be light, because at the longest they will soon pass away.

"In reading the third of Isaiah to-day, I was so struck with the tendency of prosperity to alienate from God, that I could be quite content if trial brought me close to God, *really* and *abidingly;* but my heart seems to walk a little while Enoch-like, and then I seem again altogether away from His side. I do so long to realize the one thing needful, even as containing all the soul desires, or needs, for its happiness. I feel the Lord has made Chittoor less a source of anxiety than formerly; but unless the soul is laid at rest in the peace of Jesus, trouble will arise, if there be nothing more substantial, from the imagination itself. However, I do desire to cast off all burthen of

care from my poor weak head and heart, and to lay them where they can be borne.

"You will be glad to hear the English school is going on very nicely; there are to-day twenty-seven boys in attendance. Two of them are quite clever, others very intelligent. I could be very happy in labouring among them."

The following remarks on Church order were elicited, apparently, by discussions of which he heard through letters from home.

"It is before the Church at large that the minister of God stands to be judged; and there is no feature more truly characteristic of the early steps of decline into Popery, in the second and third centuries, than removing the Church from the exercise of this their bounden duty. The flock of Christ in whom the Spirit dwells, is as competent now to know whom the Holy Spirit has qualified to be a minister of the word as in the days of the apostles, both by comparing the word ministered with the word written, and by the edification they experience in their own souls: nay, if they are spiritual, they are *bound* to recognize such; yea, their recognition is essential, not to the ministry of the word at all, for that every member holds from the Spirit only, but to any individual's *exercise* of it in any congregation of saints. I feel that a stated, recognized ministry is essential to Church propriety and spiritual order.

"In THEORY nothing can be more simple and apparently true, than, that if you are all 'baptized into one body,' by *one Spirit*, you ought to speak the same thing, and be of the same judgment; but in *fact*, nothing is more certain than that, notwithstanding the unity of the body and the unity of the baptism, this is *not*, and never has been the case: we must therefore, in a multitude of cases, leave every man to be 'fully persuaded in his own mind.' In smaller matters, this will be easy; in graver, it will be better to form small separate households of faith in love, each preserving their conscience inviolate, than that either party should coerce others into their views and opinions. Uprightness of conscience is essential to all spiritual prosperity, but coercion into some judgment is not.

Infinitely better is it for each household of faith to seek to walk in all things well-pleasing to the Lord, than to undertake the management and direction of other households. The unity of the national family is not destroyed by each household acting for itself, as long as all act for the welfare of the nation, and within its appointed laws; and even if these are transgressed, every individual cannot take the place of judge, but those to whom it is appointed by the king. If those who judge can show the king's commission for pronouncing sentence upon another man's servant, and calling him to the bar, well; they all *have* the right of passive judgment, namely, by withdrawing from him, or from any household of faith, if they think he or it is walking against the will of their Lord, but here I consider their authority ends; and certainly, for myself, I could not exercise more; nor should I feel called upon to submit to more, except from the household of faith to which I more immediately belonged; to them I would concede much, and from them be subject to much more. What I mean is this, if all the households of faith in England were to unite in bidding me cease teaching, I should consider their authority nothing, if my conscience stood clear in the matter; but if the household to which I felt myself called to minister were to desire me to cease, I should at once feel it right to do so, notwithstanding any clearness in my own conscience as to their being in error in their judgment. I think this mode of pressing unity adopted by some, is most absurd.

"I have just finished dear G. Muller's 'Brief Narrative of Facts,' relative to the orphan-houses, and can truly bless God for the grace and faith that is manifested. It is altogether a wonderful work, and God's favour seems abundantly to rest on it. I should greatly like to see it, but it will be yet more blessed to be present, and share in the joy, when they are crowned hereafter; if so poor and wretched a cumberer of the ground as I have been, may yet share the glories of that happy day."

That a change had taken place in his views as to labouring with his own hands, while engaging in the work of God, is obvious from the following extracts.

"I am sure that in the present state of the dispensation, those who are called to the ministry of God's word, if their profiting is to appear to all, must give themselves not only to the study of the word, but to the collective and individual state of those among whom they minister; and they must also watch over the grace of their own souls, that they stumble none, not even the weakest.

"The writer of the pamphlet, printed at Neufchatel, takes the same view that I do of the *designed* ceasing of the gifts in the Church, but does not support his argument from Eph. iv, 12—16, which, I think, shows that the foundation work of apostles and prophets was intended to be carried on by evangelists, pastors, and teachers, till all ceased to be children, and grew up into perfect men in Christ, so that instead of any being of childish stature, the unity of the whole body should be accomplished, by every one aiming at a manly stature and completeness."

In September he left Chittoor for Madras, and on his way he writes:—

"Cleghorn and I arrived about 10 o'clock at Poonamalee, and left at five. There were some who wished to detain me to minister in the evening, but we could not arrange it. A pensioned apothecary, lately baptized there, seems a dear Christian brother. His wife and sister are still Roman Catholics. He told me that two more Roman Catholics had joined them, and that several meetings are held in and near Madras.

"*Madras, Sept. 26th.* — We had a very nice meeting last evening. In reading the 30th of Exodus, I think, we see so clearly that that which made all the wood, stones, gold, skins, vessels, of every sort and every size, *most holy*, was not through any change in them, but from their anointing; so that I believe, all that the Lord seeks for His service now, is, *anointed hearts*, understandings, wills, affections, eyes, ears, tongues, hands, and feet: it is the anointing we have received which prevents our needing other teaching. In that Neufchatel tract I have been very much struck with the statement, that the season of supernatural gifts was that of the *infancy* of the Church,

and that their withdrawal took place when the Testament was complete, and the Church left under the guardianship of the indwelling Spirit, in the period, in short, of her manhood; that this is the doctrine of Scripture, I have no doubt, and so far from the absence of those things, which, at best, were but, in comparison of what abides, sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, being a sign of decay, they mark the period of the Church's progress from infancy to manhood."

As to the future, he writes :—

"I desire to leave with the Lord all that concerns me, and to wait His good pleasure; for it is so necessary to realize that what the *Lord* orders is truly well, and will ultimately be proved so to all His children. May He give us power to plead with Him for paths of righteousness and the holiness of truth, that circumcising of the heart to love the Lord our God with a constraining love."

"*Sept. 30th.* — I went this morning and saw poor Mr. ——, whose wife died about three weeks ago; he was in a very happy and holy state of mind; he feels this affliction has drawn him nearer to Jesus, as the staff of his life.

"I am going to the meeting at Black Town this evening. Things are, I think, in a happier state now than when you were here. They give the nicest account of the meeting at Poonamalee, to which I hope to go, as they are so anxious I should do so.

"*Oct. 1st.* — I had a nice little season last evening at Black Town. I endeavour to press upon them the effect of God's teaching, namely, 'great shall be the peace of thy children.' When we learn about the truth of God, if He be not the teacher, it leads to strife and debate, but when He teaches, that very same truth brings peace with God and peace with one another. The dividing about Paul, and Apollos, and Cephas, kept the Corinthians, with all their gifts, 'carnal' and 'babes,' needing milk rather than strong meat; and the same evil has the same effect now.

"I cannot tell you how nice the spirit of the brethren has become. Besides the original meeting, there is a little

party of the 94th Queens, who assemble every Sunday at dear B——'s office to break bread, and as there is no jealousy about one table or two, all is going on in love and harmony; they meet constantly, two, three, or four of the one party go to worship, and break bread with the other little Church, showing that one table in a place is no more necessary to real spiritual unity, or love, as some persons absurdly insist, than one table in a kingdom.

"The only thing really of importance is, 'what has the Lord said?' and to find out this, we must, I am sure, wait on God's teaching by His Spirit.

"*Oct. 3rd.* — I am just now returned from the Fort, where I met some of the Queen's 94th; seven of us broke bread together. There is much to interest one here."

Of a friend who seemed nigh unto death, he writes :—

"I find it is now decided that dear Cleghorn returns to England. He is supposed to be in consumption. I feel for his poor father, whose only son he is; however, it is the Lord's way of bringing him near to Himself. Truly, whatever makes Jesus precious, and eternity a reality, is most blessed, though it cuts up all earthly things by the roots. O, that I knew fully what it is to love the Lord and hate all evil! how blessed, how happy it would be! how little would things then trouble me, which now seem hard to be borne. Dear C——— is in a sweet subdued state, and delights in prayer and communion with God.

"*Oct. 4th.*—We had a large company last night at our meeting; four came in from Black Town, three from Vepery, besides a Captain and Mrs. Hayne, who says, she heard me preach at a shoe-maker's in Barnstaple.

"After I had been to read and pray with dear C———, this morning, he told me he never expected to reach England. I much enjoy being with him; he seems to receive his summons so set his house in order so quietly. My heart so realized the blessedness of such a message, such a prospect of relief from unnumbered trials connected with spiritual life. The Lord is so worthy to be loved, and yet the heart so little responds to

His claims. I often have before my mind the man who knew his Lord's will and did it not. If it were not for the holy anointing oil that makes *most holy*, I could not think of even a snuffer-stand's place in the Lord's house."

Of two clergymen whom he met at a friend's house, he writes :—

"They are both truly Catholic in spirit; and see that the great evil of the Establishment has been the limitation of ministry to the clergy. They quite admitted the beauty of that work going on in the City Mission, about which I felt so much interest.

"I have a little reading and prayer once or twice a day with dear C———. I feel it very profitable to be with him; he seems to see everything in connection with eternity, and desires the sincere milk of the word, that he may grow thereby.

"There is such an infinite littleness in all those thoughts about which men divide from, and judge one another: no aspect of them seems powerful enough to bring them distinctly before one as objects of spiritual vision, much less to make them of magnitude and importance sufficient to separate the heart from those it loves. I often bless God for enabling me to feel I belong to all that belong to Him, and that I have no call that makes it imperative on me to separate from any household of faith, because of evils that may exist among those in whom the Lord dwells and walks; neither have I any prohibition against forming part of any such household, where my own soul is edified; so that I never feel I separate from one because I unite with another. If I am hindered from intimacy with many, it is because they have, of their own will, annexed terms that I cannot comply with. I believe they do it conscientiously, though, I think, wrongly; but I feel no heart-division from them on this account. I rejoice in all the Lord's goodness has vouchsafed to them, and show my love and oneness with them, as fully and as often as I can, publicly and privately owning all the congregations of the faithful in the land, 'but none of their system.'"

"*Oct. 7th.* — Some things try me in connection with my

affairs at Chittoor, but I know that these are to teach us the Lord's will, that we may do it, even when all is dark: all *little disappointments* are *sign-posts* in the way, to make known the Father."

Speaking of some little publications which had interested him, he says:—

"I never read that little book called 'Precious Truth,' and the tract on 'Worship,' by dear Harris, but I wish he were always so employed. How the sense of the once being purged, and the 'boldness of access,' and the 'new and living way,' revives the soul when dwelling on its own intrinsic hatefulness: truly all this brings in what Jesus calls 'His Peace.'"

Of Macarthy, the soldier, spoken of in 1847, he writes:—

"*Oct. 9th, Poonamalee.* — I have come over here to see Macarthy, and the others who meet here. Poor Macarthy is still bedridden, but on the whole better than I expected to find him. Michael seems going on very nicely, and he tells me there are some villagers here, Telegoo people, who receive him most willingly, and he wants more tracts and copies of the Bible. He also mentions two heathen who wish to be baptized, but the brethren thought it better they should wait a little, and quite feel with them, as the external act is nothing unless undertaken in faith. I hope to have a meeting here this evening in the house of the pensioned apothecary, who was formerly a Roman Catholic, and then I return to meet with the men in the Fort to-morrow morning; and in the evening at the dear Bells. But my heart longs for that fervency of spirit which is the strength of service. O, for that spiritual *power*, which led Paul to say 'to me to live is Christ, to die is gain.'

"I saw one of my old overseers, Cooper, to-day; he is a broken down man, very much altered and sinking; but I trust holding by the hem of the garment out of which virtue always comes to heal those who touch it in faith.

"My present position is one of waiting in every way; and I may be kept here, I know not how long, before my business is settled; and then there is Mysore: however, the Lord will order all after the counsel of His own will, and I will try to

love His will, and feel it 'acceptable and perfect,' however it may mar my hope or my desires. I do so rejoice He has allowed you to feel the sunshine of the kindness of those you love.

"Again and again I cast myself on the Lord's compassion and love.

"Do not cease to pray that all things may be ordered for our *spiritual* blessing, however accompanied by crosses and trials. The latter we shall never regret, if the former be attained. Give my tender love to our darling boys, Edward and Norris, and tell them how glad I am to hear they so love one another; I pray that they may both so love the Lord, that His everlasting arms may be underneath them for time and eternity!

"*Oct.* 14*th.* — The steamer has just left, and is now on its way to you. There is something very sad in these messengers, always going and leaving me behind; yet the Lord has it all in His hands, and orders it in love. I can take no step in my present circumstances; but I wait for the Lord's pillar to move.

"Mrs. B. has had such a nice letter from Aroolappen. I think dear G. Müller would be comforted in hearing an Indian speak that language of faith to which his own heart would so fully respond."

In reference to some others of a different spirit, he says:—

"How completely man is an idolater of substances or ideas; what is all this intense excitement about system or no system, but fleshly excitement? Neither the mind, or temper, or grace of Jesus seem to me to have anything to do with the controversy, and, for the time being, all who are mixed up in it, are, to that extent, sunk in spiritual power, and become stumbling-blocks rather than lights.

"Why should those Christians who love and honour Jesus, and own Him as their only hope, their only stay, and believe that His blood has cleansed them, His Spirit sanctified them, and that He has ascended ever to live and make intercession for them, allow other and infinitely less things to create such discord and heart-burnings, such strifes and mis-

representations? I look on a bad system to be a bad thing, and a good system to be a good thing; but that any human beings, acting together, are without *some* system, I do not believe. I have ever blessed God for our liberty to love and unite, as our consciences may permit, with *any* of the assemblies of the Lord's numerous family; and though I feel tied down to none, I feel free to mingle with *all*, occasionally, if they do not require of me what I cannot yield, or deny me what I must do; and when either of these cases arise, I can only regret the barrier they raise."

Speaking of some who wrote on the non-eternity of punishment, and the final restoration of all creatures (Satan not excepted) to God, he says :—

"Really men seem mad in prying into what is not revealed; and, being wise above what is written, no wonder if the Lord allows them to quarrel and fight one with another.

"*Oct. 16th.* — I shrink from writing about myself, for I feel it would be so often hypocritical or painful. There was a time, not many weeks back, when my heart seemed a little to have recovered; the Lord appeared breathing gently on His garden, and saying to the withered plants, 'live,' but, for two or three weeks, the darkest insensibility has generally covered my mind, with only momentary gleams of spiritual enjoyment. I would not say I consent to this state, or that I do not hate it, or myself for it; but still I lay prostrate under its power. While others are condemning one another for mere *formal* differences, I see the anathema, not to lie against system or no system, but against those who love not the Lord Jesus Christ in *sincerity*.

"We have been visiting the Andersons and their schools: I very much like them. Truly they are labouring in the heat of the day, and the Lord is blessing them; much as I regret some of their plans, I feel they are so substantially true to God that I rejoice greatly in all the grace they manifest.

"*Oct. 17th.* — I went this morning to the Fort. They told me that at Trichinopoly, they were going on very happily and, that twelve had been baptized at one time.

"I have had to-day much on my thoughts the history of Jehoshaphat. After walking with God, and being blessed and enriched by Him, he joined himself three times with the house of Ahab, once with Ahab himself, once with Jehoram, and once with Ahaziah, to go to Tarshish. When I think of God's manifold deliverances in this case, truly we may say He is the God of all grace. Throughout, mercy rejoices against judgment. When God's grace does not stay us, how prone we all are to depart from Him! how it humbles the heart to feel that this is our *common* nature, and how it exalts the love of Jesus that He should leave His glory to redeem such as we are! O, how blessed it must be to have the perfect love of God enthroned in the heart, and breathing there unhindered by any motion of sin. O, what a day that will be!"

Alluding to the uncertainty of his movements in reference to his return to England, he says:—

"May the Lord show us His hand in all our ways. I feel often that God is so gracious even when we make mistakes, we have only to go and confess, and all is peace and love again; there is no stirring up of resentments with Him; He forgives, and forgives fully and freely.

"You must not think I have been in any real difficulty of any kind: the Lord has dealt most gently by me hitherto; and if ever I feel weighed down, it is in thoughts for the future; and this only when faith is not in exercise. I have no doubt that the Lord will fully take me up, if He leads me into that place of the soul's rest—simple reliance upon Him. He has done it in times past, and will do it in time to come; many a time have I tried Him, and never found Him wanting.

"There is nothing of which I have a deeper conviction than that all those manifestations of spiritual power, with which the dispensation was ushered in, were designed to witness to us, even when they were withdrawn, and also to teach every one that ministers that all ministrations must owe their vitality and spiritual energy to His direct operation and power; and that our faith is to be exercised in believing and relying upon

this; knowing that, in the exercise of diligent service, in this simple dependance, the Lord will own and bless the confidence, and direct the steps and thoughts of His waiting children, by His Spirit which dwells in them. If He be owned He will answer our confidence; if we proceed in the strength of the flesh, He will disappoint our hopes.

"What we really want is to have our souls brought in contact with the spiritual meaning of the truth. The great point is to get each man to stand in his *individual* conscience before God, under the full assurance that aggregate religion is no religion at all; there must be a tasting and handling and knowing the truth for one's self; and this the mere formal unity, which binds multitudes, never can give."

The following reflections, and others like them, are worthy of remark, in connection with the exceeding joy of Mr. Groves's latter days. They show the deeply humbling work of the Spirit of God in the soul of His dear servant, while a natural tendency to depression of spirits ought to be taken into account. But what spiritually exercised conscience will not understand the lamentable difference there often exists between the knowledge of the truth and the realization of its power?

"*Oct. 23rd.* — I sometimes feel sadly depressed; and truly I have reason to be so, looking back on a worse than useless life; and though I know that grace abounds, my heart is often quite devoid of all joy. I sometimes think I am too sedentary; and after the active life I have led, my present one of almost entire solitude operates unfavourably; at other times, I think the Lord hides Himself that I cannot see Him. How wonderful a being is man! how blessed to be able, as a little child, to carry on all one's concerns with God! I do so long to feel that constraining love, which makes all God's will as meat and drink. O! if I did know practically all that I know theoretically of God, how happy I should be! What I long for is what I have always felt my soul so deficient in, the *realization* of the power of the truth I hold. As I have often told you, I feel a perfect spiritual paralytic, with a mind

to desire, but with members disobedient, or insensible to, the mind's directing thoughts. Dear C. is often very low, and I try to keep him up; but God only knows how much I myself want what I try to give to him. I know how to point him to the well-springs, and he can often drink and be refreshed, when I seem to live merely to benefit others.

"Our Sunday meetings are very pleasant; we have only thirteen, but I regret that no one speaks but myself—in many respects the least qualified, in the present state of my mind.

"*Oct. 28th.*—I am at times very very low, when I think what I am, after all the Lord's loving culture; I feel I ought to have rendered to Him such different fruit.

"What a hard lesson it is to learn to be 'poor in spirit' as well as pure in heart; yet these are lessons that must be learnt, if we would enjoy spiritual peace.

"May the Lord make me willing to part with all that stands in the way of His entire blessing, and consequently of my entire joy; for there can be no full happiness without a real hungering and thirsting after it, in close and holy communion with God.

"I look to the Lord to fill your cup with His blessings, and O, if it may be, without any share of my sorrows! The account of things from the agents is most distressing, yet the bow of the Lord's promise is above all; and I do pray that His gracious Spirit may so enrich your heart that you may ever sing, 'The Lord has done all things well.' Faith truly is blessed; and to hang on God, in hope, when all is dark, is most enriching; but then it is often hard to do this. The love of the dear ones in Bristol I must acknowledge, for truly at such a time it is most consoling. As to the sympathy of saints generally, there is not a sorrow connected with earth that those around me can exactly enter into; therefore none can minister those peculiar sources of consolation and strength which my soul needs, neither can I open my heart to any. Fellowship in suffering is needful for spiritual consolation and fellowship in the joys which sorrows bring.

"In reading H. Venn's life, I was struck with the sweet

savour of Christ, which seemed to rest on his heart, and his dependance on the Spirit of God in ministry, mixed though it was with sectarian feeling about the system to which he belonged. Our place is to imitate His grace, and avoid his narrowness.

"I daily feel the overwhelming importance of being settled in this truth, that nothing can be done holily to God, unless He be the doer of it. It is so blessed to feel that He will humble Himself to enable us to exercise all ministries acceptably through Christ; and not only so, He will even enable us to think, speak, and act graciously, eat and drink graciously. Seeing the Lord thus leads His beloved ones, drawing forth, in every act, praise to the Father, from the loving fountain of the heart; it does so dignify common things, to think they are capable of being consecrated things to God, and *sanctifying* things to ourselves. I do pray the Lord may bless you with that faith that triumphs over every earthly care, for these so sadly hinder our peaceful communion with God. It is blessed to know that the Lord has all power in His hands, and all love in His heart, to supply our wants, and knows all we have need of.

"I do desire to feel the continual out-goings of my soul to be hungerings and thirstings after righteousness, and then we know every good thing shall be added. I could not convey to you the intense cloud that at times seems to rest over my heart, especially between three o'clock and six in the morning; blessed be the Lord's name, it then often leaves me for hours, but it returns like an armed man; and all to teach me that my peace, to be an *abiding* peace, must be all in Him. That truth, that in His presence there is fulness of joy for evermore, is sometimes like a ray of sunshine through the clouds of a rainy day. All my days of sorrow are infinitely less than I have deserved. After all, nothing can exceed His kindness, nothing surpass His tenderness.

"*Nov. 5th.* — I have come to the J. G.'s for a little change. Dear Mrs. B. has just been here; I love her much, and feel her sisterly love and kindness to me. My heart seems to cling to

the thought of returning; but when and how distracts me; and I am obliged to stop, by simply committing all to the Lord, and saying, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.' Then I count over my many alleviations, my many causes of thankfulness. O, may the Spirit's voice be allowed to speak in every dealing of the Lord toward us.

"*Nov. 6th.*—I went last evening to a meeting for the establishment of a Madras City Mission, got up by several clergymen and other dear Christians. I assure you the catholic love expressed by these servants of God, in the Establishment, was very touching, and I pray God they may be blessed. There was such a full recognition that they were all one, and ought, in every possible way, to exhibit this oneness with all their brethren; such a full recognition, too, that Christ was all in all; and that to win souls to Him, was the one object on which, primarily, all the heart should be set. Mr. T. was in the chair. Mr. W. E., and about fifty of the persons most interested, were present.

"*Nov. 7th.*—The Lord has to-day, in His unspeakable abounding mercy, enabled me to look on all His love and grace more happily, and the clouds of the many past days seemed lighter. What I want is the fullest, steadiest rest in Jesus; loving Him, delighting only in Him, and living only to Him; then I know I shall be happy.

"I have sent you a little printed account of the conversion of a Brahmin at Salem, by which God has comforted the dear Lechlers. O, what a precious service is theirs, if the heart be in it. O, that every ray of hope I have may rest on Jesus, and bind my heart close to Him in all singleness of holy service. How precious is the Spirit's work, described in John xvi: how we need to have Christ's things revealed by Him, that we may really see them. How, without Him, all is darkness, or cold intellectual clearness, without fire, without love. I pray you may be overflowing with all; for there is no fulness of joy without Jesus, no real joy but with a heart thawed by God's Spirit to praise and prayer.

"I am sure there is no value in anything but that which is

consecrated to Jesus: nor is there any real joy, but in seeking to serve Him with undivided heart, where holiness to the Lord is on everything. Why, then, is it that we so rarely enjoy the precious privilege of having our wills lost in His, and His service made our pleasure? Why should we feel it trying to be despised? There is so much real spiritual *wisdom*, in being willing really to be trampled on, and made the offscouring of all things; and in this path truly, I would cry unto the Lord, 'what I know not, teach thou me.' We ought to seek complete conformity to Him, if we would be happy.

"I have been thinking over 1 John, ii, and iii, and especially of this verse, 'he that hath this hope, purifieth himself *even as He is pure*.' What a measure for the heart's desire!

"I sometimes for a moment feel, as though I might one day experience the Spirit's power in bringing every thought into obedience to Christ. I *know* now it is the only pathway of service.

"If we meet again, I pray it may be in the full enjoyment of His unclouded love; and with hearts able to feast on His fat things, and on none else. Yet, I think our only safe desire is, that we may be sanctified; and that, however things may turn out, we may always glorify God. How striking is that spirit of contrariety to the world, and victory over it by faith, that breathes in John's epistle: not merely, that we will not pursue it, but that we will trample it under our feet. O, may we be enabled more and more to do this, and be found faithful unto death.

"*Nov. 12th.* — I received to-day a nice letter from Gordan, the English schoolmaster at Chittoor; and it makes me quite ashamed of the little trouble I have taken to stir up, and really cultivate, their spiritual affections. The duty of writing words of comfort to the poor saints, especially those who are afflicted, such as Macarthy and others, has been for some days on my mind. I think the Lord would own it; I have written two or three such letters, and have really been surprised at the response they have drawn forth. In this country, it is almost all one can do. I often plead with God His promise that He will

circumcise my heart to love Him ; then all will be easy. I have so many mercies to recount, both temporal and spiritual.

"*Nov.* 16*th.* — The prospect of seeing Henry here greatly comforts me, as I hope, by the Lord's mercy, some final arrangements may be made, that may determine my course. O, that it may be towards you ; yet it will be as He orders, who orders all things well. I am sure He has, in this delay, acted in love, and that I may have reason to bless Him, more than I yet know, for having kept me and made me walk in faith day by day. The sweet fellowship of my dear sons, Henry and Frank, is very precious, as also their real sympathy."

Lamenting the few who came forward to speak of Christ, while he was in Madras, he says :—

"O, if we loved Jesus passionately and truly, and felt His visits of love clearly, we should find a tongue to tell of His praise. In addition to all my troubles, I often feel so unable to speak, that I would give anything to have the theme of praise, or the subject of teaching, taken up by another.

"18*th.* — Again a sad day, for with it my hopes of a speedy return to you have vanished ; but I know all will be as the Lord sees good ; He knows the end from the beginning, whereas, we see so short a space before us, that the fondest desires of to-day may become the sorrows of to-morrow. I will not write more ; my heart is too full of thoughts that oppress it ; I will wait on the Lord for brighter days.

"*Nov.* 19*th.* — Dark and dreary as my days often are, as it respects myself, I have much reason to rejoice about others. Dear Henry writes from Chittoor, 'I desire more and more to leave all our arrangements in the hands of God. I hope He will allow us to enter into no connection that HE cannot *bless* us in.' We ought to rejoice in any measure of trouble that brings the souls of those so dear to us, into such nearness to God, and waiting upon Him. I have always felt that all that most grieves and wounds us is sin, and, therefore, full of sorrow : if our hearts were really troubled under the sense of our awful worthlessness, none of these things would try us. I often think I have had so much more of honour and love than I ever

deserved. I abhor the thought that feels wounded about anything of self.

"I am glad you have had so much to interest you in England, and one day we shall understand better than we now do the end the Lord has had in this most painful separation, so unthought of when we parted.

"19*th.* — I had a long letter from T. H. I was grieved to hear so bad an account of his dear sister's health, and that there was so little prospect of her recovery; but truly if the heart realizes the preciousness of Jesus, and our union with Him for eternity, how the daily sadnesses of life make the heart long to be with Him. I am so comforted in your ability to rejoice in the Holy Ghost's work in all saints; for I feel this is the Lord's mind and true catholicity.

"It is very kind of the Lord to put it into the hearts of His children to pray for me. O, that *all* the will of God may be accomplished in me, and that I may live to His glory. What I long for is, that full *enjoyment* of God which *satisfies* the soul that it has, in *His* love, the full and overflowing compensation for every earthly loss.

"The Lord only can put all hearts where, and as, they ought to be; to Him, therefore, I look, and on Him I rest, for I see nowhere else hearts large enough to think no evil, and believe and hope all things, with a love that never faileth.

"20*th.* — You may say this is a selfish letter, because my thoughts wander but a little way from our own concerns; and this is my grief and shame, to think all the affairs and sorrows of the Church, seem to be less than my own little cares, which, with my small measure of faith, are so, at times, overwhelming; but may the Lord, with His comfort, greatly rejoice your heart. However sad the circumstances may be, *His* banner over us is *love*, and *He* will prove it is so softening and soothing in every sorrow, bringing good out of every apparent evil.

"The dear Müllers! I do so delight in their love and grace. May the Lord, on whose basket and store they depend, more and more bless them.

"There is something in our deepest trials so precious, in

knowing we have God to deal with, and not man. He, who can by His angels roll every stone from the cave's mouth, that shuts us in. I do so pray the Lord may guide me, and indeed, both of us, into paths where we may glorify Him."

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. GROVES VISITS ENGLAND IN 1848 — HIS FEELINGS ON THIS OCCASION — ACCOUNT OF OVERLAND ROUTE — ARRIVAL IN BRISTOL — VISITS IN DEVONSHIRE, LONDON, AND SCOTLAND — RETURN TO BRISTOL — EVENTS WHICH TOOK PLACE THERE — SAILS TO INDIA — REACHES CHITTOOR — ACCOUNT OF HIS WORK THERE — CHANGES IN SOCIETY — FAILURE OF HIS OWN HEALTH.

HAVING happily concluded the business which had detained him in India, Mr. Groves was able to make arrangements for his departure to England early in 1848. He writes :—

"*Jan. 26th.* — How wonderful it seems that I shall have to put this myself into the post-office at Malta, to go by Marseilles, to tell you I am coming in about a week. May the Lord so grant it! I am on my way back from Mysore, where I had a very happy visit, and was delighted to be able to leave them all without a care ; they seem so very happy ; and everything, as far as we can see, is so promising, that not a cloud appears to hang over their prospects."

Other extracts from his journals, showing the state of his mind on leaving India, will be read with interest :—

"When I look back on all the Lord's goodness to me since I came here, and all my unfaithfulness to Him, the small measure in which I had practically realized those holy principles which my heart so fully owns, how amazing does His love appear, which has, notwithstanding this, borne with me, and delivered me from the multitude of my troubles!

"I sometimes think I may find some place for service at home ; but this will depend much more on the measure of communion I may be able to maintain with God in my own soul, than on anything else. When the Spirit witnesses powerfully of the

love and grace of God, and the preciousness of Christ, then He makes a place for the soul to speak out what it has found and felt; anything besides may bring some little attention to the creature, but not peace or rejoicing in Him, to whom all praise is due. What I earnestly pray for is, to be kept *in God* with my eye and heart single, and that every measure of earthly relief may be only the means of binding my heart more to Him.

"*Sunday, Jan. 30th. Vellore.* — Here I am, fairly set out on my journey and voyage to you. I left Chittoor yesterday, at eleven o'clock, with a multitude of thoughts of all that had befallen us since we first entered it together, and as to what the Lord might yet have in store for us. How truly has the Lord fulfilled your last words to me; 'we shall yet praise Him, who is the health of our countenance and our God!' I do indeed desire to feel most deeply grateful and humbled, at the remembrance of the Lord's most undeserved grace, in allowing me to send the letters which must already have announced to you my intended return, and the many mercies He has bestowed on all of us; it seems even now like a dream, and thus it always is when the Lord turns our captivity. I do trust I shall find all those whom we loved, and, above all, who loved the Lord, willing to allow us intercourse with them. There is only one way of union, that of brethren and sisters with their Lord and Father, holding communion together by the one Spirit. These grand principles being admitted, all other things, such as forms of church order, are, I believe, quite subordinate; and whilst not obligatory on any, open to all to be accepted or modified; so that this relationship of the body with one another and their common Head and Father be not denied; nor the power of the Spirit hindered. I greatly approve and value a fixed ministry; but will ever protest against an *exclusive one*, and especially that hypocritical *freedom*, which in *words* grants *liberty*, but in *fact* denies it.

"I cannot say I concur in dear C.'s judgment as to this omission. Doubtless, he wrote as he felt; and whilst there may be to some minds the semblance of an extravagance in his self-

condemnation, would it not be to many, and most who have his life before them, and the ability to judge for themselves as to his upright and devoted service, convey rather the same impression as those which the mind receives, on hearing the devoted apostle of the Gentiles calling himself the 'chief of sinners,' 'wretched man that I am,' 'in my flesh dwelleth no good thing,' 'not worthy to be called an apostle;' and with B. Beveridge, again, 'My very prayers need to be prayed over, and my tears to be washed in the blood that cleanseth from all sin.' I proceed to Madras to make final arrangements for leaving; and to be enabled to accomplish this as I desire, I look to the same gracious help that has hitherto been granted me; for only when the Lord works can it be said, 'who shall let it?'

"*Feb.* 1*st*, (*his birthday*,) *Poonamalee.* — The commencement of another year of a most unprofitable life. The past year has been full of events, the consequences of which we cannot yet appreciate: however, if we have only learnt more to commit our way to God, and trust *in Him*, it will truly be a profitable lesson for the rest of our lives. How little we thought, when we parted on the 5th of February last year, that such a space would now divide us! but I quite as little expected that I should be on my way to you now with so many of the burthens that have pressed on me so heavily removed. No language can do justice to the Lord's exceeding grace! I have often been led earnestly to desire that the freedom from earthly care, the Lord has given me, may only be used for His glory, so that my disengaged affections might be set more entirely on heavenly realities. As it regards things at home, I can see much grace in the Lord's delaying my return, and it has been important as it respects things temporal here: yet to be of any use in the midst of the most blessed opportunities of service, the soul's living in *holy, happy communion with God is essential: I feel, through life, opportunities are not the things needed by us, but grace to* USE THEM GRACIOUSLY *when presented.*"

After dwelling further on the many deliverances he had experienced, he continues:—

"When I look around me, I see no hand in bringing all this

to pass, but the Lord's. I am amazed to see my own affairs so well settled: I feel the Lord has done all things for me, to leave my mind free to think *only* of *Him*, and His love; but sometimes it seems hard to sit and really hold communion with God alone; for when I pray the thought of home comes in; and when I read His word, something or other to be done, or that I fear I may leave undone, presents itself to disturb my thoughts: thus life passes! how little truly given to God, and yet how good He still continues to us! How ought we to follow Him in our tenderness one to another, seeing He has borne so *much* from us."

On his arrival at Madras, he writes:—

"I cannot tell you how that pernicious teaching about the non-eternity of punishment is spreading here. I tell them it is the gospel of Satan, to give the unconverted comfort in continuing in a damned state; soothing them by the hope of getting out of it in the end."

Of the death of Macarthy, which occurred about this time, he says:—

"The last hours of Macarthy seem to have been full of peace. The last words he was heard to utter were 'grace, grace, grace.' He was too weak to have much communication with any around him."

In reference to his beloved friends, Major Bell, Stafford, and others, he says:—

"I cannot tell you the feeling of thankfulness I have in parting with them, that we have never had a jar among us for so many years; truly this is the Lord's grace, and a mercy for which we cannot be too thankful.

"*Feb. 13th.* — The Lord allows me to cast myself on Him; and I have every prospect of meeting you with a measure of freedom from anxiety, that I have not known for years.

"*Feb. 16th.* — I am now off Ceylon, and hitherto have had a very pleasant passage. Dear Mr. Fox, who is my fellow passenger, is a *great* comfort, but I fear he is very ill. I was much struck this morning with the Lord's declaration that He would put wisdom into the hearts of *all* who were employed about

the tabernacle: though there was only *one* Bezaleel, yet each had especial wisdom given for his own work; how much more, in the spiritual building, do we need the Lord's guidance and Spirit, for the right ordering of everything. *If we are to do all to the glory of God, we must do all by the Spirit of God.*

"*Feb.* 19*th.* — We spent yesterday at Galle, in the house of a dear Christian old man of the name of Mooyaart. Our visit was very interesting, and we thought the country beautiful. We put out ten passengers, and have taken in twenty-five, chiefly from China. Really it is wonderful to find this mode of travelling, now almost as regular as the meeting of stage-coaches; the steamer from China meets the steamer from Calcutta, and they expect soon to meet the steamer from Australia, so that a voyage round the world will be thought little more of than a journey, a hundred years ago, from London to Aberdeen.

"*Feb.* 20*th.* — I feel so thankful for all the experience through which the Lord has led us, and do trust we may really be the wiser and happier for it. It is such a blessing to have sons who can fully appreciate God's *principles* of acting, so that nothing appears to them in vain. Now we have really turned round Ceylon, we do indeed seem speeding home, and a flood of possibilities and probabilities, as to what may meet me there, comes, at times, across my mind; but I try to cast all the future on the Lord. I was reading Bonar on Leviticus yesterday, and was much pleased with it. I do not say that he, any more than his predecessors, in interpreting types, commands one's entire confidence,—yet, the ideas he puts before the mind are such as one feels to be profitable.

"*Feb.* 22*nd.* — How striking are the cleansing sacrifices for leprosy and for all uncleanliness; the slain bird, and the running water! How instructive the conditions of the whole burnt-offering and the free-will offering! uniting the inexorable justice and the wonderful grace of God; and that when our persons are justified by the one sacrifice, our acts of service, in all their weakness, are accepted.

"25*th.* — I think the heart is often impatient when it should be abounding in praise.

"I conversed last night with Mrs. S., on the preciousness and deep importance of seeing the place, and feeling the power, that the blood of Christ occupies in God's plan of pardon; for I feel very much that here lies our great deficiency in ministry. In reading Leviticus, which, with all its grace, abounds in the mention of substitutions and of blood, this is deeply impressed on the heart.

"*March 1st.* — We are now sailing fast up the Red Sea, having left Aden the day before yesterday; it is a most curious place, having a harbour, though not a deep one, with hills on the sea side, high and rugged, without a blade of grass. We stayed there twenty-four hours to take in coal. I had not heard Arabic for a long time before; it so put me in mind of years passed away. Our steamer is a complete Noah's ark, crowded with living creatures, and not only is every berth full, but *numbers* are obliged to sleep in different parts of the ship, wherever they can. But still, the expedition and comparative certainty of this route make up for every other defect. Fox gave us a nice sermon last Sunday, as to its real truth. We passed Mocha yesterday; it is a pretty looking town from the sea, with two minarets, but of no great height.

"*March 2nd.* — We are now sailing pleasantly up the Red Sea; the weather is cool and delightful, and indeed everything we could desire, and more than we could have hoped; should the same sensible mercies continue to follow us, we may truly say the Lord has prospered our voyage, as to natural things; yet, when we look around, and see so *very* few who discern His loving-kindness and tender mercies in all these proofs of watchful care, truly the heart sinks at our common ingratitude, and can only remember His marvellous love.

"Amidst all man's littleness, how blessed it is to feel that God's greatness covers all, and that in Him we have peace, pardon, and light, so that, if we desire it, He will Himself become to us all we need.

"*March 25th.* — After having sailed along the beautiful coast of Spain, with the snowy mountains of Granada in view, we entered, yesterday morning, the harbour of Gibraltar, but

were not permitted to go on shore. How full this whole voyage is of sacred and classical recollections! not a place, from the entrance of the Red Sea, that does not recall the history of long passed generations. The sea has been so quiet that I have been able to write nearly as well as on shore. This is Saturday; on Thursday or Friday we land at Southampton, and shall then look to the Lord for a happy meeting and happy news."

It was on the 20th of March, 1848, that Mr. Groves landed in England, and joined his wife in Bristol, where he had ever experienced more sympathy and fellowship than elsewhere. In the course of the year he visited both the north and south of Devonshire, and had much Christian communion with the people of God. The following extract shows that he had happy communion with brethren in London. He writes to his son:—

"I have been to Orchard Street to-day, both morning and evening, and spoke both times. I have some confidence that there is a growing desire to be free from dependence on man in many ways; and if it only terminates in willing dependence on the Lord, all will be well. We are living in wonderful times, and it is difficult to see where things will terminate; civilly, socially, or religiously, everything seems fermenting into some new form of things, and we need much prayer that we may stand fast, and, having done all, to stand.

"Last evening, I went to hear Abrahams preach; it was an excellent sermon. During the delivery of it, he was led to express himself concerning his state in Exeter, little thinking I was there to hear him. After he had done, I went and spoke to him, and he came this morning to breakfast. Truly he is a man taught of God, and they say that his chapel is thronged on Sundays."

Of others, he writes:—

"They have need to watch lest the theory of the rule of the Spirit turn into a state of things that dishonours the Spirit. I feel we want a more practical, searching ministry, leaving in a subordinate place dispensational teaching and the antecedent and succeeding circumstances of our Lord's return, especially if

mixed with theories, that, as they are taught, may be true or false. What we want, is spirituality of mind, subduedness of spirit, an ability to look on another's things, rather than our own, and power to manifest our spiritual strength by our ability to bear with weakness in others, rather than by our skill in finding out faults and failings alike in persons as in systems."

From Weymouth, he writes:—

"I preached for dear Deck last Sunday, while he was engaged in the village, and had a large congregation."

Before returning to Bristol, he went to Scotland alone, and he writes from Glasgow, in October, to his wife, alluding to probable causes of detention:—

"How happy shall I be when all our business is completed, and we on our way to India! yet the Lord has holy purposes in all these trials, and the heaviest are not the half of that I have deserved, so that I can only kiss the rod when trials come. As to the future, all I ask is, that it may be ordered of *Him*, so that *we* be sanctified and He glorified. Do let us pray that these two objects may be more and more present before us, as permanent, abiding principles of action; may we be less anxious for the removal of trials, than for the manifestation of God's glory in them. Pray that I may come to you in peace and in joy of the *Holy Ghost*—this I have sadly needed of late; but I do trust all has not been in vain. Truly, the Lord has so made me feel how trying and full of bitter carefulness the things of *this* world are, that had I not purposed long since to quit them, I should have now longed to be free from all."

In allusion to the Persian youth from Bagdad, who studied in Glasgow for his degree, he says:—

"Dear Serkies is well remembered here, and has left a sweet savour of Christ behind him. O, that we may all of us live as the *truly* circumcised worshippers, who 'worship God in the *Spirit*; rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.' May God's grace *abound* towards us to this end."

He also visited his Madras friend, Dr. Cleghorn, who had much recovered. He describes his communion with him, as "deep and happy," and says, nothing can be kinder than

my reception by his father and aunts. He writes to his wife :—

"I long to read the book our heavenly Father has given us, with eyes anointed with *His* eye-salve. I have so prayed, during my journey here, that we may be only His, the few years we have to dwell here. I feel there is no happiness but in the measure of our consecration to Him, and receiving everything from Him."

The winter Mr. Groves spent in Bristol, he writes from thence to his eldest son :—

"*Dec. 14th.* — There is a great deal of most interesting spiritual work here, and all that is needed is spiritual power to carry it on effectually and happily. I think the allusion to *true Church unity*, in Acts vii, 42, is most important. They continued steadfastly in the apostles' *doctrine* and *fellowship*, and in breaking of bread and prayers. Where these unities are, there is *real* fellowship and power, and in the measure in which any one is wanting or defective, the true principles of essential unity are wanting. Much of this true unity may be found here; but what we want is, the power of *individual* communion brought to bear on the *collective* communion of the Church. For myself, I daily feel the Lord has laid claim on what I once so *desired* to give Him—my time, my thoughts, my all. May He give me grace to give it, and enable me in the end so to see your labours so prosper, that this retirement from all earthly care may be possible to me. I greatly desire to be patient under the hand of God. I have given the Lord just cause for all His controversy with me, and I would not complain at any of His holy ways."

Bristol, Jan. 17th, He writes to his son : "I could not enter very fully into the contents of your last letter : all that I can say is, that our present place of power is waiting upon God. When I look on all His ways, I am surprised at no acts of grace; He has so abounded in grace toward us, and most especially in our unity of thought in spiritual matters. I feel the Lord will bless all that largeness that is like His own heart, but the sectarian narrowness, that is the glory of many, He

abhors. I have a *deep* conviction of the soul's undivided consecration to God for its happiness and power. I quite feel that if the Lord has called and fitted us for His work, He will soon make the crooked things straight and the rough places smooth. May the Lord guide you in all your ways!

"I feel thankful I have been away a little; my sleep is better, and my mind more tranquil; and I can often hope in God that I shall be soon quite free to serve Him without distraction. Let us pray that we may now live more by faith upon the Son of man. . . . . Being free from the sound of division is a relief that goes to my inmost soul. Let us deeply enter into the preciousness of *constant* communion with God about everything; I feel this is the secret of safety and true holiness; here I have been deeply wanting; through this a thousand sorrows have entered my heart; and though the Lord's love, I know, will not let all the consequences of this evil fall on me, the scars will remain as signs and warnings. Pray that our hope, joy, and every other spring of happiness, may be more and more *in God alone*. We have much to pray for, but a gracious God to pray to, and our Father loves us, and will only deal with us after the counsel of His own love. My soul finds need of living much with God. At times I feel I have so much to be thankful for I know not from what my trial springs; but so it is with all my blessings; my heart is very sad, yet it would be ungrateful not to say I have been happier and more at rest in God these last few days than for many days past; all I need and long for is, close and real communion with God."

Mr. G. experienced much joy and refreshment, while in Bristol, among the believers who meet for communion at Bethesda and Salem chapels; he ministered among them, and, in watering others, was himself watered. The blessed Lord, however, whose will it was to bring him into the conflicts, which seem to be the accompaniments of our present imperfection in knowledge and in grace, made him share with these beloved brethren the sorrow caused by the introduction among them of certain questions, relating to the experience of Christ

while on earth, which, at this time, caused division in *Plymouth.* Mr. Groves shrunk greatly from the controversy, and his feelings with regard to it may be gathered from the following observations, made by him when the matter was first put before him :—

"I always feel the very attempt to subject the one adorable Christ of God to a process of mental analysis, is, in its very operation, desecrating. It has engendered the worst of divisions in the Church, and will, I believe, ever do so; however carefully, however *cautiously* pursued. When I look at Jesus as the Word represents Him, I see one whole of aggregate loveliness, suited to my every necessity, able and willing to love, succour, comfort, bless, redeem, sanctify, and make accepted the vilest and most unworthy: this is all my joy and glory; Jesus, descending, dying, ascending, and returning to bless and take His own, is my all and in all."

In these sentiments, his friends and brethren in Bristol fully participated. Mr. Groves deeply sympathized with them in the trials which came upon them on this occasion; and he was thankful for the opportunity given him of strengthening their hands; though, as on a former occasion in India, he had to suffer, on behalf of others, the unkind words of many; his soul reposed in the truth as it is in Jesus, and he had the comfort of seeing many blessings spring out of these very circumstances which seemed to threaten the godly quietness and peace of his beloved friends. When writing, in allusion to these events, to Mr. Butler, a deacon of the Church at Bethesda, Mr. Groves says :—

"May the Lord make the assurance of His favour that which compensates for all other trials. The more I contemplate and dwell on the whole of the past in connection with the course pursued by the people of God in Bethesda, the more I feel I have reason to praise God that they were allowed to act with the wisdom they did, in so difficult and trying a matter."

He only remained a year in England, and left for India, with his wife and adopted daughter, June 20th, 1849, in the

Wellesley. Lord Congleton and other friends accompanied him to the ship.

On his arrival at Chittoor, he thus writes to a beloved friend, Mr. J. E. Howard of Tottenham :—

"We had on the whole a very happy voyage out. Ten or eleven persons attended our daily Scripture reading, which was not for one day interrupted. One of the Church missionaries and his wife always attended, also a dear Christian brother of the Establishment, Mr. Arbuthnot.

"We had a school among the soldiers every day, at which he and the missionaries attended, though it originated with us ; and two soldiers, we trust, were brought to the saving knowledge of Jesus, during the voyage. This was a bright spot : our companions, dear F. Lawford and his wife, and his sister Mrs. H. Lawford, were a great comfort to us.

"On my arrival, I found everything immediately relating to myself and my affairs nearly arranged and that most happily. The government had at last granted me the lease of my farm ; and I heard nice accounts of my sons, to whom I intend to proceed in a few days.

"The changes that have taken place here during our absence, have been greatly for our comfort. I had my public meeting last evening, and the Judge, Collector, and Doctor were present, and seem very anxious to join in everything, except our morning meeting."

Feb. 10th, 1850. — After announcing the birth of his little girl, which took place on that day, and which was a source of great joy to him, he writes to his sister-in-law :—

"You know the intense relief of having all your anxieties removed, and all your wishes and prayers answered. O, that the Lord might but make this little one, and our sense of His grace in giving it, the chain that binds our hearts more to Him who has given her to us."

June 4th, 1850. — To Mr. Butler :—

"Daily I feel my sympathies drawn out more and more for Bristol and her fields of labour, and I bless God that I am called to feel one with the saints there in their sorrows and in

their joys. I mean, especially, of course, those dear brethren with whom I was associated, and with whom I long to be associated again. The Lord also seems setting me free to return; indeed, when I contemplate the mountains of difficulty that, on leaving England, seemed to beset my path, and how, one by one, so many of them have passed away as a mist from the mountain, I can only wait and expect that all which remain will, in His good time, take their flight also.

"How wonderful the Lord's dealings with G. Müller, that amidst all his trials and opposition, he should have been so upheld and carried as on eagles' wings. That these orphans should have been fed, and clothed, and instructed, and cared for, how it shows the Lord's marvellous dealings. I was delighted to hear dear Mr. Craik was returned, and ministering so happily.

"May the Lord grant to us a spirit of simple dependence upon Him, and determination to call no man our master upon earth; for man changes and the Lord remains the same, and all who seek him diligently shall find Him. The Lord seems, here and there, to be manifesting His power in this country, and I should never be surprised to hear of great results, numerically, if not spiritually; there is a shaking and heaving in Hindoo society in some parts that portend yet greater results in due time.

"I was delighted to hear you still continued visiting the flock; it is a point I should pray the Lord to give me a due sense of the importance of, if I were to return. I feel that ultimately the trials that have been brought upon God's people in Bethesda will redound to their peace and blessing; she will be left more simply with God and His truth, and from these living waters and inexhaustible fountains have to draw, and not from the shallow and rocky streams of man's fancies, which so many in these days have mistaken for deep wisdom. I am sure we have to keep a conscience clear with God, and leave man to act as he will, and pray for the violent and unreasonable.

"*Chittoor, July 24th,* 1851.—Bristol is ever near our hearts,

and all its circumstances—its wants, cares, and blessings—those in which we sympathize and rejoice. The result of the meetings has been just what I anticipated; and a calm, quiet, and decided course will, with the Lord's blessing, preserve peace in your own borders.

"All that any are doing now is to gather out stones, which the great Master Builder will one day arrange and put in order.

"Dear G. Müller wrote us by the last Bombay mail of his new contemplated orphan house. I feel he has taken counsel of God in all his present course, and so believe we have a right to be assured, that God, in whom he has trusted, will order for him, and direct him.

"The general aspect of things in India is never strikingly progressive, yet I think there is a deepening effect produced. The other day a Brahmin and his wife were baptized, who had come to the knowledge and belief of the truth through his own readings of the word, without any human instrumentality in the way of teaching. There was another Brahmin and his wife also baptized at Madras, and Bowden and Beer have continual accessions to their number; so has Aroolappen; and in Tinnevelly 12,000 come over professionally. I should think, in that district, there are now more than thirty thousand altogether. There is evidently here a more decided impression making, and consequently more decided hostility. We had one little boy, about thirteen, who had expressed his strong desire to become a Christian, and has been locked up by his parents nearly three months, and only returned to school two days ago. You would be much interested in observing their intelligence in the things of God; their improved moral judgment, and their deep sense of the shamelessness of their own idolatry and its attendant circumstances. The heart, however, is often bowed down to see how little effect is produced; but when, on the other hand, the culture bestowed is regarded, how little it is, how few there are to work at all, and when the inconceivable hindrances that their social state, besides their language, presents to anything like intimate access to them, the surprise lessens."

On his return to Chittoor, Mr. Groves succeeded in re-establishing the English school, to which he thus alludes in a letter to Mr. J. Howard :—

"*Dec. 8th.* — You would be astonished, in spending an hour or two at my school, to see the number of intelligent natives, who seem intellectually as sensible of any mistake in the interpretation of our Scriptures as they are of the baseless character of their own systems.

"The other day, three of the most interesting Brahmins, who sometimes come to my service of an evening, having read in a tract the prospect the writer thought there was of eventually overturning all the existing system of evil, and of setting up the Millennial one of glory and blessing, went to Mr. Lovell, the first judge here, and asked if he thought it Scriptural; for the Bible seemed clearly to say that, at the Lord's Second Advent, things would be of the same character as in the days of Noah, &c. The judge, though not very conversant about these matters, answered them by saying he thought the tract was wrong: this he told me himself, and I merely mention it, as showing, that whatever measure of present effect there may be, there is certainly, in their intelligence of that truth, a preparation for some great change going on. Our examination will take place about the 28th; for one year I consider they have made great progress, and the most satisfactory part of their school history is, the constancy with which they attend. Out of one hundred, there are seldom ten absent, and the schoolmaster I have is such a dear brother in the Lord, so conscientious, and so clear in putting the truth before them, and in drawing their attention to the contrasts their system presents to the word of God; and there is something in the line upon line system, that is peculiarly suited to this people.

"Dear Aroolappen, as also the Bowdens and Beers, seem going on very nicely, and the Lord is owning their labours.

"My own heart has often turned towards home, and I wait the Lord's leisure to show me the way and the *when*. The last twelve months, things have been darker, rather than clearing up: now things are apparently somewhat opening, but still by

no means clear, yet when God's time is come, it is wonderful how difficulties remove: the high places sink and the low places rise, and the way becomes as a plain. Those to whom it is given to know this is not their rest, and that, having food and raiment, they must be content, are made to feel the reason why so many of the family of God are in trial is, that, as a *state*, it most leads to dependence on God. The moment a man feels adequate to his own wants, his tendency is always to self-reliance, and in order to destroy this, the Lord comes in and breaks His pleasant vessels."

In reference to subjects which occupied so many whom he knew in England, he writes to the same friend:—

"*Jan. 10th*, 1851.—It seems all but absolute folly for any who hold the *oneness* of the Church and the oneness of the Spirit, which in all ages has been in that Church, to find fault with N.'s expression, that the 'germ of the heavenly calling' was known to Christians in former days. Had not Paleąrius the germ of this knowledge, when he wrote the following passage: 'verily, a man may say, that the Christian hath been nailed to the cross, buried, raised again, and is gone up into heaven, become the child of God, and made partaker of the Godhead?' The phraseology at present connected with this doctrine, may have been unknown, but, I believe, the heavenly calling of the church, its death to present things, and its living in the risen glory, have been, in all ages, the general doctrine: some of the worst corruptions of the Church of Rome, had their rise in a false profession of these very truths. The order of mendicant friars, who renounced all property on the earth, was founded on the idea of their being civilly dead, and already associated with the heavenlies. All these theories and professions of *theoretic states*, have proved, in their issue, what a very different thing it is, to live in the power of heavenly principles, and to profess and contend about being the only right possessors of them. My earnest prayer is, that we may have grace to let go contention, and quietly follow our Master, seeking to adorn the doctrine of our God and Saviour in all things. I am sure what we all need is, to be humbled for the absence of that

close walking with God, *in our souls*, which is the power of the inner man; and I feel all these contentions tend to occupy us with things without ourselves, and beget a judging and censorious spirit."

Speaking of one he had greatly valued, but who, he thought, had left the true guidance of the Spirit, through the word, he says :—

"D., acting *with* God, is one person; acting against God in self-will, he is another; as different as Samson shorn and unshorn."

In March 23rd, 1851, he writes to the same friend :—

"I feel now a little out of the whirlpool of Church trials, and only hear of the distant rumours of unsubdued distractions; but these the Lord will, in His own time, bring to a close, when we have learnt, that judgment of others, and determining accurately on their condition, is not the business of a saint's life, but himself walking humbly with God; still, wherever we are, there are trials; the doctrine of the non-eternity of punishment is giving us *great* trouble.

"I have just written a long letter on the subject, but really I have lost all confidence in anything but God's Spirit enlightening and humbling the heart to become child-like; this state alone is safety in the present day of intellectual self-sufficiency."

His ministry was at this time much prized by the residents at Chittoor. A weekly lecture was established, and many intelligent natives, who had learnt English so as to profit by it, heard him expound, in a course of lectures, the book of Acts, where the principles involved in the first formation of a Christian Church among Gentiles, are so clearly set forth.

He was able to give much personal labour to the English school, and was greatly encouraged with the progress of the boys.

During the year 1851, he frequently visited his sons in Mysore, in whose prospects he took the deepest interest, and was able to assist them very considerably by information connected with their business he had acquired for them at home. The

confidence and unity which subsisted between the father and his sons, both in natural and spiritual things, and the mutual help and comfort they derived from their unity of purpose in all, was, as his own testimony shows, a great source of happiness and consolation to Mr. Groves.

On Monday, Sept. 1st, he had a great loss in the death of a kind friend, Mr. Lovell, the first judge at Chittoor. His usual seat at their Sunday meeting was vacant: this was so unusual an event that Mr. Groves went early on Monday to see if he was ill, and found him near death, but able to express his joy at seeing him. He returned in the afternoon, to say he meant to spend the night with him; but before seven o'clock he was gone! Mr. Groves spoke most powerfully the following Wednesday, from Ps. xc, 12, endeavouring to impress the unexpected event on the minds of others. The loss much affected him; not merely from the personal regard he had for him, but that his friend's mind had become for a long time very accessible on the subject of religion, in which he, for some time past, took deep interest. He had lost the reserve he formerly showed on these subjects, and the change in him was observed even by the natives. His death, and other removals which took place about this time, greatly altered Mr. Groves's position in Chittoor: those who succeeded them did not value his ministry, either on the Sunday or week day; and substituted for it, on Sunday, the reading prayers and a sermon. He was absent for a time, both with his sons in Palhully, and with friends in Madras, and wrote to his wife: "I have been long feeling as if my work in Chittoor were ended." And (alluding to the rejection of his ministry) he says: "I take this as another indication of the same thing." The truth of this was made, alas! more visible before the close of this year, when he visited Madras, by the entire failure of his health, which, amidst all other trials, had hitherto remained unaffected, either by climate or bodily fatigue. He had the most distressing pains after any exertion, or frequently after taking food: these pains were thought neuragic at first, but they quite unfitted him for public speaking, as in former days. A severe domestic affliction at this

time greatly aggravated his illness, and he became *very* thin. His feelings, as gathered from his letters, (for he was detained in Madras till Jan. 2nd, 1852,) are more accurately expressed in a little poem, written for him on the 1st of January, 1852, by his adopted daughter, who entered deeply into all his trials, and desired to comfort him. It is entitled :—

"Lines written for beloved Mr. Groves, on the close of 1851 and beginning of 1852, to comfort him in the new year, by M. J. L. See Is. xliii, 2.

"'Tis o'er, with all its many hours of griefs,
And all its anxious cares and kind reliefs;
And though I know not what this year may bring,
Father! I plead THY *promises* and cling
To *thee* alone; I know in THEE I'll find
Sufficient for my body, soul, and mind.

Yes! still, though fearful waves of trouble roll,
And cares on every hand oppress my soul,
Oh thou!—whose never failing Word declares
Thy power and will to help us in our cares,
When passing through the rivers—be my guide,
And strengthen me with strength on every side.

I bring no pleasant pictures in my hand;
But, stript of earthly hopes, before thee stand.
I know the sunshine thou canst turn to cloud,
Or make the cloud a favour'd good enshroud;
And m ore; I know that thou canst give a power,
To see a light arise in the dark hour.

I would not the dark wave remov'd should be,
If on its crest it bears me on to *thee.*
If trials bring me nearer to *thy* breast,
And *fix* me there, I surely shall be blest.
I only pray that thy sweet presence be
With me in every fire, in every sea.

My wants I tell thee not; for thou dost know
My every secret thought, and wilt bestow

Whate'er for every passing year I need.
Yes! on thy choicest blessings I shall feed.
Make but *thyself* the *centre* and the scope,
The *object* upon which I build my hope.

Oh! make my will like the unfashioned clay,
That leaves to *thee* the moulding in the way,
That *thou* shalt choose; and, like the pliant reed,
Unmurmuring follow thee where *thou* shalt lead;
Ready to give to *thee*, if thou dost claim,
My greatest boon; and triumph in thy name.

Yet one prayer more; when this proud will shall be
As subject as a weaned child to thee,
Give me that faith, that child-like confidence,
Which looks to thine own hand alone, and thence
Expects the good sufficient for each hour—
Which trusts thy grace, as well as knows thy power.

A will subdued to thee, a faith which is at ease
Amidst the deepest woes, because it sees
Thine own delivering hand is hov'ring near;
That perfect love, which casteth out each fear.
Thy helping, guiding presence through each day,
Is all I wish this year, and all I pray."

CHAPTER XX.

FAILURE OF MR. GROVES'S HEALTH — HIS RETURN TO ENGLAND WITH MRS. F. GROVES DETERMINED ON — HE PARTS WITH HIS FAMILY AT CHITTOOR — LEAVES MADRAS, WITH CHRISTIAN FRIENDS, BY STEAMER, AUGUST 14TH — SOME ACCOUNT OF OVERLAND ROUTE — EXPERIENCE OF GOD'S HELP IN SICKNESS AND VARIOUS TRIALS BY THE WAY — HE LANDS AT SOUTHAMPTON AND GOES TO BRISTOL — SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS MINISTRY THERE — HAPPY VISITS AT BARNSTAPLE, BRISTOL, AND TOTTENHAM — VARIABLE ACCOUNTS OF HIS HEALTH — HE VISITS SIDMOUTH, EXMOUTH, AND TORQUAY — INTEREST EXCITED BY HIM ABOUT MISSIONS AT TOTTENHAM AND HACKNEY — HE VISITS MALVERN — RAPID DECLINE IN HIS HEALTH AND HAPPY EXPERIENCE OF GOD'S HELP IN SICKNESS — HE RETURNS TO BRISTOL — LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF VARIOUS FRIENDS DESCRIBING THE PEACE AND TRIUMPH GRANTED HIM AT THE LAST — SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH AND FUNERAL.

DURING the whole of January 1852, Mr. Groves had very severe attacks of pain, and from this time his health rapidly declined. At first the most acute pains were in the night; afterwards they varied as to time and severity, and he became very thin. Still his wonderful powers of rallying, when the pain went off, made his friends hope that there was no cause for alarm.

On the 26th of February he quitted Chittoor with his wife for Mysore. He suffered much on the journey, and, soon after this, it being decided that his daughter-in-law, who went first with Mrs. Groves to the Hills, needed a further change and was not well enough to go home alone, his friends urged his accompanying her; a return to England being recommended for him also; and his wife, with all who loved him, desired to see what the effect of his native air would do, as he was making no progress towards amendment, but daily losing strength in India.

The few months which elapsed were spent, as he had strength, in arranging his affairs, and after much prayer he parted with his family in Chittoor August the 4th, little thinking he saw them for the last time. All were deeply affected, and many tears were shed by the natives, who assembled to bid him farewell. He remained till his embarkation with his dear and kind friends, at Madras, Major and Mrs. Bell.

He left Madras August 14th, reached Southampton September 25th, and went to Bristol, where he had a happy meeting with his family and friends, some of whom were at Clevedon.

He speaks, as usual, of the joy he had as before at Bethesda and Salem Chapels, where he was strengthened to minister on several occasions, with much profit to others, and blessing to himself.

Early in October, he went to Bideford to see his younger sons, and took Edward, the eldest of them, then 16, with him to London, to finish his education previous to joining his brothers in India. His health continued variable; still he went through much business, and, at the close of the year, visited his wife's family, and other friends in the south of Devonshire.

The following extracts from his letters to Mrs. Groves describe his voyage home, and other events of interest till the conclusion of the year:—

"*Madras, Aug. 14th.*—The steamer came in last evening, while the Bruces, Buckles, Cottons, and ourselves were met for prayer; and now I have only a moment to say, farewell! May the Lord watch over you and bless you all. Hitherto hath He holpen me, and made crooked things straight, and rough places plain.

"*Off Ceylon, Monday.*—Through the Lord's tender mercies, we are all here safe and well, having had a nice run down from Madras. We got on board about seven o'clock.

"I look back with unfeigned thankfulness for all the mercies that met me at Chittoor and Madras; so many things were arranged and set at rest, that, but for His goodness, never could have been accomplished.

"*Galle, Aug. 18th*—Here we are, after a beautiful run of fifty-eight hours; and we leave it again to-morrow morning at ten. As we may not remain more than a few hours at Aden, I cannot

but write a little, to say that the Lord's goodness has accompanied us hitherto; and truly we have mercies everywhere to remember. My heart wanders back to India continually from all the noise, confusion and discomfort of the steamer, which is far too small; still the inconveniences are but trifling, and only for a little while.

"Our party to cross the desert has been made up of passengers from Madras. There is a Dr. Smith on board, whom I have consulted, and he seems to think that my complaint is chronic inflammation of the stomach. Till within two days, I have suffered very little positive pain for any long continuance; but yesterday and the day before were days of much suffering. To-day I am much better, and this I attribute to eating very little, and that only biscuits.

"When I think of all that passed at Madras, I look to the Lord to bring quietness and peace out of those troubled waters. May He order all that lies before me! The Buckles and Bruces are very kind, and it is a great comfort to have any that I have truly communion with, still the whole atmosphere is so trying that the heart longs to be free from it. There are so many children, and this adds to the noise.

"*Monday*, 23*rd*. — I do not know that the dull monotony of steamer life presents anything new to relate; still there are many mercies daily to recount. I was thinking this morning how our Lord's position in the earth should reconcile us to all the little 'contre temps' we are called upon to bear: 'they went every one to their own house,' but He 'to the Mount of Olives.' All we want is to see earth as it will be, and heaven as it is and ever will be; and then how easily we should be reconciled to much that now afflicts us. We had hoped to have made more way these last two days; however, we shall surely arrive in His time, who rules the winds and waves.

"There is a striking instance on board of the inestimable value of a knowledge of Jesus. There is a Capt. B., who, I fear, is dying of a complication of diseases, but so *coldly* opposed to the living fountains of waters that the gospel opens up! What spiritual hydrophobia there is in man *naturally* to the

waters of life! how he *dreads* their being brought *near him;* yet nothing is too hard for the Lord."

Speaking of the uncertainty of his prospects on his arrival in England, he says :—

"I do not know what may await me at home, but the Lord, who has hitherto taken care of me and delivered me, will yet do so, if He sees it good. I have you all often before me, and pray we may speedily meet again in the Lord's fulness of blessing.

"*Sept. 2nd.* — We have this day had a melancholy proof of the uncertainty of all hopes; poor Capt. B. died last night, and his remains were committed to the deep this morning, and since that, a French colonel has had a coup de soliel. I have felt little inconvenience from the heat myself, and less pain every way these last two days. We have just drawn for our cabins, and we have No. 3, the Bruces No. 4, so that we are in the same party; this is pleasant. Indeed, hitherto we have had nothing to complain of, but many things to thank God for. I do not expect we shall reach Suez before next week, but it matters little; I feel patient; quiet waiting is the thing in all such journeys;—you cannot hasten matters by impatience, and it adds much to the discomfort not seeing the Father at the helm of all one's affairs. O! for an adoring, reverential, loving heart, that draws its deepest abiding happiness from the one overflowing fountain!

"*Sept. 4th.*—We are now approaching Aden, and I can only say, hitherto all is well. I think I feel better than I was; and I pray the Lord to restore me, and then what I have to do will be easy.

"*Alexandria.* — We arrived here safe, and passed the desert without difficulty. I suffered very much from the journey through the desert; the pain in my chest was excessive for two days, but I am better again to-day. At times my heart wonders at all that may be before me, and what the Lord's dealings with us may be. O! that all may tend to our establishment in holiness and truth!

"*Sept. 11th.* — We are still hastening on towards Malta; the weather is fine."

In allusion to the marriage of his eldest son, (who had been

ten years a widower,) which took place about this time, he says:—

"My thoughts often turn towards Henry, and his marriage. It has in it so much to be thankful for. May the Lord watch over him, and order everything for him according to the counsel of His own will! He is our only refuge for happiness; we can so little command those circumstances that are essential to our own blessing.

"*12th.* — I desire to silence all anxieties by the thought 'the Lord will provide,' and that each day has its sufficient burthens. The more I see of natural life, the more I see that there is no refuge but in God for personal peace, or quiet resting. O! that the Lord's Spirit may sanctify my return to the fuller establishment of my heart in Himself. Pray for me.

"*Sept. 13th, Malta.* — We are all safe here, and after about six hours we proceed on our way to Gibraltar. I feel able in one direction always to look with hope, and that is toward God, in whom alone is my hope and trust, when the dark clouds seem to threaten a hopeless issue; when the number and complexity of wants seem to defy disentanglement, then it is that God, as the God of hope and all consolation, becomes the abiding source, and spring, and river of all joy; for faith can always say 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?' He has lifted me out of so many deep pits, that it would be unpardonable in me to doubt or be afraid. Surely He can give me a full deliverance out of all that lies before me, and enable me to arrange matters in England, as He has done in Chittoor and Madras.

"*Sept. 15th.* — We are fast drawing near to the coasts of Spain, and the sea is as smooth as we could wish; the thermometer high, but still the breeze cool, and we hope to be at Gibraltar to-morrow night or Saturday morning.

"How slow we are to learn that all the discipline of life is to prepare us for eternity; that nothing that has not God in it, is either worth caring for or desiring. I feel it is so great a comfort in this ship to have a cabin; a place that I can retire to, and in the morning, can quietly read for an hour before any one is moving around me: so different from the last ship."

Speaking of some who had brought him and his family much sorrow in India, he says:—

"I pray the Lord that He may forgive, and that we may both forgive and forget all the past in connection with them. What a refuge we have in God from the strife of tongues, and evil designs of men!

"*Sept. 20th., off Spain.* — I am not much in a writing mood. I caught cold about eight days ago, and have had a most distressing diarrhœa, that night and day gives me no rest without laudanum. I have, however, suffered much less pain in my chest, but have no appetite, and shall be very glad when I reach home, though my bed is much more comfortable than on the other side of the desert, which is a great relief. Thus the Lord stayeth His rough wind in the day of His east wind.

"Sometimes, in hours of depression, the future has seemed dark indeed, but generally I have been little concerned about it, and have with difficulty taken hold on any subject. I feel I know not what lies before me; the Lord's goodness has been great; but I have no comfort in anything human.

"*Sept. 23rd.* — Yesterday I was much comforted by that sweet portion in Phil. iv, 'be careful for nothing.' O! for that prayerful thanksgiving spirit, that commits all to and receives all from God! I do pray the Lord to keep me in this anxious visit, and enable me to do what I have to do in His faith and fear. I am feeling a little better to-day, and we hope to be in Southampton time enough to leave this evening for Bristol, which, if we succeed in doing, I shall be glad, as we shall then have time to post this for you; and truly may I lift up my heart with thanksgiving for all His mercies hitherto.

"*Bristol, Sunday, Sept. 26th.* — When I arrived at Paul Street, my dear sister Lydia was there, and had just made tea. We had, as you may imagine, a cozy evening, talking over a hundred matters, and finally arranged to go down to Clevedon the next morning; so yesterday we spent with George, Mary, and Lydia, and had a very pleasant day. In the evening the Finzels called to see us, and were most affectionate and kind.

"*27th.* — I have just returned from Bethesda, and so often thought I should have so rejoiced to have had you there, as in days past. It was a most happy meeting. I did not feel strong,

but could not let the occasion slip without a word, and therefore read Col. iii, and said that, in reviewing our union and fellowship, after more than three years, I could not do less than pray that the joy of the realization of the past, and the pleasure in looking forward to the future, might rest on the unchanging basis of *God's truth*, and that we might from this chapter learn the two points on which all immutable church fellowship and unity rest: 1st, in cultivating the largeness and catholicity of God's thoughts in our external contemplation of the Church, in which we see neither Jew or Greek; and cultivating personally *within* the bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind; experiencing them in their power as the only elements of permanent unity and peace in the family of God. We had also, on Monday evening, a most happy prayer meeting at Salem. It so reminded me of past days; such a phalanx of ministering brethren; six or seven teaching and praying in the power of the Spirit."

Speaking of his visit to Barnstaple, and of his friend, Miss Paget, he says:—

"*Oct. 4th.* — I found dearest Bessie expecting me; she is better than I anticipated. There was a meeting at Bear Street, and I accompanied her, though tired and shaken with my journey from Ilfracombe. I slept at dear R. C.'s, and they were all most affectionately kind. This morning we had a nice meeting. After breakfast we went over to Tusculum, and found our dear boys quite well, and rejoiced to see me; they are dear affectionate creatures. I think, on the whole, I am better; yet still my chest troubles me, but I am able to do more, and seldom unfitted for anything for more than a very short time.

"*Barnstaple, Oct. 5th.* — All here have been most affectionate and kind to me; they would rejoice if I could come and be with them for some time: at present there seems to be no opening, but it would greatly rejoice me if, through the Lord's abounding grace, I could be instrumental in promoting a cordial, true and happy fellowship among His saints; this is my great aim. I am not able to do much, still a little often enlivens, and they seem very happy to have me among them."

After having enjoyed a happy meeting with a dear friend, he adds :—

"I was obliged to leave immediately after dinner, from one of my attacks on the chest, and the pain lasted so long that I could not go back to tea as I hoped.

"*Oct. 7th.* — I went out to breakfast with the Soltaus, and there I met with T. Hull, full of affection and kindness, and we had a most happy morning. I do trust the Lord was with us in leading us to desire a fuller measure of Christian communion, and a *temper* to bear with one another in our individuality of judgment. We had a most happy prayer meeting before we parted. In the afternoon, dear H. brought a Mr. and Mrs. L. to see me. I had met them in Bengal, and I believe they were brought to the knowledge of the truth by me, at that time. We had a long and most interesting conversation, and before we parted, he asked that we might have some prayer. There was something very refreshing in finding that seed sown so many years ago had still continued germinating."

He describes also other refreshing meetings with Christian friends, especially on Sundays, when he was able to minister a little, though he still suffered very much from attacks of severe pain after any exertion. He returned to Bristol with his son Edward, and writes :—

"*Oct. 10th.* — I went to Salem this morning, and spoke to them on walking worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, and on the grace and peace which flow through Jesus to us. Dear Butler also prayed, and spoke very nicely from 1 Chron. xxi, on the Lord allowing a failing of faith in His own servant to be the immediate cause of bringing judgment on Israel."

In the evening he writes :—

"I have just returned from Bethesda, helped of God through all; though I have suffered in my chest since, felt nothing at the time, and I think it will soon go away. It is so pleasant to be loved. I feel here all that family affection can give. It imparts so much natural comfort; as I said to my sister in walking home, if I had but you all here, I should need nothing else of earthly things."

"*London, Oct. 18th.* — My fervent prayer is that the Lord will, in His own time and way, make me free for His service. I feel I have quite a place here, and desire to concentrate my thoughts on Jesus only, and to have nothing to do but unfold the wonders which are treasured up in Him: thus I might even now be a blessing to others. Our lodgings are most comfortable; and Edward goes on with his studies. On Sunday I dined with Lord Congleton, and attended the meeting in Orchard Street, which was a very pleasant one. Two persons came up and expressed comfort in what I had said.

"*Nov. 1st.* — I went to Tottenham, and stayed with dear Miss S., who, with the Howards, were most kind to me. I endeavoured to interest them about missions; spoke of Bowden, Beer, and Aroolappan; and, in the evening, brought the subject before the church, and they hope, in union with believers in Hackney, Orchard Street and other places, to form an effectual committee to care for these things. This has been a great comfort to me. I live in hope that the Lord will yet let His goodness shine upon us, and round about us, and deliver us from every trial. Unbelief is ready to say 'If He should open the windows of heaven, could these things be?' but faith says 'yea; and far greater things than this can be accomplished by the breath of His mouth.' I feel thankful I came home; many things have been accomplished by it. We had a very happy time at Tottenham, one much to be remembered. I seem to see so little of the future before me, but the privilege we have of casting all our care upon Him who cares for us, ought to make us without carefulness. I am not well; but I have none of that *violent* pain I had for months in India; it hardly now amounts to more than being *very* uncomfortable. Yesterday I was at Orchard Street in the morning. Count Guicchiardini was there. We have interesting news from Florence of his fellow-sufferers there. I spoke on the opening part of the 1st Epistle of Peter; all seemed to feel it was a happy meeting."

In London he consulted more than one medical man, and adopted a milk diet. On his return to Bristol, he says:—

"*Nov. 23rd.* — I think I am improving in health, and expect,

by the next mail, to send you yet better accounts. The Lord will so order everything, that sorrows will work out our best joys.

"In writing to dear Aroolappen, I tell him not to lay too much stress on the mere question of baptism, or the Lord's return, or unpaid ministry: they all have their place; but the important thing is Jesus Christ and Him crucified; the grace, the fulness and freeness of the gospel. I was glad to hear of the help given to Bowden by dear Mr. Stokes. Truly it is very pleasant to see the Lord's most gracious work in any brother, showing itself in unsectarian love to His dear children who attempt to serve Him among the heathen. I have just been reading the life of Savonarola, of Florence. There seems to be a great stir in Tuscany. They say there are 25,000 who are deeply interested about the truth. May the Lord let His light burst forth there, and gather out a people to His praise! I think I never knew the people connected with Bethesda in so happy a state, or more amply supplied with spiritual help and ministry. You will never forget to pray that we may be altogether free in circumstances, as well as in body, soul, and spirit, to serve the Lord. I have had a comfortable day, but cannot take the smallest portion of animal food: I take only milk, but hope I am gaining ground. My spasms have become less severe; they generally come at stated times, at one, five, and eleven o'clock; once or twice they have missed at one, and at eleven. You would be greatly delighted with the orphan house, and the untiring devotion to it of dear George, and Mary, and Lydia, walking there and back every day, and working there all day long. They seem so to love the children.

"*Dec. 23rd.* — Truly I praise God He gives you ability to cast your care upon Him, for we do indeed need this faith. I see not at present how our affairs are to brighten; but still, though I say this, I cannot but remember how mercifully I have been dealt with, since I came home, and what I have been enabled to do."

To his eldest son, he writes:—

"I feel our only hope is, and has been in God, who ordereth all

things well, both in heaven and on the earth. What we have to do is to look less at man, and more at God; and this I desire to do, the Lord enabling me. The heart often feels that if it could accomplish such and such a point, it would be happy; but this I am sure of, that the soul being at rest in God is the only sure abiding happiness. I still think I am improving in health."

He visited London on business, about the middle of December, and returned to Bristol on the 17th. His letters breathe only thankfulness to the Lord, for the wonderful way in which, amidst much suffering, he accomplished all he had to do. He writes :—

"I feel my return to England has been most opportune in many ways. It has been important both for Edward and for those in India. How good is the Lord, who delivers out of every difficulty; truly the Lord has helped me thus far. I do so desire that rest of soul, in all the future, which springs from resting on God, letting Him do what seemeth Him good, and yet believing and trusting in His love. I have had five nights of very fair sleep. The thing which retards my recovery is my inability to take sufficient nourishment; my heart is much less affected in walking, and my pulse is fuller and stronger. I can look to the Lord to accomplish all that remains. I am thankful to be able to send you these good tidings.

"*Sidmouth, Dec. 18th.*—I have arrived here, and many are the recollections of the past that crowd upon me."

Alluding to Mrs. Groves's mother, who had been long confined by sickness to her room, he says :—

"All are very kind, but I miss the charm of her sweet harmonizing manner; and this being wanting, everything seems changed.

"*Dec. 24th.*—I came into Exeter, and went on to Exmouth, and spent three most happy days with the dear Hulls. I spoke there on the Christmas Eve, and on the Sunday following: I felt fellowship with them all, and they showed me much kindness."

At this time he evidently did not think himself so ill. One who was present writes :—

"It was comforting to hear from his lips he was decidedly better; he spoke to the refreshment and delight of all. One told me she felt it was as the voice of God to her soul, and all spoke of his visit with much thankfulness, because of the precious truth that he ministered. I felt so thankful that on the evening of the tea meeting he was led to trace a little the history of Brethrenism, and the downfall of *collective* blessing, from the moment that 'separation from evil, God's principle of unity,' became their standard of communion. I went along with every word he said, and the language of my heart was, 'let me live and die with such as occupy themselves with beholding the beauty of the Lord, rather than with detecting and judging evil in their brethren. There is such an unmistakeable savour about those who make Christ their centre, who own His pre-eminence, by receiving all who are owned and accepted by Him."

He then describes a happy visit he paid Sir J. Kennaway at Escot.*

"*Dec. 30th.*—I returned to Bristol two days ago, and preached at Salem last night, and am beginning to feel better. I sleep now very well, and have left off the morphine. I have lost all the spasms in my chest; the whole derangement seems now confined to the stomach. I cannot eat anything, and if I do, I suffer hours of uneasiness after it."

* In allusion to this visit, Lady K. writes:—

"He was as interesting as ever in conversation, and revived, when speaking of heavenly things. But it grieved us to see how ill he looked."

And another member of the family says:—

"It was a great comfort to us to have him once more here, and to listen to his voice in family prayer. He seemed very frail; but cheerfully assured us he was getting better, and hoped again to go abroad. But he has taken a different journey: he has gone to a city of habitation, to the presence of Him who was the joy and delight of his heart on earth; whose blessed name was to him as ointment poured forth, and in whose service he had lived out a long life in a short space of years. That verse often comes to my mind in thinking of him, 'they that be wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.'—Dan xii, 3."

He speaks of visiting many of the sick with comfort; and, alluding to his youngest son, who went to pay a visit to his aunt and brother in London, he writes:—

"The dear little man is just packing up for his journey to London, where his aunt and brother will meet him at the Paddington station. He is full of delight, and expects no end of amusement, which is so natural to his years; and, though I feel so little able to enter into it for myself, it cheers me to see others happy. I know not yet what lies before me, for, though better, still I have much lost ground to recover.

"I feel the true secret of happiness is, committing all to God, and waiting His time for deliverance; truly the Lord has dealt very graciously with me. There is nothing in our circumstances that the Lord cannot, by one touch of His finger, cast brightness over."

The close of the year found him, as his journal shows, in Bristol, and he had the privilege of joining his beloved friends in the service which they had at the conclusion of the year. He was not strong enough to remain with them in the chapel till after twelve o'clock, but, before leaving, spoke very impressively on the subject of the Paschal Lamb, saying he would leave with them four subjects connected with it, to remember through the year they were just going to enter on: the first was the blood that put away sin: the second, the Lamb they were to feed on throughout the year as the nourishment of their new life: the third, the putting away all leaven, and being holy as He is holy: the fourth was the need of having the loins girded, as those who were on a pilgrimage. The subject of the passover was one he loved to dwell upon: he was wont to call this "the passover period," during which we were to keep that feast which has its fulfilment in Christ crucified for us; a feast, the keeping of which extended through the whole gospel dispensation, till the coming of the Lord in glory. His words on this occasion are still vividly remembered by all who heard him. He evidently was preparing in spirit for his departure from this scene of conflict; and yet all hoped he might be spared to be a blessing to many; and his recovery was still expected even by himself. He

writes with his usual cheerfulness :—

"*Jan. 4th,* 1853. — My spiritual labours have been few, yet the Lord has allowed me to do a little, and all seem willing I should speak, and are glad to hear me. This is encouraging. Since the spasms in my heart and left lung have left me, I have been much more able to speak and walk, and I now sleep very comfortably. I have not for near a month taken any morphine. All these are gracious tokens of a prospective restoration; spiritually there is much to be thankful for. The people of God *seem* so united in Bristol, and all appear to work happily together. I went, on Sunday, to Wellington, to minister the word of life. I am but a poor creature, but the room was full of people, who seemed very happy, and pressed me to come again, which I hope to do.

"*Feb. 1st.* — Here I am, having reached another birth-day— fifty-eight of which I have seen; and oh, how little progress! yet this has dawned with a sense of that rich and unspeakable grace of God towards me, that makes my heart desire to be altogether His."

Having been called to attend the funeral of his mother-in-law Mrs. Baynes, who fell asleep in Jesus, February 8th., he went to Sidmouth, and writes :—

"*Feb. 15th.* — I went in last night to see her dear face, before she was closed up in her narrow resting-place. She looked so placid, so sweet, and there was an expression of such resignation as you seldom see: all spoke peace; perfect everlasting peace. I do so rejoice that her dear spirit is at rest till the morning of the resurrection: I do feel so happy that she is now in the region of light; seeing things as they are, and Jesus as He is, without a cloud between."

He went from thence to Torquay, and says :—

"*Sunday, 20th.* — I went this morning to the meeting, and spoke at some length. I was not well enough to speak again in the evening; but heard a nice gospel sermon from dear Mr. Strong, with whom I have a *most extended unity of judgment.*

"*21st.* — We had a very pleasant scripture reading this morning. There were about twenty-five persons of all denomi-

nations present. We had Genesis xxii, and had a very happy and profitable meeting."

It is interesting to dwell here on the full answer given to his prayers, in obtaining what his faith *looked* for ;—even the entire relief from all temporal anxieties, which was brought about at this period. Mrs. Baynes's death made a great alteration in his circumstances, and things connected with his affairs in India were about this time happily settled. In allusion to these events, he writes :—

"*Feb. 19th.* — It fills me with thanksgiving that the Lord has brought this dark night to a close. The Lord has given me a perfect deliverance from those heavy burthens which were so overwhelming ; there is no longer anything on this head to prevent my recovery, if the Lord will."

God was evidently giving him an interval of rest ere his departure ; but the idea of ease and recovery was always associated, in his mind, with service. He writes :—

"*March 13th.* — Should the Lord give me a little strength again, which I quite hope He may, I think I could do a good deal towards the support of our missionary helpers, by laying their case before His people. There is an increasing interest about missions, especially at Tottenham and Hackney, and I expect something effectual will be done for the dear Bowdens, Beer, and Aroolappen."

Speaking of one of his brothers-in-law, he says :—

"He loves the name and leans on the power of Jesus. There is a sweet savour of Christ about him.

"I sometimes wonder if I shall have power again given me to serve my Lord. I cannot help blessing Him for the many and great alleviations He has given me. We have abundant grounds for trusting Him for the future. I have not, for years, been so free from all cause for anxiety."

As late as March 23rd there does not seem to have been any apprehensions of immediate danger ; both his medical men in London thought he would recover, and he writes to his wife :—

"I know you have been anxious about me, but really there is nothing to be anxious about. I quite think I am better : I

sleep well, have no violent pains of any kind, and my power of eating will all come in the Lord's time. I am, at all events, not thinner than I was."

In April he speaks of not being quite so well, though, as his habit was, he makes very little of what would seem to *others* sources of great discomfort. He says :—

"It is a great relief to me to find I can sleep sitting up, so that last night I had a very good night, in this way."

In this month he went to Malvern, to stay with his dear and kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Onslow, whom he had known in India. On the anniversary of his wedding, which took place at Malvern, in 1835, he writes to his wife :—

"*April 25th*, 1853. — The remembrance of this day eighteen years past has brought a thousand teeming recollections to my heart: how changed everything is! then in the full vigour of life, now a poor broken down invalid; yet we have the same Lord watching over us now as then. It is very gracious of the Lord to have brought me here, among those who are so truly kind. Nothing has ever allayed that irritation of the stomach, and till that is stopped I feel all other things are secondary. But, oh! the blessing of ease from *violent* pain, and being surrounded by those who are so kind and watchful over me."

In allusion to Mrs. O., to whom he had been the means of blessing, when at Chittoor, he says :—

"I feel for her as a child of my own ; and, unworthy as I am of any blessing, it is so gracious of the Lord to revive me by the freshness of the faith He has given her. The Lord fills my heart with holy joy and confidence ; I do not feel an anxiety about the future ; all seems bright and full of promise. It is so good of the Lord not to allow any pain of body to hinder my thoughts of Him and His goodness to us amidst all our trials."

Previous to going to Malvern, finding from his medical men that there was no hope of his being strong enough to join his wife in India ; he at once, with the help of kind friends, made arrangements for her return to him ; and in allusion to this he writes :—

"How good, how *very* good it was of the Lord, allowing me, as soon as I felt really *doubtful* of the issue of my illness, to send you out *immediately* the means for coming home! so that the intervening time is gilded by the bright hope of seeing you."*

The following account of his stay at Malvern is given by Mrs. O. to Mrs. Groves. She says :—

"He came to us on the 21st of April. It gave me quite a shock to see him so dreadfully emaciated, but still having his own pleasant smile and manner; and when Dr. Gully gave some hope he might recover, I was buoyed up: he complained of dreadful stiffness, unable to lie down at night, and such constant sickness! It made my heart ache to see him eating so little, and so patient; always rejoicing in the Lord; some little song of praise for ever on his lips, that so much had been smoothed for him. I used to love to hear him speak of the Lord's dealings with him since his marriage and residence in India.

"On Monday, 25th, he commenced the water treatment, and found it very soothing and comfortable; but it never *touched* the disease; indeed he was too far gone; but he felt it would be a consolation to you to think he had tried everything, though his only confidence was in God. The day after his arrival he said to me, 'If this disease progresses as it does now, I cannot have many weeks to live;' and, referring to you, he said, 'Precious Harriet! if it were His will I should like to meet her again; but He knows what is right.' The shock of seeing him so altered, and not being strong, made me quite ill, and I was in bed three days. I wrote and begged his sister Lydia to come, and she did so immediately. In her he had all the tenderness and love possible, and such a nurse! Dear Edward also, who accompanied her, felt extremely seeing his dear father so altered: it made him quite ill. They thought it better that lodgings should be taken for him, to continue some weeks under the water cure; so on the 5th he left us. I did not see him for

* This hope was not realized; the news of his death reached India a few days after his wife quitted it.

three days: the change that had taken place was astonishing: so dreadfully thin and weak that his baths, &c., had to be discontinued, and his desire was to go to Bristol and die among his own people. I called again the next day, but he was too weak to see me, and on the Wednesday I saw him for the last time. Most sweet were his words, and his countenance was full of such peace and joy! The Lord's gracious dealings with him are so like Himself — they say his room is like a little heaven. What happiness it will be to you, in the midst of so much anguish, to know he has all he can have in the nursing and attendance of his dear sisters."

The following extracts from his own Journals describe his state of mind before leaving Malvern. They are addressed to his wife:—

"*May 10th.*—To-morrow I leave this house, Gully considering my case beyond the reach of his art, and I go to beloved Bristol, there to dwell, for a little, among mine own people. I am overwhelmed with mercies. Dearest Eliza is to come down to help me on this rather long journey; so between these two dear sisters, and Major Butcher and Edward, I feel the Lord has cared for me like a king. I do not think the treatment disagreed with me, but I am sure they have never laid that stress on the disease of my stomach it deserved. I think now it can be no longer concealed, that *there* is the real disease. How precious it is to feel that all these human ills are, to the redeemed of the Lord, what the chariots of fire were to Elijah—alarming to look at, but the Father's way of bringing His own home.

. . . . . .

"The Lord be praised, I can truly say He lets me see brightness on every side from His love. I look through the cracks in my clay tabernacle up towards the everlasting hills, and have now just concluded all those little earthly cares that must be attended to; I only think on my precious ones and glory."

By a remarkable coincidence the lodgings taken for him were in the very house from whence he was married in 1835: in reference to this he writes to his wife:—

"When I look at the Bible you gave me here the 25th of

April, 1835, in this very house, how precious a remembrance it is of the ground and foundation of all our hopes, then and now! How precious the thought that the Lamb that leads His people by living fountains of water, loved them, and washed them in His own blood, and made them kings and priests to God, even His Father and our Father. Let your prayer continually be for me, dearest, that the nearer I approach the 'morning without clouds,' the clearer, the brighter, and the more real it may appear. The Lord lays His hand most gently on me, though this unceasing throwing up of all I eat the heart would not choose; not that I now take any solid food, only liquids, yet retain nothing five minutes scarcely. My nights are tolerable; in fact I have continually to praise God, that, in my present great weakness, I have been delivered from the *severe* pain that for so long rested on me. How it comforts me to think that all these sad, trying news will find you in the Lord's arms, wrapt up in His love, whom, truly, you have faithfully and diligently served, that He will smooth your rugged path, and show you His salvation in every trying hour.

"Malvern, dearest, I leave to-morrow morning. Gully gives me no hope either of water or any remedy being of any permanent service to me, so I go to my own dear Bristol."

Mr. Müller and his daughter having, for the information of his wife and adopted daughter, then in India, kept journals of the period connected with his last few days in Bristol, we give the following extracts from their interesting communications. Miss Müller writes to his adopted daughter:—

"On Monday, May 2nd, 1853, my dear Aunt Lydia and Edward went to Malvern, to be with my beloved uncle Norris. From day to day we received tidings of his increased weakness of body, and, at the same time, of his peace and repose, his joy in God, and his ability to cast every care upon Him. In reference to the prospect before him, he wrote to my dear mother:—

"'Sometimes I seem to see the beautiful hill of Sion, with all its blessed associations of peace and unchecked happiness.'"

"It was his strong desire, and earnest prayer, that, if it were

the Lord's will, he might be permitted to reach Bristol, and be once more in the midst of those dear children of God with whom he had had such happy communion, and who loved him so well; and also to be with his three dear sisters. This wish of his heart was graciously granted. The physicians having given their decided opinion that his disease was beyond the power of human skill, fully concurred in his proposed removal here. Perfect was the arrangement which our gracious Father in His love had planned for the travelling necessities of the dear invalid; for on Thursday, May 10th, my dear aunt from London, and Major Butcher from Bristol, arrived at Malvern, and were there in readiness to render every assistance to my dear aunt Lydia. Thursday was the day fixed on for their coming to us, and many were our prayers that strength might be given for that day; and these prayers were abundantly answered. An easy carriage was procured for the eight miles between Malvern and Worcester, and thence to Bristol they travelled in a reserved carriage by express train."

Thus, as Mr. Müller writes to Mrs. Groves, "he was able to go through the journey without any difficulty, and felt comfortable when I met the party at the station to take him in a carriage to our house. I saw, however, an immense change in him from what he had been when he left us six weeks before. He now came full of delight that he was no more in lodgings, but at home, as he always called 21 Paul Street. We had done what we could to make him comfortable; but all this is nothing to his three devoted sisters, who day and night wait on him, and do everything for him that he could wish. His sickness returned after his arrival here on the same afternoon. It seems that God had mercy on him, and strengthened him that day for the journey. Before, he was unable to bear it; since then, he could not have borne it. On Friday he was somewhat better than on Thursday afternoon, and passed a very good night."

Mr. Müller, who had kindly undertaken to be his executor, continues:—

"I stayed with him all day to help him to arrange his affairs, for his time appeared to me short, and he had many things to settle. No food stayed on his stomach, no liquid or anything

solid. It was soon brought up again, mixed with clotted bloody matter.

"On Saturday, May 14th, he continued making arrangements for his end, and (my helping him still and dear Mary) Saturday afternoon his last business, which was really needful to be done, was accomplished, when his strength seemed fast sinking. All this time he was full of thanksgiving to the Lord; and most grateful that the Lord had been pleased to bring him here. On Saturday evening he was taken with the most distressing pains. All Saturday evening and the night following his agonies were indescribable. His sisters were with him all night. I stayed as long as I had strength, and was up with him at four. Towards day, the pain went off: he now fell into a state of drowsiness like a person who has had the agonies of inflammation in the bowels upon him, who is relieved at last from them because mortification has taken place. . . . . Thus it appeared to be with him on the Lord's-day, May 15th; we all four, hour after hour, stood round his bed watching for his last breath. However, he passed a comfortable night comparatively. On Monday he felt himself free from pain, and in a most peaceful and happy state of soul. There was nothing of drowsiness whatever. He was now particularly desirous of seeing as many saints as he could. He said, 'I must have a little intercourse with so and so, and with so and so;' accordingly, he saw on Monday and Tuesday (16th and 17th) about twelve persons. All, of course, took only a few minutes at a time, and there were intervals for a little sleep and washing out his mouth with a little water or tea—for by this time he took nothing whatever. He was, during those ten days, in a most blessed state of mind. It was truly refreshing to be with him. He was in a most heavenly frame. Notwithstanding his deep affection for you and his children, he was able to cast every burden on God. But before Tuesday evening was come his strength seemed quite spent: we felt we must keep him as quiet as possible. The night from Tuesday to Wednesday was not so good as the two nights before, and on Wednesday the 18th he was quite spent and drowsy, and we looked for his end hourly. This night was very distressing again; much pain, but not so much as there

had been from Saturday to Lord's-day ; and the greatest restlessness. All Thursday, the 19th, great weariness, the greatest languor and sinking more and more, and we looked hourly for his end, but still he lived. Much the same during the whole night, still conscious, clear in mind. Friday, the 20th, we have been hourly looking for his end, but he is still alive. During the whole week, three, four, have been waiting upon him to give him some ease. He has never been left without at least two in his room for the last four days.

"Friday afternoon, beloved Norris grew much worse about five o'clock. About six, whilst his three dear sisters and I were standing around his bed, he all at once cried out, 'Lift me up.' But before I had taken two or three steps round his bed to do it, the fear of suffocation had brought his last remaining muscular strength into exercise, and he was on his knees in his bed ; and while I held him in my arms a large quantity of coagulated blood, or bloody matter, came out of his mouth. Afterwards, when he laid down again, he seemed so exhausted that we expected he would open his eyes no more. However, after some time he had another of these distressing attacks, which were repeated five or six times in the course of the evening. All this time beloved Norris suffered indescribably, he groaned repeatedly. . . . . He now begged of the Lord most earnestly, as well as his faltering tongue would allow, that the Lord would be pleased to release him. Nor could we help doing this. I prayed with him for a few moments each time, perhaps twelve times this day, that God would be pleased to sustain him to the end, and speedily release him. Also I sought repeatedly, as he was able to hear it, with a few words of the Word of God and a few lines of appropriate hymns, to encourage him in God ; but my soul was up to the Lord all day long that the Lord would deliver him. About half an hour before he fell asleep I once more prayed aloud with him, that the Lord would be pleased to sustain him to the end and speedily release him. I also spoke a few words of encouragement to him. He so realized the truth, which I was praying and speaking to him, that he was quite quiet, and at the end said, 'Precious Jesus.' Being now greatly worn, and

having before me a heavy day's work, and not thinking his end near even now, I left him with a brother who was come to stay with him and his three sisters, to go to rest a little. At half-past eleven I had been only half an hour in bed, when I was called up. His happy spirit had taken its flight out of the body. He fell asleep a few minutes before twelve on Friday night. He said once more after I had left the room, 'Precious Jesus.' These were his last words. So far as he is concerned our joy is unmixed, we have only joy. So far as *you* are concerned, my dear sister, we sorrow, greatly sorrow; and many prayers go up for you. So far as your dear children are concerned we also sorrow.

"His deep affection for you and his children continued to the last, but the strength of grace, and especially of faith, were strikingly seen in his being able so fully to cast you and his dear children upon the Lord."

For fuller details of this period we shall go back to his own journal and that of his niece, Miss Müller.

On the day of his arrival he writes :—

"*Paul Street, May 11th.*—Well, here I am, safe by the Lord's tender mercies, having had an easier day than for two years past. The moment Gully told me there was no hope, and nothing could stop my sickness, and as I was feeling the irritability of stomach preventing my drinking more than a tea-spoonful at a time, I determined, with the Lord's blessing, to try what my morphine would do to allay the irritation. I tried it, and such a night I have not had, for I know not when. I was not sick the whole night, and all my journey here so nicely borne, through my loving Father's tender care. All our hearts overflow with gratitude that here I am, surrounded by my three sisters, George, my dear niece Lydia, and Edward. Is not this good of the Lord? and the severe spasm of the stomach, which seemed to threaten to suffocate me, is so relieved that I have no pain, and can quite enjoy those being with me that I love. When I look on the loving-kindness of the Lord, my heart is overwhelmed with thankfulness, so tender and so kind has He been to me.

"I think now it was a great mistake my leaving off my morphine, for I always felt that whatever improvement I made in any of these respects, my stomach was getting *worse* and worse, and had I not returned to it, I do not think I would have lived another week. Yet all the Lord's ways are so precious, that I would not be complaining even as to this; for I did it for the best when I lost my severe pain in the chest.

"16*th*. — My own most precious Harriet,—I am again able to write a line, to say how good the Lord is. I have been, since the last, only expecting and preparing for my speedy exit, and now the Lord has let me have the ability to tell you how gently He is leading me through the valley, how He is letting all His loving-kindness pass before me. Gentle Jesus! To-day I have been able, with the help of my little anodyne, to see the dear Merediths and Mrs. Smith, and to enjoy many sweet little words of prayer and praise.

"I have so prayed the Lord to grant me that measure of ease at the last that I may be able to hold sweet converse with His faithful ones, and above all with you my dear, my especially faithful one. I cannot tell you the thousandth part of all the Lord's grace and goodness has done for your poor dear husband, except the granting his desire to see and embrace you again. There He seems to say, (as to Moses's request to see the land *and enter it,)* this was not to be. I do hope the Lord will make this scene one of especial blessing.

"Dear, dear George is such a faithful and true brother, and will be such to you.

"I have not eaten or drunk anything these four days; I merely wash out my mouth with a little iced water, or tea, or any little thing, and then spit it out. My poor heated stomach so craves all that comes near it cold. My dear ones here never leave me night or day, for a moment, and I am to-day free from pain, which I have not been since the day I came here. My arms embrace you, my own dear, dearly beloved one."

We return to Miss Müller's journal, which thus continues:—

"On the arrival of my beloved uncle, and the other dear ones, and our all meeting together, thoughts and feelings filled our hearts, which all words fail to express.

"*He* put a song of thanksgiving into our hearts, and we desired to trust more and more in Him, who had so tenderly helped in this time of need. My uncle bore the journey wonderfully and told us he had had 'such a beautiful day.' He said, 'My father not only sent His carriage, but cushioned it for me.' He loved to have us all around him, and many, many times, expressed his thanks to God for giving him such precious sisters, and spoke with much love and gratitude to, and of, my dear father, whose presence, and little words of prayer and comfort, he found very refreshing.

"During the afternoon and evening of Thursday, two or three, or more of us staid in his room. He sat up in a chair till nearly nine, and then went to bed. Dear Mr. Craik just then called, and hearing his voice, my uncle wished him to come in. They then spoke a few minutes to each other, both their countenances beaming with heavenly peace. My uncle then said, 'let us have a few minutes' prayer,' and all gathered in that room; my father offered a short prayer of earnest supplication, and heartfelt thankfulness that we had been permitted to meet once more.

"On the whole he passed a comfortable night. From seven to eight in the morning my father was with him, and was most refreshed by witnessing the happy and calm repose of his soul.

"He expressed such continued gratitude for having been brought here, and much wished, if he had strength, to see many of the dear people; for he had so desired to speak to the praise of God before them.

"We had family prayer in his room on Friday morning, by his desire. My father read the sixty-third Psalm, and my dear uncle showed, by the lifting up of his eyes and hands, how precious its contents were felt by him to be. Between nine and ten he rose, and came for a short time into the sitting-room; it was a blessed day. We saw the outward man failing, but we felt that the inward man was renewed, indeed, hour by hour. The shock of corn was, indeed, fully ripe, and we had the solemn conviction that his life was quickly passing away. He felt

that nothing but *Jesus* could be his security, his hope, or his joy; and as he neared the gates, 'discovered new glories in Christ and the resurrection,' and felt that *now* was the season to prove the power and sufficiency of God's sure foundation.

"In the evening of that day, as some of us were standing round his bed, he said, 'Can't you *sing?*' O, *I* could sing if I had strength.

"My father read to him in the morning, 'Rock of Ages,' and he wished us to sing it. When we had finished, he said, 'thank you, dears, it is very sweet.' *His* praise was in his eyes, and his beautiful smile.

"That night again we had prayer in his room.

"On Saturday morning he said to me, 'my precious child, what a blessing that we are all *gathered in*, that we all belong to the redeemed family.'

"Of every little service rendered to him, he spoke with so much gratitude. Often there were two or three, or more engaged in seeking as far as possible to give him every alleviation, one fanning, another bathing his temples with iced water, and another preparing or administering to him some refreshment, which was taken to cool the mouth, or relieve the chest, but not swallowed. Referring to these loving little services, he used to say, 'I am like a king, I have so many dear kind servants.'

"About the middle of the day he appeared very, very weak, and scarcely spoke at all, and then he revived a little, and gave to Edward a most touching parting blessing, then spoke of his beloved wife and absent children; he said, 'my precious wife, she has been truly a gift of God to me. I do so honour and value her, as a servant of God. Her heart is the Lord's; oh! that I had served Him as she has done.'

"He many times expressed a wish to be able to write to the beloved brethren at Bethesda, but now he said, 'the Lord has been so speedy, that I have no strength; when I could have done it, I did not, and when I wish it, He does not let me. O, I have served Him so wretchedly, so miserably. I know He

has blotted it out, but I can never forget it; there is nothing but Jesus, nothing, nothing.'

"Then there was a short silence; then my father read the two lines,—

'Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.'

"My uncle then said, 'let dear George pray,' which he did. We again were silent, when my uncle, evidently referring to the verse 'I delivered thee when bound,' said, 'I delivered.'

"My father read the whole verse, and also the one following.

"The latter part of the afternoon, he just got up to have his bed made, and while we were sitting with him my father read,

'We give thee thanks unfeigned,'

and he added a few words of prayer. He then returned to bed, and during the evening and greater part of the night, he had much severe pain.

"On Sunday morning he became a little easier, and the pain gradually subsided. About one o'clock he sent for Edward and me: I then thought it was the last time I should look upon him. There was a sweet smile on his dear face, and a beaming, heavenly expression; he kissed us, and we sat down for a few minutes, but he soon felt there were too many in the room, and he wished to kiss us again before we went, and said to me, 'never forget your poor dear uncle, he loved you, precious one;' and, after a long, tender embrace, I left him. The remainder of the day was tolerably free from suffering.

"At different intervals, during the night, a few sentences were exchanged between my uncle and aunt Eliza. 'O, my darling Eliza, I hoped you might have been spared this.' 'Are you suffering much?' 'No, darling, the Lord most graciously removed that, and now I ask Him that I may be able to lie down.' 'You are weak and weary.' 'Yes, that's it, but the Lord knoweth our frame; He knoweth that we are but dust. He doth not afflict willingly.' 'No; O, my gracious Lord. I

am dozing much more to-night.' 'I hope you get some sleep.' 'Yes, I have been to bed.' 'Where is dearest Lydia?' 'Lying on the sofa, and George and Mary are gone to bed.' 'The Lord be praised.' 'How gracious of the Lord to remove that severe suffering of last night. I know not how I could have borne it with this great weakness; so the Lord stayeth His rough wind in the day of His east wind. You will think of me when I am gone.' 'Yes, dear, with fond remembrance.' 'Thank you, you are all such sweet nurses.' 'It is such a pleasure and comfort to us; we could not have borne to have given you up to other nurses.' 'O, that's the sweetness of it, that's the sweetness of it; and dear George and Craik too; I could not have desired anything better, it will be such an unspeakable comfort to precious Harriet. Could we have met before I became so ill I should have enjoyed her dear society and fellowship; but now I am so thankful to my kind heavenly Father, that she is spared this. Dear Ebenezer too, give him my tender love; he will shine as a bright star among the humble.'

"On Monday morning he asked for me; when I went in, he said:—

"I love to see you, precious child; bring a little bit of work, and sit down.'

"I went to get some, and sat down and watched him, which I loved to do, for there was so much of heavenly sweetness in his look and smile, and they spoke so many words of love and peace. He made signs for me to fan him, and whilst I was doing so, he said:—

"'You shall minister a little to your dear uncle.'

"I saw him several times during the day, and he received the visits of a few whom he was most desirous of seeing.

"While Mrs. Thomson was with him, he wished us all to come in, and asked my dear mother to read that supporting hymn,

'O, holy Saviour, friend unseen.'

"After she had finished, he said 'a little soothing balm for the evening.'

"The last thing at night, he wished all of us, and Sarah, to come in, and have a hymn; he said,

'Jesus, lover of my soul;'

which we accordingly sang, and my father prayed, and it was indeed, a *sweet* litttle season.

"On Tuesday he again saw a few friends, who were all much refreshed, as well as those who had seen him the week before and on Monday, by witnessing the calmness of mind and heavenly joy granted to my dear uncle in his last hours.

"In the evening he became evidently much weaker, and from that time, he sank rapidly till his death, on Friday night.

"About seven o'clock he said, 'with my inexpressible weakness I have such *indescribable* repose; I never could have conceived such feelings.

"When sitting in a chair, while his bed was being made, he looked out of the window up into the sky: aunt E—— said, 'There is a land of pure delight,' he added 'Where saints immortal reign.'

"After returning to bed and getting a little doze, he said, 'What a sweet sleep I have had,—so calm, so sweet, so satisfied.'

"Late in the evening he repeated the same words, only transposing so sweet, so calm, so satisfied, clasping his hands between each expression.

"On Wedneday morning, feeling great languor, he said, 'how sweet in this time of weakness to feel the everlasting arms, Christ's arms.' Looking round on his sisters, 'I look at you and love you, and love you and look at you; what a comfort your ministry has been to me.' At another time, 'you must take my little moaning like the cooing of a dove. I do not think it any merit that I am patient, but my gentle Jesus deals so mildly with me.'

"About one o'clock, as I sat by his side, he said, 'My precious child I do so love you; be very kind to my darling Mary, for my sake; give her my tender love and tell her I did not write what I wished to say, I could have written volumes; but

I had so little strength ; tell her that I do thank the Lord He has taken her heart, and that I hope she will be a precious sister to my darling pet, and lead her on in the ways of holiness and righteousness, all that's lovely in Christ's sight. Tell my precious Mary that my heart yearns over her ; this is the only message I give you, but it is a special one, a most special one.'

"In the evening, when sitting up in his chair for a few minutes, and Sarah was fanning him, he disengaged his hand, which was covered up, and reached it out to shake hands with her : he said, 'I long to be with Jesus, sweet Jesus.' My mother said, 'you will tell His praise with your last look.' He wished to say 'yes.'

"After returning to bed, he said, 'dear Sarah ;' then thinking she would not be able to hear, he said to aunt Lydia, who was standing near him, 'tell Sarah to be kind to my precious wife, and baby, and Mary, and Hannai if she comes.' Soon after he said, 'I long to rest, I long to sink into Jesu's arms. I long to rest in the arms of my beloved.

'Oh ! precious Saviour, friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bidst us lean,
I cling to thee.'

Yes, I do.'

"He said to dear aunt L——, 'You will sing for joy of heart when I am gone.' She said 'spiritually, but our natural affection will not do so.'

"That night he was so weak that he said he feared his dear sisters had not strength enough to move him ; accordingly, a kind Christian brother, who had previously offered, came on that and the following evening to pass the night, and it was a great relief to my dear uncle in raising the pillows, and otherwise assisting him.

"When my father came into the room in the morning, my uncle sweetly said, 'The Lord has put a new song in my mouth in sending that dear brother.'

"Some time after, my uncle said, 'Where is precious George ?'

"On his being called and coming into the room, he was greeted with a sweet smile; they clasped each other's hands, and my father said, 'The Lord be praised, now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.'

'Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, O, how pleasant
The conqueror's song.'

To all of which my dear uncle responded by the same sweet smile and uplifting of the hand and eye.

"During Thursday and Friday he had not strength to say much, but still set his amen to all words of comfort and prayer, and was frequent in his earnest desire to be with Jesus.

"From six o'clock on Friday evening till midnight his sufferings were very great.

"Shortly before he breathed his last, he said 'Precious Jesus.'

"Leaning his head on his hand, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, at twelve on Friday, May 20th, 1853.

"Bristol, June 3rd."

The following interesting particulars are supplied from extracts of letters from Mrs. Müller to Mrs. Groves; as also from others who saw him at the last.

Mrs. Müller writes:—

"Let us endeavour to think of the dear departed one as present with the Lord; with Jesus, whose name became more and more precious as he moved on to his heavenly rest. Now he is beyond all pain and sorrow.

"Several times, during the last days of severe suffering and weariness, he exclaimed 'O, for that falling asleep.' Desirous as he had been that you, and precious baby, and darling Mary, and Hannai, should come and be with him, when he thought he might have enjoyed your society, he several times, in seasons of suffering, expressed how thankful he was that you were spared all this.

"On the sixteenth, the last day on which he wrote anything, when he had made an addition in his journal; to you, dearest Harriet, he directed an envelope, and put it in; he then asked for two half sheets, to write to Mary and Hannai, the latter he accomplished, but was too much exhausted to do more. After some time he said to me, 'Tell my darling little Mary that I intended to write to her, but the Lord has cut me down so quickly, that I have no strength; but don't let any one feel they have been forgotten by me; and as to my precious Harriet, tell her over and over again, how much I love her; how highly I value her faithful love to me, what a precious gift of God I consider her to have been to me; how I think of her devotedness to her Lord, and wish I had been as faithful to Him as she has.'

"He was very fond of having that hymn read to him, beginning 'O, holy Saviour, friend unseen,' &c., and very often he said, with his dear hands clasped, and his eyes raised, and his countenance full of joy,

'So sweet, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee.'

"He was so grateful that the Lord brought him to us. I shall ever remember the satisfied smile which passed over his countenance, when he found himself seated in an easy chair, in the room which he had so frequently occupied before. And indeed, we, his three sisters, consider it a great privilege to have been allowed to nurse him day and night, until the last. This was one of his great desires, and the Lord granted it.

"He was able to see several of the dear saints at intervals, though he could only speak to them in a whisper.

"'O, how precious,' he said, 'in this unspeakable weakness, consciously to feel an everlasting arm underneath you, Christ's arm.' So his mouth was constantly filled with praise.—Low thoughts of himself, exalted thoughts of Jesus.

"We have the pleasure of enclosing letters from those who, as well as ourselves, witnessed the peace and joy of our beloved

Norris, during some of his last days. He desired to speak well of the Lord, which he was enabled to do. His last words were, 'Precious Jesus.'

"As I know all his little sentences will be precious to you, my dearest Harriet, I will copy out a few which I myself heard from his own dear lips. I may have mentioned them to others, and you may thus hear them more than once, but what I write now was written down at the time and correct.

"This morning when he was reading that verse,

> 'Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
> Unworthy though I be,
> For me a blood-bought free reward, &c.'

He said, on the reading of the second line, '*unworthy, unworthy, unworthy;*' and in the reading of the third line, 'yes, that's it, blood-bought and free, *blood-bought and free.*'

"At another time he said, 'it is a wonderful thing to come nigh to God—a *wonderful thing.* When we are about and well, outward things so interrupt our vision; but to be as I am now, and find God so near, it is wonderful.'

"At another time, 'I am sure I am not deceiving myself; who could give me such peace and joy? I could not *give myself* joy.'

"Evening of the 17th.—'How I have enjoyed this time, (sitting in an easy chair, while his bed was being made,) though perhaps you may not have thought so. Such inconceivable repose in the midst of such indescribable weakness; I could not have supported it.'

"When he still grew weaker, yet felt the tenacity of life, he several times said, 'Oh! for that falling asleep.'

"On Thursday, when I went back into the room, after a short aosence, he said, 'his chariot wheels are long in coming, but He hath sped, He hath sped, He hath taken the spirit, and He will surely come, He will not tarry.'

"At another time he said, 'I see much farther than I can express.' His love to all saints seemed to increase as he drew

nearer home. He said, 'the nearer I come to the gates the larger my heart becomes ; I could not cut off one of Christ's. The precious ointment poured upon Aaron ran down to the *skirts* of his garments, the *skirts* of his garments. Pray that the face of my precious Jesus may shine brightly on me at the closing scene ; that when my eyes no longer see your dear faces, they may see that bright face which is dearer still, and hear Him say, 'Well done,' wonderful ! 'well done,' and to me who never did anything well.'

"One day, looking at his tongue, which was exceedingly parched with fever, he said, 'Naughty tongue ! but Jesus has forgiven all ; I shall have a new tongue, which will never dishonour Him.'

"He had not been able to shave himself for many days ; not after he left Malvern ; therefore was thankful to have it done by a nice kind man, who lives near us, but always wished to look at himself afterwards. One day, after doing so, he said, 'Very nice, very clean.' I replied, 'and the soul is clean too.' He said 'yes, *without* spot, wonderful !'

"He was so full of thanksgiving to the Lord, especially grateful that he was enabled to come to Bristol ; he broke out with 'What can I render to the Lord for all His benefits ?' then answered to himself, 'I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.'

"At another time, when entering the room, it was remarked how bright the sun was, and how cheerfully the birds sang ; he replied, 'yes ; the birds inside can sing

'How safe, how calm ho atisfied,
The soul that clings to thee.'

"He was very fond of a hymn written by his dear friend, Mr. Whitlock Gandy, on the Paschal Lamb ; and after speaking of his own unworthiness, said often,

'He hears the posts and lintel cry,
Forgive, forgive, forgive ;'

and referring to the time of Christ's coming, he said, 'we shall all meet then, and dear Whitlock too, in spite of his low thoughts of himself.'"

His sister, Miss Groves, writes :—

"Our souls rejoice in the remembrance of the bright and glorious testimony he gave, without an interruption, during the last three weeks of his sojourn here below; abounding grace was his theme, his mouth was full of praise, and he magnified the Lord all the while, and spoke good of His name to all he saw; not one cloud passed across his mind; peace and joy flowed like a river, so calm and happy was his spirit in the prospect of being with Jesus. His last words were 'Precious Jesus.' He was full of gentleness and tenderness to all.

His youngest sister writes :—

"His bright hopes of the future cheered his every moment, and Satan does not appear to have been once allowed to molest him. All who came out of his room exclaimed 'Blessed!' 'May my last end be like his.'

"We were always, one or all, in his room. . . . . He said to us when watching him, 'my sweet sisters, you are watching and waiting to see me depart. I shall be watching and waiting, not to see you depart, but to welcome you into the presence of Jesus.' His joy and peace were unbroken, and his mind was clear to the last. . . . . He said, when very weak and suffering, 'what should I now do, if the arms of Jesus were not underneath; but they support me.'

"His sick room was indeed a Bethel."

It is mentioned in the narrative of his last days on earth, that he was able to see, on the 16th and 17th, three days before his death, several friends. The following extracts are given from their account of their short interviews.

Mrs. Reeve writes to her son-in-law, Mr. F. Groves :—

"*May 14th.* — I had the privilege of seeing him yesterday, and, I believe, for the last time on earth. His face was radiant with peace and joy, and his heart full of love to Jesus, in whose righteousness, he said, he was completely clothed. 'Oh! my dear sister,' he said, 'what joy is before me, soon, soon shall I

see that precious Saviour, who (wonderful love!) has forgiven me all my sins. My Lord's chariot will be here soon, to take me home Many whom I loved are gone before; and it is but a little while, and many others will follow me; but Jesus is the attraction of my soul.' I repeated that verse to him, 'Eye hath not seen, &c., when, clasping his hands together, he said, 'Oh! yes, joys prepared for me.' I then asked him if there was anything he would wish me particularly to attend to; he replied, 'No, nothing; there are many things I would have suggested, but I have got so rapidly worse, that I have been obliged to say in reference to much business, 'God, I cannot do it, but I leave it to Thee, who will bring all to pass in more wisdom than I could.' I said, 'I am so glad you have been brought from Malvern to Bristol.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'and so easily, as if my Lord had sent His chariot to fetch me; and here I am surrounded with mercies, in dear G. M.'s house. It might have been otherwise; I might have died on board ship, far from all friends. How good is the Lord!'

"On the 17th, I was privileged to see your beloved father again. He could only speak in a whisper: his countenance beamed with love and peace. He again spoke of the preciousness of Jesus, of his own unworthiness; of the glorious company he was so soon to join.

"Taking her hand, he said to Mrs. F. Groves, in so low a whisper that she could hardly hear, 'I have sent for you that I might see you once more. . . . . I had no idea I should have been taken away so quickly. The Lord has sent His chariot for me so soon, that I have hardly had time to pack up my things and get into it; but He has enabled me to feel ready. It is a sore trial not to see my precious wife and baby again, but so the Lord has ordered it, and I desire to submit. Oh! dearest H., it is a solemn thing to die—remember, in such an hour as this nothing but an interest in Christ will give power to meet death. In a very few hours I feel I shall sit down in my Father's house. Now, good bye—God bless you—may we meet again in the great day of His appearing."

Mr. Rickards writes to Mrs Groves:—

"I knew your beloved husband—to know him was to love him—all who knew him must have loved him.

"It was my privilege, my happy privilege, to witness his dying bed. Oh! that I might never forget it! He kindly sent for me the Tuesday previous to his departure. I went to speak to him, but I staid to listen to him—I went to give, but I staid to receive. I went to cheer him, but I staid to gather comfort and encouragement, and, I trust, lasting instruction. He spoke not of himself, save with peculiar feelings of lowliness, and that only once. His whole soul and heart seemed absorbed with the preciousness of Christ. The excellency, the glory of the person and work of Christ, seemed truly to fill his heart with joy, his mouth with praise; it was blessed indeed, to hear him speak of Jesus. His emaciated frame, his bodily weakness, his consciousness of the nearness of eternity, made more real the power of redemption, and his personal experience of that power in his own soul."

Extract of a letter from Mrs. Smith, to Mrs. Groves :—

"*Stoke Hill, May 5th.* — When I learnt at the meeting that he had actually been brought to Bristol, my first impulse was to go and see him once more, but I was withheld by the fear of seeking a personal gratification, at the expense of others, and I refrained; but the next day our kind brother M. came over to Stoke to tell me that your dear husband would like to see me; then I felt at liberty to follow my desire; and, without any avoidable delay, I reached Paul Street; and I trust, I shall never lose the impression of that hour. The perfect peace, the whispering voice uttering only praise, the joy irradiating the marble features, the love and sympathy so overflowing amidst the utter physical exhaustion, the entire resignation of his own will to his Father's appointment, were so touching, so entirely all one could have desired, that I took sweet encouragement from beholding the support vouchsafed at such a season to my brother; and Balaam's prayer arose in my heart for myself: and feeble as he was, the beloved sufferer desired we might not part without addressing our God; so we sent for dear Mr. Müller, but *he* was gone out; and when this was known, he actually lifted

up a clearly heard, though whispered, prayer and thanksgiving, which came from his heart, and went to the hearts of the loving ones around this couch of death. And he spoke of you, dear Harriet—of his earlier wish to see you; and of his acquiescence in the impracticability of your return in time, for he said, 'she will retain a happier impression of me, than if she had witnessed my present emaciation.' 'And' he said, 'my sweet baby! it is well that I should have taken leave of her, when I was less weak.' In short—in everything, in the event itself, and in its circumstances, he could trace nothing but mercy. The presence of his devoted sisters he considered a special blessing. Truly blessed are the dead that die in the Lord! He rests from his labours; his heart no more mourns over discord among brethren—where he is, all are of one mind, and Jesus their centre. Yes, for *him*, how unspeakably happy the transition: and for *us*, we ought, if we loved him, to rejoice in his blessedness."

"Believe me, in truth and love,
"Your affectionate sister,
"A. E. Smith."

Extract of a letter from Mrs. Meredith, to Mrs. Groves:—

"Your beloved husband has been amongst us for a little while, and the sweet savour he has left behind will long be remembered by us. The last time he ministered at Bethesda, there was a holy unction about every word he said, and a deep desire for more reality among the saints. He sent for my dear husband and me, on the Monday previous to his removal from us: your dear son Edward came for us, and in a short time we were at the bedside of your beloved one. My dear husband says, he shall never forget the sweet glow of his calm happy countenance. To him, he said, it would have been enough if he had never opened his mouth; that sweet face told that all was peace within. He begged us to put our ears close to his mouth, and said to me, 'I have not sent for you to make you sad, dear sister, but in order to make you happy; for I am going to be with Jesus—I who am utterly vile, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot—I am going to be with

Jesus, and soon I shall enter the gates, and remain as it were just inside, until all are gathered together, and then we shall see Him as He is; for we shall be like Him.' He had been suffering very extreme pain for two days before, and in alluding to this, he said, 'Is it not good of the Lord, to give me this quiet and freedom from pain? I asked Him, if it were good for me, to give me a little holiday, that I might see a few of His precious saints, and tell them how happy I am.' He then spoke to me about you. He said, 'remember her, dear sister—she is a loyal follower of Jesus; she loves His people much. Seek to comfort her.' I then told him that dear Matilda Hull was much interested about him; and that I was going to write to her. He then gave me a sweet message of love to her and dear Emma —and to Ellery, he said, 'Tell her, my love is unchanged, unchanging, and unchangeable; and that what she knows not now, God will teach her hereafter.' He then turned to my dear husband, and exhorted him to stand firm for God's truth. Oh I do desire never to forget those few moments of happy fellowship with one so evidently in the presence-chamber of the King."

Mr. Butler, who was one of those privileged to see him at the last, gives the same report of the "joy and peace which irradiated his death-like features." In allusion to the division which took place five years ago, and the course pursued by the brethren at Bethesda, he said:—

"I feel perfectly satisfied about the past; and as one in His presence, my heart has *full repose* in ALL the steps taken by the beloved brethren, and I *pray God* they may be *kept* in the *unity* of *the faith*, and *stand fast* in the *liberty* with which *God* has *made* them *free*; may they ever act as servants, not of man, but of God."

Extract of a letter from Mr. Withy, to Mrs. Groves:—

"*Clifton, June 15th*, 1853.—*He had a sweet* savour of Christ continually in his words and spirit—indeed, so precious were his words, and so bright his example, that I think many of us, almost to the end, clung to the hope that the Lord would

restore him to us, for the Church's sake. But His ways are not ours."

The following extracts from letters written by his son Edward, then sixteen years of age, give further particulars of his last illness, death and funeral. The day before his father died, he writes :—

"I went to Counterslip this morning, and came back immediately after dinner. Beloved papa was very anxious to see me to wish me farewell. He said, 'Now, my precious boy, I am dying; be a comfort to your beloved mother, as your dear brothers Henry and Frank have been to me. And may the Lord Himself bless you, and make you His own. May the Lord give you the peace and joy in Himself that He has given me, for these are true riches. What would thousands of gold and silver be to me now? Now I give you a father's blessing.' He fondly kissed me, and lay back on the bed. My heart is almost breaking when I write this! Oh, the pang it will cause your heart! God only can heal. We doubt whether he can live through the night. He has such heavenly happiness and peace, that uncle said, 'Let my last end be like his.' It was very remarkable, that the house aunt Lydia selected at Malvern, was the one you were in at the time of your marriage. Dearest papa immediately recognised it.

"*May 19th.*—Papa—dearest, dearest papa—yet lives, but has been sinking daily. He enjoys the peace of God to an extent that passeth all understanding. That Saturday night we all thought he was going; but the Lord has preserved him yet a few days."

"Believe me to be your ever loving son.

"Edward R. Groves."

"P.S. I have frequently enjoyed a few minutes with beloved papa. His face always smiles, his arms are always open, except when he is too weak."

"*May 21st, Friday evening.*—Just before midnight, my precious father breathed his last."

Lines by the same writer, just before his father's death :—

My father! art thou going to leave
Those to thy heart most dear?
My father, oh, this busy world,
Will be a desert drear!

My father! shall thy smile of love,
No longer shine on me?
And must I henceforth live to prove,
That there is none like thee?

My father! shall I always want
Thy never-failing love?
To cheer my heart, and to supplant,
What springs not from above.

My father! must I enter soon
This rude, unfeeling world?
Without thy counsel, oh, that boon!
I'm like a sail unfurl'd.

My father! I must trust in Him,
That loves the fatherless,
To whom my prayers shall never seem,
An offering out of place.

My father! hast thou never felt,
The life we now live sweet?
That at the thought of losing it,
Thy joy should be complete?

Is it because thou hast in view
A seat before His face;
To see the Holy, Just, and True,
And sing His boundless grace?

Is it that thou wilt always see
Thine own Redeemer there,
To sing His praise, to whom 'tis due,
A golden harp to bear?

Yes! this is it that gilds the day,
That ends thy blest career;
That makes it easy now to say
Lord, send thy messenger.

Oh, may my death resemble this—
My latter end be thine!
That I may, at thy call, my heart
Unto thine hand resign.

"The following extracts from another letter describes the funeral—it is addressed, as the former one, to Mrs. Groves, by her son Edward:—

"We arrived at the cemetery in Arno's vale at half-past eleven. The day was oppressively warm, the sun shining brightly, as this lovely vale burst upon our view. The coaches halted at the Hill chapel, and the coffin, covered with the pall, was borne by six of the brethren meeting at Bethesda. Mr. Craik ascended the pulpit, but Mr. Ball conducted the first part of the service.

"Mr. Craik then read the account of Stephen's triumphant death, and then proceeded to give a sketch of dear papa's life and labours, in which the assembly were most deeply interested. The number of those assembled was so great, that nearly one third had to stand. The respect and decorum were perfect, the love and sympathy were universally apparent. Many were the tears that fell from those who felt that they had lost a true friend; and many were the tears of sympathy for you, my precious mother. Mr. Craik ended with a prayer, peculiarly appropriate for the occasion. The service lasted an hour and a half, but no one seemed wearied, though they suffered more or less from the heat. Mr. Craik set forth his repose and joy on his death-bed; and compared the agonies which he went through before his departure, to those that Stephen endured; at the same time contrasting the manner of suffering: saying, that while Stephen was put to death by the cruel hands of his countrymen, all that affection and tender love could have done, was done to soothe my pre-

cious father in his dying hour; but that it was the same grace that upheld both; it was the same full assurance of Jesus' love that caused them both triumphantly to enter upon their rest. We then, after service, went out as we had walked in; and thus arrived at the spot where the pall was taken off, and his dear body lowered into its resting place. Dear uncle Müller then prayed; and when he asked God to prepare your heart for the intelligence of his death, and to comfort you with his consolation, his voice faltered, and the tears and sobs of sympathy burst out afresh. Mr. C. F. wept very much; and his father looked as if his heart was almost bursting. Oh, Bristol has rarely seen a funeral where love and sympathy were so universal! Uncle ended his prayer with a petition for God's blessing on what we had just witnessed. We then looked into his grave: that silent coffin spoke volumes! It was black with nails all round the edges, and a brass plate in the centre, bearing the following words:"—

ANTHONY N. GROVES

DIED

MAY 20TH, 1853,

AGED 58 YEARS.

As might be expected, the remembrance of this day has not passed away; many look back upon it as a season of especial blessing to their souls. May the good Lord so sanctify the details given of this His dear servant, that being dead, he may yet speak to the hearts of many!

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

It was a sad day to the bereaved widow and family of the subject of this memoir, when, on the 27th of August, 1853, they landed in England, three months after the dear subject of this memoir had fallen asleep. They had left India, in the hope of seeing him, directly the intimation of his wish reached them. No letter awaited them at Plymouth, where the steamer stopped six hours; but at Southampton the communications respecting his end, which had gone to and returned from India, were brought them. Mr. G. Baynes, Mrs. Groves's brother, mentioned in this memoir as their companion in India, and her sister, Mrs. Jarratt, awaited their arrival; and they then learnt, for the first time, they were to see his face no more! but the God of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless, proved Himself on that day the hearer and answerer of prayer, and not one thing failed of all those promises given to the afflicted and bereaved in the time of trial. Truly they sorrowed; but not as those without hope, for the letters, from which extracts have been given in the last chapter, all told that death had lost its sting. His eldest son expresses the feeling, not of his widow only, but of many, when he writes:—

"*July 15th*, 1853.—When the tidiugs first reached me, I felt painfully disappointed. I had looked forward to the Lord's using my beloved father eminently in the Church, but since I have seen all the accounts of his last days; his blessed preparedness of soul; his longing to be with Christ; the Lord's abundant manifestation of Himself; and the brightness of the heavenly visions vouchsafed, I have felt unable but to be satisfied with the Lord's ways towards His servant; and, as Mr.

Craik says in his letter to me, to 'give God thanks for his godly example; for the benefit of his ardent love and earnest prayers; for his having been kept in the truth; for his having finished his course with joy; for his devoted life, and blessed, and most memorable departure; for never,' he concludes, 'has the death of any one, during the twenty-one years that Mr. Müller and myself laboured together, produced such an effect, or created such an interest amongst us.' The tried servant was ready; he had fought the good fight, and he had entered into rest; the Lord sweetly giving His gracious testimony to His dying saint, saying, 'Well done, enter into the joy of thy Lord.' In the whole character of the closing scene, I see God bearing him witness; and this speaks unspeakable comfort; and now that the first anguish of the thought that I shall see him no more has past, I can look with composure on the sad, sad blank that has been made amongst us, knowing that to depart and be with Christ is very much better, and rejoice in the knowledge that our loss is his infinite gain."

In reference to the memoir, Mr. H. Groves says:—

"*May 2nd*, 1854.—I feel the publication may be a blessing to many, it is a very sacred duty; sacred to the departed, but infinitely more so to God; for biography is the history of what *God* has done, and its *faithfulness* is its profitableness. I trust the book may prove a full exponent of the views he held so firmly; of that *catholicity of spirit*, which all his correspondence so breathes, and of that *devotedness to God*, which his life so illustrated. Those are, I think, the main features of his eventful life; and whatever course he pursued, whatever errors in judgment he may have made, these two leading objects of his spiritual life were never lost sight of. His Christian life commenced with this conviction, that he was God's, and that all he had belonged to God; and that he could not be His disciple, unless he hated father, mother, wife and children, yea, his own life also; exemplifying the injunction to the priest, 'Thou shalt not defile thyself for, &c., for the anointing of God is upon thee.' Out of this flowed *entire* catholicity; entire devotedness to his God, and entire catholicity to His church; not conven-

tionally to any section, but really and practically to the whole: to all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. What is all this but the fulfilment of these commands, 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' and, 'love thy neighbour as thyself?' All ask, who is my neighbour? Christ says, in the world every man, and in the Church every redeemed soul. Thus, whilst many Christians were contending, what is a Church? and who is my brother?—his life gave the practical answer to both. He hated all unrighteous domination in the Church of God, and therefore sympathized with, and would help as he could all who, in any section of the church, were oppressed by it.

"You ask me to give you my estimate of my dear father's labours in this country. I do not feel able to do so now, I must wait; but I believe the day will declare it."

A dear friend of his, Mr. George Walker, of Teignmouth, who knew him well in India, has made the following interesting remarks on his work and character:—

"As to the fruit of his residence and work in India, it would be difficult to present a defined summary of it. Many Europeans owe much to their intercourse with him. Much, I believe, was sometimes effected in a desultory way without any systematic object at the time. For myself, I shall always feel I owe much to your departed husband. Not only were the seasons we passed in the happy valley,* and in Madras, very pleasant, but very profitable. I got a good lift in truth; and also could not fail to appreciate the freshness and reality of his devotedness to, and love of God; for his love of God, and trust in Him, were very evident; and there was a *geniality* in his religion, as well as a catholicity, that warmed those that were in his company, and commended much to them the love of God in the gift of his dear Son. I think the tone of many of us was, in some respects, very austere; we were exercised rather too exclusively, in a *Levitical* way, about clean and unclean things; separation from the world, &c. &c., and hence the value of one, who, by his life, and conversation, and ministry, showed us

* This alludes to Chittoor.

more fully our happy liberty to tread the holy courts, and realize the privileges of priests, and the adoption of children in our Father's house.

"If any united a deep realization of the vital points of Christianity with a smiling and sunny exterior, and a happy mode of presenting them to others, it was he; his self-denial and eminent devotedness were truly commended to others by the anointed head. People might see in him a living illustration of the precept of the royal preacher, Eccles. ix, 7, 8. His *example*, and assuredly he set a bright one, under many trying and chequered circumstances, have, doubtless, been more fruitful in blessing to many than can be shewn in his memoir, or known to any at present.

"He certainly did realize his filial relationship with peculiar freshness and constancy; besides those to whom he was made the means of conversion. Many owe to him a large accession of joy and peace in believing; and those whom he has planted, and those whom he has watered, will hold his name in cherished and dear remembrance. Many a friend will long feel the blank his departure has made. I found it difficult to believe for a time, that so much life, and energy, and affection, were really gone from us, and that we should no more look upon his happy face.

'His conversational powers were of a high order; and his ministry, in the line it usually took, very telling. Gospel truths, liberty in Christ, exhortation, practical devotedness, were themes enunciated with the energy and the earnestness of one, who knew something by experience of the burden and heat of the day, and sharp trials of faith, conveyed in a flow of words that sometimes, like Jordan, overflowed their banks; and at times adorned with illustrations of "curious felicity," and have often left with his hearers the conviction that on any of his favourite topics, the eloquence of Norris Groves, and his persuasiveness, were not easy to be surpassed. His words, at times, were poured forth like the waters of an Indian torrent in the rainy season. Alas! the dry bed alone remains to us now; but he has done his work; and we praise the Lord who has given him, a

little before us, the foretaste of a heavenly and eternal home.

"Against all forms of Church assumption, he was keenly and unsparingly severe. No Diotrophes got off easily, whoever he might be, and wherever. I feel more now than I used years ago, as he did, about the manifestations of catholic union with all Christians; and I feel very happy in being able to attend occasionally their meetings, and speak from their platforms. I could not go to the Establishment, as I used in India, but, with this exception, I believe the ground we stood on in India is the right one."

The following letter from Aroolappen, the native labourer, who owed so much to his instructions, mentioned by him page 378, will be interesting to the reader: it is addressed to Mr. G. Baynes, who knew Aroolappen, not only in Chittoor, but who visited him in his own station, on the borders of Tinnevelly. He writes:—

"MY DEAR AND BELOVED SIR,

"I am thankful to the Lord, who helped me to receive your kind note, after our dear Mrs. Groves arrived there safely, who embarked to England without knowing the sad news of our dear and beloved Mr. Groves, who departed from us to his eternal home. I feel very sorry about his death, because he loved me sincerely as his dear child in Christ Jesus. I never knew any one who loved me so for the sake of the Lord Jesus; and I am obliged to cry out, as Elisha did, 'My father, my father, the chariots of Israel, (of Christ,) and the horsemen thereof.' But the word of God itself comforts me in my sorrow and distress: however, we know that the Lord never does anything contrary to our good. He is the Lord; His will be done as is pleasing in His sight. When I heard about his last words, 'precious Jesus,' from Mr. Henry Groves, I thanked the Lord that He gave him His grace, to serve Him freely and faithfully until his death. I remembered him to the congregation, as St. Paul did in Heb. xiii, 7.

Truly all who knew him can say, in the language of one whose words, in their last interview on earth, have been already quoted.—The remembrance of him, is at all times sweet to us;

he had so much of his Master's spirit, that he was truly a savour of Christ in every place, and his "absence from the body" is a great loss to the Church; it leaves a void which no one fills,—as in the natural body, a member lost is never supplied; so in the spiritual body. But we shall see him again; the dismembered body will be perfected, and every part will show the handiwork of Him, who is perfect in wisdom: and in that blessed day, the heart's desire will be accomplished, "that they all may be one," and the glorious Church, without *spot*, or *wrinkle*, or *any such thing*, will be presented to Christ, to be His, and with Him for ever. May the Lord keep us in the hope of that day, unto the end.

And now to turn to the work he left behind him, which formed the subject of his constant prayers on earth; as also to those with whom he was especially associated. All have had experience of the faithfulness of God, since his removal from them; all have reaped the benefit of those prayers, which, in life and death, he ceased not to offer. In the narrative of the early part of his residence at Chittoor, it will be seen that Vellore and Arcot were looked on by him as part of the field he desired especially to cultivate. Both in English ministry and native evangelizing, they had, for some years, a share of his attention and labour. It was a source of great comfort to him, when he returned to India for the last time, to find that Arcot had been effectually taken up by Dr. Henry Scudder, the eldest son of his much esteemed friend, the late Dr. Scudder, whose devotedness to God, as a missionary, has been long known in India. Since Mr. Groves's removal, Dr. Scudder's two brothers, Messrs. William and Joseph Scudder have been located in Chittoor and Vellore; and the three brothers together help each other in these important stations and the neighbourhood, illustrating what Mr. Groves alludes to, (page 224,) as "the American plan of sending three or four together," which he justly says, is "far far better" than "locating missionaries singly," when, with the work of translations and schools, the hands are often so full no time is left "to go about preaching among the people." It was in December 1854, Mr. H. Groves

had the pleasure of making over the mission premises at Chittoor to Dr. Henry Scudder, for the American Mission. The two native teachers, Andrew and Yasadian, left in charge of the work by Mrs. Groves, are now labouring with them; of Andrew, so often mentioned in this journal, who has diligently served the mission above eighteen years, Mr. W. Scudder writes:—

"Andrew is a great help to us in preaching, and his whole heart seems to be engaged in it. He seems earnestly desirous of going forth with us, and making known Christ and Him crucified; and he has a very happy faculty of communicating the truth."

Dr. Henry Scudder writes:—

"We all like Andrew very much. Not long ago, we took him on a tour; William and I went as far as Pondicherry, and Andrew accompanied us; he preached to many precious souls."

They also give a very happy account of the second labourer, Yasadian. Dr. Scudder says:—

"William has made him a Catechist; he has a nice school. He is gifted in preaching the gospel, and was brought to the Lord by Aroolappen."

The English school, which, after the loss of the master, who went to Australia, was carried on, for a year and half, by Mrs. Groves and her adopted daughter, with the help of the elder boys as monitors, was broken up on their going to England; but the Lord raised up friends in Madras, (Major and Mrs. Bell, &c.,) to take the oversight of these youths, who went there to finish their education, and the happy conversion and baptism of Kistnama, a Brahmin, given in the Missionary Reporter for June 1854, shows the seed sown in Chittoor was not in vain. It will be seen in the notice of Mr. G.'s last visit to Tottenham, how anxious he was to stir up Christians in England to care for the missionary work he left behind him in India; and for those especially who were depending on the Lord. These efforts God has graciously owned: Aroolappen in the south, and Messrs. Bowden and Beer in the Telogoo country to the north, have had the benefit of that sympathy and care

he enlisted in their favour. It pleased God, as early as October, 1853, to remove Mr. Beer, who had diligently served Him in the midst of his work;* but his wife is still caring for the schools, and lately an efficient labourer has been graciously supplied to assist Mr. Bowden. Lastly, his own beloved sons in Palhully have organized, in connection with friends in Madras, a little company, who take the oversight of the work in India. They have a monthly missionary prayer meeting, when Christian friends from the French Rocks join them. Thus has the Lord cared for all that was committed to Him, by His departed servant. Time would fail to tell of all His loving-kindness to those nearest his heart; his son Edward, who has been above a year truly brought to the Lord, through the ministry of Mr. Hebech, a German missionary, is able to join his brothers in seeking to make, as his dear father so desired, their employment at Palhully subservient to the work of God. (See Appendix J.)

The Court of Directors and government at Madras have, since his death, recognized his disinterested efforts to improve the land and serve the people among whom he laboured, by reducing the rent of the farm, so as to make it more profitable to his family; and his widow and younger children enjoy the Christian love and fellowship of those at Bristol, to whom he so specially commended them, ere he fell asleep.

May these records of God's faithfulness and love, in providing for the temporal and spiritual concerns of one, who had spent his life and property in seeking the things of His kingdom, encourage all to commit their way unto God, and trust in Him; and seeking first His kingdom and righteousness, be assured that all other things will be added to them.

The following little poem, being designed to form a comment on the life of the departed, is thought worthy of insertion here:—

* See Missionary Reporter.

A Tribute to the Memory of a beloved Father, by his adopted Child—M. J. L.

O, sainted one! we miss thee; nature feels;
A woeful void now reigns within our hearts.
Our smiling hopes are crushed; a thousand links
Seem broken evermore, by thy sad loss;
And we, thy sorrowing children, wondering stand
Upon life's precipice; of counsellor
And guide bereft—while each surrounding scene
Tells us our comfort is entombed with thee:
In pain we want thy tender heart to share
The heavy burden,—and to lead our souls
To seek for consolation at its source.
When pleasure flings its mantle for awhile
Upon our minds, and joy pervades our feelings;
We want the sunshine of thy smile to gild
The happy hour, and make the pleasure perfect.
But rest thee on! no selfish tears, or groans,
Or murmuring thoughts, shall reach thee where thou art,
To make thy ransom'd spirit look again
Towards this weary world, and mourn for us.

Thou wast a weary exile, passing by
The beauties foreign to thy fatherland;
Thy faithful eye, and longing heart were kept
Fixed on the goal, and thou pursuedst on,
Listless of all, until the prize was won.
To thee, earth had no beauty; her fair spots
Seemed only shadows, that would pass away.

Rest, child of God! thy Father's house on high
Was all prepared. His waiting servants stood
To ope the gates; and thy Redeemer, too,
Watched to receive thy soul from death's dread hands:
And clothe thee in the spotless garments, wash'd
In His life blood—thus was thy feeble voice
Heard in the agonizing hour of death,
Triumphantly to cry, "My body's pain!*

* Page 497.

" Tis like Elijah's chariot to take
" Me to my long lov'd heavenly home."

Rest, man of God! thy childhood days were past;
The tasks thy Father had to teach, were learnt:
And the frail clay no longer could contain
The ripened spirit, grown up into Christ
A perfect man: so thou wast called
To claim the unfading rich inheritance,
The treasure undefiled; the glorious crown
Laid up for thee by Him who deign'd to make
An heir of wrath a king and heir with Christ.

Rest, man of faith! for thou canst now behold
With unveil'd eyes, in the clear light of God,
The "needs be" for the every flower and thorn
That scatter'd lay upon thy path below.
Yes! thou, with reason purified, see'st now
The purpose wide and deep, running through all
Thy ups and downs;—the true unerring love,
Mix'd in the bitter cups thou hadst to drink:—
Canst say, in manhood's clear discerning mind,
And understanding heart, "Father, in all
My lot on earth, thou hast done all things well."

Soldier of Christ, rest on! we, too, will join
In faith, the Conqu'ror band, who joyous hail
Another brother, winging up his way
Into their midst, with Victor's palm in hand,
To cast it at their mighty Captain's feet,
And hear the Father's welcome voice exclaim,
"Well done." The conflict was severe;
The powers of darkness gathered in the field
To seize their prey; but He who stood with thee,
Who nerved thine arm, was stronger than the host,
And put their many myriads to flight.
Yes! thou art gone to meet Him, and be led
Thro' dazzling halls, whose light and life is God.

See'st thou what mortal eye hath never seen,
The face and glory of the great I AM?
Yes! for thou hast washed thy every stain away

In that blest fount, His Son's atoning blood.
Thou hearest, too, unutterable sounds
Of praise and blessing, ringing through the courts
Of the celestial temple—every harp,
Like clouds of incense, pour forth melody
To Him, who purchased heaven and life for thee.
Thou realizest what thou lovedst on earth,
The bliss that springs from knowing nought but Christ;
For hearts are there absorbed in Jesus' love,
And thought but rises to be lost in Him.

Rest, messenger of God! thy work was o'er;
Thy Master's words of mercy and of love
Had been proclaimed in lands far off and near.
Thou didst forsake thy all; kindred and friends,
Life, riches, fame, were trodden under foot,
And thou went'st forth amid a people wild,
Whose law is the first impulse of their hearts;
Thy sweet example ope'd thy brethren's eyes
To see the pilgrim life their Master led;
To lay aside all earthly vanities,
As things too mean for high born souls to seek.
Thus thou didst lead many to righteousness;
And thy blest works, though all not known to men,
Are yet recorded in life's blessed book;
The seed thou sow'dst with tears, when pestilence,
Famine and sword, were hovering o'er thy head,
And snatched from thee the treasure of thy soul,
Shall yet spring up, and thou shalt reap in joy.
Yes! when thou shinest as a brilliant star,
The souls thou 'st won shall to thy lustre add.

Rest, man of feeling! for this chilling world,
With its sharp blasts of cold unfeeling hearts,
Gave scarce to thee a kindred spot, wherein
Thy tender spirit could desire to stay.
Thou wert a plant exotic, that didst strive
To spread its branches of unselfish love
In an ungenial soil; and oh! how oft,
As canker gnaws into the vital part,
Thy faithful soul was rent by faithless friends.
Oft, too, when looking on the world around,
Oppression met thine eye, man over man

Ruling in tyranny; and mingled prayers and tears
Ascended for the slave, to realms above.
And when thou turnedst to the chosen ones,
Thy fellow-trav'llers, brethren in the faith,
'Twas only here and there a few displayed
The holy oil of union in their midst,
Only a few nourish'd the root of love,
And recognized as brother every soul
Born of the cleansing and uniting blood.

* * * * *

Ah! these were woes that stung thy inmost soul;
All else but those, like vapours fled away.
But all is o'er; where thou art resting now
Is genial soil. No faithless friend dries up
The gentle sap of love—no sighing slave
Shakes to the roots thy merciful free mind;
No discord 'midst thy brethren withers there
The spreading branch of joy. But friendship's beams,
Love's righteous rule, and streams of unity,
Make thee to bloom, and yield abundant fruit.

Rest thou in peace! although our way will seem,
Without thy aid, dark as a starless night,
We would not call thee back: thou wast not ours,
But lent awhile to light us; then to set
To worlds below, and shine in worlds above.
Ah, no! we would not call thee back, but praise
Thy God Almighty, for thy peaceful rest,
And gathering thee before the evil days.
We'd praise Him for His overflowing grace,
That dropp'd like dew upon thy closing days,
And prov'd to us that our most blessed faith
Is God's invention; and that he who trusts
In that "despised, rejected" Son of man,
Shall, like thee, with triumphant smiles meet death.
Oh! we would pray that all in which thou wast
Conform'd unto His image;—in thy love
So true, unselfish to thy fellow men;
In thy devotedness, and zeal for God;
In thy undoubting faith in times of woe,
May, like a mantle, drop from heaven on us.

APPENDIX.

A, PAGE 6.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Groves had no doubt of the reality of Messrs. Abrahams and Belsom's conversion to God, he thought it well that they should each learn a trade. Belsom became a saddler, and Abrahams a tailor. The latter found it difficult to learn the construction of the English language; and for some time, while earning a guinea a week, supported his friend, Belsom, who soon became a missionary among the Jews. Mr. Groves delighted, in after life, to dwell on this unselfish labour, as illustrating the nature of the principles which he desired to see fully carried out in the Church of God, by each member taking his own place in the body; and having rejoiced in Mr. Abrahams' care for his brother, it was not a less joy to him to find that the Lord had, by His Spirit, endowed Mr. A. with gifts for bringing out the sheep of Christ, and feeding them in richer pastures than mere knowledge of language could have enabled him to do. He who had delighted to take the lowest place, in helping another to minister, has now been himself blessed for many years as a teacher of the Gospel in London, where Mr. G. had the comfort of seeing and hearing him preach, on his return to England in 1836. *Mr. Abrahams thus writes to Mrs. Groves:* "It is difficult to write of the past, after a lapse of twenty-eight years; but this I can say, that your dear departed husband was a dear brother and friend to me, and always manifested to me much of that Christian love which was so predominant in his character. I was baptized in Exeter, on Christmas Day, 1825, after which dear Groves gave us a dinner at his house. It was Mr. Alexander who was baptized by Mr. Hatchard, of Plymouth, but Belsom and I were baptized by Mr. Vicars, at his little church."

Mr. Hatchard writes, "On Wednesday, June 22, 1825, I baptized Michael Solomon Alexander, at St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, in the presence of at least 1,000 persons. The Alexanders stayed at Exeter for about twelve months, at the end of which time Mrs. Hatchard and I went to Exeter, remained at Mr. Groves's for a few days; and in the course of that visit, I baptized Mrs. Alexander, at Mr. Vicar's church."

N.B.—In Mr. Hatchard's visit to Exeter originated a mistake, made in some of the first impressions of this work, when the editor was given to understand that Mr. Hatchard had visited Exeter, for the purpose of baptizing Mr. Alexander, instead of his wife.

B, PAGE 52.

Little Mary gave, from a very early age, strong evidences of the grace of God, as working in her heart. One night, when left alone with her mother and the young relative brought up with them, she became very angry, on some trifling occasion, and her cousin said, "Mary, what would your mamma say?" She looked thoughtful, and turning to her cousin, said, "What would Jesus say? Let us all kneel down, and ask Jesus to forgive me." The four children knelt, and she became, after prayer, quite good and happy. At another time, she said to her mamma, "I wish you would take the frills off my trowsers." Mrs. Groves replied, "No, it is not worth while, as they are there; I should not put them on any more;" the child said, "Do take them off, because I love them so, I cannot help thinking of them." This showed how early she gained acquaintance with the vanity of the natural mind. She was a very lively child, and though the youngest in the family, quite ook a lead with her brothers, but was wonderfully subject to her parents, and seemed ripening for her heavenly home; loving to talk and hear about Jesus, Shortly before her death, she said, "I am so thirsty!" the servant took her toast and water; she refused it, saying, "Call mamma;" and thenshe said, "Mamma, they don't know what I mean; I want to drink the *blood* of Christ, and eat his flesh." She was hardly five years old, and was, as her dear father remarks, early ripened for glory. She asked, on the last day of her life, to hear the Twenty-third Psalm; and said she knew Jesus was her Shepherd, and would guide her through the Valley of Death.

C, PAGE 201.

EXTRACTS of LETTERS from Colonel COTTON and Lord CONGLETON.

"IN April 1833, I arrived with the Damascus caravan at Bagdad, and immediately called upon the missionaries, who were Messrs. Groves, Cronin, and Parnell. There were with me Mr. Culman, now a valuable and faithful missionary iu Syria, and a native of Mount Lebanon, named Mokayel or Michael Trād, a youth of about eighteen, and born a member of the Greek Church, and of an old family, chiefly employed in mercantile affairs. I had met with him at Beyrout, and he had accompanied me through Syria, understanding English enough to be a good interpreter. He had been a good deal with the American missionaries there, and was a remarkably engaging youth, but had not separated himself from the Greek Church at that time. From what I saw and heard of him, I had a strong impression in my mind that if he were separated from his old companions, he would become established in the truth; and then, not that I was capable of teaching him much

myself, I might afford him the necessary shelter, while he gained strength through the word and the teaching of the Holy Spirit; and this, by God's mercy, was the result of his connection with me. Just before I crossed the Jordan river, near Jupet, on my way to Damascus, after a month or two's travel through Palestine, I asked him if he would accompany me to India; and his answer was by pointing out to me Ruth's reply to Naomi. As we proceeded on our journey he made good progress in English, read the Word of God more and more; every now and then said something which indicated a further release from Greek superstitions, and at length spoke freely of the abominable imposition of the Greek fire at Jerusalem, the last thing he clung to of all the delusions among which he had been brought up. After this he read little but his Bible, and steadily grew in grace, and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; and his conduct was most becoming.

We remained at Bagdad about a fortnight, when Mr. Groves himself determined to visit India, and we accordingly proceeded by boat down the Tigris and Euphrates to Bussorah; there we found a Bombay man-of-war, waiting for us; for having heard that there were Englishmen coming down, the commander had most kindly waited, to carry us to Bushire, where he was going. I had experienced a loss of strength and appetite at Bagdad, for which I could not account, and on my way down the river I had occasional attacks of fever, which, soon after I reached Bushire, became more continuous and severe. A man-of-war left this place for Bombay, a few days after we arrived; but though the medical officer said that the only thing for me was to go to sea, as the dreadful heat of Bushire would be most dangerous for me; yet, for some reason which I never knew, the captain of the vessel refused to take me as a passenger, though he offered a passage to Mr. Groves. He, however, refused to leave me in my illness, though I was well taken care of at the Residency, and in the hands of an attentive and skilful, though young medical man. This was a remarkable interposition of God in my behalf; for a day or two after, I was taken dangerously ill with some internal complaint, the exact nature of which I could never ascertain; and the fever having been merely symptomatic. During this long illness dear Mr. Groves and Mokayel watched me night and day. Twice or three times I passed through a crisis, when I was not expected to live from hour to hour; and one afternoon, so imminent was the danger that my coffin was made, and every arrangement for my funeral, at daylight the next morning. During a part of the time I was so ill, the heat, as usual at Bushire, was excessive, the thermometer, I believe, about 120°, and I was only kept alive by continual sprinkling with water, and fanning, night and day; at times my mind wandered; but I remember particularly one day, when I was sensible, the captain of a merchantman coming into my tent, and seeing Mr. Groves fanning me continually, offered to send up two or three of his crew, to relieve each other in doing this for me; and his going away, astonished at

both Mr. Groves and Mokayel declining his kind offer, saying they liked to do it themselves; so graciously had God been pleased to provide for me in this wearing illness. After five or six weeks I gradually gained strength, and at the end of two months I was able to walk down to the beach, to embark in a merchant vessel which was sailing for Muscat and Bombay. We had a remarkable escape from shipwreck, at the mouth of the harbour, in the strength of the S. W. monsoon, but landed there in safety in July. There I left my kind friend and Mokayel, and proceeded down the western coast to my destination, in the Madras Presidency.

There can be no doubt that, under God, I owed my life to the incessant loving care and attention of my two companions, for which I have never been sufficiently grateful either to the sender or the messengers.

I should not like to conclude this without some further notice of Mokayel Trād. He continued to study his Bible; and I have now in my possession his Testament, with the Arabic meaning of many of the English words, written in the margin, after asking me to explain to him any word that was new to him. He had very little opportunity of learning from men; for it was only occasionally that we went into cantonments where he could hear a preacher, or converse with Christian brethren. He was, however, out of the way of many temptations, and nothing could be more evident or satisfactory than his progress in the life of God.

After being with me two or three years, his health failing, he determined to return to his native land. By this time he was fully established in the truth, and never failed to commend it to any person, black or white, with whom he could converse. He had a singularly winning address, which made him acceptable to every person he met; this had often been of the greatest service to us, when we were travelling in Syria and Arabia; and it was now a most important gift, greatly promoting his usefulness as a messenger of the Gospel. After his arrival in Syria, I am informed that he continued to speak for the Lord wherever he went; and I accidentally heard of his being spoken of in India, by a gentleman who had been greatly struck with his manner of preaching to all sorts of people, in a steamer in which they were both passengers in the Mediterranean.

He had, some time before I met him, been wrecked, at the entrance of the Presidency of Alexandria, on which occasion he was thrown upon the rocks, and received a blow on the hip, which he never entirely recovered. While with me he was a little lame, but did not feel any serious inconvenience from it; but after his return to Syria it produced a disease of the joint, which, after long and severe suffering, as I was informed, terminated in depriving him entirely of the use of his limb, and so exhausted his strength that it finally caused his death.

I had occasional accounts of him and from him; but have never received so full a history of him after his return as I wish. Mr. Nicolayson would give all the information about him that could be required. Mr. Nicolayson,

now a missionary at Jerusalem, accompanied us through Syria; and he was well acquainted with Michael during the latter years of his life."

Lord Congleton, in reply to some questions about this period, writes to Mrs. Groves: "These historical matters require an effort of mind to meet, although I know no part of my history pleasanter than that I spent with your dear husband. He left Bagdad the day of my marriage, May 21st, 1833. But for your kind husband, Colonel Cotton would not, humanly speaking, have got through his illness at Bushire, so ill was he, and so near death; I doubt if he can remember anything about the matter. Calmon was converted when he came to us, under the auspices of Mr. Scott and Mrs. Rich; I think he was with us perhaps two years. He went to Jerusalem, refusing to take any money with him beyond what was necessary for the journey, saying, that when he arrived at Jerusalem, the Lord would provide. Ever, affectionately yours,—CONGLETON."

D, PAGE 172.

HANNAI.

THE individual here noticed deserves an especial mention, being, next to his own immediate family, the one most intimately connected with his history, from the time of his residence in Bagdad to the day of his death. She was a native of Mosul, the ancient Nineveh, of a respectable family, and had come to Bagdad, with her brother, owing to a famine in their native place. The brother, through much family affliction, became very ill, and Mr. Groves visited him. He had intended to place his sister under the care of an American merchant, but on losing him, she preferred going to Mr. Groves. To him she became much attached, and served him and his family more than twenty-five years most efficiently, refusing all remuneration. She not only cared for his children, but was able to render *him* assistance in matters of much importance; and being a very clever woman, and understanding matters of business, she made herself acquainted with those languages of India which were necessary to manage all the concerns of the family. Her devotedness to her master made her an object of general interest; in fact, all his concerns were hers, and his children like her own. "You must not be anxious," she wrote, when he left Bagdad, "about your sons: Henry is my right eye, and Frank is my left; and as a man cares for his eyes, so I care for them." The truth of this she proved, in times of sickness, nursing them, and the little girl, who died in Bagdad, in a way which it always affected Mr. G. to speak of. (She is the *nurse* whose lamentations are mentioned, page 172.) Her greatest proof of attachment was leaving her country, to which she was much attached, and following him to India. She only became more invaluable to her master as circum-

stances developed her energies, and made her services more needful. Arabic was her native language, and in this she and her master always spake together on business. She belonged to the Chaldean Church, but was united with her master in the things of Christ, and joined the church in his house in their simple worship. She accompanied Mrs. Groves to England, when she found there was no hope of her master returning to India. Her lamentations at Southampton, when the news of his death reached her ears, were most affecting. "My master is gone! my master is gone!" are words those about her cannot forget; but she has learnt to submit to the will of God, and is now caring for his widow and children in Bristol.

E, PAGE 267.

ON THE PRINCIPLES OF UNION AND COMMUNION IN THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

My Dear Friend,

THE days in which we are arrived appear to me, and I believe to us all, so fraught with danger to the Church of God, opinions are so varying, and principles so fluctuating, that any sentiments which tend to give precision, or stability and fixedness to our principles of action, to guide us through the rocks and quicksands of the unnumbered sects and systems that surround us, must be valuable if they are sound, to preserve the Christian alike from being chargeable with countenancing error on the one hand, or breaking the holy, heavenly bond of brotherly love on the other. It is with the humble hope of setting up some one or two little landmarks, to preserve the heart from illimitable disorder and confusion, the following brief remarks are submitted to you, on the principles of union and communion in the Church of God. Let us then for a moment dwell on the principles that apparently ought to regulate our intercourse as Christians, with individuals and congregations of Christians, of whatever sect or name, and examine to what extent we are free, or to what extent bound; or rather, what are the limits within which our communion with an individual as a Christian, or a body of individuals in public worship, is to be confined. Does it not then appear clear that the nearer the principles of the communion of the Church on earth assimilate to those which must finally prevail in the kingdom of heaven, the more perfect they must be? and the more perfectly should we meet the all but dying request of our Lord to manifest our love one toward another, so that all men might know we were His disciples, and prove we are the children of a Father whose nature essentially is love. Then what are these principles of heavenly communion? *Loving all whom Christ loves* because they bear His impress; let this same rule then decide the question as to the subjects of our communion here on earth; all whom Christ loves,

who bear His impress, or whom we ourselves acknowledge as Christians. Should we be asked how are these to be distinguished? we might hope the Holy Ghost will help us here; but at all events, not so much by agreement in those points which are the subjects of intellectual perception, as those which are embraced by a hearty and generous affection towards the Father for His love; towards the Son, for His unspeakable self-sacrificing humiliation; and to the Holy Spirit, for His aid and helps along our arduous, tottering course, till we are presented faultless before the Son of Man, at His appearing. Should it be asked what are to be done with errors? are they not to bar communion? No; unless they bar Christ from the temple of the erring brother's heart. While we hope Christ lingers, let us linger; and rather be behind than before to quit, in pitiful remembrance of our own iniquities and unnumbered errors. So long as we judge Christ to be dwelling with a man, that is our warrant for receiving him; and for the charity of that judgment that declares him not there, we are responsible. But when we are fully persuaded Christ is there, we must say with Peter, on his visit to Cornelius, in the face of the strongest prejudices, seeing God has given him the like gift He has unto us,—who are we that we should withstand God. And as to his errors; though we bear them weeping, still we must bear them, binding them up into as small a compass as we well may; and when we feel them heaviest, seeing they cannot be removed from *us*, till, as the sorrow of our brother, they are removed from *him*, we must make this very burthen (as it is designed of Christ) an incentive to prayer to the Lord, for His own sake, for our brother's sake, and, finally, for our own, that they may be lightened or removed, that we may at last also joy and rejoice with him whose burden we have borne, as we have also wept with him. And as something still to cheer us, we may remamber that perhaps while we were bearing his burthens, he also was bearing ours, and thus we were mutually fulfilling the law of Christ in bearing them for each other. But, at all events, whatever complexity the case may assume, if we are persuaded any one is a brother, and the Lord's, we must simply resolve, in the name of the Lord, to love, and bear with him, because Christ does, be other things as they may.

Second. With respect to our communion with congregations, where the chaff and the wheat are mixed in all conceivable proportions between the extremes of the almost unmixed abominations of the apostate churches, where no souls are converted under the public ministrations, to the most pure and spiritual ministry, where sinners are converted and saints edified in love, till they grow up to the stature of perfect men in Christ, it is evident that we must consider ourselves in the double position of individuals who have duties they owe themselves, and, secondly, as members of an immense brotherhood, embracing the universal Catholic Church throughout the world, in all the congregations of the saints, where Christ still walks amidst the

golden candlesticks, notwithstanding unnumbered weaknesses and errors. The first duty to ouselves is in selecting the congregation with whom we should statedly worship; it should be where the form is most scriptural in our persuasion, and the ministrations most spiritual; where there is the sweetest savour of Christ; where our own souls are most edified; where the Lord is most manifestly present with those who minister and those who hear. This is what we owe the Lord, the Church of God, and our own souls. Considering, however, agreement in what we think best as to form of worship altogether secondary to heart agreement in the mystery of Christ and of godliness. These, then, appear the principles that ought to govern our selection, as individuals, of the place where we statedly worship, since personally we cannot be with all. Yet as to our liberty in Christ to worship with any congregation under heaven where He manifests himself to bless and to save, can there be in any Christian mind a doubt? If my Lord should say to me, in any congregation of the almost unnumbered sections of the Church, "What dost thou here?" I would reply, "Seeing Thou wert here to save and sanctify, I felt it safe to be with Thee." If He again said, as perhaps he may among most of us, "Didst thou not see abominations here, an admixture of that which was unscriptural, and the absence of that which was scriptural, and in some points error, at least in your judgment?" my answer would be, "Yea, Lord, but I dared not call that place unholy where Thou wert present to bless, nor by refusing communion in worship reject those as unholy whom Thou hadst by Thy saving power evidently sanctified and set apart for Thine own. Our reason for rejecting the congregations of apostate bodies is, that Christ does not manifest himself among them in their public character, though He may save some individuals as brands plucked from the burning. To these churches we cry, standing on the outside, "Come out of her, my people; come out of her." Among the others we stand, as the Son of Man, or rather with Him, *in the midst* of the seven golden candlesticks (Rev. i. 13), telling them to remember their first love, first purity, and first work in all holy doctrine and discipline, lest the Lord take away their candlesticks; but we would rather linger, in hope the impending judgment may be stayed, or some yet repent, than say, like Edom, in the day of Judah's sorrows, "Down with her, down with her, even to the ground." (*See* also Obadiah, x. 14.)

To the question, Are we not countenancing error by this plan? our answer is, that if we must appear to countenance error or discountenance brotherly love, and the visible union of the Church of God, we prefer the former, hoping that our lives and our tongues may be allowed by the Lord so intelligibly to speak that at last our righteousness shall be allowed to appear; but if not, still we may feel we have chosen the better part, since we tarried only for our Lord's departure; and as the candlestick retired, and its light vanished, we pronounce our sad farewell; but so long as Christ

dwells in an individual, or walks in the midst of a congregation, blessing the ministrations to the conversion and edification of souls, we dare not denounce and formally withdraw from either, for fear of the awful sin of schism, of sin against Christ and his mystical body.

Believe me, most truly yours,

A. N. GROVES.

F, PAGE 307.

EXTRACT FROM DR. DUFF'S LETTER TO MRS. GROVES.

BEFORE Mr. Groves reached Calcutta, about the middle of 1834, I had heard much of him and his uncommon devotedness to the cause of Christ. No sooner did I meet with him than I felt drawn towards him with the cords of love. He was so warm, so earnest, so wrapt up in his Master's cause, so inflamed with zeal for the salvation of perishing souls, I regarded it as no ordinary privilege that he agreed to take up his abode in my house during his sojourn in Calcutta. I looked for incalculable benefit to my own soul, from near, and intimate, and familiar contact with so fervent and glowing a spirit.

Well did I know beforehand that there were different points connected with the principles of establishments, church government, and such-like, respecting which his opinions differed somewhat widely from mine; but I knew that he was a proved man of God, who had jeoparded his worldly interest, and even his life, in seeking to promote the cause of the Redeemer in the world. I also knew that in all the grand fundamentals of the Christian faith, he was essentially sound. My belief therefore was that we should be found at one with reference to the transcendent beauties that constitute the grand plan of redeeming love, and that the points of difference between us would be found as the light dust of the balance compared with the immeasurably grander points of essential agreement; while his devotedness of character and spirit of self-sacrifice, could not fail to fill me with admiration: and such was the result of our first interview. His warmth, his love, his zeal, his amazing energy, at once rivetted and gained my heart. Speedily was it felt that we could afford to pretermit the points about which we differed, for the sake of enjoying undistracted converse respecting those vastly more momentous points about which we were thoroughly agreed.

Mr. Groves had not been above a day or two in our house when I was seized with that severe illness which soon necessitated my return from India, and here it was that the genuine kindness and nobility of my friend's character shone out in all their brightness.

He had many friends to see, many inquiries to institute, many prepara-

tions to make for his own homeward voyage; and yet, though wearied and worn out in his incessant labours during the day, he insisted on having his couch laid beside mine during the night, that, like a true brother, he might have it in his power to minister alike to my spiritual and physical necessity. Thus, with untiring kindness, for about three weeks, did he render unto me services which were beyond all price, services which have left indelible impressions on my heart.

When my medical attendant decided that a voyage to Europe was absolutely indispensable, it was then determined that I should proceed in the same ship along with Mr. Groves. It was the Lord's holy pleasure to heat the furnace of our domestic affliction two-fold. On the morning previous to our embarkation, Mrs. Duff was delivered of a son, while I lay all shattered and helpless, and all but insensible. Ah! it was in the midst of these sore trials that the warm sympathy and ever-ready aid of our beloved friend were contributed, in a way transcending all ordinary kindness. What, humanly speaking, could we have done without the promptly, cheerfully, spontaneously rendered services of such a loving, able, and skilful brother in the Lord? Truly his visit to us was like an angel's visit, a visit of surpassing kindness and brotherly love! Nor did his seasonable attention ever know abatement. On board the vessel he continued the same indefatigable friend he was before, sweetly interblending with all his attentions to the outward bodily wants of the invalids, the sweetest and most savoury portions for the wants of their immortal souls.

At the Cape of Good Hope our infant boy was baptized; and in order to commemorate the priceless services of our esteemed friend and brother, the child was named Alexander Groves Duff. He is still spared to us, and, with unfeigned gratitude to God, I have to add that, through grace, he is walking in the way toward Zion, with his face thitherward, being, as we have every reason to believe, a really regenerate and adopted child of God. How it would rejoice the soul of our departed friend to meet with him now, and, in the Christian young man, hail, in a fatherly smile, the one whose life as a baby he was able to do so much to cherish; but they shall meet yet in a nobler clime, in a more genial atmosphere, and unite with all the company of the Redeemed in singing praises to the Lamb for ever and ever.

When, through the goodness of God, my health was sufficiently recovered, Mr. Groves and myself were wont daily to hold much converse, not merely respecting those principles of evangelical doctrine and practical piety, on which we were thoroughly of one heart and one mind; but also respecting those other matters connected with Christian economics and such-like, as to which we conscientiously differed in judgment; but here I must say, and say it too with emphasis, that all such discussions were carried on, not in the belligerent spirit of ordinary controversialists, but in the pacific spirit of earnest truth-seekers, not, therefore, in the spirit of wrath, bitterness, and invective, but in the spirit of brotherly kindness and charity. The bible

was our sole standard of reference, and the grand object was to discover the mind of the Lord in fervent prayer, for the guidance of His holy Spirit, who alone is able to lead into all spiritual truth. For the reason already assigned, I am unable to enter on any details on these varied and important subjects; would that I had felt myself competent to write something more worthy of the memory of one whom I revered when living, and lamented when dead. But the hand of affliction hath been laid heavily upon me, and I must forbear the attempt.

One remark only I may take the liberty to make.—It is this;—that if in our past friendly and brotherly discussions, Mr. Groves was naturally apt to consider me, at times, as unconsciously warped in judgment, through the prejudices of education, and the influence of ecclesiastical habits; so, on the other hand, I was apt to consider him, in his honest zeal, as a reformer of glaring and confessed abuses, as, at times, unconsciously carried away to the opposite extreme, in the suggestion of appropriate remedies; but in looking back I can recall nothing that was in any way calculated to raise the shadow of a doubt, as to each other's perfect candour and sincerity. The consequence was, that as we first met so we ultimately parted, with mutual feelings of genuine kindliness and goodwill. At all events, speaking for myself, I can simply say, that my feelings of esteem, and reverence, and love, were greatly enhanced, by increased converse and more familiar fellowship. Apart altogether from his peculiar views, or even in spite of some of them, I could not help regarding him as one of the most loving and loveable of Christian men, while the singular fervency of his spirit made it quite contagious; diffusing all around the savour of an unearthly sanctity and self-consuming devotedness. O, that a double portion of his spirit would descend upon all our drowsy and sleeping churches throughout Christendom! The Lord grant that the publication of the memoir of such a man, notwithstanding that which might be thought peculiar in some of his views, or eccentric in some of his movements, may be blessed to the awakening of many a soul steeped in the drench of carnality and worldliness, even in the bosom of our evangelical communions! The Lord grant that professing disciples in this luxurious age of self-pleasing and self-indulgence, may at least learn from his example the lesson which they pre-eminently need, and which he was honoured of God pre-eminently to teach, and that is, the lesson of real scriptural self-denial, the divine lesson of taking up the cross, forsaking all, and following the Lord!

I remain, my dear Mrs. Groves,

Yours sincerely in the Lord,

(Signed) ALEXANDER DUFF.

G, PAGE 342.

Milford Haven, March 10th, 1836.

My Dear D——

As the stormy weather threatens a little delay, I am not willing to leave England without a few words in reply to your notes, and a short explanation of some other points that interest me. I have ever regretted having had so few opportunities of seeing and conversing with you since my return to England, and thereby explaining many things that might have allowed us to depart on the whole more happily than now, yet I wish you to feel assured that nothing has estranged my heart from you, or lowered my confidence in your being still animated by the same enlarged and generous purposes that once so won and rivetted me; and though I feel you have departed from those principles by which you once hoped to have effected them, and are in principle returning to the city from whence you departed, still my soul so reposes in the truth of your heart to God that I feel it needs but a step or two more to advance and you will see all the evils of the systems from which you profess to be separated to spring up among yourselves. You will not discover this so much from the workings of your own soul as by the spirit of those who have been nurtured up from the beginning in the system they are taught to feel the only tolerable one; that not having been led like you, and some of those earliest connected with you, through deep experimental suffering and sorrow, they are little acquainted with the real truth that may exist amidst inconceivable darkness: there will be little pity and little sympathy with such, and your union daily becoming one of doctrine and opinion more than life and love, your government will become —unseen, perhaps, and unexpressed—yet, one wherein, overwhelmingly, is felt the authority of *men;* you will be known more by what you witness *against* than what you witness for, and practically this will prove that you witness against all but yourselves as certainly as the Walkerites or Glassites: your Shibboleth may be different, but it will be as *real.* It has been asserted, as I found from your dear brother W—— and others, that I have changed my principles; all I can say is, that as far as I know what those principles were in which I gloried on first discovering them in the word of God, I now glory in them ten times more since I have experienced their applicability to all the various and perplexing circumstances of the present state of the church; allowing you to give every individual, and collection of individuals, the standing *God* gives them, without identifying yourselves with any of their evils. I ever understood our principle of communion to be the possession of the common life or common blood of the family of God (for the life is in the blood); these were our early thoughts, and are my most matured ones. The transition your little bodies have undergone, in no longer standing forth the witnesses for the glorious and simple *truth*, so much as standing forth witnesses against all that they judge error, have lowered them in my appre-

hension from heaven to earth in their position of witnesses. What I mean is, that then all our thoughts were conversant about how we might *ourselves* most effectually manifest forth that life we had received by Jesus, knowing that that alone could be as the Shepherd's voice to the living children, and where we might find that life in others; and when we were persuaded we had found it, bidding them, on the Divine claim of this common life, (whether their thoughts on other matters were narrow or enlarged,) to come and share with us, in the fellowship of the common Spirit, in the worship of our common head; and as Christ had received them, so would we to the glory of God the Father; and farther, that we were free, within the limits of the truth, to share with them in *part*, though we could not in *all*, their services. In fact, as we received them for the life, we would not *reject* them for their systems, or refuse to recognise any *part* of their systems, because we disallowed much. Trusting that if this inter-communion could be established to effect all we desire by being upheld by God, in walking in the light, as the Christ-like means of witnessing against any darkness that might be in them, according to the rule of the Lord; John iii. 19: "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil, neither will they come to the light lest their deeds should be reproved." A more difficult ministry of witness, though preaching one of words, or separating one of persons, yet possessing a *much more* mighty power over the hearts of others and a much more influential one in blessing; and which, dear brother, I know no heart more ready to acknowledge than your own. The moment the witnessing for the common life as our *bond* gives place to a witnessing *against* errors by separation of persons and preaching, (errors allowably compatible with the common life,) every individual, or society of individuals, first comes before the mind as those who might need witnessing against, and all their conduct and principles have first to be examined and approved before they can be received; and the position which this occupying the seat of judgment will place you in will be this: the most narrow-minded and bigoted will rule because his conscience cannot and will not give way, and therefore the more enlarged heart must yield. It is into this position, dear D——, I feel some little flocks are fast tending, if they have not already attained it. Making *light* not *life* the measure of communion. But I am told by our beloved brethren, C. and H., that if I give up this position of witnessing *against evil* in this PECULIAR WAY OF SEPARATION from the systems in which any *measure* of it is mixed up, I make our position one of simple, unpardonable schism, because we might join some of the many other systems. I cannot be supposed, of course, to know fully *their* grounds of acting, but I thought I knew *yours*, at least your *original* ones. Was not the principle we laid down as to separation from all existing bodies at the outset, this: that we felt ourselves bound to separate from all individuals and systems, *so far* as they required us to do what our consciences would not allow, or restrained

us from doing what our consciences required, and no further? and were we not as free to join and act with any individual, or body of individuals, as they were free *not* to require us to do what our consciences did *not* allow, or prevent our doing what they did? and in this freedom did we not feel brethren should *not* force liberty on those who were bound, nor withhold freedom from those who were free?

Did we not feel constrained to follow the apostolic rule of *not judging other men's consciences*, as to liberty, by our own; remembering it is written, "Let *not* him that eateth despise him that eateth not; and let not him which eateth not, judge him that eateth; seeing that God hath received" both the one and the other? Now it is one of these two grounds; their preventing me from, or demanding from me, other than the Lord demands, that divides me in a *measure* from every system; as my *own proper* duty to God, rather than as witnessing against THEIR evils. As any system is in its provision narrower or wider than the truth, I either stop short, or go beyond its provisions, but I would INFINITELY RATHER HAVE, *with all their evils*, those SEPARABLE from THEIR GOOD. These were the *then* principles of our separation and intercommunion; we had resolved never to try to *get men to act* in UNIFORMITY, *further than they* FELT in UNIFORMITY; neither by frowns, or loves, or preaching; for this simple reason, that we saw no authority given us from God thus to act; nor did our experience lead us to feel it the best means at all of promoting their blessing or our common aim of a *perfect spiritual uniformity* of judgment; whilst to ourselves it afforded a *ready* OUTLET to the PROPENSITIES of the FLESH, under the appearance of spiritual authority and zeal for the truth. But in all these matters, we would ask that our way might be bright as the light, and our words drop noiselessly as the dew, and if, at the last, they remained "otherwise minded," we would seek of God, that even He should reveal it unto them. There is something so like building what you destroyed, and appearing that when weak you can be liberal and large, but when holpen with a little strength, the *true* spirit of sectarianism begins to bud; so that being "*one of us*," is felt to be a stronger band than oneness in the power of the life of God in the soul. I know it is said, (dear Lady Powerscourt told me so,) that so long as any terms were kept with the Church of England, by mixing up in *any* measure with their ministrations, even when there was nothing to offend your conscience, they have your testimony most practically, but after your entire rejection of them, they pursued you with undeviating resentment, and this was brought to prove that the then position was wrong, and the present right. But all I see in this is, that whilst you occupied the place of only witnessing against those things which the divine life within themselves recognized as evil, and separating from them ONLY SO FAR as they separated from Christ, you established them as judges of themselves, and of themselves they were condemned; and at the same time you conciliated their heavenly affections, by allowing all that really was of the Lord, and sharing in it, though the system itself in which

you found these golden grains, you could not away with. But the moment your position and your language implied a perfect separation, alike from the evil and the good, and a rejection of them, in consequence of their system, without discrimination, you no longer had their consciences with you, but they felt that though only a brother in a Father's house, you exercised more than a Father's power, without a Father's heart of mercy, and they, therefore, appealed from you to your common head, both in behalf of themselves and their systems. There is no truth more established in my own mind than this, that to occupy the position of the maximum of power, in witnessing to the consciences of others, you must stand before their unbiassed judgment as evidently *wishing* to allow in them *more* than their own consciences allow, rather than less, proving that your heart of love is more alive to find a covering for faults, than your eagle eye of light to discover them. I send you this letter as we were the first to act on these principles, rather than to H—— and C——, whose faith and love I do so truly desire to follow. They have written to me two very long and kind letters, which I purpose more effectually and fully to answer, by meeting the positions contained in them, in a little tract, which I hope to prepare on the voyage, and finally, to publish.

I particularly regret not meeting you at Bristol, as I had much to say to you relative to Rhenius, and other things connected with India, for my heart would naturally seek sympathy and fellowship with you and those dear brethren with whom I have no dividing thoughts relative to the great bearings of truth, or the truths themselves, in which lie the power and peace of the Gospel,—neither in the objects or principles of ministry do I differ;—my difference with you is only as to the manner in which you maintain your position of witnessing for the good against the evil. I feel no one ever expects me, when an acknowledged *visitor* in the house of another, to be answerable for the ordering of that house, or as thereby *approving* it—they would naturally come to the house in which I had control, and where the acts were looked upon as *mine*, to form such a judgment; and even in such a case, if I was but *one* among many in the government, no honest mind would make *me* responsible for faults, against which, in my place and according to my power, I protested; because I submitted to those acts of others, rather than forego a *greater* good, or incur a greater evil. If it is said man cannot discriminate, nor feel the *force* of my witness, unless I separate, not by heart and life, but by contiguity of person, altogether from all kinds of false systems, my answer is, that He, whose place it is to judge, and to whom we are called to approve our hearts, can, and to *Him*, in this matter, I am content to stand or fall.

Some will not have me hold communion with the Scotts, because their views are not satisfactory about the Lord's Supper; others with you, because of your views about baptism; others with the Church of England, because of her thoughts about ministry. I receive them all, and join with

them. On the principle of witnessing against evil, I should reject them all. I feel them all, in their several particulars, sinning against the mind and heart of Christ, and letting in, in principle, the most tremendous disorders, and it is not for me to measure the comparative sin of one kind of disobedience against another. I make use of my fellowship in the Spirit, to enjoy the common life together, and witness for that, as an opportunity to set before them those little particulars into which, notwithstanding all their grace and faithfulness, their godliness and honesty—they have fallen. Nor shall I ever feel separation from the good for the sake of the evil, to be my way of witnessing against it, till I see infinitely clearer than I now do, that it is *God's*. I naturally unite fixedly with those in whom I see and feel most of the life and power of God. But I am as free to visit other churches, where I see much of disorder, as to visit the houses of my friends, though they govern them not as I could wish; and, as I have said, I should feel it equally unreasonable and unkind, for any brother to judge me for it, though I leave him in perfect liberty to judge himself. You must not, however, dear brother, think, from anything I have said, that I shall not write freely and fully to you, relative to things in India, feeling assured in my own heart, that your enlarged and generous spirit, so richly taught of the Lord, will one day burst again those bands which narrower minds than yours have encircled you with, and come forth again, rather anxious to advance ALL the living members of the living Head into the stature of men, than to be encircled by any little bodies, however numerous, that own you for their founder. I honour, love, and respect your position in the Church of God; but the deep conviction I have that your spiritual power was incalculably greater when you walked in the midst of the various congregations of the Lord's people, manifesting forth the life and the power of the gospel, than now, is such that I cannot but write the above as a proof of my love and confidence that your mind is above considering who these remarks came from, rather than what truth there may be in them.

Yours very affectionately in the gospel,

(Signed) A. N. GROVES.

March 10th, 1836.

H.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MR. WALHOUSE. SEE PAGE 381.

It was in July, 1840, that Mr. Walhouse, accompanied by the Catechist, Aroolappen, so often referred to in this memoir, went with Mr. F. Groves to the Coily Hills, near Salem; being anxious to ascertain what openings for *missionary* work might be found in a location fixed on by Mr. F. Groves

for a coffee plantation. While there he thought of remaining, for reasons given in his letters, little thinking that his visit to these Hills was to prove so speedily the means of translating him to his heavenly home. The apparent strength of his constitution, the energy of his character, and above all his true devotion to the Lord, and affection to *all* the members of the mission family at Chittoor, seemed to promise them a long and permanent enjoyment of his fellowship in the work of God, and made his sudden and most unexpected removal from them among the most bitter trials they were called to endure in India.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. WALHOUSE'S LETTERS, FROM THE COLLY MULLY HILLS, NEAR SALEM, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH.

"Since my arrival at this place, my mind has been greatly directed to a union with dear Frank in cultivation; and my more immediate purpose in writing to you now is, to express my feelings, and consult with you on the subject. From my first arrival on the Hills, I was greatly attached to the people, as those among whom I would greatly prefer to labour as a missionary, and this *before* I entertained any thought of cultivation; but since our arrival in this valley (the most beautiful and luxuriant spot I have hitherto seen,) and personal observation convincing me that land to any extent was procurable here, I have greatly desired, *should you not object*, to unite with F. in work here, and would consider myself labouring, as regards cultivation, for the support of the Chittoor mission, and any other of the Lord's *work* in which we might be personally engaged, or otherwise interested.

"I just add, that if my proposed plan does not meet your full approval, I shall *immediately* relinquish it; but as my object fully embraces the active preaching of the gospel, as well as other work of the Lord, I trust you will be inclined to bid it God speed, and approve it rather than otherwise. By the blessing of God, *not one* of our servants has been ill, but all appear to like the place, and my first impression of the healthiness of the place is more and more confirmed; indeed, we cannot say too much either of the luxuriance of the land, or the beauty of the scenery; while the balmy and invigorating air makes one feel like school-boys just broke loose, ready to run and jump, and fills us with new life and spirit; truly it is another gracious proof of the Lord's loving-kindness, wherewith He has so abundantly followed and blessed me.

"On Wednesday we went to the Mapilly Pagoda, and took Aroolappen (the Catechist) with us: after looking at the fish they keep almost tame in the river, we ascended to the Pagoda, and went in. At first the Brahmins were very civil; but when Aroolappen began to preach the word, they got angry: when I spoke to them, (Aroolappen interpreting,) and told them I was sorry they were angry at the word spoken to them; for if they were worshipping the true God, they would not object either to enquiry or examination; that for my part, so far from being annoyed with them, if they were to come to

me to enquire about MY GOD, I should be delighted, and would (if they were able and willing to read) give them a book, to tell them of the one true God and Saviour: this apparently pacified them, and after saying a few more words, and Aroolappan speaking for himself, we came away. Aroolappen is very useful to us. I must now conclude with my kindest love in the Lord to all of you, and praying that His blessing may be with you and us in all we undertake, enabling us to begin and end all our work to the praise and glory of His holy name,

"Believe me, yours affectionately,

"J. M. W."

"Ask George to give an account of *all school-boys*."

August 7th.—After receiving a favourable reply from Mr. Groves, he writes:—

"I feel it only necessary to add my full concurrence in everything you have stated regarding my proposed union with Frank, and to repeat my heartfelt conviction that I would engage in nothing of the kind that has not your sanction, and that both inclination and every feeling of gratitude entirely forbid, on my part, the contemplation of any condition, which would in any way involve a disconnection with the Chittoor Mission."

They succeeded in obtaining about 100 acres of terraced land from the natives, which they found on enquiry (afterwards confirmed by the statement of government) had been the *private property* of different inhabitants of the Hills from time immemorial. When cultivated by them they paid rent, otherwise it remained unoccupied, as no one could settle on it without their consent, or without agreement with them; for unless *sold* to them, none could (by law) obtain the proprietorship of it. Of their first thirty acres, which they obtained for sixty rupees, and of which they became absolute proprietors, they remark, it was very favourably situated, with no jungle to cut away, in an open place; so they were able to commence immediately; and as to their purpose, he writes:—

"*August 7th.*— As it regards time, you will be able to make some calculation how we have been occupied, when I state that almost all the difficulties of a first undertaking, with people utterly unused to work, save according to their own inclination, seem overcome. We have, I should think, nearly five acres ploughed up, two partly weeded and almost fit for the reception of seed and trees. I, however, desire to repeat, that it is my earnest prayer the Lord will enable me to work hard in *Tamil*, in *His* strength, not my own."

Some account of his last illness, (Malaria fever,) by Mr. F. Groves, with extracts from Mr. Walhouse's two last letters, written at this period:—

"On Saturday morning, August 18th, dear Walhouse complained of head-ache, and did not come out of his tent the whole day; the next morning he had the same feelings of severe head-ache, with very consider-

able nausea. He took medicine, which seemed very considerably to relieve him, and next day he was so far better, that he walked down to the garden in the evening, but was obliged to go back almost immediately to the tent. He had by this time entirely lost his appetite, and was greatly afraid of touching anything, for fear of bringing on his head-ache again, and had become very weak, though able to walk about a little.

"On Wednesday, the 12th, he was very unwell; he however felt very comfortable all the afternoon, and sat outside the tent during the evening. He was at this time quite free from any symptoms of delirium, and we were speaking together on the trial, which he felt was designed entirely for our good, and to make us look less to the creature."

The following extract from a letter to Mrs. Groves, written on this day, will show what his state of mind was at this time; and also the deceitful character of the complaint, which made him so little conscious of his danger. He says:—

"I have been suffering the last four days from indigestion, insomuch that I have been confined to our tent; and from not eating anything since dinner time on Saturday, have been much pulled down, and feel rather weak. I am, however, to-day *much better*, and feel quite the sensation of returning *health*; and truly, while the Lord teaches us what poor weak creatures we are, He still is very gracious, and watches over us with exceeding care. I do not think my attack in any way attributable to the climate; but it has, I think, been growing upon me more or less ever since I left Chittoor, but has been prevented making head by change of scene and circumstances. Though I have suffered a good deal, particularly the last two days, I am quite assured the Lord's purpose is only love in it all; and I pray He may graciously work in me that which He Himself would desire to accomplish. Dear Frank still continues as well as ever, and very industriously employed. We have succeeded in taking in as much land as we want, and are waiting anxiously for the mulberry and coffee plants from Chittoor, hoping they may get the benefit of the wet season. I hope the Lord will vouchsafe you an abundant blessing when you come to see us. I think you will find the Hill women the most repulsive in *appearance* of any you have ever seen, affording a striking contrast to the men, who are a fine race of fellows, and grow continually in interest, though difficult to manage, or rather to teach, for they have everything to learn of our ways. I trust that my proposed union with Frank will meet your approbation, especially as, by the Lord's grace, I will never give up the active preaching of the gospel to the people, as my *great end* and aim,—cultivation, &c., being quite subsidiary to that."

Mr. F. Groves writes:—

"On Saturday, the 15th, from my being very unwell, he took our short morning service, but it rather exhausted him. I had, however, every hope that the disease had left him, and the only thing left was weakness. I was sorry, however, on Sunday afternoon, the 16th, to observe symptoms of deli-

rium, which increased towards the evening; but they left him about eight o'clock. By that time I had succeeded in getting beds made to carry us down, which, with pillows, &c., I was enabled to make very comfortable; and, accompanied by forty Hill people and others, with one of our own servants, we left this scene of mutual happiness, as well as severe trial, and proceeded on our journey to Salem. He appeared not to suffer from the journey. When we had got over the worst part of the pass, half-way down, he said he felt very comfortable. When we arrived at the bottom, I made him a cup of tea, of which, however, he took but little, and would not touch any solid food. He said he felt very thankful for our being brought thus safely and easily down. We spent the hot part of the day, *(i. e. the 7th)* at Chaindamungalum, five miles from the foot of the Hill; he was very thirsty, but otherwise seemed to have borne the journey very well. He went in a native palanquin to Rasipoor in the evening, and I went in a bullock bandy, both lent us by the head man of Chaindamungalum: he seemed weak in the evening, and rather exhausted, and suffering from great thirst; he however slept till nearly one in the morning, when the bearers came and took him into Salem, where he arrived half an hour before me."

On this morning Mr. F. Groves wrote as follows:—

"*August* 18*th*, 1840.

"My Dear Father,

"You will, I am sure, be sorry to hear the cause of my writing, and of our being at Salem. Dear Walhouse is *very* very ill, unable to sit up in his cot without assistance; he is extremely weak, drinks a great deal of water, but can *eat nothing at all*, and has not been able to do so for more than twelve days. I hope the Lord will be pleased to spare him to us. It has been a season of *great great* anxiety to me: ALL our servants, except Abram, who is now here, having been ill, we managed to be carried down by the Hill people in beds hung on a pole; and it was trying to dear Walhouse, who was quite delirious before we left the Hills. The doctor here has seen him, but will give no opinion of his case. I have been attacked in somewhat the same way as Walhouse;* but I think it might have arisen in some measure, from the constant excitement of mind, the like of which I have never before experienced. I do trust the Lord will bless it to us both; we have had a bitter cup to drink. I will write again to-morrow, if able; at present I am so exhausted from want of sleep for five or six nights, that I cannot write."

Afterwards, in speaking of this sad day, he writes:—

"I had no idea his end was so near. He spoke at times of the hope of

* The result proved this to be *quite true*, though the worst symptoms did not appear till he reached Chittoor, when he became delirious, but was mercifully restored. See page 356.

being able soon to ascend the Hills again. He took a warm bath, which seemed to refresh him much. The doctor came, and said he had fever, but that he hoped nothing serious. A little after twelve, however, he became delirious, and talked without hardly an idea of what he was saying: throughout it all, however, he seemed to remember me, and constantly asked me to give him something to drink; and about four the delirium had greatly increased, when we sent immediately for the doctor again, and found to our deep sorrow that his fever was much higher; leeches were ordered, but his frame seemed too much weakened to bear them; and we perceived that he was gradually sinking, until at eight o'clock he was getting quite cold; he lay quite still, and sunk without a struggle, so that we hardly knew when the Lord had taken him. During the whole of this trying illness, he deeply felt and enjoyed the love of his heavenly Father, and was fully convinced the chastening was sent him for his good: even during his delirium, the day he died, he spoke in the sweetest way of prayer, asked Mr. Walton and myself to join in it, and said, though unable to fix his mind in it, he felt the great refreshment it was to his soul. He said he wished us particularly to pray for those dear to him at Chittoor, and all those who were dear to us everywhere. Though his mind became completely clouded before his death, yet the Lord seemed graciously to have allowed His Spirit to throw a cheering ray into the midst of the gloom; and, no doubt, he was fully prepared to depart and be with Christ. The next evening he was buried, and Mr. Walton read the funeral service, so fully applicable to his state, whose body is to be raised incorruptible at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

The following extract from a letter, written by the gentleman at whose house he died, (Mr. Walton, of the London Missionary Society,) is interesting, as confirming the above statement, and as written by an eyewitness:—

"*Salem*, 13*th August*, 1840.

"My Dear Brother,

"It is with deep regret that I undertake the painful task of informing you of the death of our dear departed brother Walhouse, who exchanged this life for that which is eternal last night, at a quarter after nine o'clock. His end was peace! His disembodied spirit took its flight to the regions of the blessed. Yesterday morning, he, with Mr. Groves, arrived at the mission house from the Cooly Mooly Hills. Poor Mr. Walhouse appeared to be very ill indeed, from the effects of the fever, with which he was attacked two weeks ago. The doctor was immediately sent for, who tried many remedies; but towards the afternoon, the paroxysms of the disease began to assume an alarming appearance: he began to be delirious. The doctor was again sent for, who very kindly came without any delay; ordered the hair of his head to be shaved, and twenty-four leeches to be applied to his temples. After the doctor went away, he requested that I should engage in prayer, saying, "O, what a delightful en-

gagement is prayer! I would wish to be engaged in it always. O, for the Holy Spirit's influences to teach us to pray. O, let us remember our *Chittoor brethren* in prayer." *About an hour afterwards* he made the *same request*, which was attended to. In this holy exercise, he appeared to enjoy much of the divine presence. We then little thought that he would, within a very few short hours, have to exchange prayer for never-ceasing praise to God and to the Lamb. At six P. M. he began to sink gradually and calmly, during which time he manifested symptoms of delirium and spoke in a loud tone of voice, rather incoherently. Commenced to breathe very hard at eight P.M. The doctor very kindly called again to see him, but our dear, much lamented brother, was unconscious of any person or thing connected with this our perishable earth. When we perceived the mortal life fast ebbing away, and giving place to that which is eternal, we knelt down and commended the departing spirit unto the hands of Him "who is the resurrection and the life." A few minutes after, without a struggle or a groan, he gently breathed his spirit into the hands of Jesus, there to enjoy that rest prepared for the people of God.

"From my short acquaintance with him, I esteemed him highly for that *spiritual mindedness*, which seemed to pervade the whole tenor of his conversation. He really seemed to possess a *missionary spirit*, his whole soul was absorbed with a grand and noble object, and he ardently longed, through the blessing of the great Head of the Church, to become the honoured instrument of hastening, as it were, the latter-day glory. The following extract from one of his letters to me, in reference to missionary work and the motive which had actuated him to attempt a settlement on the Hills, will speak for itself.

"'You will, I am sure, rejoice with us, that the Lord has thus graciously opened the door to us for the prosecution of our plans, and has also kept us both in health. We shall carry on our missionary work among the heathen, according to the apostolic plan; labouring with our own hands that the Lord Jesus may be glorified in us and by us. We have much, indeed, to be thankful for. Truly the Lord has abounded towards us, and may He give us grace to abound towards Him, devoting ourselves and energies, both of mind and body, a living sacrifice to Him, as our reasonable service.'"

I, PAGE 421.

It is an interesting fact that the individual here alluded to has, since Mr. Groves's death, seen his mistake, and writes to Mrs. Groves.—

"*June 26th*, 1855.

"You will recollect how severely I blamed your husband for his love to and fellowship with Christians of all denominations. I cannot tell you how I was filled with grief, when I discovered how I had been acting against the will and mind of the Lord. I am not going to explain what led me into such

wild notions, as it does not justify such a narrowness of spirit and mind. I plead guilty unconditionally, for I have sinned. It was not the love of Jesus that led me. I long for a heart that loves every one because they love Jesus, and not because they have certain notions. I wish I could see now your husband, but he is safe with the Lord beyond the reach of strife."

J, PAGE 530.

MR. GROVES'S sons combine with their active duties as superintendents of the sugar factory, near Seringapatam, a spiritual care and oversight of the people among whom they labour in secular things, as also a deep interest for the heathen and Roman Catholics between whom the village of Palhully is divided. With the consent of other shareholders, who are mostly pious persons, a building for worship has been appropriated near the factory: this is used also for a school-room.

Mr. H. Groves, who has been for many years a follower of Christ, who understands more than one native language, and, like his father, is gifted in ministering the word of God, is well able to instruct those around him; and they support a native catechist to help them. A missionary who sometimes visits them, writes:—

"Palhully is quite a little colony now. It has a chapel, regular services, native teacher, schools, and missionary meetings."

Of Mr. H. Groves his young brother Edward writes:—

"Our dear minister, for such he truly has become, is first in the chapel *every morning* in the week, and we have a service to which all are invited whose hearts are made willing. He visits from house to house among the people, and encourages all to open their hearts to him, and preaches such plain beautiful gospel sermons, that all can understand."

He has had the joy of witnessing the fruit of his ministry in some interesting cases. One of the principal overseers, a Roman Catholic, and his wife, have been brought to the Lord: also a young man, who, from childhood, was educated in one of our mission schools at *Chittoor*, of all of whom happy accounts are given. They have also frequent visits from Mr. Hebeck, the German missionary, who helps them much in the work of God, and, as they say, "stirs them up."

Thus, in the providence of God, they illustrate the principle their father so desired to see carried out in India, of uniting spiritual and manual labour, and while availing themselves of the facilities the country affords for their support, they not only seek the blessing of the people among whom they dwell, but strengthen the hands of other missionaries.

FINIS.

N. B. Any who want further information about the past and present his-

tory of those missionaries mentioned in this memoir in connection with Mr. Groves, are referred to the "Missionary Reporter," edited by Mr. J. Van Sommer, Tottenham, Middlesex.

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ERRATA.

For "Caldicott," read "Caldecott." For "MacCarthy," read "Macarthy." For "MacFarlane," read "Macfarlane." For "praying," p. 199, read "prayer has been." For "Residency," p. 203, read "Presidency." In the heading of the 18th Chapter, for "AMOY," read "MANY." For "Chictracole," read "Chicacole." In p. 401, for "my soul would not desire its peace on" read "my soul would not derive its peace from." *Ib. (next line)* for "on" read "from." Page 407, for "know" read "knew." Page 424, for "son" read "sons." In page 425, *leave out* "it is God." In page 446, for "Who says she heard me preach" read "the latter," &c. In page 448 the pronoun "I" is left out. P. 519, for "Edward R. Groves" read "Edward K. Groves." P. 521, for "Hill Chapel" read "little chapel." Page 524 for "profitableness" read "profit." For p. "522," in the Appendix, read p. "536," carrying on the correction to the end.